

a jockey cap, searches the grove with eyes like a ferret to find someone he knows. The detachment seems to re-animate itself under the influence of some hidden heaven.

One is easily made joyful by the slightest event. A letter, naturally, but even a simple word or a small joke. Ah !—if only those who sit frozen in dark and icy corners of the earth could join us. We don't know what such moral solitude is. Our exalting life gives birth to a bubbling over and seething of sentiments. Suffering and hatred, yes—more than we can ever say—but sadness, none. Above all and in spite of all, there is love and joy. The joy of the living thread of the days. For isn't the revolution the grand festival of the oppressed ?

How can one not feel flooded with happiness when you have your own destiny in your hands ? How can one remain sad and depressed when the rhythm of your steps turns the wheels of history ?

At each return of spring, every one of us in our country realizes how precious time is. Last year at this date, when our troops came down onto the plain, the men felt a little like fish out of water in this environment and asked about everything before making decisions. But this year, they know what to expect here. The enemy will be broken, because we know what we are capable of.

We have met only extraordinary people. Their kind of existence is beyond every common measure, but it is the only possible existence, the only one which allows

them to remain standing up on this land. In the beginning, the efforts were forced and difficult. But today the great undertaking lifts them above the common.

On this narrow strip of land, strewn with big mountains, water courses and sand dunes touching the sea events happen brusquely. A bit like that light drizzle which in one single night chases away the winter with its deadly cold mantle for the trees and makes the first rays of spring appear. Everything happens normally according to the natural order of things. As spring succeeds winter.

Spring has come for all those who fight for the liberation of their country.

*Tri-Thien, April 1967*