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Carson McCullers
Complete Works



Series Fifteen

The Complete Works of
CARSON McCULLERS

(1917-1967)



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The Delphi Classics Catalogue

Carson McCullers

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Version 1

The Complete Works of
CARSON McCULLERS

With introductory material by Gill Rossini, MA



By Delphi Classics, 2025

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Complete Works of Carson McCullers



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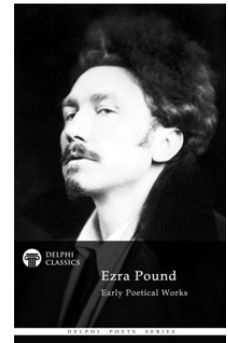
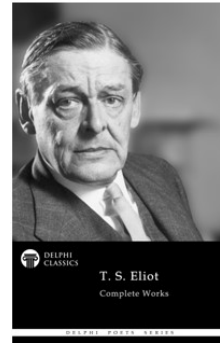
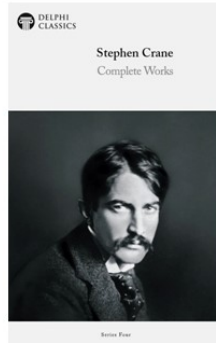
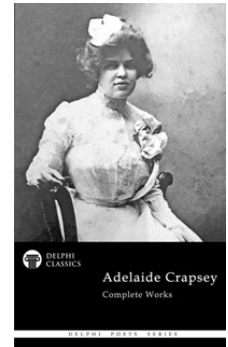
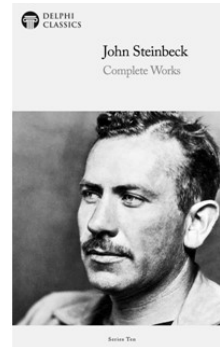
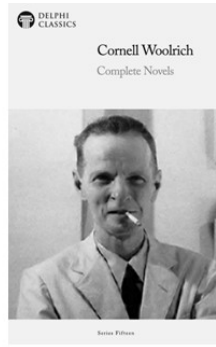
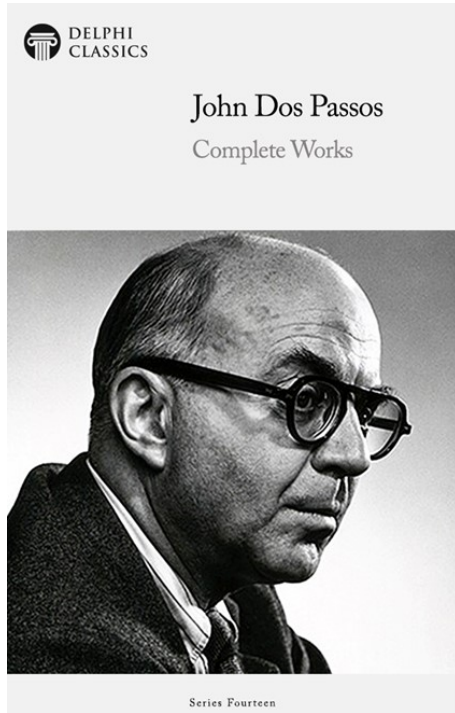
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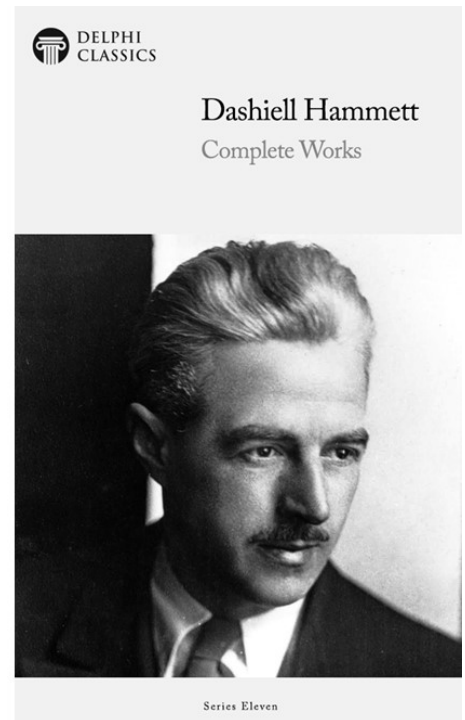
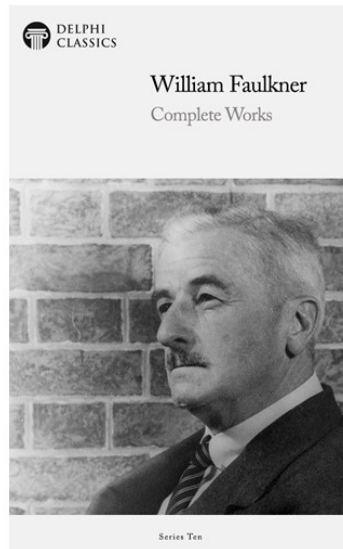
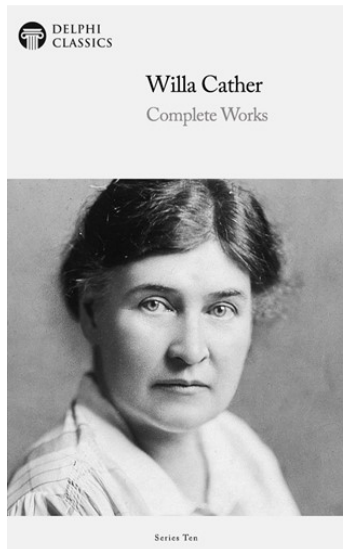
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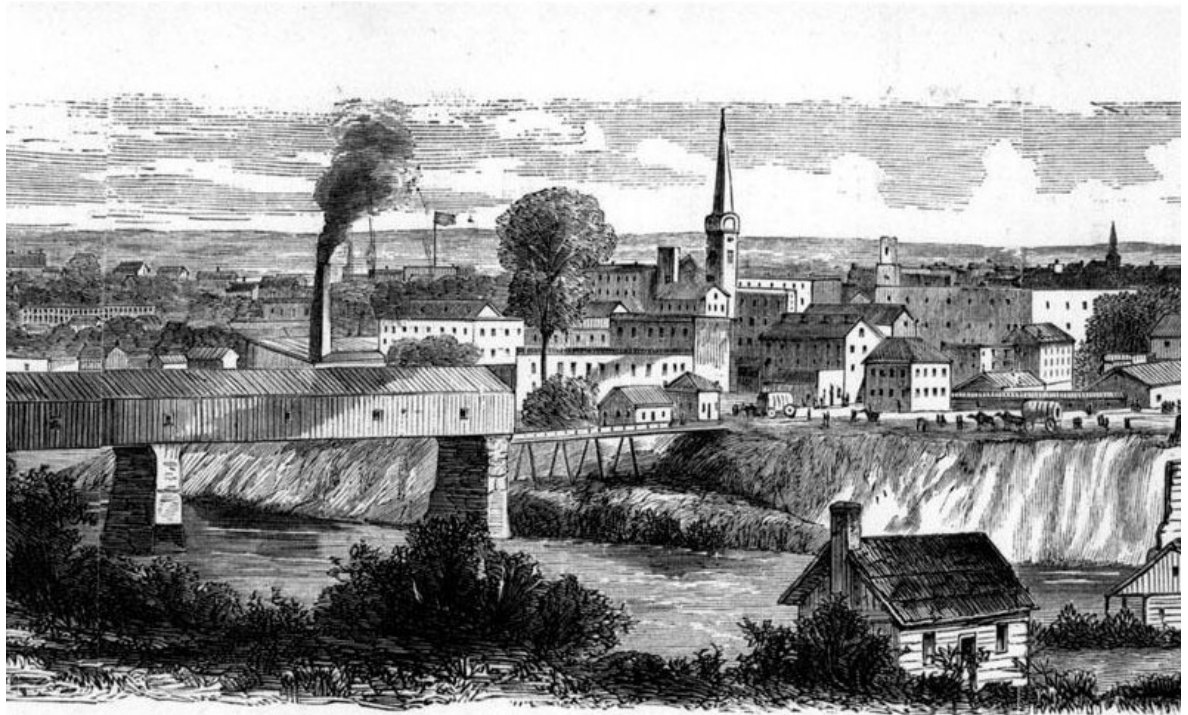


