

## Renan Gross: Goodbye noise sensitivity

I woke up every day at 05:00 this week.

My wife says it's because I was nervous over the minicourse I had to teach,

And also because Hungary is an hour behind Israel,

And also because I'm used to waking up at these times, having a toddler and all,

But I know the real reason:

It's all these garbage trucks and fire engines making a racket up at night; I'm just noise sensitive.

So she asked me, "What, really? Do you really think that if I refreshed every one of your bits at constant rate, your covariance would go to zero?"

"Well, of course not, silly. It's only the correlation that matters."

But even without arguing about definitions, this week was both turbulent and noisy,

Rapidly mixing at all scales after just a constant number of days,

Lectures branching into lunches coalescing back to lectures,

Plumes of steam from thermal waters converging to harmonic functions,

Percolation crossing my mind at breakfast, and twilight, and myriad other exceptional times,

And always with the right people with the right ideas, waiting for a pivotal point to strike.

But then again, there was also silence, just as meaningful as its chaotic brother:

The precious seconds before a lecture starts, the audience eager, the speaker gathering their thoughts;

And the silent, very, very cold night.

So on second thought,

Maybe the dawnbreak awakening is not really about correlation,

And this goodbye,

Is not really about noise.

Maybe I'm just sensitive.