

The Project Gutenberg eBook of Afternoon, by Emile Verhaeren

This ebook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this ebook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: Afternoon

Author: Emile Verhaeren

Translator: Charles Royier Murphy

Release date: April 24, 2014 [EBook #45466]

Language: English

Credits: Produced by Marc D'Hooghe at <http://www.freeliterature.org>
(Images generously made available by the Internet Archive.)

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK AFTERNOON ***

AFTERNOON

BY

ÉMILE VERHAEREN

AUTHOR OF

"POEMS," "THE SUNLIT HOURS," ETC.

TRANSLATED BY

CHARLES R. MURPHY

NEW YORK

JOHN LANE COMPANY

MCMXVII

CONTENTS

- I. "Slowly Maturity Has Come to Our Surprise"
- II. "Roses of June, You the Most Fair"
- III. "If Other Flowers Decorate Our Home"
- IV. "Shadows Are Lustral in the Iris'd Dawn"
- V. "I Bring You, This Eve, an Offering of Joy"
- VI. "Come, Let Us Rest a While Beside the Path"
- VII. "Sweetly and More Sweetly Still"
- VIII. "Within the House Our Love Has Chosen for Its Birth"
- IX. "My Pleasant Work by Open Windows Wide"
- X. "All Faith Lies at the Bottom of Our Love"
- XI. "Dawn, Shadow, Evening, Space and Stars: What Night"
- XII. "It Is the Pleasant Hours When Lamps Are Lit"
- XIII. "Dead Kisses of the Long Dead Years"
- XIV. "It Is Now Fifteen Years That We Have Thought as One"
- XV. "I Thought Our Joy Had Been Forever Dulled"
- XVI. "All That Lives About Us Here"
- XVII. "With All My Heart and Brain, My Feeling and My Seeing"
- XVIII. "Oh Days of Fresh and Quiet Healthfulness"
- XIX. "I Have Left the Groves of Sleep"
- XX. "Alas! When the Poison of Disease"
- XXI. "Within the Garden There Is Healthfulness"

- XXII. "It Was June in the Garden"
XXIII. "Your Gift of Self Is Ever Prodigal"
XXIV. "O Quiet Garden Wherein Nothing Moves"
XXV. "As With Others, Time and Change and Strife"
XXVI. "The Golden Ships of Summer Time"
XXVII. "Fervency of Sense, of Heart, of Soul"
XXVIII. "The Moveless Beauty"
XXIX. "You Spoke That Evening Words So Beautiful"
XXX. "Sun-lit Hours," "Hours of Afternoon"
-

AFTERNOON

I

Slowly maturity has come to our surprise,
Placing its hands upon the naked forehead of our love,
Looking upon it with its dimmer eyes.

And, in the garden shrivelled by July,
The flowers and shrubs and vibrant leaves
Have let fall their fervent powers which lie
Over the misty pond and gentle paths.
And bitterly the jealous sun now shows
Harshly a brilliant shadow
Round its light that grieves.

And yet, see how the fearless hollyhocks aspire
Ardently to their own splendid fire!
See how season after season's stress
Is vain—the fibres of our hearts
Deeper than ever and insatiable,
Are rooted firmly in our happiness.

Oh hours of afternoon, fragrant with rose,
Clutching at time, with cheek in flower and flame,
Seeking, against his chilly side, repose!

And nothing, nothing is better than to feel
Happy and limpid still—after what years?
But if fate had willed above
For us two naught but suffering and tears,
Still, would I have wished to live and die
Complaintless, in such unrelenting love!

II

Roses of June, you the most fair,
You with your hearts transpierced by sun;
Violent, tranquil roses, with the air
Of halted flights of birds upon a bough;
Roses of June and July, straight and new-begun,
Mouths whose kisses all at once are thrilled
With the wind or with it stilled,
Caressing with shade and gold the moving green;
Roses mutely ardent and sweet willed,
Voluptuous roses in your sheaths of moss,
You who pass the long summer time
Loving each other
In this clarity sublime;
Fresh, magnificent, vivid—like you, oh roses,
Is our multitudinous desire
That in lassitude or leaping fire
Loves, exalts, and then reposes!

