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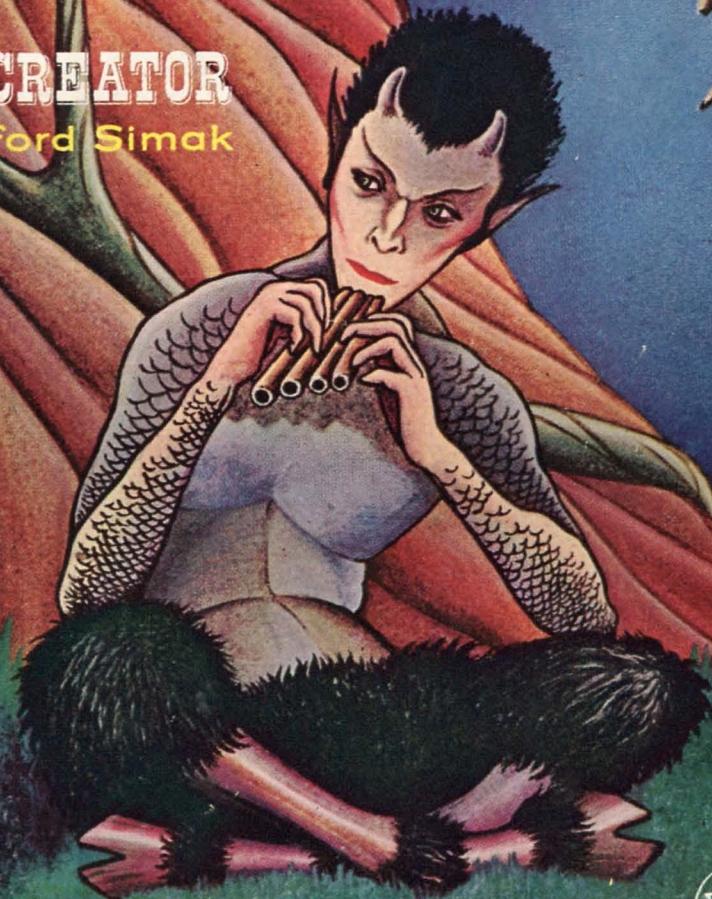
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THE FOREST OF UNREASON

by Robert F. Young

THE CREATOR

by Clifford Simak



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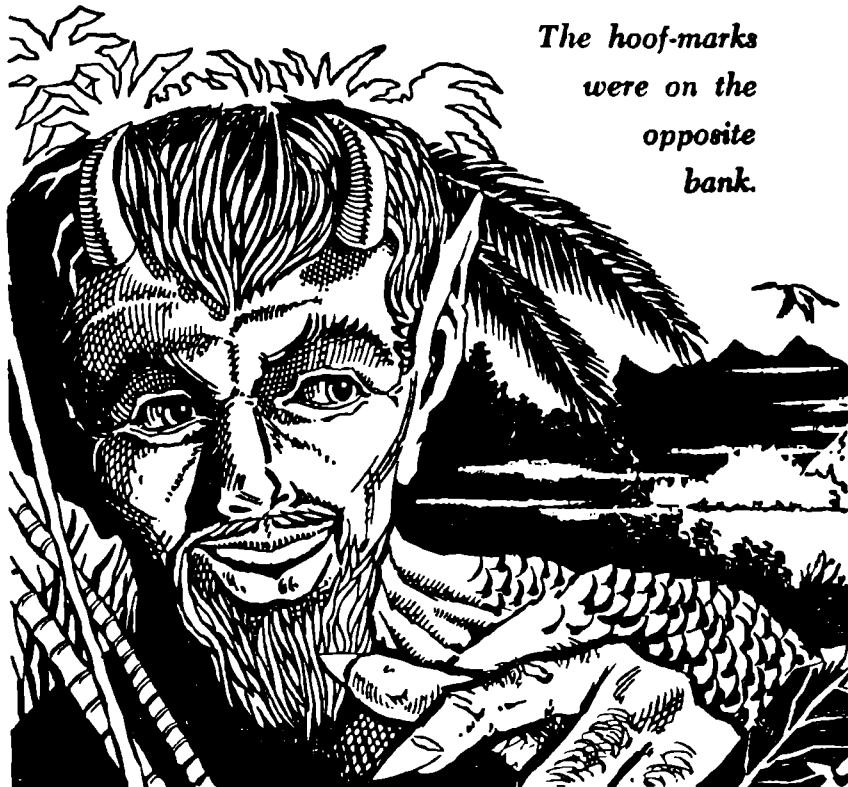
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the FOREST of

By ROBERT F. YOUNG

Mortby saw the hoof-marks first. It was the morning Reinman had come up missing, and he and the four other remaining members of the expedition had set out into the Kontawaba Forest in search of him.

