

PLANET

stories

SUMMER
1947

20c



DE PINA
—
WALTON
—
GARSON

VASSALS *of the* LODGE-STAR

SNATCHED FROM SPACE AND TIME
TO SERVE A CRYSTAL FLAME!

Novel by **GARDNER F. FOX**

The Project Gutenberg eBook of The Venus Evil, by Chester S. Geier

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

Title: The Venus Evil

Author: Chester S. Geier

Release Date: January 07, 2021 [eBook #64230]

Language: English

Character set encoding: UTF-8

Produced by: Greg Weeks, Mary Meehan and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at <http://www.pgdp.net>

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE VENUS
EVIL ***

THE VENUS EVIL

By Chester S. Geier

**In the sweet Venusian spring, when iridescent
butterflies swarmed and deer-things scampered,
it was both necessary and good for
Richard Farris to kill George Pearce.**

**[Transcriber's Note: This etext was produced from
Planet Stories Summer 1947.**

**Extensive research did not uncover any evidence that
the U.S. copyright on this publication was renewed.]**

In my mind the memory is still painful and raw, like a wound that has refused to heal. I have only to close my eyes to see Pearce leaping toward me, his face a twisted mask of fear and rage. And I can feel the machine-pistol jerking in my hand as a stream of tungsten-steel pellets stopped his maddened rush, washing away all motion and expression in the utter quiescence of death.

Yes, I killed George Pearce, whom the world will remember as one of its greatest chemical scientists and one of the three members of the ill-fated first expedition to Venus. I *had* to kill him.

To explain the circumstances which led to it requires that I start at the beginning. Police authorities have ordered me to make this statement as clear and detailed as possible.

Everyone recalls the furor created by the privately sponsored launching of the first rocket to Mars, which beat by several months a government project aimed at the same goal. The government rocket blew up a short distance beyond the Heaviside Layer, but a little over a year and a half later the privately-owned space vessel returned. And a new furor was aroused, not so much by the fact that the expedition had successfully returned as that it brought back a large fortune in gold, platinum, and gems. The explorers as well as their backers were each made financially independent for the rest of their lives.

Man's natural cupidity was excited to fever pitch. The planets were no longer regarded as milestones on the road to scientific knowledge, but as store houses brimming with fabulous treasures. More rockets were hastily launched by various groups in different countries, but the attempts were defeated by the very impatience which inspired them. The rockets, too quickly and inefficiently constructed, exploded soon after leaving Earth, or, if they reached outer space at all, were never heard from again.

It was this state of affairs that prevailed when Anson Durwent finished the construction of the *Solarian*. A scientific genius made wealthy by various patents, he built the vessel entirely out of his own funds. Nor were his motives those of amassing further wealth, for the conditions which he set were that the *Solarian* was to conduct a true voyage of exploration, and that any profits arising from the discovery of precious metals or minerals were to be divided equally among everyone involved in the expedition.

The crew of the *Solarian* consisted of George Pearce, Barton Sandley, and myself, Richard Farris. Three or less was the usual number on these early rockets, due to the demands upon space made by fuel, food, and equipment. Pearce was the chemist and captain of the expedition, Sandley the biologist and photographer, and I the physicist and pilot.

None of the excitement produced by interplanetary ventures was attendant upon our takeoff. Only a few newscasters whom Durwent had notified at the very last minute were present. And these were bored by something which had become mere routine, and were plainly skeptical of our chances for success.

Our objective was the mysterious, cloud-covered planet Venus. It was an obvious choice, since it was the nearest planet to Earth other than Mars, and as far as we knew had not yet been reached.

I shall not detail the long flight through space, monotonous after the first novelties had died. But it is necessary to record that the interminable months and the restricted confines of the ship produced a strain upon our nerves that led to frequent, heated quarrels over the most trivial matters. It is certain that the effect upon our minds caused a serious unbalance, explaining many of the irrational actions which we made later.

The landing upon the surface of Venus was the most difficult part of the voyage. I brought the ship down through the miles-deep layer of clouds like a blind man groping for obstructions in an unfamiliar

room. Once under the clouds, however, our progress was easier. I forgot my exhaustion in a surge of renewed eagerness for exploration.

After a short discussion between Pearce, Sandley, and myself, it was agreed to take an aerial reconnaissance before landing. I sent the *Solarian* into a slow cruise over the surface, while Sandley busied himself with the special cameras and Pearce began taking samples of the atmosphere.

