

## ADOLF EICHMANN

A startling heretofore unseen autograph manuscript signed or initialed twelve times, Eichmann's most personal recollections, opinions, rants, and expressions of despair, written in his cell just before and during his trial in Jerusalem. The ex-Nazi SS-Obersturmbannführer and one of the major organizers of the Holocaust describes evading capture by the Allies and Israelis, his capture by Israeli agents on May 11, 1960, and his desperate, virulent attempts to implicate others while freeing himself from any involvement in mass murder. The manuscript, 296pp. (overall) quarto, is comprised of 11 sections of varying lengths, a few incomplete, others continuations of previous chapters. These writings (in German) are more train-of-thought, impulsive creations rather than carefully prepared and edited texts, and are therefore more revealing of Eichmann's true thought processes and proclivities.

Most of the sections bear titles and are dated, and are set forth and described below chronologically. They include:

1. *"Argentina - Family - Raid May 11, 60"*, 15 single-sided pages, dated Mar. 10, 1961.
2. *"I Lived as a U-Boat Driver"*, 17 single-sided pages, initialed "E".
3. *"I Speak Through the Nimble Pen Onto Paper"*, 9 single-sided pages, initialed "E".
4. Continuation of *"I Speak Through the Nimble Pen Onto Paper"*, 17 single-sided pages plus six blanks, signed "Eichmann", Mar. 16, 1961.
5. *"For Five Years Since the Capitulation...I Continued to Live in West Germany, an Additional Two Years in Argentina, Before I had My Family Follow Me..."*, 16 single-sided pages, initialed twice, also signed "Adolf Eichmann" on his birthday, Mar. 19, 1961.
6. *"A Hamburg Acquaintance"*, 22 single-sided pages, initialed, Apr. 8, 1961.
7. *"Once Upon a Time"*, 7 single and double -sided pages, initialed, May 5, 1961.
8. *"My Arrival in Buenos Aires"*, 7 single-sided pages, initialed, May 7, 1961.
9. (Partial manuscript), 7 single-sided pages, June 11, 1961
10. Insertion for *"I Speak Through the Nimble Pen Onto Paper"*, 22 single-sided pages, signed "Eichmann", also initialed twice, June 18, 1961.

11. (Not titled) Commences with the end of Eichmann's travels, 3 single-sided pages.

The contents of each chapter are very briefly quoted as follows:

*"I did make a big game out of hiding in Argentina.... I was not allowed to flee for moral reasons..."*

1.) *"...Around the end of March 1960 North Americans were here, making inquiries about buying land to build a factory where our house stood...My trained police brain came to the conclusion that someone tried to make contact.. to get acquainted with the inside of the house...I did make a big game out of hiding in Argentina...I did not live in hiding...I was not aware of subjective guilt. I gave no orders to kill and my subordinates didn't either...I thought about what to do. Without difficulties I could have disappeared a few thousand kilometers south of Buenos Aires. No man would get old enough to find me. I could have also gone to Chile or Paraguay without special adventurous extravagances. I was more than tired of being anonymous...Would I have fled, the hiding game would have begun...the thought would have been that I was the man that international propaganda portrayed for the last 15 years. I was not allowed to flee for moral reasons...Neither to my wife nor my sons did I say a word...I did not get a gun, nor the smallest knife. I did not acquire poison, nothing. I felt free of any subjective guilt...I assumed that Jewish circles tried to locate me - I read that Israel offered \$10,000 for my arrest - for the Argentinian police to deport me to Germany. Professionally I worked as 'empleado tecnico' at the 'Mercedes-Benz-S.A. Argentina' in Gonzalez Gatan... May 11 1960 was a Wednesday...I drove with two 'collectivos' to my home, the stop is 100 meters from my house...after 100 meters I turned left and about 10 meters ahead I saw a large dark passenger car on the right side of the street...My first thought was: I fell into bandits' hands...I had no further thoughts...I tried to remember the way, which I couldn't see, as I was covered with a blanket and tied at my hands and feet...as I was alone in bed, strongly guarded, with bound eyes and one foot shackled to the bed... I thought about the possibilities of flight, as I was not in police custody. I thank God that I never cared about the fate of others in hiding...and therefore could not give any details to possible questions...altogether probably 1,400 - almost all police known names, participated over the years concerning this matter, and are known by me. I counted over 250 months ago, but there are much, much more. And the documents show clearly their jurisdiction. Due to my world view my fatalism has become second nature, better phrased, my whole nature is subjected to this fatalism...the mental attitude towards the things is the primary... I was never excited during interrogation. I decided to testify, based on the presented documents... I'm not willing to accept that the former Sicherheitspolizei is being accused of all acts. And of*