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The Novels



Columbus, Georgia, 1890 — Carson McCullers was born Lula Carson Smith in Columbus in 1917 to Lamar Smith, a jeweler, and Marguerite Waters.



Columbus, Georgia today



McCullers, c. 1940

The Heart is a Lonely Hunter (1940)



McCullers' first novel was published by Houghton Mifflin when the author was only twenty-three years old. At the suggestion of her editor, she took the title from a poem by William Sharp (who also used the pseudonym Fiona MacCleod): '...my heart is a lonely hunter that hunts on a lonely hill.'

The story is regarded as having been written in the Southern Gothic style or Southern realist style; it has also been described by academic Wilson Kaiser as a 'micropolitical' novel. Micropolitics is defined as the effect on a community not of politicians or laws, but from the impact of small changes on the everyday actions of ordinary people in small groups or communities. Nancy B. Rich, a McCullers scholar, has suggested that John Singer, who we meet at the start of the novel, is an example of democracy at work, with his micropolitically important small acts of community value that can impact positively on a life other than his own. It is certainly fair to say that Singer is a central character and that the other key characters see him as a source of comfort.

Oliver Evans, who wrote one of the biographies of McCullers, maintains that one can note parallels between a teenage McCullers and some of the characters in this novel. It is a powerful argument when one compares the author with the character Mick at a similar age — both are tomboys and with fathers that are jewellers in small towns, although it could also be said that there the likeness ends, as their individual destinies are very different.

