

FRIENDS

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](https://www.gutenberg.org/license) included with this ebook or online at <https://www.gutenberg.org/license>. 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: Friends

Author: Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

Release Date: May 03, 2013 [eBook #42641]

Language: English

*** START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK FRIENDS ***

Produced by Al Haines.

FRIENDS

BY
WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

LONDON
ELKIN MATHEWS, CORK STREET
M CM XVI

BY THE SAME WRITER

(Uniform with FRIENDS)

BATTLE (1915).
THOROUGHFARES (1914).
BORDERLANDS (1914).
FIRES (1912).
DAILY BREAD (1910).
AKRA THE SLAVE (1910).
STONEFOLDS (1907).

TO THE MEMORY
OF
RUPERT BROOKE

*He's gone.
I do not understand.
I only know
That as he turned to go
And waved his hand
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone:
And I was dazzled by a sunset glow.
And he was gone.*

23rd April, 1915.

CONTENTS

Rupert Brooke
William Denis Browne

Tenants
Sea-change
Gold
The Old Bed
Trees
Oblivion
Retreat
Colour
Night
The Orphans
The Pessimist
?
The Sweet-Tooth
Girl's Song
The Ice Cart
To E. M.
Marriage
Roses
For G.
Home

RUPERT BROOKE

I.

Your face was lifted to the golden sky
Ablaze beyond the black roofs of the square,
As flame on flame leapt, flourishing in air
Its tumult of red stars exultantly,
To the cold constellations dim and high;
And as we neared, the roaring ruddy flare
Kindled to gold your throat and brow and hair
Until you burned, a flame of ecstasy.

The golden head goes down into the night

Quenched in cold gloom—and yet again you stand
 Beside me now with lifted face alight,
 As, flame to flame, and fire to fire you burn...
 Then, recollecting, laughingly you turn,
 And look into my eyes and take my hand.

II.

Once in my garret—you being far away
 Tramping the hills and breathing upland air,
 Or so I fancied—brooding in my chair,
 I watched the London sunshine feeble and grey
 Dapple my desk, too tired to labour more,
 When, looking up, I saw you standing there,
 Although I'd caught no footstep on the stair,
 Like sudden April at my open door.

Though now beyond earth's farthest hills you fare,
 Song-crowned, immortal, sometimes it seems to me
 That, if I listen very quietly,
 Perhaps I'll hear a light foot on the stair,
 And see you, standing with your angel air,
 Fresh from the uplands of eternity.

III.

Your eyes rejoiced in colour's ecstasy
 Fulfilling even their uttermost desire,
 When, over a great sunlit field afire
 With windy poppies, streaming like a sea
 Of scarlet flame that flaunted riotously
 Among green orchards of that western shire,
 You gazed as though your heart could never tire
 Of life's red flood in summer revelry.

And as I watched you little thought had I
 How soon beneath the dim low-drifting sky
 Your soul should wander down the darkling way,

With eyes that peer a little wistfully,
 Half-glad, half-sad, remembering, as they see
 Lethean poppies, shrivelling ashen grey.

IV.

October chestnuts showered their perishing gold
 Over us as beside the stream we lay
 In the Old Vicarage garden that blue day,
 Talking of verse and all the manifold
 Delights a little net of words may hold,
 While in the sunlight water-voles at play
 Dived under a trailing crimson bramble-spray,
 And walnuts thudded ripe on soft black mould.

Your soul goes down unto a darker stream
 Alone, O friend, yet even in death's deep night
 Your eyes may grow accustomed to the dark,
 And Styx for you may have the ripple and gleam
 Of your familiar river, and Charon's bark
 Tarry by that old garden of your delight.

WILLIAM DENIS BROWNE

(GALLIPOLI, 1915)

Night after night we two together heard
 The music of the Ring,
 The inmost silence of our being stirred
 By voice and string.

Though I to-night in silence sit, and you
 In stranger silence sleep,
 Eternal music stirs and thrills anew

The severing deep.

TENANTS

Suddenly, out of dark and leafy ways,
We came upon the little house asleep
In cold blind stillness, shadowless and deep,
In the white magic of the full moon-blaze.
Strangers without the gate, we stood agaze,
Fearful to break that quiet, and to creep
Into the home that had been ours to keep
Through a long year of happy nights and days

So unfamiliar in the white moon-gleam,
So old and ghostly like a house of dream
It seemed, that over us there stole the dread
That even as we watched it, side by side,
The ghosts of lovers, who had lived and died
Within its walls, were sleeping in our bed.