III

If other flowers decorate our home,
And multiply the splendour of this place,
The little lake shines ever from the grass
With the large eyes of its ever moving face.

Ah, say, from what deep distances unknown
So many gleaming birds have come
With wings sun-sown?

July has driven April from the close
And bluish tints have given place to red,
The skies are torpid and the wind has fled;
Joyously brilliant insects fill the air
That harks,
And summer wanders by, robed with diamonds
And sparks.

IV

Shadows are lustral in the iris'd dawn;
From a branch on high whence a bird has fled
Dew drops tremble and are gone.

Purity, delicate and fair,
Beautifies the hour that brings
Crystal brilliance to the air;
We hear the sounds of water and the brush of wings.

Oh! how your eyes are beauteous at this hour
When our silver lake is gleaming in the sight
Of the day arising;
Your forehead radiant and your heart-beat light.
Intensity of life, its goodness and its power,
Like to a mighty blessedness
Of your soul are part,
So that to contain the anguish and the stress,
Suddenly your hands have clasped my own,
Laying them, as though with fear,
Against your heart.

V

I bring you, this eve, an offering of joy
From having drenched my body in the gold
And silken texture of the joyous wind
And in the yellow splendour of the sun;
My feet are pure with having walked the grass,
My hands are sweet with the dim hearts of flowers,
My eyes are brilliant with the sudden tears
Born in an instant from the sight of such
A beauteous earth and its eternal night.

Space, with arms of burning clarity,
Drunk and fervent, sobbing, led me on,
And I have gone down there—I know not where—
Where all my captive cries did free my steps;
I bring you life and beauty of the plains;
Take from me their free and bounteous breath;
Storms have laid caresses on my hands,
And air and light and perfume are in me.

VI

Come, let us rest a while beside the path,
Upon the aged bench long stained with mould,
And let me leave, between your two sure hands,
My hand, abandoned to your gentle hold.

And as my hand that lies upon your knees
Is glad to be abandoned there and knows
Contentment, so my sweet and fervent heart
Between your gentle hands has found repose.

And there is joy intense and love profound
Of which we do partake together now,
Nor trembles on our lips a single word
Too strong, nor any kiss that burns your brow.

We would prolong the ardour of this silence,
Of mute desires the immobility,
Save that, when they quiver of a sudden,
I press your pensive hands unknowingly—

Your hands wherein my happiness is sealed—
Your hands which never would attempt to reach
To all these sacred and profounder things
Whereby we live without the need of speech.

VII

Sweetly and more sweetly still
Cradle in your arms my head,
My fevered eyes and forehead wearied;
Sweetly and more sweetly still
Kiss my lips and say
Words made sweeter at each break of day
When uttered by your voice:
That you are given to me and that I love you still.

The day has broken dull and sad; my sleep
Was swept with sombre dreams;
The rain lets down its dusky hair in streams,
And skies are lost in dreary clouds that weep.

Sweetly and more sweetly still
Cradle in your arms my head,
My fevered eyes and forehead wearied;
You are to me the gracious morn
Whose caress is in your hand:
Behold, I am reborn,
With no evil or dismay,
Unto the daily work which marks my way,
—A sign
That makes me live in an heroic strife,
A sword of beauty and of power divine
Against invidious life.

VIII

Within the house our love has chosen for its birth,
With its familiar things that people coign and shade,
Where we two live alone with only witnesses
The roses gazing through the window from the glade;

There are some days so filled with reassuring peace,
Hours of the radiant summer with silence made so fair,
I sometimes bring to stillness the balancing of time
Within the great oak clock that stands close by the stair.

Then is the hour, the day, the night so part of us
That happiness which breathes upon us hears no thing
Except the ardent throbbing of your heart and mine
When quick embraces heart to yearning heart do bring.

IX

My pleasant work by open windows wide,
With shadow of green leafage from out-side
 And path of the sun's light
 Across my paper white,
 Maintains a gentle violence,
 A sense
Of silence in our kindly, pensive house.