The novel was an instant success, both with the reading public and the critics, establishing McCullers' reputation for the rest of her career. On her death in 1967, *The Scotsman* reported, 'Her morbidly sensitive cameos of the American South made her one of the leading writers of her generation...[there was] "a vocation of pain" running through both her writing and her life.' (30th September). As well as propelling her name into the top ranks of the literary world, the novel gave McCullers her escape route from Georgia; as soon as she could, she moved back to New York, where she had travelled as a teenager and by the end of 1940 she was divorced and living in Brooklyn, surrounding herself with well known literary and creative names in a form of literary salon — W. H. Auden, Christopher Isherwood, Salvador Dali, Anais Nin and many other giants of the creative world at that time.

She apparently thrived in this milieu, drawing inspiration and confidence from the company and intellects of these minds, but of course one her most important 'celebrity' encounters, later in life, was her contact with the actor Marilyn Monroe, with whom she allegedly danced and may even have exchanged a kiss. This is the fame and prominence her first and most celebrated novel brought her and to an extent, she traded on it for the rest of her relatively short life (she died aged 50). In an article in the *Georgia Review* (Vol. 28, No. 1, Spring 1974), Delma Eugene Presley goes beyond this; she states: 'The fact that was she [McCullers] was a Southerner was a great burden she struggled to displace very early in her career. Significantly, out of the struggle emerged some literature of the first order. But once she abandoned the landscape of her agony, she wrote works which lack distinction.' Presley does state, however, that *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter* is '...the most artful instance of how she appropriated her perception of life in the South.' It is also the only novel McCullers wrote whilst actually living in the South, in North Carolina.

It is hardly surprising, given the tensions in the South at the time, that McCullers felt a backlash from those that felt no empathy for all the minorities. In an article in the *Irish Times* (10th April 1967), Terence de Vere White, Irish lawyer and writer, reports an interview with McCullers conducted when she visited Ireland. He reports an incident from 1940, when the Ku Klux Klan took exception to this book's character, Jake Blount, declaring he would organise a mass march on Washington of black workers. 'She used to get telephone calls then: from the Ku Klux Klan. "This is your night," they would say, meaning her house would be burnt down. "Homosexual, n* * * lover: you are the sort we don't want down here."'"

A film adaptation was released in 1968, starring Alan Arkin, Sondra Locke (in her film debut) and Cicely Tyson and directed by Robert Ellis Miller. Locke and Arkin both earned Academy Award nominations for their performances. The film's setting was moved to the 1960's and much of it was shot in Selma, Alabama. Reviews were mixed, with criticism of the depiction of some of the characters, particularly Blount, who it was claimed had been de-politicised. There was also a stage adaptation, which premiered on 30 March 2005 at the Alliance Theatre in Atlanta, Georgia. The show ran until 24 April of that year and then toured. The play was an Alliance Theater presentation arranged in association with The Acting Company of New York. Scripted by Rebecca Gilman, the play was directed by Doug Hughes.

Once published, the novel rose rapidly to the top of the bestseller lists, even though the reviews were not all universally glowing; some critics suggested that it was an excellent start to a career from a precociously young writer, who would no doubt produce even better works in the future. Others criticised the use of two prominent characters with disabilities; still, in literary circles, it was hailed as brilliant and insightful. On a personal level, this amount of celebrity status at such a young age was overwhelming. McCullers was later to reflect: 'I became an established literary figure overnight and I was much too young to understand what happened to me or the responsibility it entailed...I was a bit of a holy terror'. (*The New Yorker*, 26 February 2024).

The story opens with a strong and intriguing sentence: 'In the town there were two mutes and they were always together.' These men are John Singer, who is deaf, and a silver engraver by trade, working in the local jewellery store and who can speak, but once he met his Greek friend Spiros Antonopoulos he chose only to sign; and of course Antonopoulos also is deaf. They live together in two rooms in the upstairs of a small house in a small Southern town; there is an oil stove on which the weighty Antonopoulos cooks their meals and in the bedroom there is a comfy bed used by Antonopoulos and a smaller one for the tall, slim Singer. They have lived together harmoniously like this for ten years, with Singer helping his friend to get to his work in the town at a family fruit store and returning in the afternoon to escort him home to their two rooms. Sometimes, in the evening, they play chess, a game Singer enjoys and does his best to enthuse his friend about — with the aid of a 'bottle of something good' on the side. It is a pleasant life, even harmonious.

One day, Antonopoulos awakes feeling unwell. The doctor advises changes to his diet and the elimination of wine, whilst John arranges for his friend to have time off work. Physically, Antonopoulos recovers, but their peaceful life seems to be over. The Greek's personality is irrevocably altered and he acts out of character; he urinates in public, is physically aggressive with people in the street and he takes things out of shops without paying. Singer spends a lot of his time sorting out these misdemeanours and retrieving his friend from the local courthouse — using all his savings in the process; he 'lived in continual turmoil and worry.' Singer is a wreck, but

Antonapoulos, in complete contrast, is almost beatific in his tranquility between his misdemeanours. Life could have continued in this rather dysfunctional way if Sprios' cousin and employer, Charles, had not arranged to have his relative committed to the state insane asylum — two hundred miles away.