*The hoof-marks
were on the
opposite
bank.*



UNREASON

MORTBY held up his hand as a signal for the other to halt, and waded through the shallow water. He was not officially in charge of the expedition, but having talked the Office of Galactic Research into organizing it, he felt justified in taking command during an emergency such as this one. There were two series of marks, he saw when he reached the other side of the brook; one series led out of the forest, the other, back into it; and each mark, he noted further,

was split down the middle by a narrow prominence. In addition to the hoof-marks, there was a pair of rounded impressions at the water's edge, clearly indicating that the creature—whatever it was—had knelt down by the brook to drink.

Mortby's heart pounded. He had been sure from the very first moment he had heard about Tel-isthawwa that he was on the track of an extraterrestrial parallel of the Pan-satyr myth; but this was the first real indication

Illustrator BASSFORD



R. BASSFORD

he had had to date that the Kontawaba goat man existed. Moreover, he had been afraid all along that Telishawwa was a creature of the past and that the tales which the Kontawaba plain-natives had recounted to him had been handed down to them from their forebears. He knew now that such was not the case.

He straightened from his scrutiny of the knee-prints and faced the other members of the party across the narrow brook—lean-visaged Bruce Summerton, auburn-haired Anita Morrison, tearful-eyed Sophia Mazur, goddess-contoured June Vondreau. Anxiety and curiosity commingled on each countenance, anxiety predominating on Sophia's. She and Reinman had been in love. "I'm going on ahead for a ways," Mortby said. "Wait here till I get back."

The ground hardened in ratio to its distance from the brook, and the cloven hoof-marks pattered out before he had gone a dozen yards. He stood for a while, knee-deep in ferns and flowers, contemplating the fissured, dark-leaved trees, fighting back a strange sense of uneasiness; then he made his way back to the brook. The others had crossed it during his absence and were standing on the nearer bank, staring at the marks.

Sophia Mazur looked up quickly at his re-appearance. "I'm not

sure," he said in answer to the anxious query in her brown eyes, "but I doubt very much if Reinman was abducted. The depth and size of the hoof-prints certainly don't indicate a being of unusual size, and Reinman's no weakling. For all we know, he may have just taken a notion to get up and go exploring on his own hook."

"In the middle of the night and without any clothes on?" Sophia shook her head. "You don't believe that any more than I do, Alan."

Mortby shrugged. "In any event, we're wasting our time here," he said. "We'll take a different route back to camp—maybe we'll run across some sign of him."

THEY started out, Mortby in the lead. The forest was an enchanted place of trees and flowers and shady glens; of ponds and reed-rimmed lakes; of heady fragrances borne on gentle winds. Mortby had fallen in love with it at first sight, but it was not love that had caused him to return. It was the scent of the fame which a discovery such as the one he was sure he was about to make would bring him. He was an ardent mythologist, Mortby was, and a euhemerist to boot. Not only did he devoutly believe that parallels of all terrestrial mythologies existed throughout

the galaxy, but he believed as well that each of them would prove to have roots in reality. He had already found euhemeristic parallels of the Odinic pantheon, the *Mahabharata*, and the Babylonian Creation Epic on planets hundreds of light years removed from Earth; now, on Deneb 12, civilization's most far-flung outpost, he was on the verge of finding a euhemeristic parallel of the Pansatyr myth.

At the moment, however, he was more interested in finding Reinman.

June Vondreau overtook him and matched her pace with his. He was annoyed. Ever since the expedition had been organized, she had attached herself to him—in much the same manner as Sophia had attached herself to Reinman and Anita had attached herself to Summerton. He had never gone along with the Office of Galactic Research's theory that an expedition functioned more effectively when its members were of the same age-group and paired off equally as to sex. He had a neat, well-functioning mind, Mortby did, in which sex was filed under "S" and work was filed under "W", and while at thirty-one he was not naive enough to think that sex could be dispensed with altogether, his trips to the "S" file were far less numerous than were his trips to the "W" file, and he got them

over with as quickly as possible.

