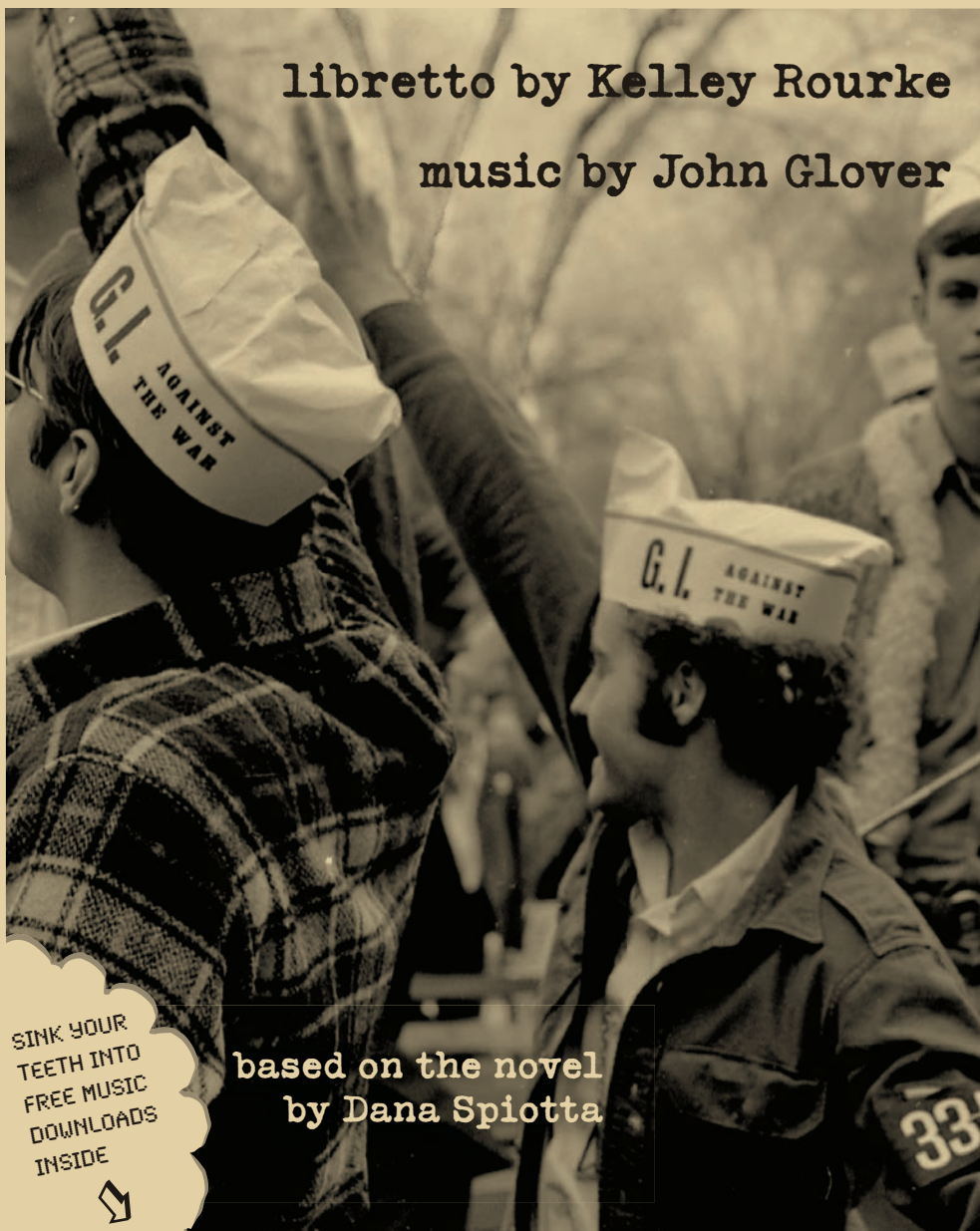


no.1  
2021

# eat the document

libretto by Kelley Rourke

music by John Glover



SINK YOUR  
TEETH INTO  
FREE MUSIC  
DOWNLOADS  
INSIDE



based on the novel  
by Dana Spiotta

33

## eat the document

---

In 1972, two members of the SAFE collective decide that years of peaceful demonstrations against the Vietnam War are getting them nowhere. It is time for them to act on their convictions.

