

# All Sounds Are from My Home: Nova Iguaçu, Rio de Janeiro

**Ilana Marina Alves**

(Translated from Portuguese by Jorge de La Barre)

## **Abstract**

A journal, in which I keep track of sounds around me, on an hourly basis, for about a month.

**20 March, 2021:**

*09:17am*

I listen to my own audio recording and, in the background, the noise of birds.

*10:40pm*

The opossums invading my yard seem to be fighting with each other, producing a loud and strange noise.

**21 March, 2021:**

*2:05pm*

I listened to a song suggested by YouTube: by Ella Mai (I liked it).

*2:56pm*

Still listening to Ella Mai, and other suggested music

*4:02pm*

I hear the neighbor's kids (4 kids between 2 and 11 years old), playing hide-and-seek.

*6:20pm*

The neighbor is fighting (loudly) with one of her children, who apparently did not take a bath.

*8:05pm*

My mother is on a video call, laughing and talking loudly. I can hardly hear the TV, and it bothers me.

*10:03pm*

I hear the train.

*11:54pm*

The cricket seems to be in here. It sounds like, in the bathroom.

**22 March, 2021:**

*7:45am*

Alarm clock.

*8:50am*

In class, I just listen, but I don't hear much.

*9:30am*

My mom interrupts my class to talk about her plants.

*10:06am*

My mom interrupts me again to talk about something that I don't hear until she realizes that I am still in class, and leaves.

*12:36pm*

I listen to songs on YouTube, like Rihanna, Beyoncé, Mariah Carey – the oldies.

*6:03pm*

I hear one of the neighbor's children crying.

*6:16pm*

I hear the neighbor screaming.

*8:22pm*

My mom is on a video call, laughing and talking loudly.

*10:05pm*

I hear the train.

**23 March, 2021:**

*7:45am*

Alarm clock.

*7:53am*

I attend class, the teacher talks about customs legislation.

*4:05pm*

I enter the class, and it's the first time I hear my voice in the day; I said "Good afternoon" only.

*7:40pm*

My mom arrives; we talk.

**24 March, 2021:**

*7:45am*

Alarm clock.

*07:55am*

Another class, I hear the professor with his Chilean accent, talking about the trends of war.

*2:20pm*

The phone rings, I answer and hear that Ms. Rosa has passed away from Covid-19. (My mother's employer).

*7:54pm*

I am at the funeral and listen to a little of what each one has to say about Dona Rosa's life.

*12:59pm*

My mother and I talk about the future; by the tone of her voice, she has fear, sadness, and insecurity.

**25 March, 2021:**

*07:45am*

The alarm clock rang, but I ignored it. I just wanted the silence.

**6 April, 2021:**

*12:05pm*

I hear the noises of the pans, as I smell fish; from the noise, it is fried.

*4:56pm*

I go to the market listening to music. Playing a little bit of everything.

**9 April, 2021:**

*6:45pm*

The neighbor's children are fighting loudly.

**13 April, 2021:**

*2:55pm*

I get a call from a friend after maybe two years, and I am very happy.

**16 April, 2021:**

*11:23pm*

The opossums that visit my yard every night are fighting (I think); the noise is annoying and loud.

**17 April, 2021:**

*7:30pm*

Someone calls me at the gate; I ignore it because of Corona.

*7:44pm*

One of the children is learning to talk, and when I listen (I listen because the backyard is near my bedroom window), I love it. This child has a very cute voice. I have never seen her, but from her voice, I can imagine her face.

**18 April, 2021:**

*2:46pm*

The sound of the super loud TV.

*4:27pm*

My mom is talking to herself, or rather, arguing.

**20 April, 2021:**

12:03pm

Noise of food in the pan, while a very good smell rises.

**21 April, 2021:**

5:26pm

Me and my mother, who has hearing impairment, are watching TV. The TV is very loud, and she hardly understands much because she hears it sporadically in one of her hearing devices.

8:34pm

The neighbor is fighting with her husband and, from the complaint, I agree with her.

10:34pm

I heard a new song, and I like it (Bruno Mars and Anderson Paak, "Leave the Door Open").

**26 April, 2021:**

11:55pm

The street celebrates Viih Tube's exit from *Big Brother*.

**28 April, 2021:**

09:35am

I listen to my own audio recording, and realize that the train had passed by while I was talking, and I hadn't consciously listened.

10:39pm

The noise of the rain is good, but when too much, it makes you afraid. That is the case now.

**Note:** This piece was developed during the Sociology of Music class of the first semester of 2021 taught by Jorge de La Barre at Fluminense Federal University. Almost a year into the pandemic, during the week of Carnival which, for obvious health and safety reasons, had been cancelled in Rio de Janeiro and everywhere else in Brazil, the idea of writing sound reports was launched, in “remote mode.”

### **About the Author**

Ilana Marina Alves is an undergraduate student in sociology with the Sociology Department at Universidade Federal Fluminense (GSO-UFF), Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Email: [ilanamarina@id.uff.br](mailto:ilanamarina@id.uff.br).