June Vondreau shouted sex. Every line of her bespoke it; her walk gave it iambic pentameter. Her hyacinth hair lent it classical overtones and her blue eyes gave it depth. In an earlier age she would have been an ad man's dream; in this one she had wound up as a frustrated mythologist with a Freudian chip on her shoulder. "It was a satyr, wasn't it?" she said.

He was reluctant to share his hopes with her. "Why a satyr?" he countered. "Why not a wild goat?"

"A wild goat with two legs? I saw the tracks too, Alan—and I also saw the knee-prints by the water. It was a satyr, and you know it."

"A variant of one, perhaps," he conceded. "Or perhaps a variant of Pan himself. The goat man which the natives describe ties in more with a major deity. So do their periodic sacrifices—though I've never been able to make head or tail of them beyond the fact that they're based on some form of animism."

"To me, the practice of sending a pair of newlyweds into an idyllic forest smacks more of some kind of sex-worship."

"To you, it probably does," Mortby said wryly.

THEY had emerged from the forest and were walking to-

ward the camp. It had more of the aspect of a village than it did a camp. Six plastitents, their adroitly painted sides and roofs lending a three-dimensional effect of early-American clapboards and shingles, formed a street leading up to the combination mess- and recreation-tent, the sides and roof of which appeared to be constructed of brick and tile respectively, but which in reality were formed of the same all-purposed plastic that constituted the sole construction material of the "houses". Next to the rec-mess tent—as the members of the expedition had come to call it—was parked the cat-tracked turbo-truck that had transported them across the plain from the frontier-city of B'krowan two days ago.

Belatedly it occurred to Mortby that he should have posted a guard, but in the confusion that had ensued the discovery of Reinman's disappearance, the idea simply had not entered his mind. However, a hasty search of the seven tents revealed no sign that anything had been disturbed.

They adjourned to the rec-mess tent for the midday meal. Sophia said no word, and there was a faraway quality in her brown eyes that had not been there before. Mortby noticed it absently, thought no more about it till, throwing his vacuum-containers into the waste-eater, he

saw that she was no longer in the tent. "Where's Sophia?" he asked.

The others looked blank for a moment. Presently Anita Morrison shrugged. "Probably in her tent. I don't think she was very hungry."

"Take a look, will you?"

Anita returned, breathless. "Her tent's empty. Do you think—".

Mortby didn't think—he knew. "I should have guessed she'd go out looking for him again. But I thought she'd have more sense than to go alone."

Summerton stood up from the table. "Well, we might as well go after her," he said.

Mortby shook his head. "No. The rest of you stay here. I'll go after her. If we spend all our time looking for each other we'll never accomplish anything."

Before setting out, he made sure his photon pistol was charged properly. Telisthawwa would be no good to him dead, but just the same, his own skin came first, and he intended to safeguard it. He made no attempt to pick up Sophia's trail, but made a bee-line for the brook on the bank of which they had found the hoof-marks, correctly deducing that she had done likewise. Once a woman like Sophia made up her mind that something was true no amount of reasoning was apt to dissuade

her; hence, still convinced despite Mortby's argument to the contrary, that Telisthawwa had carried her true love off, she was probably determined to find the goat man's lair and effect a single-handed rescue. ~

Once he gained the farther bank of the brook, it did not take him long to find her footprints. They were intermingled with the series of hoof-marks that led away from the brook, and some of them were superimposed upon his own. He was just about to follow them into the forest when he heard her scream.

It was a scream of purest horror, and for a moment he was so shocked that he could not move. Recovering himself, he plunged forward in the direction from which it had come. The scream sounded again—farther away now—and in its wake came the pounding of hoofs. Suddenly there was a loud splash. The silence that ensued was deafening.

MORTBY ran through the shouting silence, photon pistol drawn. Branches slapped him repeatedly, vines entangled themselves around his legs and arms, roots tripped him. He hardly noticed. The pounding of hoofs still rang in his ears, crowding his concern for Sophia from his mind, and he saw the mental picture his thoughts had drawn of Telisthawwa from the

description given him by the plain-natives. He saw the scaled shoulders and the gray torso; the hirsute upper legs, and the fleshless tufted shinbones terminating in cloven hoofs. He saw the V-shaped face with its green eyes and blood-red lips; the apostrophe-like horns surmounting the white forehead, the straight black hair and the pointed ears. And the anthropologist in him was fascinated and the puritan in him was repelled.

