

P.C.

JPRS: 3831

6 September 1940

ADOLPH EICHMANN, NAZI LEADER AND ISRAELI PRISONER

DECLASSIFIED AND RELEASED BY:
CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY
SOURCES METHODS EXEMPTION 3826
NAZI WAR CRIMES DISCLOSURE ACT
DATE 2000 2008

~~FOR~~ COORDINATION^{ed} WITH Army

Photocopies of this report may be purchased from

PHOTODUPLICATION SERVICE
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

U.S. JOINT PUBLICATIONS RESEARCH SERVICE
205 EAST 42nd STREET, SUITE 300
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

FOREWORD

This publication was prepared under contract by the UNITED STATES JOINT PUBLICATIONS RESEARCH SERVICE, a federal government organization established to service the translation and research needs of the various government departments.

ADPS: 1531

CSO: 4210-P

ADOLPH EICHMANN, NAZI LEADER AND ISRAELI PRISONER

Following is a translation of two articles on Adolph Eichmann published in three issues of the German-language periodical Stern (Star), Hamburg. Date of issue, pages, and authors are given under individual article headings. Photograph captions are appended.

ADOLPH EICHMANN

No. 27, 2 July 1960
Pages 14-18, 65-69, 77

Robert Pendorf

Ever since Adolf Eichmann was arrested by an Israeli commando squad in Buenos Aires on 11 May, the press has been circulating the most contradictory stories about this arrest action and about Eichmann's underground existence since 1945. The scene of these wild tales is sometimes set in Damascus and Kuwait, though it has been proved that Eichmann was never there; other reports seem to create the impression that they issued directly from the interrogation center near Tel Aviv, which so far no one except Commander Selinger, the Israeli chief investigator, has been able to enter. German news magazines and dailies let their special correspondents feed them the most incredible details, ranging from Eichmann's abduction from Syria, where he was supposed to have dealt in arms, to the adventurous description of the chase which the Israeli agents staged to catch the murderer of their people during the last 15 years. On 23 May, Israel's Prime Minister Ben Gurion announced that Eichmann had been apprehended. On the same day Israeli Minister of Justice Rosen declared that the time, place, and circumstances of his arrest were top secret and would never be announced. But on the very next morning, our Stern reporter discovered in Buenos Aires the trail of the man who had called himself Ricardo Klement and who in reality was Adolf Eichmann. The cover name and the first three photos of camera-shy Eichmann reached the world press through Stern magazine. It was Stern reporters who succeeded in finding Eichmann's personal notes and the photo album of the Eichmann family; the family had vanished in the meantime. Thus, Stern magazine is the only publication in the world which can tell the complete postwar story of the man whom American Justice Jackson called "the darkest figure of this century" at the Nuremberg trials.

The occupants of the "island" were all employed as lumber jacks by the firm of Burmann and Co. -- all except a Red Cross nurse by the name of Ruth, who cooked for the men and took care of them. Eichmann, alias Heninger, shared a room with Eduard Tramer, who is a post office employee today.

Here is what Tramer told our Stern reporter Wiedemann. "I shared a room with Otto Heninger. He was what you might call a "good buddy." The thing we like particularly about him was his great sense of justice. He always took great pains to make sure that the food portions were divided in a fair fashion. He never joined us in our evening card games. He seemed to be more intelligent than the rest of the fellows who stayed at the 'island.' I remember that he talked with a slight Austrian twang."

Eduard Tramer further stated that Heninger always wore an old, converted Wehrmacht uniform and an old, green hunter's hat. According to Tramer, he lived a more retiring life than the others; he was close-mouthed and rather reticent in his conversations -- a sort of lone wolf.

A short time before the currency reform, Eichmann-Heninger's employer, the firm of Burmann and Co., went bankrupt. What was left was taken over by another lumber firm by the name of Braun, which however likewise did not weather the currency reform for long. The lumber jacks were out in the cold.

Eichmann took a room in the home of war widow Anna Lindhorst in Altonsaizkoth, leased a patch of grass behind her house, and began to set up a small chicken farm there. Says Mrs. Lindhorst, reminiscing: "He built the coops himself. He was a very handy man."

He paid his rent for the room and the land punctually; he lived a good life; the occasional visits by an elegant, platinum-blond lady were so handled that neither Mrs. Lindhorst, nor innkeeper Helms, where the blond was staying, got the impression that she was Heninger-Eichmann's mistress. Nelly Krawietz was her name -- and the facts about her could be found out only in Baltimore, USA, for that is where she was from.

Nelly Kuhn, the widow Krawietz, nee Bauer, from Prien on Lake Chiem, was the first person with whom Eichmann came into contact after his escape from the camp at Oberdachstetten. Eichmann's companion on this escape was the Waffen-SS Sergeant Kurt Bauer, Nelly's brother; it was he who told Eichmann to look up his sister in Prien.

Nelly was a widow -- her husband had been killed in action -- and she found the escapee rather nice. She found a place for him in one of the farm homes there, but the many American military police in Prien were on Eichmann's nerves after a few days;

he told Nelly that his name was Eichmann, that he was involved in the persecution of the Jews, and that he would like to go to North Germany. He told her he had a contact there.

Nelly did not know where to place this name "Eichmann." He told her nothing. Obediently, she bought a train ticket for him, accompanied him to Hamburg, and then they went their separate ways.

Eichmann went to Eversen and registered as Otto Heninger at the local town hall.

The people in Prien say that Nelly thereafter devoted her time to attractive Americans, but her soft spot for Heninger-Eichmann drew her away and she went north, to Lueneburg Heath. Says Nelly today: "I was alone, and he was alone...I always brought him something to eat, too."

In 1930, she received a letter from Eichmann. Content: thanks for your help; I am going to the Soviet Zone to give myself up to the Russians. They will either use me in their setup or they will execute me. At any rate, I am dead to the rest of the world. And here is a sentence Nelly remembers word for word: "If you do not hear from me within 4 weeks, you can make the sign of the cross over my name."

Nelly heard no more from Eichmann. In 1953, she went to America and married delicatessen store owner George Kuehn in Baltimore. She is widowed once more and still lives in Baltimore, where she told Stain reporter Kolarz about her adventure with Eichmann.

The meaning of Eichmann-Heninger's last letter is quite clear: he was ready to go overseas and was trying to wipe out his traces.

But to Mrs. Lindhorst -- in whose Altensalzkoth home he lived until the spring of 1950 -- he told an entirely different tale one night. He said he was getting ready to leave shortly for Norway or Sweden, where he hoped to work in his trade -- electric machine-building. The chickens were supposed to be picked up by Mr. Feiersleben -- which actually happened later on.

And then Otto Heninger, alias Adolf Eichmann was suddenly gone. He was on his way to Argentina and the little village community forgot him. Nobody ever asked for him -- not while he was there, nor after he had left. Nobody had ever looked for him at Eversen, on the edge of Lueneburg Heath; nor did anybody look for him later on in Argentina.

He was one of the principal war criminals; as such, he was carried on many black lists; still, his family could for years live with him under his own name.

Why?

Why -- for decades -- did apparently no government agency, no secret service systematically try to catch and bring to

justice a man like Adolf Eichmann who had been branded as murderer of European Jewry in dozens of books, brochures, articles, and document collections?

Perhaps because the death columns of European Jews were, to be sure, set in motion by Hitler and his helpers, but because in 1944 the laziness, shortsightedness, and lack of understanding of neutral, Allied, and even Jewish agencies even prolonged this death march? And because Eichmann knows more about this than many of the participants might want him to know?

Eichmann's "national socialist political attitude" was correctly described as "unconditional" in an efficiency rating of the SS. From 1932-1937, he worked his way up to officer in charge of the Zionism desk of the SD (Sicherheitsdienst -- SS Security Service) Main Office; in the process, he adopted his Fuehrer's dictum "The Jews are our misfortune" as a sort of irrevocable basic truth.

In view of this "realization," it irked the young, ambitious SD desk officer that the highly desirable emigration of the Jews was being hampered by all kinds of red tape.

Eichmann made it his mission to remedy this paradoxical situation. He suggested the creation of a "Central Agency for Jewish Emigration" whose direction he took over and in which all agencies were represented whose stamps, permits, and papers a Jew needed in order to leave the German Reich.

The first scene of action of this central agency was Vienna, where Eichmann set up a production-line ticket-window system, which reduced the previously endless paper shuffling to a few days. Where it had taken a Jew months to get an exit permit, he could now get it in a very short time.