course I thought of people I had formerly contact with, for example the case of Herrn [Kurt] Becher [witness for the prosecution]...had his statements about me in Nuremberg been the truth, then it wouldn't be necessary for me to concern myself with his statements in the upcoming trial. I thought often about these Gentlemen... the living are probably not excited to learn that I was captured and the matter is being brought up again. I can imagine that some screamed 'Scheisse'... these Gentlemen forced me through their false statements to defend myself. The brunt of the defamations against me convinced the world community...should I resign myself...while in detention of the State of Israel... I came to the conclusion that everything is based entirely upon lies, false statements of a few...for this reason: no resignation, but defense...On Sunday before the Wednesday when I was attacked, I visited Herrn Sassen. It is difficult to clearly picture the origin of the 'Life' story. How is it possible, that a title like this came into existence: 'I led them to the butcher' by Adolf Eichmann...doubt my sanity if I would have written this myself..."

"I lived as a U-Boat driver..."

2.) "...Today is March 13...and just linger on memories. The police doctor comes daily at eight o'clock in the morning and at nine o'clock my defender, Dr. Servatius...and then I'm free and tell myself something again. It was the year 1948...I lived as a U-Boat driver ["U-Boat" was an expression for former Nazis who could not hide under their real names]. My name was Otto Henniger...hiding in a forest in the Luneburg Heath at Altensalzkoth..." Eichmann also provides an extensive description about his post-war existence living incognito, gathering building materials and building a farm structure, selling eggs to the kitchen of a German work unit under British occupation, and referring to his host "Frau Lindhorst", who pointed him out to reporters..."

"Of course I could never act against an order..."

3.) "...Days in capture are supposed to be longer than days in freedom...my day is still too short. If I don't write for the defense I write for myself. I hardly speak with anyone, so I speak through the nimble pen onto paper. The auxiliary police, for nine months around me day and night...some speak Yiddish, able to communicate, easy for Germans...half an hour spent daily in a hot shower, another half hour walking in the yard. Half an hour each for breakfast, lunch and dinner, and I read a lot...I have Thomas Mann: 'Confessions of a Con Man Felix Krull.' I read the confessions with amusement. I'm less amused when I think of former SS-Standartenfuhrer and confidant of the Reichsfuhrer SS Himmler, Becher, the former SS-Sturmbannfuhrer Dr. Hoettl, former SS-Obersturmbannfuhrer Krumey, as well as the intangible Wisliceny and Hoess. I have to thank them for my current situation. With their untruthful depictions, fairy tales... it

didn't take a visionary imagination to create legends concerning my person, legends which meanwhile are destroyed but did remove the stigma of a 'historic criminal', a great war criminal. There were writers...who imagined Torquemada or Caligula at the thought of my name... the intention of the writers is clear to me...present certain bygones with a gruesome call to an outraged public. Herr Becher please take a seat, it will take a few minutes...when you heard of my assault in Argentina and read about my abduction to the State of Israel...I believe it stopped your breath...as the famed 'Scheisse' crossed your lips. Of course it is not a comfortable story, but happy is who forgets, what can't be changed. I would have liked to keep silent, as I did for 15 years. Unfortunately I was presented with your statements, you know - in Nuremberg. Now it was me who was surprised. ...it is the right of the accused to lie... why should a soldier or officer, who received orders during the war...see it necessary when asked by a former enemy...to cowardly lie...If I recall correctly, you Herr Becher, were interrogated as a witness by the victors in Nuremberg...in my opinion you tried very hard to incriminate me...who was one rank lower as you, but the same uniform, even if in a different section of the SS...had the same Chief as Master, the same belt buckle...I said the same belt buckle, Herr Becher. Understand me correctly...I distance myself to pay homage to neo Nazi tendencies... I'm true to my honor, courage, to the truth... your untruthful statements regarding my person surprised me...but your refinement...even more...before the International Military Tribunal...for your personal safety... present that Eichmann is a notorious liar... it is time that I take care of things myself...Please don't be angry with me, Herr [Hermann] Krumeys... you and others back then, you know, as the thousand year Reich was still in vogue, were craving for recognition...as soon as the enemy knocked on the door of the Reich with tanks and artillery, your heart sank deep into your uniformed pants, you began to play a double game. You feeble minded, that's not how you will get your kingdom of heaven...It was on a Sunday, I sat deep in the pampa. I did not believe my eyes...I read...the minister of a party...Hermann Krumeys was arrested...I felt sorry for you...I opened a bottle of red wine and toasted to you ...I wanted to talk to you... what gave you the right in May 1944...a year before closing of the gates...tell [Joel] Brand...'not all officers are like SS-Obersturmbannfuhrer Eichmann. There are also Krumeys and Wislicenys'. You remember, Herr Brand was a functionary of a Jewish organization in Hungary, and I negotiated with him following the approval of our former superiors, SS-Gruppenfuhrer Mueller, Dr. Kaltenbrunner and Himmler...to paralyze the deportation order of the Jews of Hungary... I developed a thought in my head...of course I could never act against an order... so I developed my plan in Berlin...Brand realistically described it in his book 'The Story of Joel Brand'...he reported himself as witness for the defense at the trial against me...my plan not only included Jews of Hungary, but one million...half a million more than present in Hungary...you should read [Wisliceny's] statements in the Kastner Report...how he crawls and whines...the man is dead. It didn't help him...as the accused I have to

