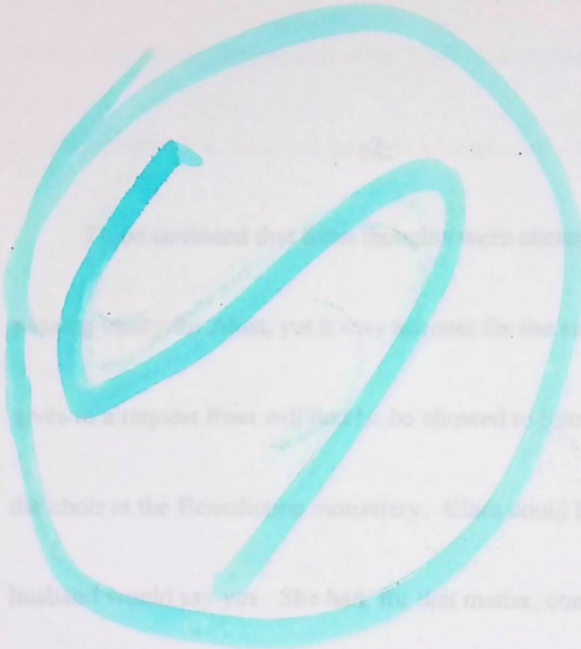


your punishment, that could certainly be. Yet, if so, this Ritter Alois must have been one hell of a licentious knight. Alois was in a very good mood. New ideas were exactly what he needed, he now decided.



And when Adi told her that choice? She could be interfering that with the Lord's

response.

So Adi, spiritual but in hand, did approach Alois, and explained that the

monks had chosen him as one of the boys with the best voices. With his

mother's permission, he could be -2- a member of the choir.

To be convinced that fresh thoughts were attractive to him, was only a passing vanity for Alois, yet it may account for the surprising reception he gives to a request from Adi that he be allowed to join the children's section of the choir at the Benedictine monastery. Klara could hardly believe her husband would say yes. She had, for that matter, come close to telling the boy not to ask, after which she felt some considerable anxiety. What if God

of their best people and, in turn, Alois was delighted with his choice. He was

did want Adi to be in that choir? She could be interfering then with the Lord's purposes.

So Adi, spiritual hat in hand, did approach Alois, and explained that the monks had chosen him as one of the boys with the best voices. With his parents' permission, he could become a member of the choir.

If it would be asked why Alois would be amenable in the first place to allowing any son of his to study with the Benedictines, Alois' answer whave been immediate. "I have made careful inquiries. These Benedictines conduct the best school in Lambach. Since I wish Adolf to go far in life, I agree to send him there despite certain objections I do hold."

Adi loved the school. Soon enough, he was seen by the monks as one of their best pupils and, in turn, Alois was delighted with his marks. His son

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was taking twelve courses while receiving is the highest grade given in every one of them. Alois was, therefore, in a rare benign mood when Adolf approached with this request.

"Let me tell you," Alois said, "I can understand that you possess a talent for singing. Do you know when I was young, I, too, could lay claim to a good voice? I would say it was a gift from my mother who became the soloist in the parish church in Dollersheim when she was a young woman."

"Oh, yes, Father" said Adi. He nodded. He modulated his voice. "I remember how you sang on the day we went from Linz to Hafeld. Even that old horse who pulled our cart knew the singing was good, so good." (The boy had learned already that even the most absurd praise can prove acceptable to the recipient if the tones of the flatterer are devoid of irony.

"Yes," said Alois, "I was not at all bad that day. Some old ditties did come back. Do you remember that one of them upset your mother?"

"Yes, I do," said Adi. "Ach,' she kept saying, 'not for the children!'"

They laughed, father and son together. It was enough for Alois to sing again just a few lines from the good old war-horse of a song, "My Good Comrade."

"He was the best I ever had," sang Alois.

"Together through good and bad,

"The drum called us to fight,

"He was always on my right.

"A bullet flew toward us,

"Given to him or meant for me?"

"Into his life it tore,

"At my feet a piece of gore."