And so Singer is left alone. He occasionally sends parcels to his friend, but never receives a reply: 'And so the months passed in this empty, dreaming way' and unable to cope with the memories in their shared two rooms, he gives them up and rents a room elsewhere. He eats his meals at a local economy restaurant called the New York Café, but other than that, he wanders the streets, 'always silent and alone'.

The reader's attention is now directed to the proprietor at the café, Biff Brannon. He is quiet and watchful, but away from the front line of his workplace he is in a fractious marriage with Alice and they have a disagreement about a newcomer to the café, one Jake Blount. Brannon likes him, but the traveller is not paying his tab, gets very drunk and talks 'some queer kind of politics...nobody was sure just what he was saying'. Brannon is intrigued by him, but also baffled and a little concerned; Alice warns him not to let the man take advantage and he must have a word with him about his behaviour. Singer, by contrast, is no bother, sitting quietly with his beer, when into this scene comes Mick Kelly, 'A gangling tow-headed youngster, a girl of about twelve...wearing khaki shorts, a blue shirt and tennis shoes...she was like a very young boy'. From a large family, she is left to her own devices by her mother, a tomboy and a free spirit. Mick has ambitions, but they are really flights of fancy; she will (she has decided) make her fortune as an inventor and have her initials on handkerchiefs and clothes and on a swanky car she will ride home in now and again. She loves music, especially Mozart, but her attempts to make music of her own are not a success. She buys cigarettes and tells Brannon that Singer is a lodger in her family home.

Later on, a fight breaks out outside the café and Blount is at the centre of it. Brannon does not know what to do with the man, who is regularly drunk to the point of incoherence and aggression, but then Singer comes up with a solution — for now. He passes Brannon a note: 'If you cannot think of any place for him to go he can come home with me. First some coffee and soup would be good for him'; Singer is to be a kind host for the unpopular man.

The narrative switches to Blount's point of view; he takes a job as a mechanic at a local carnival. He tries to tell some workers about his socialist ideas on his way home, but they laugh at him. He soothes himself by going back to John Singer's lodgings, talking to him and drinking.

We then meet Dr. Copeland, a black physician in the town and an idealist. He is angered by a story his daughter, Portia, tells him about a scam artist who swindles black people out of their money. He wishes that his children had grown up to be well-educated, successful leaders for the black race rather than accepting the traditional, demeaning, menial jobs that are usually available to blacks in the South at this time. Dr. Copeland remembers a night when John Singer lit a cigarette for him — the first time the Doctor experienced an act of courtesy from a white man in his entire life. By the end of Part One, Mick, Biff, Jake and Dr. Copeland have all begun to visit Singer regularly, all taking comfort in him as a confidant. Can this arrangement last and is it genuine?

This story has been analysed, picked over and re-examined repeatedly since publication. Researcher Nancy B Rich, highlighted the micropolitics theme, suggesting that while Singer represents democracy, his dear friend Antonapoulos is government, mute and intractable, with Singer offering his devotion and loyalty to

that particular monolith. The gender and sexuality focus of the character Mick has been analysed, in alignment with and separately from McCullers' own perceived status and identity. What, then, can the reader focus on when approaching this book for the first time?

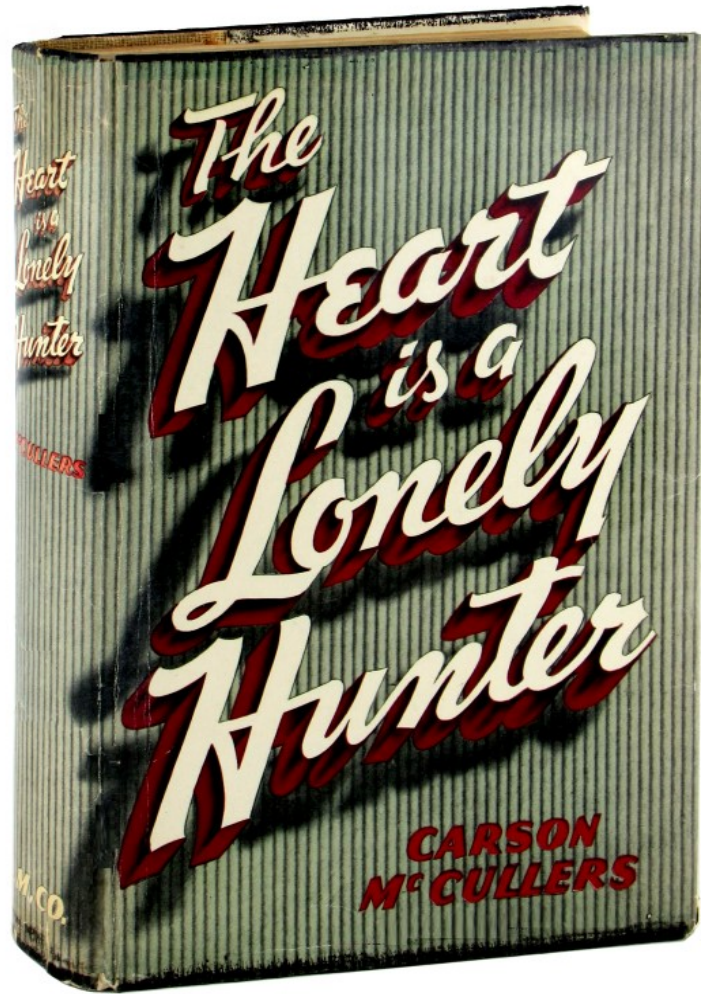
In the *Georgia Review* (Vol. 11, No. 1, Spring 1957), Jane Hart writes: '*The Heart is a Lonely Hunter* is a novel about the loneliness of men, abnormal or normal, deformed or whole, as her careful selection of characters illustrates' — in other words, the characters are a cross section of frailties and this is very much a novel driven by the characters rather than dramatic action. She continues:

'The theme of loneliness is a constant one, recurring, of not openly to or within a character, symbolically in the imagery or description. The towns are nearly always small and provincial, lonely Southern towns where "in the faces along the streets there was desperate look of hunger and of loneliness". They are always places where men walk alone, forever strangers and alone, but seeking solidarity and relationship with others'.

This, then, is the overriding theme of McCullers' writing, brilliantly aligned here with the tiny details of everyday life that bring the setting to life. Certainly, *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter* a remarkable novel for such a young and inexperienced writer to produce.



McCullers, close to the time of publication



The first edition

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The
HEART IS A
LONELY HUNTER

BY CARSON McCOLLERS



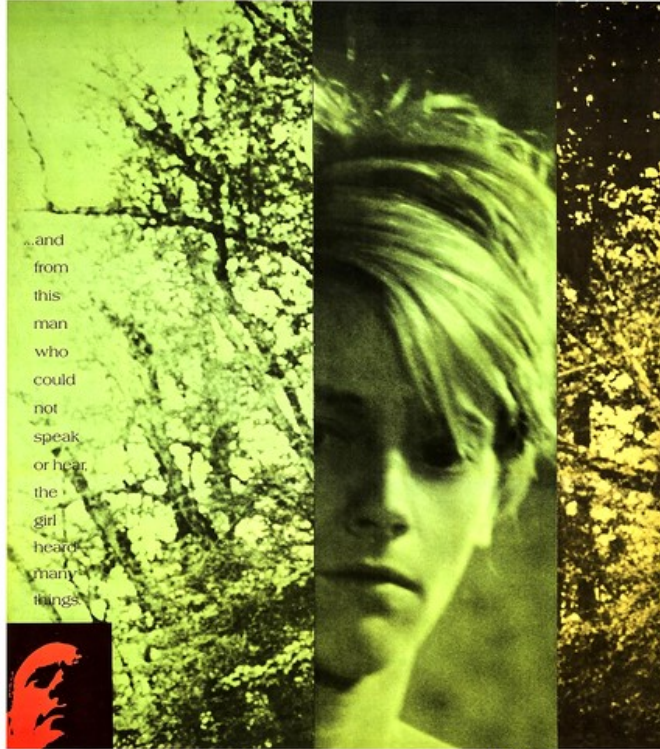
1940

The Riverside Press

UGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY • BOSTON

The first edition's title page

Carson McCullers' searching and sensitive story of innocence lost that has become an "enduring masterpiece."



...and
from
this
man
who
could
not
speak
or hear,
the
girl
heard
many
things

Alan Arkin



The Heart is a Lonely Hunter

From Warner Bros.-Seven Arts

Co-Starring LAURINDA BARRETT STACY KENDEL JR. CHADY MCGARRIFF BUFF MCGUIRE PERCY RODRIGUEZ CDELY TYSON And Introducing **SONDRA LOCKE** From the novel by CARSON MCCULLERS
Screenplay by THOMAS C. RYAN Music by David Grusin (Executive Producer) JILL FREEMAN Produced by THOMAS C. RYAN and MARC MERSON Directed by ROBERT ELLIS MILLER **TECHNICOLOR** W

The 1968 film adaptation

To

Reeves McCullers

and to

Marguerite and Lamar

Smith

Part One



IN THE TOWN there were two mutes, and they were always together. Early every morning they would come out from the house where they lived and walk arm in arm down the street to work. The two friends were very different. The one who always steered the way was an obese and dreamy Greek. In the summer he would come out wearing a yellow or green polo shirt stuffed sloppily into his trousers in front and hanging loose behind. When it was colder he wore over this a shapeless gray sweater. His face was round and oily, with half-closed eyelids and lips that curved in a gentle, stupid smile. The other mute was tall. His eyes had a quick, intelligent expression. He was always immaculate and very soberly dressed.

