

Shoes and dust of the world to tell

by Paolo Rumiz (journalist&walker)

One day my primary school teacher told me that I wrote with my shoes - or maybe with my feet, I can't remember ... As I was hungry for horizons and used to eat adventure books, I really got hurted a lot by her words: but it wasn't for my writings, it was for my shoes. My shoes, with black rubber sole, looked with total disgust! I did not understand ... The fairy tales my grandmother told me were always tied to the shoes. It seems to me I can hear her voice: she had an unrepeatable phrasing, similar to a long walk in the plain, which told about boots and seven leagues, of mountains to climb and valleys, and she used to repeat "Walk, walk..." to let history come alive.

Years went by and once I suddenly discovered that greek verse divides itself into feet. "Sing oh my diva about Achilles the Pelis" I tried to say once, discovering it sounded much better while walking, it was easier. Again I discover the Arabian word "Travel" meant also "Book" and that in jewish language the "Haggadah", about the journey to Egipt, was the most important of tales. Revenge for feet! Wonderful... since then I decided to redeem the unfairly denigrated shoes converting them to a "weapon" of writing.

I can remember each of my soles, soaked in the dust of the world: those worn in Poland and Turkey, the light shoes of Afghanistan, those I used by bike to the Bosphorus. Even a book I dedicated to the feet, and by feet I went to Sarajevo, for my yellow Istanbul quince.

Streets have a voice, I'm sure of it, and shoes are made to hear it. You beat your foot on the ground, "Endeka, endeka", and immediately you hear the magic lung of Earth, dictate to your mind full verses...