Alois laughed and so did Adi. They remembered. That was when

Klara had cried out, "No, not for the children!"

Now, Alois changed his key. His voice became low and sad and rich
and resonant.

"His hand reached up to hold mine.

"My friend, alas, I cannot ease your pain,

"But in life eternal we'll meet again,

"Mein guten Kamerad, Mein Guten Kamerad."

There was no question now. Adi could become a member of the children's choir at the monastery.

"I am agreeable to your request, Adolf," Alois now said in a voice made husky by the song. "I will give my permission. That is because now I believe in your future possibilities. You are therefore entitled to be rewarded for the excellence you have shown in your new school."

To himself, Alois was thinking, "Of course, I will not encourage him to go too far with this. No need for the boy to end as a sickly priest."

But the old walls of the monastery have even inspired him to wonder if one day he might become a monk and wear the black garb. The silences of the church resound into his head. He is ready to weep before the power of the hymns. Grosser Gott Wir Loben Dich:

"Holy God, we praise Thy Name,

"Infinite Thy vast Domain,

"Everlasting is Thy reign. . .

"Fill the Heavens with sweet accord;

"Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."

I was with Adi for much of this. The Maestro had encouraged us to learn to listen to the most angelic sounds without a wayward tremor. (I could explain the method but it would revolt too many.) Leave it that all the while he sang, I was encouraging Adi to believe he might rise to very high authority, even supreme authority over all these monks. To hold mystery in one hand and authority in the other! His model is the Abbot in the monastery.

Alois, however, is not aware of how powerfully has Adi been affected already by the Abbot who is the most impressive man Adi has ever seen. He is tall, his hair is silver-gray, his face is saintly. He is as handsome as a king to Adi.

No, Alois has no notion of how far the boy has come into his first readiness to fall in love. One time when he is alone in the room at the Gasthof that he shares with Angela, he picks up one of her dresses, a dark one, and drapes it around his shoulders as if it were a vestment. Then he climbs up on a chair. He knows he must speak in a low voice even if no one seems to be near, but he is ready to imitate the pitch and rhythm of the priests. He can hardly name what he feels but he is full of solemnity. He feels as if he is speaking in the dim light of the church itself, he is at peace

with the darkness and its mysterious powers, yes, he tell himself, the monastery is possessed of Das Eleganz. He has heard the word, and if he does not know just what it means, it fits his present sense of how to speak of the Abbot. Such an elegant man.

So with Angela's dark dress draped upon his shoulders, he gives what he remembers of the sermon he had heard that day. It was St. Michael's description of the fires of hell.

He does not necessarily believe what he is saying, nor does he even understand it all, but the tone of the language fills his mouth and he uses it to speak slowly and softly as if to engrave the sounds on his palate so that he will be able to send them forth in the forest with the power to stir the leaves.

"These fires of hell," he states softly, "will reach into every pore of your body and melt your bones and your lungs. A terrible odor will arise from your throat. The stench of the body will be heinous in its suffering. Terrible odors will follow. This is the fire that will never end. Thy Glorious Majesty, we supplicate Thee to deliver us from the tyranny of the infernal spirits, from their snares, their lies, and their furious wickedness—O Prince of the Heavenly Host, cast into hell Satan and all evil spirits who wander through the world seeking the ruin of souls, Amen."

With the last sound of "Amen," he becomes very excited. Is he feeling a sign from above or are these fires from below? He is having his first erection. He feels strange. He also feels like a woman. It is Angela's dress. He throws it away from him, gets off the chair before he totters, then kicks

the dress before he picks it up, sniffs it, and abominably disturbed that he feels like a woman.

It was at this point that he knew he must pick up the habit of the other students and start smoking tobacco.

-3-

Over the entrance to the monastery were large swastikas carved into the stone of the arched gate. It was the coat of arms of a previous Abbot named Theodor von Hagen who had been the Abbot Superior in the 1850s. Since the swastika is a hooked cross, it is also called a Haken-Krenz and von Hagen might have enjoyed the similarity to his own name.

