

Aria da Capo

Edna St. Vincent Millay

The Project Gutenberg EBook of Aria da Capo, by Edna St. Vincent Millay
#5 in our series by Edna St. Vincent Millay

Copyright laws are changing all over the world. Be sure to check the copyright laws for your country before downloading or redistributing this or any other Project Gutenberg eBook.

This header should be the first thing seen when viewing this Project Gutenberg file. Please do not remove it. Do not change or edit the header without written permission.

Please read the "legal small print," and other information about the eBook and Project Gutenberg at the bottom of this file. Included is important information about your specific rights and restrictions in how the file may be used. You can also find out about how to make a donation to Project Gutenberg, and how to get involved.

****Welcome To The World of Free Plain Vanilla Electronic Texts****

****eBooks Readable By Both Humans and By Computers, Since 1971****

*******These eBooks Were Prepared By Thousands of Volunteers!*******

Title: Aria da Capo

Author: Edna St. Vincent Millay

Release Date: May, 2004 [EBook #5790]
[Yes, we are more than one year ahead of schedule]
[This file was first posted on September 1, 2002]

Edition: 10

Language: English

Character set encoding: Unicode UTF-8

***** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK ARIA DA CAPO *****

This etext produced by David Starner.

ARIA DA CAPO

Livros Grátis

<http://www.livrosgratis.com.br>

Milhares de livros grátis para download.

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

Copyright, 1920

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

Printed in the U. S. A.

PERSONS

Pierrot

Columbine

Cothurnus, Masque of Tragedy

Thyrsis -\

Shepherds

Corydon -/

[Scene: A stage]

[The curtain rises on a stage set for a Harlequinade, a merry black and white interior. Directly behind the footlights, and running parallel with them, is a long table, covered with a gay black and white cloth, on which is spread a banquet. At the opposite ends of this table, seated on delicate thin-legged chairs with high backs, are Pierrot and Columbine, dressed according to the tradition, excepting that Pierrot is in lilac, and Columbine in pink. They are dining.]

COLUMBINE: Pierrot, a macaroon! I cannot _live_ without a macaroon!

PIERROT: My only love,
You are _so_ intense! . . . Is it Tuesday, Columbine?â??
Iâ??ll kiss you if itâ??s Tuesday.

COLUMBINE: It is Wednesday,
If you must know Is this my artichoke,
Or yours?

PIERROT: Ah, Columbine,â??as if it mattered!
Wednesday Will it be Tuesday, then, toâ??morrow,
By any chance?

COLUMBINE: Toâ??morrow will beâ??Pierrot,
That isnâ??t funny!

PIERROT: I thought it rather nice.
Well, let us drink some wine and lose our heads
And love each other.

COLUMBINE: Pierrot, donâ??t you love
Me now?

PIERROT: La, what a woman!â??how should I know?
Pour me some wine: lâ??I'll tell you presently.

COLUMBINE: Pierrot, do you know, I think you drink too much.

PIERROT: Yes, I dare say I do. . . . Or else too little.
Itâ??s hard to tell. You see, I am always wanting
A little more than what I have,â??or else
A little less. Thereâ??s something wrong. My dear,
How many fingers have you?

COLUMBINE: La, indeed,
How should I know?â??It always takes me one hand
To count the other with. Itâ??s too confusing.
Why?

PIERROT: Why?â??I am a student, Columbine;
And search into all matters.

COLUMBINE: La, indeed?â??
Count them yourself, then!

PIERROT: No. Or, rather, nay.
â??Tis of no consequence. . . . I am become
A painter, suddenly,â??and you impress meâ??
Ah, yes!â??six orange bullâ??sâ??eyes, four green pinâ??wheels,
And one magenta jellyâ??roll,â??the title
As follows: Woman Taking in Cheese from Fireâ??Escape.

COLUMBINE: Well, I like that! So that is all lâ??ve meant
To you!

PIERROT: Hush! All at once I am become
A pianist. I will image you in sound. . . .
On a new scale. . . , Without tonality. . .
Vivace senza tempo senza tutto. . . .
Title: Uptown Express at Six Oâ??Clock.
Pour me a drink.

COLUMBINE: Pierrot, you work too hard.
You need a rest. Come on out into the garden,
And sing me something sad.

PIERROT: Donâ??t stand so near me!
I am become a socialist. I love
Humanity; but I hate people. Columbine,
Put on your mittens, child; your hands are cold.

COLUMBINE: My hands are _not_ cold!

PIERROT: Oh, I am sure they are.
And you must have a shawl to wrap about you,
And sit by the fire.

COLUMBINE: Why, lâ??I'll do no such thing!
Iâ??m hot as a spoon in a teacup!

PIERROT: Columbine,
Iâ??m a philanthropist. I know I am,

Because I feel so restless. Do not scream,
Or it will be the worse for you!

COLUMBINE: Pierrot,
My vinaigrette! I cannot _live_ without
My vinaigrette!

PIERROT: My only love, you are
So fundamental! . . . How would you like to be
An actress, Columbine?â??I am become
Your manager.

COLUMBINE: Why, Pierrot, _I_ canâ??t act.

PIERROT: Canâ??t act! Canâ??t act! La, listen to the woman!
Whatâ??s that to do with the price of furs?â??Youâ??re blonde,
Are you not?â??you have no education, have you?â??
Canâ??t act! You underrate yourself, my dear!

COLUMBINE: Yes, I suppose I do.

PIERROT: As for the rest,
Iâ??ll teach you how to cry, and how to die,
And other little tricks; and the house will love you.
Youâ??ll be a star by five oâ??clock . . . that is,
If you will let me pay for your apartment.

COLUMBINE: _Let_ you?â??well, thatâ??s a good one!
Ha! Ha! Ha!
But why?

PIERROT: But why?â??well, as to that, my dear,
I cannot say. Itâ??s just a matter of form.

COLUMBINE: Pierrot, Iâ??m getting tired of caviar
And peacocksâ?? livers. Isnâ??t there something else
That people eat?â??some humble vegetable,
That grows in the ground?

PIERROT: Well, there are mushrooms.

COLUMBINE: Mushrooms!
Thatâ??s so! I had forgotten . . . mushrooms . . . mushrooms. . . .
I cannot _live_ with . . . How do you like this gown?

PIERROT: Not much. Iâ??m tired of gowns that have the waistâ?line
About the waist, and the hem around the bottom,â??
And women with their breasts in front of them!â??
Zut and ehÃ! Where does one go from here!

COLUMBINE: Hereâ??s a persimmon, love. You always liked them.