During these years, Eichmann was the very model of a correct, diligent official; he dealt with his Jewish customers in an aloof but polite manner; of course, in the excitement of day-to-day business, he once slapped Dr. Loewenherz, chairman of the Vienna Jewish cultural community; but when he slapped him another time in the presence of his subordinates, he immediately apologized. Besides, the personnel of his bureau consisted mostly of Viennese who, true to their easy-going nature, were quite peaceful most of the time.

Deportation to Freedom

Eichmann worked things the same way later on in Prague; there too his goal was to expedite as many Jews abroad as possible; but the methods of course had become a little rougher by that time.

The headquarters of the Central Agency of Jewish Emigration was housed in a requisitioned Jewish villa. The Jews were standing in long lines in its halls and rooms, for:

reason whatever, they were insulted, beaten, and pushed. They could go to their chief rabbi, who would take their complaints to Eichmann, but this did not do them any good.

And they were cleaned out thoroughly. At that time, the road to freedom began for the Jews with a detailed property listing, down to their last suit of clothes. Their cash was transferred to blocked accounts in one of the two German banks operating in Prague; their real estate and other property were confiscated.

In the meantime, the Gestapo would be studying the passport of the emigration-ready Jew. If it found the slightest hint in the passport that the exit permit applicant had concealed an account abroad -- a trip to Switzerland for instance sufficed to create such a suspicion -- the particular Jew was clapped in jail and mistreated until he reported all his foreign bank accounts and ordered his banks abroad to transfer the money to Germany.

Eichmann left this job to the Gestapo. He himself was always dressed elegantly and wore civilian clothing most of the time; he moved about in Czech society and negotiated with the bank representatives about the evaluation of the Jewish real estate holdings; the amount of the contributions depended on these holdings; or he forced rich Jews to finance the emigration of poor relatives and to handle the contributions for the latter.

Once a Jew had run through this mill, there were movers and shipping companies waiting to charge him a stiff price, for at that time emigrating Jews could still take furniture with them.

As a result, most of the Jews were at the end cleaned out, except for a few personal things and some pocket money. And that is also why they were nowhere welcome.

This was the beginning of a deadly misunderstanding and failure. Outside Germany, people did not comprehend the fear and misery of the Jews in Hitler's Reich. The entry visas were handed out very sparingly; the issue of such a visa was made contingent upon a so-called "ready cash fund" [security] because the European countries did not want to admit people who would later on become a financial burden to the government.

Only Argentina and Chile were somewhat magnanimous in those days. The US and Canada were somewhat less open-hearted; but the European countries did not see what was about to happen.

Probably no more than 50,000 Jews found the road to safety through Eichmann's Central Emigration Agency in Vienna. Hundreds of thousands did not get any visas and were left to wait for a hideous fate.

Eichmann saw that his emigration business did not have much of a chance of ridding the Reich of the Jews. He began to think about a different solution. He is one of the inventors of the abstruse plan of making the island of Madagascar a reservation for Jews. The men in the "Reich Security Main Office" discussed this brainstorm for months; finally the men charged with devising the "final solution" realized that there was very little chance of their ever getting Madagascar for this purpose.

But Eichmann stuck to the idea of a "Jewish reservation" and he finally got one -- a place called Theresienstadt. This town on the Elbe River actually became a miniature Jewish state. Hermetically sealed off from the outside world, it had its own government, its own police, its own currency and stamps; 20,000 Jews lived there like on an island, until well into the war, under relatively bearable conditions. Of course, they were not always the same Jews; new ones came and the others left -- to go to the Auschwitz gas chambers.

Finally, Eichmann hit on the idea of moving them from the "German sphere of influence" to Polish Galicia. But here he ran into the determined resistance of "Governor General" Kari Frank, who was busy de-Jewing the conquered Polish territories. Frank forbade Eichmann to enter the Government General.

The founding of the Jewish reservation at Theresienstadt was the last act in the history of the final solution which was not yet aimed at the systematic physical annihilation of the Jews.

Then began the organized mass murder. In Argentina, a dozen years later, Eichmann had this to say on the subject: it was indeed horrible, but it was necessary; after all, the Fuehrer had ordered it. And he, Eichmann, anyway had nothing to do with their annihilation; he was not a destroyer; he was just riding herd on the Jews and corralling them; he did no more than any Allied transportation officer whose job it was to move bombs to airfields and who never knew whether these bombs would hit bridges and soldiers or women and children.

Who is this Eichmann, who figured out these formalistic excuses for himself?

Is he a blood-thirsty boist, a perverted mass murderer like Hamann or a slayer like Pleil? Is he a Nero whose power was his downfall, to whom human lives meant nothing if they stood in the way of his ambitious plans?

Did he personally hate the Jews whom he turned over to the gas chambers by the hundreds of thousands?

Beast or "Good Buddy?"

No, that is not the kind of man Eichmann is.

Today, temporary post office employee Eduard Tramer, with whom Eichmann worked together in the forest under the assumed name of Otto Heninger, calls him a "good buddy." Tramer's wife Ruth still cannot grasp the fact that her wedding guest Otto Heninger is supposed to be a "murderer."

"He was always so quiet and reticent," she tells us.

"He was really romantic." And then she recounts how Heninger-Eichmann used to love to take long walks in the woods and how he used to play the violin in front of the barracks in the evening. He played classical music -- Schubert and Beethoven. And she told how Eichmann drew back when another Red Cross nurse by the name of Eva used to listen to him play the violin every night; but that was only a pretext, supposedly, for this girl was really "trying to pick him up." "My wife and kids are still in Czechoslovakia. I'd have to be a real heel to betray my wife like this." That is what Eichmann allegedly replied when Ruth asked him whether he was really not at all interested in Eva.

Widow Anna Lindhorst in Altensalzkoth, Landkreis Celle, in whose home Heninger-Eichmann lived until 1950, today says the same thing the Argentine Jew Francisco Schmidt says. Eichmann lived in Schmidt's home in Olivos from 1954 until 2 months prior to his abduction. Both maintain that he was a correct, punctual payer, and a pleasant roomer.

And Klaus Eichmann, his oldest son, a few days ago wrote an open letter to his father who is being held captive in Israel. In it he said: "I cannot accept the accusations against you. But even if they were true, you will always be my father, and I will always be your eldest son. I will never desert you."

Who then in this Adolf Eichmann, whom some people call the "darkest figure of this century," while others say that he was a good buddy, a romantic at heart, a faithful husband, a loving father, and a punctually paying, pleasant roomer?

We get some indication from the talks Mercedes employee Ricardo Klement had in Buenos Aires with the few intimates who knew about his past as Adolf Eichmann.

"I harbor no personal hatred for individual Jews," he said. "I always treated the Jews I met in an entirely correct fashion, based on respect -- of course, only in line of duty."

And then he told about his visit to Palestine. "In the fall of 1937, I stood on Mt. Carmel and looked down on the oil tanks of Haifa and the land of Palestine. Now, I am an idealist myself, and I was highly impressed by what I saw at that time in the way of Jewish construction and tenacious will to live."

He harbored no personal hatred; his relations with the men who were struggling with him for the lives of their coreligionists he termed "correct" -- "of course only in line of duty." And he speaks of his "idealism." Once he told someone: "We fought with open visors." And when the man wanted to know the meaning of correct attitude and open visor in a situation where he (Eichmann) was facing defenseless people, while himself holding unlimited power -- people who were destined for horrid death -- Eichmann replied quite excitedly: "But I had nothing to do with that part of it. The dirty work was done by the SS Management and Administration Bureau. We did not fight with daggers and poison; we fought with intellectual weapons." And when you ask him about the type of intellectual weapon he used, Eichmann gets lost in the same old race philosophy; he tells the old wives' tale about the "Wise Men of Zion" who allegedly rule the world, and finally he says: "Well, anyway, it was not for me to ask any questions. I had taken an oath on the flag and I had to obey. The political leadership of the Reich had ordered the final solution of the Jewish problem and I was entrusted with its implementation. I was a soldier and I had to obey. Do you understand that?"

This is the schizophrenia of this man. Reading his notes and listening to reports about the conversations he had with others, we can believe him when he asserts that he is still convinced that his mission was necessary and that he behaved correctly. He is a conscientious, painstaking bureaucrat -- though a murderer bureaucrat.

