

**Musical intro**

*When a tree falls in a forest and no one's around to hear it...it makes a sound.*

The sounds of the attic at night. Crickets chirp. The chair squeaks. Wind against the poorly-insulated walls.

DEIRDRE GARDNER

Ladies and gentlemen: We are so close to the music. Can you feel it Rosemary Hills?

A squawking of a loud bird in the distance.

DEIRDRE

Can you feel the tense tugging, the suspenseful adrenaline crackling through the dried grass of the fairway...as we wait together in tense anticipation of the music?

Hello, and welcome to the second episode of "It Makes a Sound."

She hits the wind chime on the rafter.

DEIRDRE

I'm your host, Deirdre Gardner, and you're listening to the only show ever solely dedicated to the music and legacy of Wim Faros, resident genius of our Rosemary Hills. In our first episode, I had the unique privilege of announcing the near-miraculous discovery of a cassette tape containing Faros' lost 1992 concert, likely the first time he played for a public audience. And it is only here, with me, on "It Makes A Sound," this show, that you'll be able to hear these precious tracks. And that will happen very soon. Very soon.

Today I remind myself of the great archeologist Howard Carter, who, after years of looking, came across the steps of the tomb of King Tut.

## DEIRDRE

Now, do you think--he wasn't able to just bust in there all at once, there was a bit of a process, some red tape to get around, important people to bring over, some planning as to how the heck to open an ancient thing. This is very common with monumentally earth-shattering finds. And, also, it's the reason it is urgent that you contact me if you are in possession of a working cassette tape player. You can reach me at [itmakesasound@aol.com](mailto:itmakesasound@aol.com).

In the meantime, here on the table before me the cassette tape sits, like stairs in the sand of the Valley of the Kings. The treasures contained within its small plastic sarcophagus it is not ready to reveal.

A lonely cricket chirps.

## DEIRDRE

I trust the tape, I trust that it will be played when it is ready to be played, and I believe that the object is actually gifting us with time to prepare. And on today's show, I will pave the way for that music, and help us each carve out a space that is worthy of one of the greatest of our generation.

A toad begins croaking nearby.

## DEIRDRE

The best art historians tell us that in order to more fully crack open and contextualize the meaning behind the moment of creation, one must look to the environment in which the artist was creating.

DEIRDRE

Thus, it is essential as we ready our brains for this musical reckoning that we turn to fellow residents of Rosemary Hills circa 1992... for instance... persons who, perhaps, find themselves having returned to this town for a duration of time, who are uniquely qualified to reflect on local historical events. So, I have gathered for us...

She retrieves what she has gathered, we hear the rustling of papers

DEIRDRE

more select material from town archives...a cross-sectional study, if you will, for us to sift through and examine. Together we'll look at the timeline of 1992, how that relates to the social studies of Rosemary Hills, in order to come to a greater understanding of the how and why Wim Faros created what is quickly becoming known colloquially as The Attic Tape.

Another obtrusive bird squawks from outside the window. Deirdre lays out the paper on her desk.

DEIRDRE

Location, Location, location. Those before me have asked, "What would Edith Piaf be without Paris? Charles Dickens without London? What would Nazareth be without Jesus? What would Tuscon be without Linda Ronstadt?"

We at It Makes a Sound ask: What is Rosemary Hills without Wim Faros? What would Wim Faros be if not for Rosemary Hills?

I give you--1992: An overview:

She tinkles the wind chime. As she rummages around, we hear Deirdre murmur to herself, "I have...some...bullet points here..."

## DEIRDRE

Rosemary Hills was only several years into an unprecedented population boom and total identity transformation. An anticipated economic upturn and the commercial development rush of the late 1980s led to the incorporation of a large area of surrounding wildlife acreage, transforming much of the humble forest village into a golf resort community and retirement mecca, separated from the old parts of the town with gates and barbed wire fences.

Reflecting this change, the tallest structure in our town, the water tower, was completed in 1992...announcing boldly in royal blue cursive, "World's Golf Capital!" What a vision. But this was premature. That water tower still overlooks the land of Wim Faros, now faded, and rusty.

