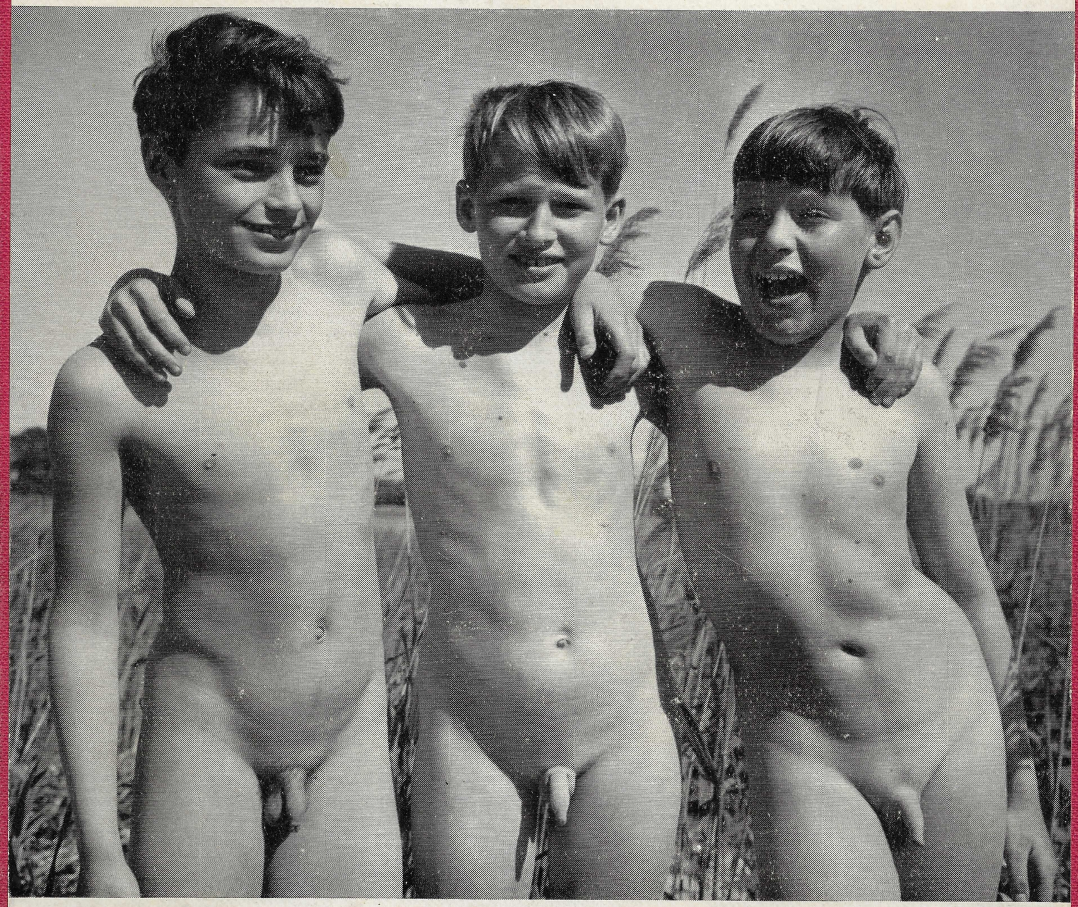
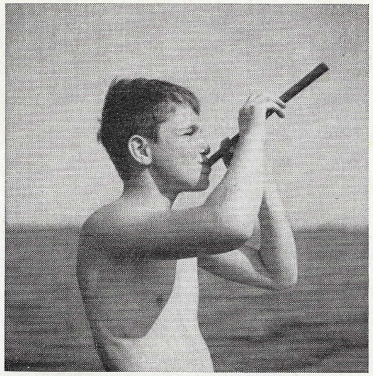
ORTIL'S PAN

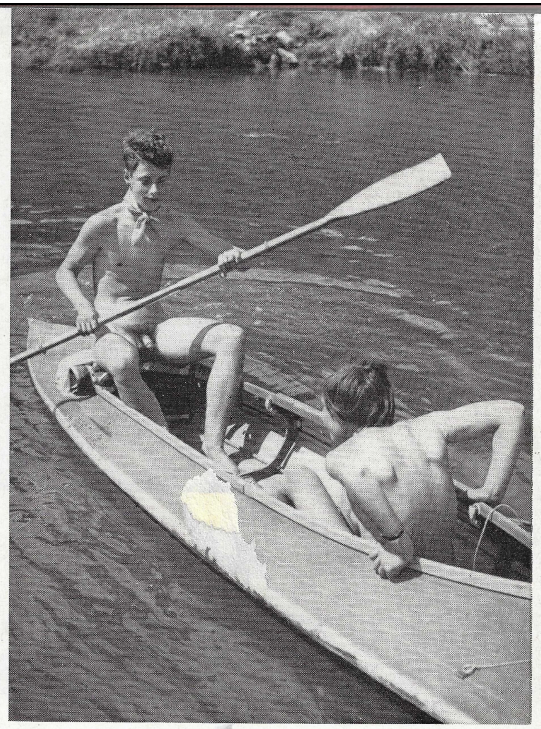




ORTIL'S PAN

By Hajo Ortil

Book Horizons
37 Lowlands Road Harrow Middlesex England



Great Pan is dead!

The Hellenic lamentations resounded along the coasts of the wildly frothing Aegean; they re-echoed across the Gulf of Corinth to the noble cypress isles of the Ionian Sea. The threnody spread from Delos to Delphi and even to Ithaca. The news had been carried like wildfire since first it crossed the lips of Thamos, an Egyptian sailor: "Pan megas tetneke, the great Pan is dead". The woeful call reverberated from all sides: "Pan megas tetneke, tetneke ... neke ... ke!". The abrupt precipices hurled it back on to the moaning winds; even towering Olympus itself with the immortal twelve joined in the dirge.

Why did PAN die? And, why did he alone amongst all the immortal gods of the Hellenic have to perish?

Sumerian legends relate that ENKIDU, the godlike animal essence of the steppe, having confided as a friend of nature in GILGAMESH, lord of cities and human arts, died a sudden death. Deeply upset and fearfully disturbed, Gilgamesh inexorably started to unravel all life's carefree naïveté, so taken for granted; started to seek the waters of eternal life without pressing the penetrating and distressing question of existence itself.

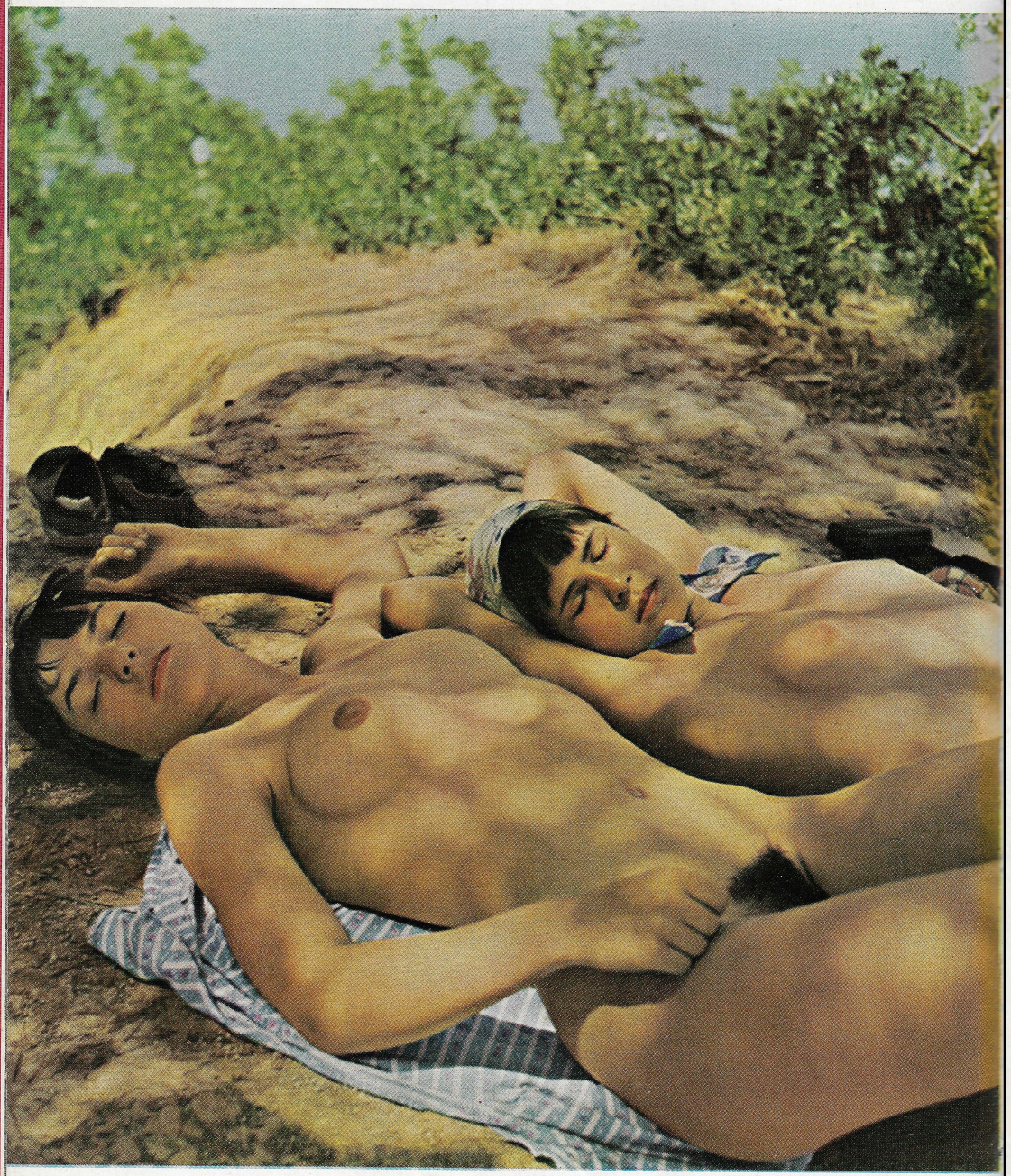
Did Pan have to die because a new Gilgamesh arose who was not a seeker after knowledge but a proclaimer of truths? A Gilgamesh who had come into the world not to search but to reveal? And have we really cause to rejoice at the fact that, following Pan's death, the "happy message", the EVANGEL, emanating from Palestine spread throughout the world—a christo-mythical dissolution of culture which, concentrating on the spirit, bored its way obdurately to the very nucleus of matter, which has reduced our very being to atoms. It is a far cry from the primitive happiness of the lush meadows and the body, personified by Pan.

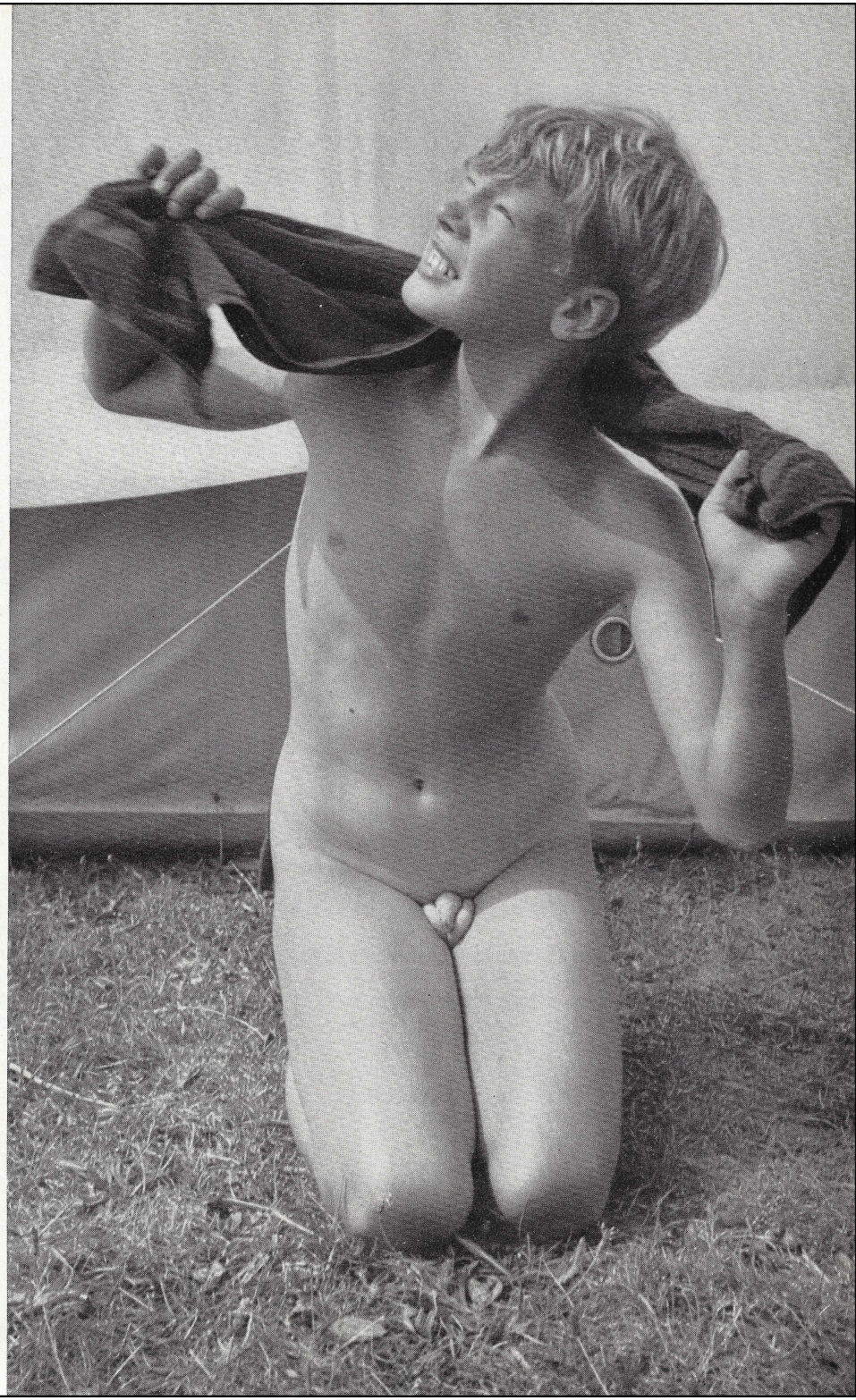
Yes, indeed, who knows the answers? But first let us hear who Pan was.











Who was Pan?

It is said that Pan's mother, horrified at the sight of the little lad, fled shortly after his birth, so ugly was the young god with his hirsute goat's legs, apart from his tail and beard. We can well appreciate the mother's horror. Today's language would speak of a deformed monster. But we should be extremely careful about passing hasty judgements in the case of a god who was a monster. Hermes alone, the messenger of the gods, took pleasure in the goat-legged divinity. He was unabashed at the strange sight having widely travelled and viewed many unwholesome things: the Centaurs, for instance, half man, half horse; the Harpies half woman, half bird; or the sea creatures human in the upper half and fish in the lower. Hermes, therefore, caught hold of the boy without compunction and flew with him to high Olympus—not, indeed, to introduce him as divine progeny but simply to make him a butt for the gods' rough humour. Sure enough the gods made a laughing stock of the seeming goblin! It was Pan's first and last appearance in Olympus. Hermes flew him back once more to the earthy fields of Arcady.

Here he watched over the herds and beehives. Later, however, when pubescence had invested him with the passions of manhood he was assailed by insatiable longing for the soothing satisfaction of love. As a result he relentlessly pursued the nymphs of mount and valley who were often forced to seek refuge from his importunate advances in transformation. This salvation was often only effected in the nick of time.

It was in these circumstances that the chaste nymph, Pitys, changed herself into a slender pine tree and that the sweet Syrinx became a pliable reed by the shore. Here is the root of Pan's love of the Pine forests and the animals within; here is the key to his passion for the chase, seeing that he had pitilessly hunted Pitys. His predilection for pines would exist in any case for he often slumbered in the shadow of their arms, the widely spreading branches. And the reeds by the shore he loved for their power for evoking in him a little of the vanished Syrinx. He even succeeded in making Syrinx sing. That occurred as follows: having cut a reed into different lengths he transformed them into a kind of flute by binding them together with bees' wax. This instrument has since become known throughout the world as the shepherd's flute or Pan Pipes. From this instrument he coaxed plaintive love melodies and, even today, these pipes are known to the shepherds in the Peleponnesus. Daphnis, a shepherd at Lesboes blew them too in order to intoxicate the shepherdess Chloë.

Pan liked nothing better than to hide in the green reeds of the Ladon or the Alpheous; to lie under the pines of Lycaon; to doze off and be lulled into unconsciousness; to sleep or play happy "goat's jump" tunes on his pipes while he kept a lazy blinking eye on his flocks. Yes, a truly lazy lad he was. Nothing of the active Hermes about him at all. He would never have been a friend of modern industrial civilisation. Airy speculations, spiritual soul-searching and penetrating questioning he loved not; he was far too earth-bound with his goat's hooves firmly fixed on the ground. He could be kind and helpful, especially to animals. But woe attend him who dared to disturb Pan's peace or his midday rest! Up would go a fearful shriek, only comparable with that of a Hellenic donkey, yea, even more fearsome still. The solid earth would tremble



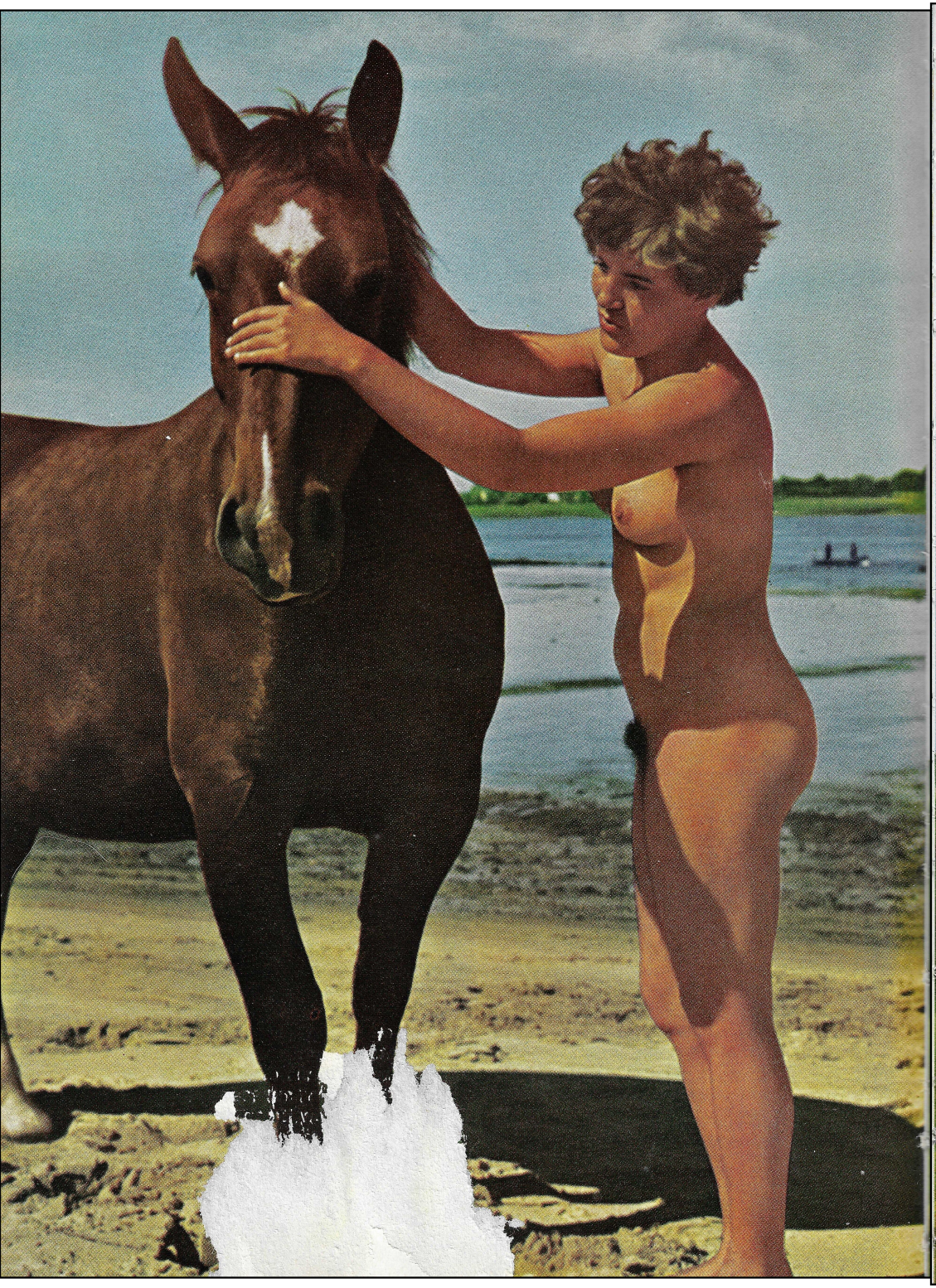
with gallopping hooves and a Panic terror would seize the herds. With rolling eyes they would stampede, their hides dripping with sweat as they stamped the ground ferociously. And, all the while, their shepherds would look on helpness, stricken with terror. Thus did he bequeath the meadows with their happiness and welfare but also with frightful terror, as the warning of death.