Every morning the two friends walked silently together until they reached the main street of the town. Then when they came to a certain fruit and candy store they paused for a moment on the sidewalk outside. The Greek, Spiros Antonapoulos, worked for his cousin, who owned this fruit store. His job was to make candies and sweets, uncrate the fruits, and to keep the place clean. The thin mute, John Singer, nearly always put his hand on his friend's arm and looked for a second into his face before leaving him. Then after this good-bye Singer crossed the street and walked on alone to the jewelry store where he worked as a silverware engraver.

In the late afternoon the friends would meet again. Singer came back to the fruit store and waited until Antonapoulos was ready to go home. The Greek would be lazily unpacking a case of peaches or melons, or perhaps looking at the funny paper in the kitchen behind the store where he cooked. Before their departure Antonapoulos always opened a paper sack he kept hidden during the day on one of the kitchen shelves. Inside were stored various bits of food he had collected — a piece of fruit, samples of candy, or the butt-end of a liverwurst. Usually before leaving Antonapoulos waddled gently to the glassed case in the front of the store where some meats and cheeses were kept. He glided open the back of the case and his fat hand groped lovingly for some particular dainty inside which he had wanted. Sometimes his cousin who owned the place did not see him. But if he noticed he stared at his cousin with a warning in his tight, pale face. Sadly Antonapoulos would shuffle the morsel from one corner of the case to the other. During these times Singer stood very straight with his hands in his pockets and looked in another direction. He did not like to watch this little scene between the two Greeks. For, excepting drinking and a certain solitary secret pleasure, Antonapoulos loved to eat more than anything else in the world.

In the dusk the two mutes walked slowly home together. At home Singer was always talking to Antonapoulos. His hands shaped the words in a swift series of designs. His face was eager and his gray-green eyes sparkled brightly. With his thin, strong hands he told Antonapoulos all that had happened during the day.

Antonapoulos sat back lazily and looked at Singer. It was seldom that he ever moved his hands to speak at all — and then it was to say that he wanted to eat or to sleep or to drink. These three things he always said with the same vague, fumbling signs. At night, if he were not too drunk, he would kneel down before his bed and pray awhile. Then his plump hands shaped the words 'Holy Jesus,' or 'God,' or 'Darling Mary.' These were the only words Antonapoulos ever said. Singer never knew just how much his friend understood of all the things he told him. But it did not matter.

They shared the upstairs of a small house near the business section of the town. There were two rooms. On the oil stove in the kitchen Antonapoulos cooked all of their meals. There were straight, plain kitchen chairs for Singer and an over-stuffed sofa for Antonapoulos. The bedroom was furnished mainly with a large double bed covered with an eiderdown comfort for the big Greek and a narrow iron cot for Singer.

Dinner always took a long time, because Antonapoulos loved food and he was very slow. After they had eaten, the big Greek would lie back on his sofa and slowly lick over each one of his teeth with his tongue, either from a certain delicacy or because he did not wish to lose the savor of the meal — while Singer washed the dishes.

Sometimes in the evening the mutes would play chess. Singer had always greatly enjoyed this game, and years before he had tried to teach it to Antonapoulos. At first his friend could not be interested in the reasons for moving the various pieces about on the board. Then Singer began to keep a bottle of something good under the table to be taken out after each lesson. The Greek never got on to the erratic movements of the knights and the sweeping mobility of the queens, but he learned to make a few set, opening moves. He preferred the white pieces and would not play if the black men were given him. After the first moves Singer worked out the game by himself while his friend looked on drowsily. If Singer made brilliant attacks on his own men so that in the end the black king was killed, Antonapoulos was always very proud and pleased.

The two mutes had no other friends, and except when they worked they were alone together. Each day was very much like any other day, because they were alone so much that nothing ever disturbed them. Once a week they would go to the library for Singer to withdraw a mystery book and on Friday night they attended a movie. Then on payday they always went to the ten-cent photograph shop above the Army and Navy Store so that Antonapoulos could have his picture taken. These were the only places where they made customary visits. There were many parts in the town that they had never even seen.

The town was in the middle of the deep South. The summers were long and the months of winter cold were very few. Nearly always the sky was a glassy, brilliant azure and the sun burned down riotously bright. Then the light, chill rains of November would come, and perhaps later there would be frost and some short months of cold. The winters were changeable, but the summers always were burning hot. The town was a fairly large one. On the main street there were several blocks of two- and three-story shops and business offices. But the largest buildings in the town were the factories, which employed a large percentage of the population. These cotton mills were big and flourishing and most of the workers in the town were very poor. Often in the faces along the streets there was the desperate look of hunger and of loneliness.

