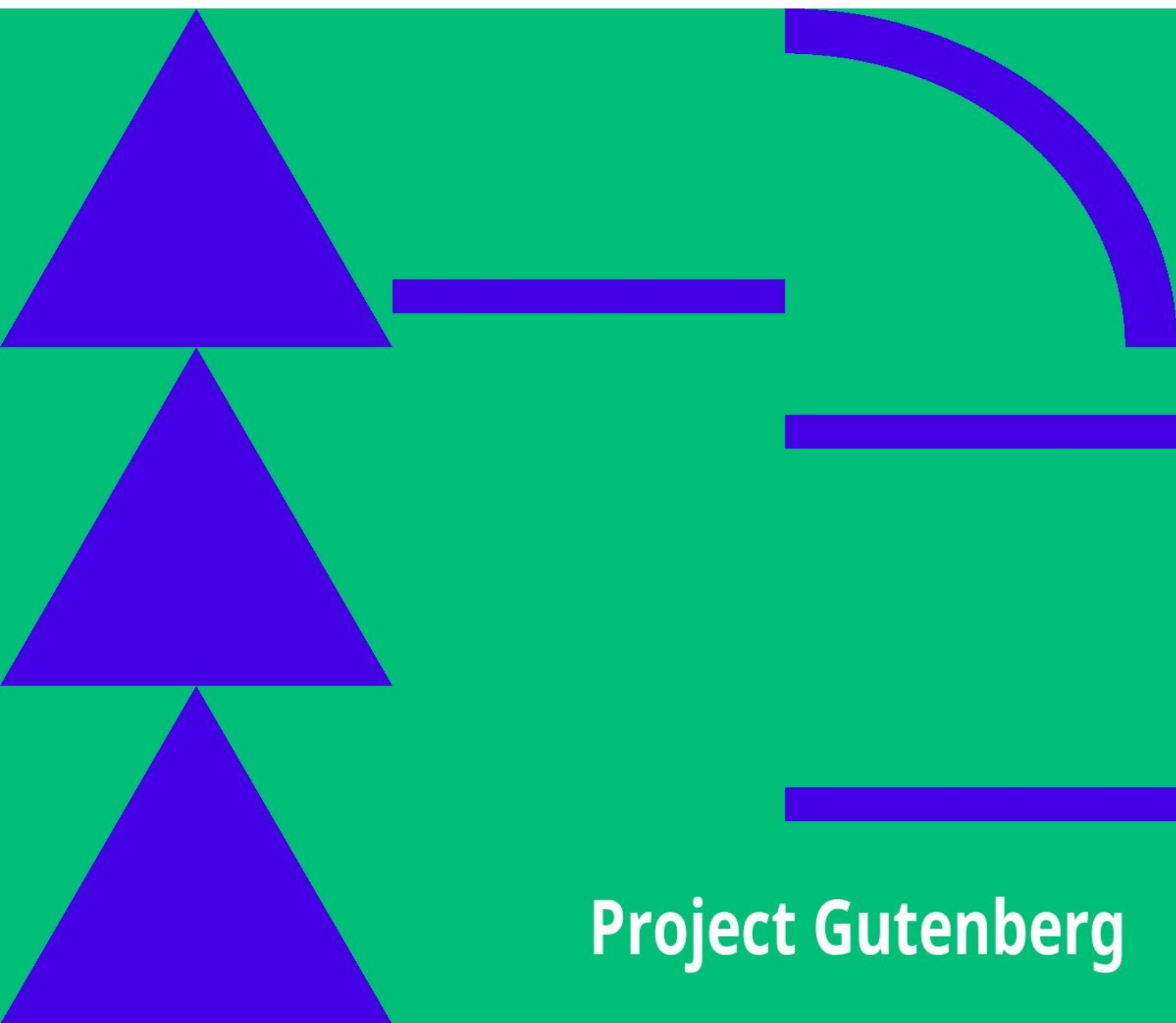


# Aria da Capo

Edna St. Vincent Millay



Project Gutenberg

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

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org)