Venus proved to be a wild and fantastic world. To picture it in any great detail is impossible. It was too vast, too different. My mind retains only a sort of montage of turbulent seas dotted with immense islands, mighty jagged mountains, and endless lush sprawling jungles in unearthly yellow and green hues. And it seemed to exude an aura of vibrant youth, a kind of primeval grandeur.

We saw no cities, buildings, or other indications of the existence of intelligent beings. I don't believe we expected to find any. On Mars there had been only incalculably ancient ruins, long since crumbled into dust. Mars had been too old for a civilized race, as Venus was too young.

Our survey quickly showed that an island on one part of the planet was as wild and rugged as an island on another, so that a landing site could be chosen haphazardly for all the difference it made. We selected a relatively clear area in a great valley on one of the islands that happened to be under us at the time, and I brought the *Solarian* to rest. Only then did I realize how tired I was.

Pearce, rechecking his initial tests of the atmosphere, reported that the carbon dioxide content was not as high as had been expected. We would be able to venture from the ship without the necessity of wearing oxygen helmets. The lighter gravity of Venus, lessening muscular effort and thereby the need for deep or quick breathing, would be an aiding factor.

We didn't leave the ship immediately, however. Like myself, Pearce and Sandley had become aware upon landing of being exhausted, and it was agreed to sleep first. Later we ate, and then arming

ourselves with machine-pistols and various pieces of scientific equipment, we unsealed the port and stepped out upon the surface of Venus.

It was warm and humid, but not oppressively so. The air seemed strangely heavy to our lungs, laden with a host of rich, exotic odors. There was a deep, somnolent quiet, broken at intervals by faint pipings and twitterings from unseen creatures that might have been birds. A warm, soft wind stirred the vivid foliage of queer trees and shrubs at the edges of the clearing.

Sandley murmured, "Not bad at all. Eden must have been a little like this."

Pearce shrugged. "Maybe—but we'd better keep in mind that this is a strange world. There may be dangers here of which we know nothing as yet."

With this admonition prominent in our thoughts, we got to work, setting up our equipment, analyzing samples and making notes. The days that followed were more or less a repetition of this. We were constantly on the alert at first and seldom wandered very far from the ship. But as we encountered no inimical life forms, either plant or animal, we were gradually encouraged to roam further and further beyond the clearing.

Sandley was busy with his camera, when not otherwise occupied with biological studies. He was often gone for hours at a time. I was thrown much in Pearce's company, since my work was frequently connected in various ways with his.

"I wonder if we'll turn up anything, like they did on the Mars expedition," Pearce said one day, gazing about him with a narrow, speculative look.

I asked, "How do you mean?"

"Stuff that will bring money back on Earth," Pearce said. "Gold, for example."

For some reason which I couldn't explain just then, I found myself clutching eagerly at the thought. "It's possible," I said. "We've hardly scratched the surface as yet."

Pearce gazed searchingly at me for a moment. Finally he asked, "What was your motive for accompanying this expedition, Farris? To advance the cause of science? Or what?"

"Why ... to get some profit out of it." The reason which had puzzled me was suddenly clear. I recalled abruptly the hopes and dreams I'd had, overlooked in the wonders of exploration.

Pearce nodded. "Exactly. And the same applies to me." His tone became bitter. "Being famous in your chosen line of work is nice, but it doesn't buy you much. At least, it doesn't buy the things that really matter. Newscast blurbs, banquet invitations, and honorary memberships hardly provide the fancy style of living they suggest. Awards and prizes are too small and too far between to build a complete, private laboratory."

I said, "And that's what you want?"

"That's what I intend to get, somehow," Pearce said. He studied me again. "What about you, Farris? What's your ambition?"

"Financial independence, mainly. There are certain ideas that I'd like to work on. I'd never get the time or the money while earning a living as assistant to a man like Durwent."

"Then this might be the chance we both need. If we could turn up something valuable, like the Mars explorers did...." Pearce nibbled his lip, frowning intently over the thought. Abruptly he grabbed my arm. "Farris, we've got to find something! Look—suppose we forget the scientific side of the expedition? Suppose we make it an outright treasure hunt?"

"Venus is big," I said doubtfully. "And our supplies won't last forever. If we fail to find anything, the scientific data we'd gather would give us something to capitalize on."

We didn't discuss the matter further, for just then Sandley returned from one of his photographing jaunts. He seemed greatly excited.

"Just discovered a new form of life," he announced triumphantly. "Saw the creatures at a distance, but from what I was able to make out, they look something like overgrown butterflies. Had large, brightly colored wings, anyway. Have to catch a specimen." Sandley's spectacled, owlish features turned puzzled. "Can't understand why I haven't noticed the creatures before. Seem to have appeared only recently."

