

Sound Diary

1/27/2021

Bedroom with window cracked: Quiet. Traffic in the distance sounds airy, like wind. Car horn. Rustling next door. Occasional bird chirp. Leftover rain plattering sparsely outside on the drain pipe. High pitched ringing in the ears. The more I sit and listen, the more the sounds merge into one.

1/28/2021

I listened while I heated the kettle for tea. I walked around the room and listened to the sound from different positions. When focused, I could make out 3 defining features of the timbre: a low rumble, an airy sound, and a mid range tone that changed in pitch as the water heated. Afterwards I heard whistling coming from the hallway.

1/29/2021

Walking through The Lough Park: wide variety of bird calls all around: ducks, gulls, thrushes... music in the distance. Much chatter from the parkgoers. Children yelling. Wings splashing across the water. Very busy. I began to become irritated by the large amount of pedestrian traffic/noise. This caused me to become disengaged from my listening for several minutes before tuning back in. It is interesting how we can either choose to treat every sound as a distraction/irritation or embrace them as a delight.

1/30/2021

First thing in the morning I sat on my bed with the window cracked and listened: the sounds were quite different from the evening. A heavier presence of gulls. Less traffic noise. I hear a high-mid range wavering drone coming from the right side of me. I focused in on it as it was very pleasant to hear. I think it was coming from a light bulb in my room. I immediately wanted to record this sound. It is funny how my mind grasps at attempts to "capture" or "preserve" certain moments.

2/1/2021

I sat and listened to the rain outside my bedroom window: the sparse tapping when drops hit the drain pipe and the wet splatters as they hit the ground. Silence in the room. Occasional bird in the distance.

2/2/2021

I stood on my balcony and listened for 5 minutes: the sounds that struck me most was the wind blowing through the bamboo and palms in the courtyard. brittle, airy, rustling. Combined with the sparse tapping of rain on the gutter. When the wind would increase, the rain pattering would increase. It was interesting to listen to the interplay of these sounds. The airy traffic in the distance could almost be mistaken for the wind. A distant siren sounded throughout.

2/3/2021

Sitting in my living room it was very quiet. I could clearly hear the high-mid range hum of the lightbulbs in the room. Coming from somewhere above me was a ticking percussive sound occasionally interjected by a creak/pop coming from the kitchen wall. Faint bird sound behind me.

2/4/2021

Popping sound from the kettle in the kitchen. Thuds in the next room. The high pitched hum of the lights. An immense sense of spaciness.

2/6/2021

Sitting on my bed: very quiet at first. I noticed a nice midrange hum that I have never noticed before in my bedroom - very faint. Traffic extremely quiet in the distance. A loud rumble began - at first I thought it was an airplane flying overhead. It stopped, then started up again. I could hear now it was something being wheeled across the floor in the room above me. Quiet again.

2/7/2021

Laying in bed at night: rustling and occasional scratching sounds on the right. On my left, very faint/distant, muffled sounds of reeds blowing in the wind. Short bursts/patters of rain with the wind. A distant siren. A slight ringing in my ears. Everything is very quiet.

2/8/2021

Sitting in my bedroom, window cracked: The first sound I noticed is a high-mid pitched buzz coming from somewhere on the apartment building. The airy, swirling sound of traffic seemed to be reverberating off the walls of the building and courtyard below. A very low industrial drone was coming from somewhere outside too. These three sounds together made a beautiful soundscape, with a nice balance of low-mid-high sound.

2/9/2021

Standing in the corner of the living room by the window, listening through microphones/headphones: A warm hum coming from above. Rustling in the bedroom. The sound of walking in the hallway, it starts from the right then moves closer and closer to center. A door opens and slams. The feet continue off to the left. ~~the~~ ~~the~~ The hum reappears. The bedroom door opens, then the bathroom door. Even though this was happening out in the hall, it felt so close. It was interesting to note my perception in relation to proximity during this listening session.

2/10/2021

Standing near my window: A loud airy sound coming from above. Muffled talking on the other side of the wall (or is it above?). The airy sound stops. A midrange hum becomes audible. Tapping and clicking coming from next door. All is very quiet.

2/11/2021

Late night, in bed: metallic tapping to my left and above. What has become a sound so familiar to me living here - rain hitting

The gutter, I try to listen without the "source" in mind. It becomes a brand new experience. Each tap is unique in its quality and unique in my subjectivity. An airy sound to my right. "Silence" above.