Eichmann knew exactly what was happening to the people he was "corraling." A few months after the start of the campaign in Russia, Gestapo Chief, SS Group Commander Heinrich Mueller sent him to Minsk to take a look at the methods with which the "Jewish problem was being solved" there.

Here is Eichmann's report on his trip. "It was a very cold and rather cloudy day when I arrived at the place the action detachment had chosen. I was freezing, though I wore a leather coat that reached down to my ankles. There was a big ditch running across the field. It looked like an antitank ditch to me; I stepped up closer and saw that about half of the ditch was filled with corpses -- naked corpses of men, women, old people, and children. Then another bunch of Jews was marched over. There were about 150 of them. In all this cold weather, they had to strip down to nothing and they had to step on the corpses in the ditch. Everything went on amid weird silence. Nobody complained, nobody cried.

"At the last moment, when the execution squad was cocking its submachine guns, I noticed how a Jewish woman grabbed a child -- about one or 2 years old -- and took it into her arms;

she turned around as though she wanted to shield the child. I felt like jumping down and saving the child, but I was too late. The bullets were whistling all over the place; the child was hit in the head and its brain splattered on my coat.

"I had my driver take me back to my billet and we removed the blood and brain stains. I realized quite clearly that this was an inhuman solution and I went to Berlin immediately in order to report to Mueller what I had seen and to ask him whether we could not find a more humane method.

"Mueller listened to my report and then he gave me a long look; I did not know whether he pitied me for my weakness or whether he despised me for it."

A few months later, a "more humane" method was found; once again Mueller thought it necessary to let Eichmann take a look at this method. He sent him to Lublin, where buses were being used for the extermination of the Jews; the exhaust gases of the engines were piped into the interior of the bus; as Mueller put it, "the whole thing is over and done with in 3 minutes."

Eichmann went to Lublin and found that Mueller's information was incorrect. Eichmann was shown a bus into which about 80-100 Jews had been squeezed. The door was closed and the driver asked Eichmann to join him in the cab, and off they went. After a few minutes, the people inside began to scream. The driver suggested Eichmann take a look inside through the peephole in the rear wall of the driver's cab. There was a light burning inside the bus, where the Jews were fighting a life and death struggle. They had been under way for 5 minutes but the noise inside the bus was still going on.

"Why don't take a peek inside," said the driver to Eichmann.

But Eichmann could not. He was simply scared. He tried to force himself but just as he turned, he saw a hand clawing at the window; then he asked the driver to stop because he wanted to get out. "Take it easy, we'll get this done in a jiffy," said the driver. They made a U-turn on the wide highway and drove back to camp. It took a full 15 minutes until all was quiet in the bus.

Eichmann did not even wait until all the corpses had been hauled out of the bus. He dashed to his car and immediately returned to Berlin. Once again he reported to Mueller and once again he asked him that an effort be made to devise a method which "would not expose the participants to such tremendous psychological strain."

The participants -- of course Eichmann did not mean the Jews, who were being tortured to death in this manner; he meant the drivers and the SS personnel -- in other words, the murderers.

Stern magazine did not invent this description and it did not take it from any eye witness reports that have been published so far; this is all taken from Adolf Eichmann's personal notes and from the verbal repetition of talks Eichmann had with friends in Argentina.

When Eichmann reported to Mueller for the second time and again asked for a "more humane" method, Mueller -- as Eichmann told his friends -- "once again gave me that long, I might say fatherly look; with this enigmatic fellow, I never knew what this look really meant. Perhaps I should have been ashamed for having been so soft -- for, after all, this was a problem whose solution was vital as far as Germany was concerned. After all, the Jews had declared war on us through Zionist leader Chaim Weizmann."

Nothing describes the real personality of the then SS Major Eichmann better than these two incidents, told by himself. One is really reluctant to make any comment at all on this.

And though we can hear Eichmann's shaky voice on tape as he keeps emphasizing that he was no destroyer, that he had only rounded up the Jews, it is clear that Eichmann knew exactly what was happening to the shipments which always ended up at the concentration camp railroad stations at Auschwitz, Majdanek, or Treblinka.

In the meantime, a chief clerk from the "Office of the Fuehrer" by the name of Viktor Brack had found the method which -- according to a document of 25 October 1941 now in our hands -- was approved by SS Lieutenant Colonel Eichmann, desk officer for Jewish Problems in the Reich Security Main Office: annihilation of the Jews in the gas chambers.

No one can contradict Adolf Eichmann, the correct bookkeeper of death, when he says today: "What happened to the Jews after I had rounded them up was really none of my business." But here is the catch: only those could be gassed who had been "rounded up" by Eichmann. The gas chamber was only the last stop; and the engineer of the train going there was named Adolf Eichmann.

We have a whole series of eye witness who can tell us about what really happened in the extermination camps.

Last Stop: Auschwitz

In his scientific report on the "final solution," the British historian Gerald Reitlinger describes operations at the Auschwitz death factory, where four gassing installations with corpse elevators leading to the cremation ovens were "fully operational" in May 1944.

The gas chambers were camouflaged as shower rooms and were located underground; they were covered with well-manicured lawns dotted with mushroom-shaped cement statues. These figures had openings through which the SS medical sergeants, after unscrewing the lids, dropped Zyklon B in the form of amethyst-blue crystals; the latter dropped through a metal shaft into an acid container in the gas cellar, so that lethal gases were generated.

Here is Reitlinger's report, based on eyewitness accounts. "The gas slowly poured through the holes in the insertion shafts. Most of the time, the victims were jammed together much too tightly to notice this right away; but in some cases, there were so few of them in the room that they would sit on the floor; this gave them a chance to get a look at the showers, out of which there was no water coming, and at the floor, which oddly enough did not have any water drainage channels. Then they noticed the gas and in wild panic they would press away from the lethal columns and throw themselves at the huge iron gate with the little window, where they piled up into a single, blue, sticky, blood-soaked pyramid, clawed and knotted into each other in death."

"Twenty-five minutes later, the electric suction pumps removed the gas-saturated air; the big iron gate was opened, and the men of the Jewish special squads entered; they wore gas masks and rubber boots, and were equipped with water hoses. The first thing they had to do was to nose the blood and excrements away and to pull the knotted corpses apart with slings and hooks. This was the prelude to the gruesome search for gold and the removal of hair and dentures, which the Germans considered critical war materials. Then came the trip with the elevator or rail car to the ovens and the mill, which ground the cremation remnants into fine ash; then came the trucks which dumped the ashes into the river. This was the routine procedure in cases where a crematory had to handle only 200 or 300 victims; but in the summer of 1944, the death factory was not working so orderly. Let me quote Dr. Bendel's statement in Luebeckburg.

"Now begins the real hell. The special squads try to work as fast as possible. In mad haste they pull the corpses by their wrists. They look like devils. Men who earlier had human faces are no longer recognizable. A lawyer from Salonika, an electrical engineer from Budapest -- they are no longer human beings. And during all this time, people are being shot in front of the graves -- people who could no longer be jammed into the gas chambers because they were overcrowded. The job is over after 1½ hours and once again, crematory No. 4 has finished off a shipment."

But the devilry did not consist only in the fact that Jews were being used for the hideous work in the gas chambers and crematories; these men were merely postponing their own execution by a few weeks.

This organized murder was accompanied by another, perhaps even more cruel tragedy whose consequences can still be seen today. Eichmann's roundup men regularly used the existing Jewish organizations to corral the Jews for death transports.

In Vienna and Prague, Eichmann had reestablished the Jewish organizations and institutions in order to have someone to deal with and give orders to. Now once again, Jewish councils and a Jewish police were set up in the ghettos of the Polish cities, these bodies were soon almost as dreaded as the SS. For they decided on who was to be deported to the extermination camps whenever the Germans demanded a shipment of people.

The Jewish councils delivered the goods; they were thus forced to become the tools of the SS extermination machine -- perhaps in the hope of being able to save a few people here and there, perhaps in an endeavor to win a period of grace for themselves. When they recognized too late what they had been misused for, most of these Jewish councils voluntarily went to the gas chambers. Few survived.

But the burning hatred of the surviving victims still follows these Jewish councils and policemen, far beyond their nameless graves.

And it is hatred which today stands between those who at the height of the extermination wave implored their own people on the other side of the front lines for help and those people who replied to them with a bookkeeper's arguments about proper accounting and so on -- completely misunderstanding the horrible things that were going on.