"Where were you?" Pearce asked.

"Near the upper end of the valley. It's rocky there, with lots of ore outcroppings. Might contain valuable elements. You fellows ought to go with me next time."

"We'll do that," Pearce said. He glanced at me significantly.

We went with Sandley the following day. We took along our machine-pistols, a few pieces of light equipment, and some food. Sandley, of course, had his camera. It was the first time that Pearce and I had gone any great distance from the ship, and we were more than ordinarily uneasy. But the possibility that we might discover ores or minerals of value was too tempting to resist.

We moved through a deep quiet, broken only by occasional twitters or trills. We caught frequent glimpses of the creatures emitting the sounds as they fluttered among the branches of the vivid, unearthly trees. They resembled birds in a way, having feathered wings, but their bodies were lizard-like and covered with bright, rainbow-hued scales. And several times animals bounded from our path that looked like nothing so much as tiny deer. These seemed to be quite numerous.

The vegetation gradually thinned out as the ground became increasingly rocky. Ahead of us loomed the rugged, precipitous ascent of the valley's upper end.

Sandley stopped, peering about him. "This is the place." Abruptly he pointed. "There—the butterfly-creatures! See them?"

Pearce and I followed the direction of his finger. Against the mottled gray wall of the ascent, a number of bright shapes fluttered. As we watched, they drifted slowly toward us, circling aimlessly. We were able presently to see them in clearer detail. I stared as a realization of something strange struck into me. I heard Pearce gasp.

For the butterfly-creatures were not insects, or anything even remotely resembling them. Nor were they a strange form of animal life. They were *things*, utterly alien and weird.

Imagine large, irregularly-shaped pieces of thin paper fluttering through the air, each being creased in the middle, the two halves flapping like the wings of a butterfly. The things were remarkably like that. But they were alive in some incredible way, and their actions seemed purposeful, directed. They looked delicate and fragile, almost unsubstantial, mere veils of prismatic light. And they possessed a bizarre, unearthly beauty. As they circled high overhead, occasionally dipping toward us in what might have been curiosity, their wings shimmered and pulsed in a hypnotic play of rainbow color.

The butterfly-creatures—to call them that for want of a better name—did not come near us. They continued to spiral high overhead, as though we at once attracted and puzzled them.

Sandley unlimbered his camera and began taking pictures of the things. Pearce and I, recalling the motive that had brought us there, gradually moved away, searching the ground for promising bits of rock and crystal. We were intent on our quest, and wandered quite a distance. Before long, we found ourselves among the tumbled boulders at the foot of the ascent.

As I searched the rocky debris between the boulders, a reddish glitter caught my eye. It came from a small crystalline object half hidden in the gravel. I bent curiously to pick it up—and a thrill of incredulous delight flashed through me. For the object was a great jewel, roughly oval, faceted, and a deep ruby red. It was exquisitely

beautiful, yet totally unlike anything that had ever been found on Earth. It did not just reflect light, but glowed with a soft, steady radiance of its own. Glorious rose and scarlet shades pulsed and swirled within it, in a never-ending play of patterns and hues that was fascinating to watch.

I held the gem in my hand for a long moment, staring at it, a little numbed. My find seemed much too good to be true. It was almost as if a kindly god had granted a hopeless wish.

I thought suddenly of Pearce, and motion returned to me. Pearce had moved some distance up the ascent. It took a moment to locate him behind the boulders which had hidden him from view.

Pearce was bending over in an intent scrutiny of the ground. As he caught the sound of my approach, he straightened sharply and one of his hands flashed behind his back as though to hide something from view. I was too wrapped up in the news of my discovery, however, to pay much attention to his actions just then.

"Look at what I've found," I told him, holding out the gem in my palm.

Pearce failed to look surprised. He grinned in an embarrassed sort of way, and brought his hand from behind his back. Cupped within it were two gems similar to mine.

"Found a couple myself," he said. "I was so excited that I must have forgotten where I was. When I heard you coming, my first thought was to hide them."

It seemed a strangely weak explanation. I realized that Pearce's consuming desire for financial gain had warped his sense of ethics. His action of a moment before had been nothing more or less than a conscious, deliberate effort to conceal his find. He had abandoned secrecy only after he knew that I had made an identical discovery. I made a mental note to be on guard. Pearce had given sufficient indication that he would not play entirely fair in the future.

He grinned eagerly in what might have been an attempt to cover up the awkwardness of the situation. "Farris, these gems are going to bring money back on Earth. They're unusual, not like the ordinary kinds brought back by the Mars explorers."