At length he broke free from the forest and paused on the grassy shore of a lake. It was a small lake, and its waters were a vivid blue. Reeds grew thickly in the shallows along its shore, and the grass near the water's edge was green and riotous. He saw the impressions which Sophia's sandals had made in the soft ground that bordered the reed-rampant shallows, and he saw the hoof-prints that partially covered them and continued on beyond them. The water was roiled where the sandal prints ceased, but Sophia was nowhere to be seen.

He stripped down to his under-clothing, cached his pistol in one of his shoes and cleared the reeds in a shallow dive. Emerging, he surface-dived and scouted the muddy bottom. He saw no sign of her. Swimming farther out, he surface-dived again. The water was clearer here, but the bot-

tom was just as empty. He gave up and swam back to shore. Sophia had surely drowned by now, and there was no point in wasting his efforts further. Mortby was by nature a practical man.

A faint movement on the opposite shore caught his attention, and raising his eyes, he saw the goat man staring at him across the blue water. The creature was standing in bushes up to its waist, but the visible parts of it were precisely in accordance with the plain-natives' description of Telisthawwa. However, the reality was so much more vivid than Mortby's mental picture that an involuntary gasp escaped his lips. He had never seen eyes quite so green nor lips quite so red. The scaled arms and shoulders were loathesome. The gray body turned his stomach. The apostrophe-horns were somehow obscene.

Afterward Mortby could not remember how long Telisthawwa stood there before blending back into the forest. All he could remember was the mockery in the green eyes, and the feeling of repugnance that afflicted him. Presently the distant pounding of hoofs apprised him that he had been alone for some time, and then the sound of the hoofs died away and the silence was complete.

THE SUN had set by the time Mortby got back to camp, and the sky had taken out that intense and vivid blueness that invariably precedes the fall of darkness in Deneb 12's temperate zones. He called a meeting in the rec-mess tent and gave the others a brief account of what had happened. Anita's face was pale when he finished; June's bore an expression that seemed half compounded of fear and half compounded of fascination. Summerton's lean countenance was grim. "She must have drowned trying to escape from it," he said. "It's funny, though, that you couldn't find her body."

"We'll try diving for it tomorrow," Mortby said. "Too bad we didn't bring an aqua-lung."

"Listen!" Anita said suddenly.

The sound was tenuous at first, gradually took on substance and form, as the sad, fluted melody grew louder. They stepped outside the rec-mess tent and stood in the twilight beneath the intensely blue sky, and the mournful tune drifted over the statuesque trees to their ears, oddly familiar somehow, yet hopelessly unidentifiable; rising gently for a while, then fading back into tenuousness and finally dying away.

There was a long, empty silence. Then, "Syrinx," Summerton said. "Panpipes."

Mortby nodded. Telisthawwa, in common with his long-extinct terrestrial cousin, was a musician. A thread of thought began in his mind, broke when he gripped it with too-eager mental fingers. It had had something to do with the lake and the reeds and Telisthawwa's laughter, and with the fluted melody. But it was gone now, and for the life of him, he could not retrieve it.

"I can stand a drink," June said suddenly. "How about the rest of you?"

"Just one," Summerton said. "Then I'm going to bed."

"We're going to have to stand watch," Mortby said.

Summerton nodded. "All right. But you'll have to take the first trick. All this tramping around has worn me out, and I've got to get some rest. My feet are killing me."

Mortby frowned. Before retiring the previous evening, Reinman had complained about his feet too. Was there a connection? Abruptly Mortby put the matter from his mind. Attaching significance to so common a human malady as aching feet was the acme of asininity. "I'll wake you around one," he told Summerton. Turning, he accepted the drink which June had mixed for him. "*Prosit*," he said, raising the transparent container to his lips.

She rased her own container,

took a reflective sip. "Somehow I get the impression," she said, "that you saw more at the lake than you've told us."

"If I did, it didn't register on my mind. To the best of my knowledge, Sophia leaped into the water and was drowned."

"But she was a good swimmer. She may have swum across the lake and joined Telisthawwa on the other side. You don't know for sure that she didn't."

"Yes I do—and if you'd ever met Telisthawwa face to face, you'd know that she didn't too."

June swirled the contents of her container. "Oh, I don't know. He sounds like he might be kind of cute."