The most shocking document of this tragedy is the report on the end of the Hungarian Jews.

Hungary was an ally of Germany but it was not rabidly antisemitic. Of course, the younger Jewish men had been drafted for a sort of forced labor and under miserable conditions had to dig fortifications in the East; but the other Jews lived more or less unhindered lives, so that Hungary became a refuge for the Slovak Jews and the few Polish Jews who had escaped from the Polish ghettos; all of these people were threatened with deportation and gassing.

A Jewish aid and rescue committee handled the smuggling of people across the border and the lodging and care for refugees. With the help of German counterintelligence agents stationed in Budapest, this committee operated a well-organized border service to neutral countries, especially

to Istanbul, through which information was exchanged and money could be obtained for aid drives.

And then came 19 March 1944; the German army occupied Hungary and in its wake came Adolf Eichmann to organize the "final solution" in Hungary too. He found willing helpers in the Hungarian Arrow-Cross men -- the Hungarian fascists -- who had come to power in Hungary after the German occupation.

The rescue committee was used to negotiate with the Germans as a result of its contact with the helpful German counterintelligence men. The committee now decided to send two negotiators to the SS -- they were Dr. Reszoe Kastner and Joel Brand.

These two men first contacted Eichmann's right-hand man, SS Captain Dieter Wisliceny. They knew that Wisliceny had once before let 50,000 Slovak Jews go for 100,000 Dollars. Human Slave Trade

They asked Wisliceny whether there was any chance to negotiate -- "on a business basis" -- for a cancellation of the order deporting Jews to Auschwitz. Wisliceny said yes and offered 100,000 Jews for emigration, but asked for 2 million Dollars -- 10% as downpayment in Hungarian Pengoe, which was 6.5 million Pengoe or Reichsmark.

Practically the rescue committee tried to rustle up the sum. In the meantime, the Hungarian gendarmery was herding the Jews into ghettos all over Hungary. At one time, Kastner turned over 3 million Pengoe and another time he turned over 1 1/2 million Pengoe. He was assured that 600 Jews, for whom a ship had been made ready at Constanta, could emigrate to Israel.

And then Kastner and Joel Brand had to face Eichmann. The latter offered them a fantastic deal: one million Jews for 10,000 trucks, and few tons of tea and coffee.

Eichmann offered a million human lives from Hungary, Slovakia, and Germany -- wherever desirable. What Kastner and Brand did not know was that Eichmann could hardly drum up that many Jews at that time.

Eichmann further suggested that Brand go aboard to lay the groundwork for the barter. Eichmann declared that he would wait with his deportations -- but no more than 2 weeks.

A German courier plane brought Brand to Istanbul. Kastner and the committee in Budapest were anxiously waiting for news.

There was no news forthcoming.

In Istanbul, Joel Brand reported what was in store for the Hungarian Jews. But the representatives of the Jewish Agency, the Zionists, the Orthodox, the Mipai -- they all were bickering among themselves; each group negotiated separately

with Brand and besmirched the other groups; they did not realize that every hour lost meant several hundred human lives snuffed out.

Brand did not even want trucks; he wanted primarily a guarantee, a written statement, which he could show as proof that negotiations are in progress; he wanted a chance to gain time to stop the extermination machinery, even if only for a few hours. He got nothing.

The Jewish organizations were unable to hide Brand, who did not have any Turkish visitor visa, even for one day; but in Budapest, right under the noses of the SS, they were hiding thousands.

They sent Brand on to Aleppo; they did not prevent the British from arresting him and holding him for months. Of course, Brand was well treated and was even invited to parties. On one of these occasions, he met Lord Moyne, British Minister of State for the Near East.

Brand implored him for help. And here is Lord Moyne's reply: "What on earth am I going to do with a million Jews? Where am I going to put them?" Lord Moyne paid for this remark with his life; he was murdered by Jewish terrorists in 1944.

After some months, Brand met Teddy Kollek, then as today a close aide of David Ben Gurion, Israel's prime minister today. But all he got from Kollek was sympathy.

In the meantime, Eichmann's 2-week deadline had run out. In Budapest, Kastner tried to calm Eichmann who was furious. The deportations began. At a hellish rate, quite without precedent in the history of Jewish extermination, the Jews were being shipped to Auschwitz from the ghettos in the provinces. The gas chambers were barely able to handle this influx and worked day and night.

The rescue committee in Budapest was sending cables to the Allies, asking that the rail centers, via which the transports were being routed, be bombed. Nothing was done.

Kastner was fighting for the 600 emigrants Wisliceny had allowed him. Eichmann let them go, in installments. He demanded lists of names.

That was an inhuman task. How do you pick 600 for survival out of 500,000? The committee despaired in the face of this life-and-death judgement role it was supposed to play. But without a list, Eichmann would not release anyone. And so, the committee drew up the lists.

The people were actually picked up in the provincial ghettos; they were selected at random. The SS drivers were bribed to bring more along.

Becher was furious. He did not come all the way to the Swiss border to listen to such lectures. Becher left. Kastner sent him telegrams which sounded hopeful; he implored Saly Mayer to give some sort of assurance in order to keep the negotiations going and to delay the deportations. After all, it would not be necessary to follow through on those guarantees.

Saly Mayer coolly rejected the suggestion. He was accustomed to keeping his promises and would therefore not agree to anything he could not deliver on.

Kastner told the Germans that the delay was caused by foreign currency difficulties and arranged for further negotiations at the border. Saly Mayer declared he had been authorized "not to say 'No' to the suggested deal." Well, then why don't you say yes, begged Kastner. Mayer maintained that he could not do that. Again, failure.

The same happened on the third try. Mayer offered Becher 15 million Swiss francs, but on a blocked account, to be collected after the end of the war. Becher knew that this meant nothing.

The deportations to Auschwitz, which had been suspended temporarily, now were resumed.

More than 500,000 Jews were living in Hungary when the final solution was begun there. A third of them survived the war, including several thousand who were saved by the rescue committee which -- in addition to its human slave trade with the SS -- managed to hide thousands, made Aryans out of thousands of others with the help of forged papers, and provided thousands more with forged passports of neutral powers for protection.

After the war, Kastner and Brand reported on their rescue work; they were convinced that it would have been possible to make a deal with Eichmann and Becher and that more people could have been saved; their reports are laced with bitter accusations against those who were sitting snug and safe, who did not see or did not want to see all the horrors, and who did not help the way they could have helped.

Since that time, the tragic story of the final solution in Hungary has been a festering wound which is still hurting the Jewish people. Those who were not on the rescue lists and managed to survive nevertheless now hate those who put names other than theirs on these lists. Those who were desperately trying to save lives and were haggling with the devil, now hate those they feel deserted them at the time.

And the latter reply by accusing those, who at the time were dealing with Eichmann and his final solution men, of treason and collaboration.

Slandorous pamphlets against Dr. Kastner were distributed in Israel. He was charged with being a hangman of the SS; to save his own skin, he was said to have sent thousands to the gas chambers.

Kastner fought back and sued the slanderers, but the latter were acquitted in Israel in 1955 and the 270-page long verdict confirms their charges.

The feud of the pro-Kastner and con-Kastner forces caused the downfall of the Israeli government coalition at that time; the election campaign following soon thereafter was overshadowed by this one campaign issue.

On 4 March 1957, Kastner was shot down on a Tel Aviv street in broad daylight.

Nine months later -- in January 1958 -- the Israeli Supreme Court announced its review verdict: Kastner was fully rehabilitated. Too late.

The passions and hatreds in this dispute run hotter than ever before.

This may be the reason why the search for Eichmann was handled on the Israeli end in such a self-heated manner, if it was pushed at all. This was not done to shield people who failed at the time -- that argument could not be proved; but perhaps it was not done out of a feeling that the punishment of one man was not worth stirring up and dragging into this entire mess of accusations and counteraccusations arising out of this gruesome historical episode; it was not worth starting a monster trial.

And might not such a trial create in murder organizer Eichmann a whipping boy on whom many survivors to both sides could shift their responsibility and guilt?

Israel is a young country; it needs peace and quiet for its construction; it has its hands full defending itself against its neighbors who are its mortal enemies.

Even at this early stage, we can see that the Eichmann trial would again fan the flames of the this entire hate-packed fight over what was right or wrong in the past, what was honorable or dishonorable.