Let us relate something about Pan's life. He had no wife and associated with the maenads and nymphs instead. All wild and warlike things were foreign to his nature; his essence was composed of everything that was nourishing, sustaining, creative and generative. Peace and happiness abided in him.

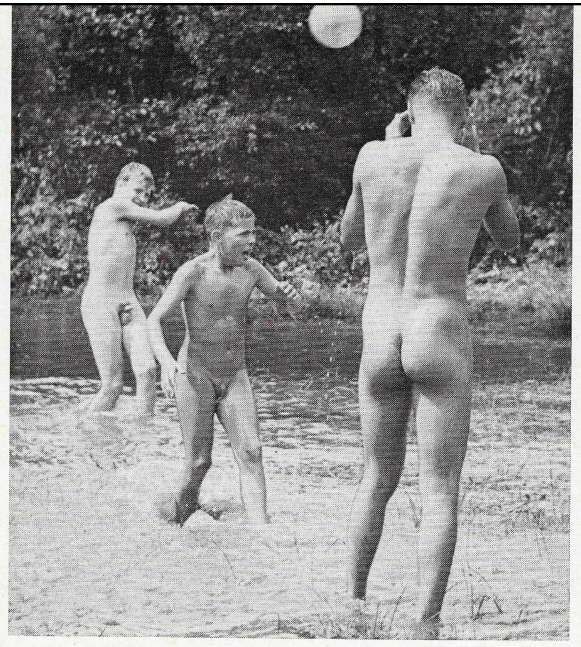
But pure nature of itself cannot always exist ... Pan was doomed to die. The spirit of human planning trying to enslave and change nature finally got the upper hand. Pan died. That sad experience was not confined to the ancient world; it is the lot of many adherents of the natural life in the modern.

But is it actually true? Did Pan really die? Has sufficient trouble been taken to trace back and find out what happened to him?

Today's naked wanderers at the edge of the forests or along the deserted seashore who adhere to the gymnic way of life, that culture of the naked body which graced Hellas two thousands years ago and has flourished to new glory in this, the first atomic century of mankind, know better. PAN DID NOT DIE! He only faded away into a kind of retirement. Or, perhaps, he fled. The "Sea-Faring Youth of Bremen" the "Hanseatic Pirates" succeeded in tracking him down. Now it can be told! Thamos had false information.







Pan still lives!

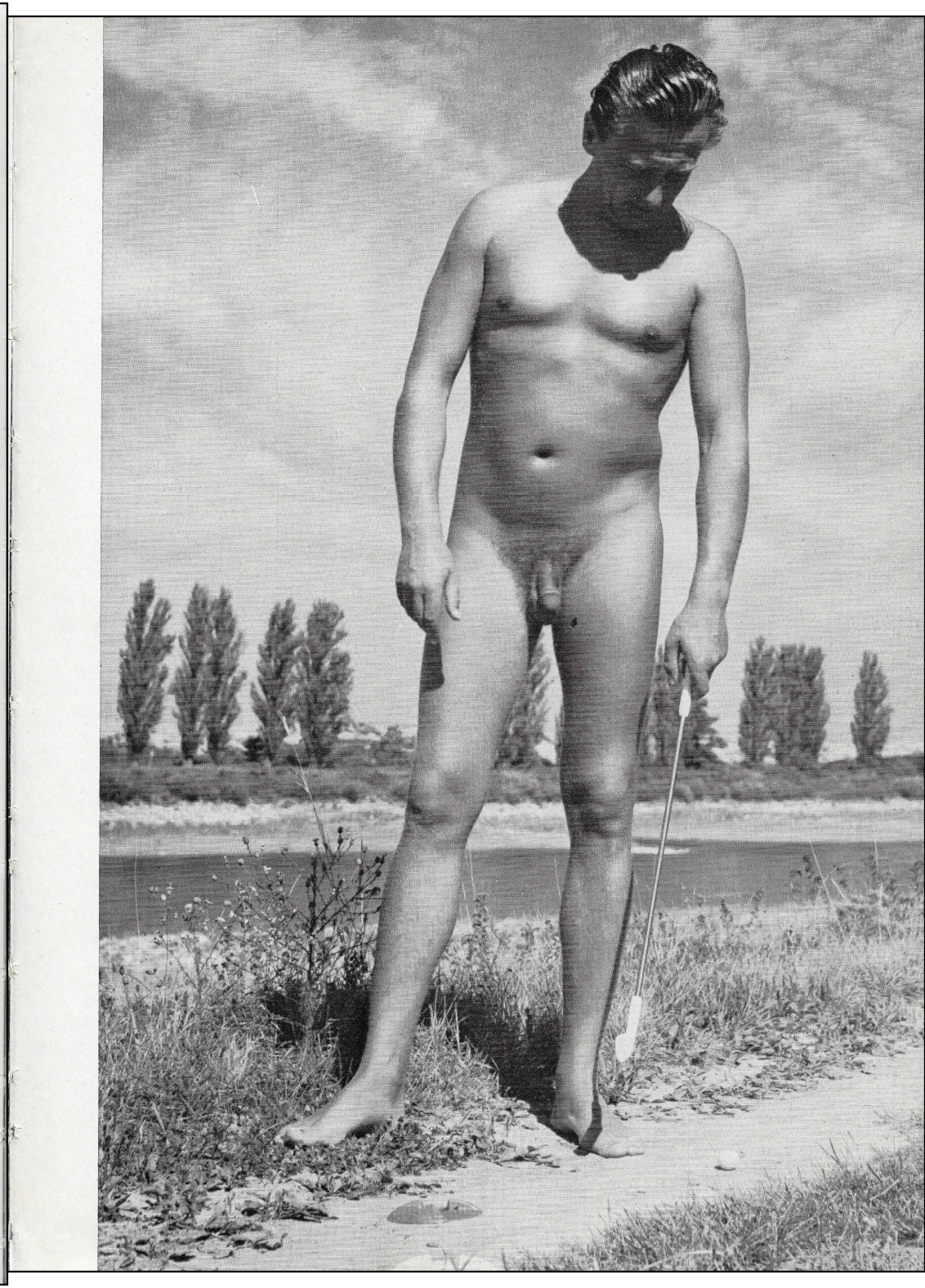
Yes, he still lives, that great god of rural peace and idyllic green pastoral scenes teeming with sheep and cattle. The "HANSEATIC PIRATES" who travel the rivers by canoe and are based on an island of cattle pastures on the lower reaches of the Weser, found him. He was discovered at Ladon in Greece and also in the peaceful water of Northern Germany. Thus far has Pan retired for the time being—for the sake of the Hanseatic Pirates, at any rate. He was led astray by the charm of some of the naturist girls attached to these Weser pirates, the sweetness of Gilathea, a nymph from the Weser itself and of Xanti, a nymph from the Rhine. So captivated was he, that he followed the naked canoeists right up to the grey northern fields. But, more about this amusing incident in the next chapter.

Pan's wanderings are not confined to the sunny terraces of the Mediterranean. The world has grown bigger and bigger and wherever herds graze on green pastures he appears often and gladly: the only people he finds it hard to stomach in the modern world are the cowboys of Texas and the gauchos of the prairies.

But who amongst us would like to live on, if Eros, Dionysus, and, above all, Pan were forced off the earth.

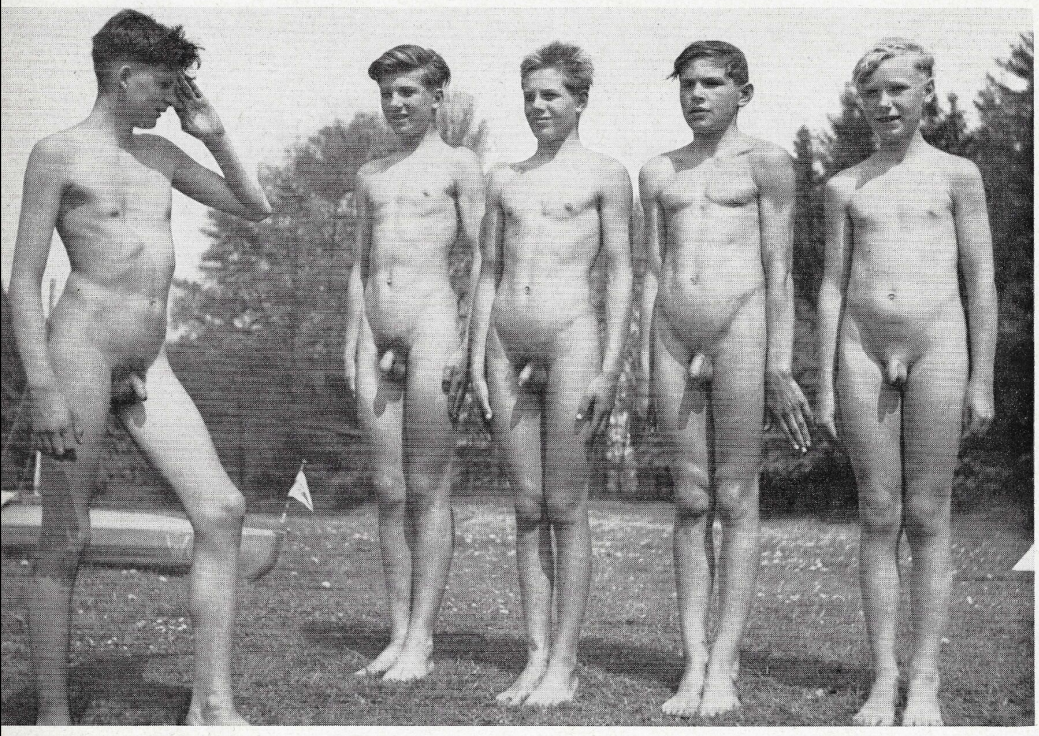
Perhaps we are looking on the black side. After all, Pan is still alive. We have his company, we can sense his presence, we are attracted by his aura. Not everyone can or wants to find him. You must belong to his essence. Our water-wandering pal, Big Old Joe can certainly maintain that he is of Pan's nature without exaggeration. But whoever still believes in Pan must live like we do, the naked canoeing youth of the Lower Weser. We are the children of Pan and, therefore, no one of those who travelled with the group on the quiet waters of the Hase, or on the river Ems whose banks are thick with willow bushes, can deny that all are his children.

If any group of persons, therefore, is in a position to prove that Pan still lives, it is the wandering youths and maidens sworn to the culture of the naked body led by Old Joe of Bremen. Pan is no longer a mere Hellenic god, he has









become a world god. The earth is larger than Ptolemy, Plato and Aristoteles dreamed and it isn't as flat as a plate either, over the edge of which Pan would fall into chaos on his flight from modern urbanisation and civilisation. There are still immense primeval forests in the Congo and along the Amazon; there are the dwarf pine tundras and herds of reindeers in Lapland; there are the green pasture valleys of the Andes and the Rocky Mountains where Pan, concealed in the bushes by the shore, can hymn the great theme of nature untained on his pipes. Good natured as he is, his dominion and protection is now extended not only to sheep and cattle but also to lamas, gnus, antilopes, elks, reindeers, even elephants and, latterly, lions and tigers. He requires the latter to inspire such Panic terror as has not already been caused by mankind with its weapons and cars.

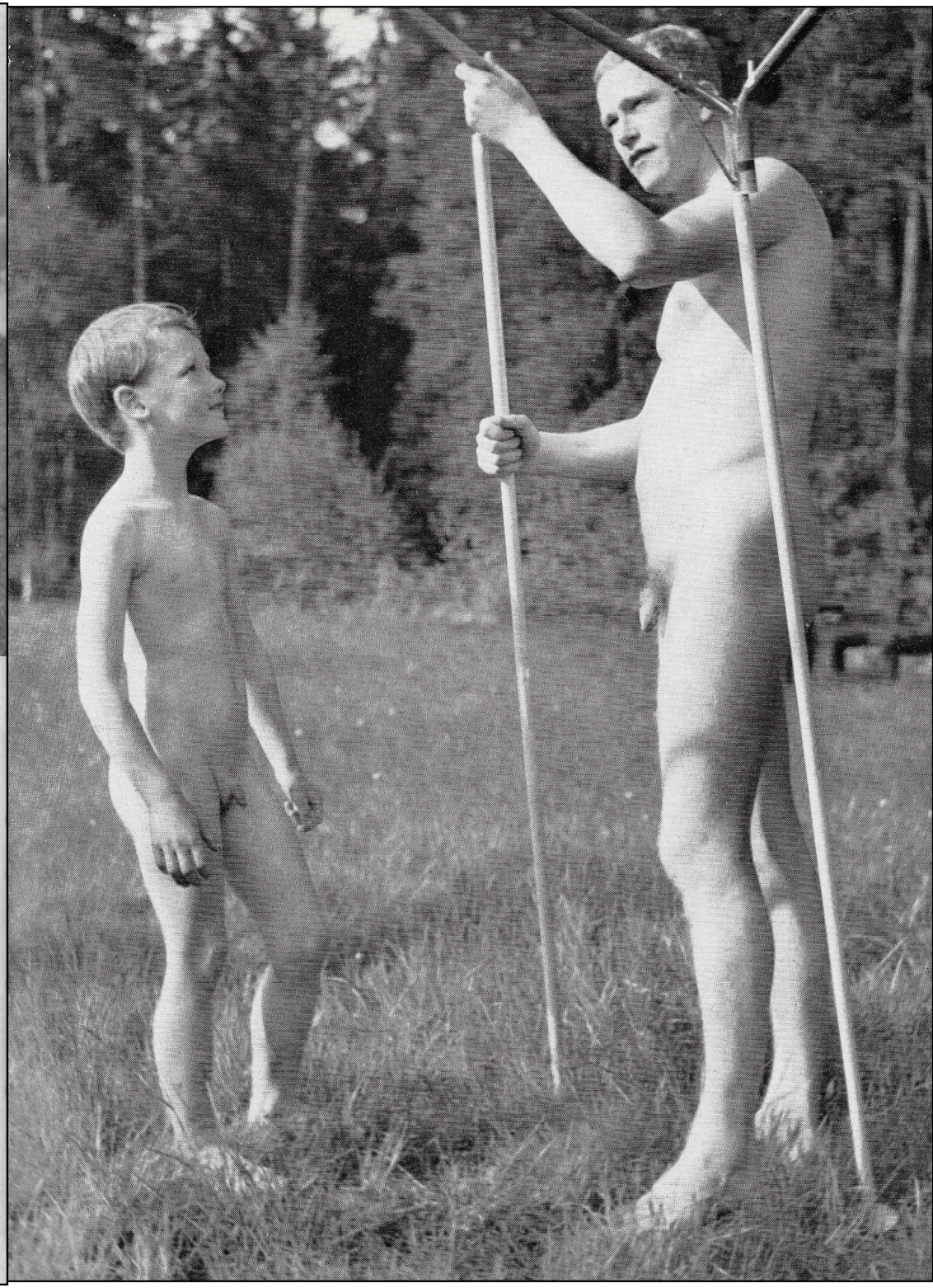
No; Pan is far from dead. He has faded from the scene, he has retired. Not entirely, but from the noisy industrial areas. He screams and flies wherever factory sirens or car horns drown the melody of his pipes. He basks in the sunshine wherever he is still tolerated and when the profound stillness of the midday hour descends, hidden in the bushes the pipes that song hearkened to by the goats, sheep, and cattle herds plus a few human beings with the requisite feeling for nature and its secrets. When Pan deserts the wide pastures men quickly become a prey to sadness as when of old, Thamos proclaimed his death to the inhabitants of the Mediterranean.



Will he also pass us by? Perhaps. He will not, at any rate, settle among the camping brawlers with their blaring radios and jazz trumpets which tear apart the stillness of the natural scene; nor will he stay where the waters of the streams are so filthy and polluted that no nymph would dare trust herself to bathe in them and where no goat could even taste a single drop on his tongue and where the stench of petrol and the smoke of factories violate the air as in the dreary rubbish dump landscapes.

Quietness and sunshine entice Pan out of his reticence. The naked youths and maidens of the naturist movement know that they can find him there and listen to the sound of his pipes in the lush warmth and thither-flowing breath of an all embracing sunny afternoon. The intoxicating caress of the zephyrs, the hum of the bees and bumble bees, the song of the crickets, the whirring of the grasshoppers—all the buzzing and droning of the insect world join in with the trills and marathon runs of his pipes. All the while the goats, lambs, calves and foals slumber, their stomachs stretched on the soft pasture; with half an ear they hearken to the melodies or lazily munch the verdant grass.

The restless maidens and cheeky youths of the canoes and kayaks also are silent during this hour and lie quietly within their craft, drifting onwards lazily as if fish gliding silently through the water or birds hovering on the way. Dragonflies whirl around and yellow butterflies glide down towards the surface of the stream. Gently the boats drift on to the watering places for the herds or against the grassy banks of the shore; the crews sleep or sunbathe, cut pipes from the reeds and quietly sing.

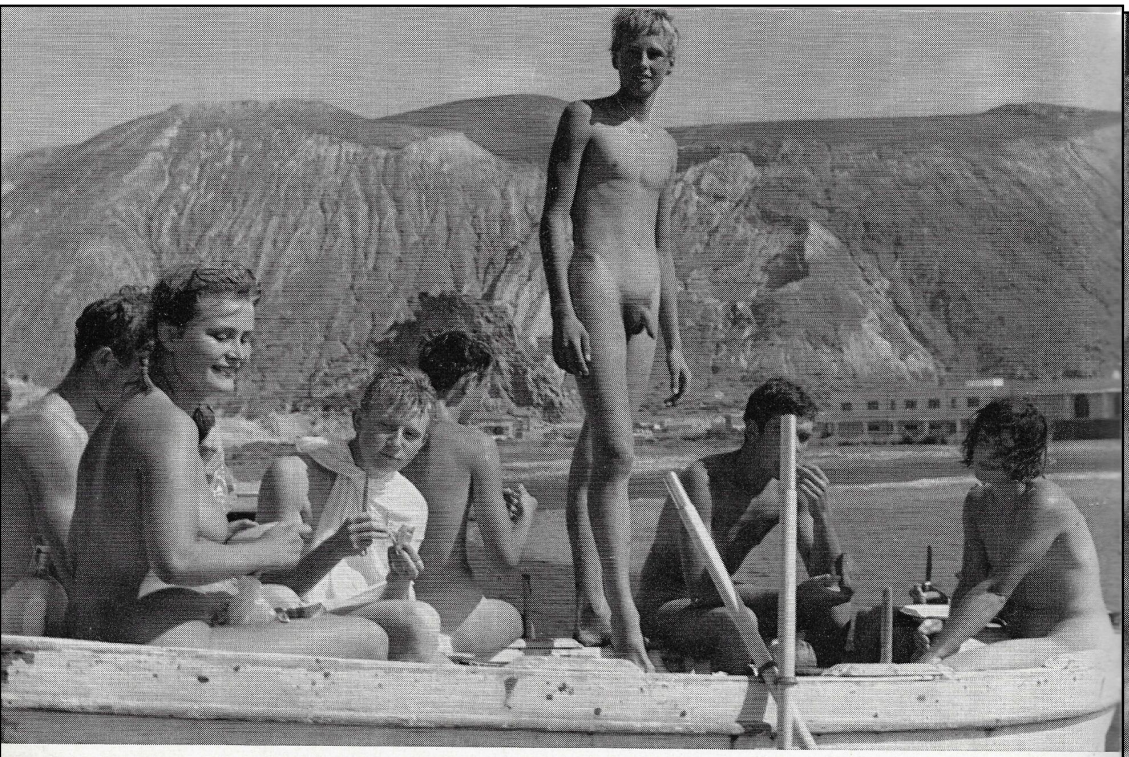








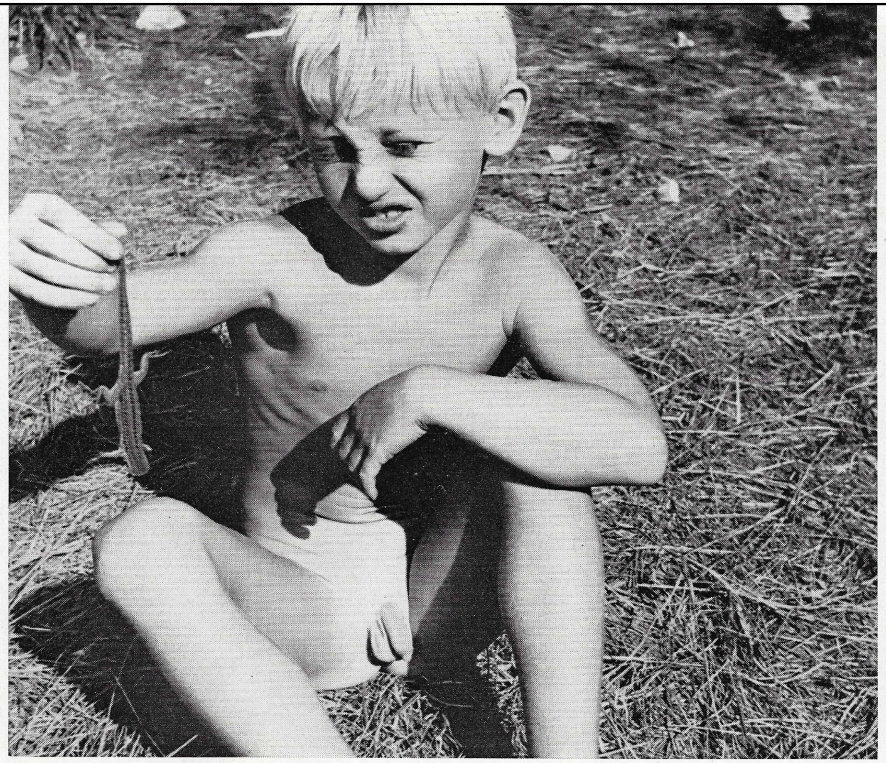




Pan is enticed to the Cattle-Isle of Harrier Sand

One day while Pan was still in his Arcadian homeland he saw something which made him wonder and rub his eyes in disbelief. What was he looking at within his hallowed domain? Was it actually possible? Was he not dreaming? Yes, by Zeus himself it was true! Eureka, weren't those figures lovely young nymphs of foreign extraction walking stark naked along the banks of the Ladon? Nymphs they were, really and truly, nymphs! Slender and enticing with swelling little breasts and pouting little buttocks. Eureka! a tingling feeling crept right down into his shaggy goat's legs; the syrinx fell out of his adept hand. His inward urge was to approach these sweet young maidens right away when—now, be careful, Old Pan! ... what were those strong Ephebes doing with damned long spoon-handles. By Jove! you could get a nice knock across the horns with one of those. Better leave the Lolitas alone for the moment; but, thought the witty goat "we will stay on the alert". And he ruminated further: "an opportunity always presents itself sooner or later".