PIERROT: I am become a critic; there is nothing
I can enjoy. . . . However, set it aside;
Iâ??ll eat it between meals.

COLUMBINE: Pierrot, do you know,
Sometimes I think youâ??re making fun of me.

PIERROT: My love, by yon black moon, you wrong us both.

COLUMBINE: There isnâ??t a sign of a moon, Pierrot.

PIERROT: Of course not.

There never was. â??Moonâ??sâ? just a word to swear by.

â??Mutton!â??â??now _thereâ??s_ a thing you can lay the hands on,

And set the tooth in! Listen, Columbine:

I always lied about the moon and you.

Food is my only lust.

COLUMBINE: Well, eat it, then,

For Heavenâ??s sake, and stop your silly noise!

I havenâ??t heard the clock tick for an hour.

PIERROT: Itâ??s ticking all the same. If you were a fly,

You would be dead by now. And if I were a parrot,

I could be talking for a thousand years!

[Enter COTHURNUS.]

PIERROT: Hello, whatâ??s this, for Godâ??s sake?â??

Whatâ??s the matter?

Say, whadda you mean?â??get off the stage, my friend,

And pinch yourself,â??youâ??re walking in your sleep!

COTHURNUS: I never sleep.

PIERROT: Well, anyhow, clear out.

You donâ??t belong on here. Wait for your own scene!

Whadda you think this is,â??a dressâ??rehearsal?

COTHURNUS: Sir, I am tired of waiting. I will wait

No longer.

PIERROT: Well, but whadda you going to do?

The scene is set for me!

COTHURNUS: True, sir; yet I

Can play the scene.

PIERROT: Your scene is down for later!

COTHURNUS: That, too, is true, sir; but I play it now.

PIERROT: Oh, very well!â??Anyway, I am tired

Of black and white. At least, I think I am.

[Exit COLUMBINE.]

Yes, I am sure I am. I know what Iâ??ll do!â??

Iâ??ll go and strum the moon, thatâ??s what Iâ??ll do. . . .

Unless, perhaps . . . you never can tell . . . I may be,

You know, tired of the moon. Well, anyway,

Iâ??ll go find Columbine. . . . And when I find her,

I will address her thus: â??EhÃ", Pierrette!â??â??

Thereâ??s something in that.

[Exit PIERROT.]

COTHURNUS: You, Thyrsis! Corydon!
Where are you?

THYRSIS: [Off stage.] Sir, we are in our dressingâ?room!

COTHURNUS: Come out and do the scene.

CORYDON: [Off stage.] You are mocking us!â??
The scene is down for later.

COTHURNUS: That is true;
But we will play it now. I am the scene.
[Seats himself on high place in back of stage.]

[Enter CORYDON and THYRSIS.]

CORYDON: Sir, we are counting on this little hour.
We said, â??Here is an hour,â??in which to think
A mighty thought, and sing a trifling song,
And look at nothing.â??And, behold! the hour,
Even as we spoke, was over, and the act begun,
Under our feet!

THYRSIS: Sir, we are not in the fancy
To play the play. We had thought to play it later.

CORYDON: Besides, this is the setting for a farce.
Our scene requires a wall; we cannot build
A wall of tissueâ?paper!

THYRSIS: We cannot act
A tragedy with comic properties!

COTHURNUS: Try it and see. I think youâ??ll find you can.
One wall is like another. And regarding
The matter of your insufficient mood,
The important thing is that you speak the lines,
And make the gestures. Wherefore I shall remain
Throughout, and hold the promptâ?book. Are you ready?

CORYDONâ?THYRSIS: [Sorrowfully.] Sir, we are always ready.

COTHURNUS: Play the play!

[CORYDON and THYRSIS move the table and chairs to one side out
of the way, and seat themselves in a halfâ?reclining position
on the floor.]

THYRSIS: How gently in the silence, Corydon,
Our sheep go up the bank. They crop a grass
Thatâ??s yellow where the sun is out, and black
Where the clouds drag their shadows. Have you noticed
How steadily, yet with what a slanting eye
They graze?

CORYDON: As if they thought of other things.
What say you, Thyrsis, do they only question
Where next to pull?â??Or do their far minds draw them

Thus vaguely north of west and south of east?

THYRSIS: One cannot say. . . . The black lamb wears its burdocks
As if they were a garland,â??have you noticed?
Purple and whiteâ??and drinks the bitten grass
As if it were a wine.

CORYDON: Iâ??ve noticed that.
What say you, Thyrsis, shall we make a song
About a lamb that thought himself a shepherd?

THYRSIS: Why, yes!â??that is, why,â??no. (I have forgotten my line.)

COTHURNUS: [Prompting.] â??I know a game worth two of that!â?

THYRSIS: Oh, yes. . . . I know a game worth two of that!
Letâ??s gather rocks, and build a wall between us;
And say that over there belongs to me,
And over here to you!

CORYDON: Why,â??very well.
And say you may not come upon my side
Unless I say you may!

THYRSIS: Nor you on mine!
And if you should, â??would be the worse for you!

[They weave a wall of colored cr  pe paper ribbons from the
centre front to the centre back of the stage, fastening the
ends to COLUMBINE  S chair in front and to PIERROT  S chair in
the back.]

CORYDON: Now there  s a wall a man may see across,
But not attempt to scale.

THYRSIS: An excellent wall.

CORYDON: Come, let us separate, and sit alone
A little while, and lay a plot whereby
We may outdo each other.
[They seat themselves on opposite sides of the wall.]

PIERROT: [Off stage.] Eh  , Pierrette!

COLUMBINE: [Off stage.] My name is Columbine!
Leave me alone!

THYRSIS: [Coming up to the wall.]
Corydon, after all, and in spite of the fact
I started it myself, I do not like this
So very much. What is the sense of saying
I do not want you on my side the wall?
It is a silly game. I  d much prefer
Making the little song you spoke of making,
About the lamb, you know, that thought himself
A shepherd!  what do you say?

[Pause.]

CORYDON: [At wall.] (I have forgotten the line.)

COTHURNUS: [Prompting.] â??How do I know this isnâ??t a trick?â?

CORYDON: Oh, yes. . . . How do I know this isnâ??t a trick
To get upon my land?

THYRSIS: Oh, Corydon,
You _know_ itâ??s not a trick. I do not like
The game, thatâ??s all. Come over here, or let me
Come over there.

CORYDON: It is a clever trick
To get upon my land. [Seats himself as before.]

THYRSIS: Oh, very well! [Seats himself as before.]
[To himself.] I think I never knew a sillier game.

CORYDON: [Coming to wall.]
Oh, Thyrsis, just a minute!â??all the water
Is on your side the wall, and the sheep are thirsty.
I hadnâ??t thought of that.

