

**MUSICAL INTRO:**

***IF A TREE FALLS IN A FOREST AND NO ONE'S AROUND TO HEAR  
IT...IT MAKES A SOUND.***

We hear something vaguely musical happening. It's Deirdre banging around on some instruments she has assembled in the attic--or maybe, toy instruments. A xylophone, a little piano, a ukulele...

DEIRDRE

Music will be made today! Rosemary Hills will reverberate with song. Because we have a history-changing discovery, unearthed from a dank crowded attic...the cassette tape from 1992 containing Wim Faros's first public concert here in his hometown. And because I am Deirdre Gardner, coming to you live on IT MAKES A SOUND.

Deirdre hits the wind chime hanging from a rafter.

DEIRDRE

Now...we are experiencing some delay regarding the technical playing of The Attic Tape. There are some equipment issues, namely the *lack* of proper equipment. However, not to worry, the show must go on, and it goes on.

She makes a flourish on the toy xylophone

DEIRDRE

In fact, we at It Makes A Sound actually see this as a boon. A serendipitous opportunity to have a forum that paves the way for his music, prepares us for the shock of his sonic brilliance.

DEIRDRE

AND THUS I begin today's exciting pivotally important show with a major announcement, a reveal that will likely surprise to most listeners:

I, Deirdre Gardner, was at the concert.

Her chair squeaks.

DEIRDRE

That's right, the host of the only show in the nation dedicated to the music and legend of Wim Faros happened to be in attendance at his inaugural concert in the Rosemary Hills Clubhouse, in 1992.

And so I can be your cassette tape player. I will be your tape player. For now.

You are in capable hands. Look, the song list is written here on the inside cover. Nine songs. That is our road map. I hold in my mind melodies. I remember lyrics. I can piece together the tracks (many of them) as well as capture with nuance and truth, truthful nuance, the exhilarating feelings from that first concert. I am honored to be your guide to what so very soon will be released to the world in the Attic Tape. But you see, even before our ears will feast on the aural delicacies of the actual songs, we shall have covered the earliest themes and assertions in Wim Faros's musical experimentation. And that's very exciting. So let's dive in.

Today on this very special episode of It Makes a Sound, I'll begin by conjuring the very first song played at the concert. The title is:

"I AM A MOMENT."

## DEIRDRE

Exemplifying so much of Wim's cannon, this song speaks to the ephemera of existence and the need to strive for radical presence in an environment of detachment.

How to begin. How can I bring you with me to all the sights and sounds and tastes of the concert? I am remembering the first time I heard this song. The only time. What was the atmosphere of the concert? Well, my God listeners... what was it to step onto Yasgur's Farm at Woodstock? What must that Sunday at church have been like when the little child Mahalia Jackson stood up to sing?

(long pause)

The air was electric. Instruments littered the stage---a keyboard, a drum set, harmonica, maracas, a triangle, and of course, both an acoustic and an electric guitar. There was even a small portable harp, in the corner. Perhaps a zither. I don't know exactly what a zither looks like but there was probably one there because there were so many, many things.

But first, there was silence. Sacred, pregnant silence, both pregnant and sacred. The instruments themselves seemed to be alive, almost like Muppet instruments, with personalities, sitting up in rapt attention. In that thick silence, an imaginary rope connected every person in the room to the diaphragm of Wim Faros...the rope was so taut that even taking an inhale threatened to snap you into a million pieces. And then, the first chord. And then, all the chords. The fluidity with which he changed sounds--he was like Vishnu let loose in an orchestra pit. Like a Jellical cat, seemingly singing entire chords at once.

And immediately the song death-gripped us with the cry of overcoming a tremendous obstacle. "DAMN THE ODDS, I AM A MOMENT." And then--

She begins to play a simple thing on the toy keyboard.

A woman's voice, the other voice we have heard before, calls desperately from downstairs, but Deirdre can't hear her.

VOICE

Deirdre?? Deirdre?? Deirdre??

With effort, Deirdre clunks out the notes to the chorus of I Am A Moment. She sings the notes as she plays..."G. G. G! D! D! F."