At this point, I would not wish to suggest that a great deal is to be made of this. The particular swastika over the gateway was softly and subtly carved and so had none of the suggestion of contained fury that vibrated in

the Nazi symbol so ready to suggest that it was the center of a force to which you belonged or did not.

Nonetheless, there it was, a hooked cross, and it was frozen into Adi's mind by an odd conjunction which is that on his ninth birthday, he was caught smoking a cigarette in the shadow of that gateway under that swastika. He meanest of the priests he knew in school happened to encounter him there in the act and immediately pulled the cigarette (made from his father's tobacco and a twist of newspaper) out of his hand before proceeding to stomp on it with all the vigor of a man destroying a nest of cockroaches.

Adi begins to weep when the priest tells him that the act of smoking is the worst crime one can commit in boyhood. "No, it is the second worst," the

priest says. "Self-abuse is the worst, but I assume you do not know what that means."

To this, the priest adds, "It is possible that the devil has already entered into you. If that is so, you will die without ever knowing a good and happy moment again." The priest stops. He gives an evil smile, and summons all the powers of anathema that rest within him. He has done this before. He is a master at offering whole downpours of anathema on any boy he catches in an act that calls for repentance.

Adi breaks down. He is soon hysterical and swears he will never smoke again. He makes a point of stating how much he detests this smoking. "Oh, Father, from the first I detested it. I knew it was wrong."

He even managed at this moment to get off the steps of the entrance long enough to throw up in the grass. He is truly ill. The priest's execrations have offered such an aridity of soul that an air of detestation enters Adi as a miasma of abomination. He cannot breathe. The sense he has had of something tender and valuable in himself feels desecrated. At a stroke, he is ready to cast away all further thoughts of becoming a priest. There is something so unpleasant about this priest with his long nose and his lips as thin as a knife edge. Yet in the midst of such unrelieved shame, suffering a whole atrocious set of feelings, Adi is still clever enough to beg for forgiveness from the Abbot to whose presence he has been dispatched soon after his bout of vomiting.

Before the Abbot he again bursts into tears and begs forgiveness. He has the inspiration to say that he doesn't want this episode to interfere with becoming a monk. He wishes to repent. How much he wishes to repent, he says. His emotion carries the day. The Abbot thinks, "This bright young man could yet make a fine priest."

Adi is lying. One such anathema has been enough to disabuse him forever of the thought of living as a monk with other monks. Only his admiration for the Abbot remains intact.

-4-

After the move to the mill, Alois and Klara have begun to worry about Paula. There had not been a morning since she was born that Klara did not whisper "You are so beautiful. You are my darling," and indeed, as an infant and even as a two-year-old, Paula had been a lovely child.

Now, however, she seems a bit lethargic. She is slow to walk, even slow to crawl, and she can only understand a few words and is not at all ready to speak.

That may or may not have been the cause, but from the time they moved to Lambach, Klara has lost all interest in sex. She thinks often of the night Paula was conceived. Husband and wife had had such a fine time in their Hafeld house on that first evening. Now, she wonders if she is in an early change-of-life. Can that be it? "Hope and disappointment," she repeats to herself, and thus, allowing herself the admission of a little self-pity, she adds, "the story of my life."

As devils, we are always on the alert when a pious woman begins to indulge herself in self-pity. Were these sentiments the first beginnings of distrust in God? Since an open distrust would be much too large a set of feelings ever to come to the surface of her mind, the form it takes is that she

draws closer to Paula, but is full of woe as if something of considerable value has been lost already.

In his turn, Alois is very taken with the child, and seems not to notice her absence of quick expression. He loves to dandle her on his knee and repeats, "You will be my darling, my princess." He has dreams of a time when he will be old and she will be the loveliest young lady in town. He pictures her nuptials and wonders if he will have the money for a proper dowry, then laughs at such elevated thoughts. "Let us say," he tells himself, "that she deserves to have an unforgettable wedding, my little princess."

In time, he, too, however, grows worried. Then, after a visit to the town doctor, Klara comes back with the news that the child may be a touch

retarded. "Yes," she tells him, "it may be true. I have been worried for quite a while."