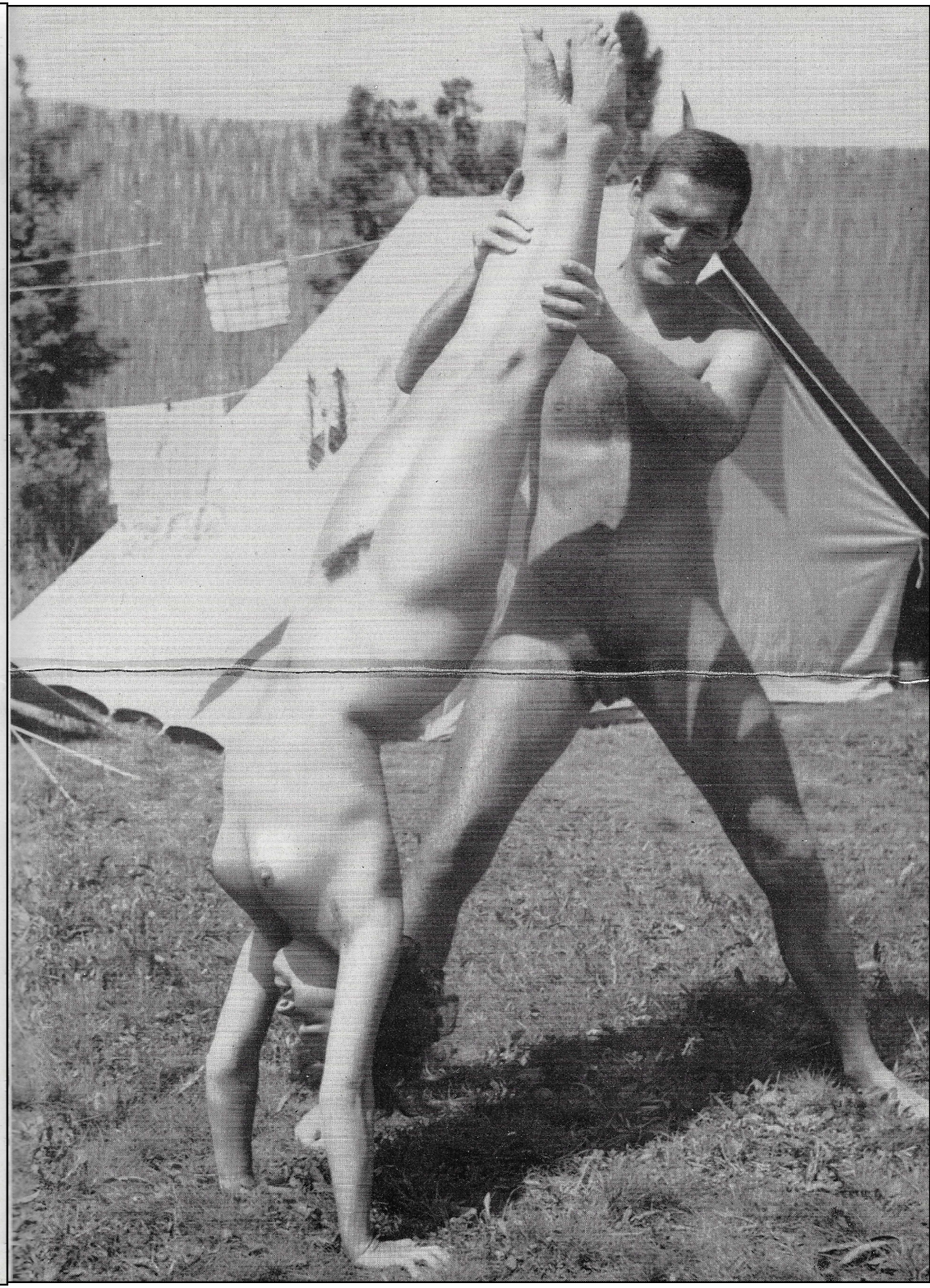


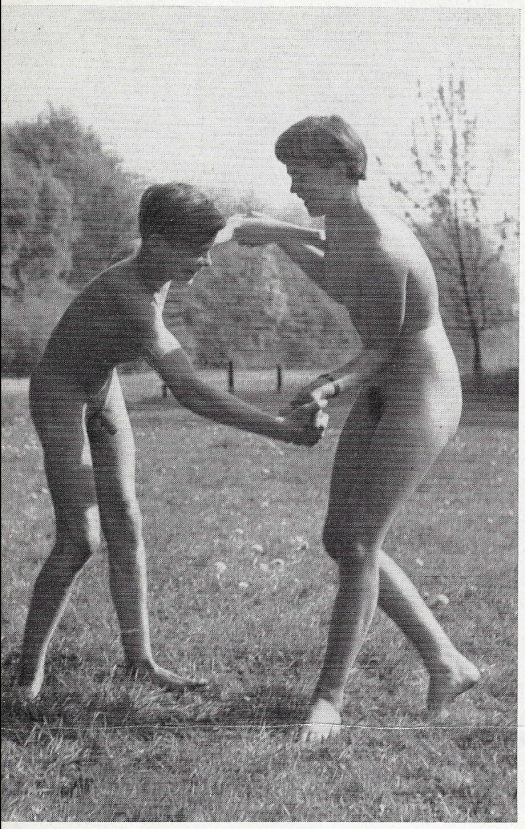


The next thing he saw caused him considerable astonishment. The naked nymphs and their slender Ephebe escorts got into soft elastic-looking boats and pushing the long spoon-handles strongly backward, shot through the frothy Ladon as fast as arrows. Pan could never have followed them or caught them up. The pursuit of nymphs had always been practiced as an art without calling in technical aids. However, he used a method, the property of the gods only, the possibility of which is doubted by the logical sober modern age. Pan's method consisted in transformation. Gods have the magical power of transformation. Contemporary mankind only sees and recognises this in the chemical industry.

Pan transformed himself into an invisible spirit and shot down the Ladon in pursuit of the flotilla, just managing to slip over the stern of the last craft . . . right into the body of the stoutly built and broad chested occupant. It was Big Old Joe himself. Pan would have much preferred to enter the body of some luscious nymph but he was now so out of breath that even this thick hunk of a man with such a voluminous body offered him a temporary shelter that was not to be despised. He found, in addition, that the ups and downs of the boat as it raced along were almost as enjoyable an experience as a ride on an obstinate billy-goat.

In time Pan got used to Big Old Joe and, in fact, almost identified himself with him. Still attached to his unwitting host, Pan travelled right through Italy and across the Alps without either ticket or passport. Once he was sorely tempted to jump out of the carriage window as the train passed some Alpine pastures with the sweetest little lambs and the sweetest little girl reapers. But he





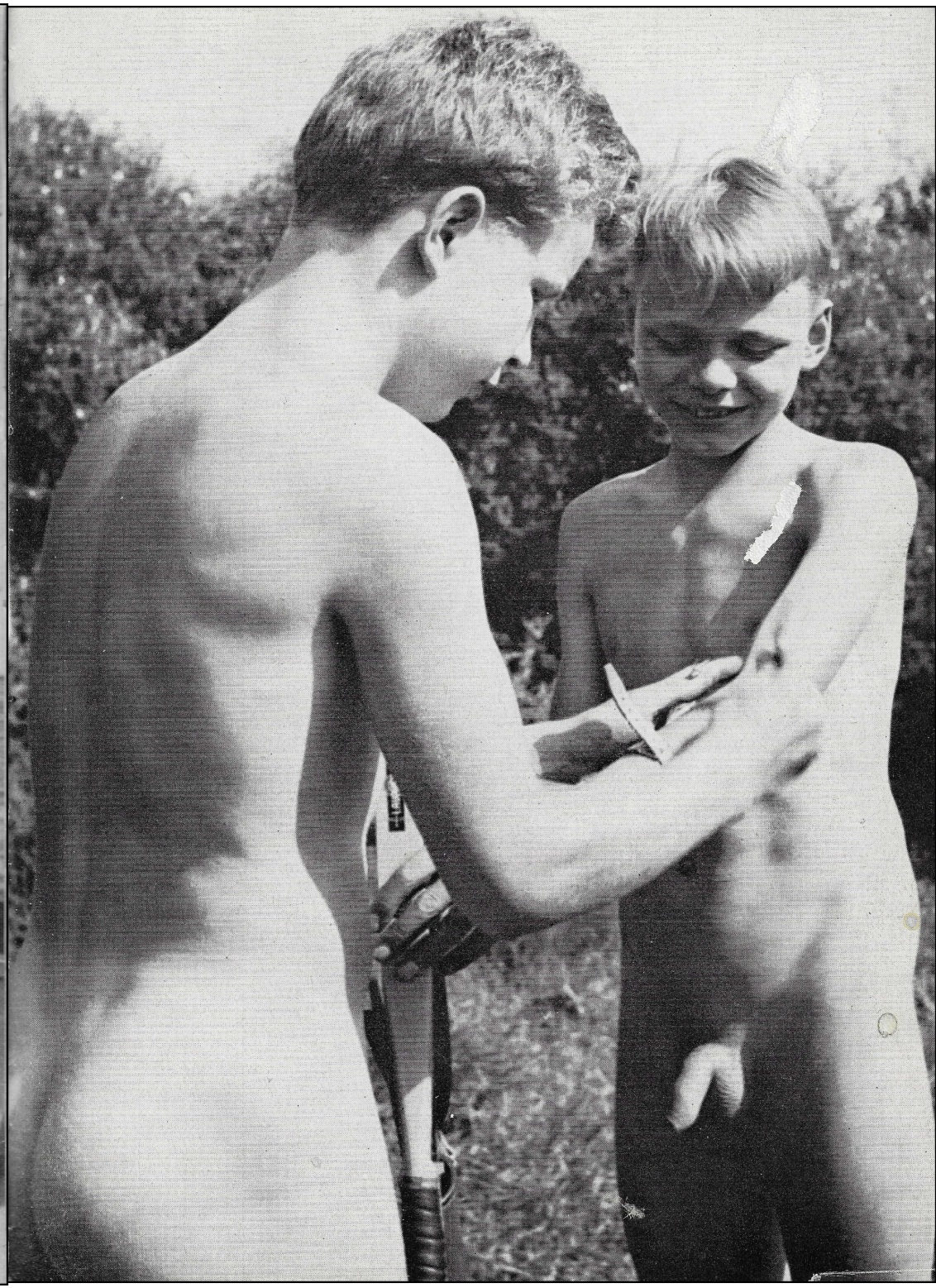


controlled the urge and remained faithful to Old Joe's nymphs. In any case those girls in the fields were wearing such thick skirts and stockings while Joe's nymphs were unclothed.
In this way Pan eventually reached Bremen and, in time, the Lower Weser. He had, of course, to get used to the place a bit. It was summer but much cooler than in Arcady. He, therefore, felt that it was better for the present not to leave Old Joe's bodily warmth, finding his lodgings very habitable, roomy and nourishing. Sometimes, even, he was drenched with a torrent of fragrant Greek wine.

Pan became very enthusiastic about the trips as he never dared leave Big Old Joe's wind jacket while crossing the cities. In fact, he hated those stony deserts. But once on the shores of the Lower Weser he quickly slipped out of his housing. He particularly liked the island called HARRIER SAND, which was the river homeland of those youths and maidens so fond of the water, the naked young people from the naturist sun groups. He found to his great joy that this island was the preserve of cows on pasture, lustily gallopping horses, lambs, and some of the goats he loved.











Pan travels with us to Osnabrück

Why specially to the town of Osnabrück? That will reveal itself later on. Had the town of Osnabrück ever before had the honour of having a god rest within its walls? If not they can thank Big Old Joe's nymphs and fauns for having enticed one there. This does not mean that we are considering a financial claim on the municipality because of the visit.

"Now just listen, you noisy kids!" said Big Old Joe one day in the dilapidated pirates' den at Bremen as he sat in the middle of his group, "we are going to make an expedition into the land of Münster during the May holiday. It is said to be very "black" there, so-called because of the clergy's forbidding sombre garb. "Blacker" even than our Brother-Land of Bavaria. That, however, is the very reason for our trip. They don't know how human beings look without their shirts in those parts and it's time they learned. It will mean a few complexes less, and a few eccentrics put on the way to sanity".

Laughter worthy of Pan and loud acclamations followed his words. Pan probably joined in. His favourite spot was the edge of the roof outside where he could keep his eye on the Weser. Curiosity had, on this occasion, tempted him back beneath Big Old Joe's jacket. Those present—quite unjustly—attributed his goat's bleating to Big Old Joe himself. In many ways Pan could use the situation of his being confused with Big Old Joe to very good advantage.

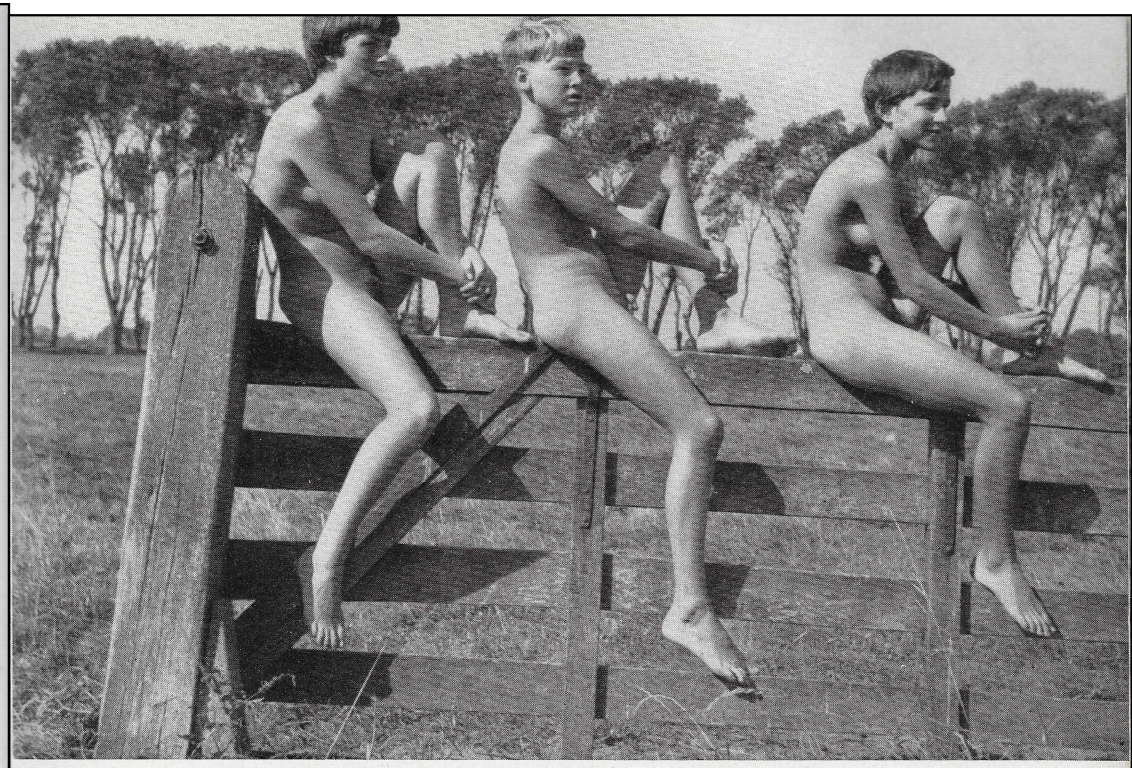
"We will, therefore, make a trip down the rivers HASE and EMS" went on Big Old Joe, "the Hase comes first, of course, starting, say, at Osnabrück. The River Excursion Guide has this to say:

> A lonely, pretty river; 85 miles long; many turnings and beautiful banks, juniper grovers and a wild life sanctuary at Haselünne."

Well, that was something! It would give the lie direct to all those who assert that we always went abroad for snobbish purposes to the neglect of the Mother Country. By Pan, comrades, what rivers around Bremen have we not yet explored? Now, who's prepared to come? The invitation produced an amount of unanimity and readiness not often experienced in the ranks.

We should, indeed, like to record here and now the names of those who supported the suggestion and subsequently took part. This is done purely to assist those who may write histories of the group at a later stage. The little nymphs were represented by: Pine Branch, River Reed, Echo, Flute, Willow twig, . . . but, perhaps, it is better to take the more prosaic everyday names as follows—Mousie, Platty, Tutti, Huwi, Tacki, Gila and Bux; the Fauns and young Satyrs were: Nick, Didelbums and Didelwums, Schluri, Hanno, Pidder, Wallo, Kanku, Botho and Lackel.

Pan was surprised to find they didn't leave at once. He was the impatient witness of the roundabout preparations which had to be undertaken. Pan, who could neither read nor write, had no idea what a school head master is. He was, therefore, a puzzled witness of how grey-haired Old Joe produced the red Youth Leader Pass no. 497, officially stamped by the Youth Office of the town, and having filled out a form hurried to a place full of smoke, noise and agitation where he received a number of small brown cards. Then they went to another place where nothing but boats lay piled one on top of another. Pan saw how the individual wood pieces were cleaned and packed into sacks. He heard the curses and imprecations, saw the sweat and was amazed at the constant consultations of the wristwatch. "This quietly ticking thing"











thought Pan to himself "is the magical creator of unrest among mankind in the modern world. How silly to be tyrannised by such a small thing!".

Yes, indeed, Pan was well able to laugh and criticise! What did he know about time tables! and what did he know about the daily workplan of a busy head master at a school run by the local authorities? We should really be naked, stark naked like Pan himself; then there would be no place to carry ball point pens, appointments calendars or insurance policies.

And what idea had Pan about a Youth Leader subject to the Local Authorities with their regulations for behaviour continually being hammered into his head. Regulations concerning Youth Law and the Protection of Youth. What notion had he of responsibility, accident reports for financial subsidies?
And what did Pan know about the sticky regulations concerning nudity; how, as a basic tenet, people may only go naked together under certain conditions or, alternatively, forget that they have skins beneath their shirts!
Pan would indeed be surprised if he could have an insight into these matters. He would raise his goat's eyebrows to learn that nudity, if registered officially (in Germany) with the municipality and carried out as a matter of principle, may be praticed. The municipality will even permit journeys by such groups under proper conditions. Pan had never the slightest contact with red-tape bureaucracy. Good Health!.