*answer to these outrageous falsehoods of this 'witness'...on one hand you all strutted proudly in your uniform, with every promotion your collar grew...nothing was to be missed by you in the days of 'glamorous historical events'..." [Note: A leading member of Budapest's Aid and Rescue Committee, which smuggled Jews out of occupied Europe, Joel Brand was approached in April 1944 by Eichmann, then in charge of deportations. Eichmann proposed that Brand broker a deal between the SS and the United States or Britain, in which the Nazis would exchange one million Jews for 10,000 trucks for the Eastern front and large quantities of tea and other goods. It was the most ambitious of a series of such deals between Nazi and Jewish leaders; Eichmann called it "Blut gegen Waren" ["blood for goods"]. Nothing came of this scurrilous attempt to sell lives."*

*"How the scoundrels sought and found each other in the witness stand in Nuremberg..."*

*4.) "...But to come up with your own ideas, how to steer with the endorsement and approval of Himmler, Kaltenbrunner and Mueller, you did not have the courage. Of course no one could say in those days I'm against deportation, I don't take part, look for someone else. Not even Mueller could have spoken like that...without doubt did my department chief see through me...to use me somewhere else, but my presentation convinced, a genius gave me the persuasion. If I say a genius, it's not exaggerated, there were negotiations for a few hundred...2 to 5,000 or even once 30,000...decided against by Himmler and Ribbentrop...and now a million...I never took credit for it, that the British rejected the plan was not my fault...although I succeeded with the 10% clause in Berlin...immediately provide the evacuation trains for 100,000 Jews to the border...no transport train would have gone to Auschwitz again. Think about the 10% clause...it wasn't a deal. You Krumeys, Bechers and Wisliceny's wanted to make deals...no person can accuse me of similar motives...of personal safeguarding ... back in April/May 1944, when the Brand Mission began. Now you are sitting in the brig just like me...even in Argentina... I did not care for politics...it is not avoidable that I have to say in my upcoming trial what I listed here....contributing to create the legend of Torquemada-Caligula was Dr. Hoettl...ice-cold, unpleasant...for the needs of Amt VI of the Reichs Security Main Office, a good worker... closely acquainted with Kaltenbrunner...during the illegal fight of the NSDAP in years 1934 until 1938 in Austria...Hoettl placed North-American spies into SS uniforms before the end of the war...working in Austria...Jew Dr. Kastner dressed in an SS uniform during travels with Becher during the war...how the scoundrels sought and found each other in the witness stand in Nuremberg...[I am] gratified to settle up with you... 15 long years... lift your cover...[and] denounce you in the coming trial..."*