Alois falls into a depression. Paula's now obvious retardation stimulates his old gifts of perception which could spot a smuggler across a room. The gifts are now addressed to studying the way the child can only speak a little, and walks a little, and smiles with vacant eyes.

He knows. He has seen it. Children who are retarded will be denied all opportunity to develop into a great beauty.

In reaction to Paula's condition, an ugliness of mood descends upon the family, most of all with Adi who is now expressing his instinct to badger Edmund which is particularly painful for Klara since she feels she has been treacherous in her feelings toward Adi, since Edmund is not only the bright

light of the family for Alois and Angela but for herself as well. He is so blond, so blue-eyed, so nicely-featured; he has, in addition, the sweetest smile of all of them, and he runs around the rooms in the mill like a puppy on a chase. Adi forms a habit of sticking his leg out far enough to trip him every time he runs by. Edmund just gets up and keeps running up and down their floor. It irritates Adi that he does not complain, just gets up and keeps running.

Finally, Adi starts hitting him. Eventually, he hits him hard enough to make Edmund bawl, at which point Klara descends on him.

"What is so unusual?" Adi asks. "Alois-Junior always used to do the same to me and no one paid attention."

"That is so untrue," Alois-Senior says. "You always had your mother to protect you from Alois-Junior even when you were in the wrong. That used to get Junior upset and I did not pay enough attention."

One day, Edmund's face and knee are scraped in such a fall, and Alois is sufficiently outraged to give a spanking to Adi. Not a whipping but a spanking. There's no real force behind it, stinging to Adi's behind but not heavy. There is good reason for this. Alois is concerned about his heart.

Now that he studies Paula all the time, he is also aware of a heaviness in his lungs, and he is afraid to hit Adi too hard. He is also restrained by the memory of the night when he beat Alois-Junior into unconsciousness.

The worst of the matter is that his old feeling of restlessness has come back to him and sits on top of the uneasiness he is beginning to feel about the

blacksmith. Adi is always downstairs watching this Preisinger work, and the blacksmith, in his turn, is beginning to step up to Alois in terms of familiarity. Once or twice, he even skirts the edge of acting like an equal. Alois also notices that as a result, Adi seems drawn to the man.

Having ceased to think of himself as a monk in time to come, Adi now thinks he might be a blacksmith. For that matter, the blacksmith's face and arms are covered with soot which the boy likes even as he is attracted to the black garments of a monk.

your punishment, that could certainly be. Yet, if so, this Ritter Alois

must have been one hell of a licentious knight. Alois was ^{put an excellent} in a very good

mood contemplating such possibilities

~~need~~ New ideas were exactly what he needed, he now decided.

-2-

To be convinced that fresh thoughts were attractive to him, was ^{but a} ~~only a~~

passing ^{phase} ~~vanity~~ for Alois, yet it may account for the surprising reception he

gives to a request from Adi that he be allowed to join the children's section

of the choir at the Benedictine monastery, ^{where he now went to school,} Klara could hardly believe her

husband would say yes. She had, for that matter, come close to ^{warning} ~~telling~~ the

boy not to ask, ^{but that impulse caused her too much} ~~after which she felt some considerable~~ anxiety. What if God

In that case, she
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So Adi, spiritual hat in hand, did approach Alois, and explained that
 the monks had chosen him as one of the boys with ^{a good} the best voices. With
Given *rehearse after school as*
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If it would be asked why Alois would be amenable ^{if} in the first place to
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conduct the best school in Lambach. Since I wish Adolf to go far in life, I
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Adi loved the school. Soon enough, he ^{knew that he} was seen by the monks as one
 of their best pupils and, ^{good} in turn, Alois was delighted with his marks. His

~~son was taking twelve courses while receiving the highest grade given in~~
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every one of them. Alois was, therefore, in a ~~rare~~ benign mood when Adolf ^{his son}

approached ~~with this request.~~

"Let me tell you," Alois said, "I can understand that you possess a

talent for singing. ~~Do you know~~ when I was young, I, too, could lay claim

to a good voice? ~~I would say~~ ^{It was} it was a gift from my mother who ^{was} became the

