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II

The director Paul Haefliger, despite his great abilities, was more to be pitied than respected. Watching him, I couldn't recall a moment when he had not been trying to work his face into a different shape. He wore a recurrent frown that would not unwind, though his forehead perspired from the effort.

He was more anxious than any of them. His face was so easily read that any stereotyped distaste one might feel seeing his Frankenstein features yielded instantly to the knowledge that he, himself, was terrified.

Perhaps he hadmost reason to be afraid. He ~~approached~~ had an interest in ~~motives and feeling with an~~ insatiability ~~like that of~~ as Dr. Ilgner in the realm of statistical fact, ~~and in motives, harder to explore than facts, lay the only irrevocable signs of guilt.~~ No one had explored ~~him~~ HAEFLIGER that deeply, but he himself had come dangerously close. He was the Vorstand's

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