Mortby looked at her in disgust. Anita and Summerton had stepped outside, and he and June had the tent to themselves. At length he said, "You're overplaying it a little, aren't you?"

"Am I? I don't think so. Satyrs have always intrigued me. I don't think *I'd* run from one."

The half-smile on her thin though sensuous lips suggested that she might be kidding. But somehow he did not think that she was. "Is that why you volunteered for this expedition?" he asked.

"Part of the reason. The other part was you. Surely you know that by this time."

"You've made it obvious

enough. But why should you be attracted to me?"

She took another sip of her drink. "I don't know, really. Maybe it's because of the way you smile sometimes. Maybe it's because of the way you part your hair. Does a person ever really know why someone appeals to them? Anyway, I think you'd be loads of fun if you'd exorcise the puritan in you."

"Maybe there's a puritan in you too," he countered. "Why is it you've never married? You're twenty-six at least, and I'm sure you've never wanted for matrimonial offers."

"Twenty-seven," she said, "and the offers have been legion. But I've already told you why. The 'why is you. Unconsciously I've been waiting for you ever since I was seventeen. But I didn't bargain on the puritan in you. Why don't you exorcise him once and for all?"

"And unleash the satyr?"

Unexpectedly she colored. "That isn't what I meant at all," she said.

"Isn't it? If I exorcised the puritan, who would hold the satyr back?"

"I—I wouldn't know." Suddenly she set down her drink. "I think I'll go to bed now," she said. "I have a headache. Good night."

"Good night," Mortby said quietly.

AFTER she left he went out side and looked at the sky. The night was warm but the air was miraculously free from haze, and each star stood out bright and clear. A faint wind was blowing, and the pale treetops of the forest sighed softly in the night. He lowered his eyes. In Anita's tent, a light still burned. Summerton's tent was in darkness. As Mortby looked, June's light went out, and he pictured her slipping between scented sheets, attired in negligee as tenuous as mist. His thoughts returned to her paradoxical behavior in the rec-mess tent. Why should the term "satyr" fascinate her, he wondered, when it was applied in a literal sense, and yet repel her when it was applied in a figurative sense?

But he did not wonder long, for presently Telisthawwa came into his mind. Was the creature an ordinary satyr, or was it Pan —god of flocks and fields and forests, piper of sad melodies on a syrinx fashioned with its own hands? Perhaps it was both. In any event, it was Telisthawwa whom Mortby was interested in—not June. The puritan in him had set the scientist in him free, and stood guard at the dungeon door behind which the satyr in him languished; and that was the way it should be, the way he wanted it to be, and the way it

was going to be as long as he had anything to say about it.

At one-thirty he entered Summerton's tent and switched on the light. Summerton sat up in bed, blinking his eyes. Sweat shone on his forehead. "Time to take over," Mortby said. "You look a little white around the gills—feel all right?"

Summerton pressed the heels of his hands against his forehead. "Headache," he mumbled. Then, "Go on to bed. I'll be okay."

Mortby did so. Next morning, when he awoke, Summerton was gone.

IT WAS Anita who brought him the news. There were headlines in her frightened eyes when she stepped into his tent, and the story that tumbled from her lips was an anticlimax. He cut it short, and after dressing hurriedly, headed for Summerton's tent.

June was already there when he and Anita came up. The grass before the entrance was trampled, but not abnormally so. Inside, everything was in order, and Summerton's clothing lay neatly over the back of the chair beside the bed. Under the bed, his shoes stood side by side. Either he had not bothered to dress after Mortby had awakened him, or he had returned later on and undressed all over again. In any event, he, in com-

mon with Reinman, had wandered off in his underclothing.

The more thought Mortby gave to the matter, the more difficult he found it to go on believing that Reinman—and now Summerton—had voluntarily wandered off at all. He was inclined to believe now that Telishawwa had somehow engineered the two abductions. But why? It could be argued, certainly, that the goat man's motivation in carrying off Reinman had been to lure Sophia into the forest, but why hadn't it simply carried off Sophia in the first place?

