

I step out the door, the continuous hiss and rumble of an urban residential area on a windy day meets me. I walk down the steps of the building I live in, wait in front of it and start listening. The first sound that makes me move is a dried leaf that is being dragged across the tiles by the wind in a circular fashion. It reminds me of a tornado, or rather how a tornado probably starts before it is a tornado. Every big thing was once small I guess.

Back to the leaf. It still wonders me how such a light object can create such a loud and present sound. I still don't really get how the friction between the leaf and the floor can displace so much air that it reaches my ear from 6 meters away on a windy day. I decide that I maybe don't want to understand. I start walking.

Cars pass by, then a bus, some very high-pitched beep comes from behind a metal door, could it be one of those devices that is supposed to scare of youth? Probably it is just a by-product of some electric device. I continue.

The first possibility to turn right arises. I listen. Some weird hum sounds at my right, I decide to go there. After a couple of meters it turns out to be the parking garage beneath the building across the street. The garage is partly dug into the ground and then sticks out 1,5 meter. The part that sticks out is confined with a cheap metal roster instead of a wall. The wind blows through the roster and garage resulting in a cacophony of whistles, hums, squeaks and rattles. I continue. I reach the waterside, there I need to choose again.

A woman's voice, I go left. She sounds serious. When I get closer I hear she is talking about a traumatic memory, I decide to focus on something else. The water. I can always rely on the sound of water.

I walk along the water, small waves crash in between the boats and the quay with a fast and unpredictable yet familiar rhythm. The boats are quite big, old fishing boats I believe. They are bound to land by thick ropes. The ropes creek/squeeck/moan. Is that the right word for it? It gives me a very nostalgic feeling, but I don't really understand why. Apparently in my life I had previous experiences with this sound that relate to nostalgia/warmth/safety. It makes me wonder how the act of listening relates to memory.

As I am walking this route from sound to sound,

am I also walking a route from memory to memory?

Is walking while listening a journey that connects the outside world with my inside world?