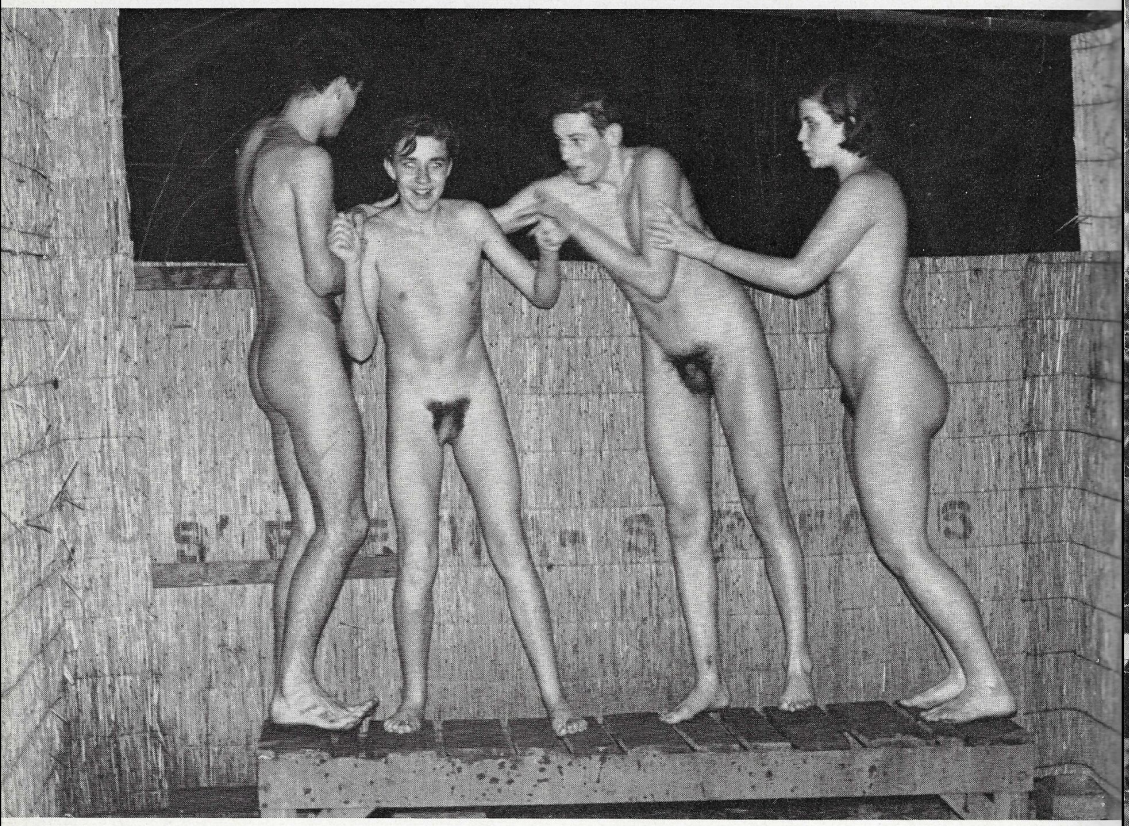












Pan almost lost his patience. The preparations lasted far too long for him.

He had thought the matter over quietly to himself, toying with the idea of a possible flight to the black goat-herds of the Sudan or the original mountain shepherds of New Guinea. Still, he had followed the Sun Group as far as Bremen and felt curious as to the outcome.

He was obliged to remain with the Lower Weser nymphs to some extent. They had paid a visit to the Ladon, his homeland, and he wanted to return that visit.

The great day dawned at last. May sunshine bathed everything in its golden glow; the firmament was a cupola of blue. All went according to the book of rules for the month of May as the group gathered at the Main Station en route for Osnabrück. Pan decided to forego the pleasure of gazing on the nymphs' charms in the railway carriage on this occasion and had concealed himself in the outward pocket of Old Joe's mountain rucksack. He had quartered himself with the rolls and cheese. He liked nothing better than cheese, particularly, cheese from goat's milk.

On reaching Osnabrück the group made for that point on the river Hase where the Weser-Ems canal joins it, near a place called Bramsche.









No sooner had they reached the green grassy bank than Didelbums and Didelwums threw off their clothing and all the rest quickly followed suit. Pan was no longer able to restrain himself in the outer pocket of the rucksack. Whoops! he rocketed into the bushes on the bank and there stretched himself out comfortably and waited for things to happen. He heard with pleasure the commanding tones of Upper-Goat Shepherd, Old Joe. "By gosh, this damned English language!" sighed Pan "and I'm not even yet able to follow German properly! Ancient Greek would be much more to my liking!".

The sight of the little group of naked youths and maidens now fascinated him as they put a surprising number of wooden staves together and surrounded them with a kind of skin. Then the boats were put into the water. "O, mercy!" thought Pan, "they're about to start" and sticking his pipes under his tail he slipped deftly into the canoe beside Gila, his favourite nymph. He made quite a dusky picture beside her although, fortunately, apart from a gentle tickling she didn't notice anything.

All this, however, had merely been in the nature of a rehearsal and the naked crews quickly hurried back to shore at the approach of a May shower; the youths busied themselves erecting the tents while the maidens started to prepare the vegetables for a meal while others went to explore the district climbing over many meadow fences in the process.



A Pan-happy river trip!

Those days in May on the gentle Hase were simply wonderful. In spite of its gentleness, the Hase was quite capable of making a sudden turn to right or left thereby nibbling away a piece of meadow or pasture land from some farmer or other.

"Girls and women are just as fond of nibbling as the river" said Pidder sarcastically whose besetting vice was sarcasm. Above all, he delighted in turning the barb of his jokes against Huwi who seldom fell behind in repartee. A clay statue of this girl stands lifesizes in Big Old Joe's workroom. But she never opens her mouth there.

"Wonderful, ain't it" was Wallo's comment, and expanding on the theme he added: "they have to have something to rub against even if it's only a corset!". Wallo didn't shrink from graphic illustrations to enforce his arguments. "We don't need them" piped up Mousie. She was referring to the corsets. And, in actual fact, wild maidens of nature have no business in using such artificial supports of civilisation. "You won't need one for a long, long time to come" taunted Pidder. "Wonderful, ain't it" said Wallo "apples don't yet ripen in the Spring".

"Since when have you been an expert on fruit" said Huwi, whose turn had now arrived to make a contribution to the discussion. She followed this cheeky remark by making straight for Pidder's canoe and treating him to several paddlefulls of water on the head. In a second the most beautiful water battle of all time was in full swing. Pan laughed heartily at all this and violently wagged his tail in appreciation.

Quick paddling was quite impossible in these circumstances and there was no hope of keeping to the number of miles to be covered as laid down in the programme. As if to emphasise this remorselessly, Didelbums, Didelwums, Wallo, Pidder and Schlunk put their legs over the sides of their canoes and let them lazily course through the water. Was this the result of Pan's presence in the party?

In this style, if one can call it style, they paddled naked day after day lying on their gliding sun-beds (the boats) drifting dreamily to far off shores. Cows sometimes stopped chewing the cud to turn their stupid gaze on the strange sight; at other times these same cows would hurry away from the banks of the river in terror. The unisonic up-and-down of the paddles, this windmill-like action seemed to put the fear of Pan into the bovine species.

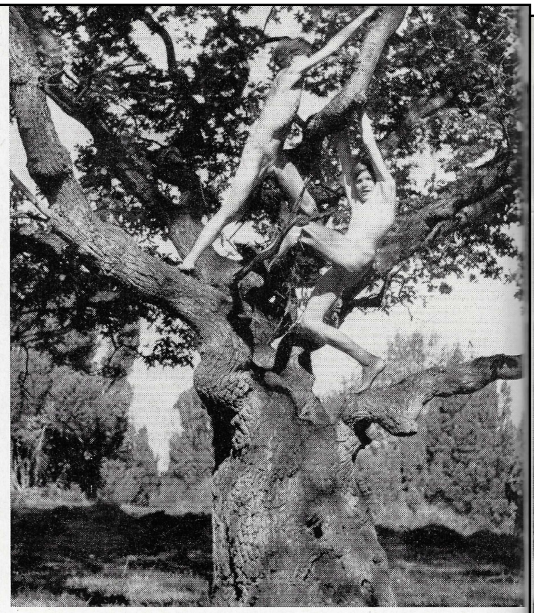
"Wonderful, ain't it", said Wallo and he was right. A flotilla lashing the water is an unwanted sight for a cow on the banks of the Hase. The cows on the banks of the Weser are more civilised in this respect and have become used to such sights; indeed, a paddle boat could not surprise them, used as they are to seeing ocean-going vessels pass along the river daily.

Pan could have calmed down the cows at once but he was far too busily employed with Huwi, and Gila, Bux and Tutti. Like a good father who sometimes misses the effect of his anger, he also probably took the fear of the animals as a confirmation of his power over them. And so the tardy flotilla went slowly on its way old mills and pretty villages until at last some lush verdant meadows heralded the interesting town of Quakenbrück, which we may christen "Croak-Bridge". Mousie and the 10 year old





Nick were obviously disappointed as we went under the bridge.
"There's no croaking!" they said regretfully.
"Wonderful ain't it" Wallo could be heard saying "after all a bridge is'nt a frog".
Evening had descended. A few miles further down the river we erected our tents near a sandy watering trough on the bank. Behind the camp long and level pastoral meadows stretched endlessly. There was a full moon and we took all the time in the world. We didn't even need our pocket torches. Our thoughts turned on deep slumbers after supper. But the best laid schemes of mice and men "gang aft agley".



Nasty cowdung

We got no sleep because the moon was shining. Because of the moon the frogs in the area became sentimental. Their concert started at once and there is no doubt but that in the history of canoeing this music will go down as the "Croak-Bridge Moonlight Symphony" especially famous for the movement "Fortissimo all' Infinito".
"Now, you can see that we are in Croak-Bridge" said Hanno. Bux, his sister answered with that short and quick-tongued phrase which is so characteristic of her (she plans to become a lawyer). "Yes, indeed, one can't overhear anything in this croaking".
"This is getting on my nerves and I won't be able to sleep a wink all night" piped up Mousie. This opinion was also echoed by the other little nymphs.
But Wallo only laughed: "Wonderful, ain't it, you can't switch off this concert of nature". "You're right there, son" confirmed Bux. Wallo cool as a cucumber, swallowed a huge cup of black, bitter Chinese tea. This always put him into a sound sleep.
Suddenly there was a terrifying scream mixed with some malicious laughter. The moonlight-satyrs Didelbums and Didelwums played leap-frog and split their sides with laughter. Gila and Tacki, however, who shared the same tent gazed ruefully at their pyjamas and complained bitterly. The seats were a mass of green cowdung.
"You're a pair of dirty little pigs" they called to goblins Bums and Wums indignantly. "You erected our tent over fresh cowdung".
The girls never had any objection to the youths' erecting their tents for them.
"How could we know that" retorted Bums "you can put your own tent up next time, you sensitive little fashion-dolls".
Pocket torches began to flash all over the place in order to study the green cow-spinach on the pyjama bottoms. They made a glorious splash of colour.
"The shade suits you both beautifully, in the gentle sickly light of the moon" taunted Pidder.
"Yes" said Schlunk, with expert appreciation (he wanted to devote himself to



art and was not bad at drawing) "this green, so to speak, is the final touch on the pale rose satin of these divine pyjamas and should really become more fashionable".

At these words the frogs' croaking crescendoed to a yet unheard fortissimo as if they wished to underline the plea for green as a fashionable colour. The green marsh-jumpers evidently had their eyes on fashion, too. The two girls, infuriated and almost purple in the face with rage pulled off their soiled pyjama trousers and wanted to hurl themselves on Bums and Wums.

But Big Old Joe came between the combatants.

"If you want really to be our Captain and Protector" said the girls, trying to involve the old man into their revenge plans, "pull Bums and Wums along the ground through our tent in order to punish them". But the latter had long since abandoned their clothes and were having a moonlight swim in the Hase and grinning mightily. Old Joe didn't see the sense in having further sets of pyjamas cowdunged. There was enough trouble on earth without adding that particular variety. We must, in any case, gradually rid ourselves of the "eye for an eye" complex.

Bux gave him the assistance of a judicial pronouncement at this juncture: "there is no question of prior intent on the part of Bums or Wums. After all it was you yourselves who sat in the dung and not anyone else who forced you to sit there".

"They should at least wash our pyjama trousers" said the aggrieved young nymphs.

But Big Old Joe decided that "boys know nothing about washing. You are not to put on those pyjama trousers again for the rest of the journey. But they can get the thick dirt off with paddles and tent spades".

Bums and Wums, however, were quite content to stay in the Hase and it took the whole of the young group to force them out of the river on to the bank to do their cleaning task. Thus was Old Joe's judgement of Solomon fulfilled.

The two moonlight goblins carried out the job with muttered curses and, as a Parthian shot, concluded "O.K. now you can collect your shitty elegance".

At that Big Old Joe took them by the ears. "If you have to talk like that, at least call it "shimmering elegance". Why be indecent, when you can be decent and just as forceful".

"Wonderful ain't it" said Wallo, coming to the assistance of the obscene, "against stinking things, you must stink".

Bums and Wums with such support were more than ever convinced of their innocence.

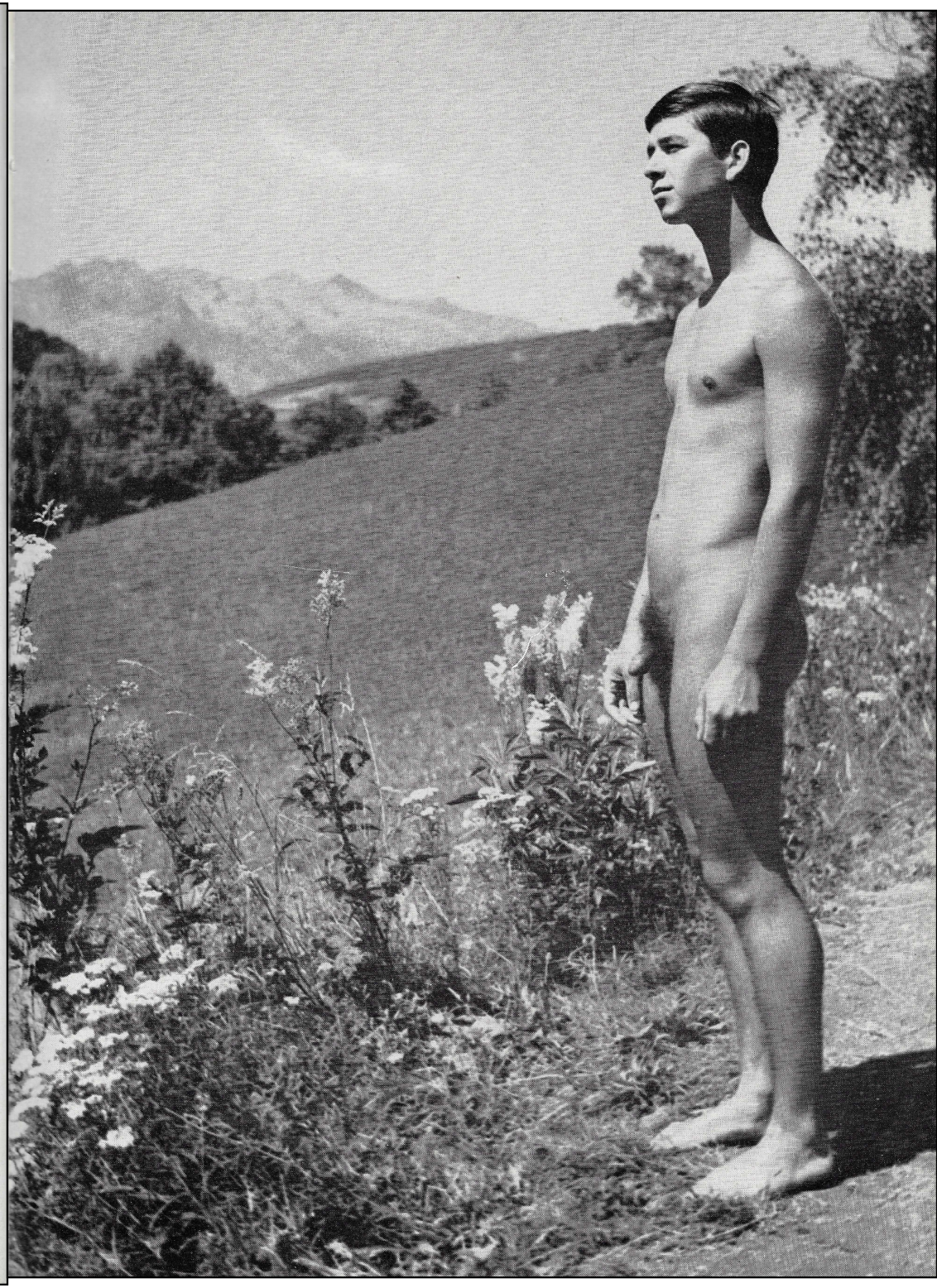
"Shimmering is only gilding the lily; mere cowardice" added Bums. Big Old Joe, schooled in philosophy, was knocked out for the moment; courage to accept unpleasant facts! the theory of writer Günter Grass! It flashed through his brain like lightning.

Wums persisted in his argument: "Whether I say cowshit or cowdung makes absolutely no difference. A rose by any other name would smell as sweet".

"So, so" said Old Joe thoughtfully. He does not belong to those educators who believe in having the last word in every argument with young people. "Now return to your tents. It's after midnight".

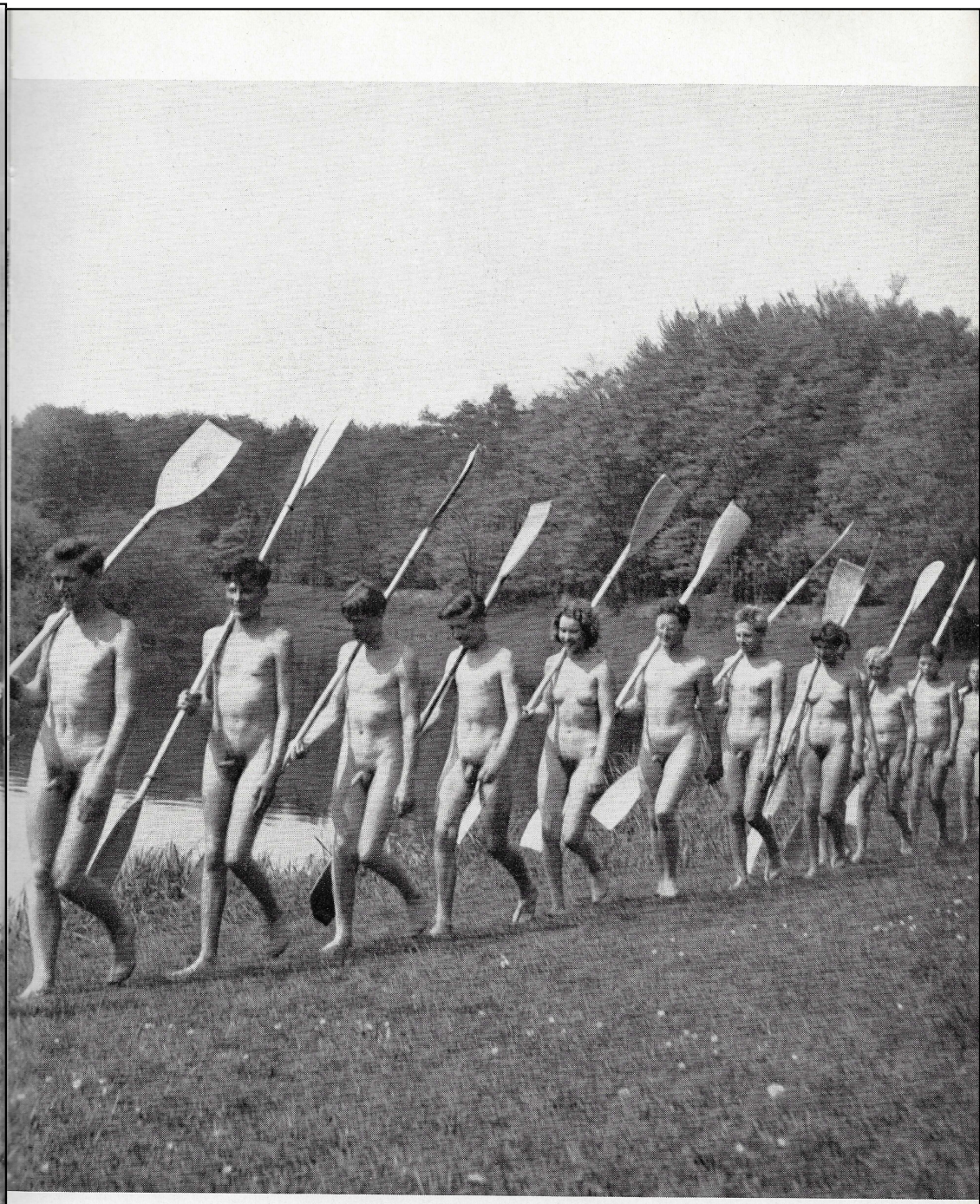
Big Old Joe did the same. But sleep would not come and he fell into a deep reverie. The frogs croaked "Fortissimo All' Infinito". They would never reach the final movement of their symphony. The pirates carried on nocturnal conversations in their tents and Mousie complained: "How can one get a wink with all this croaking and nattering".