THYRSIS: Oh, hadnâ??t you?

CORYDON: Why, what do you mean?

THYRSIS: What do I mean?â??I mean
That I can play a game as well as you can.
And if the pool is on my side, itâ??s on
My side, thatâ??s all.

CORYDON: You mean youâ??d let the sheep
Go thirsty?

THYRSIS: Well, theyâ??re not my sheep. My sheep
Have water enough.

CORYDON: _Your_ sheep! You are mad, to call them
Yoursâ??mineâ??they are all one flock! Thyrsis, you canâ??t mean
To keep the water from them, just because
They happened to be grazing over here
Instead of over there, when we set the wall up?

THYRSIS: Oh, canâ??t I?â??wait and see!â??and if you try
To lead them over here, youâ??ll wish you hadnâ??t!

CORYDON: I wonder how it happens all the water
Is on your side. . . . Iâ??ll say you had an eye out
For lots of little things, my innocent friend,
When I said, â??Let us make a song,â? and you said,
â??I know a game worth two of that!â?

COLUMBINE: [Off stage.] Pierrot,
Dâ??you know, I think you must be getting old,
Or fat, or something,â??stupid, anyway!â??
Canâ??t you put on some other kind of collar?

THYRSIS: You know as well as I do, Corydon,

I never thought anything of the kind.
Donâ??t you?

CORYDON: I _do_ not.

THYRSIS: Donâ??t you?

CORYDON: Oh, I suppose so.
Thyrsis, letâ??s drop this, â??what do you say? â??itâ??s only
A game, you know . . . we seem to be forgetting
Itâ??s only a game ... a pretty serious game
Itâ??s getting to be, when one of us is willing
To let the sheep go thirsty for the sake of it.

THYRSIS: I know it, Corydon.

[They reach out their arms to each other across the wall.]

COTHURNUS: [Prompting.] â??But how do I knowâ??â?

THYRSIS: Oh, yes. . . . But how do I know this isnâ??t a trick
To water your sheep, and get the laugh on me?

CORYDON: You canâ??t know, thatâ??s the difficult thing about it,
Of course, â??you canâ??t be sure. You have to take
My word for it. And I know just how you feel.
But one of us has to take a risk, or else,
Why, donâ??t you see? â??the game goes on forever! . . .
Itâ??s terrible, when you stop to think of it. . . .
Oh, Thyrsis, now for the first time I feel
This wall is actually a wall, a thing
Come up between us, shutting you away
From me. . . . I do not know you any more!

THYRSIS: No, donâ??t say that! Oh, Corydon, Iâ??m willing
To drop it all, if you will! Come on over
And water your sheep! It is an ugly game.
I hated it from the first. . . . How did it start?

CORYDON: I do not know . . . I do not know . . . I think
I am afraid of you! â??you are a stranger!
I never set eyes on you before! â??Come over
And water my sheep, â?? indeed! â??Theyâ??ll be more thirsty
Than they are now before I bring them over
Into your land, and have you mixing them up
With yours, and calling them yours, and trying to
keep them!

[Enter COLUMBINE]

COLUMBINE: [To COTHURNUS.] Glummy, I want my hat.

THYRSIS: Take it, and go.

COLUMBINE: Take it and go, indeed. Is it my hat,
Or isnâ??t it? Is this my scene, or not?
Take it and go! Really, you know, you two
Are awfully funny!

[Exit COLUMBINE]

THYRSIS: Corydon, my friend,
Iâ??m going to leave you now, and whittle me
A pipe, or sing a song, or go to sleep.
When you have come to your senses, let me know.
[Goes back to where he has been sitting, lies down and sleeps.]

[CORYDON, in going back to where he has been sitting, stumbles
over bowl of colored confetti and colored paper ribbons.]

CORYDON: Why, what is this?â??Red stonesâ??and purple stonesâ??
And stones stuck full of gold!â??The ground is full
Of gold and colored stones! . . . Iâ??m glad the wall
Was up before I found them!â??Otherwise,
I should have had to share them. As it is,
They all belong to me. . . . Unlessâ??

[He goes to wall and digs up and down the length of it,
to see if there are jewels on the other side.]

None hereâ??
None hereâ??none hereâ??They all belong to me!
[Sits.]

THYRSIS: [Awakening.] How curious! I thought the little black lamb
Came up and licked my hair; I saw the wool
About its neck as plain as anything!
It must have been a dream. The little black lamb
Is on the other side of the wall, Iâ??m sure.

[Goes to wall and looks over. CORYDON is seated on the ground,
tossing the confetti up into the air and catching it.]

Hello, whatâ??s that youâ??ve got there, Corydon?

CORYDON: Jewels.

THYRSIS: Jewels?â??And where did you ever get them?

CORYDON: Oh, over here.

THYRSIS: You mean to say you found them,
By digging around in the ground for them?

CORYDON: [Unpleasantly.] No, Thyrsis,
By digging down for water for my sheep.

THYRSIS: Corydon, come to the wall a minute, will you?
I want to talk to you.

CORYDON: I havenâ??t time.
Iâ??m making me a necklace of red stones.

THYRSIS: Iâ??ll give you all the water that you want,
For one of those red stones,â??if itâ??s a good one.

CORYDON: Water?â??what for?â??what do I want of water?

THYRSIS: Why, for your sheep!

CORYDON: My sheep?â??Iâ??m not a shepherd!

THYRSIS: Your sheep are dying of thirst.

CORYDON: Man, havenâ??t I told you
I canâ??t be bothered with a few untidy
Brown sheep all full of burdocks?â??Iâ??m a merchant.
Thatâ??s what I am!â??And if I set my mind to it
I dare say I could be an emperor!
[To himself.] Wouldnâ??t I be a fool to spend my time
Watching a flock of sheep go up a hill,
When I have these to play with?â??when I have these
To think about?â??I canâ??t make up my mind
Whether to buy a city, and have a thousand
Beautiful girls to bathe me, and be happy
Until I die, or build a bridge, and name it
The Bridge of Corydon,â??and be remembered
After Iâ??m dead.

THYRSIS: Corydon, come to the wall,
Wonâ??t you?â??I want to tell you something.

CORYDON: Hush!
Be off! Be off! Go finish your nap, I tell you!

THYRSIS: Corydon, listen: if you donâ??t want your sheep,
Give them to me.

CORYDON: Be off! Go finish your nap.
A red oneâ??and a blue oneâ??and a red oneâ??
And a purple oneâ??give you my sheep, did you say?â??
Come, come! What do you take me for, a fool?
Iâ??ve a lot of thinking to do,â??and while Iâ??m thinking,
The sheep might just as well be over here
As over there. . . . A blue oneâ??and a red oneâ??