A new school opened, Rosemary Hills Junior High, with classes in progress even though the construction of the building was never finished, because of enrollment difficulties, as the average median age in the town was 60.

Back in 1992, as my mother used to say, you could definitely swing a dead cat without hitting a kid in Rosemary Hills. You could tie a bunch of dead cats together and swing em. Still hit nothing.

The squawking of the specific bird that is becoming familiar to us, and other sounds of nature, fill this segue.

## DEIRDRE

And now let's turn to the news. How did current events affect Wim's hometown? Well, I have here a pile of saved newspapers from the era.

DEIRDRE

Now they have faded into a sepia tone, dry and cracking, yet still they...proudly relay the...important message of their day. I rhymed. We will dive into the research.

We hear Deirdre rifling through the newspapers for an awkwardly long time, choosing one to read

DEIRDRE

OK, well, it was an election year, and the options were George HW Bush and Bill Clinton. As you'll recall, only the third party candidate, Ross Perot, was featured on Wim Faros' bedroom mural.

She flips through pages

DEIRDRE

Ah yes, the Mall of America had just opened in Minneapolis... So that would be just a few years after the ribbon on Rosemary Hills Mall was cut. In addition, a bevy of corporate-owned strip malls sprawled across newly paved side streets, with the hope that the surging population of the golf course community would have an insatiable itch for sensible shoes, windbreakers, what else-- soup in bread bowls, electric can-openers, wicker, and so on. Wim Faros of course, was critical of consumer capitalism.

Let's see...the Nicoderm Patch is released.

Oh, that's interesting. Wim Faros was a non-smoker. Of course, we will remember Park Song, who came from Korea and was hands down the best golfer living in Rosemary Hills. She wore 4 Nicoderm patches in a windowsill shape on the bicep of her right arm, nobody knew what they were at the time, we just thought it was a thing great Korean golfers wore on their arm.

## DEIRDRE

She lived in one of the largest houses near the clubhouse, alone, I think, but as we all know, she kept two domesticated peacocks as pets (thank you Park Song). Those peacocks and her talent made her an intimidating presence. She called children "Sugar Plum," but in a tone was not sweet.

Page turning. That obnoxiously loud bird again, which we are guessing is a peacock? Deirdre reads from the newspaper:

## DEIRDRE

"Prince Charles and Princess Diana officially separated in 1992." Well, get in line your Highnesses, because so had the parents of basically every student enrolled at Rosemary Hills Junior High. The whole school was like a Rainbows (do--do we still have that, Rainbows program?) for kids whose newly single mom or dad had to move in with a more financially stable grandparent trying to live out retirement in the golf course. School spirit...was a wide-eyed stare of betrayal. Should have tried to make that the school mascot. Wim Faros, however, did not attend Rosemary Hills Junior High, and parental figures were never seen around Wim Faros. Who were his parents? Where were they, what were they like? What does he have in common with the princes of Windsor? We don't yet know.

Rifling through papers...

## DEIRDRE

At the top of the box office... Aladdin... And the highest rated TV show was--America's Funniest Home Videos, oh boy.

There is no evidence that these entertainments had any significant influence on Wim Faros's art.

More rifling through papers...

DEIRDRE

"The average price of a gallon of gas was \$1.05."  
 Well, ok, yes, speaking of cars. We should note that sometimes seen parked in the cul-de-sac outside of Wim Faros' modest 2-story bungalow was a Chrysler LeBaron convertible. The details of the car may have been hard to discern from afar, but if you were standing near the barbed wire fence that separated the golf course from the wilder, unincorporated area of Rosemary Hills you could see its faux wood-paneling and sheepskin-covered seats and steering wheel. A green Little Tree car freshener hung from the rearview mirror, and there was a peeling Rusty Jones sticker on the passenger seat window, and it was a stick shift. Around this time, that is, in 1992, when gas cost just over a dollar----it is said that a significant dent appeared on that fence. To most, this dent might have gone unnoticed, as it was covered by overgrown weeds; but the dent happened to peel the bottom of the fence upwards, so that theoretically there could be enough space for, say, ... a medium-sized... animal to crawl through. Soon after, the LeBaron was seen with a smashed-in right headlight. Whether or not there was a correlation between that headlight and that dent in the fence...remains a mystery to this day.