Confessions in Marginal Notes

Many Jewish newspapers express the hope that the trial will clear up the events of those days in the past. Joel Brand has come forward and volunteered as a witness; there is no doubt that he will repeat his accusations against people like Sally Mayer and David Ben Gurion, who left him and Kastner in the lurch at the time. And we can be sure that Eichmann will say: "If at the time you had only...then I would have..."

It seems that an attempt was made to avoid all this. That is probably why Eichmann was able to lead a comparatively quiet and peaceful life -- until he was finally caught. It remains to be reported how he was actually caught.

Life with his family in Tucuman in northern Argentina was almost idyllic for Eichmann.

Father -- or rather, Uncle Ricardo -- ranged through the wild mountains, tall in the saddle or on mule back; the two older sons -- 16-year old Klaus and 12-year old Horst -- hunted small animals, fished in the clear mountain streams, and went to school, as did 10-year old Dieter. And the three of them bore the name Eichmann.

Their mother did not use that name quite as openly. She did not have an Argentine identity card; when asked for her name, she gave her maiden name, which was Liebl. But hardly anyone ever asked her; since she was living with the "Austrian engineer" Ricardo Klement, she was simply "Mrs. Klement" to the few people the family was in contact with. Finally, she called herself Catalina Klement.

In the spring of 1953, the hard but peaceful life in the mountains of Tucuman ended. The Capri Company, which was doing preparatory work for power plant construction for the government there, went bankrupt. The government contracts of the firm ran out and the company was dissolved; and Eichmann/Klement was unemployed.

But this man was a careful planner; he had provided for just such an event and had saved up money. He would have liked to stay in the north, in this beautiful and almost impassable wilderness. But his chances of finding a job there were slim, and he had to feed a family of five.

He returned to Buenos Aires. In the suburb of Olivos, he rented a modest and slightly damp apartment in the house at Chacabuco No. 4261. (The Argentine capital has streets with house numbers running up to 20,000.) The owner of the house was a certain Francisco Schmidt; he was a Jew and is still full of praise for this quiet, orderly, and punctually paying tenant.

Otherwise, Ricardo Klement did not have much luck at first. For a few months, he worked as clerk in a fruit juice store; then he opened up a small laundry but went bankrupt -- even German diligence and efficiency could not prevail against Japanese and Chinese competition. Finally he found a job as warehouse and shipping manager in a small Argentine metal goods factory.

He made 2,500 pesos, which was about 350 marks at the end of 1953. That was not much, but his two older sons, both of whom wanted to become engineers, occasionally managed to earn some money.

But this office job did not suit Eichmann/Klement. He wanted to be his own boss; he preferred to live outdoors and would have liked nothing better than having a very small group of people around him.

Early in 1954, he found what he was looking for. He became manager of a rabbit ranch. The farm was called Siete Palmas; it was located 70 km from Buenos Aires, in an out-of-the-way little village by the name of Joaquin Gorina.

His cozy family life had come to an end -- Uncle Ricardo was able to visit his family only on weekends -- but down on the farm, he was once again his own boss; he had a decent salary and he was able to earn a commission if he could sell the angora skins for a good price to the middleman -- most of whom were Jews.

He had much time to himself in Joaquin Gorina and did much reading; he preferred informative books on atomic physics, astronomy, biology, and contemporary works; fiction he did not like, with one exception: he loved South German and Austrian folk literature, especially the kind that contains many local slang passages. That really buoyed up his spirits and soothed his emotions.

He needed that sort of recreation, for his emotions were not at peace. In almost all books he read, he wrote marginal comments which often fill the entire margin of the page. And every time, he relates the reading matter subject matter of the book -- even if it was on atomic physics -- to the past, his past.

Something odd turns up here. As soon as his comments on the margin and on the flyleaf get to the point where he writes about his activities in the last years of the war, his otherwise neat and regular script becomes unsteady, confused, and completely different. One can tell that this is still the same man writing only with the help of a few characteristic words he uses again and again, such as when he uses "believably" where he actually means "probably."

It is not remorse that makes his hand unsteady as he thinks back to the shipments of thousands of thousands of defenseless people whom he sent to Auschwitz. It is rather the somber feeling that the justification he has tailored for himself and which he cultivates assiduously does not quite suffice to cover what he did at that time.

But he obviously forces himself with all his might to believe in this justification. What this justification really consists of we can see from the marginal notes on the books and on the flyleaves, which he made during his long reading hours at the Siete Palmas (Seven Palms) rabbit ranch.

No. 28, 19 July 1960, pp 16, 58-59.

Until 1954, Eichmann managed to make a living, even though a modest one; but he was astonishingly successful in remaining unpursued and undiscovered. First, as lumber jack in North Germany, then as surveyor in Argentina, and finally -- after a few stops in between -- as manager of the "Seven Palms" rabbit ranch in the little village of Joaquin Gorina, about 70 km from Buenos Aires.

This was the sort of job he really liked: he was dependent and he was his own boss in a deserted region. He had much time to himself on the rabbit ranch. He used his spare time to read and he read his books thoroughly; he made numerous marginal notes which throw a characteristic light on the twisted and oddly immature thinking of this man.

For instance, he writes the following on the flyleaf of the book Das Atom /The Atom/ by Dr. Fritz Kahn.

"Like other books on the same subject, I 'digested' this book mentally and found in it a marvellous confirmation of the national socialist 'belief in God' -- the so-called 'God-belief'. And I am warning my children to put all this under the same heading, because this 'God-belief' is remotely related to the materialistic teachings of communism, i.e., to Leninist materialism, which is derived from Marxism.

"Marxist-Leninist doctrine teaches materialism, which is cold and lifeless.

"'God-belief' on the other hand is hearty, natural, and always alive.

"But unfortunately I must fear that, considering the mental preoccupation and ignorance of my three sons, all this will only be chaff to them. And this I regret."

His sons, who are obviously bright, since they do not know what to do with the unadulterated ideological trash of their father, are no longer with Eichmann at that time. The family continued to live in Olivos and looked forward to Uncle Ricardo's visits on weekends.

Eichmann maintains the fiction of being Ricardo Klement, a cousin of the missing Adolf Eichmann, though at least the two older sons must have realized by now that "Uncle Ricardo" is their father.

But they join in this hide-and-seek game, for they know that their father is being sought as a war criminal. Eichmann himself had told them -- though, of course, in his own way.

He told them what he himself had thought up as his excuse or justification: their father was being sought; he would be charged with horrible deeds, but all that was not true; he was never anything but a conscientious official who did what was told but who never killed one single person.

Eichmann-Klement stepped up this intrafamily propaganda campaign about his innocence after he once more became a father in the spring of 1956. Vera Eichmann brought a son into the world who was registered officially as an illegitimate child under the maiden name of the mother, i.e., Liebl. He is baptized Ricardo Francisco -- Ricardo for the assumed name of the father, and Francisco for the priest who in 1950 obtained a Vatican passport for Eichmann and thus aided him in his escape to Argentina.

The birth of this child triggered a sort of self-justification mania in Eichmann. He wants to prevent the child from growing up in the belief that he has a mass murderer or at least an executioner for a father. He tried to set his older sons straight on this score and he was successful, but now, in the hope of finding confirmation for his opinion, he tried something for the first time which he had carefully avoided in the past.

He admits to friends who he is and engaged in endless talks. He reads everything that was published after the war about his sphere of activity -- the "Jewish problem." Desperately, he clings to the only thing he can cite as justification for his activities: his oath on the flag, performance of duty, obedience to orders. Eichmann's relentless hatred descends on anyone who strayed from this path, anyone who in the last hours of the "Thousand-Year Reich" placed human feelings above unconditional obedience.

The man, to whom feelings such as hatred have been alien until then, who soberly and coldly sent hundreds of thousands of human beings to a horrible death, now develops unbridled passion when the basis for his self-justification is shaken.

He read the book Die letzten Tage der Reichskanzlei /The Last Days of the Reich Chancellery/ by Gerhardt Boldt and finds that author Boldt was not loyal to his Fuehrer to the very last breath.

We can gather Eichmann's opinion on this from his marginal notes. The text of the flyleaf begins with the words: "A young frontline officer (Boldt) in January 1945..." Eichmann crossed out the words "frontline officer" and writes "scoundrel" over it. He makes this change throughout the book. Wherever Boldt's name occurs in the book, Eichmann changes it to "scoundrel," "traitor," or "s.o.b."

