

you have left no "back in half an hour" notice in any town; there should be no "got to be" anywhere at any time, no hotel that you are making for twenty miles the other side of the range; no rendezvous with a young cousin or an old man at the crossroads at sundown, but a blessed insouciance regarding men and things.

The grand desideratum is to have found an agreeable spot. "We can put in forty minutes here!"—"My friend, *hours!*"

The ants shall carry away the sausage rind and the beetles devour the cucumber peeling; bees shall sip where sweet coffee has fallen, shy rodents shall clear earth's table of crumbs—while the heart wells up with joyful conversation, or the eyes drowsily settle on their lower lids. There is a joyous, light-green glittering sleep between the hours of two and four, hours not lost nor to be missed in the temporal economy of the tramp.

There arrive light and happy dreams, the soft-stepping *arrières pensées* of the tramping life. The whole soul has relaxed, the mainspring of citizenship has run down, and will

means he liveth best. Pan is indeed more truly our god than Diana. The chaste Diana, the great huntress, is a romantic figure—but not one of us. She would not have us with her, we will not have her with us. We will keep company with wood nymphs and satyrs, and will help to turn the animals another way when we hear Diana's horn resounding in the forest. She shall go on and find the world a wilderness in front of her—the living and the loving all slipping behind.

Nature unfolds herself slowly like a small if you are still in front of her. You cannot know what you are walking over till you cease walking. The lizard which has eyed you furtively from under a stone comes forth and squeaks to you—you make friends with him, in fact. And as you sit on the hillside, or lie prone under the trees of the forest, or spray wet-legged on the shingly beach of a mountain stream, the great door, that does not look like a door, opens.

The noonday meal is a siesta which can be very pleasantly prolonged. It only takes half an hour to make the fire and boil the pot, but

You continue the way with more *camaraderie*, doing an indolent eight or nine miles before sundown. The afternoon walk is likely to be different from the morning one; you are

looked into, song birds to hear, falcons to be watched. The river invites you to strip. You sit under the cascade in the noonday; you climb into caves to cool and dry. The green roof of the mole's track is to be followed till you find the gentleman in velvet in his home. The sound of the tapping of the woodpecker shall guide you to the loose-barked tree where with watchful eye a bird of beauty is hunting the unmanerly wood louse. You shall approach gently the deer who, in a group, wait for you with startled eyes. They run from the crashing and speedy—they can be won by the gentle. Wild nature is not so wild as we think, or we are wilder—it is not so far from us, and we are nearer.

You can enter a wider family if you are gentle. The rabbit which tempts your stones will come and smell at your toes, the birds will hop on you and sing as you lie in the grass, even the alleged ferocious animals, such as bears, will come and take bread from your hands—if they feel you are near to them.

ring no alarms. It means a change in the condition of passivity. You are at home to fairies and fancies and to the spider of happiness who spins golden webs. It is a fallacy to think that during the siesta you do not tramp; you are tramping, wandering in unknown parts, exploring the primitive, opening doors, making new connections with the great unity of which you have been a nonconscious part.

You wake with no headache, but with, instead, a freshness and eagerness. You do not start at the unfamiliar scene; you know yourself to be at home. You look upon your companion still sleeping—did you ever look upon your friend asleep—not in a bed in a hotel, or on a red sofa after dinner, or in the dim corner of a jolting train—but in Nature's house? There you will feel him nearer, more of a friend, more kindred. The same wood sprites have hopped on you both while you slumbered and dreamed.

*He prays both great and small*  
*All things both great and small*

fallen trees are to be sat on, laddered trees to climb, flowers to be picked, nests to be

is in moments, not in distance run.

hour, day to day, year to year; life's quality like Mr. Wyncham Lewis, who, on a certain day to take a little trip in Hertfordshire, with gusto of a Marco Polo, you may modest-world, thinking on this country and on that adventure. After surveying the map of the infinite, making your petty exploit a brave vault of heaven by night give you the foil of small, as takes your fancy or speaks your experience. But blue sky by day and fretted thing done to make a dull person ornamental. I listen with pained reluctance to those who claim to have walked forty or fifty miles a day. Learned the art of going slowly, the man who disdained not to linger in the springy morning hours, to listen, to watch, to exist. Life is like a road; you hurry, and the end of it is grave. There is no grand crescendo from hour to hour, day to day, year to year; life's quality is in moments, not in distance run.

Fallen trees are to be sat on, laddered trees to climb, flowers to be picked, nests to be



STEPHEN GRAHAM (1884-1975)  
 British writer: journalist, travel-writer, essayist and novelist. He wrote about poverty, agricultural laborers, tramps and his dislike of industrialization. At one point in his life, he gave up his job to hike in Russia. This excerpt is from his book 'The Gentle Art of Tramping', which is a guide to living a simple, traveler's life.