*"I did not kill or torture anyone. I never gave an order to do so..."*

*5.) "...For five years I lived in West-Germany since the German surrender after May 8, 1945, two more years in Argentina before my family followed...forced to live my life under a pseudonym...first it was to be considered, that [for my family] official German travel identifications in their name, in faultless form under consideration of the legal requirements were issued...no blood relative was supposed to be placed in the position to report another blood relative... In the days of April 1944...to calm my father...I made the following statement...'I did not kill or torture anyone. I never gave an order to do so; and to my best knowledge and conscience, neither any subordinate men, NCO's or Officer's' ...I told [my father] about the occasion where a subordinate officer hit Jews with a stick and my intervention, which ended with him getting punished...further of the only slap in the face I gave to Dr. Loewenherz...and later apologized to him, while in uniform...I was neither an order-giver nor law-maker...to my knowledge none of the lying publications which flooded the market ever believed it... may the world suffocate of the lies told about me, I didn't care, my old man believed me...my wife believed it then and today...With that knowledge my wife followed with three sons to Argentina...may my children still have believed in Santa Claus...nobody could prevent me ...when I created another fairytale: The fairytale of Uncle Ricardo or Uncle Klement...and in addition that their father may have gone missing during the war, no details were known yet...I left 'Eichmann' behind in 1945 in Austria...he disappeared in the fog of the Rio-de-la-Plata morning, and his past combined my creation for a new being. When the fourth child arrived...I was jokingly referred to as 'Papa'...the child was officially illegitimate...and received the mother's maiden name. ...then came the day of the arrest, a classic case of kidnapping...tied at hands and feet, blindfolded, hidden; a light tranquilizer for departure to the airplane...food and drink was good. Secretly I had to laugh, when I thought about the kids awakening. They lost an uncle, but won the father...The game was over...Today is my birthday! 55 years on my back! A great 'old man'. Damn. Two observations I made and preceded the ambush in Argentina...a dark car parked...an observer pretending to repairing an engine malfunction...a few days before...a car approached, four men sat in the car...just wanting to confirm my physiognomy and observing me...I didn't think of an ambush and kidnapping...in December 1959 the International Criminal Police Organization [Interpol] in Paris denied a petition from Israel regarding an investigation about my whereabouts, because I was a SS-Oberstleutnant, events occurred during the war, thus it was a political matter and not Interpol's responsibility...thus I connected my being observed for possible extradition to Germany...I will not experience the 57th birthday...these are my thoughts today. My 55th birthday arrived. Today on March 19, [19]61..."*

*"Clerics of the Roman Catholic Church helped me..."*

6.) *"...I paid 300 Deutsche Mark for contact points along my travel route to Genoa...first contact point was a market town in Bavaria...western occupied zone in Germany and my identification card from the English zone in the name of Otto Henninger...dressed in complete local folk dress...and Upper-Austrian dialect ...aroused no suspicion...farewell to Germany...taxi to Innsbruck...first contact point: a garage...the owner a former SS-Untersturmfuhrer...taxi to a brewery...right entrance leading to the 'Surete General', the French secret police of the occupation Innsbruck headquarters...immediately recognized my error...300 Deutsch Marks for transport to the first tavern on the Italian side...the locals took me for a border smuggler...constant fear of informers who report suspects to the occupation powers for a reward...my suitcase was brought by a cleric of the Roman Catholic Church to the tavern on the Italian side...earlier he did the same for Jews...farewell to Austria...now I sit in Israeli police custody and the trial against me starts in three days in Jerusalem...jealous, chauvinistic National Socialism is the worst of the worst...Versailles and Saint Germain formed our thinking...certain of my honest belief that our leadership only wanted the best for the people...I was recipient of orders and as SS-Oberstleutnant had to obey...My honor is loyalty. The question...was I a 'good' SS-Officer...I affirmed...not guilty of cruelty nor killing, never ordered it...Arrival in Genoa...received a permit in Milan in the name of Ricardo Klement ...the office of the International Red Cross issued refugee papers...only my name was new, I like the sound of it...I practiced my new signature...clerics of the Roman Catholic Church helped me, without asking who I was...as before me the Jews. I greet you brother Bernardus..."*

*"An evening thought in my cell, in prison in Israel..."*

7.) *"...Once upon a time...camp Dachstetten...dropping my SS winter camouflage uniform...a last handshake with my comrade...towards the bus stop...I wanted to get off where the mill was, a miller woman expected me...she was a religious, believing woman, her husband was a prisoner of war in Russia...She never liked the Nazis, the SS even less...it didn't matter, I escaped the 'Ami's' and she would provide anything I needed, hoping that any Russian farmer would do the same for her husband...the bottle of wine, homemade sausage, bread, golden butter,...everything was real. It was a long time ago that I had seen, let alone ate such an amount of edible treasures. Even today, 15 years later, in an Israeli State Prison I think of your delights...The train brought me to Upper-Bavaria...I stayed several weeks and happened to meet the sister of an SS-Untersfuhrers...she never knew my true identity...March 1946...for almost eight weeks...I refreshed my senses, enough of inner power to calmly accept possible inconveniences. (An evening thought in my cell, in prison in Israel)..."*