THYRSIS: But they will die!

CORYDON: And a green oneâ??and a couple
Of white ones, for a change.

THYRSIS: Maybe I have
Some jewels on my side.

CORYDON: And another green oneâ??
Maybe, but I donâ??t think so. You see, this rock
Isnâ??t so very wide. It stops before
It gets to the wall. It seems to go quite deep,
However.

THYRSIS: [With hatred.] I see.

COLUMBINE: [Off stage.] Look, Pierrot, thereâ??s the moon.

PIERROT: [Off stage.] Nonsense!

THYRSIS: I see.

COLUMBINE: [Off stage.] Sing me an old song, Pierrot,â??
Something I can remember.

PIERROT: [Off stage.] Columbine.
Your mind is made of crumbs,â??like an escallop
Of oysters,â??first a layer of crumbs, and then
An oystery taste, and then a layer of crumbs.

THYRSIS: [Searching.] I find no jewels . . . but I wonder what
The root of this black weed would do to a man
If he should taste it. ... I have seen a sheep die,
With half the stalk still drooling from its mouth.
â??Would be a speedy remedy, I should think,
For a festered pride and a feverish ambition.
It has a curious root. I think lâ??I'll hack it
In little pieces. . . . First lâ??I'll get me a drink;
And then lâ??I'll hack that root in little pieces
As small as dust, and see what the color is
Inside. [Goes to bowl on floor.]

The pool is very clear. I see
A shepherd standing on the brink, with a red cloak
About him, and a black weed in his hand. . . .
â??Tis I. [Kneels and drinks.]

CORYDON: [Coming to wall.] Hello, what are you doing, Thyrsis?

THYRSIS: Digging for gold.

CORYDON: lâ??I'll give you all the gold
You want, if youâ??I'll give me a bowl of water.
If you donâ??t want too much, that is to say.

THYRSIS: Ho, so youâ??ve changed your mind?â??Itâ??s different,
Isnâ??t it, when you want a drink yourself?

CORYDON: Of course it is.

THYRSIS: Well, let me see ... a bowl
Of water,â??come back in an hour, Corydon.
Iâ??m busy now.

CORYDON: Oh, Thyrsis, give me a bowl
Of water!â??and lâ??I'll fill the bowl with jewels,
And bring it back!

THYRSIS: Be off, lâ??m busy now.

[He catches sight of the weed, picks it up and looks
at it, unseen by CORYDON.]

Wait!â??Pick me out the finest stones you have . . .
Iâ??I'll bring you a drink of water presently.

CORYDON: [Goes back and sits down, with the jewels before him.]
A bowl of jewels is a lot of jewels.

THYRSIS: [Chopping up the weed.] I wonder if it has a bitter taste.

CORYDON: Thereâ??s sure to be a stone or two among them
I have grown fond of, pouring them from one hand
Into the other.

THYRSIS: I hope it doesnâ??t taste
Too bitter, just at first.

CORYDON: A bowl of jewels
Is far too many jewels to give away
And not get back again.

THYRSIS: I donâ??t believe
Heâ??ll notice. Heâ??s too thirsty. Heâ??ll gulp it down
And never notice.

CORYDON: There ought to be some way
To get them back again. . . . I could give him a necklace,
And snatch it back, after Iâ??d drunk the water,
I suppose. . . . Why, as for that, of course a _necklace_. . . .

[He puts two or three of the colored tapes together and tries
their strength by pulling them, after which he puts them around
his neck and pulls them, gently, nodding to himself. He gets up
and goes to the wall, with the colored tapes in his hands.]

[THYRSIS in the meantime has poured the powdered rootâ??black
confettiâ??into the pot which contained the flower and filled
it up with wine from the punchâ??bowl on the floor. He comes
to the wall at the same time, holding the bowl of poison.]

THYRSIS: Come, get your bowl of water, Corydon.

CORYDON: Ah, very good!â??and for such a gift as that
Iâ??ll give you more than a bowl of unset stones.
Iâ??ll give you three long necklaces, my friend.
Come closer. Here they are. [Puts the ribbons
about THYRSISâ?? neck.]

THYRSIS: [Putting bowl to CORYDONâ??S mouth.]
Iâ??ll hold the bowl
Until youâ??ve drunk it all.

CORYDON: Then hold it steady.
For every drop you spill Iâ??ll have a stone back
Out of this chain.

THYRSIS: I shall not spill a drop.

[CORYDON drinks, meanwhile beginning to strangle
THYRSIS.]

THYRSIS: Donâ??t pull the string so tight.

CORYDON: Youâ??re spilling the water.

THYRSIS: Youâ??ve had enoughâ??youâ??ve had enoughâ??stop pulling
The string so tight!

CORYDON: Why, that's not tight at all ...
How's this?

THYRSIS: [Drops bowl.] You're strangling me! Oh, Corydon!
It's only a game!—and you are strangling me!

CORYDON: It's only a game, is it?—Yet I believe
You've poisoned me in earnest! [Writhes and
pulls the strings tighter, winding them about
THYRSIS's neck.]

THYRSIS: Corydon! [Dies.]

CORYDON: You've poisoned me in earnest. . . . I feel so cold. . . .
So cold . . . this is a very silly game. . . .
Why do we play it?—let's not play this game
A minute more . . . let's make a little song
About a lamb. . . . I'm coming over the wall,
No matter what you say,—I want to be near you. . . .

[Groping his way, with arms wide before him, he strides through
the frail papers of the wall without knowing it, and continues
seeking for the wall straight across the stage.]

Where is the wall?

[Gropes his way back, and stands very near THYRSIS without
seeing him; he speaks slowly.]

There isn't any wall,
I think.

[Takes a step forward, his foot touches THYRSIS's body, and he
falls down beside him.]

Thyrsis, where is your cloak?—just give me
A little bit of your cloak! . . .

[Draws corner of THYRSIS's cloak over his shoulders, falls
across THYRSIS's body, and dies.]

[COTHURNUS closes the prompt-book with a bang, arises
matter-of-factly, comes down stage, and places the table over
the two bodies, drawing down the cover so that they are hidden
from any actors on the stage, but visible to the audience,
pushing in their feet and hands with his boot. He then turns
his back to the audience, and claps his hands twice.]

COTHURNUS: Strike the scene! [Exit COTHURNUS.]

[Enter PIERROT and COLUMBINE.]

PIERROT: Don't puff so, Columbine!