SEA-CHANGE

Wind-flicked and ruddy her young body glowed
In sunny shallows, splashing them to spray;
But when on rippled, silver sand she lay,
And over her the little green waves flowed,
Coldly translucent and moon-coloured showed
Her frail young beauty, as if rapt away
From all the light and laughter of the day
To some twilit, forlorn sea-god's abode.

Again into the sun with happy cry
She leapt alive and sparkling from the sea,

Sprinkling white spray against the hot blue sky,
 A laughing girl ... and yet, I see her lie
 Under a deeper tide eternally
 In cold moon-coloured immortality.

GOLD

All day the mallet thudded, far below
 My garret, in an old ramshackle shed
 Where ceaselessly, with stiffly nodding head
 And rigid motions ever to and fro
 A figure like a puppet in a show
 Before the window moved till day was dead,
 Beating out gold to earn his daily bread,
 Beating out thin fine gold-leaf blow on blow.

And I within my garret all day long
 Unto that ceaseless thudding tuned my song,
 Beating out golden words in tune and time
 To that dull thudding, rhyme on golden rhyme.
 But in my dreams all night in that dark shed
 With aching arms I beat fine gold for bread.

THE OLD BED

Streaming beneath the eaves, the sunset light
 Turns the white walls and ceiling to pure gold,
 And gold, the quilt and pillows on the old
 Fourposter bed—all day a cold drift-white—
 As if, in a gold casket glistening bright,
 The gleam of winter sunshine sought to hold
 The sleeping child safe from the dark and cold
 And creeping shadows of the coming night.

Slowly it fades: and stealing through the gloom
 Home-coming shadows throng the quiet room,
 Grey ghosts that move unrustling, without breath,
 To their familiar rest, and closer creep
 About the little dreamless child asleep
 Upon the bed of bridal, birth and death.

TREES

(*To LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE*)

The flames half lit the cavernous mystery
 Of the over-arching elm that loomed profound
 And mountainous above us, from the ground
 Soaring to midnight stars majestically,
 As, under the shelter of that ageless tree
 In a rapt dreaming circle we lay around
 The crackling faggots, listening to the sound
 Of old words moving in new harmony.

And as you read, before our wondering eyes
 Arose another tree of mighty girth—
 Crested with stars though rooted in the earth,
 Its heavy-foliaged branches, lit with gleams
 Of ruddy firelight and the light of dreams—
 Soaring immortal to eternal skies.

OBLIVION

Near the great pyramid, unshadowed, white,
 With apex piercing the white noon-day blaze,
 Swathed in white robes beneath the blinding rays
 Lie sleeping Bedouins drenched in white-hot light.

About them, searing to the tingling sight
 Swims the white dazzle of the desert ways
 Where the sense shudders, witless and adaze,
 In a white void with neither depth nor height.

Within the black core of the pyramid
 Beneath the weight of sunless centuries
 Lapt in dead night King Cheops lies asleep;
 Yet in the darkness of his chamber hid
 He knows no black oblivion more deep
 Than that blind white oblivion of noon skies.

RETREAT

Broken, bewildered by the long retreat
 Across the stifling leagues of southern plain,
 Across the scorching leagues of trampled grain,
 Half-stunned, half-blinded, by the trudge of feet
 And dusty smother of the August heat,
 He dreamt of flowers in an English lane,
 Of hedgerow flowers glistening after rain—
 All-heal and willow-herb and meadow-sweet.

All-heal and willow-herb and meadow-sweet—
 The innocent names kept up a cool refrain—
 All-heal and willow-herb and meadow-sweet,
 Chiming and tinkling in his aching brain,
 Until he babbled like a child again—
 "All-heal and willow-herb and meadow-sweet."

COLOUR

A blue-black Nubian plucking oranges

At Jaffa by a sea of malachite
 In red tarboosh, green sash, and flowing white
 Burnous—among the shadowy memories
 That haunt me yet by these bleak northern seas
 He lives for ever in my eyes' delight,
 Bizarre, superb in young immortal might—
 A god of old barbaric mysteries.

Maybe he lived a life of lies and lust:
 Maybe his bones are now but scattered dust
 Yet, for a moment he was life supreme
 Exultant and unchallenged: and my rhyme
 Would set him safely out of reach of time
 In that old heaven where things are what they seem.