DEIRDRE

Perhaps it's true that the average critic would not call me as musician, but I did take beginner piano many years ago. And I have been preparing, and I have assembled here a few instruments, or things that make sounds like instruments, and I have been working to figure out (through a lengthy process of trial and error) the notes in the style of Wim Faros. So: he yelled, he damned the odds, and then—he sang:

She's giving herself a bit of a lead-in. Deirdre sings.

DEIRDRE

"Point an arrow at my chest, hold it taut, look in my eyes  
Forget the rest all you despise, I am as high as you are free. The delicacy of this beauty"

She flubs on the keyboard.

DEIRDRE

Ugh. Hold on. Um. Uh...well..you know, this part, this part, actually, he spoke. And it went

She gets back on track on the keys, and speaks the lyric over the melody

DEIRDRE

"My eyes dilate to your enchantment and see the origins of your soul: Our oneness is the goal.

DEIRDRE

And though you could be killing  
me, you are not."

She stops playing to say--

DEIRDRE

Now, I have been working on  
filling in the lyrical gaps that I  
am not completely certain of  
through context clues and with the  
help of a rhyming dictionary. I  
consider myself like a  
paleontologist using fossil  
replicas to fill in missing bones  
in their dinosaur skeletons so  
that the fullness of its majesty  
can be displayed despite a few  
missing tibias and femurs. I  
mean, when you're looking at a  
massive Brontosaurus skeleton in  
the natural history museum, no one  
can tell the difference between an  
honest-to-god finger joint and a  
plastic one. And I am certain that  
when at last we are able to play  
the Attic Tape, audiences will  
find the insertions I made  
remarkably accurate to the  
original, perhaps even impossible  
to discern.

In any case, concerning the  
aforementioned lyrics--what we  
understand immediately in the  
first verse is that the singer has  
been weighing the repercussions of  
daring to connect to another and  
we encounter him directly in his  
fuck it! decision. Pardon my  
language. He is the moment, and  
will literally put his heart in  
another's hands, because he knows  
that the risk is worth it---that  
to feel true vulnerability and  
intimacy will make the rest of the  
pain melt away. Wim, like  
Prometheus---

She is interrupted once again the voice from downstairs calling  
out for her, this time with

VOICE

You are not getting any dinner  
Deirdre, until you clean up your  
toys! Deirdre!! CLEAN. UP. YOUR.  
TOYS.

Deirdre walks over to the top of the stairs. We hear her call  
down

DEIRDRE

All clean! I picked them all up!

VOICE

Good girl.

Deirdre comes back to the desk, and speaks to the listeners.

DEIRDRE

Actually, what I was thinking  
was--

She stumbles over the toy instruments, which begin playing  
children's tunes and can't be stopped.

DEIRDRE

--oh sorry, I didn't mean to do  
that. Um, hold on. Ok, I was  
thinking is we re-orient ourselves  
with the chorus, (oops, that was  
the cat piano) because if one  
thing is certain to embed itself  
into your memory, to be a trusty  
earworm, it's the chorus. And  
these lyrics are completely  
verified, we have proof of these  
lyrics found written in a purple  
velveteen diary:

She starts up plucking out the notes again, underscoring this  
next part and sings.

DEIRDRE

"To have had a moment, because I  
am a moment, now I'm but a moment,  
but I was a moment with you."

Now. Here we should review the  
imagery of the song so far: We  
have Wim standing bravely in  
surrender.

## DEIRDRE

There is another person, an anonymous "You"-- the gender unidentified, fluid--standing in front of him, facing him, holding a bow and arrow. That's clear, right? The arrow is held taut, the steel tip touching Wim's chest. Two hearts beating loudly, daring each other to hold in this moment of mortal suspense. Their eyes dilating to the enchantment of what? Of baring your full heart to another's steady hands. Well, we cross our fingers that they are steady hands. Do you see the richness of reference already, listeners--we get ancient myth, we get the imagery of Salvador Dali... (I strongly associate a Surrealist clock to this song, you'll see why), there are the lyrics "Oneness is the goal" which I believe nods to Plato's Symposium, our quest to find the other half. All this on just the first track. There is so much to glean from this song, there are so many lessons to take away already. We are making it happen on It Makes A Sound: I'm Deirdre Gardner, helping bring Wim Faros's genius back home for a reunion in your ears!!!

It's time for another segment! I think--right?! Let us do what Wim instructs. Not exactly with a literal arrow, ok, don't try that at home, but let's take this metaphor into the everyday present.