2/12/2021

Listening to the balcony window with contact mics: the occasional thump/splatter of rain on the gutter. muffled traffic. Drone of the lights and heater. Car horn. Everything is very quiet yet so coloured. My living space becomes augmented by the outside world's reverberations on my window. I merge myself with the sound, there is no longer subject and object. 10 minutes pass in no time. I open my eyes.

2/13/2021

Walking by the Lee River: The sound of water rushing over rocks. It sounds like a static white noise at first, then the details become more apparent. I can shift my focus around hearing individual stream-sections bubbling, gurgling, and whooshing in their own way as they form together a larger soundscape. Wind in the trees. Human voices and footsteps.

2/14/2021

Strong wind outside. Palm branches rustling and crackling. The distant ting of windchimes? Patter of leftover rain water falling from the roof. A siren. Creaking. Brushing. Whooshing. Popping. A symphony of small sounds. Bird squawking. Water running.

2/15/2021

Walking down a path by the Lee: Birds to my left. Church bells in the distance. Branches and bushes rustling in the wind. Water running. Feet pattering. Voices chatting. All of the sounds blend into a single entity - the expression/song/dance of everything. Traffic reverberating off of buildings as I walk back through town. The rise and fall of traffic noises. There is such a large variety to these sounds - ever evolving/changing.

2/16/2021

A warm hum coming from above. Perhaps it's the neighbors playing music as it has a very tonal and harmonic quality. Any traffic outside, car horns, birds, a dog's bark. The sounds hit my ears then they are gone, leaving me only with a memory. In this session, it was interesting to note the difference in perception between hearing the actual sound and feeling the sensation at the moment it reached my ears vs. the memory of the sound seconds later. I think sometimes it is easy to mistake the memory for the sound itself as the perception process happens so quickly.

2/21/2021

Knife chopping in the kitchen. A distant bell, muffled through the windows and walls. A very quiet room. I became aware of all the small sounds from my body, fingers moving, feet rustling, bones popping.

2/24/2021

Walking down the street in the rain I stopped to listen to the rain hitting a drainpipe on the side of a building. It was particularly beautiful and resonant. Each droplet was amplified through the metal and each resonated at a different pitch. The irregular pattern of the falling drops in combination with the metallic clang was quite interesting. Other sounds in the soundscape included voices, traffic, the cooing of pigeons, feet hitting the pavement along with the rain.

2/28/2021

Sitting on my balcony on a Sunday evening: A variety of bird song - seagulls, thrushes, pigeons, and other calls I am unfamiliar with. A motorcycle in the distance. Traffic is not as loud as usual at this time. Bamboo and palms rustling in the courtyard. The scraping of leaves being blown across the ground. Melody of an ice cream truck far off. The constant sound of windchimes. The flapping of a towel being dried in the wind. Voices. Car horn.

3/3/2021

Sound walk from Cornmarket Street, up Sunday's Well Road, over the Shaky Bridge, through Fitzgerald Park, and back along the Banks of the Lee Walkway: A man scraping paint off a building. Seagulls calling and flapping of wings. The chain on a bicycle. The ~~road~~ rising and falling woosh of traffic. Walking up Sunday's Well was unusually quiet at first but then more and more cars started to pass. It was interesting to hear the changes in timbre between each passing car. Being between two rows of buildings seemed to amplify the sound making it extremely intense at times. The reverberations constantly changed in relation to my position between the structures on either side of me. Thing finally quieted as I passed over the Shaky Bridge. The squeak of the bridge bouncing up and down. Seagulls and other birdsong. The gurgle of water. An overwhelming amount of voices in the park, children screaming, feet running, jackets rustling, birds singing, a large vent on the side of the cafe droning. The drone seemed to have a "phaser" effect as I walked by. Entering Mardyke Walk: more traffic, bicycles, voices, engines, birds, wind... The clacking of skateboards on the concrete ramps. White noise from the river falls. Stopping briefly as the white noise seems to temporarily drown out the incessant chatter and traffic. A rich variety of bird calls appear. Footsteps. The white noise/rushing morphs into gurgling, then babbling, then back into rushing. Back in the city the traffic dominates again. City street tiles that are loose clang and rattle underneath. A distant church bell. Another large, droning, airy vent as I arrive back on my street - this one deeper and denser, competing with the noise of a small group gathered by a cafe.