Title: Aria da Capo

Author: Edna St. Vincent Millay

Release Date: May 31, 2009 [EBook #5790]

Last Updated: February 6, 2013

Language: English

\*\*\* START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK ARIA DA CAPO \*\*\*

Produced by David Starner, and David Widger

# **ARIA DA CAPO**

**A PLAY IN ONE ACT**

**Copyright, 1920**

**By Edna St. Vincent Millay**

**Printed in the U. S. A.**

---

[AUTHOR'S NOTE](#)

[SUGGESTIONS FOR THE PRODUCTION OF "ARIA DA  
CAPO"](#)

---

**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?—I'll kiss you if it's Tuesday.

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, to-morrow, By any chance?

COLUMBINE: To-morrow will be—Pierrot, That isn't funny!

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

COLUMBINE: Pierrot, don't you love Me now?

PIERROT: La, what a woman!—how should I know? Pour me some wine: 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. It's hard to tell. You see, I am always wanting A little more than what I have,—or else A little less. There's something wrong. My dear, How many fingers have you?

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

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

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

PIERROT: No. Or, rather, nay. 'Tis of no consequence. . . . I am become A painter, suddenly,—and you impress me— Ah, yes!—six orange bull's-eyes, four green pin-wheels, And one magenta jelly-roll,—the title As follows: Woman Taking in Cheese from Fire-Escape.

COLUMBINE: Well, I like that! So that is all I'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 O'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: Don'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, I'll do no such thing! I'm hot as a spoon in a teacup!

PIERROT: Columbine, I'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?—I am become Your manager.

COLUMBINE: Why, Pierrot, *I* can't act.

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

COLUMBINE: Yes, I suppose I do.

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

COLUMBINE: *Let* you?—well, that's a good one! Ha! Ha! Ha! But why?

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

COLUMBINE: Pierrot, I'm getting tired of caviar And peacocks' livers. Isn't there something else That people eat?—some humble vegetable, That grows in the ground?

PIERROT: Well, there are mushrooms.

COLUMBINE: Mushrooms! That's so! I had forgotten . . . mushrooms . . . mushrooms. . . . I cannot *live* with . . . How do you like this gown?

PIERROT: Not much. I'm tired of gowns that have the waist-line About the

waist, and the hem around the bottom,— And women with their breasts in front of them!— Zut and ehe! Where does one go from here!

COLUMBINE: Here's a persimmon, love. You always liked them.

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

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

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

COLUMBINE: There isn't a sign of a moon, Pierrot.

PIERROT: Of course not. There never was. "Moon's" just a word to swear by. "Mutton!"—now *there'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 Heaven's sake, and stop your silly noise! I haven't heard the clock tick for an hour.

PIERROT: It'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, what's this, for God's sake?— What's the matter? Say, whadda you mean?—get off the stage, my friend, And pinch yourself,—you're walking in your sleep!

COTHURNUS: I never sleep.

PIERROT: Well, anyhow, clear out. You don't belong on here. Wait for your own scene! Whadda you think this is,—a dress-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!—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 I'll do!— I'll go and strum the moon, that's what I'll do. . . . Unless, perhaps . . . you never can tell . . . I may be, You know, tired of the moon. Well, anyway, I'll go find Columbine. . . . And when I find her, I will address her thus: "Ehe, Pierrette!"— There's something in that.

[Exit PIERROT.]

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

THYRSIS: [Off stage.] Sir, we are in our dressing-room!

COTHURNUS: Come out and do the scene.

CORYDON: [Off stage.] You are mocking us!— 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, "Here is an hour, —in which to think A mighty thought, and sing a trifling song, And look at nothing."—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 tissue-paper!

THYRSIS: We cannot act A tragedy with comic properties!

COTHURNUS: Try it and see. I think you'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 prompt-book. Are you ready?

CORYDON-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 half-reclining position on the floor.]