 Vividly the flowers lean,
And glowing fruits among the boughs are seen,
Birds on boughs and birds upon the wing
 Chant and sing
 In order that my verse may ring
 Clear and new, pure and trues
 As song of birds,
And gold of fruits and petals blossoming.

Down in the garden there I see you pass,
Over the sunny and the shady grass;
 But you do not look at me,
 Lest you trouble my tranquillity,
As here with jealous heart I fashion
Poems of a frank and tender passion.

X

All faith lies at the bottom of our love,
Joining an ardent thought to everything:
The faint awakening blossom, or above
Downward the drift of petals from a rose;
The flight of bird on dark or sun-lit wing;
A nest half-falling from a roof that knows
Much of the wind's harsh manner—here is scope—
And in the flowery heart where insects cling,
 For fear, and all of hope.

What matters it if reason with its snows
Falls chilling on such poignant ecstasy?
Let us accept it with a mind that knows
No false, no true, no evil and no good
 That it may hold prophetically;
Let us be happy with our childish eyes,
Be it an evil or triumphant power;
And let us hide from men who are too wise.

XI

Dawn, shadow, evening, space and stars; what night
Hides in its veils or shows forth mistily,
Add to their exaltation; they who live

In love, live also in eternity.

No need that reason light its beacon fires
On walls that rear them high above the ground,
Kindling the docks, the harbour and the sea;
For they beyond all ocean's paths are bound.

They see the light of dawns touch shore on shore,
Beyond and far beyond the black sea's space;
For certitude and trembling hope themselves,
Meeting their ardent gaze, have the same face.

Joyous and limpid is their hungry faith;
Their soul is the profound and sudden light
Which burns for them on high and heavenly things;
To know the world, within they turn their sight.

They go by distant paths and live with truths
That bound the far horizon of their eyes,
Simple and naked, deep, and sweet as dawn;
For them alone are songs of paradise.

XII

It is the pleasant hour when lamps are lit;
Calmness and consolation over all;
The silences so deep that one could hear
A feather fall.

It is the hour when the beloved comes,
Like to the sweetly soft and low
Wandering mist upon the breeze,
Sweetly slow.
She speaks no word at first—and yet I hark,
Hark to the soul of her, surprise
Its gleam and dark,
And then I kiss her eyes.

It is the pleasant hour when lamps are lit,
The vow
To love each other through the live-long day
From depths of heart made luminous by it.
Is with us now.

And then we speak of simple things;
The fruit we gathered in the close,
The flowers that disclose,
Between the verdant mosses thick,
Their almost wings;

And thought does blossom forth once more
At memory of a word so fair
Hid in a just remembered drawer,
In a letter of last year.

XIII

Dead kisses of the long dead years
Have left their mark upon your face,
Beneath the sad, harsh winds of age
Of many roses now there is no trace.

I see not now your mouth and eyes
Gleam, like the birth of morning fair,
Nor softly now your head repose
Within the dark deep garden of your hair.

Your dear hands that still are sweet
Have somehow suffered from the loss
Of light about their finger-tips
That touched my forehead, like the dawn-kissed moss.

Your body that was fair and young
That I did with my thoughts endow,
No longer now is fresh as dew,
Your arm no longer like the white, clean bough.

All falls, alas, and fades away,
All changes now: your voice once smooth,
Your body, lowered like a shield
To spill the precious victories of youth.

And yet my heart says still with fervent stress:
What matter that the years grow heavier?
Since I know well that nothing can e'er bound
Or trouble our exalted happiness,
And that our souls are too profound
For love to die for want of loveliness.

XIV

It is now fifteen years that we have thought as one;
And that our passion clear has conquered habitude,
Such as is wont to injure the most tenacious love
With unremitting stress of wasteful hands and rude.

And when I look at you I make discoveries,
Such is the intimacy your pride and sweetness bring;
And time, though it has somewhat obscured your loveliness,
Exalts your heart whose golden depths are opening.