(pause as she thinks of what to do)

Grab someone. Anybody who happens to be near you right now. How lucky to have someone be near you. Say to them, "I am looking at you looking at me." Dare--to look at someone, and to be looked at. Is that scary, ok, yes, be scared, roll the dice, as Wim says. Let that person in front of you see your fear, if it is honest.

DEIRDRE

Be glad that it's not an actual  
arrow to your heart, just the  
piercing penetration of another's  
steady open gaze.  
But look, and be looked at. You  
can handle that.

Several peacocks squawk near the window. The crickets converge.

DEIRDRE

Did you do it? Good. Good. Good  
Unpacking the Attic segment...

Obscene peacock squawking. The knocking gets louder. Deirdre is  
distracted by commotion downstairs.

DEIRDRE

I'd love to know how that went for  
you. And now you are ready, I can  
feel that we are all ready for the  
drum solo. Stay tuned, up next, in  
just a minute, the drum solo. Be  
right back.

As Deirdre runs down the attic stairs, from below we hear the  
woman's scared voice shouting out

VOICE

The fancy bird wants in. The fancy  
birds are here. Get away fancy  
birds! Get away! You think you're  
so fancy but you're dirty. You  
dirty bird. Squawk!

Then, quiet from below. A few seconds later, Deirdre runs back  
up the stairs, and plops into her chair. She has a drum.  
Actually, it seems like she has her hands on several percussive  
things. Through this, Deirdre demonstrates the different rhythm  
she is recalling, and sort of drums herself into a hypnotic  
state.

DEIRDRE

Ladies and gentlemen: the drum  
solo. Drums—the tribal rhythm  
keeper. The most shamanic of  
instruments. The sound that  
summons the community. Let us  
crawl inside the drum set of Wim  
Faros...



## DEIRDRE

The beat is erratic,  
 misleading,  
 and trying to follow where it will  
 go next becomes entrancing  
 The beat becomes louder, so loud,  
 overwhelming, and it's impossible  
 to believe that just two hands are  
 trilling on the drum...

He must be playing one-hundred  
 different songs on one hundred  
 drum sets. You feel your heart  
 pulsing faster, racing to the  
 beat, and then you feel that your  
 heart has become just one of his  
 drum sets, that he is keeping a  
 steady count on your heart, you  
 know that your life is entirely in  
 his hands, that if he abandons  
 your set, if he misses one single  
 beat, you are finished. You  
 struggle to concentrate, to hear  
 the other rhythms, to know how  
 your rhythm sounds compared to the  
 other rhythms, if yours is  
 stronger, more complex, more  
 essential to the overall effect.  
 It's so hard to distinguish for  
 sure which is yours. You can't  
 feel your heartbeat. Or you are  
 only a heartbeat, and you can't  
 feel yourself. There is no self,  
 you have no thoughts because you  
 are nothing but a loud insistent  
 beat, there is no intellect or  
 emotion, your entire existence is  
 a surrender of bombast, you are  
 only a constant visceral bam, the  
 end of Wim's impulse in a swift  
 flick of the wrist. You surrender!  
 You surrender. You surren---

## VOICE

I'VE GOT YOU NOW YOU.

The other woman has come up the stairs and has snuck up on  
 Deirdre without her noticing, she is directly behind Deirdre

## DEIRDRE

OH SHIT! Jesu--Mom!! Mom...you  
 scared me.

It is Deirdre's mother. MRS. GARDNER.

MRS. GARDNER

I win and you lose. Because you don't live here.

DEIRDRE

It's ok, here sit down, you got up here fast. Sit down. You're ok.

MRS. GARDNER

I'm the singer! It's my choir solo and this is the United States of America!! It's mine! I'll sing your ass to grass because I live in the grass. And your grass is ass. You don't belong here, I do. And my Deirdre.

DEIRDRE

That's me, Mom, I'm Deirdre.

MRS. GARDNER

Where's Deirdre? Where do we live? I don't live here.

DEIRDRE

You do, you do live here, Mom. This is your house. This is the attic. Do you see all the things you kept up here? Shhh. It's been a while since you've been up here, huh?

MRS. GARDNER

I don't make messes.

DEIRDRE

Hey Mom, guess what.

MRS. GARDNER

What?