THYRSIS: How gently in the silence, Corydon, Our sheep go up the bank. They crop a grass That'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?—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,—have you noticed? Purple and white—and drinks the bitten grass As if it were a wine.

CORYDON: I've noticed that. What say you, Thyrsis, shall we make a song

About a lamb that thought himself a shepherd?

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

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

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

CORYDON: Why,—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, 'twould be the worse for you!

[They weave a wall of colored crepe 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.] Ehe, 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.] "How do I know this isn't a trick?"

CORYDON: Oh, yes. . . . How do I know this isn't a trick To get upon my land?

THYRSIS: Oh, Corydon, You *know* it's not a trick. I do not like The game, that'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!—all the water Is on your side the wall, and the sheep are thirsty. I hadn't thought of that.

THYRSIS: Oh, hadn't you?

CORYDON: Why, what do you mean?

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

CORYDON: You mean you'd let the sheep Go thirsty?

THYRSIS: Well, they're not my sheep. My sheep Have water enough.

CORYDON: *Your* sheep! You are mad, to call them Yours—mine—they are all one flock! Thyrsis, you can'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, can't I?—wait and see!—and if you try To lead them over here, you'll wish you hadn't!

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

COLUMBINE: [Off stage.] Pierrot, D'you know, I think you must be getting old, Or fat, or something,—stupid, anyway!— Can'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. *Don't* you?

CORYDON: I *do* not.

THYRSIS: Don't you?

CORYDON: Oh, I suppose so. Thyrsis, let's drop this,—what do you say?— it's only A game, you know . . . we seem to be forgetting It's only a game ... a pretty serious game It'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.] "But how do I know—"

THYRSIS: Oh, yes. . . . But how do I know this isn't a trick To water your sheep, and get the laugh on me?

CORYDON: You can't know, that's the difficult thing about it, Of course,—you can'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, don't you see?—the game goes on forever! . . . It'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, don't say that! Oh, Corydon, I'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!—you are a stranger! I never set eyes on you before! "Come over And water my sheep," indeed!—They'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 isn'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, I'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?—Red stones—and purple stones— And stones stuck full of gold!—The ground is full Of gold and colored stones! . . . I'm glad the wall Was up before I found them!—Otherwise, I should have had to share them. As it is, They all belong to me. . . . Unless—

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

None here— None here—none here—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, I'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, what's that you've got there, Corydon?

CORYDON: Jewels.

THYRSIS: Jewels?—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 haven't time. I'm making me a necklace of red stones.

THYRSIS: I'll give you all the water that you want, For one of those red stones,—if it's a good one.

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

THYRSIS: Why, for your sheep!

CORYDON: My sheep?—I'm not a shepherd!

THYRSIS: Your sheep are dying of thirst.

CORYDON: Man, haven't I told you I can't be bothered with a few untidy Brown sheep all full of burdocks?—I'm a merchant. That's what I am!—And if I set my mind to it I dare say I could be an emperor! [To himself.] Wouldn'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?—when I have these To think about?—I can'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,—and be remembered After I'm dead.

THYRSIS: Corydon, come to the wall, Won't you?—I want to tell you something.

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

THYRSIS: Corydon, listen: if you don't want your sheep, Give them to me.

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

THYRSIS: But they will die!

CORYDON: And a green one—and a couple Of white ones, for a change.

THYRSIS: Maybe I have Some jewels on my side.

CORYDON: And another green one— Maybe, but I don't think so. You see, this rock Isn'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, there's the moon.

PIERROT: [Off stage.] Nonsense!

THYRSIS: I see.

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

PIERROT: [Off stage.] Columbine. Your mind is made of crumbs,—like an escallop Of oysters,—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. 'Twould be a speedy remedy, I should think, For a festered pride and a feverish ambition. It has a curious root. I think I'll hack it In little pieces. . . . First I'll get me a drink; And then 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. . . . 'Tis I. [Kneels and drinks.]

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

THYRSIS: Digging for gold.