Naively now you let its hidden depths be searched,
Your soul yet always seems as fresh as kindled fire;
And, like an eager ship with wind-swept masts, our joy
Voyages upon the seas of our desire.
Within ourselves alone we anchor all our faith
To naked frankness and to high benevolence;
And we work and live forever in the light
Of a joyous and translucent confidence.

You have the strength of frailty and infinite purity
To walk the sombre roadways, your heart in aureole,
And to have cherished dearly in spite of mist or shade,
All the rays of morning in your childlike soul.

XV

I thought our joy had been forever dulled
Like sun that fades before the day has fled,
When sickness, to a bed of weariness,
Slowly dragged me with its arms of lead.

Garden and flow'rs were either feared or false;
The very light of day was a distress;
And my poor hands already were too weak
To hold our trembling, captive, happiness.

My desires became but evil plants
That scourged like thistles in a windy place;
I felt my heart both frozen and afire,
Then arid, and rebellious unto grace.

But, nowhere searching save in simple love,
The most consoling word of all you spoke;

And at the glowing fire of your word
I warmed myself until the daylight broke.

I was not in your eyes, as in my own,
A man belittled by disease and grief;
You plucked me flowers from the window-ledge,
And I believed in health with your belief.

You brought to me within your garments' folds
The eager air, the wind of field and wood,
Scents of the eve and odours of the dawn,
And sunlight in your kisses fresh and good.

XVI

All that lives about us here,
Beneath a radiance soft and clear,
Soft grasses, tender branches, hollyhocks,
The shade that soothes them, the wind that mocks,
The singing birds that one by one
Join the brilliant swarm,
Like jewel-clusters, warm
With sun;
All that lives within the garden wall,
Love us ingenuously;
And we,
We love them all.

Dear to us the lilies that grow high;
The reaching sunflowers clearer than the sky
—Circles that bright lambent tongues enroll—
Burn, with their glowing fervency, our soul.

The simple flowers, phlox and lilac tall,
Down by the wall,
Are yearning to be near us too,
And the involuntary grass,
On the lawn when we pass,
Opens its moistened eyes that are the dew.

We live with the flowers and the grass,
Simple, pure and ardent still,
Lost in our love,
Like single sheaves within the infinite wheat,
And proudly let imperial summer pass
And from above
Sweep and pierce with clarity
Body, heart and will.

XVII

With all my heart and brain, my feeling and my seeing,
And with the flaming torch of all my being
That reaches toward your goodness and your love,
Forever unassuaged,
I love and bring you thanks and endless praise
For having come in all simplicity
Along devoted ways,
To take, with gracious hands, my destiny.

And since you leaned above,
I know—oh what a love!
Candid and clear as is the dew
Fallen upon my tranquil soul from you.

I am yours as by their nerves of flame
Fire and fuel merge;.

All my flesh and all my soul
Strive to you with undesisting urge;
Nor do I cease from long remembering
The fervency and beauty of our years,
Till suddenly I feel my eyes are filled
Deliciously, with unoblivious tears.

I come to you happy and resolved
With proud desire to be unto your soul
He who shall be the surest of its joys.
Tenderness folds us in an aureole;
Echoes, within me, at your call assemble;
The hour is holy and with rapture fraught,
And just to touch your brow my fingers tremble,
As though they brushed the pinions of your thought.

XVIII

Oh days of fresh and quiet healthfulness
When life is filled with beauty without end,
And inspiration comes familiarly,
A cherished friend.

He comes from lands all sweet and glimmering,
And with his words, more fair than dew, has brought,
Wherewith to set, a gem all luminous,
A sentiment, a thought.

He seizes on our being like a storm,
Rears up our spirit to new heights untrod,
Pours down the fire from beating stars, and brings
The gift of being God.

All fevered transports and profoundest fears
To his own tragic will are ever whirled,
That the pulse of beauty be made young
In the veins of the world.

I am at his mercy, am his ardent prey!