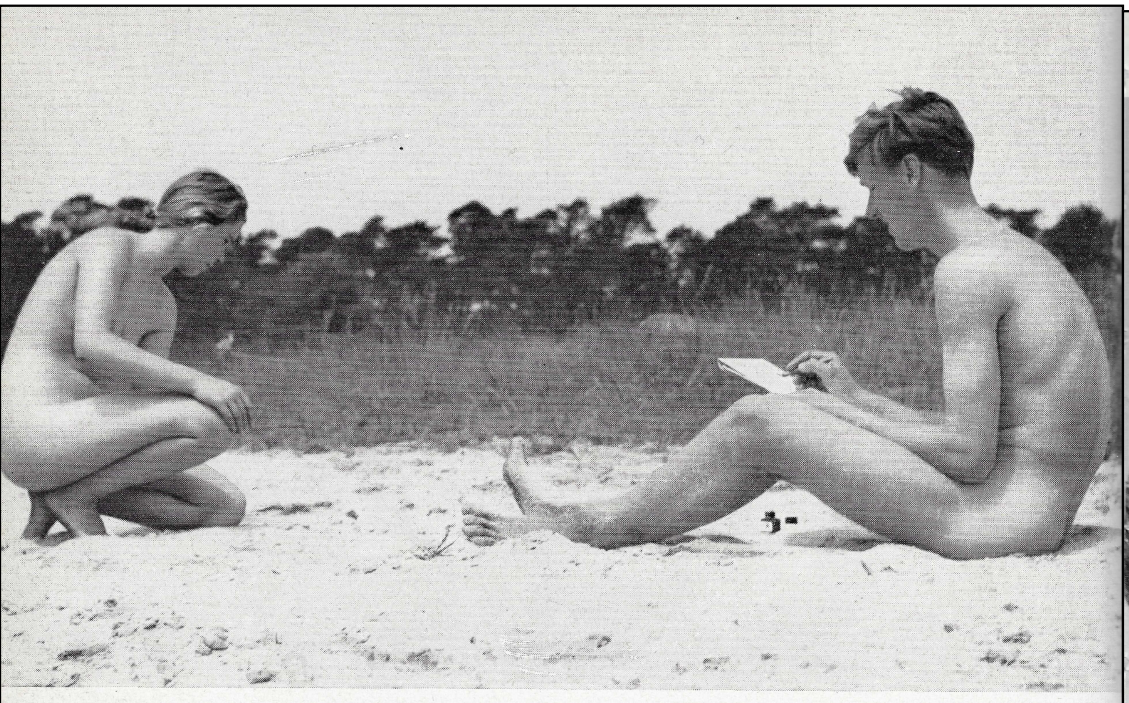
"Wonderful, ain't it", murmered Wallo sleepily.















Pan in the shoreside bushes

It was the next day. Relative in time to the events of croakophony and cowdung in the previous chapter. It was still very early, about 5 a. m. and Mousie was just beginning to soothe her overworked nerves with some calm and refreshing sleep when a cry of terror arose, this time from Tutti and Huwi. "Alarm. Get up. The cows are at our boats and have turned them over!".

The Captain was on his feet immediately, as always in moments of danger. A captain is always responsible in a shipwreck. The first who stormed over were Bums and Wums and they armed themselves at once.

It was quite true. The cows had turned over some of the boats and were busy licking their bottoms. They chewed at the pennants and, in some cases, had put their front legs into the canoes as if they wanted to try the art of paddling for themselves.

Bums and Wums, armed with pailings and paddles, courageously attacked the unwanted intruders. The action proved a little too energetic and the result was that some of the terrified animals stampeded across the craft and caused more damage than was necessary in the process.

Hanno, who comes from Lower Rhineland, shouted that it was sufficient to clap the hands and the animals would run away. Hanno knew his stuff, and the amazed animals finally went on their way. But the cows had originally come there to drink at their accustomed spot and wanted to return. They trotted slowly and doggedly back, staring and obstinate.

"Drag the boats on to the meadow and place them close to the tents" ordered the experienced Captain. "The wateringplace belongs to the four-footed beasts as a right and we are only boarders here".

And so it was. This time, if you please, it was the girls who pulled up the boats and it made a lovely picture to see the five or six young naked maids doing work that is normally the preserve of youths and men.

"Wonderful, ain't it" said Wallo, "when the boats are empty".

After the work had concluded the girls went to make coffee and Gila and Tacki dragged the soiled pieces of ladies' nightwear through the river prior to washing them with soap. Pidder passed with a grin; "Good morning, ladies, washing again;. If only you would stick closely to the principles of nudity when you go to bed you would have less trouble washing off the cowdung".

At that the resolute Tacki slapped him left and right about the ears with the wet trousers and Pidder, somewhat sobered and certainly more refreshed, departed for his morning bath in the river.

Just as the forenoon had been wasted, so the afternoon was wasted as well. We stayed where we were despite Mousie's complaints about the "croakophony meadow". Pan was only too pleased at this decision. Trips in canoes were not really his cup of tea; he was more interested in the intervals spent camping and sunbathing.

It turned out a lovely day after all the terrors and excitements of the night and morning. Some went fishing and seemed of the opinion that fish would rise to potato skins or cheese rinds. Others lay lazily in the sun. Schlunk, the wouldbe artist, was at pains to make a portrait of Bux, who, despite a masculine sounding name, was as slender-limbed as a tendril. She showed great patience



in posing sometimes sitting before him, sometimes on her knees.

Some of the girls were already cooking and a pleasant smell came from the tents.

"The scent of cowslips is nothing to it" was Hanno's satisfied opinion. He was still at an age when food was more important than love. Later on, the pangs of hunger would give way before the pangs of love, and, later still, would come the time when the "nearest way to a man's heart would be through his stomach". Some indeed, start with the third period. Better, however to leave discussion on the connection between food and love to the biologists.

The children of the Sun and of Pan having satisfied the "inner man" lay down in a hollow of the meadow which was shaded by willow trees. The cows were long since engaged in their fascinating pastime of chewing the cud which ensured no disturbances from that quarter. In fact we wished them the greatest satisfaction from their disgusting rechew.

"Yah!" said Mousie, "I wouldn't like to have to eat the contents of my stomach again".

"Nor I", said Bux.

"Wonderful ain't it" said Wallo; further comment was unnecessary.

Now all lay down sprawled on the grass the tired bodies resting. The majority already had a golden tinge on every centimetre of their bodies. Bums alone, who is very artistic and later became an artistic carpenter, showed signs of activity. To the great delight of Pan who was squatting beside Gila's head, he carved a flute and began to practice on it.

The sounds which emanated were not very melodious but had, by no means, a disturbing effect. It was the great midday pause, the hour of Pan. But his energy-filling offspring of the North found it difficult to listen to the stillness and gaze rapturously at the heavens; even when dozing off they could not entirely stifle their vivid imaginations. It was not very surprising, therefore, when Mousie piped up in the all-embracing hush with the request: "tell us a nice story, Biggy!". Nick, Platty and all the other sun maidens supported the request. Big Old Joe was not really in the mood to tell stories at all. Tired out, he squinted through his sleepy lids. Before him lay a line of naked, smooth-skinned, brown-bodied young girls; the soft pliant thighs were relaxed, the small breasts gently heaved. Old Joe felt himself transported to a meadow pasture in Lesbos among the shepherds surrounding Daphnis and Chloë. Possibly Pan crouching at Gila's head came to his assistance. His proximity had an infectious character and who not truthfully say that Old Joe was not often filled with the spirit of Pan seeing that the latter went into his body regularly for cheap transport purposes.

What could he relate to them?

Ghost and adventure stories were more suitable for night-time in the tent. Yes, it would be a chapter from DAPHNIS AND CHLOE by the Greek poet Langos.

"If you like, I'll tell you a story about Pan".

"Pan? Who is that?" asked Mousie. Nick and Platty also wanted to know.

"Come, come," said Bux, "that's something you learn at school".

"Pan was the guardian of the meadows, the god of shepherds in ancient Greece" explained Gilda.

"He wasn't exactly a beauty" continued Bux "he had horns, a tail and hairy billy goat's legs. In a word, horribly ugly;".

"Wonderful, ain't it, with such a figure" chimed in Wallo.

"That's how I could imagine Pidder later on" taunted Huwi "he could, at any rate, develop that way. The hairy legs are already there and perhaps some kind person will supply the horns sometime."

"If you don't stop the backchat, you'll have no story" threatened Old Joe, "Pan, by the way, was a fine fellow as the elements were mixed in him. There is, after all, a specific kind of beauty".

"We've had enough discussion" said Gila impatiently "let's have the story for a change. Let's hear something about this specifically beautiful goat-god". Gila always had a flair for the unusual in male beauty.

"Right" began Big Old JOE, "the story I'm going to tell is called:



Pan saves Chloë from the pirates

A long time ago there lived a young goatsherd in his best years who was called Daphnis and a beautiful shepherdess named Chloë. Their home was on the pastures of the island of Lesbos not far from Mytilene. Both had been abandoned shortly after birth by their mothers and would have perished of hunger had not a goat befriended the crying Daphnis and a mother-sheep taken pity on Chloë. They were later found by shepherds after they had grown used to their animal mothers and the shepherds reared them. Daphnis looked after the goats for his foster-father and Chloë tended the sheep for her foster-parents.

Daphnis and Cloë became friends, ate and drank together, helped each other and thought nothing of bathing naked together in the pools and rivers. Into the midst of this quiet happiness burst the pirates of the Methymnae whose ships had set the coast on fire where Daphnis and Chloë were guarding their herds. Pirates being what they are paid no heed to the prayers and entreaties of Chloë and unceremoniously dragged her off to their ships. Daphnis was in despair. He begged assistance from the nymphs in the nymph-grotto where Chloë had once been found. The nymphs advised him to offer up sacrifice to Pan and lament his sorrow.

Daphnis ran to the pinetree where Pan's marble statue stood, which had become a place of sacrificial cult for the shepherds. Pan stood upon his high pedestal being portrayed in the sculpture as having the legs of a billy goat and horns on his head. In his right hand he held the syrinx and in his left a buck.

When Pan heard about the abduction of Chloë he became very grim as the maiden was very close to his heart. She had, after all, been weaned by sheep. He would have liked to pursue the sweet apparition himself but, as a god, only the nymphs were his equals although Zeus once told him that he had associated with men in the form of man. And so Pan didn't grudge the youth Daphnis this maiden. He wished him every joy of her from the bottom of his heart.

Pan is not merely the god of the still, breathless, midday hour and the sweetly sounding pipes. He can also cause the most fraightful clamour and pandemonium. Thus it was that he caused great confusion in the pirates' camp during that night on the strand. He used the gifts bestowed on him to perform magical acts. He made ivy grow on the horns of the sheep and wound a pine branch around Chloë's temples. When the Methymnae wanted to make a getaway the oars refused to obey the sailors; they broke in pieces. Worse was to come for dolphins appeared on the surface of the sea and struck their tail-fins with such force against the sides of the ships that the iron clamps loosened from the planks. The syrinx which Pan blew with powerful blasts sounded like a war trumpet from the shore. Pan, in addition, appeared to the pirate leader and naval commander in his sleep complaining in bitter terms about the way he and his men had filled the plains and meadows with warlike sounds, stolen the herds and abducted Chloë.

Were the maiden not returned together with her herds, the ships would never more reach their native shore.

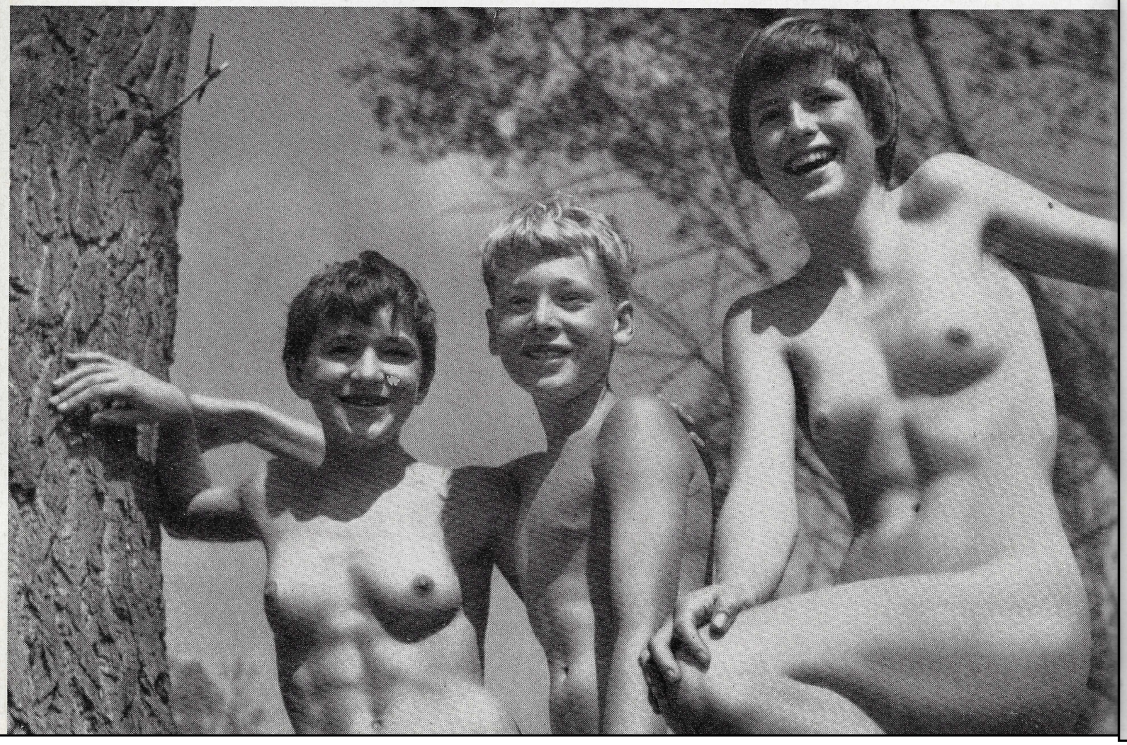
The commander who was called Bryaxis had stolen so many herds and abducted so many maidens that he didn't know what to do. But he hurried away at once to fulfill the god's command.



Fortunately for him, he found the sheep marked with ivy and recognised Chloë by her pine branch. The commander thereupon accompanied the favoured ones of the gods to land on his own ship.
Daphnis closed the hotly loved shepherdess Chloë in his arms.

Was Pan a magician?

"And what happened to the other herds, shepherds and maidens: was the pirate chief allowed to take them away?" enquired Bux who has a very strong sense of justice.
"Yes, the great robber was allowed to take them, perhaps as a kind of reward".
"Those were rough times and there was slavery amongst the old Greeks" said Hanno, "Pan had sufficient cattle and someone or other would slaughter the rest anyhow".
"He must have been extremely concerned about Chloë to make such strenuous efforts on her behalf and pay such a high price" said Gila, "I'm surprised Old Joe, that a person like you who is so much in favour of enlightenment knows the Greek legends so well and likes telling them so much".
"They are full of wit and can certainly be enjoyed when one preserves sufficient mental aloofness" replied Big Old Joe.
"But Pan performed miracles; do you believe in miracles, Biggy?" Mousie wanted to know.
"There are no such things as miracles" explained the old man to his group "but there are changes, transformations and development". He continued: "Seen with the quick motion camera they have





the same effect as a miracle. We speak of the wonder of Spring and of the reawakening of nature and the miracle of life through corporal creation in the body of a mother. Here you have an acorn; there a mighty oak. A formidable jump, don't you think? But it all belongs to Pan's supreme dominion".
Pan was so delighted to find himself so ably championed that he blew out his cheeks in thankfullness which acted like an invisible bellows to fan the midday heat so much that Old Joe could have done with some cooling.
"Do eating and drinking also belong to Pan's supreme dominion?" Bums wanted to know, "then I want a stiff porridge with currants".
Pan shuddered at hearing this. Porridge did not appeal to him in the least but he would be prepared to settle for the currants. He, therefore, suggested in spirit to Wums, the brotherly counterpart of Bums, that the latter should be pelted with mud.
"There's your porridge" said Wums, slinging some handfulls of mud into his brother's face.
Bums threw himself on Wums in a fury and being the older of the two was able to drag him to the bank of the river. But just at this moment Tutti appeared above the mudbank having decorated her body tastefully with mud, covered it from top to toe as matter of fact! Bums and Wums made peace in view of this superior phenomenon. Both covered themselves with mud, not from any sense of aesthetic pleasure but simply for the bodily pleasure of attacking all the girls-including their own sister, Gila —and smearing them thoroughly with river mud.
In some way or other the old predatory spirit of the Methymnae had entered into them together with a desire to disturb the idyllic scene. Old Joe did not play the part of peacemaker on this occasion but made a vivid record of the mud war with his camera.

With Pan in the juniper grove

Pan's naked group drifted lazily down the Hase day after day. The wild pirates thirsting to use their paddles had turned into a tame set of lazybones who slumped over their craft, allowed their legs to dangle into the water and paddled with their bare hands as if the smart, racy kayaks were merely ponderous paddle-steamers. And so midday came round again. Much too early to rest.

But then there suddenly appeared round a sharp bend in the river a beautiful high fir forest on the right and a venerable oak and juniper grove on the left. There was nothing for it but to rest. "We could have our elevenses here" was the suggestion.

The "elevenses" were permitted and they lasted until the next morning as a result of the general moral weakness and lack of sporting spirit. Bums and Wums immediately made tracks for the knotty oaks and swung from the branches like monkeys in baobabs. Pidder and Huwi made it up in turns and went for joint canoe trips. Wallo tried to fish, with worms this time. The girls swarmed all over the place and picked flowers to decorate their tents. It would indeed have been a peaceful afternoon if some happy young livestock of exceptional temperament had not taken it into their heads to attack the tents, an unusual sight for them. They advanced and lifted the structures on their little horns. Bums, Wums and all the others inclined to fight went over to a counter-attack.

Those who have studied the ways of young cattle will realise that a permanent war might have resulted from such actions. It would, doubtless, have developed at least into a three hour battle had not that wise grey-haired old sea dog, Big Old Joe, known some good advice. He advised the building of a cattle "scarecrow" made of paddles and tow-lines.

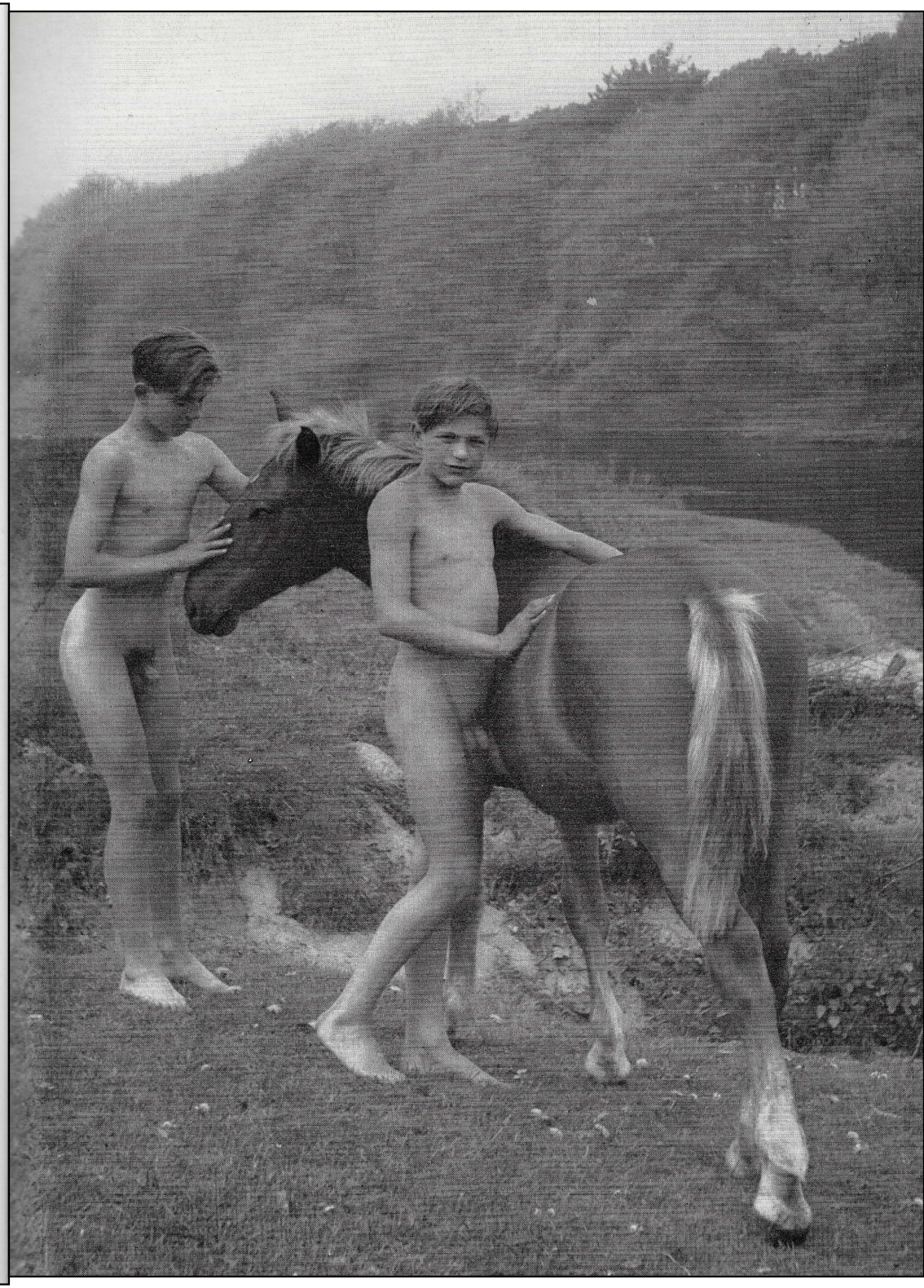
This was a job for the young pirates. In a faultlessly technical manner they laid out a kind of fence around the girl's tents. The animals, being of low intelligence, have occasional respect for technical marvels. It is the perception of the lesser creature of the superiority of a creative power outside its ken. The realisation of an existent transcendence.