But the two mutes were not lonely at all. At home they were content to eat and drink, and Singer would talk with his hands eagerly to his friend about all that was in his mind. So the years passed in this quiet way until Singer reached the age of thirty-two and had been in the town with Antonapoulos for ten years.

Then one day the Greek became ill. He sat up in bed with his hands on his fat stomach and big, oily tears rolled down his cheeks. Singer went to see his friend's cousin who owned the fruit store, and also he arranged for leave from his own work. The doctor made out a diet for Antonapoulos and said that he could drink no more wine. Singer rigidly enforced the doctor's orders. All day he sat by his friend's bed and did what he could to make the time pass quickly, but Antonapoulos only looked at him angrily from the corners of his eyes and would not be amused.

The Greek was very fretful, and kept finding fault with the fruit drinks and food that Singer prepared for him. Constantly he made his friend help him out of bed so that he could pray. His huge buttocks would sag down over his plump little feet when he kneeled. He fumbled with his hands to say 'Darling Mary' and then held to the small brass cross tied to his neck with a dirty string. His big eyes would wall up to the ceiling with a look of fear in them, and afterward he was very sulky and would not let his friend speak to him.

Singer was patient and did all that he could. He drew little pictures, and once he made a sketch of his friend to amuse him. This picture hurt the big Greek's feelings, and he refused to be reconciled until Singer had made his face very young and handsome and colored his hair bright yellow and his eyes china blue. And then he tried not to show his pleasure.

Singer nursed his friend so carefully that after a week Antonapoulos was able to return to his work. But from that time on there was a difference in their way of life. Trouble came to the two friends.

Antonapoulos was not ill any more, but a change had come in him. He was irritable and no longer content to spend the evenings quietly in their home. When he would wish to go out Singer followed along close behind him. Antonapoulos would go into a restaurant, and while they sat at the table he slyly put lumps of sugar, or a pepper-shaker, or pieces of silverware in his pocket. Singer always paid for what he took and there was no disturbance. At home he scolded Antonapoulos, but the big Greek only looked at him with a bland smile.

The months went on and these habits of Antonapoulos grew worse. One day at noon he walked calmly out of the fruit store of his cousin and urinated in public against the wall of the First National Bank Building across the street. At times he would meet people on the sidewalk whose faces did not please him, and he would bump into these persons and push at them with his elbows and stomach. He walked into a store one day and hauled out a floor lamp without paying for it, and another time he tried to take an electric train he had seen in a showcase.

For Singer this was a time of great distress. He was continually marching Antonapoulos down to the courthouse during lunch hour to settle these infringements of the law. Singer became very familiar with the procedure of the courts and he was in a constant state of agitation. The money he had saved in the bank was spent for bail and fines. All of his efforts and money were used to keep his friend out of jail because of such charges as theft, committing public indecencies, and assault and battery.

The Greek cousin for whom Antonapoulos worked did not enter into these troubles at all. Charles Parker (for that was the name this cousin had taken) let Antonapoulos stay on at the store, but he watched him always with his pale, tight face and he made no effort to help him. Singer had a strange feeling about Charles Parker. He began to dislike him.

Singer lived in continual turmoil and worry. But Antonapoulos was always bland, and no matter what happened the gentle, flaccid smile was still on his face. In all the years before it had seemed to Singer that there was something very subtle and wise in this smile of his friend. He had never known just how much Antonapoulos understood and what he was thinking. Now in the big Greek's expression Singer thought that he could detect something sly and joking. He would shake his friend by the shoulders until he was very tired and explain things over and over with his hands. But nothing did any good.

All of Singer's money was gone and he had to borrow from the jeweler for whom he worked. On one occasion he was unable to pay bail for his friend and

Antonapoulos spent the night in jail. When Singer came to get him out the next day he was very sulky. He did not want to leave. He had enjoyed his dinner of sowbelly and cornbread with syrup poured over it. And the new sleeping arrangements and his cellmates pleased him.

They had lived so much alone that Singer had no one to help him in his distress. Antonapoulos let nothing disturb him or cure him of his habits. At home he sometimes cooked the new dish he had eaten in the jail, and on the streets there was never any knowing just what he would do.

And then the final trouble came to Singer.

One afternoon he had come to meet Antonapoulos at the fruit store when Charles Parker handed him a letter. The letter explained that Charles Parker had made arrangements for his cousin to be taken to the state insane asylum two hundred miles away. Charles Parker had used his influence in the town and the details were already settled. Antonapoulos was to leave and to be admitted into the asylum the next week.

Singer read the letter several times, and for a while he could not think. Charles Parker was talking to him across the counter, but he did not even try to read his lips and understand. At last Singer wrote on the little pad he always carried in his pocket:

You cannot do this. Antonapoulos must stay with me.

Charles Parker shook his head excitedly. He did not know much American. 'None of your business,' he kept saying over and over.

