This is not a story of heroic feats, or merely the narrative of a cynic; at least I do  
not mean it to be. It is a glimpse of two lives running parallel for a time, with  
similar hopes and convergent dreams.  
In nine months of a man’s life he can think a lot of things, from the loftiest  
meditations on philosophy to the most desperate longing for a bowl of soup — in  
total accord with the state of his stomach. And if, at the same time, he’s somewhat  
of an adventurer, he might live through episodes of interest to other people and his  
haphazard record might read something like these notes.  
And so, the coin was thrown in the air, turning many times, landing  
sometimes heads and other times tails. Man, the measure of all things, speaks here  
through my mouth and narrates in my own language that which my eyes have seen.  
It is likely that out of 10 possible heads I have seen only one true tail, or vice  
versa. In fact it’s probable, and there are no excuses, for these lips can only  
describe what these eyes actually see. Is it that our whole vision was never quite  
complete, that it was too transient or not always well-informed? Were we too  
uncompromising in our judgments? Okay, but this is how the typewriter interpreted  
those fleeting impulses raising my fingers to the keys, and those impulses have  
now died. Moreover, no one can be held responsible for them.  
The person who wrote these notes passed away the moment his feet touched  
Argentine soil again. The person who reorganizes and polishes them, me, is no  
longer, at least I am not the person I once was. All this wandering around “Our  
America with a capital A” has changed me more than I thought.