NIGHT

Vesuvius, purple under purple skies
 Beyond the purple, still, unrippling sea;
 Sheer amber lightning, streaming ceaselessly
 From heaven to earth, dazzling bewildered eyes
 With all the terror of beauty; thus day dies
 That dawned in blue, unclouded innocence;
 And thus we look our last on Italy
 That soon, obscured by night, behind us lies.

And night descends on us, tempestuous night,
 Night, torn with terror, as we sail the deep,
 And like a cataract down a mountain-steep
 Pours, loud with thunder, that red perilous fire...
 Yet shall the dawn, O land of our desire,

Show thee again, re-orient, crowned with light!

THE ORPHANS

At five o'clock one April morn
I met them making tracks,
Young Benjamin and Abel Horn,
With bundles on their backs.

Young Benjamin is seventy-five,
Young Abel, seventy-seven—
The oldest innocents alive
Beneath that April heaven.

I asked them why they trudged about
With crabby looks and sour—
"And does your mother know you're out
At this unearthly hour?"

They stopped: and scowling up at me
Each shook a grizzled head,
And swore; and then spat bitterly,
As with one voice they said:

"Homeless, about the country-side
We never thought to roam;
But mother, she has gone and died,
And broken up the home."

THE PESSIMIST

His body bulged with puppies—little eyes
Peeped out of every pocket, black and bright;

And with as innocent, round-eyed surprise
 He watched the glittering traffic of the night.

"What this world's coming to I cannot tell,"
 He muttered, as I passed him, with a whine—
 "Things surely must be making slap for hell,
 When no one wants these little dogs of mine."

?

Mooning in the moonlight
 I met a mottled pig,
 Grubbing mast and acorn,
 On the Gallows Rigg.

"Tell, oh, tell me truly,
 While I wander blind,
 Do your peepy pig's eyes
 Really see the wind—

"See the great wind flowing
 Darkling and agleam,
 Through the fields of heaven,
 In a crystal stream?

"Do the singing eddies
 Break on bough and twig,
 Into silvery sparkles
 For your eyes, O pig?

"Do celestial surges
 Sweep across the night,
 Like a sea of glory
 In your blessed sight?

"Tell, oh, tell me truly!"

But the mottled pig
Grubbing mast and acorns
Did not care a fig.

THE SWEET-TOOTH

Taking a turn after tea
Through orchards of Mirabelea,
Where clusters of yellow and red
Dangled and glowed overhead,
Who should I see
But old Timothy,
Hale and hearty as hearty could be—
Timothy under a crab-apple tree.

His blue eyes twinkling at me,
Munching and crunching with glee,
And wagging his wicked old head,
"I've still got a sweet-tooth," he said.
"A hundred and three
Come January,
I've one tooth left in my head," said he—
Timothy under the crab-apple tree.

GIRL'S SONG

I saw three black pigs riding
In a blue and yellow cart—
Three black pigs riding to the fair
Behind the old grey dappled mare—
But it wasn't black pigs riding
In a gay and gaudy cart
That sent me into hiding

With a flutter in my heart.

I heard the cart returning,
 The jolting jingling cart—
 Returning empty from the fair
 Behind the old jog-trotting mare—
 But it wasn't the returning
 Of a clattering, empty cart
 That sent the hot blood burning
 And throbbing through my heart

THE ICE CART

Perched on my city office-stool,
 I watched with envy, while a cool
 And lucky carter handled ice...
 And I was wandering in a trice,
 Far from the grey and grimy heat
 Of that intolerable street,
 O'er sapphire berg and emerald floe,
 Beneath the still, cold ruby glow
 Of everlasting Polar night,
 Bewildered by the queer half-light,
 Until I stumbled, unawares,
 Upon a creek where big white bears
 Plunged headlong down with flourished heels,
 And floundered after shining seals
 Through shivering seas of blinding blue.
 And as I watched them, ere I knew,
 I'd stripped, and I was swimming, too,
 Among the seal-pack, young and hale,
 And thrusting on with threshing tail,
 With twist and twirl and sudden leap
 Through crackling ice and salty deep—
 Diving and doubling with my kind,
 Until, at last, we left behind

Those big, white, blundering bulks of death,
 And lay, at length, with panting breath
 Upon a far untravelled floe,
 Beneath a gentle drift of snow—
 Snow drifting gently, fine and white,
 Out of the endless Polar night,
 Falling and falling evermore
 Upon that far untravelled shore,
 Till I was buried fathoms deep
 Beneath that cold white drifting sleep—
 Sleep drifting deep,
 Deep drifting sleep...