In one passage, Boldt reports that in the last days prior to the end of the Reich, high SS leaders, until then snooty and arrogant, suddenly became very small and needed someone to lean on. And here is Eichmann's marginal note. "The author of this book is a damn stupid anus. Boldt is a swine." And elsewhere, Eichmann writes: "The author should be skinned alive for his low-down treason. With such skunks we were bound to lose the war."

And finally we have Eichmann's "resume" on the last pages of the book.

"1. Everyone can live the way he pleases.

"2. But then, one should not try to play officer -- because:

"3. Being an officer means doing one's duty in accordance with the oath to the flag."

And here again we find the straw of "duty" which Eichmann clings to and in whose defense he generates a passion and a vocabulary that he did not have at the time he was coldly and lethally solving the "Jewish problem."

He also read the statements of his erstwhile friend and subordinate Dieter Wisliceny at the war crimes trials. And he becomes hotly furious over the fact that Wisliceny, like many others, blames many things on missing Eichmann in order to save their own skins. Henceforth, he calls Wisliceny in his correcting marginal notes only a "miserable pig" and an "anus with ears."

Furiously he also denies Wisliceny's report on a sentence which he, Eichmann, is supposed to have said in the last days of the war: "...and if it has to be, I'll gladly jump into the pit, happy in the knowledge that 5 million Jews are going to be killed along with us."

The wording is accurate, except for one word, Eichmann agrees. He said "enemies of the Reich," not "Jews"; and in this form, the sentence was quite sensible, he maintains, for "if our enemies are smashing our Reich, I will of course be glad about every enemy who gets killed." Then comes a long explanation why he could not have said "5 million Jews" -- because "fewer" less Jews were killed. He does not understand that it makes a difference whatever whether 2, 3, 5, or 7 million were killed; he simply does not want to understand this.

Friends and acquaintances who used to talk to him in Argentina at that time describe him as a man who had broken down inside; he had recognized his unspeakable guilt, but he did not dare admit it to himself; stubbornly he kept looking for formal excuses in order not to have to judge himself.

Occasionally, during the long and empty hours on the "Seven Palms" rabbit ranch, he ventures close to the brink of confession, though he tries to mollify himself with endless excuses and ifs and buts.

Eichmann's Conscience

He notes the following down: "I am gradually getting tired of being a lonely wanderer, having to live between two worlds. The voice of my heart, which no man can escape, always tells me to look for peace. I would also like to find peace with my former enemies. Perhaps this is part of our German

character. And I would be the last man who would not be prepared to surrender to the German authorities, if I did not have to consider the fact that the public interest in this matter is still too great to permit a clear and objective handling of the case.

"Far be it from me to want to question the ability of the German courts to arrive at a just verdict; but I still do not quite understand the legal status of a man who used to receive orders and who had to follow these orders in accordance with his oath of office, even though these might have been harsh orders.

"I was never anything but a faithful, loyal, decent, correct, and hard-working SS man and official in the Reich Security Main Office; I was always moved only by idealistic considerations for my fatherland, of which I had the honor to be a part. Deep inside I was never an s.o.b. or a traitor.

"Despite conscientious self-examination, I must find that I was neither a murderer nor a mass-murderer. And neither were my subordinates.

"But, to stick to the truth closely, I myself would like to say that I was accessory to murder, because I passed on the deportation orders, which I myself received from someone else and...because at least a portion of these deported people were killed, though by an entirely different agency...

"I said that I would have to admit that I was an accessory to murder, if I wanted to be really strict with myself. But I still cannot see clearly whether I have the right to do so in the face of my subordinates.

"I am therefore still locked in an internal struggle for, after all, as a former subordinate official, receiving orders from others, I could of course not be holier than the Pope. One must understand that.

"My subjective attitude toward things that actually happened at the time was my belief in the national emergency preached at the time by the Reich leadership. Besides, I also had an increasing belief in the need for a total war, because I had to believe increasingly in the constant announcements of the government of the German Reich at the time to the effect that it would be victory in this total war or downfall for the German nation. On the basis of this understanding, I did my duty with a clean conscience and a trusting heart."

So much for Eichmann on Eichmann.

A truly frightening document -- this attempt of his to hide behind the oath on the flag, duty, and obedience. It is even worse than the confessions of the perverted butchers in the concentration camps who -- totally dull and completely unable to realize what they were doing -- thought that human life meant nothing.

Eichmann was neither perverted nor dull; according to his own credible testimony, he was rather sensitive. Still, this man quite knowingly signed the deportation orders which meant death for many hundreds of thousands. A macabre example of the total misunderstanding, the total perversion of the original Prussian concept of duty, which placed the sense of responsibility of the subordinate above obedience and of which only one half -- blind obedience -- remained under the swastika.

This sort of deadly, murderous adulteration of this concept is the factor Eichmann falls back on as he tries to justify himself with "oath on the flag" and "duty." This is a hopeless try. For Eichmann was not so dumb and primitive as to be unable to realize what he really was -- with or without orders from higher up. He was an executioner and he knew it as long as he was that at that time he had neither inhibitions, nor the desire to claim that he was forced to do all this by orders from higher up. And he will have to shoulder the responsibility for this.

The rest of the history of this executioner can be told quickly. By the middle of 1958, the peaceful life on the "Seven Palms" rabbit ranch was over. The firm was dissolving this part of its operation and Adolf Eichmann was unemployed once again.

But he had made plans for just such a contingency. He had laid money aside, not only for living, but also for the construction of a home.

This forced period of unemployment came at a good time and gave him a chance to carry out his dream of a home of his own. He bought some swamp land far from the city of Buenos Aires, near Bancalari, on Garibaldi Street.

Helped by his grown sons, he drained the land and began to build his house. He did not build it in the local style; no, he built it as though it had to last 1,000 years. The foundations were 1.2 m thick (instead of the customary 40 cm) and the walls were 60 cm thick (instead of 20 cm).

Homo without a Future

Before he started building, he prepared painstakingly exact plans -- employing the same sort of minute exactitude which with 1½ decades earlier he had dispatched shipments to Auschwitz. Weeks in advance, he drew up a work schedule for each day: first, the western wall, then the door frames, and what not.

At that time -- at the end of 1958 -- he probably felt almost 100% safe. At any rate, he made no special efforts to hide his identity. His wife bought the building materials for the house, but she now began to call herself by her real name. A bill from the Cabora Construction Materials Company, dated 17 December 1958, is made out to a "Senora Liebl de Eichmann."

While work on his pillbox-like house progressed slowly, Eichmann tried to get another job. In March 1959 he found one. Mercedes-Benz of Argentina was advertising for jobs; Eichmann alias Klement applied and was hired.

Once again his organizing talent came to the fore; in a few months, he worked his way up to the highest pay grade for medium-level employees; in rapid succession, he was given three raises and made such good money that he was able to have his home in Bancalari finished in March 1960. he was able to move in.

There he lived for not quite 2 months; then came the day which he no longer feared -- after it had failed to come for 15 years: the day on which he was seized by the hands of those whose loved ones he had sent to Auschwitz or Treblinka.

As always, he had taken the bus to the Mercedes plant in San Justo; he did his day's work and took the company bus; on that day -- 11 May 1960 -- the bus was an hour late on account of a union meeting at the Mercedes plant; Eichmann did not reach the last stop, where he usually got off and caught another bus to Bancalari, until dusk.

As always, he went from the stop of the Mercedes bus to the stop of the 195 bus line to San Fernando-Bancalari; he was accompanied by a Hungarian fellow worker on that day. Eichmann bought cigarettes at a newsstand -- and was seen no more. Twelve days later, Israeli Prime Minister Ben Gurion announced in the Knesseth, the Israeli parliament, that Eichmann was being held in Israel.

ISRAEL WILL HANG EICHMANN

No. 29, 16 July 1960
Pages 36, 38-39

Egon Vacek

Stern magazine correspondents followed Eichmann's trail over two continents. They found out how and where he had been hiding since 1945: as Otto Heninger in North Germany, as Ricardo Klement in Italy and Argentina. At the same time, a reporter team of Stern magazine flew to Tel Aviv. Egon Vacek reports on how Eichmann is being held prisoner in Israel; he also reports the reaction of the Jews to the idea: "Our murderer is among us."

"What is love?" one little boy asked another little boy in Tel Aviv. "Do you know what love is?" "Yes. That's when my parents go to the bedroom." "And then?" "Then they shut the door." "And then?" "Then they talk German..."