^{one the} soloist in the parish church in Dollersheim, ⁴¹ when she was a ~~young woman.~~

"Oh, yes, Father" said Adi. He nodded. He modulated his voice. "I

~~remember how you sang on the day we went from Linz to Hafeld. Even that~~
^{First came to He Pelted}

~~old horse who pulled our cart knew the singing was good, so good.~~ ^{Yawn} ^{so} ^y "The

boy had learned already that even the most absurd praise can prove

~~acceptable to the recipient if the tones of the flatterer are devoid of irony.~~

"Yes," said Alois, "I was not at all bad that day. ^{A Few} ~~Some~~ old ditties did

come back. Do you remember ^{the first} ~~that~~ one of them upset your mother?"

"Yes, I do," said Adi. "'Ach,' she kept saying, 'not for the children!'"

They laughed, ^{the memory} ~~father and son together.~~ It was enough for Alois to

sing again just a few lines from the ^{an} ~~good~~ old war-horse of a song, "My

"Mein ~~Se~~ guten Kamerad."
~~Good Comrade.~~

"He was the best I ever had," sang Alois.

"Together through good and bad,

"The drum called us to fight,

"He was always on my right.

"A bullet flew toward us,

^{"Meant for"}
 "Given to him or meant for me?"

"Into his life it tore,

"At my feet a piece of gore."

Alois laughed and so did Adi. They remembered. That was when

Klara had cried out, "No, not for the children!"

Now, Alois ^{resonant} changed his key. His voice became low and sad and rich,

~~and resonant.~~ } Close-up

"His hand reached up to hold mine.

^{I saw help}
"My friend, ~~alas~~, I cannot ~~ease~~ your pain,

"But in life eternal we'll meet again,

"Mein guten Kamerad, Mein Guten Kamerad."

^{No further question existed.}
~~There was no question now~~ / Adi ^{would} ~~could~~ become a member of the

children's choir at the monastery.

^{give}
"I am agreeable to your request, ~~Alois~~,^{Al} Alois now said in a voice

made husky by the song. ^{"Yes,"} I will give my permission. That is because ^{I have come} ~~now~~

to believe in your future possibilities. You are therefore entitled to be rewarded for the excellence you have shown in your new school."

To himself, Alois was thinking, "Of course, I will not

encourage him to go too far with this. No need for the boy to end as a ~~pious and~~
~~sickly priest~~^{Alois was being perhaps too complacent.}
sickly priest." But the old walls of the monastery have even inspired him to

^{it (seemed)}
wonder if one day he might become a monk and wear the black garb. The

^(long corridors)
silences of the church ^{ed} resound in his imagination. The ~~stable~~
images of heaven ~~shown~~ ^{beamed} in the rose windows. The boy was ready to weep before the power of the hymns. Grosser Gott Wir Loben Dich:

^{Judith} - I need a Catholic hymn here,
"Holy God, we praise Thy Name,"

~~"Infinite Thy vast Domain,~~

The one here was
was: Hans bay
Martin Luther!

"Everlasting is Thy reign. . .
"Fill the Heavens with sweet accord;
"Holy, Holy, Holy Lord."

~~I was with Adi for much of this. The Maestro had encouraged us to
learn to listen to the most angelic sounds without a wayward tremor. (I
could explain the method but it would revolt too many.) Leave it that all the~~

At the while he sang, I was encouraging Adi to believe he might rise to very high

~~authority, even supreme authority~~ *and would then carry* over all these monks. To hold mystery in

(He had a model for how he) one hand and authority in the other! ~~His model is the Abbot in the~~

~~monastery.~~

might look in the future. He would be like the Abbot
Alois, however, is not aware of how powerfully has Adi been affected
of this monastery also
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expression is) To Adⁱ, he
 He is tall, his hair is silver-gray, his ~~face is~~ ^{eyes} saintly. He is as handsome as a
 king to Adⁱ.