COLUMBINE: Lord, what a mess
This set is in! If there's one thing I hate
Above everything else,—even more than getting my feet wet—
It's clutter!—He might at least have left the scene
The way he found it ... don't you say so, Pierrot?

[She picks up punch bowl. They arrange chairs as before at ends of table.]

PIERROT: Well, I donâ??t know. I think it rather diverting
The way it is.

[Yawns, picks up confetti bowl.]

Shall we begin?

COLUMBINE: [Screams.] My God!
Whatâ??s that there under the table?

PIERROT: It is the bodies
Of the two shepherds from the other play.

COLUMBINE: [Slowly.] How curious to strangle him like that,
With colored paper ribbons.

PIERROT: Yes, and yet
I dare say he is just as dead. [Pauses. Calls.]
Cothurnus!
Come drag these bodies out of here! We canâ??t
Sit down and eat with two dead bodies lying
Under the table! . . . The audience wouldnâ??t stand for it!

COTHURNUS: (Off stage.) What makes you think so?â??
Pull down the tablecloth
On the other side, and hide them from the house,
And play the farce. The audience will forget.

PIERROT: Thatâ??s so. Give me a hand there,
Columbine.

[PIERROT and COLUMBINE pull down the table cover in such a way
that the two bodies are hidden from the house, then merrily set
their bowls back on the table, draw up their chairs, and begin
the play exactly as before.]

COLUMBINE: Pierrot, a macaroon,â??I cannot _live_ without a macaroon!

PIERROT: My only love,
You are _so_ intense! ... Is it Tuesday, Columbine?â??
Iâ??ll kiss you if itâ??s Tuesday.

[Curtains begin to close slowly.]

COLUMBINE: It is Wednesday,
If you must know. ... Is this my artichoke
Or yours?

PIERROT: Ah, Columbine, as if it mattered!
Wednesday. . . . Will it be Tuesday, then, toâ??morrow,
By any chance? . . .

[CURTAIN.]

AUTHOR'S NOTE

ON THE PLAYING PO

ARIA DA CAPO

ORIGINAL CAST

AS PLAYED BY THE PROVINCETOWN PLAYERS, NEW YORK CITY

PIERROT HARRISON DOWD

COLUMBINE NORMA MILLAY

COTHURNUS HUGH FERRISS

CORYDON CHARLES ELLIS

THYRSIS JAMES LIGHT

AUTHOR'S NOTE

So great is my vexation always, when reading a play, to find its progress constantly being halted and its structure loosened by elaborate explanatory parentheses, that I resolved when I should publish *Aria da Capo* to incorporate into its text only those explanations the omission of which might confuse the reader or lend a wrong interpretation to the lines. Since, however, *Aria da Capo* was written not only to be read but also to be acted, and being conscious that the exclusion of the usual directions, while clarifying the play to the reader, may make it bare of suggestions and somewhat baffling to the producer, I am adding here some remarks which have been found of value in preparing it for presentation on the stage.

Since the production of *Aria da Capo* by the Provincetown Players, I have received a great many letters from the directors of little theatres, asking for copies of it with a view to producing it. Very often, after I send the play, I receive a letter in reply asking for some suggestions for its presentation, and enclosing direct questions on points that have been difficult. It occurred to me finally that it would be reasonable to make up a sort of informal prompt-book to send about with the play; and it is that which is printed below. It will be found incomplete and uneven, in some instances unnecessarily detailed, in others not sufficiently so; all of which is due to the fact that it was put together loosely, from answers to chance questions, rather than logically, as an entity in itself.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE PRODUCTION OF "ARIA DA CAPO"

SETTING:

The setting required is simple: a grey curtain, a long black table, two slender black high-backed chairs, and a raised platform.

Instead of wings and backdrops the Provincetown Players cleverly utilized painted screens, the heights varying from 6 to 10 feet, these being set right and left of the stage in such manner as to give the effect of depth and distance.

The table, six feet long and two feet wide, has thin legs and is painted black.

When Pierrot and Columbine enter in the final scene, it is not necessary that the table which Cothurnus has replaced shall entirely conceal the bodies of Thyrsis and Corydon. Pierrot and Columbine must ignore them until the lines indicate their discovery, no matter how they may have fallen.

Particular attention must be given to the chairs in this set. They are used to construct the tissue-paper wall, and, although delicate, should be heavy enough to remain solid and steady, up and down stage, without the possibility of an upset when Corydon strides through the wall.

Near the footlights (actors' left) are two sofa pillows, used to represent the rocks against which the shepherds lean. On the left of the stage have another pillow, which Thyrsis places under his head when he lies down to sleep. Use cloth or crepe paper for these pillows, and have them of spotted black and white material, or of any gay color except red or blue.

Cothurnus occupies a chair upon a platform, upstage, centre, with two or three steps surrounding it on three sides. Drape this with plain heavy black cloth.

The table covering is important. Its width is equal to that of the added height and width of the table. As it must be moved to cover the bodies of Thyrsis and Corydon, it should be of sufficient weight to prevent slipping. It will be well to experiment with this, to ensure proper performance.

The cover should have black and white spots and striped ends.

The table is set as follows: two large wooden bowls (at least seven inches high and fourteen inches in diameter). One is placed at each end of the table. That at Columbine's end should contain persimmons, pomegranates, grapes and other bright exotic fruits. Pierrot's bowl has confetti and colored paper ribbons, the latter showing plainly over the edge. (If Columbine uses practical macaroons, put them into this bowl.)

Near Columbine, place a practical uncooked artichoke; have this of good size, and nail it to a wooden standard, painted black. At both places there are tall white wooden goblets.

In the centre of the table there should be a curious, grotesque, but very gay flower, standing upright in a pot of wood or heavy paper,

which will not break when Thyrasis drops it. Concealed at the root of this plant there should be a small sack of black confetti, to be used in the "poison scene."

The table should be set with nothing but these articles, and yet give the appearance of bounty and elegance.

Place the table parallel with the footlights, the long side toward the audience.

Columbine's chair is at the actors' right, and Pierrot's opposite. Columbine's hat hangs from her chair top. Both chairs are festooned with tissue paper ribbons, at least ten feet long, to be used later by the shepherds to represent their wall. These must be of such a texture as to break readily when Corydon walks through, and a prearranged transverse tear or two will assist in the prompt breakage when he does so.

PROPERTIES:

Two white wooden bowls, one filled with fruits and the other with confetti and paper ribbons, one ribbon to be of cotton or silk, in order to be not too easily broken by Corydon when strangling Thyrasis

Two tall white wooden goblets

One artichoke nailed to a standard

One flower in paper or wooden pot, the root wrapped with black crepe paper (or use confetti)

Black and white tablecloth

Macaroons

Boots and prompt book for Cothurnus (large flat black book)

Also, if desired, mask of Tragedy for Cothurnus

Crepe or tissue streamers of different colors, including no red or blue, for wall.