A restraining force, not only for animals. Yes, there was food for thought and philosophy here but, fortunately, all soon succumbed to the arms of Morpheus in a deep sleep—thanks to the technical precautions—and this included Old Joe.

The hase flows into the ems

This fact is not widely known. Put it in as a quiz question and you'll find out.

But every schoolchild in our district should learn it at least, seeing that even Pan knows it now. Bums and Wums, our water goblins, were oblivious of the fact, despite their high school education. But on reaching Meppen with the whole of Pan's fleet it could not be concealed from them any longer as they flowed into the Ems with the rest. Past Meppen, that is going downstream, the Ems is not so inviting and idyllic. The sun children of Pan, therefore, acting like a group of modern Hermeses went



by "steam horse" to the famous racehorse town of Warendorf, all because one can only paddle with difficulty upstream. "One can do it" said Bux in her pregnant style "but it's so dashed tiring". "Wonderful, ain't it" remarked Wallo, "who wants to push the car when he wants to drive in it".

We, therefore, preferred to drive by boat from the Ems. The cause of Warendorf's fame was grazing in the meadows around the town. The magnificent show jumpers. It was a great source of joy to Bums and Wums to find horses relieving cattle and livestock in the landscape picture. Nick, Mousie and Platty, the merry young nymphs were delighted too. Whenever they could they tried to approach the noble animals and stroke them. Like ravens they stole the lump sugar from the camp provisions and deprived themselves thereby of sweetened coffee, only to tempt their darlings and feed them.

First impressions of Warendorf made everyone very happy and Big Old Joe was asked if the Ems was a horsy river. "We must look that one up in the River Excursion Guide" said the Captain and then read out as follows:

> The Ems is a gentle river flowing through a heath and has delightful scenery. It is a slow river and is tapped by the Ems canal.

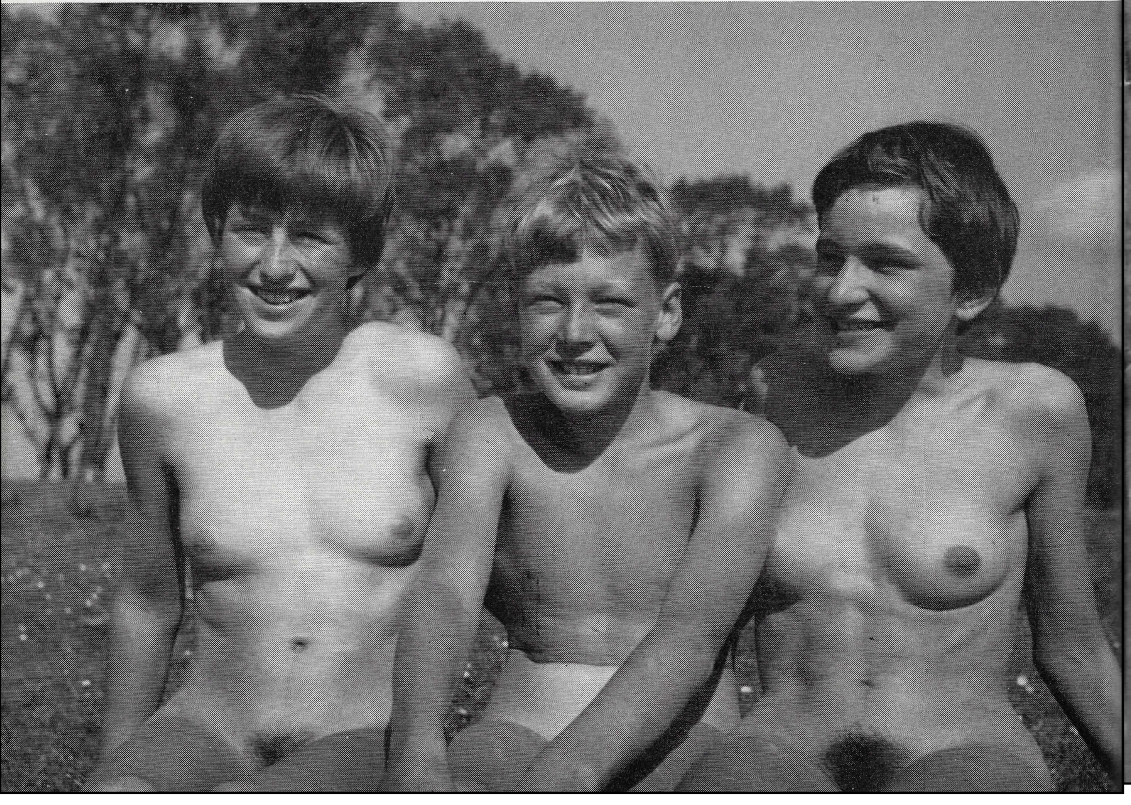
Nothing there about horses, although what the little River Guide promised it kept. The Ems district between Warendorf, Rheine, Lingen and Meppen is not populous and is quiet and pan-idyllic.

The Ems, in order to show itself in the best possible light from the very beginning, presented one of its most beautiful meadows to our gaze as the noses of our boats struck the bank. It was a meadow like a satin carpet, flower-strewn and glittering with marsh marigolds, with a maygreen forest all around; a spring-blue heaven completed the picture of snakeless earth, unlaborious fragrance and oarless sea. Invited to rest by these magical surroundings we were not released from our trance for another couple of days. A stream with a brownish-black bottom pours itself into the broad, navigable Ems. This stream is a young skinny sister in comparison with the Hase. Before the Modderbach, however, pours into the Ems it gurgles under a footbridge made of three tree trunks.

This miniature bridge caused Bux with her usual mother-wit to remark: "this just entirely fills the bill; the bridge was made for the place. Something like this or none at all". The dwellers of sun meadow actually made a habit of idly jumping over the Modderbach when they wanted to get to the other side and the footbridge was, therefore, only used as a kind of bench, even a bench for washing the feet. To walk on the bed of the stream made the feet dirtier than ever but by sitting on the bridge and dangling the legs into the water the feet would be cleansed by the upper layer.

Despite the warning about the "black-robed" clergy of the district in which we were, the Land of Münster, a happy and brilliant nudist life developed on this Ems shore meadow burgeoned by Spring. There were games, some quiet, some wild; there were races along the banks; there were even naked parades and demonstrative processions. There were, unfortunately, no representatives present from the People's Purity League or the "black" population of Münster to take offence.

It was here also that Bums, lying peacefully on the grass, was grasped by raw, wild pirate fists, dragged to the shore and with a mighty swing—one, two, three . . . hopp! slung unceremoniously into the Ems. Not that it mattered a whit! They could have done it to him a hundred times.





Bums and Wums as gentlemen riders

We must now at last make good an omission and tell the reader who Bums and Wums really are. They originate from Dresden in Saxony and their family name is Hyde. What more natural than to nick-name them "Heididelwum" and "Heididеldum" when introducing them to the pirates. There is a tendency in all languages to be as brief as possible: note how people make "Rail" out of "Railway" and "Bus" out of "Omnibus" for instance. In like manner the two boys were monosyllablised as "Bums" and "Wums". There was no more attractive game for Bums and Wums at the Ems than to creep up on the horses peacefully grazing and drive them off in a wild flight or entice them with sugar.

When we had gone past the town of Rheine it happened that the sun group, completely exhausted from their endeavours, decided to encamp in a horse paddock. It was not the very best kind of quarters for the night, thought some of the members as they looked with askance at the wild prancing of the young horses. Bums clinched the matter by declaring that: "horses are less dangerous to campers than calves as they are more intelligent". Sometimes there is unanimous expression of an iron will on these trips and this was one of those occasions.

"Thus far and no farther" it said. There was certainly an argument for stopping now rather than carrying on through the falling darkness to some uncertain site. The devil you know is better than the devil you don't know.

A sensible modus vivendi was thus reached with the horses on the basis that the grassland provided common living ground for man and animal. They, on their part, respected our tents and were completely satisfied with lump sugar and playful chasing. They didn't have such splendid friends as Bums, Wums, Nick and Curly every day in the week.

"A community of interests is easier with horses than with cows and livestock" remarked Hanno who came from the Lower Rhine. He should surely know having, as a Rhinelander, had a lot to do with that kind of pasture animal.

"Wonderful, ain't it" remarked Wallo, "horses let you ride 'em but livestock won't".

Bums, Wums and Lackel (mentioned here for the first time) had never dreamed of riding on a cow or a steer. But here they had an irresistable urge to chase the horses. Lackel has since become a doctor but, at that time, he toyed with the idea of becoming a "horse doctor". Today he has decided for beauty surgery.

The three bareskins managed as time went on to tame and attract the little horses somewhat, especially a brown and a black one. This took much sugar and much patience. What subject can be more beautiful for an artist than naked youths and horses! It belongs to the most frequent themes at exhibitions and, somehow, naked youths and young horses seem to suit one another.

Big Old Joe used this opportunity to the full and had his camera always at the ready, his finger on the shutter-release, making shot after shot. This photography was gratifying especially as the girls also succeeded in getting close to the nervous horses.

At least one of the three horse-chasers succeeded in getting mounted. It was Wums, if I remember rightly. While placing some pieces of lump sugar in the horse's wet, champing jaws with his left hand he swung himself on to the animals back like a flash of lightning by grasping the mane with his right.

Up on its hind legs went the Brown One, as good as any cowboy display in a Texas rodeo. Then it galloped off at a mad rate lashing its tail. The pirates look on enthusiastically at this wild west turn urging on horse and rider to greater efforts with unending shouts and hand clapping.

Would Wums succeed in bringing the Brown One to an obedient trot without the assistance of bridle or stirrup? But there is little hope for him who has never ridden nor learned to ride in trying to tame and break in a young horse. After several madly exciting rounds during which Wums only just managed to keep his naked backside on the horse's croup, the Brown One suddenly shied at an upturned canoe. Wums went sailing head over heels above the horse's head, lucky clearing the boat and landing on the lush grass at the other side. The Brown One, freed of his unwanted burden, dashed off furious, but relieved, in the direction of the forest.

Unfortunately Big Old Joe, his heavy camera slung in front of his portly stomach, was quite unable to follow the cavalcade, so the imposing circus turn cannot be presented to the reader in photo-optical form. A few horse idylls must suffice to satisfy him.



Pan changes course

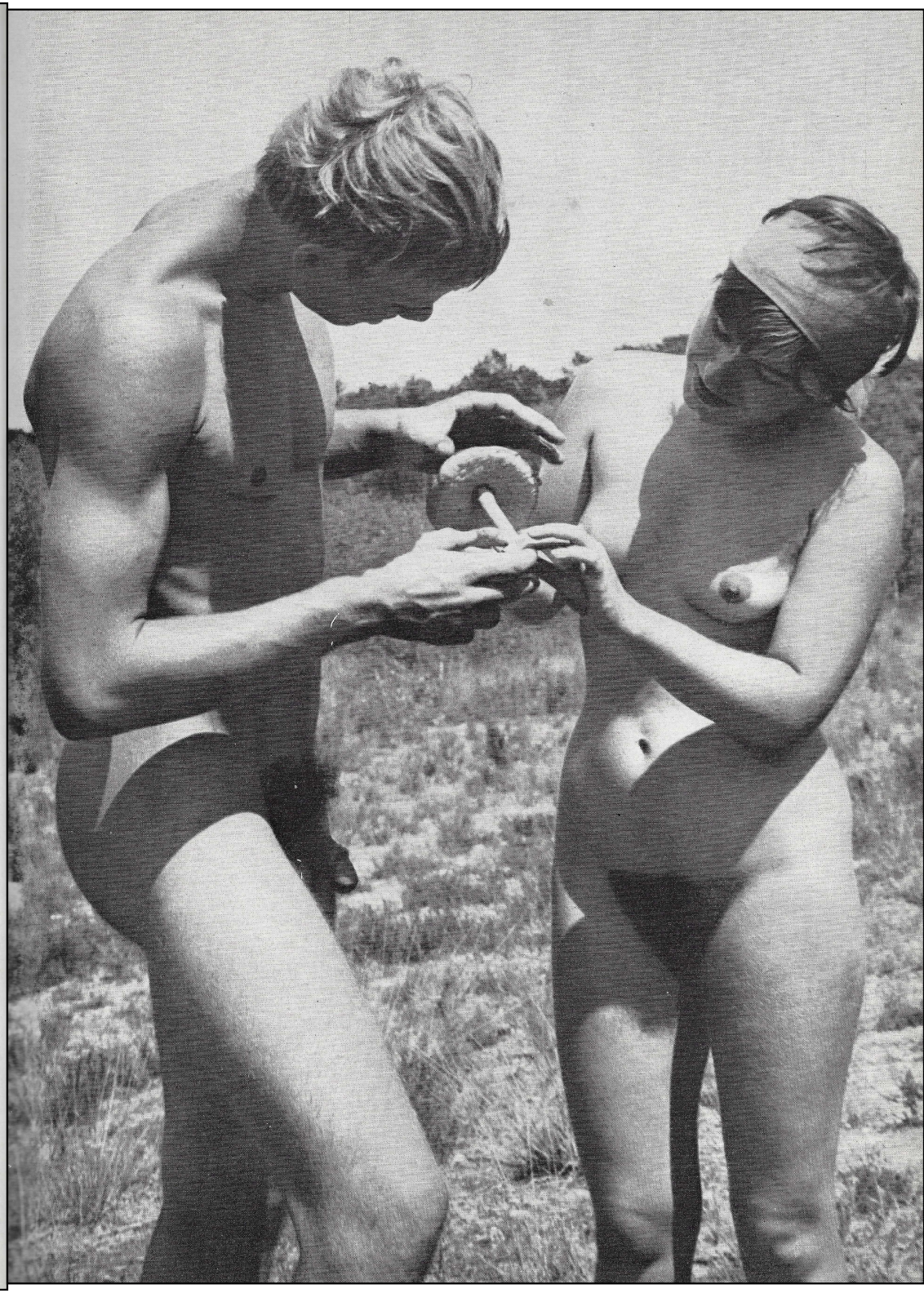
Our good friend Pan enjoyed the sensational riding display by Wums to the full. Although he knows more about goats than horses, he did show an interest in those animals and sometimes too in elephants many thousands of years ago. Today he is the protector and friend of all the animals which graze on the plains all over the globe. He particularly likes wild life sanctuaries such as Yellowstone and Serengeti. He toys with the idea of retiring on pension here, in certain circumstances.

But Pan did not deprive himself of the pleasure of accompanying us to the town of Meppen. When, however, the centre of the town had been reached and the boats dismantled and packed, he realised that the sunny journey through the pastoral areas of the Hase and the Ems had come to an end. Somewhat downcast, he wandered around the group from the Lower Weser which he grown to love. Having given each of the nymphs in turn a kiss on the bottom and delivered Bums, Wums, Nick and Lackel a slash across the nape of the neck with his tail he sprung quickly into a boat which happened to be passing at that moment. He would have preferred to ride off on a billy-goat's back but the only one in sight was chained up.

Who knows where he has hopped and jumped with his goat's hooves since then? Goats can jump extraordinarily well and Pan better than most. He likes the big jump. It would not be a surprise if he jumped from the Ems boat somewhere near Emden on to a large steamer bound for idyllic Indonesia or Tasmania. To follow him that far, however, would take more time and money than is at the disposal of the Lower Weser Sun Group. One fine day, perhaps, when Big Old Joe has retired on pension, he will take the trouble to catch up with the wandering Pan.

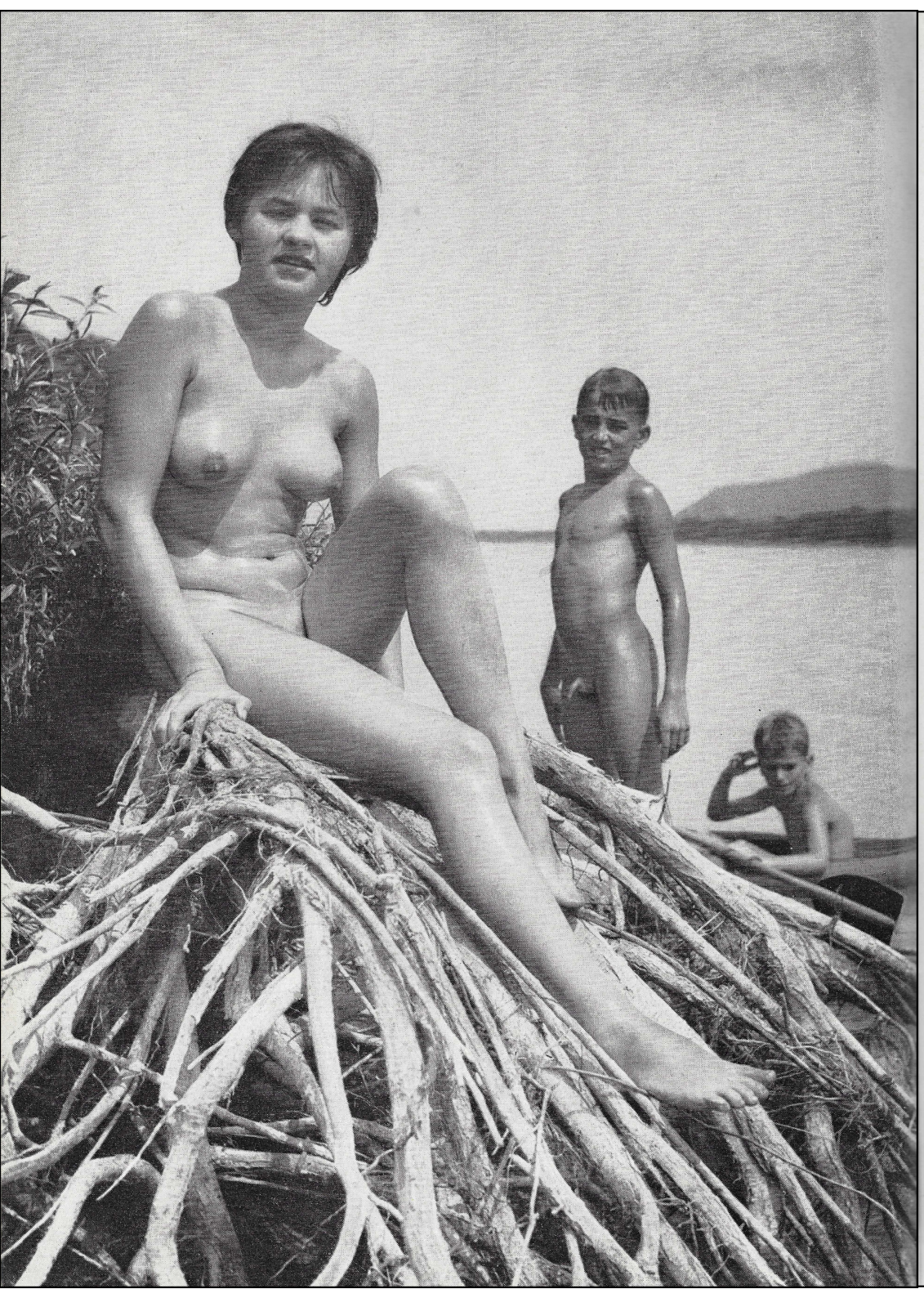
We know at any rate: PAN STILL LIVES and, therefore, let us raise our voices in a threefold OLE! for the GREAT GOD PAN.