So, when from weary work I take my way,
Toward the deep repose which is your love,
With all my mind's high leaping fire sublime,
It seems—oh, for an instant's time—
That I may offer you, oh love,
As though of my own pulses it were part,
Of the great universe itself, the beating heart.

XIX

I have left the groves of sleep,
Sad a little to leave you
Hid beneath their branchy roof
From morning sun and dew.

Gleam now phlox and hollyhock;
I look on joyous garden site,
And know that soon the crystal bells
Will tinkle in the light.

Then suddenly I take my way to you,
With such a tenderness and love that sweep
Into my midmost being
That it seems my thought has travelled through—
To bring you joy of reawakening—
All the leafy umbrage of your sleep.

And when I come to you within the house,
That shade and silence still possess, hear
 My ardent kisses, fresh
 And clear,
Sing you a morning song through meadows of the flesh.

XX

Alas! when the poison of disease
Ran, with my slow and torpid blood,
More sluggish and more torpid day by day,
Ran in my veins a leaden flood;
 And my poor eyes
Saw my hands so thin and white,
Morosely watched the dreaded course
 Of the hated blight;
 When I had not even force
Upon your heart my burning mouth to press
 There to kiss our happiness;
When the days, monotonous and sad,
Gnawed my consciousness with spite,
I never could, myself, have found the will
 To rise with stoic might,
If you had not poured into my veins
The secret heroism that you have,
Daily, every hour of every week,
With hands so patient, so serene and brave.

XXI

Within the garden there is healthfulness.

 Lavishly it gives it us
 In light that cleaves
To every movement of its thousand hands
 Of palms and leaves.

And the good shade where it accepts,
 After long journeyings,
 Our steps,
 Pours on the weary limb
A force of life and sweetness like
 Its mosses dim.

When the lake is playing with the wind and sun,
 It seems a crimson heart
 Within, all ardent, has begun
 To throb with the moving wave;
The gladiolus and the fervent rose,
Which in their splendour move unshadowèd,
 Upon their vital stems expose
 Their cups of gold and red.

Within the garden there is healthfulness.

XXII

 It was June in the garden,
 It was our time, our day;
And our gaze with love on everything
 Did fall;
 They seemed then softly opening,
 And they saw and loved us both,

The roses all.

The sky was purer than all limpid thought;
Insect and bird
Swept through the golden texture of the air,
Unheard;
Our kisses were so fair they brought
Exaltation to both light and bird.
It seemed as though a happiness at once
Had skied itself and wished the heavens entire
For its resplendent fire;
And life, all pulsing life, had entered in,
Into the fissures of our beings to the core,
To fling them higher.

And there was nothing but invocatory cries,
Mad impulses, prayers and vows that cleave
The arched skies,
And sudden yearning to create new gods,
In order to believe.

XXIII

Your gift of self is ever prodigal;
The flight that wings you higher is above,
Above cessation and all weariness,
Reaching toward the heaven of fullest love.

A clasp of hands, a glance enfevers you;
Your heart appears so beautiful and such
That I do fear your eyes, your lips, and that
I am unworthy and you love too much.

Alas! the fire and tenderness too high
For beings who have only one poor heart,
Wet with regrets and thorny with its faults,
To find but tears to weep with when they part.

XXIV

O quiet garden wherein nothing moves
Save, in the glassy lake,
The crimson fishes, each
A fiery flake.

They are the memories that play within our thought,
Calm and undistraught
And clear, as in the water's breast
Of confidence and rest.

The red fish leap and the clear water wells,
In the abrupt and potent light,
Amid the iris green and bleaching shells
And motionless stones
Around the border bright.

It is sweet to see them come and go
In all the freshness and lucidity
That bathes them so;
We have no need to fear or fret
Lest they should bring up from below
Other than a fugitive regret.

XXV

As with others, time and change and strife—
Morose time and moods of hate—
Have left their sombre scars upon our life;
 But never yet our hearts have heard,
 Even at close of days unfortunate,
The utterance of an unpardonable word.
 Ardent, luminous sincerity
 Was our wisdom and delight,
So that our fervid souls in verity
Tempered themselves as in a bath of light.