No, Alois has no notion of how far the boy has come into his first
 readiness to fall in love. One time when he is alone in the room at the

Gasthof that he shares with Angela, he ^{lifts} picks up one of her dresses, ^{off its hook,} a dark

~~one~~ ^{darkest} and drapes it around his shoulders as if it were a vestment. Then he

climbs up on a chair. He knows he must speak in a low voice even if no one

^{else} in their rooms at the inn. All the same he wishes
 seems to be near, but he is ready to imitate the pitch and rhythm of the
 rhetorical passion of the / ^{possessed} priests. He can hardly name what he feels but he is full of solemnity. He

feels as if he is speaking in the dim light of the church itself, ^{exactly} he is at peace

with the darkness and its mysterious powers, ^{its darkness} yes, he tell himself, the

monastery is possessed of Das Eleganz. He has heard the word, and if he

Is
vestment
the
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does not know just what it means, it fits his present sense of how to speak of the Abbot. Such an elegant man.

So with Angela's ~~dark~~ dress draped upon his shoulders, he gives what

he remembers of the sermon he had heard that day, ^{— an elucidation of} ~~It was~~ St. Michael's

description of the fires of hell.

He does not necessarily ^{understand} believe what he is saying, ~~nor does he even,~~

~~understand it all,~~ but the tone of the language fills his mouth ^{as if he} and he uses it

^{is engraving} to speak slowly and softly as if to engrave the sounds on his palate so that

he will be able to send them forth ^{again} in the forest ^{when he is alone with his} with the power to stir the

trees,
~~leaves.~~

"These fires of hell," he states softly, "will reach into every pore of your body ^{will} and melt your bones and your lungs. A terrible odor will arise

from your throat. ^{The} ~~He~~ stench of the body will be heinous in its suffering.

Terrible odors will follow. This is the fire that will never end. Thy

Glorious Majesty, we supplicate Thee to deliver us from the tyranny of the
infernal spirits, from their snares, their lies, and their furious wickedness—

O Prince of the Heavenly Host, cast into hell Satan and all evil spirits who
wander through the world seeking the ruin of souls, Amen."

~~He has become most~~
With the last sound of "Amen," he becomes ^{very} excited. Is he

feeling a sign from above, [?] or are these fires from below? He is having his

first erection. He feels ^{so} strange. He also feels like a woman. It is ^{must be} Angela's

dress. He throws it away from him, gets ^{down from} off the chair before he totters, then

kicks the dress, ^{then} before he picks it up, sniffs it, and ^{is so 2/1} abominably disturbed that

he feels like a woman.

It was at this point that he knew he must pick up the habit of the other

students and start smoking tobacco. *It must feel like a
war again, purely a man, not half
and half.*

-3-

Over the entrance to the monastery ^{was a} ~~were~~ large swastikas carved into

the stone of the arched gate. It was the coat of arms of a previous Abbot

named Theodor von Hagen who had been the Abbot Superior in the 1850s.

Since the swastika is a ~~hooked cross~~, it is also called a Haken-Krenz ^(Krenz) and ^{is, indeed, a hooked-cross,}

von Hagen might have enjoyed the similarity to his own name.

At this point, I would not ~~wish to~~ ^(not too much) suggest that a great deal ^{is} (is to be

made of this. The ~~particular~~ ^{the} swastika over the gateway ^{is} ~~was~~ softly and

subtly carved and so ^{has little} ~~had none~~ of the suggestion of contained fury that

(^{yet} ~~was like that was~~ ^{to come} ~~and he 7~~ ^{it (ways)} ~~so ready to suggest that it was the center of a~~
 vibrated in the Nazi symbol ^{new and unnameable}
 (force to which you belonged or did not.