COSTUMES:

PIERROT: Lavender or lilac satin, preferably a blue-lavender. Care should be taken that the lavender does not turn pink under the stage lights. Pierrot's costume is the conventional smock with wide trousers, with black crepe paper rosettes on the smock, wide white tarleton ruff. Black evening pumps with black rosettes may be worn. Black silk skullcap.

COLUMBINE: Tight black satin bodice cut very low, with straps over the shoulders, quite like the modern evening gown; very full tarleton skirts of different shades of pink and cerise, reaching to the knees; ruffled bloomers of apple-green tarleton, the ruffles showing below the skirts; black silk stockings and black ballet slippers, laced with green. Hat of lavender crepe paper, with streamers of gay colors including, however, no clear red or blue.

Hat should be small and very smart—not a _shepherdess_ hat. Columbine should be made up to suggest a doll. As originally interpreted she had short light hair, standing out bushily all over her head. Long hair should be rolled under to give a _bobbed_ effect, or could be arranged in obvious caricature of some extreme modern style, but must look attractive, and must be blonde.

COTHURNUS: Plain toga of dull purple in some heavy, unreflecting material which will fall into large folds, lined with sombre flame—color; a garment with large purple sleeves, of which only the sleeves were visible, was worn under the toga,—but the effect should be classical; heavy boots should be worn, as nearly as possible like the tragic Roman buskin; one end of the great toga is tied into a rough hood which covers the actor's head; a mask may be worn, but it is often difficult to speak through, and, if desired, the actor's face may be made up to represent a mask of Tragedy.

THYRSIS and CORYDON: These costumes, in striking contrast to the elegance of those of Pierrot and Columbine, should be very simple, and very roughly made; short tunics of outing—flannel or some such material—fastened loosely over one shoulder,—one shoulder, as well as most of the back and breast, exposed. Legs bare, or swathed from the knee to the ankle in rough strips of the same material. Sandals. Cloaks of heavier, cheap material fastened to the tunics in such a way that they will appear to be simply flung over the shoulder, but actually fastened very cleverly in order to avoid tripping the shepherds, who are continually sitting down on the floor and getting up again.

Thyrsis wears a dark grey tunic and cloak of raw bright red,—but not a turkey—red, as this color will kill the blue of Corydon's cloak. Corydon wears tunic of light grey and cloak of brilliant blue. There must be no red or blue used anywhere in the entire play excepting in the blue and red of these two cloaks. The two shepherds must be so strong and vivid in every way that when Columbine comes in and says, —Is this my scene or not?— it will seem to the audience that it is she, not the shepherds, who is hopelessly out of the scene.

CHARACTERS:

PIERROT: Pierrot sees clearly into existing evils and is rendered gaily cynical by them; he is both too indolent and too indifferent to do anything about it. Yet in several lines of the play his actual unhappiness is seen, —for instance, —Moon—s just a word to swear by,— in which he expresses his conviction that all beauty and romance are fled from the world. At the end of the play the line, —Yes, and yet I dare say he is just as dead,— must not be said flippantly or cynically, but slowly and with much philosophic concentration on the thought. From the moment when Columbine cries, —What's that there under the table?— until Pierrot calls, —Cothurnus, come drag these bodies out of here!— they both stand staring at the two bodies, without moving in any way, or even lifting their eyes. (This same _holding_ of the play is used several times also by the shepherds,—for instance, always during the off—stage interpolations, they stand either staring at each other across the wall, or maintaining whatever other position they may have had when the off—stage voice begins speaking, until the interruption is over, when they resume their drama quite as if nobody had spoken.) Columbine's —How curious to strangle him like that?— is spoken

extremely slowly, in a voice of awe, curiosity, and horror. For a moment the two characters seem almost to feel and be subdued by the tragedy that has taken place. They remain standing very quietly while Cothurnus speaks his final lines off stage, and for a moment after he has said, "The audience will forget"; then very slowly raise their eyes and exchange glances, Pierrot nods his head curtly and says, "That's so"; they set their bowls gaily back on the table, and the play begins again.

Pierrot in such lines as "Ah, Columbine, as if it mattered!" speaks with mock saccharine tenderness; but in such lines as "If you were a fly you would be dead by now!" although he speaks very gaily his malice must be apparent almost even to her; Columbine bores him to death. When he says, "I'll go and strum the moon!" he is for the instant genuinely excited and interested; he is for this moment like a child, and is happy.

COLUMBINE: Pretty and charming, but stupid; she never knows what Pierrot is talking about, and is so accustomed to him that she no longer pretends to understand him; but she is very proud of him, and when he speaks she listens with trustful admiration. Her expression, "I cannot live without this or that," is a phrase she uses in order to make herself more attractive, because she believes men prefer women to be useless and extravagant; if left to herself she would be a domestic and capable person.

COTHURNUS: This character should be played by a tall and imposing figure with a tremendous voice. The voice of Cothurnus is one of the most important things in the acting play. He should have a voice deeper than the voice used by any of the other persons, should speak weightily and with great dignity, but almost without intonation, and quite without feeling, as if he had said the same words many times before. Only in his last speech may he be permitted a comment on the situation. This speech should be spoken quite as impressively as the others and fully as slowly.

CORYDON and THYRSIS: These two characters are young, very simple, and childlike; they are acted upon by the force that sits on the back of the stage behind them. More and more as their quarrel advances they begin to see that something is wrong, but they have no idea what to do about it, and they scarcely realize what is happening, the quarrel grows so from little things into big things. Corydon's first vision of the tragedy is in "It's terrible when you stop to think of it." Thyrsis's first vision comes when he looks into the pool; in seeing the familiar reflection he is struck by the unfamiliarity of one aspect of it, the poisonous root; for the first time he realizes that this man who is about to kill with poisoned water his most beloved friend, is none other than Thyrsis himself, "Tis I!" The personalities of Thyrsis and Corydon are not essentially different. They develop somewhat differently, because of the differing circumstances.