*"I was everyone's amigo..."*

8.) "...Money was tight...all of 485 Pesos. Not much for a jump across the ocean...on the steamer I met by chance a former member of the same troop color...a few evening invitations with longtime residents...contributed to the understanding of the new impressions...no reason to be unsatisfied...Positions at a yet to be formed technical company were promised to us, a state contract to exploit the water reserves in the north of the country...as for me...I accepted the position as head of the regional department...A transitional job was to be found...as a metalworker at a factory...I didn't stay long, eight weeks total...the leading engineer, a former scientific administrator to the SS-General of the Rocketweapons, [Hans] Kammler,...tried to convince me to stay [but] I made a commitment to Tucuman...in those days I barely heard a German word...that's how I stayed in Argentina. I never thought again to continue to travel to East-Asia...I was everyone's amigo, con los nortenos de la provincial de Tucuman...my house was situated next to the village school...in the mornings...I heard the children's voices sing Argentina's national anthem...Libertad, Libertad, Libertad...and I began my day..."

"My plan was to reach the freight train in one jump and then off into the darkness..."

9.) "...When the darkness surprised us, it was the star system, that provided conversation...ascend, ascend, ascend; watching and talking and the mountain wind surrounding us, like a thousand fans. And now peace in the mountain cabin. A glass of red wine, maybe two, three, four, music and the strain is gone...American military police joining our round during the singing...who cares up in the mountains...they weren't on duty at the cabin, confirmed by the female companions...it was a nice evening...of course in the valley, they were too busy and therefore I preferred to change places...I sat on the train. Towards the [Luneburger] Heath. ...the train was full, overbooked...my mountain companion next to me...the evening was disturbed through the call 'Aichstaedt, everyone exit, identification and luggage control'...I had not a lot of papers to confirm my identity...I only had an identity card from the North-American Occupation zone, unfortunately self-issued, and the thumb print was black instead of blue. Other it looked good. About one thousand five hundred to two thousand passengers were standing before the new German police...I picked the front row next to the free rails...near a freight train...I pretended to need to relieve myself...it was a foggy, cold March night...my plan was to reach the freight train in one jump and then off into the darkness...everything went fine...my companion began to flirt with the controlling English and American guards of the military police...they assumed us to be traveling honeymooners...That was Aichstaedt, February 1946. Many passengers couldn't continue their travels...it is possible they were black marketers...in the Heath I needed the English identity card...based on correct discharge papers based on a real identity pass, I had none of these treasures. But in those days the mayoral offices were



*in chaos..."*

*"Orders! Orders! Orders! You crossed the line of awareness..."*

10.) *"...Farewell to the Heath and the forest...I'm thinking about traveling far...it is not yet time to celebrate farewell. Gallows wood is still cheap in this country...caution and awareness is still required...because of the henchmen, denunciators are plentiful, the comrade of yesterday is the devil of today...only one option: changing places...hold on comrade of 'yesterday'. Treason is treason, no matter the motive...The biggest crook in the land is the denunciator...the enemy may pay you well...how did the yesterday-comrade put it: Dear Americans, give me 5 weeks and I deliver him. I know the way, have the trust of his family and his comrades...were the North-Americans disgusted by the treason? Possibly...The will was there, what counts now is the action...but it is not easy...to be both...General and Corporal...is it possible to take another step without an order...the motto is to be tough on yourself...in the last months I saved...two and a half thousand Deutsch Marks was my capital...for my jump across the oceans...A newspaper reported that the wanted former Gauleiter of the NSDAP from Carinthia was in Argentina...I decided that it was to be a nice place, let's build a hut...the first about the Gauleiter was untrue...I didn't have concrete plans, the direction was clear. First station was to be Argentina...in case of problems to Chile, from there to East-Asia...the biggest difficulty was to leave the Heath without any real passport and papers...take heart and project to be a man of the world...it wasn't fraud, far from it...I saw many countries and always sought out friendly people...the many faces are at first confusing...the movement from place to place...I started my travels, without great organization...without help...without imaginary finances...just on my own. Nimble, but not careless...correct but not exaggerated...to the faraway Italy...the chess game began...Spanish style...moving from field to field...unaware of the end of the game...passing by the place of my family...5 long years I didn't see my wife and kids...a difficult decision: march on...the family could follow later.... The steamer passed near Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay...once more the South-American water awoke the memories of the last war...from the depth of the sea...the once proud armored battleship 'Admiral Graf Spee'...near the Argentinian shore we stop...I left Eichmann in Austria...the beard in Bavaria...lost the Henninger in Italy ...as Klement Ricardo I expected entry into the country. A last discussion between five experienced men...Klement spoke to Eichmann 'was it necessary, the killing...where is the reward. Why did you participate? Why do you bring me as Klement to Argentina? I want to [know] what will happen and will it go on forever.' Klement sit down and listen'...The spark caught on fire and set Europe in flames. Not only this was responsible; others agitated and stoked the fire... Hate followed hate...murder was the fruit...love was going out of fashion...forming the mosaic of horror...You Klement were Eichmann, a*