I shrugged. "The money won't be enough to do us much good unless we can find more of the gems. Remember, any profits we make have to be split four ways, counting Sandley and Durwent."

"I'm certain that we'll find more," Pearce said. "I've found two, and you one. If that's any indication, there should be a lot of them scattered around. Come on, Farris, let's look."

I nodded in renewed eagerness, and we began the search. A disinterested observer might have found our actions comical as we probed with anxious, almost frantic, haste among the boulders. It didn't seem funny to us, of course. We had speculated more or less constantly during the entire voyage over the possibility of locating a source of wealth on Venus, and this was our chance. No, it wasn't funny at all. It was very real, and clear, and logical.

I don't know how much time passed. I was too absorbed in my search to pay much heed to anything else.

At intervals, I found three more gems. Each find came at a point when I was about ready to give up, spurring me on to new efforts. I might have continued indefinitely if Pearce hadn't suddenly called my name.

His voice was tense, insistent. Something important seemed to have happened.

When I rejoined Pearce, he pointed silently down the ascent, in the direction from which we had come. His features were startled, bewildered, a little frightened. My own face must have registered similar feelings at what I saw.

Beyond the boulders at the foot of the ascent, one of the tiny deer-like animals that we frequently saw lay sprawled on the ground. Several butterfly-creatures rested motionlessly upon its body. A short distance away stood another of the deer-like animals, literally surrounded by the butterfly things. It was as still as though frozen, its great eyes distended and staring. And the wings of the butterfly-

creatures hovering about it were moving in a slow, hypnotic rhythm. I thought of the snakes of Earth which captured birds by charming them through similar movements, and realized that somewhat the same thing was happening here.

As I watched, the deer-like animal abruptly fell on its side and lay without moving. Like vultures swooping down on a victim, the butterfly things settled upon it. They seemed in some obscure way to be ... *feeding*.

I glanced in consternation at Pearce. "What do you suppose it's all about?"

He moved his shoulders uneasily. "I don't know any more than you do. But I think we'd better look into this. And it might not be wise to let those things get too close."

Presently, the butterfly-creatures rose once more into the air and fluttered away. The deer-like animals, though, lay very still.

Pearce gestured, and I followed him to the scene. Only a short examination of the two deer-like animals was necessary to show what had happened to them. They were dead. There wasn't so much as a mark upon the sleek skin of their bodies—but they were dead.

Pearce and I stared at each other. And then a chilling thought struck me.

"Sandley!" I gasped. "We haven't heard anything from him for hours. Do you suppose...?"

Pearce didn't answer. He turned and began running toward where we had last seen Sandley. I hurried after him, anxiety a sick ache inside me.

Slipping and sliding over loose rocks and gravel, we at last emerged from behind the line of tumbled boulders and reached level ground. We didn't see Sandley at once. He had obviously moved from where we had left him. Then I noticed a small cloud of butterfly-creatures hovering over something on the ground about a hundred yards or so down the boulder line. An outstretched leg, all that was visible to us from where we stood, provided identification. It was Sandley.

Heedless of danger, Pearce and I rushed forward. When we reached Sandley, the last of what must originally have been a horde of butterfly-creatures was leaving his motionless form. We were too late. Our terrible knowledge hadn't come soon enough.

In an abrupt, overwhelming fury, I pointed my machine-pistol at the fluttering demons and sent a stream of pellets into their midst. The force of the barrage would have cut a man in two, but the things didn't seem to be affected in the slightest way. The pellets went through them as though they were no more solid than shadows.

The things made no move toward Pearce and myself, but continued to circle aimlessly overhead. They seemed too sated from whatever ghastly feast they had made upon Sandley to be interested in us just then. Having made certain of this, Pearce and I performed a quick examination of Sandley, which confirmed what we already knew—that he was dead. And there wasn't a mark upon him.

Keeping a close watch upon the butterfly things, Pearce and I gave Sandley a hasty burial. Then I wrapped his belongings in my shirt, and together Pearce and I ran back to the ship. It wasn't until the port had been shut behind us that I felt safe.

I prepared a light meal, which Pearce and I ate in brooding silence. Finally Pearce said, "What I can't understand is why the butterfly things should have attacked Sandley. It isn't logical for the life forms of one world to prey upon the life forms of another. There are too many differences."

"I've been thinking about that myself," I answered. "The solution seems to be that the butterfly-creatures feed upon something common to all life forms—the mysterious electrical force that gives matter the peculiar property of being alive."