DEIRDRE

I'm talking about Wim Faros.

MRS. GARDNER  
Wim Faros.

DEIRDRE  
He sang, too. Like you.

MRS. GARDNER  
He sings?

DEIRDRE  
Oh yes.  
(as she re-situates at her  
desk)  
And I'm talking about his concert  
in Rosemary Hills, when he played  
the songs for the first time at  
the Clubhouse. We're nearing the  
end of his first song.

MRS. GARDNER  
The End.

DEIRDRE  
Yeah um, ok, where was I...

MRS. GARDNER  
Where were you.

DEIRDRE  
Hello, listeners. The drum solo  
has ended. And you feel like you  
have been left on another plane of  
existence. And Wim understood  
that. He was the pilot of that  
plane.

MRS. GARDNER  
Contact!!  
(she makes airplane noises)

DEIRDRE  
He begins the denouement of the  
song with a simple strumming, the  
effect of that strum felt like a  
softest massage.

MRS. GARDNER  
Softest.

DEIRDRE  
You know a "softest" massage...

DEIRDRE

Do you call it that? That's what we called it.

MRS. GARDNER

We call it that.

DEIRDRE

Yeah. It's when someone that you love, someone that treats you tenderly, barely touches their fingertips to your skin.

MRS. GARDNER

Softest please.

DEIRDRE

Yes, mom, give me your arm, I'll give you softest

MRS. GARDNER

Mmmm

DEIRDRE

Nice. Listeners, here's what comes next, it takes a turn.

MRS. GARDNER

It takes a turn listeners.

DEIRDRE

(sings)

"But in my rush of ecstasy  
I feel doubt tug you away from me  
Your fingers slacken on the bow  
And with my last breath I know  
It was all too much for you  
To see infinite as true, well, you  
missed your moment---"

MRS. GARDNER

(laughing)

That tickles.

DEIRDRE

(whispering) Mom, can you do me a favor? Here, shake that.

Deirdre hands her a tambourine. Mrs. Gardner at first shakes it like a polaroid picture, so Deirdre teaches her the rhythm.

DEIRDRE

(sings)

"The steel pierces through my  
veins; the light fantastic's now  
my prize. It was a thrilling  
exercise, and though I'm the one  
that dies

The game was worth the loss  
Hands melted off the clock  
Burned by the flames of souls  
colliding  
That's you and me see time's  
abiding to our hearts...

(she struggles)

Because I am a moment...  
Now I'm but I moment  
But I was a moment with you..."

Um. That's not right, there's  
another verse at the end. How does  
it end? Um...

MRS. GARDNER

How does it end?

DEIRDRE

Wait, I know how it goes, um...  
It's like this brilliant reversal  
in the lyrics. Why can't I  
remember it? My god, it's like...he  
figures out how to not die...I was  
there, I know it, I do remember  
it...

MRS. GARDNER

Remember. Do you remember an inn?  
Never more;  
Miranda,  
Never more.  
Only the high peaks hoar-whore  
whore whore!!

MRS. GARDNER sings a diddy that goes: 'whore whore whore, tis a pity she's a whore.' as Deirdre as she tries to focus.

DEIRDRE

Mom, it's ok. Please I almost have  
the song! I almost have it.

DEIRDRE

"The game was worth the loss...  
Hands melted off the clock..."  
No, I did that already...

MRS. GARDNER

(shaking the tambourine with  
great enthusiasm through  
this)

And no sound. In the halls where  
falls  
The tread  
Of the feet of the dead to the  
ground  
No sound:  
But the boom  
Of the far Waterfall like Doom.  
No sound! No Sound! No sound! No  
sound!

DEIRDRE

Mom. Stop it mom, stop. So, let's  
just put the tambourine down, ok?  
Give me the tambourine please. I  
can't do this right now. Give it  
to me.

There's a little tussle, and Deirdre gets thwapped hard with  
the tambourine.

DEIRDRE

OW!!

MRS. GARDNER

I gave it to you.

DEIRDRE

Ow, Mom, ah geez...sit down.

MRS. GARDNER

Owow! Ow!

Mom becomes distraught seeing Deirdre's distress.

DEIRDRE

I'm sorry. I'm ok. It's ok  
everyone. We're ok. You're ok. Um.  
I learned a new breathing  
technique. It's called 4-7-8  
breath.