Pause.

DEIRDRE

I'm Deirdre Gardner, this is my show, It Makes A Sound. We are investigating the social and historical context of the time in which Wim Faros wrote the songs discovered on the Attic Tape.

DEIRDRE

We've been looking at headlines from the newspapers of 1992. We'll put this over to the side right now and move on to our next segmen---ooh, wait this paper is from Halloween:

"Pope John Paul II lifted the edict against Galileo Galilei which was made during the Inquisition, and apologized on behalf of the Catholic Church."  
Huh.

Long pause. We hear the creaking and squeaking of the attic.

DEIRDRE

Well, this strikes me.

Galileo. A misunderstood genius recognized only centuries after his time. On October 31st, 1992, residents of Rosemary Hills were sitting on their Lay-Z-Boys, stuffing themselves with candy, watching the 10 o'clock news, as the Pope pronounced a mea culpa for the sin of overlooking Galileo's truth. While we had a potential prophet in our own midst. Do you see listeners? Quite a coincidence...

We have to turn to the eyewitness accounts, comb through the documents, to see if more historical connections can be made from that Halloween.

Deirdre shuffles through paper, muttering to herself, "Where is it--did I leave it downstairs?"

Deirdre leaves the attic, we hear her run quickly down the wooden stairs. For a few seconds we are alone with the sounds of the attic. A peacock squawk in the distance. Then, footsteps up the stairs--different than Deirdre's...slower, lighter. Someone is moving around the attic.

A woman's voice, somewhat panicked. Or is it a young girl?

VOICE

Who's there?

I'm in the hole. Yes I'm near the 16th hole if you can find.



VOICE

Wind and dime it.

(she claps)

I am the hole, holey smokes.  
The little girls go down the hole  
and they can't get out because of  
the caterpillars and bimbop, do  
you see?

Hip! Hop! Hap!

The Ting, Tong, Tang, that's a  
guitar.

Do you remember an Inn, Miranda?

Do you remember an Inn, Deir---

Deirdre??

(she whispers, as if relaying an  
emergency message to us) We're by  
the 16th hole. She keeps me here  
and she won't let me go.

We hear her moving around the room, looking for a place to hide  
in the attic. The wind chime rattles.

VOICE

We'll hide back here, hide and  
seek, with the Christmas and  
Santas.

We hear Deirdre now, on her way back up the stairs.

VOICE

(whispers)

Shhhh. It's a secret.

As Deirdre runs up the stairs, she is telling us, "I found it.  
I have it--" She bumps into something in the room. "Ow." Now  
she is back at her seat at the desk, slightly winded.

DEIRDRE

Ok. Now. I have it. Now, it's just  
a few pages hand-written on wide-  
ruled paper in a purple velveteen  
diary, but it is an authenticated  
document testifying to events that  
took place on October 31st, 1992.

She catches her breath.

DEIRDRE

I'm Deirdre Gardner, this is It  
Makes a Sound. We are deep in the  
archives. Way in there.

DEIRDRE

OK, this document appears to be written in first-person present participle, interestingly. Ooh--

She has an idea. She gets up to grab something from a shelf.

DEIRDRE

for today's *segment* of... A  
Portrait of the Artist As A Young  
Man...

She winds the key on a music box. It's a different music box/snow globe from last time. There must be a collection of snow globes or music boxes on that shelf.