Singer knew that everything was finished. The Greek was afraid that some day he might be responsible for his cousin. Charles Parker did not know much about the American language — but he understood the American dollar very well, and he had used his money and influence to admit his cousin to the asylum without delay.

There was nothing Singer could do.

The next week was full of feverish activity. He talked and talked. And although his hands never paused to rest he could not tell all that he had to say. He wanted to talk to Antonapoulos of all the thoughts that had ever been in his mind and heart, but there was not time. His gray eyes glittered and his quick, intelligent face expressed great strain. Antonapoulos watched him drowsily, and his friend did not know just what he really understood.

Then came the day when Antonapoulos must leave. Singer brought out his own suitcase and very carefully packed the best of their joint possessions. Antonapoulos made himself a lunch to eat during the journey. In the late afternoon they walked arm in arm down the street for the last time together. It was a chilly afternoon in late November, and little huffs of breath showed in the air before them.

Charles Parker was to travel with his cousin, but he stood apart from them at the station. Antonapoulos crowded into the bus and settled himself with elaborate preparations on one of the front seats. Singer watched him from the window and his hands began desperately to talk for the last time with his friend. But Antonapoulos was so busy checking over the various items in his lunch box that for a while he paid no attention. Just before the bus pulled away from the curb he turned to Singer and his smile was very bland and remote — as though already they were many miles apart.

The weeks that followed did not seem real at all. All day Singer worked over his bench in the back of the jewelry store, and then at night he returned to the house alone. More than anything he wanted to sleep. As soon as he came home from work he would lie on his cot and try to doze awhile. Dreams came to him when he lay there half-asleep. And in all of them Antonapoulos was there. His hands would jerk nervously, for in his dreams he was talking to his friend and Antonapoulos was watching him.

Singer tried to think of the time before he had ever known his friend. He tried to recount to himself certain things that had happened when he was young. But none of these things he tried to remember seemed real.

There was one particular fact that he remembered, but it was not at all important to him. Singer recalled that, although he had been deaf since he was an infant, he had not always been a real mute. He was left an orphan very young and placed in an institution for the deaf. He had learned to talk with his hands and to read. Before he was nine years old he could talk with one hand in the American way — and also could employ both of his hands after the method of Europeans. He had learned to follow the movements of people's lips and to understand what they said. Then finally he had been taught to speak.

At the school he was thought very intelligent. He learned the lessons before the rest of the pupils. But he could never become used to speaking with his lips. It was not natural to him, and his tongue felt like a whale in his mouth. From the blank expression on people's faces to whom he talked in this way he felt that his voice must be like the sound of some animal or that there was something disgusting in his speech. It was painful for him to try to talk with his mouth, but his hands were always ready to shape the words he wished to say. When he was twenty-two he had come South to this town from Chicago and he met Antonapoulos immediately. Since that time he had never spoken with his mouth again, because with his friend there was no need for this.

Nothing seemed real except the ten years with Antonapoulos. In his half-dreams he saw his friend very vividly, and when he awakened a great aching loneliness would be in him. Occasionally he would pack up a box for Antonapoulos, but he never received any reply. And so the months passed in this empty, dreaming way.

In the spring a change came over Singer. He could not sleep and his body was very restless. At evening he would walk monotonously around the room, unable to work off a new feeling of energy. If he rested at all it was only during a few hours before dawn — then he would drop bluntly into a sleep that lasted until the morning light struck suddenly beneath his opening eyelids like a scimitar.

He began spending his evenings walking around the town. He could no longer stand the rooms where Antonapoulos had lived, and he rented a place in a shambling boarding-house not far from the center of the town.

He ate his meals at a restaurant only two blocks away. This restaurant was at the very end of the long main street, and the name of the place was the New York Café. The first day he glanced over the menu quickly and wrote a short note and handed it to the proprietor.

<i>Each morning for breakfast I want an egg, toast, and coffee —</i>	\$0.15
<i>Lunch I want soup (any kind), a meat sandwich, and milk —</i>	\$0.25
<i>Please bring me at dinner three vegetables (any kind but cabbage), fish or meat, and a glass of beer —</i>	\$0.35

Thank you.

The proprietor read the note and gave him an alert, tactful glance. He was a hard man of middle height, with a beard so dark and heavy that the lower part of his face looked as though it were molded of iron. He usually stood in the corner by the cash register, his arms folded over his chest, quietly observing all that went on around him.

Singer came to know this man's face very well, for he ate at one of his tables three times a day.

Each evening the mute walked alone for hours in the street. Sometimes the nights were cold with the sharp, wet winds of March and it would be raining heavily. But to him this did not matter. His gait was agitated and he always kept his hands stuffed tight into the pockets of his trousers. Then as the weeks passed the days grew warm and languorous. His agitation gave way gradually to exhaustion and there was a look about him of deep calm. In his face there came to be a brooding peace that is seen most often in the faces of the very sorrowful or the very wise. But still he wandered through the streets of the town, always silent and alone.

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End of Sample