DEIRDRE

You place your tongue gently on  
the back of your front teeth.  
And you breathe in through your  
nose on the count of four.

(she does)

Then you hold your breath on the  
count of 7.

(she does)

And then you exhale on the count  
of 8.

(she does)

This can help quell anxiety,  
should you have any. It can help  
you sleep at night. It is said to  
help focus your brain, and improve  
memory. Apparently it does a lot.  
So. And so maybe it can help us  
Unpack the Attic. It can help us  
overall, it's something to do,  
let's do it. Ready Mom?

Deirdre leads her mother and the listeners in the 4-7-8 a few  
times.

MRS. GARDNER continues to do the breathing exercise as Deirdre  
tries to figure out the end of the song.

DEIRDRE

I remember the music rose to a  
crescendo. And the room in the  
clubhouse smelled like sourdough.  
And Tricia stood there in a tiara.  
And there were bubbles floating in  
the air. Because Tricia was  
blowing bubbles... I remember the  
way she looked at me, because  
she'd hardly ever spoken to me.  
But suddenly she looked right at  
me, and she smiled so wide, and  
she mouthed to me over the music,  
"This is so cool."

MRS. GARDNER

It's cool.

DEIRDRE

That's right. And then she tossed  
her head back, as though in  
ecstasy--

MRS. GARDNER

Oh really?

DEIRDRE

Yes, and she blew into her bubble wand, and she created two enormous bubbles, and one floated right over to me, and I reached out, and I popped it. And then I saw that the other bubble had floated over to Wim Faros as he ended the song.

MRS. GARDNER

The end.

DEIRDRE

And Tricia and I watched, like in slow-motion, as he hit the final note, and it landed over his head, and popped. And Tricia and I gasped. We knew—he was blessed. And this was the best party ever.

(pause)

Tricia Elwood.

Well, of course. Yes! Of course. I have to go see Tricia. She'll remember that. She'll remember the end of the song.

MRS. GARDNER

It's cool.

DEIRDRE

It is, that is cool! Wow, that breathing thing really works. It really goes to show you, you just have to focus the brain, to tune into your own channel...you can't lose hope.

Pause as she figures out what's next

DEIRDRE

Ladies and gentleman. I have a fresh-out-of-the-oven announcement about the next episode of It Makes A Sound!



DEIRDRE

Join me, Deirdre Gardner, for a very very special LIVE ON LOCATION SHOW, where I'll take you with me to interview a woman who was a crucial player in Wim Faros's artistry, and who will most certainly be able to provide us with detailed insight into beginnings of an icon, and will help us finish the first track on the Attic Tape.

MRS. GARDNER

That is cool.

DEIRDRE

It's really cool, Mom! Tricia was really cool. So everyone, tell your friends, tell your moms, right? Tell everyone you know, to tune in LIVE...uh... next...uh, as soon as I can, when I'll uncover forgotten truths about the man behind the music, with a key eyewitness.

Until then, if you have ANY information about Wim Faros, contact me, Deirdre, at [itmakesasound@aol.com](mailto:itmakesasound@aol.com). But most importantly, if you can donate a working cassette tape player to It Makes a Sound, please do immediately, and I assure you that donation will go down in history. I'm Deirdre Gardner. Until next time.

Deirdre hits the wind chime.

MRS. GARDNER

That's cool.

DEIRDRE

Go ahead Mom, you hit it.

MRS. GARDNER

Me?

Mom hits the chime with gusto.

DEIRDRE  
Until next time.

MRS. GARDNER  
It's time.

Mom hits the chime a few more times, and shakes her tambourine.

**Musical Outro. End credits.**

It Makes A Sound is written by Jacquelyn Landgraf. Co-directed by Jacquelyn Landgraf and Anya Saffir. Sound designed and mixed by me, Vincent Cacchione. Original music composed by Nate Weida. With Jacquelyn Landgraf as Deirdre Gardner, and featuring Annie Golden as Deirdre's Mom. 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). You can follow us on Twitter, Instagram, and Facebook, and unpack your attic at [itmakesasound.rocks](http://itmakesasound.rocks). And if you like the show, an easy, free way to show your support is to rate and review It Makes A Sound at Apple podcasts. Thanks for listening. Remember that breathing thing, and remember Wim Faros.