Pearce shrugged, and after a moment his face brightened. "Anyway, we now have one less to divide with." He reached into a pocket, placing upon the table seven of the large crimson gems. I added the

four that I had found, and for some seconds we gazed dreamily at our hoard.

"People on Earth are going to fight like mad to own one of these gems," Pearce said softly. "By selling the gems slowly, playing one buyer against another, our profits will be plenty big."

I nodded. "It won't make us very popular, but the end justifies the means."

"I wish we had some means of protection against those butterfly things, so that we could look for more of the gems," Pearce said. "They're dangerous, and we don't seem to be able to harm them."

"We could move the ship over to the ascent," I suggested. "Then it would be near enough for us to jump in whenever any of the things got too close."

Pearce grinned in delight. "That's the answer!"

I moved the ship the next day. The stratagem worked satisfactorily enough, enabling us to find almost a dozen more of the crimson jewels. But the need for constant watchfulness proved to be an increasing strain upon our nerves. And the number of the butterfly-creatures seemed to be growing. It seemed to be a season for the things, as late Spring brings the appearance of butterflies on Earth.

At last our treasure hunt became too dangerous to continue. The butterfly-creatures were too numerous, and in addition the gems had grown too hard to find. Pearce and I decided on one last trip, and this on his own argumentative insistence.

It was during that final search that I made the discovery which led to Pearce's death. I'd been probing among the rocks for an hour or so, meanwhile keeping a wary eye upon a group of butterfly-creatures circling in the sky some distance away. Suddenly I detected the telltale, reddish glitter of a gem. As I reached for it, a thin, tinkling sound startled me. I jerked erect, my senses flaring in alarm. But I saw nothing near me that indicated danger, and reached once more for the gem.

The next instant I leaped frantically to my feet and ran into the ship, which rested nearby. I slammed shut the port, and leaned against it, breathing harshly from my exertions and from fright at the narrowness of my escape. Like the pieces of a puzzle falling together, something became horribly clear to me. And I knew suddenly just what I had to do.

From the box in which Pearce and I had kept them, I took the gems. Then I left the ship, first having made certain that none of the butterfly-creatures were near, and with a large rock pounded each and every one of the gems to bits.

I was finishing this task when Pearce returned. He stared at me and asked:

"Why, what in the world have you been doing?"

I pulled my machine-pistol from its holster, pointed it at him, and explained. I couldn't have taken any chances with Pearce. I knew what his reaction would be. I wasn't wrong.

He seemed to go mad. His face darkened with a terrible, overwhelming fury. "Lies! All lies!" he shrieked. "It's just a plot to trick me out of my share."

I tried to reason with him, but he wouldn't listen to me. He shouted down my attempts with unspeakable profanity. My machine-pistol was the only thing that kept him from tearing at me like an insensate beast.

I was trying to get Pearce to calm down when several butterfly-creatures suddenly darted toward us. They had evidently been circling nearer and nearer while we talked, seizing the opportunity presented by our inattention.

My eyes jerked to the things instinctively—and as I did so, Pearce leaped toward me. In pure reaction, I squeezed the trigger. The stream of tungsten-steel pellets stopped him like a wall. Even if I'd had the time to deliberate consciously over whether or not to shoot, it wouldn't have ended any other way. For if Pearce had reached me, a struggle would have followed which would have enabled the butterfly-creatures to attack us.

Just an instant ahead of the butterfly-creatures, I jumped into the ship and sealed the port. After resting for a while, I set out on the return to Earth.

I jumped into the ship and sealed the port.

I told the authorities my story in full, holding nothing back. They asked me to make this statement for their official records. There are, of course, no charges against me. I should not have admitted to killing Pearce had I been guilty of a crime. But I fear that the shadow of suspicion will lay over me until another expedition returns from Venus and verifies my words.

And in late Spring, when the cocoons open and the butterflies emerge, I will always think of a similar season on Venus, when a similar event occurs. When the crimson gems break open with a thin, tinkling sound, and the exquisite, deadly butterfly-creatures flutter forth....

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE VENUS
EVIL ***

This file should be named 64230-h.htm or 64230-h.zip

This and all associated files of various formats will be found in
<https://www.gutenberg.org/6/4/2/3/64230/>

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

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

START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS
WORK

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

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

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

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

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg™ works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg™ name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its

attached full Project Gutenberg™ License when you share it without charge with others.

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

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

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

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

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

comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg™ trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

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

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

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

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

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

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

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg™ works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

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

1.F.

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

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

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in

lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

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

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

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

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg™

Project Gutenberg™ is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers.

It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

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

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Please check the Project Gutenberg Web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of

other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg™ electronic works

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

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

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

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