

FDR March 11 2021

Arriving at Franklin D Roosevelt from the 1 and then transferring, there is a drastic change in sound from getting off of the metro and onto the platform. I chose to write about this location because once getting off and walking into the initial tunnel you can tell who is in the middle of the tunnel based off of the sound. Either you will pass an opera singer, an accordion man, or my favorite, the drummers, which are usually later in the day. When further away the noise is still loud and I think the performer could be around any corner, I think it is because of the shape of the tunnels that the noises reflect so well. From further away there is a reverb and when closer there is less of an echo and sometimes the sound of coins hitting other coins.

April 2nd House Chamonix

This is a loud small wooden house, there is a tree out the window and many birds land and sing which is audible from inside. The dog in the house has a keen eye for cats and other animals and will be sure to let you know if there is something moving in the backyard. There are mountains that surround this area and although the village is overall quiet, the people who live there are loud. They are mountain people, I was told, they weren't "from France but from the mountains." Christophe, a neighbor, came into the house and after he finished drinking a full glass of tequila, he pulled out his harmonica. It was piercing and Oliver, the grumpy husband, was trying to sleep in the next room. He could hear everything, Christophe may as well have been playing on his bed.

Apr 8 14:55, no idea where, but in a train

This train on the way back from Chamonix is the 3rd and final train, and is by far the quietest of all of the trains on this trip. It is a Swiss train so the loudspeaker voice is both in french and English. The man who checks the tickets has one of the best voices I have ever heard, when he speaks it sounds like he has lost his voice or it cracks into silence, it is hard to describe but if the adjective friendly was a voice, it would be his. The train is very quiet with a low hum of the movement along the tracks, if you leave the cart to go towards the (closed) bathroom the noise is more audible and you can also hear the screeching of the metal tracks.

Champs De Mars Apr 12

While sitting on the Champs, it is nice to soak in the sunlight and read a book. Reading is easy here once you stop trying to listen to what the groups of teenagers are saying next to you. Sometimes they are having hilarious conversations about work, how french people touch each other too much in public or trying to remember the lyrics to Kate Bush's Babooshka song. While reading you have to pay attention to the jingling noises so you know when to tell the eiffel tower selling guys, "non merci," or make a grim face to show your disinterest in buying anything. The pigeons are quite here but every once and a while the crows can be very loud.

My new apartment April 14

The woman who owns this place has put a clock above the bathroom. This apartment is eerily quieter than what I am used to, especially after curfew when all the children from the park a building away have gone home. The clock is the main noise in this apartment, if you ignore the clacking of my long fingernails on my keyboard. There is an occasional car which passes which I can hear, but it sounds like a low quiet hum of someone with bad lung capacity. From my bed the clock distracts me to the point that I have redownloaded an old sleep noise app I used to use in middle school. I listen to car noises on the app, louder than the ones outside.