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

THYRSIS: Ho, so you've changed your mind?—It's different, Isn't it, when you want a drink yourself?

CORYDON: Of course it is.

THYRSIS: Well, let me see ... a bowl Of water,—come back in an hour, Corydon. I'm busy now.

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

THYRSIS: Be off, I'm busy now.

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

CORYDON.]

Wait!—Pick me out the finest stones you have . . . 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: There'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 doesn'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 don't believe He'll notice. He's too thirsty. He'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 I'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 root-black confetti—into the pot which contained the flower and filled it up with wine from the punch-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!—and for such a gift as that I'll give you more than a bowl of unset stones. I'll give you three long necklaces, my friend. Come closer. Here they are. [Puts the ribbons about THYRSIS' neck.]

THYRSIS: [Putting bowl to CORYDON'S mouth.] I'll hold the bowl Until you've drunk it all.

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

THYRSIS: I shall not spill a drop.

[CORYDON drinks, meanwhile beginning to strangle THYRSIS.]

THYRSIS: Don't pull the string so tight.

CORYDON: You're spilling the water.

THYRSIS: You've had enough—you've had enough—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' 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' 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' cloak over his shoulders, falls across THYRSIS' 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 don't know. I think it rather diverting The way it is.

[Yawns, picks up confetti bowl.]

Shall we begin?

COLUMBINE: [Screams.] My God! What'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 can't Sit down and eat with two dead bodies lying Under the table! . . . The audience wouldn't stand for it!

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

PIERROT: That'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,—I cannot *live* without a macaroon!

PIERROT: My only love, You are so intense! ... Is it Tuesday, Columbine?— I'll kiss you if it'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, to-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 back-drop 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, up-stage, 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 Thyrsis 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 Thyrsis

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 skull-cap.

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' 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 THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK ARIA DA CAPO \*\*\*

\*\*\*\*\* This file should be named 5790-h.htm or 5790-h.zip \*\*\*\*\*

This and all associated files of various formats will be found in:  
<http://www.gutenberg.org/5/7/9/5790/>

Produced by David Starner, and David Widger

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

Creating the works from public domain print editions 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-tm electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm 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 with public domain eBooks. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

\*\*\* START: FULL LICENSE \*\*\*

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

To protect the Project Gutenberg-tm 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-tm License (available with this file or online at <http://gutenberg.org/license>).

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

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg-tm 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-tm electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg-tm 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-tm 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-tm electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg-tm 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-tm electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is in the public domain 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-tm mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg-tm works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg-tm 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-tm 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-tm 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 access to, the full Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm 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 at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at [www.gutenberg.org](http://www.gutenberg.org)

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is derived from the public domain (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-tm trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm 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-tm 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-tm License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg-tm.

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-tm 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-tm work in a format other than "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg-tm web site ([www.gutenberg.org](http://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-tm 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-tm 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-tm electronic works provided that

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg-tm works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm 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-tm 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-tm 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-tm works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg-tm 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 Michael Hart, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm 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 public domain works in creating the Project Gutenberg-tm collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg-tm 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-tm trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg-tm 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 F3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

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

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

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

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production,

promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm 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-tm work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg-tm work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

## Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg-tm

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

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need, are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg-tm's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg-tm 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-tm 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 <http://www.pglaaf.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. Its 501(c)(3) letter is posted at <http://pglaaf.org/fundraising>. 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 located at 4557 Melan Dr. S. Fairbanks, AK, 99712., 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@pglaaf.org](mailto:business@pglaaf.org). Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's web site and official page at <http://pglaaf.org>

For additional contact information:  
Dr. Gregory B. Newby  
Chief Executive and Director  
[gbnewby@pglaaf.org](mailto:gbnewby@pglaaf.org)

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

Project Gutenberg-tm 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 <http://pglaf.org>

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

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

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

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works.

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

Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as Public Domain 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:

<http://www.gutenberg.org>

This Web site includes information about Project Gutenberg-tm, 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.