We told each other our most humble griefs,
 Grief by grief, a rosary,
Told each other, weeping tears of love;
 And then confidingly,
At each avowal, with our lips we pressed
A kiss on every fault confessed.

Thus simply, without weakness or despair,
We save us from ourselves and worldly harms,
And ward off suffering and gnawing care,
 And see our spirits born again;
 As reappear when washed by rain,
 When sunlight sweetly dries and warms,
The purity of glass and gold of window pane.

XXVI

The golden ships of summer time
That left this morning, mad with space,
Return now from the blood-red west,
 Sad, with slackened pace.

Over the ocean now they come,
Moved by listless, weary rowers;
They seem like cradles in the sky
 Where sleep the autumn flowers.

Lilies, with your faded brows,
You have felt the wind's keen breath;
Only the flaming roses strive
 To live beyond all death.

What matter for their fullest flower
October days or April bright?
They have but simple wish to drink,
 Even the sanguine, light;

On sombre days, when under clouds
Haggardly the heavens hide,
They will, for one lone ray of sun,
 Exalt at Christmastide.

You, oh spirits, live like them!
They have not pride that lilies feel,
But hold within their folds a sacred
 And immortal zeal.

XXVII

Fervency of sense, of heart, of soul—
Vain words created to despoil love's powers;
Sun, you distinguish not between your flames
Of all your evening, dawn, or midday hours.

You move all blinded by your proper light
Through blazing space, beneath the arched sky,
Knowing alone that your great, ample power
Works at things mysterious and high.

For love means exaltation's ceaseless deeds;
Oh you whose sweetness sweetens my proud heart,
What need to weigh the pure gold of our dream?
I love you wholly, with my every part.

XXVIII

The moveless beauty
Of the summer evenings,
Upon the grass where they deploy,
Gives with symbolic offerings,
Gestureless, without a word,
The deep repose of joy.

Morning with its surprises
Has gone where no wind rises;
Midday itself with folds of velvet air
No longer sinks upon the torpid plain;
Now is the hour when the evening once again
Without a moving leaf or ripple on lake breast,
Comes down from lofty hills
To our garden where
It seeks its rest.

Oh golden splendour of the burnished lake,
And trees and shadows of them on the reeds,
And tranquil sumptuous silences
That take
Immutably the kingdom of our hearts,
So that within us now a vow we cherish
Of it to live and die and live again,
Like two hearts drunk almost to pain
With light,
Who cannot perish!

XXIX

You spoke that evening words so beautiful
That even the flowers, leaning on the breeze,
Suddenly loved us so that one of them,
To touch us both, fell down upon our knees.

You spoke of the near time when our two lives,
Like too-ripe fruits, would be upgathered,
And how the tocsin of our fate would knell,
And love be with us still, though youth had fled.

Your voice was round me like a close embrace,
Your burning heart so quiet and so brave,
I would have seen unfold without a fear
The winding road that leads toward the grave.

XXX

"Sun-lit Hours," "Hours of Afternoon,"
Hours superbly now a part of us!
Your measured pace lights up our garden paths,
Our golden roses kiss you as in pain;

Summer's dying; autumn comes now soon.

Hours of fragrant flowering, will you come again?

And yet if Fate, that holds the stars in leash,
Spare us its evil and its bitter chance,
Perhaps you shall weave some day before my eyes
The measured footfalls of your radiant dance;
And I shall add then to your ardent showers
Of shade and sunlight on the grassy slope
—Like a supreme, immense and sovereign hope—
The steps and farewells of my "Twilight Hours."

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK AFTERNOON ***

Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

START: FULL LICENSE
THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE
PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg™ License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg™ electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg™ electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg™ electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg™ work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg™ License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg™ work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg™ electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg™ License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg™ License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg™.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg™ work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg™ website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg™ License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg™ works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works provided that:

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the

works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.

- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg™ work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg™ work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg™'s goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg™ collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg™ and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations (\$1 to \$5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg™ concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg™ eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg™ eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg™, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.