DEIRDRE

I will read it aloud to you now:

A music box version of "Danse Macabre" by Camille Saint-Saens underscores the journal entry. Deirdre reads from the purple velveteen diary

DEIRDRE

"October 31st, 1992. 'Part 1: The Loneliest Trick-or-Treater.'  
The pillowcase is tattered at the top. It's full of Werther's hard candies and Rolos...it's a conspiracy of Werther's and Rolos this Halloween. The most mediocre candies of all. Halloween is the dumbest here. But it's even sadder to stay home and so, just like last year and the year before and the year before that, I get Mom's long gold lamé dress out of a box in a mothy corner of the attic, safety pin it at the back because it still totally sags around my stupid chest, weave a string through a large scarab medallion that I got from a 4th grade trip to the Natural History Museum, and tie it around my head. Then I sharpen the stub of a kohl black eyeliner pencil that's been in the bathroom drawer on the left-hand side for as long as I can remember, like from when I was a toddler, weird because who's is it?? Mom has never worn eyeliner.

## DEIRDRE

But, I trace the rim of my eye with the pencil, and then the rim of the rim, and the rim of that rim, again and again and again and again. I am, of course, Cleopatra. Then I had an idea and I draw a squiggly snake on my arm. That's new. I can't be like, an official rule, but no one trick or treats on the grounds of our townhouse. Like if one of weird privileges of living in a townhouse on the edge of a gated golf course community is that you're excluded from the non-gated community obligation of giving handouts to hooded children once a year. So my Halloween means trekking up and down really long brick driveways by myself and figuring out dumb intercom systems at the front door, and then, if someone answers, waiting several awkward minutes while they find their way through like a thousand rooms to the door, and then hearing like a thousand locks being unlocked. And the houses are very far away from each other. So I average like 1.2 houses every 10 minutes. So like, 4 houses down, 2 blisters in, the sky turns split pea and starts to pour, duh, of course it does. So I turn off the street and drag the gold lamé dress back over the golf course, taking my shortcut back to the townhouses that are tucked away at the back of the golf course community, where we live. I decide to see how many Rolos I can fit in my mouth at once, to pass the time. The answer is 9. I dab the pillowcase on my face to dry it and realize that the eye makeup has totally melted all the way down my face, neck and chest. The pillowcase has a weird watercolor imprint of my Cleopatra face on it, like those Monet lilies you've seen on postcards, but in a horror movie. Like if Monet was a psycho killer.

## DEIRDRE

The thing that was a snake on my arm now looks like thirty cigarette burns. The scarab medallion is sliding down my nose into my mouth like a bug. I'm disgusting. I pop the tenth Rolo in my mouth to confirm this and it's true.

And that's when I see him. Well, that's when I see the small figure in red coveralls and battered snakeskin boots sitting high up on an oak tree branch, swinging his feet. His head covered in a furry wolf mask. Next to him is a pumpkin painted entirely neon blue. Suddenly an enormous bolt of lightning strikes the green sky, backlighting the teen wolf. It is Wim Faros. I start choking on the Rolos. The sky turns black.

'Part 2: Electrified.'

The next thing I know I'm sitting upright on a beach. On my lap is an unopened bag of Twizzlers cherry nibs--my favorite candy. So I know I must be dead.

And then I realize that it's not a beach, of course. I am just propped up against the lip of a small greenside sand bunker, a trap for the golfers. The Werthers are gone, the pillowcase remains. I turn to get my body out of the sand trap, and kick something that rolls, so I kneel down to pluck it out of the sand. And it is now that I totally know that I am dead.

Because it's the neon blue pumpkin. And I swear to God, freshly singed into it, piercing all the way through its neon painted flesh, is the shape of a lightning bolt. I swear.

But I am not dead. I am alive. I have Twizzlers nibs. Sand caked my hair.

DEIRDRE

I wring out the pillowcase, tie it like a snake around my arm. I am Cleopatra. And Wim Faros saved me."

Deirdre closes the diary, stops the music box. She is overcome.

DEIRDRE

If you're just tuning in ...well, you've missed everything, really. This is It Makes A Sound, I'm Deirdre Gardner, and oh my God, I just read for you a first-hand testimonial regarding a profound encounter with Rosemary Hills native genius, Wim Faros. I mean, I wish you could see the goosebumps. I forgot about goosebumps. Do we all have goosebumps together in this moment, I mean we must all be united by our raised human flesh-- isn't it wonderful that goosebumps are a thing--what a phenomenon of the living. Maybe we're making a world record right now for synchronized goose bumping..... (waits) I still have them.