When Columbine goes out for the first time she takes with her her artichoke and her wine-glass, also a couple of macaroons, which she nibbles, going out. This helps to get the table cleared. The other articles are removed by the shepherds when they prepare the stage for their scene, in this manner: at the cue "Sir, we are always ready. . . . Play the play!", Corydon and Thyrsis come down stage, Corydon to Pierrot's end of the table, Thyrsis to Columbia's;

simultaneously, first, they set back the chairs against the wall, Pierrot's left front, Columbine's right front; next they remove the two big bowls and set them in symmetrical positions on the floor, left front and right front, in such a way that the bowl of confetti may be the mine of jewels for Corydon, and the bowl of fruits, the punch-bowl, may represent the pool of water for Thyrsis; then, taking the table by the two ends, they set it back against the wall, right; next, while Corydon places the two pillows from the left wall on the floor to represent rocks in their pasture, Thyrsis removes from the table everything that is left on it except the tablecloth, this should be only Pierrot's wine-goblet and the flower in its pot. (The flower is to represent later the poisonous weed which Thyrsis finds, the wine-goblet a drinking-cup beside the pool, the flower-pot a bowl in which to mix the poison and bring it to Corydon.) The two shepherds do this setting of their stage swiftly and silently, then seat themselves at once, in easy but beautiful postures, and remain for a moment looking off as if at their sheep while a complete silence settles over the stage and house, a _pastoral_ silence, if it is possible to suggest it before they begin to speak.

When Columbine comes in, looking for her hat, she picks up the hat from her chair, now in the centre of the stage near the footlights, in a direct line with Pierrot's, which is centre back, just in front of Cothurnus, the shepherds having set them in these positions, back to back, in order to have their aid in weaving the wall. After taking her hat, Columbine stands looking at the shepherds to see what is going on. They do not look at her. After a moment Thyrsis, slowly, with his eyes steadfastly on Corydon's, says, "Take it, and go." When Columbine comes in in the final scene, she is wearing the hat. She takes it off, however, as she sits down again at the table, so that the second beginning of the play may recall as vividly as possible to the audience the first beginning.

End of the Project Gutenberg EBook of Aria da Capo, by Edna St. Vincent Millay

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK ARIA DA CAPO ***

This file should be named `rdcap10.txt` or `rdcap10.zip`
Corrected EDITIONS of our eBooks get a new NUMBER, `rdcap11.txt`
VERSIONS based on separate sources get new LETTER, `rdcap10a.txt`

This etext produced by David Starner.

Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as Public Domain in the US unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we usually do not keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

We are now trying to release all our eBooks one year in advance of the official release dates, leaving time for better editing. Please be encouraged to tell us about any error or corrections, even years after the official publication date.

Please note neither this listing nor its contents are final til midnight of the last day of the month of any such announcement.

The official release date of all Project Gutenberg eBooks is at Midnight, Central Time, of the last day of the stated month. A preliminary version may often be posted for suggestion, comment and editing by those who wish to do so.

Most people start at our Web sites at:

<http://gutenberg.net> or

<http://promo.net/pg>

These Web sites include award-winning information about Project Gutenberg, including how to donate, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter (free!).

Those of you who want to download any eBook before announcement can get to them as follows, and just download by date. This is also a good way to get them instantly upon announcement, as the indexes our cataloguers produce obviously take a while after an announcement goes out in the Project Gutenberg Newsletter.

<http://www.ibiblio.org/gutenberg/etext03> or

<ftp://ftp.ibiblio.org/pub/docs/books/gutenberg/etext03>

Or /etext02, 01, 00, 99, 98, 97, 96, 95, 94, 93, 92, 91 or 90

Just search by the first five letters of the filename you want, as it appears in our Newsletters.

Information about Project Gutenberg (one page)

We produce about two million dollars for each hour we work. The time it takes us, a rather conservative estimate, is fifty hours to get any eBook selected, entered, proofread, edited, copyright searched and analyzed, the copyright letters written, etc. Our projected audience is one hundred million readers. If the value per text is nominally estimated at one dollar then we produce \$2 million dollars per hour in 2002 as we release over 100 new text files per month: 1240 more eBooks in 2001 for a total of 4000+ We are already on our way to trying for 2000 more eBooks in 2002 If they reach just 1-2% of the world's population then the total will reach over half a trillion eBooks given away by year's end.

The Goal of Project Gutenberg is to Give Away 1 Trillion eBooks! This is ten thousand titles each to one hundred million readers, which is only about 4% of the present number of computer users.

Here is the briefest record of our progress (* means estimated):

eBooks Year Month

1	1971	July
10	1991	January
100	1994	January
1000	1997	August
1500	1998	October
2000	1999	December
2500	2000	December
3000	2001	November

4000 2001 October/November
6000 2002 December*
9000 2003 November*
10000 2004 January*

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation has been created to secure a future for Project Gutenberg into the next millennium.

We need your donations more than ever!

As of February, 2002, contributions are being solicited from people and organizations in: Alabama, Alaska, Arkansas, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Hawaii, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin, and Wyoming.

We have filed in all 50 states now, but these are the only ones that have responded.

As the requirements for other states are met, additions to this list will be made and fund raising will begin in the additional states. Please feel free to ask to check the status of your state.

In answer to various questions we have received on this:

We are constantly working on finishing the paperwork to legally request donations in all 50 states. If your state is not listed and you would like to know if we have added it since the list you have, just ask.

While we cannot solicit donations from people in states where we are not yet registered, we know of no prohibition against accepting donations from donors in these states who approach us with an offer to donate.

International donations are accepted, but we don't know ANYTHING about how to make them tax-deductible, or even if they CAN be made deductible, and don't have the staff to handle it even if there are ways.

Donations by check or money order may be sent to:

Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation
PMB 113
1739 University Ave.
Oxford, MS 38655-4109

Contact us if you want to arrange for a wire transfer or payment method other than by check or money order.

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation has been approved by the US Internal Revenue Service as a 501(c)(3) organization with EIN [Employee Identification Number] 64-622154. Donations are tax-deductible to the maximum extent permitted by law. As fund-raising

requirements for other states are met, additions to this list will be made and fund-raising will begin in the additional states.

We need your donations more than ever!

You can get up to date donation information online at:

<http://www.gutenberg.net/donation.html>

If you can't reach Project Gutenberg,
you can always email directly to:

Michael S. Hart <hart@pobox.com>

Prof. Hart will answer or forward your message.

We would prefer to send you information by email.

****The Legal Small Print****

(Three Pages)

*****START**THE SMALL PRINT!**FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN EBOOKS**START*****

Why is this "Small Print!" statement here? You know: lawyers. They tell us you might sue us if there is something wrong with your copy of this eBook, even if you got it for free from someone other than us, and even if what's wrong is not our fault. So, among other things, this "Small Print!" statement disclaims most of our liability to you. It also tells you how you may distribute copies of this eBook if you want to.