The Jewish doctor, who had emigrated from Germany in the thirties, looked at me quizzically. "I bet you know that joke. No? That's an old one. We used to tell it here during the Nazi era. But after that it was no longer true. Next to Hebrew, German used to be the most-talked language in our Babel of languages here. But now, all of a sudden, the joke is back in circulation again."

This week in Israel we ran into a wall of icy politeness, open contempt, immeasurable hatred, or -- worse yet -- deathly silence, when we told people where we were from. Eichmann's arrest had opened up old wounds. In the bars, the people would get up from their tables and sit down somewhere else when they found out that we were from Germany. On the beaches, they changed beach chairs. "You are all a bunch of Eichmanns," we were told, and: "All Germans ought to be killed." The people who said this were older people.

The young people faced the "Eichmann case" and the "German case" in a more objective fashion. They too of course had their outburst of fury. The big attraction in Israel is the Tel Aviv symphony orchestra. One of its concerts almost had to be called off because the conductor insisted that the chorus in Gustav Mahler's Second Symphony sing English instead of German. The text had to be translated; the performers had to learn the new words, and, according to music critics, the whole thing sounded abominable. Still, there was not a word of criticism on this in the Israeli newspapers. There is little call for German these days.

Did I say: little cail? Marlene Dietrich sang recently at Tel Aviv's largest movie house which holds over 2,000 people. There had been excited debates prior to her performance. Should she sing in German or should she not? Marlene sang German. She sang not only of Johnny's birthday, she sang not only songs from the old movie "The Blue Angel," she also sang "Lili Marlene." The orchestra seats were filled mostly with older people: despite the sticky weather, they had come in their dark suits and ties and long evening gowns -- something that is quite unusual in Israeli customs. They sang the old songs from long-dead Berlin days and the tears were streaming down their faces. "I'm gonna to love from head to toe..."

"And now I am going to sing a song I learned in exile," said Marlene. Exile, emigration -- the handkerchiefs in the orchestra section came out in force. Later on, I saw many of the audience sitting in the sidewalk cafes on Dizengoff Road. They were talking German. "Do you remember when we..." The radio brought the latest news about Eichmann. The news reports begin and end with Eichmann, it seems. The reports, especially from abroad, are long, but they say little.

In the evening there was knock on my hotel room door. It was a journalist of the big Israeli newspaper Ha'Arez /The Land/. "I hear you're from Germany. Any news about the Eichmann case?" Haviv Kanaar's question is rhetorical. He knows that we know more and that we have an interesting document in our suitcase. This morning, the communist newspaper of the country had reported that two German journalists had tried to smuggle a coded letter into Eichmann's cell. But they failed.

"That's all a lot of nonsense, eh?" asked Haviv Kanaar.

"No, not all of it. We do have a letter addressed to Eichmann. But we did not want to smuggle it to him. We were supposed to hand it to the Israeli authorities. They have been refusing to accept it for a week now."

"And where is that letter now?"

We told him something that could no longer be kept secret now. We told him that 2 hours after our landing in Tel Aviv, we had reported to an Israeli government agency that he had a letter from Klaus Eichmann to his father. This letter had been sent to Stern magazine in Hamburg openly and we had agreed to deliver it, only on the condition that it be handed to an official Israeli agency.

We wanted to hand it to Minister of Justice Rosen, whose ministry is responsible for handling the Eichmann case. The secretary of the minister told us: "The minister will see you in Jerusalem at five." As we crossed the hotel lobby, the porter mentioned to us. "There was a call for you from the Ministry of Justice. Mr. Rosen regrets. He has an important meeting to

attend." We contacted Police Colonel Selinger who is in charge of the investigation. "Mr. Selinger regrets. He definitely does not want to see any more newspapermen."

We contacted Mr. Nahmias, the Tel Aviv police chief, to whom Klaus Eichmann had addressed the accompanying letter. The police chief's office told us: "Israeli regulations do not allow officials to accept personal letters. Why don't you send the letter by mail?"

After a week, we handed the letter to Mr. Lander, the Israeli government press chief. He finally agreed to route it to police chief Nahmias. Lander actually passed the letter on. He mailed it to Nahmias, who lives in a house next to Lander's office.

Later, Police Commissioner Nahmias told Israeli newspapermen: "Yes, I did get a letter from Klaus Eichmann, addressed to his father." "Are you going to send the letter on?" "Will Eichmann be permitted to read what his oldest son wrote to him?" Nahmias ducks the question. He would route the letter to Police Colonel Selinger, who is in charge of the interrogations. And Selinger indicates: Eichmann will not get the letter -- at least not yet.

In the letter, Klaus Eichmann, 25, states that he had found out that Uncle Ricardo Klement is his father. And since that happens to be the case, he would of course remain his son; he would stand by him and look out for the family; he would keep watering the flowers in the garden of their home in Buenos Aires. And, oh yes, daughter Monica has a cold.

There is nothing sensational in this letter. Still, we asked the press office to handle this confidentially. We do not want to be the mouthpiece of the Eichmann family and we do not want to be their messenger boys. We only thought that the government agency might be interested in the passage where Klaus Eichmann writes that the family had been taken to safety. Safety, indeed!

British and American newspapers had written that the Israelis had also kidnapped the Eichmann family in order to make Eichmann talk, if necessary.

The letter was photostated in the Israeli documents concealed at Yad Vashem. That is where the "leak" seems to have occurred.

Haviv Kanaan looked at his watch rather nervously. "I've got a deadline to make. Thanks a lot for the story." And he ran out. The story that Stern magazine did not publish until much later is hawked by newsboys all over Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, and Haifa: "Stern correspondents bring letter to Eichmann." The evening papers round out the story. For 2 days the roles are reversed. We no longer hunt information, we issue information. From Germany, we get the first reprints of the Stern

reports on "Eichmann's last years." We give them to the newspapermen. The press has enough material for the next 3 days. "Stern magazine discovers Eichmann's trail since 1945." "Stern tells how Eichmann was able to flee to Argentina." "Stern says Eichmann was easy to catch." The reports furnish the headlines for the front pages.

All this commotion also had its good sides: our Israeli fellow newspapermen would like to reciprocate. This is how we get information which the censor would not pass.

How did a German news magazine manage to come up with an impressively detailed report, yes, even a sketch? Eichmann is sitting in an underground interrogation camp somewhere along the extension of the takeoff strip of Lydda Airport. Stern was even able to give the location of the drainage pipe in the cell. Well, now: Eichmann is not really sitting there. He was never there. And along the takeoff strip of Lod (Lydda) Airport, there is no underground interrogation camp of the Israeli Secret Service. Adolf Eichmann sits in a Taggart fort north of Haifa.

Sir Charles Taggart was a British police officer in India. When the Arab terrorists stepped up their attacks on the Jews and British in 1936, the British mandate government ordered Sir Charles Taggart to build about 50 forts on the Indian model. These 50 forts were built in two series. First, we have the long flat type with square towers for use in the plains; and then we have a somewhat higher and narrower fort, with higher towers, for use in the mountains.

Eichmann is in a flat-type Taggart fort which was specially furnished for this purpose. During the first days of his arrest, he was not held in this fort; it is assumed that he was held at the Haifa police station. Here is what some of his guards told us about his environment and about the way he is guarded.

After a thorough screening of personnel files at police headquarters in Tel Aviv, the men were picked for Eichmann's guard. In addition to their professional ability, all men had to meet the following requirements: they must not speak or understand German and they must not have lost any relatives in German concentration camps.

Still, there must have been a leak somewhere. The guards did not find out until later what their job was going to be. An old police sergeant then reported to police chief Nahmias and asked to be reassigned. His mother, he said, had been killed in a German concentration camp and he could not be sure that he would not lose self control if he were to face her murderer -- Eichmann.

The guards were divided into three detachments which were not to have any contact with each other; the guards lived like prisoners themselves in the Taggart fort. The first detachment watches Eichmann in his cell, 24 hours a day. It is not armed but consists of strong policemen with jiu-jitsu training. One guard is in the cell at all times.

The second detachment guards the cell block and the vicinity of the fort. The third detachment is the "supply unit." It is responsible for food and clothing. In addition, a doctor is on duty all the time. The guard in the cell has orders always to keep at arm's length from Eichmann.