The carter cracked a sudden whip:
 I clutched my stool with startled grip,
 Awakening to the grimy heat
 Of that intolerable street.

TO E. M.

(IN MEMORY OF R. B.)

The night we saw the stacks of timber blaze
 To terrible golden fury, young and strong
 He watched between us with dream-dazzled gaze
 Aflame, and burning like a god of song,
 As we together stood against the throng
 Drawn from the midnight of the city ways.

To-night the world about us is ablaze
 And he is dead, is dead ... Yet, young and strong
 He watches with us still with deathless gaze
 Aflame, and burning like a god of song,
 As we together stand against the throng
 Drawn from the bottomless midnight of hell's ways.

10th June, 1915.

MARRIAGE

Going my way of old,
 Contented more or less,
 I dreamt not life could hold
 Such happiness.

I dreamt not that love's way
 Could keep the golden height
 Day after happy day,
 Night after night.

ROSES

Red roses floating in a crystal bowl
 You bring, O love; and in your eyes I see,
 Blossom on blossom, your warm love of me
 Burning within the crystal of your soul—
 Red roses floating in a crystal bowl.

FOR G.

All night under the moon
 Plovers are flying
 Over the dreaming meadows of silvery light,
 Over the meadows of June,
 Flying and crying—

Wandering voices of love in the hush of the night.

All night under the moon,
 Love, though we're lying
Quietly under the thatch, in silvery light
Over the meadows of June
 Together we're flying—
Rapturous voices of love in the hush of the night.

1915

HOME

I. RETURN

Under the brown bird-haunted eaves of thatch
The hollyhocks in crimson glory burned
Against black timbers and old rosy brick,
And over the green door in clusters thick
Hung tangled passion-flowers, when we returned
To our own threshold: and with hand on latch
We stood a moment in the sunset gleam
And looked upon our home as in a dream.

Rapt in a golden glow of still delight
Together on the threshold in the sun
We stood rejoicing that we two had won
To this deep golden peace ere day was done,
That over gloomy plain and storm-swept height
We two, O love, had won to home ere night.

II. CANDLE-LIGHT

Where through the open window I could see
The supper-table in the golden light

Of tall white candles—brasses glinting bright
 On the black gleaming board, and crockery
 Coloured like gardens of old Araby—
 In your blue gown against the walls of white
 You stood adream, and in the starry night
 I felt strange loneliness steal over me.

You stood with eyes upon the candle flame
 That kindled your thick hair to burnished gold,
 As in a golden spell that seemed to hold
 My heart's love rapt from me for evermore...
 And then you stirred, and opening the door,
 Into the starry night you breathed my name.

III. FIRELIGHT

Against the curtained casement wind and sleet
 Rattle and thresh, while snug by our own fire
 In dear companionship that naught may tire
 We sit—you listening, sewing in your seat
 Half-dreaming in the glow of light and heat,
 I reading some old tale of love's desire
 That swept on gold wings to disaster dire
 Then rose re-orient from black defeat.

I close the book, and louder yet the storm
 Threshes without. Your busy hands are still;
 And on your face and hair the light is warm,
 As we sit gazing on the coals' red gleam
 In a gold glow of happiness, and dream
 Diviner dreams the years shall yet fulfil.

IV. MIDNIGHT

Between the midnight pillars of black elms
 The old moon hangs, a thin, cold, amber flame
 Over low ghostly mist: a lone snipe wheels
 Through shadowy moonshine, droning; and there steals

Into my heart a fear without a name
 Out of primæval night's resurgent realms,
 Unearthly terror, chilling me with dread
 As I lie waking wide-eyed on the bed.

And then you turn towards me in your sleep
 Murmuring, and with a sigh of deep content
 You nestle to my breast and over me
 Steals the warm peace of you; and, all fear spent,
 I hold you to me sleeping quietly,
 Till I, too, sink in slumber sound and deep.

* * * * *

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED.

By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

BATTLE. Crown 8vo. 1s. net. [*Third Thousand*]

Some Extracts from early Press Notices

"With the exception of Rupert Brooke's five sonnets, '1914,' 'Battle' contains, we think, the only English poems about the war—so far—for which anyone would venture to predict a future on their own merits."—*The Athenæum*.