***BEFORE!* YOU USE OR READ THIS EBOOK**

By using or reading any part of this PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm eBook, you indicate that you understand, agree to and accept this "Small Print!" statement. If you do not, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for this eBook by sending a request within 30 days of receiving it to the person you got it from. If you received this eBook on a physical medium (such as a disk), you must return it with your request.

ABOUT PROJECT GUTENBERG-TM EBOOKS

This PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm eBook, like most PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm eBooks, is a "public domain" work distributed by Professor Michael S. Hart through the Project Gutenberg Association (the "Project"). Among other things, this means that no one owns a United States copyright on or for this work, so the Project (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth below, apply if you wish to copy and distribute this eBook under the "PROJECT GUTENBERG" trademark.

Please do not use the "PROJECT GUTENBERG" trademark to market any commercial products without permission.

To create these eBooks, the Project expends considerable efforts to identify, transcribe and proofread public domain works. Despite these efforts, the Project's eBooks and any medium they may be on may contain "Defects". Among other things, Defects may take the form of incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other eBook medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

LIMITED WARRANTY; DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES

But for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described below, [1] Michael Hart and the Foundation (and any other party you may receive this eBook from as a PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm eBook) disclaims all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees, and [2] YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE OR UNDER STRICT LIABILITY, OR FOR BREACH OF WARRANTY OR CONTRACT, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES, EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGES.

If you discover a Defect in this eBook within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending an explanatory note within that time to the person you received it from. If you received it on a physical medium, you must return it with your note, and such person may choose to alternatively give you a replacement copy. If you received it electronically, such person may choose to alternatively give you a second opportunity to receive it electronically.

THIS EBOOK IS OTHERWISE PROVIDED TO YOU "AS-IS". NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, ARE MADE TO YOU AS TO THE EBOOK OR ANY MEDIUM IT MAY BE ON, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR A PARTICULAR PURPOSE.

Some states do not allow disclaimers of implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of consequential damages, so the above disclaimers and exclusions may not apply to you, and you may have other legal rights.

INDEMNITY

You will indemnify and hold Michael Hart, the Foundation, and its trustees and agents, and any volunteers associated with the production and distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm texts harmless, from all liability, cost and expense, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following that you do or cause: [1] distribution of this eBook, [2] alteration, modification, or addition to the eBook, or [3] any Defect.

DISTRIBUTION UNDER "PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm"

You may distribute copies of this eBook electronically, or by disk, book or any other medium if you either delete this "Small Print!" and all other references to Project Gutenberg, or:

[1] Only give exact copies of it. Among other things, this

requires that you do not remove, alter or modify the eBook or this "small print!" statement. You may however, if you wish, distribute this eBook in machine readable binary, compressed, mark-up, or proprietary form, including any form resulting from conversion by word processing or hypertext software, but only so long as *EITHER*:

[*] The eBook, when displayed, is clearly readable, and does *not* contain characters other than those intended by the author of the work, although tilde (~), asterisk (*) and underline (_) characters may be used to convey punctuation intended by the author, and additional characters may be used to indicate hypertext links; OR

[*] The eBook may be readily converted by the reader at no expense into plain ASCII, EBCDIC or equivalent form by the program that displays the eBook (as is the case, for instance, with most word processors); OR

[*] You provide, or agree to also provide on request at no additional cost, fee or expense, a copy of the eBook in its original plain ASCII form (or in EBCDIC or other equivalent proprietary form).

[2] Honor the eBook refund and replacement provisions of this "Small Print!" statement.

[3] Pay a trademark license fee to the Foundation of 20% of the gross profits you derive calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. If you don't derive profits, no royalty is due. Royalties are payable to "Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation" the 60 days following each date you prepare (or were legally required to prepare) your annual (or equivalent periodic) tax return. Please contact us beforehand to let us know your plans and to work out the details.

WHAT IF YOU *WANT* TO SEND MONEY EVEN IF YOU DON'T HAVE TO?

Project Gutenberg is dedicated to increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form.

The Project gratefully accepts contributions of money, time, public domain materials, or royalty free copyright licenses. Money should be paid to the:
"Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."

If you are interested in contributing scanning equipment or software or other items, please contact Michael Hart at:
hart@pobox.com

[Portions of this eBook's header and trailer may be reprinted only when distributed free of all fees. Copyright (C) 2001, 2002 by Michael S. Hart. Project Gutenberg is a TradeMark and may not be used in any sales of Project Gutenberg eBooks or other materials be they hardware or software or any other related product without

express permission.]

*END THE SMALL PRINT! FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN EBOOKS*Ver.02/11/02*END*

Livros Grátis

(<http://www.livrosgratis.com.br>)

Milhares de Livros para Download:

[Baixar livros de Administração](#)

[Baixar livros de Agronomia](#)

[Baixar livros de Arquitetura](#)

[Baixar livros de Artes](#)

[Baixar livros de Astronomia](#)

[Baixar livros de Biologia Geral](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciência da Computação](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciência da Informação](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciência Política](#)

[Baixar livros de Ciências da Saúde](#)

[Baixar livros de Comunicação](#)

[Baixar livros do Conselho Nacional de Educação - CNE](#)

[Baixar livros de Defesa civil](#)

[Baixar livros de Direito](#)

[Baixar livros de Direitos humanos](#)

[Baixar livros de Economia](#)

[Baixar livros de Economia Doméstica](#)

[Baixar livros de Educação](#)

[Baixar livros de Educação - Trânsito](#)

[Baixar livros de Educação Física](#)

[Baixar livros de Engenharia Aeroespacial](#)

[Baixar livros de Farmácia](#)

[Baixar livros de Filosofia](#)

[Baixar livros de Física](#)

[Baixar livros de Geociências](#)

[Baixar livros de Geografia](#)

[Baixar livros de História](#)

[Baixar livros de Línguas](#)

[Baixar livros de Literatura](#)
[Baixar livros de Literatura de Cordel](#)
[Baixar livros de Literatura Infantil](#)
[Baixar livros de Matemática](#)
[Baixar livros de Medicina](#)
[Baixar livros de Medicina Veterinária](#)
[Baixar livros de Meio Ambiente](#)
[Baixar livros de Meteorologia](#)
[Baixar Monografias e TCC](#)
[Baixar livros Multidisciplinar](#)
[Baixar livros de Música](#)
[Baixar livros de Psicologia](#)
[Baixar livros de Química](#)
[Baixar livros de Saúde Coletiva](#)
[Baixar livros de Serviço Social](#)
[Baixar livros de Sociologia](#)
[Baixar livros de Teologia](#)
[Baixar livros de Trabalho](#)
[Baixar livros de Turismo](#)