*cogwheel in the gear, same as Mr. Smith, the Amis and Ivans...receiving orders and obedience, cemented through oath, that was your life...life of a fool. ...In those days, when your name was still Eichmann, you stood in the middle of the horror...bursting Trinitrotoloul...bomb torn bodies...partially burned...some still alive...the inferno continued...Orders! Orders! Orders! You crossed the line of awareness...atavistic urges celebrating with friend and foe...awakening demonic forces...murder...state sanctioned by the needs and wants of the government...the rest of your life poisoned...there are many nations and people in Europe...jealousy is great...the people's yoke is named moral...always only a few driven by demonic ambition...atavism...great latent danger of relapse of the just experienced...the order for war continues, chained to an oath...that's why I left Europe...I didn't count as one of the worst...I restrained myself...the state ordered and I was nothing...at this time the will lacks free and open speech...patient waiting is the motto...The morning sun shining free, touching the waters of the Rio de la Plata. I stand alone...I turned lucid and careful...but I want to talk and speak and warn...what follows is small stuff of the everyday life...18.3.61...an interesting history...when chained to the bed blindfolded...one member of the Israeli assault commando...ask of the whereabouts of a Dr. Mengele...unfortunately I responded that it would be betrayal of a comrade...an automatic reaction...I saw this man for the first time in Argentina in my life...suddenly I was asked if I would rather have my family picked up or Mister Sassen...I'm not a novice [of interrogation] and knew nothing would happen...I was to dictate a letter...in my suit was found a response letter to Sassen...in all these years I always addressed him as 'Kamerad'...I dictated: I ask you, dear Mr. Sassen, come on...here and here...I'm in a difficult situation...please bring 5,000 pesos...but 5,000 was too much, 3,000 should do it...we discussed the amount...they seemed to become unsure...wondering if there were any secret words that could warn him...nothing ever happened...Sassen is careful and smart...he knew I had closer friends I could approach...the Israeli intelligence service must have been aware that I knew Sassen...as I was observed daily as I later learned...."*

*"Constantly prepared in case that someone behind me suddenly shouts 'Eichmann'..."*

11.) *"...The journey was at the end. I stood on Argentinian ground. All my worries...traveling between two continents...were over. My fears to become a victim of treason were unnecessary...during the eight weeks of travel I encountered many unknown faces...always on the watch, sometimes careless...I did not stand out...I never really considered if I could trust the people I dealt with...It was odd! After five years in the underground it becomes second nature, to question every new face...did you see him before, do the facial expressions reveal anything...Constantly prepared in case that someone behind me suddenly shouts 'Eichmann'...it was imbedded in the subconscious and was not a burden...Nevertheless it took years to lose all the*

*attentiveness...involuntary the brain was used to all the small details, sometimes it observed against my will...I was used to it...to 'think normal' was annoying at first...work helped to normalize...The first person to address me after leaving customs was a German...free room and in exchange painting rooms...I thanked my fellow countryman, no luck with me...he was out to catch a 'gringo'...someone inexperienced with the circumstances, looking to establish themselves quickly with work, make money...14 to 16 hours a day of work...a few pesos...sometimes none...the employer living all the while in the coffeehouses and restaurants on your cost a lazy life. The more gringos that work for him the bigger his success. I had other things in mind..."*