"Among the many books which the war has drawn forth it may safely be said that none contains more concentrated poignancy than the tiny pamphlet of verses which Mr. Gibson entitles 'Battle.' Sympathy and irony strive for the

palm throughout. The little book is a monument to the wantonness of it all, to the cheapness of life in war, the carelessness as to the individual, the disregard alike of promise and performance, the elimination of personality. When war is declared, said Napoleon, there are no longer men, there is only a man. Napoleon spoke for the clear-sighted general in command; Mr. Gibson speaks for the perplexed soldier under orders, and, doing so, illustrates the other side of the medal. In war, he says, in effect, there are no longer men, there is no longer man, there are only sports of chance, pullers of triggers, bewildered fulfillers of instructions, cynical acceptors of destiny."—*The Times*.

"Each separate vision, though realised in the particular case, has universal range—that is where the greatness of the art lies."—GERALD GOULD in *The Herald*.

"They are extremely objective; a series of short dramatic lyrics, written with the simplicity and directness which Mr. Gibson chiefly studies in his exceptional art, expressing, without any implied comment, but with profoundly implied emotion, the feelings, thoughts, sensations of soldiers in the midst of the actual experiences of modern warfare. The emotion they imply is not patriotic, but simply and broadly human; this is what war means, we feel; these exquisite bodies insulted by agony and death, these incalculable spirits devastated. What all this destruction is for is taken for granted. Modern warfare is not beautiful, and Mr. Gibson does not try to gloss it in the usual way, by underlining the heroism and endurance it evokes. All that is simply assumed in these poems, just as the common soldier himself assumes it. An almost appalling heroism is unemphatically revealed in them as the fundamental fact of usual human nature. This is the ground-bass, and above its constancy plays the ever-varying truth of what fighting means to some individual piece of human nature. The poems are moments isolated and fixed out of the infinite changing flux of human reaction to the terrible galvanism of war. But that thrilling galvanism does not alter human kind; and sometimes Mr. Gibson forces us to realise the vast unreason of war by bringing into withering contact with its current a mind still preoccupied with the habits of peace."—MR. LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE in *The Quarterly Review*.

"Mr. Gibson's 'Battle' is the first considerable attempt (and we may easily expect that it will remain by far the most important attempt) to look at the war through the main plane, the basic facet, of the crystal of English war-spirit."

"Are they true? Does experience vouch for them? As a matter of fact, the veracity of these poems has been already vouched for from the trenches; we make no doubt that the more they are known, the more experience will endorse them."

"But, though these poems would have failed if their psychology had been plainly faulty, their worth as psychological documents is not the main thing about them. The main thing about them is just that they are extraordinary poems; by

means of their psychology, no less and no more than by means of their metre, their rhyme, their intellectual form and their concrete imagery, they pierce us with flashing understanding of what the war is and means—not merely what it is to these individual pieces of ordinary human nature who are injured by it and who yet dominate it, but, by evident implication, what the war is in itself, as a grisly multitudinous whole. It seems to us beyond question that Mr. Gibson's 'Battle' is one of the most remarkable results the war has had in literature."—*The Nation*.

BY THE SAME WRITER

STONEFOLDS. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net
(Uniform with 'Thoroughfares' and 'Borderlands')

LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS, CORK STREET, W.

*** END OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK FRIENDS ***

A Word from Project Gutenberg

We will update this book if we find any errors.

This book can be found under: <https://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/42641>

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 the eBooks, unless you receive specific permission. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the rules is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. They 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.

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 <https://www.gutenberg.org/license>.

Section 1. General Terms of Use & 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 outside 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 ac-

cess 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 <https://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.

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 Guten-

berg™ web site (<https://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 both the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and The Project Gutenberg Trademark LLC, the owner 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 PUR-

POSE.

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, is 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 web page at <https://www.pgla.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 principal office is in Fairbanks, Alaska, with the mailing address: PO Box 750175, Fairbanks, AK 99775, but its volunteers and employees are scattered throughout numerous locations. Its business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887, email business@pglaf.org. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's web site and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

For additional contact information:

Dr. Gregory B. Newby
Chief Executive and Director
gbnewby@pglaf.org

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

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without wide spread 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 <https://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 meth-

ods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: <https://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 thirty 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 Web site which has the main PG search facility:

<https://www.gutenberg.org>

This Web site 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.