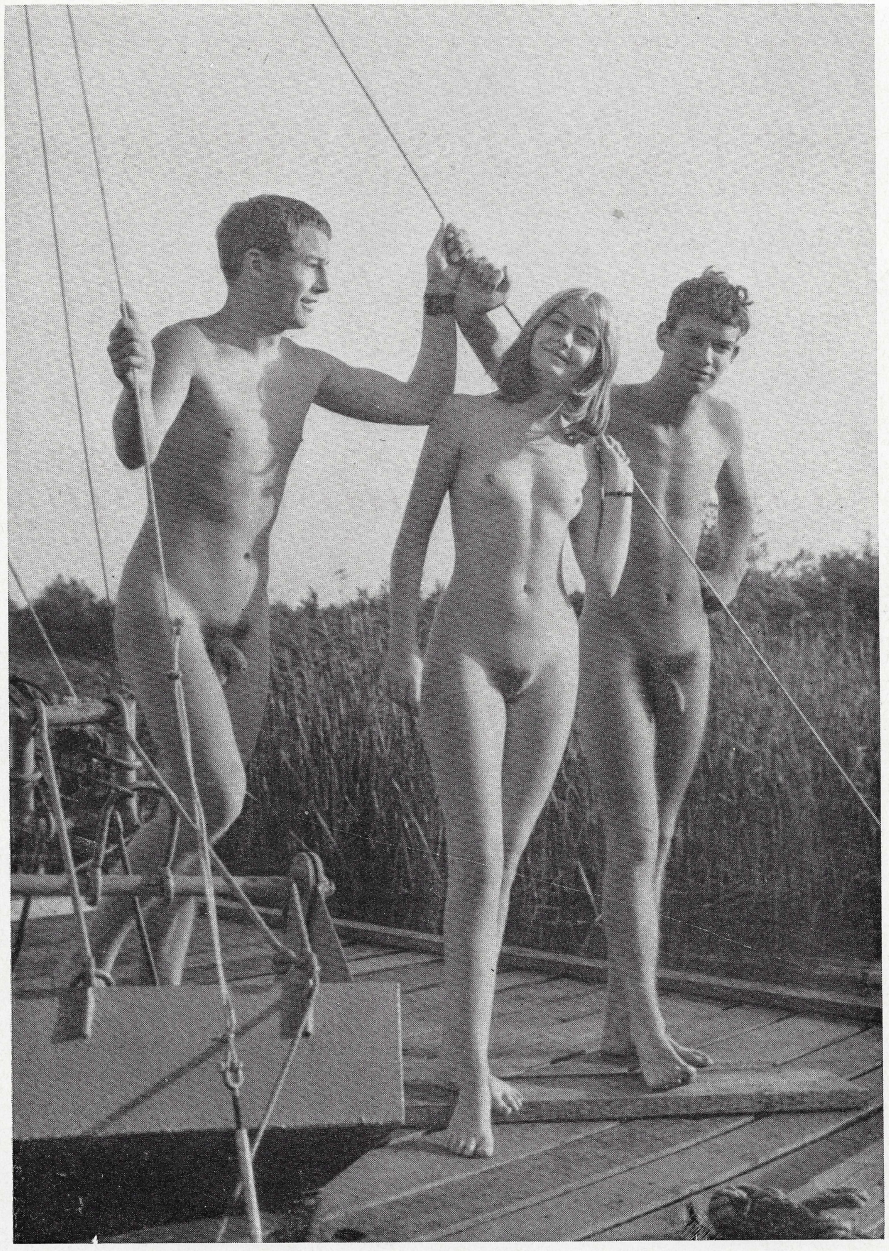
The End.