Nonetheless, there it was, a hooked cross, and ^{did} ~~it~~ ^(become) ~~it was frozen into~~ Adi's
 attached to Adi's
 mind by an odd conjunction ^{which is that} ~~which is that~~ on his ninth birthday, he was

caught smoking a cigarette in the shadow of that gateway ^{beneath the} ~~under that~~
 carved stone of von Hagen's ^{under whom he studied}
 swastika. Ne meanest of the priests ~~he knew~~ in school happened to
 come by ^(the) with a silent tread, and so encountered ^{I asked, wonder or priests?}
 encounter him there in the act and immediately pulled the cigarette (made

from his father's tobacco and ^{rolled in} ~~a twist of newspaper~~ ^{was pulled right} ~~(out of his hand before~~
^{then was} and ~~(stomped upon)~~ ^{frantically} ~~proceeding to stomp on it~~ ^{who is smiting} ~~with all the vigor of a man destroying a nest of~~

cockroaches.

^{began} ~~Adi begins~~ ^{every as} ~~when~~ ^{was telling} ~~the priest tells him that the act of smoking~~

^{was} ~~is~~ the worst crime ^{a gay could commit} ~~one can commit in boyhood~~. "No, it is the second worst,"

the priest says. "Self-abuse is the worst, ^{I know} but I assume you do not know what that ^{is.} means."

To this, the priest adds, "It is possible that the devil has already ^{has happened} entered into you. If that ~~is so~~, you will die without ever knowing ^{even one} a good and happy moment ^{ever} again." The priest stops. He gives an evil smile, ^{and} like summons all the powers of anathema ^{may} that rest within him. He has done this before. He is a master at offering whole ^{typhoons} downpours of anathema on any boy he catches in an ^{improper} act that calls for repentance.

Adi ~~breaks down~~. He is soon hysterical, ^{like} and swears he will never smoke again. He makes a point of stating how much he detests this smoking. "Oh, Father, from the first, I detested it. I knew it was wrong."

~~At that moment, he ran)~~ ^{stone}
~~He even managed at this moment to get off the steps of the entrance~~

long enough to throw up in the grass. He ^{was} truly ill. The priest's

execrations ^{had} ~~have~~ offered such an aridity of soul, ^{such} that an air of detestation ~~that~~

~~of entered)~~ enters Adi as a miasma of abomination. He ^{could not} ~~cannot~~ breathe. ^{whatever} The sense he

^{remained)} has ~~had~~ of something tender and valuable in himself ^{now felt} feels desecrated. At a

stroke, he ^{was} ~~is~~ ready to cast away all further thoughts of becoming a priest,

^{had been,} There is something so unpleasant about ^{the long nose of} ~~this priest~~ with his long nose and
~~this excoriator with~~

his lips as thin as a knife edge. Yet in the midst of ^{such} ~~such~~ unrelieved shame,

^{a part of Adi} suffering a whole atrocious set of feelings, Adi ~~is~~ still clever enough to beg

~~was~~ ^{was} already calculating how to seek
~~for~~ forgiveness from the Abbot ^{he knows he would be} ~~to whose presence he has been dispatched~~

~~sent to him as soon as he stopped vomiting.~~
~~soon after his bout of vomiting.~~

Again, he ~~burst~~ ^{burst} into tears and ~~begs~~ ^{begs} forgiveness. He

had the inspiration to say that he ~~doesn't~~ ^{didn't} want this episode ~~to~~ ^{spurred act} to interfere with

his ~~desire to become~~ ^{desire to become} becoming a monk. He wishes to repent. How much he wishes to repent, he

says. His emotion carries the day. The Abbot ~~thinks~~ ^{even says aloud}, "Well, 'This bright young

~~some day you will~~ ^{some day you will}
man could yet make a fine priest."

~~has been~~ ^{has been} taste of human, is
Adi is lying. One such anathema has been enough to disabuse him

forever of the thought of living as a monk with other monks. Only his

admiration for the Abbot remains intact, and by now, that
is not enough,

All that had been a profitable
day for my endeavors, what with
the round of my activities ~~for~~ ^{in that}
era with so many clients in so many
many places and parts of Austria,
I cannot claim to have been always
in place at the best moments, but on
that occasion I was, and that
evil-spirited priest who was, of course,
One of my clients, had certainly
been alerted that young Adolphe Hiffer
could be found smoking under the door

Von Hagen's hooked stone cross.