Perhaps the answer lay in the plain-natives' custom of sacrificing a newly-mated couple on the eve of every harvest and on the eve of every spring. So far as Mortby had been able to ascertain from the verbal accounts given to him by the various natives he had queried, the couple simply walked into the forest and never returned, but the accounts had abounded in innumerable esoteric expressions that defied interpretation—expressions such as "free the forest and feed the fields", "the time comes for Telishawwa to be born anew", and "what sad song is this the lonely shepherd hears upon the twilight?—it is the song that says the master is appeased". Perhaps if he could understand the meaning behind them, he would be able to solve

the problem that confronted him; but for the life of him he could not make head nor tail of any of them.

June was standing at his elbow, staring at the empty shoes beneath the bed. "There's not the slightest sign of a struggle," she said. "He must have left of his own free will."

"I don't think so," Mortby said.

"I didn't remember to tell you last night," she went on, "and Bruce and Anita must have forgotten too, but while you were looking for Sophia, the three of us took a dozen fluoro-depth shots of the forest-floor. Do you recall the theory Reinman had about the tees having a common root system? Well he was right. The forest is actually one tree—the collective outgrowth of a single seed. Reinman called it the Arcadian seed."

"Which means, I suppose," Mortby said, instantly resenting Reinman's trespassing upon a field which he thought of as belonging solely to himself, "that the original Arcadian forest and this one sprang from a common ancestor."

"Why not? Personally I find it easier to believe that the Pan-satyr myth was the natural result of a particular ecology and that the mythical Arcadian forest and the present one sprang from identical seeds, than I find

it to believe that two almost identical religions could have come about through pure chance . . . Where's Anita?"

Mortby swung around. The tent was empty. Hurrying to the doorway, he looked out upon an empty street. The treetops of the forest were swaying lazily—insolently, it seemed—in the morning wind. He ran toward Anita's tent, June just behind him. It was empty. He swore. "After what happened to Sophia, how could she have been such a fool as to go after him alone!" he said.

June was looking reflectively at the forest. "Who knows?" she said. "Maybe Telishawwa called her."

"Nonsense! Come on, if we hurry we may be able to overtake her."

HE headed straight for the lake, June following in his footsteps. They heard Anita's scream long before they reached it. Her footprints, partially trampled by hoof-marks the way Sophia's had been, made a tragic little trail along the shore and ceased abruptly near the water's edge. The reeds grew more riotously than ever. "How could she have been such a fool!" Mortby said again.

Beside him, June gasped. "Look—over there, across the lake!"

He knew what he would see even before he raised his eyes. The satyr's face was like a sickly V-shaped flower. The blood-red lips were twisted in a mocking grin. The scaled shoulders and arms made him think of gray rotting logs. In a fit of revulsion, he drew his photon pistol, raised and aimed it.

June knocked it from his hands. "How dare you even think of killing it!" she said. "It's beautiful!"

He bent down to retrieve the pistol and when he straightened, Telisthawwa was gone. His hands were trembling. "Beautiful, you say!" he rasped. "It's evil—obscene. It's Pan, don't you see? And Pan was the prototype of Satan!"

She moistened dry lips, looked away from him. "I forgot about the puritan in you. Naturally it would seem evil to you. Shall we go back to camp?"

They made the return trip in silence. As they were emerging from the forest, Mortby became aware of a sharp pain in his toes, and as soon as he gained his tent he removed his shoes. The pain diminished slightly but did not go away. He spent the afternoon catching up on his notes, surveyed them glumly when he had finished. With two members of the expedition missing and two of them dead, he would have to return to B'krowan and report to

the local branch of the Office of Galactic Research. With luck, they would give him another chance. More probably, though, they would turn the matter over to the proper authorities and someone else would get the credit for establishing a parallel between the Kontawaba religion and the Pan-satyr myth.

He joined June in a desultory meal in the rec-mess tent. The syrinx sounded just as they were finishing, and they went outside to listen. This time, the tune was even sadder than before. Again there was that hopelessly unidentifiable familiarity, the gentle rise and fall and fading into tenuousness; the mournful dying away.

June's face was white. "We've got to leave, Alan. We can't risk staying another second. Something terrible is going on; I don't know what it is, but I—I sense it somehow."

Mortby shook his head. "We can't travel by night—I'm not familiar enough with the route. We'll leave tomorrow morning. Right now, I'm going to lie down. My feet are killing me."

For a moment she stared at him in horror, then she ran down the street to her tent. Presently he heard the click of the zipper-lock as she sealed the door shut. He felt strangely detached, as though he no longer quite belonged where he was, as though

he was no longer quite Mortby. His head began to ache. The pain in his toes intensified, spread to the soles of his feet. He could hardly wait till he reached his tent and could take his shoes off.