3/6/2021

Sitting in Fitzgerald Park by the Pond: A myriad of bird calls surround me. Seagulls, crows, ducks, songbirds... Splashing on the pond. The flutter of wings. Planes flying overhead. The natural and the manmade. A helicopter. Voices all around.

Laughing. Children playing. A bell rings behind me. Dogs barking to my left. The sound is constant with dips here and there. The steady hum of life and activity.

3/8/2021

Sitting on a bench at the Lough. Water lapping against the man-made pond-barrier. Creates a nice stereo image. Water coming and going at different times to either side of me. Bubbling, gurgling. Children yelling from across the water. A variety of bird song, ducks, and gulls. Voices heavily present to my left. Wind in the few trees. Traffic to my left side rises and falls with the water.

3/10/2021

Extreme wind while sitting at the lough. A storm is rolling in. Water splashing intensely against the edge of the pond - makes a low splooosh sound. The wind booming and whooshing and howling as it shakes the branches of trees that rattle, rustle, and creak. Ducks quacking quietly as they scavenge for food. The sound of light rain pelting against the hood of my raincoat. My jacket fluttering and flapping in the wind.

3/13/2021

Standing at the foot of the Shaky Bridge I hear the squeak + rattle of the bridge as it bounces up and down as people pass over it. Standing in an archway, sound is funnelled in to me - it resonates and reflects off the walls as footsteps pass overhead. Bird song is drowned out as machinery and a lawnmower buzz and hum away. The bushes and trees across the river rustle and shake in the strong wind.

3/19/2021

The sound of the city surrounds me from all sides. Traffic, lawnmower, voices, car horns. Pigeons cooing and birds chirping. Metallic thuds and clanging punctuate the never-ending tapestry.

of noise, bringing my attention to a point. My awareness shifts from a global hearing to a focused listening. Children making vocal sounds, a variety of voices - I can't make out words but listen to the pitch and rhythm of the vocals. Traffic rises and falls like waves as I try to follow each sound from start to end. These waves are interrupted by the short bursts of bird noise, footsteps, a dog barking, and chatter.

3/20/2021

Per Pauline Oliveros' suggestion in the "Deep Listening" book, I have begun to "listen" to the sounds in my dreams. Last night I remember "listening" to a lovely sound art piece made from field recordings on a small mp3 player - however it kept getting interrupted by pop songs as it was part of a Spotify playlist. I can't remember exactly how any of this sounded, just the dream-memory of it. At another point there was a live mariachi band. Many strange people and odd conversations. The sound of my roommate's voice coming from an unfamiliar character saying something was "all good." It is interesting to note that I can only perceive these dream-sounds as ^{faint} memories - was there actually any "real" sound in the dream or just memory and brainwave activity?

3/24/2021

Sitting on a bench at the Lough I hear the gurgling and slapping of water on the concrete. It comes in in a rhythmic pulse to my left then right. Children playing in the distance. The occasional steady beating of metal on metal from construction behind me. Rhythmic quacking of three ducks swimming by. Runners feet. Wind across water. Droplets spray onto the concrete making tiny splashes. Everything has its own pulse as individual sounds and with all sounds.

3/29/2021

Quiet night. Chimes from the neighbor's balcony. Wind through the palms and bamboo. An industrial fan wooshes and hums ~~as~~ as a steady drone to the whirring wind. Voices in Spanish are speaking.

A radio lets out a quick snippet of "I feel good." Reminds me of Mississippi, neighbors chatting. A door down from me quietly opens and shuts.

4/5/2021

Walking along the river hearing the white noise of rapids approaching. The sound is very full but not overpowering. It mixes in with the birds and sounds of people walking and talking. I pass a group of teenagers with a speaker blaring pop music - it is heavily distorted. More rapids off to my right now. Distant hills and drone.

4/11/2021

Walking along Sunday's well Road it is very quiet going up the hill. When cars approach you can hear them about a minute before you can see them coming up. They whoosh by exciting the pigeons making them flutter their wings and fly off. Leaves rattle in the wind on either side of the road. Seagulls call out over the overlook. Cars begin to pass more frequently as the soundscape becomes noisier. 2 families pass me. The wheels of a stroller rattle and roll across the concrete. Socks rustling. Feet tapping the ground.