FERNANDO PESSOA (1888-1935)  
 Portuguese writer, poet and philosopher whose interests included walking, mediumship and astrology. He wrote under many alternate names and characters and created the term 'heteronym' to describe these alter egos.

THE WANDER SOCIETY  
 POCKET LIBRARY  
 THE ART OF IDLENESS  
 Stephen Graham  
 Poetry by Fernando Pessoa



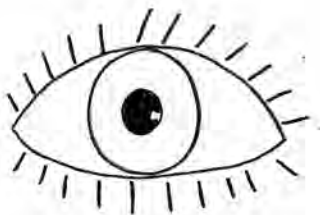
Kenan, into the wilds of Siberia for a year or so, you may decide to go across the New Forest during the Whitsuntide week-end, a little *voiage au tour de ma chambre*. There are thrills unspeakable in Rutland, more perhaps than on the road to Khiva. Quality makes good tramping, not quantity.

The virtue to be envied in tramping is that of being able to live by the way. In that indeed does the gentle art of tramping consist. If you do not live by the way, there is nothing gentle about it. It is then a stunt, a something done to make a dull person ornamental. I listen with pained reluctance to those who claim to have walked forty or fifty miles a day. Learned the art of going slowly, the man who disdained not to linger in the springy morning hours, to listen, to watch, to exist. Life is like a road; you hurry, and the end of it is grave. There is no grand crescendo from hour to hour, day to day, year to year; life's quality is in moments, not in distance run.

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THE world is large enough, or is only too small, as takes your fancy or speaks your experience. But blue sky by day and fretted vault of heaven by night give you the foil of the infinite, making your petty exploit a brave world, thinking on this country and on that world, thinking of a Marco Polo, you may modestly decide to take a little trip in Hertfordshire, like Mr. Wyncham Lewis, who, on a certain journaistic occasion, set forth to the discovery of Rutland. Instead of going, like

As you sit on the hillside,  
or lie prone under the trees  
of the forest, or sprawl  
wet-legged by a mountain  
stream, the great door,  
that does not look like a  
door, opens.



I'm nothing.  
I'll always be nothing.  
I can't want to be something.  
But I have in me  
all the dreams of the world.

Let nature pour over  
my seething head  
Its sun, its rain,  
and the wind that finds my hair,  
And let the rest come  
if it will or must,  
or let it not come.

excerpts from THE TOBACCO SHOP  
by ALVARO DE CAMPOS  
(FERNANDO PESSOA)  
15 January 1928



The tramp carries no wrist watch. He has only a secondary character in our affairs. some of the spare room, but no matter, he is plenty of room for God—the devil may use take” is sufficient—if not too much. Leave “Someday or other the Queen’s daughter I I shall do; to-morrow I know less” is better. “To-day I brew, to-morrow I bake” type of the most general character, none of that why programs of coming life should be of could never put into our program. That is “Things happen hors de programme which we of Nature to meet you.

shy of a chance third—the man who comes out his mind. One should not, however, always be of your thoughts, and if with another there is tramp—for an exchange of thoughts. If you sociable. One is on the lookout for a fellow less eager, more passive and indulgent and

not raise his eyes to scan Big Ben through the gloom—for his life is not parceled out in Parliamentary quantities. He has no dashed repeater in his pouch, no alarm clock at his ear. The deathwatch does not sound in the wall of his forest house; he does not live and sleep beside that coffin on end called a grandfather, “his life-seconds numbering tick-tock-tick.” He listens for no morning hooter; he boils his eggs without a measure of sliding sand; he punches no time clock when he begins his day’s tramp, and at the end the last tramp shall catch him unawares—an irrelevancy.

The most profound philosophers have been engaged for any number of years trying to explain time, and they are all agreed that it is an illusion. The universe would go on existing if all human beings were destroyed, but what we call “time” would not. Time, they are assured, must be relative. The little beetle which we tread upon feels a pang as great as when a giant dies. His normal life may be five months only—but he has as extensive a notion of his life as we have of what we call the normal span—our fourscore years. The

insect which lives only an hour fits the four-score years of impressions into it somehow. “If you can fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds worth of distance run”—the insect does it, better than you can.

The fact is, the minutes are not unforgiving. We have to reverse many of the Grub Street maxims: “Take care of the minutes, Freddy, and the hours will take care of themselves.” No, take care of the hours and the minutes can go hang. Take care of your life and your days will be all right.

Lord Chesterfield’s *Letters to his Son* and Arnold Bennett’s *How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day* are of little value to us. We will not read in our baths, nor memorize French verbs while we fry. Or we will, if we like, but not upon the compulsion of filling time.

You will discern that going tramping is at first an act of rebellion; only afterwards do you get free from rebelliousness as Nature sweetens your mind. Town makes men contentious; the country smooths out their souls. The worship of time as a reality is such a

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