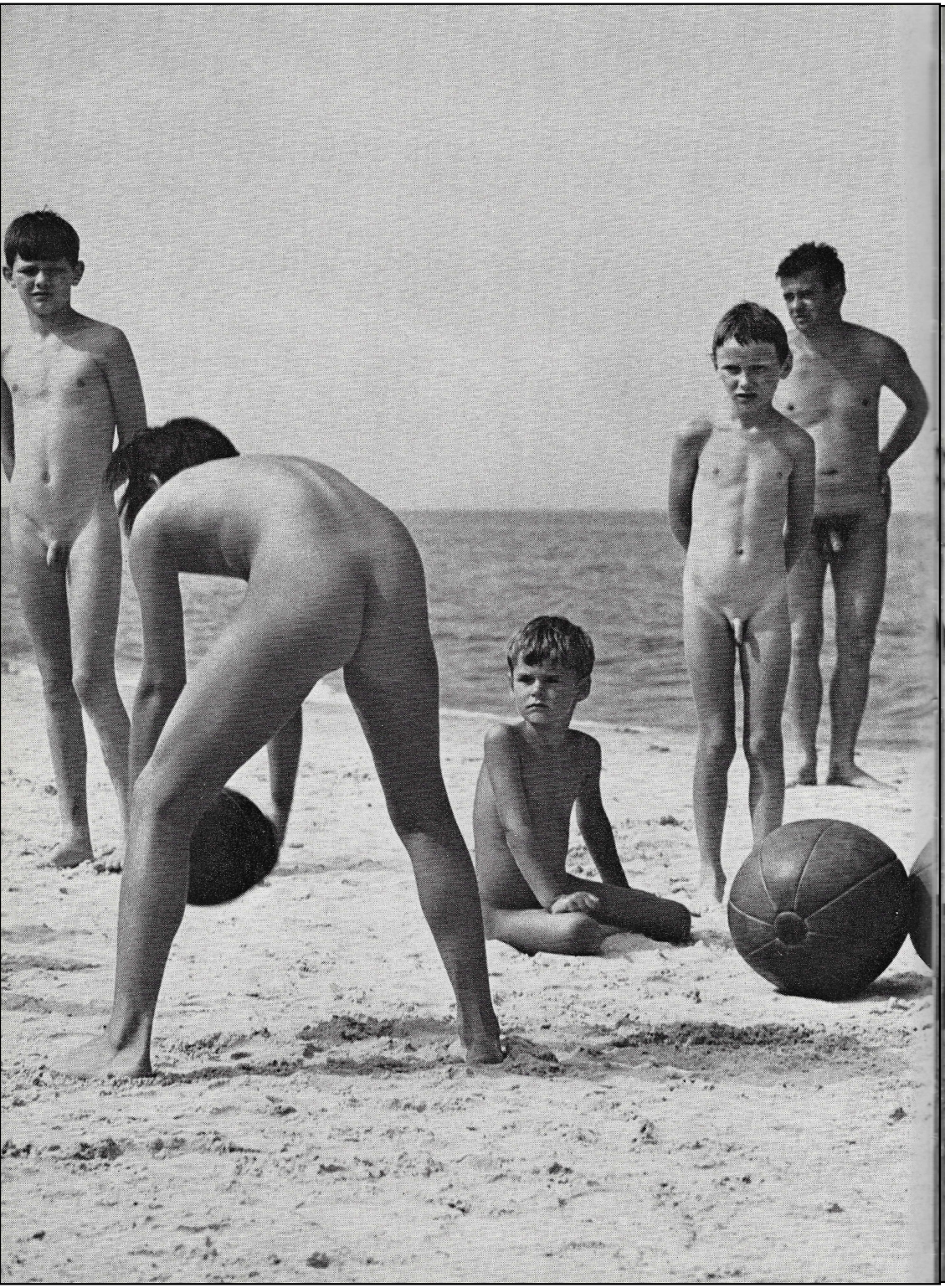




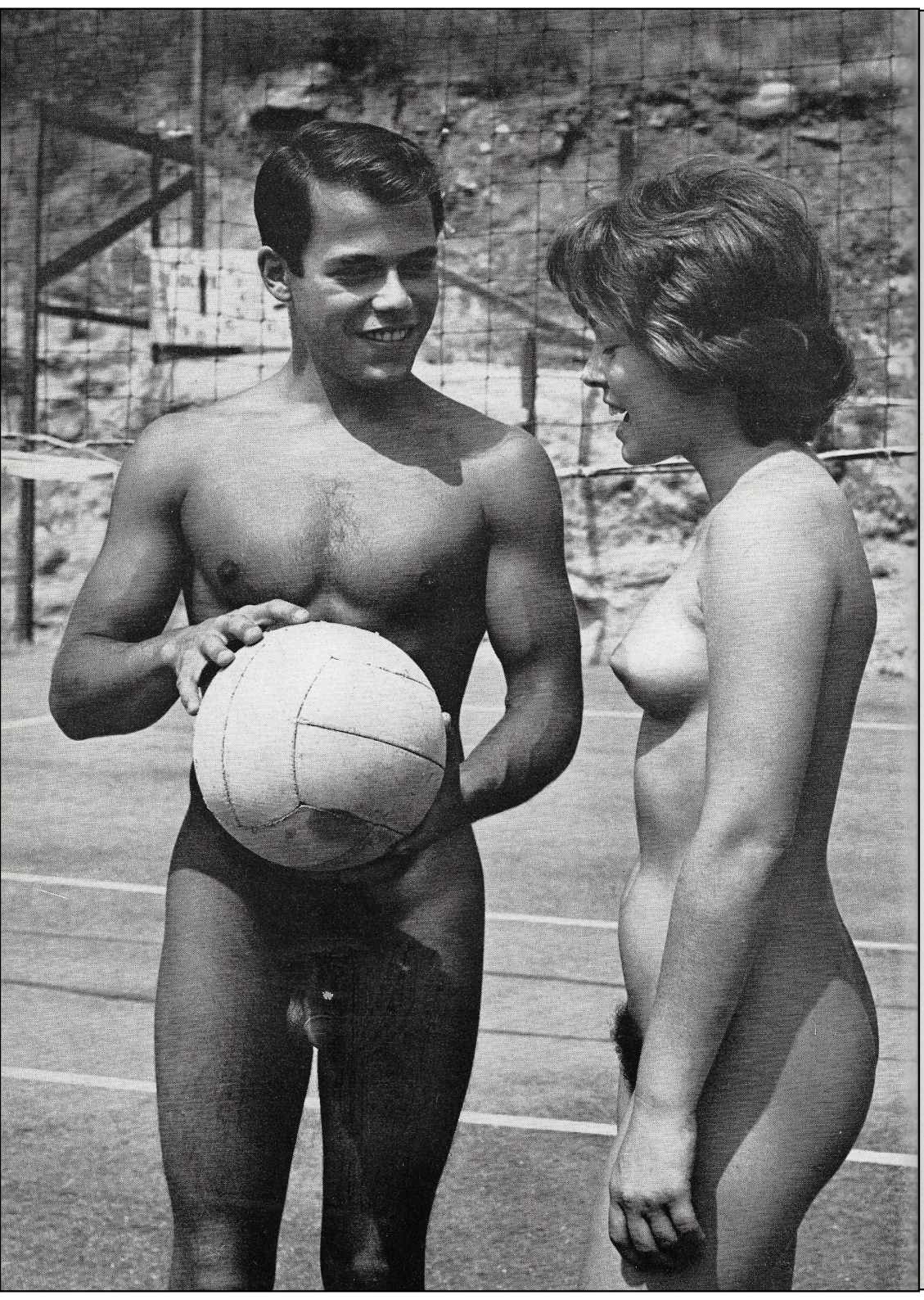




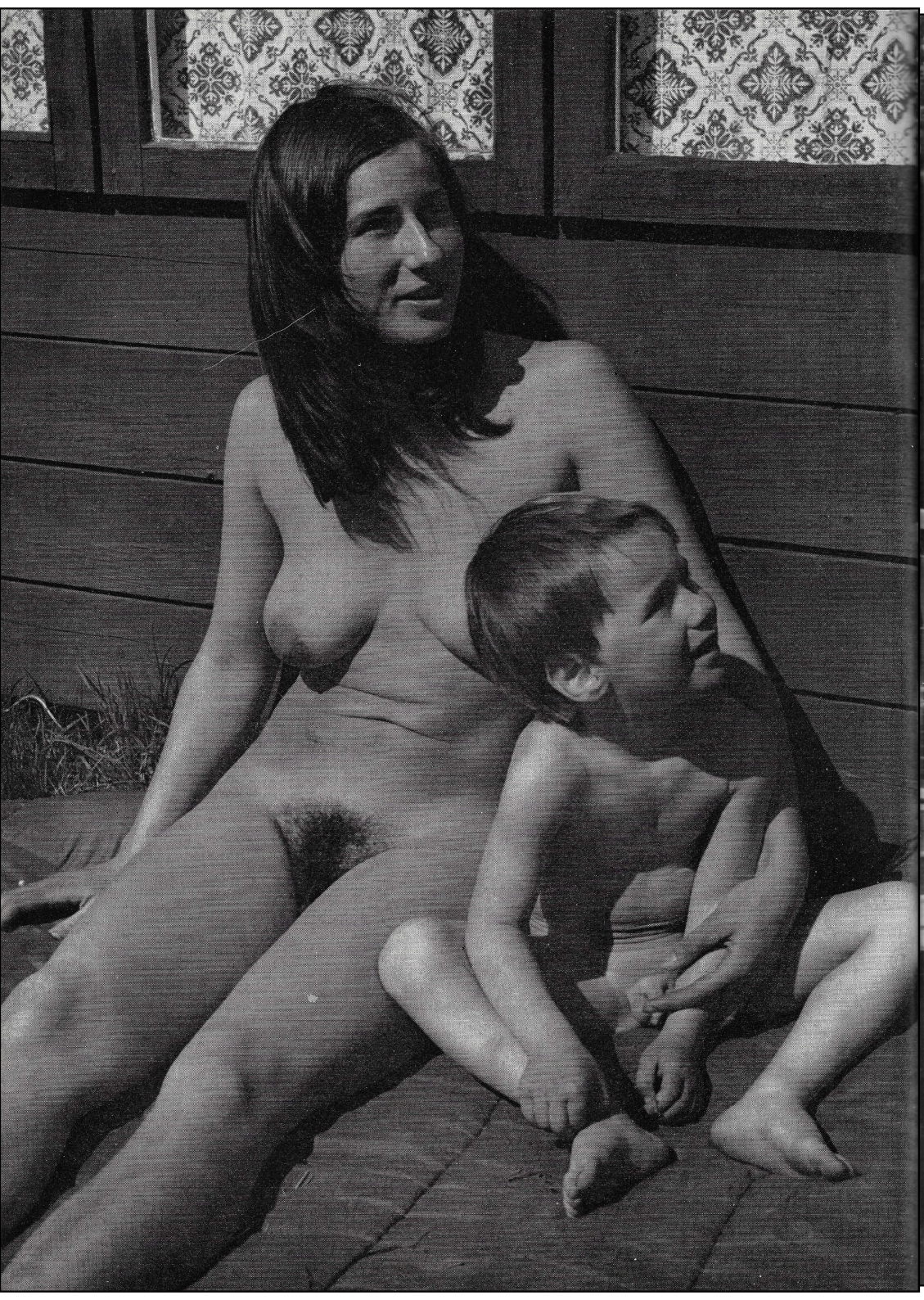


















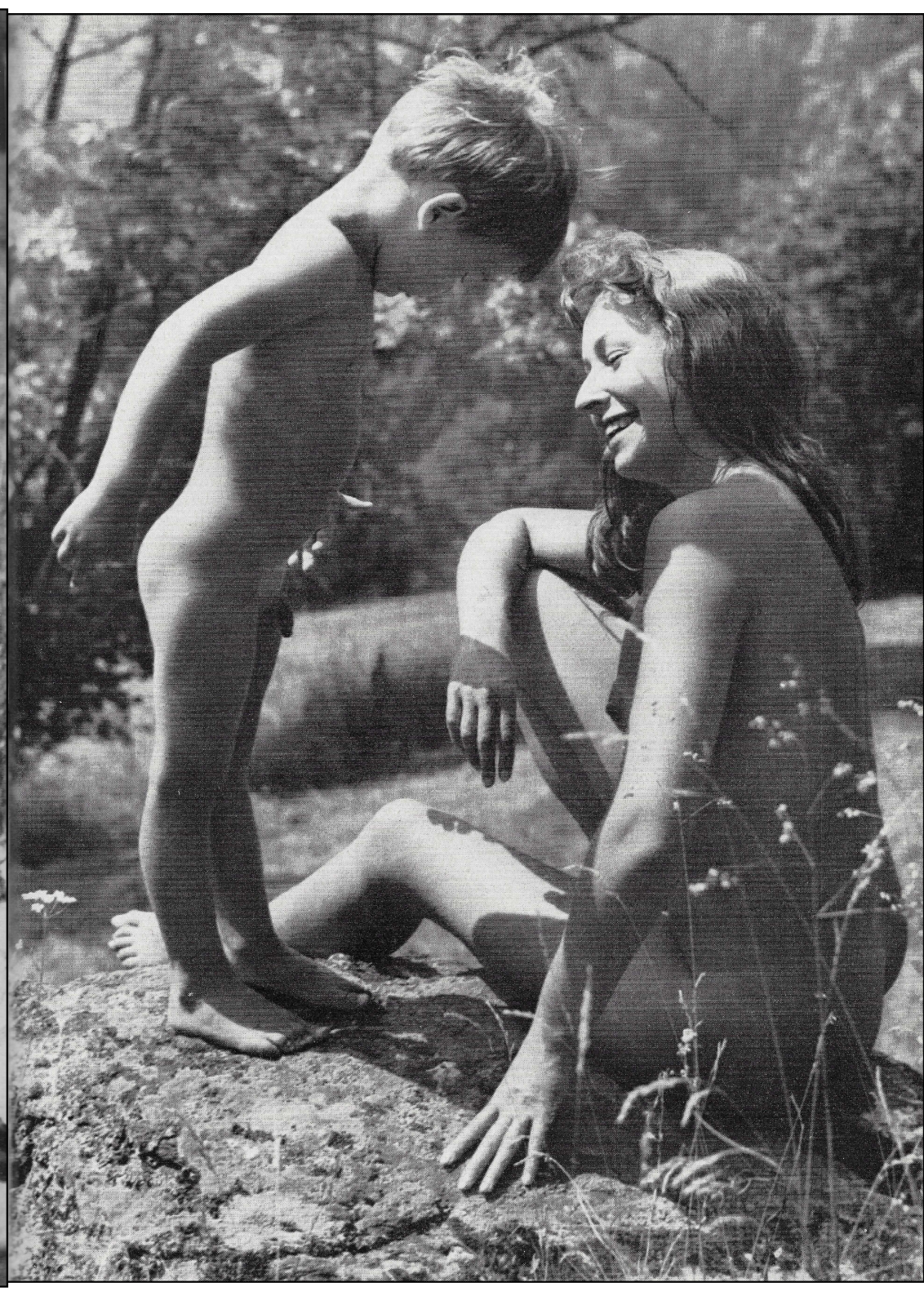








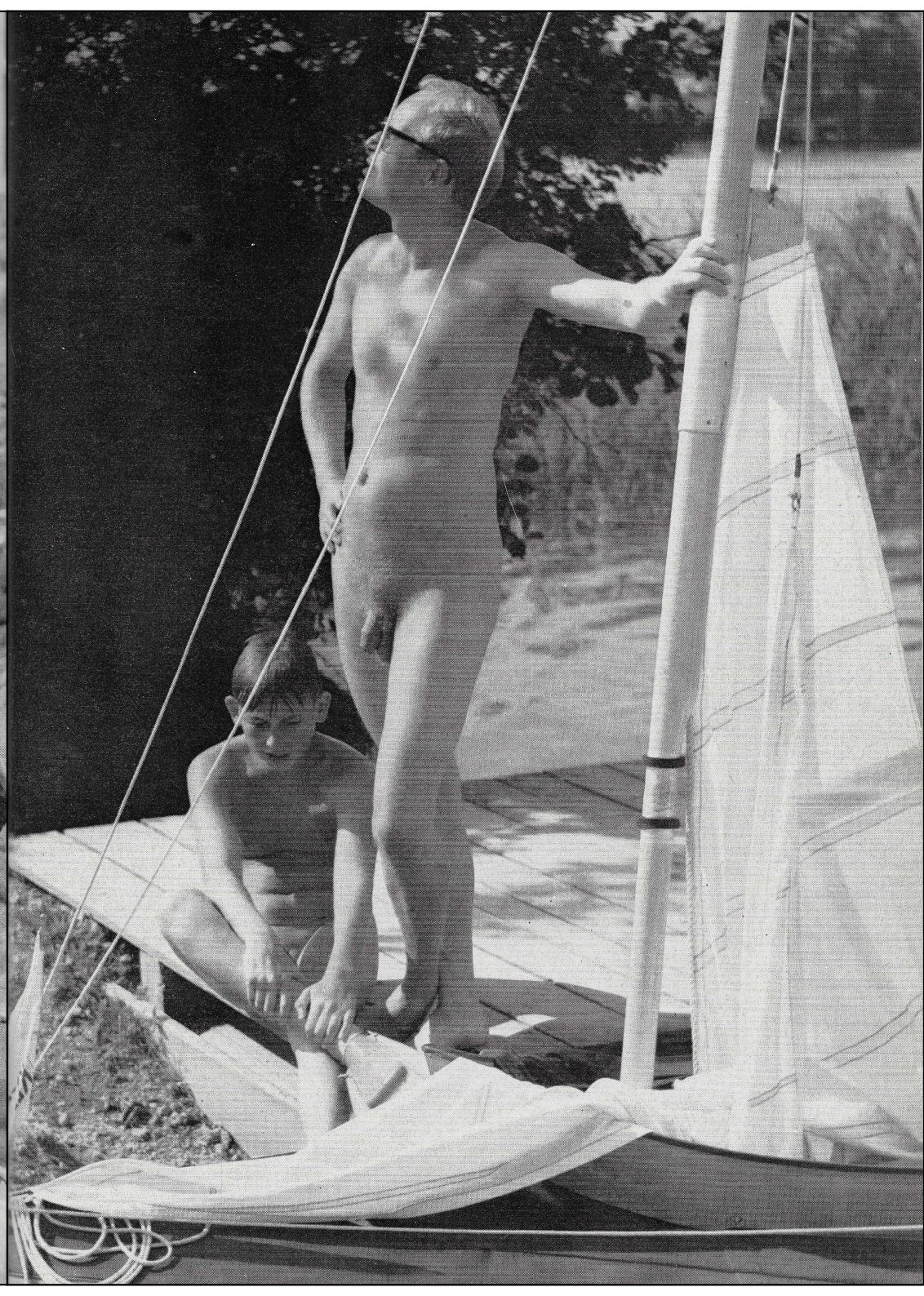


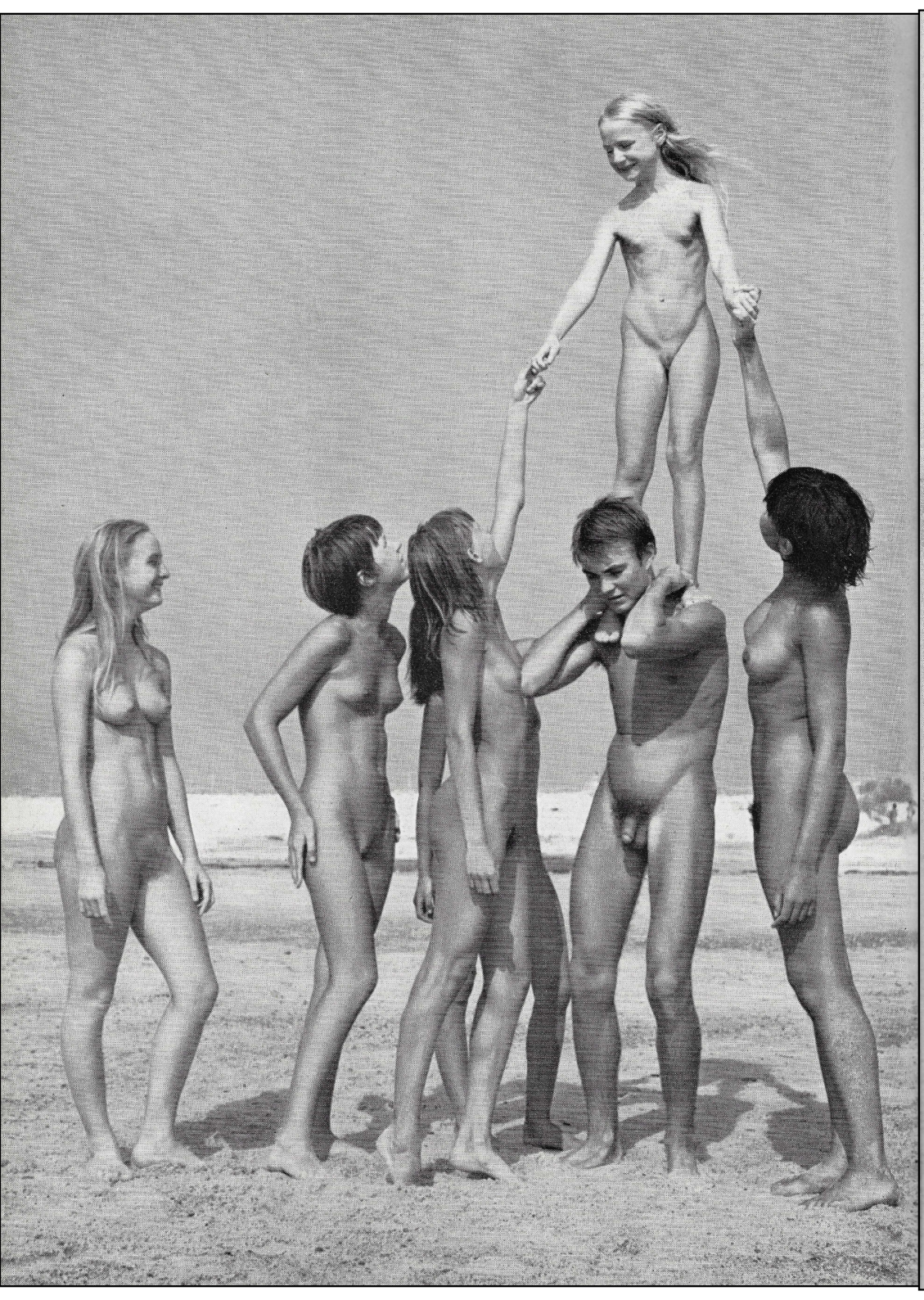














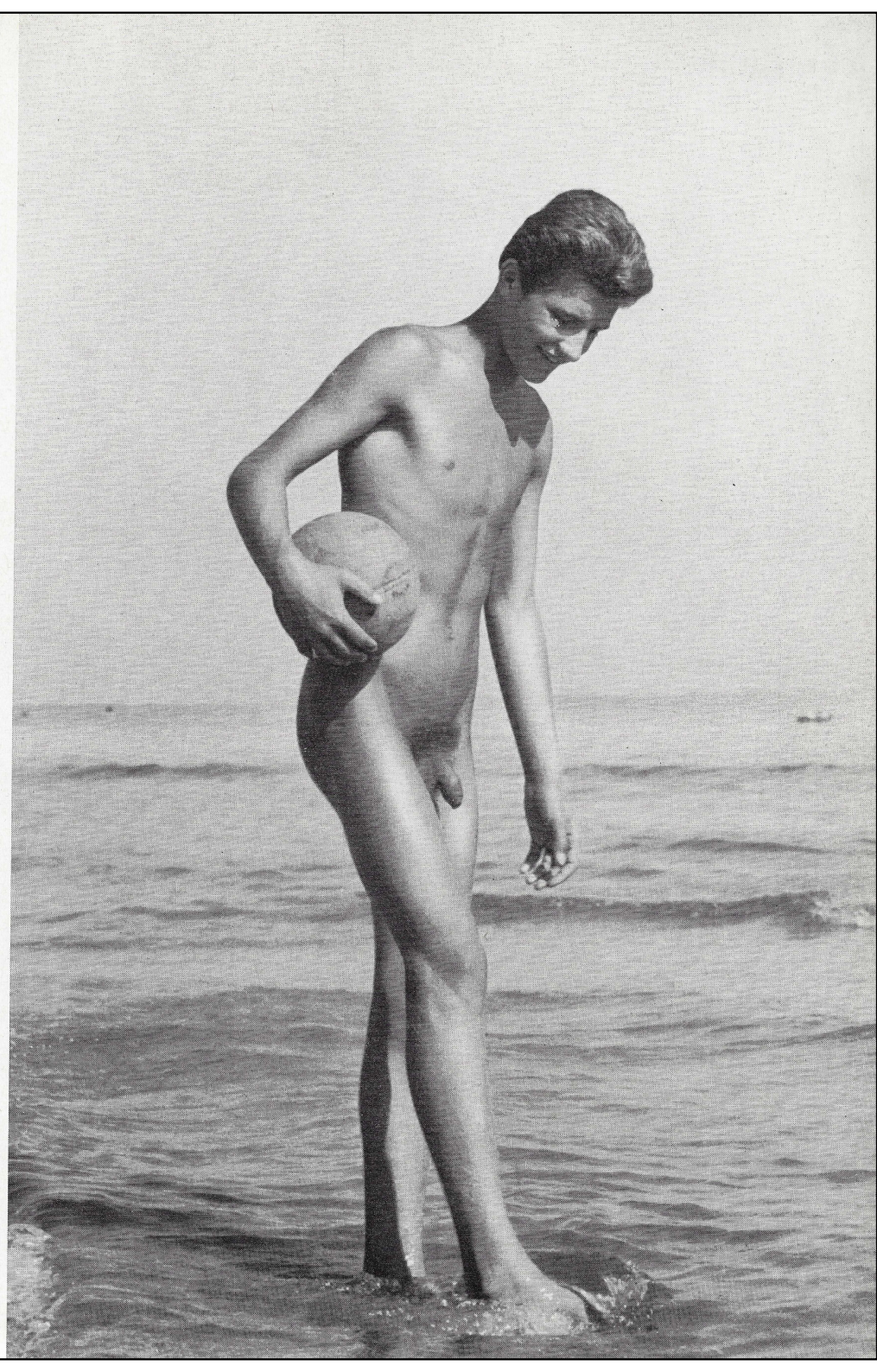


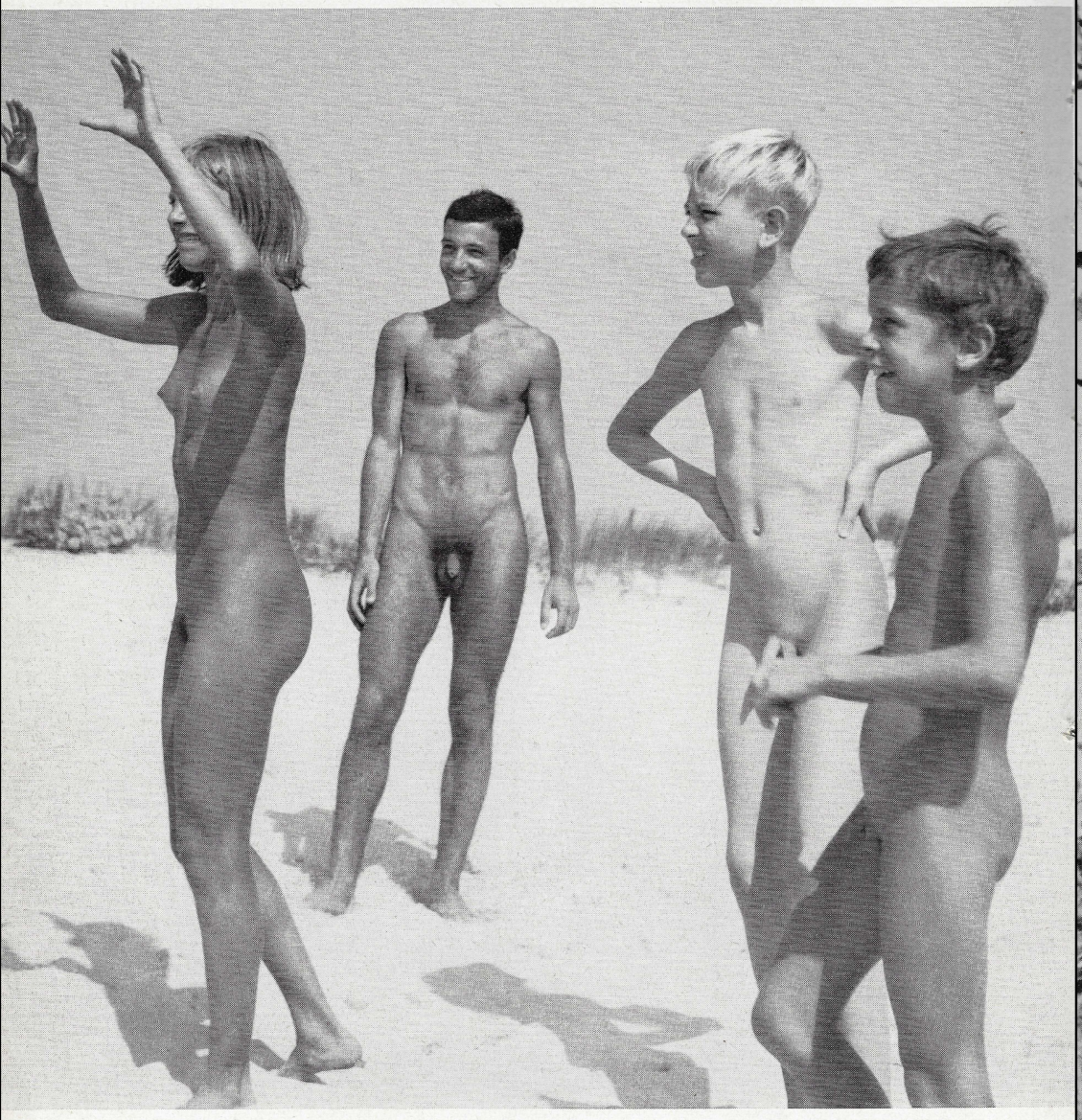




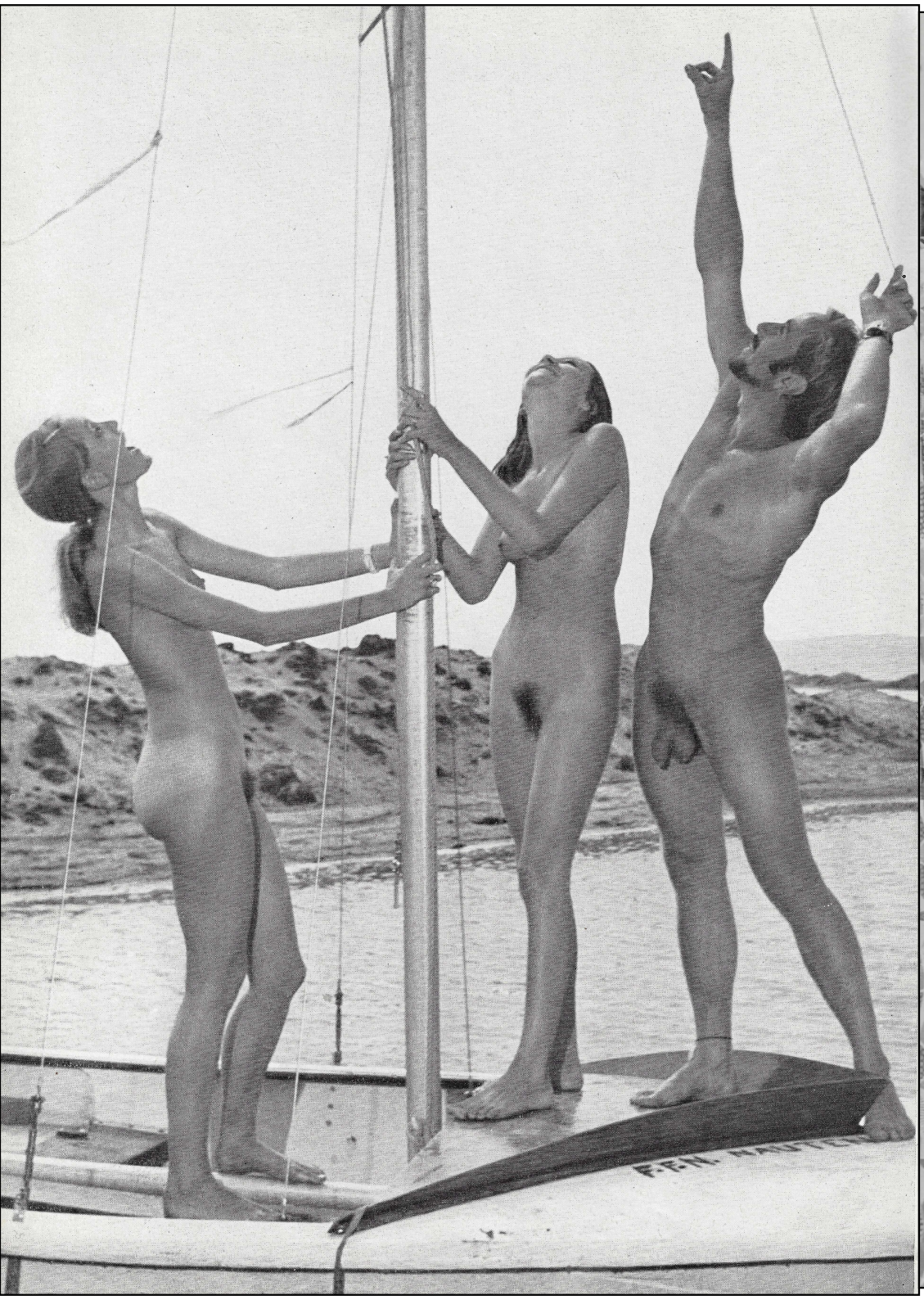




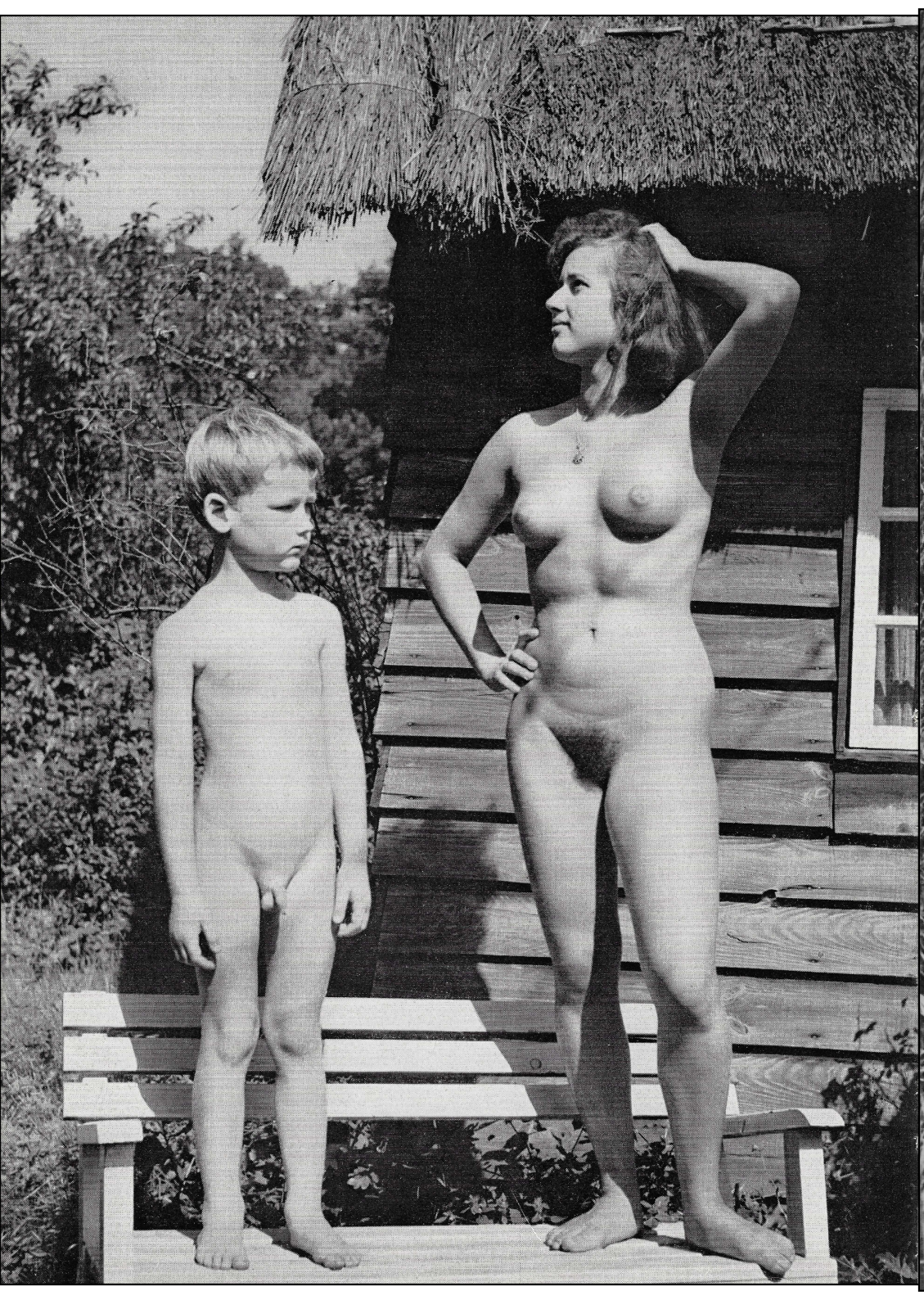
















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