Listeners. Don't you see? If the stand-alone history of Wim Faros is such a jolt to the soul, such an invigorating rush of creative replenishment...just imagine what you will feel when you listen to his music.

Rosemary Hills, it is happening, it's happening, this is what we set out to do today, this--this is precisely how we ready ourselves for the music, this is how we center ourselves, and get in touch with inspiration, and make way for the sacred. We're unpacking the attic. In fact, let's create a new segment...um, it's called---  
UNPACKING THE ATTIC.

Here's the first assignment: we will journal.

DEIRDRE

Find a piece of paper, find a notebook, find a napkin, whatever, find your favorite writing utensil. And take ten minutes to write about the LAST time you can remember having goosebumps like this--not the creepy kind, but the awe-struck kind. When were you so STRUCK BY AWE that it changed the composition of your epidermis?? Free-write. Take this opportunity remember yourself. Ten minutes. Go.

We hear Deirdre moving things around on the desk, talking to herself, "Ok. Oh, god, where's my pen. Where is my pen? Shit." She finds a pen, it's out of ink. "Oh god. Ughh." A cricket is singing shrilly nearby.

DEIRDRE

Actually ok, I realize this is not the best thing to do during the show. So... I will leave you to do this meaningful reflection on your own, and I will also. And I look forward to you joining me next time, Rosemary Hills, from this place of presence and alertness.

Loud squawk of a peacock.

DEIRDRE

I'm Deirdre Gardner, your fellow townswoman, urging you to unlock your full potential, to appreciate beauty, and relish in the things that make a sound. I think you're doing great. This is my show, It Makes A Sound, it's the only show in the world dedicated to the legendary Wim Faros. There is music. And I promise you. You will hear it. We will heart it. Next time.

She hits the wind chime on the rafter. Stops recording. Starts recording again.

DEIRDRE

Oh hello I'm back!

DEIRDRE

I almost forgot something very important because of all the goosebump excitement! But I have an update:

I've been working on something, guess what it is? What's something that everybody loves? Peace of mind? Clear consciences? Great literature? Not quite: It's websites apparently, and guess what, now I have one. I made it myself. So do something productive with your screentime, go to [www.itmakesasound.rocks](http://www.itmakesasound.rocks). There you will be able to replay episodes of It Makes A Sound, I'll work on that, I think it's like a tab and...have access to important information about the artist Wim Faros, and where someday soon you can listen to each newly discovered track from the Attic Tape, as I release them. And if you have any pertinent information on the artist that you'd like to share, or... hey! if you'd like to submit your Unpacking the Attic assignment to me (for extra credit! oh god, I'm such a teacher...I used to be a teacher, etc.) and especially of course if you or someone you know has access to a high-quality cassette tape player, now you can use the "contact me" tab on the site (which I will add)--that me being me, Deirdre Gardner. So off you go, til next time, good---

The smoke detector goes off. Deirdre gasps.

DEIRDRE GARDNER

Oh my god!

Deirdre runs down the stairs.

The other voice, still hiding in the attic, calls--

VOICE

Deirdre?

The smoke alarm continues

**Music outro. End credits**

It Makes A Sound is written by Jacquelyn Landgraf. Co-directed by Jacquelyn Landgraf and me, Anya Saffir. Sound design and mixing, Vincent Cacchione. Original music composed by Nate Weida. Deirde's music box song today was "Danse Macabre" by Camille Saint-Seins. With Jacquelyn Landgraf as Deirdre Gardner and featuring Annie Golden as the other voice in the attic. It Makes A Sound is a Night Vale Presents production. For more information on this show and other Night Vale podcasts, go to [nightvalepresents.com](http://nightvalepresents.com). We hope you'll rate and review It Makes A Sound on Apple Podcasts, that you'll follow us on Facebook, Instagram, and Twitter. Please spread the word through the land to listen to the show, to consider goosebumps, and to remember Wim Faros.