The guard shifts are unusually short, since the guards are supposed to be highly alert when on duty. Eichmann is allowed to communicate with his guards only in sign language when he wants something. Eichmann answers instructions by saying: "Yes Sir." And after he has gotten what he wants, he must say "Thank you very much."

The cell furniture consists of a wooden table, a wooden chair, and an iron bed whose legs are cemented into the floor. There is a mattress and a woolen blanket on the bed. The temperature in the cell is "certainly far less hot than outside." In Haifa, the temperature at the time was 35° C.

The authorities have worked out regulations that apply for any wish Eichmann could possibly think up. Everything Eichmann requests, all his doings, are entered in a "logbook" and all entries are checked for any suspicious regularities. There is no fixed daily schedule: Eichmann gets his breakfast, lunch, and supper at varying times; the daily 5-hour interrogation is also shifted around.

Eichmann "can see the sun through a small window in the roof." But a light is constantly burning in the room. Eichmann sleeps well; he wakes up early. When he wants to go to the washroom, there is a "special alert" for two squads of guards. The guard detachments are reinforced at that time. Eichmann may shave with an electric razor but the voltage has been reduced and the switch is beyond his reach. He can use a steel mirror.

He gets his meals from the guard kitchen. The cell guard picks out a plate at random. Eichmann has good appetite and eats his meals completely. In the morning, he gets tomato salad, one egg, white cheese, marmalade, coffee or tea, and white bread. Lunch consists of several courses and he always gets meat; in the evening he gets approximately the same as in the morning. He gets cigarettes every day.

Upon his request, he was given German books from the prison library -- but only with neutral topics, i.e., novels. Eichmann

is allowed to wear glasses for his written statements during the interrogation and during the reading hours. Then he must return his glasses. Several times during the day, he gets a chance to move around a little outside his cell.

Eichmann must clean his own cell with a rag and he must also wash the two khaki suits he was given by the Israelis. He is "cooperative" during his interrogations. With his knowledge, all his talks are recorded on tape. The Israelis say that Eichmann has not yet asked for counsel.

If you ask for the reason for this extremely careful protection, the Israelis will tell you each time: "Your Skorzeny plucked Mussolini from a mountain stronghold and a newspaper man slipped Goering a poison capsule at Nurnberg."

The Israelis intimate that Adolf Eichmann will only play a secondary role in his trial. His case is quite clear and the verdict is certain. Israel has abolished the death penalty in all cases but two: for espionage and high treason in wartime and for nazi war criminals. Until now, the young state has not had to execute anyone. That is why there was no exact idea as to how a possible death sentence against Eichmann would be carried out.

The letters to the editor in the Israeli newspapers are full of gruesome suggestions: let him die of thirst in the Negot quarter him, torture him to death. But in the meantime, the writers of these letters to the editor have realized that even the most inhuman execution method could not constitute atonement for Eichmann's guilt. People are becoming more sensible and -- as always in juridical disputes -- go back to British law. This means that Eichmann will be hanged.

The principal accused before the Jerusalem tribunal will be antisemitism throughout the world, as a warning to countries which once again are persecuting Jews because of their religion or which -- like the East bloc states -- prevent their emigration to Israel.

Shortly before we took the plane back, I talked at Lydda Airport to a Israeli stewardess of the Israeli airline "El Al." "You know what they call our airline now?" she giggled. "The Lindbergh Air Lines." (Lindbergh's baby was kidnapped and killed.)

Tension in Israel finds expression in the first Eichmann jokes.

APPENDIX. PHOTOGRAPH CAPTIONS

No. 27

Page 14. Adolf Eichmann had shaken the dust of Europe from his boots as he rode his white stallion "El Bravo" through the gorges of the northern Argentine Province of Tucuman in order to survey the land for the construction of a power plant. But the bookkeeper of death could not escape his own past.

Page 15. Organized racial mania began in 1935 with the "Law on the Protection of German Blood and German Honor." The horrible end was the besmirching of German honor through the gas chambers of Auschwitz, which Eichmann fed hundreds of thousands of victims.

Page 16. No one suspected who was hiding behind the name of Otto Heninger.

Page 16, top, left. Adolf Eichmann lived as Otto Heninger in this farm house in Kreis Celle until the spring of 1950.

Page 16, left center. Yes, that's Heninger, stated his old landlady Anna Lindnorst and her son Willi in Altensalzkoth, Kreis Celle, when Stern reporters showed them pictures of Jew-destroyer Eichmann.

Page 16, lower left. The Eichmanns and their son Klaus in Vienna in 1938.

Page 16, large photo. Adolf Eichmann as Otto Heninger (in circle) -- wedding guest at wedding of lumber Jack Eduard Tramer in 1948.

Page 17, large photo. In 1937, Eichmann, who had studied Hebrew, visited Palestine. He stated that he was "highly impressed by Jewish construction because he was an idealist."

Page 17, small photo. We enlarged this tiny photo found in Eichmann's papers to the large photo above. It shows Eichmann in Haifa.

Page 18. A 1939 efficiency report credits SS Captain Adolf Eichmann with pronounced personal toughness. He did not lack this toughness later on, when he was hunting Europe's Jews and had them carted off to extermination camps. His "attitude toward national socialist ideology" always remained as stated in his file: "unconditional."

No. 28

Pages 16 and 17. These two photos belong together -- on the right, Adolf Eichmann's youngest son, who is 4 years old; he is shown waiting in vain for his father in front of the house in Bancalari. Above, two Jewish children who fell victim to the extermination mania of the "final solution men." Henri Mannen's letter to the readers will tell you why we are showing these two photos -- the pity-arousing photo of the innocent little boy and

APPENDIX. PHOTOGRAPH CAPTIONS

No. 27

Page 14. Adolf Eichmann had shaken the dust of Europe from his boots as he rode his white stallion "El Bravo" through the gorges of the northern Argentine Province of Tucuman in order to survey the land for the construction of a power plant. But the bookkeeper of death could not escape his own past.

Page 15. Organized racial mania began in 1935 with the "Law on the Protection of German Blood and German Honor." The horrible end was the besmirching of German honor through the gas chambers of Auschwitz, which Eichmann fed hundreds of thousands of victims.

Page 16. No one suspected who was hiding behind the name of Otto Heninger.

Page 16, top, left. Adolf Eichmann lived as Otto Heninger in this farm house in Kreis Celle until the spring of 1950.

Page 16, left center. Yes, that's Heninger, stated his old landlady Anna Lindnorst and her son Willi in Altensalzkoth, Kreis Celle, when Stern reporters showed them pictures of Jew-destroyer Eichmann.

Page 16, lower left. The Eichmanns and their son Klaus in Vienna in 1938.

Page 16, large photo. Adolf Eichmann as Otto Heninger (in circle) -- wedding guest at wedding of lumber Jack Eduard Tramer in 1948.

Page 17, large photo. In 1937, Eichmann, who had studied Hebrew, visited Palestine. He stated that he was "highly impressed by Jewish construction because he was an idealist."

Page 17, small photo. We enlarged this tiny photo found in Eichmann's papers to the large photo above. It shows Eichmann in Haifa.

Page 18. A 1939 efficiency report credits SS Captain Adolf Eichmann with pronounced personal toughness. He did not lack this toughness later on, when he was hunting Europe's Jews and had them carted off to extermination camps. His "attitude toward national socialist ideology" always remained as stated in his file: "unconditional."

No. 28

Pages 16 and 17. These two photos belong together -- on the right, Adolf Eichmann's youngest son, who is 4 years old; he is shown waiting in vain for his father in front of the house in Bancalari. Above, two Jewish children who fell victim to the extermination mania of the "final solution men." Henri Nannen's letter to the readers will tell you why we are showing these two photos -- the pity-arousing photo of the innocent little boy and

the horrible picture of the innocent victims of his father -- before presenting our report on Adolf Eichmann.

Page 58. A document of Eichmann's guilt: women and children, stripped of their clothing, on the way to the gas chamber in the Treblinka death camp.

No. 29

Page 36. North of Haifa, in a Taggart fort of this kind, Adolf Eichmann has been interrogated daily for 5 hours for the past 3 weeks. In 1936, the British mandate government ordered police officer Sir Charles Taggart to build 50 forts in Palestine in order to combat the Arab terrorist raids against the Jews and British. Here -- not in the secret mysterious underground interrogation camps -- Eichmann is waiting for his day of judgement.

5058

- END -