He lay down on his cot, but he had no intention of falling to sleep. If his theory was right and Telisthawwa had engineered both Reinman's and Summer-ton's abductions, then Telisthawwa was due to show up again, and he, Mortby, would be there waiting for him. For some reason the idea of waiting there in the tent for the goat man contained an element of irony, and he was amused. He giggled in the darkness. The pain in his feet climbed into his shins, and his head started to throb.

Despite himself, he dozed off. How long he slept he did not know but however long it might have been it had not been long enough to soothe the pain in his feet or the throbbing in his head. The pain had climbed all the way up to his knees now, and the throbbing had concentrated itself along the top of his forehead. Raising his hands, he discovered that there were two hard lumps just beneath the skin.

Suddenly the pain left his feet and legs, and the throbbing of his forehead faded away. Sitting up in bed, he swung his feet to the floor. They made a hollow sound as they struck the plastic

flooring. He was not surprised. Nor was he surprised when, raising his hand to his forehead again, he felt the two newly-sprouted horns. The new thinness and the altered pattern of his face did not surprise him either, and it seemed no more than natural that his shoulders and arms should be scaled and that his upper legs should be covered with shaggy hair. His short goat-like tail did not disconcert him in the least. Only a very small part of him was Mortby now. The rest of him was Telisthawwa. He was the forest now—the forest personified in human flesh.

TELISTHAWWA stood up in the darkness and made his way to the doorway, his cloven hoofs resounding on the plastic floor. Outside, he trotted down the street and entered the forest. The feathery touch of ferns and foliage thrilled him, and he shed the underclothing that still clung to his body and gave his limbs full rein. As always, he regretted that personification could not be sustained for longer than a single day, and he regretted too that the new body he had absorbed would, when it came time for him to become the forest again, be absorbed by the forest in turn. Three freedoms in as many days had spoiled him, and he wanted to be free forever.

All night he ran through fern-paved aisles and grassy glades, pausing now and then to drink from a star-pebbled brook or pond; and all the while he ran, a sweet thought—born of data culled from Mortby's brain, coursed deliciously through his mind: *This one will not flee from me. She looked at me and perceived the beauty which the others could not see, and she did not turn away.* Morning found him waiting for her by the lake. She would come, he knew, for even now, the ganglion of his forest-self was sending out the mesmeric waves that would bring her, moist-lipped and wanting, to his side—

Hark!—were those her footsteps now?

Standing in shadows, he watched her step from the forest, goddess-coutoured and midnight of hair, and walk diffidently down to the lake, and the sight of her was sweet. She had not seen him yet, and ravenous for the look of longing that he was sure would settle on her face, he moved out of the shadows into the sunlight and softly spoke her name.

She turned then, and her eyes went wide. With admiration? No, not admiration—fear. The part of Telisthawwa that was Mortby, gloated. It had been the puritan in him, he realized now that had attracted her to him in

the first place. The sex she so brazenly advertised was no more than a subconscious cover-up, a camouflage calculated to deflect attention from her spinster horror of the flesh. She had been able to see beauty in Telisthawwa only because she had been unable to conceive of a relationship between the satyr and herself. Now, with the relationship imminent, she saw, not beauty, but bestiality, and she knew a loathing greater even than the loathing Sophia and Anita must have known, and in a moment she would scream and flee the way they—and how many others before them?—had screamed and fled—

Just as Syrinx had fled from Pan in a similar forest long ago—to become a bed of reeds . . .

Mortby understood everything then. But the knowledge was not destined to bring him fame.

SADLY Telisthawwa watched her turn and run along the shore of the lake, her scream ringing in his ears. Then, instinctively, he set off in pursuit. When the waters leaped up and seized her and drew her down into the mud, he did not run on as he had before, because now there was no one left to flee from. Instead he waited by the water's edge, and presently he saw the first tender shoots of the new reed-bed break the surface. The

forest had behaved in keeping with its kind.

He chose the choicest shoots and spent the rest of the day fashioning the syrinx, and when it was finished he sat down on a grassy bank beneath a gnarled tree, and there by waters bluer

than her eyes had been, he sounded the first sad sweet note of her.

*And Pan did after Syrinx speed
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.*

—Andrew Marvell: *Thoughts in a Garden*

THE END