Despite their careful preparation, things do not go as planned. Bobby Desoto and Mary Whittaker are forced to go underground and forge new identities, never to see each other again.

She is drawn to communes and collectives, but quickly discovers that taking up residence in these familiar settings is dangerous, for her and for her hosts. She will eventually disappear into an ordinary suburban life.

He methodically sheds his old identity, but eventually grows weary of running, of the ruse. Hiding in plain sight, he presides over a bookstore modeled on European infoshops, drawing in the disaffected youth of a new generation.

*Eat the Document* is an alternative opera based on the novel by Dana Spiotta. Shifting between the protests in the 1970s and the consequences of those choices in the 1990s, the piece by John Glover and Kelley Rourke explores connections between the two eras – their language, technology, music, and activism.

The score includes a number of original “pop songs” that suggest the eras of the piece and explore key themes (tactics, consequences, identity, isolation, memory). One of these, the protest anthem “No More,” bookends the opera.

The characters’ own stories unfold in a series of arias and ensembles. In “Leave the Memory Behind,” a young woman – a fugitive – is raped. Rather than allow the assault to destroy her, she claims the power to rewrite her story yet again. In “Unyielding,” an aging radical reflects on his life. “I met Dennis Wilson Once” offers a scene between a suburban mom and her teenage son, an exchange that drives him to pursue the mystery of her past.

### EAT THE DOCUMENT

ZINE no.1, 2021

#### DESIGN & ILLUSTRATION

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Cover Photo: “G.I.s Against the War in Vietnam, Central Park, NYC,”  
photo by Bev Grant, used by permission of the photographer.

# NO MORE!



Intro: **A<sub>m</sub>** (mostly)

A butterfly beats her wings  
 A storm gathers on a far off shore  
 A mild-mannered man in a white lab coat  
 Manipulates a spore

G Major Verse: **A<sub>m</sub>** **B<sub>m</sub>** **C<sub>M</sub>**

They say we've never been more productive

They say weapons can destroy a

**B<sub>m</sub>** **E<sub>m</sub>** **C<sub>M</sub>** **D<sub>M</sub>** **G<sub>M</sub>**

war They say prosperity trickles down

'Til a lone voice cries 'no more'

Chorus: **C<sub>M</sub>** **B<sub>m</sub>**

And the voice becomes a chorus

And the song becomes a roar

**(ix) C<sub>M</sub>** **D<sub>M</sub>** **G<sub>M</sub>**

more - No more - No more - No \*

\* Repeat as often as necessary.

Verse 2:

When money's a form of speech  
 It's easy to silence the poor  
 It's easy to let it all slip past  
 Til a lone voice cries no more

(Flashback) (intro music)



Verse 3:

Acres of orchards are barren  
 Bodies are covered with sores  
 And nobody can remember  
 A time we weren't at war

(Chorus)

ℓ Kelley Rarke, words  
 John Glover, music  
 ℓ © 2021 ℓ



scan to hear "No More"





"G.I.s Against the War in Vietnam, Central Park, NYC, 1968" photo by Bev Grant, used by permission. During the '60s GI resistance to US involvement in South Asia grew from largely individual actions to organized resistance. Groups like the American Deserters Committee and the Vietnam Veterans Against the War became more visible to civilians, while acts of resistance within the various branches of the forces continued to grow. Today the global organization Veterans For Peace continues to serve this cause of world peace: [veteransforpeace.org](http://veteransforpeace.org)



"Draft-Card Burning, G.I.s Against the War in Vietnam, Central Park, NYC, 1968," photo by Bev Grant, used by permission. Burning your draft-card in public protest of US involvement in the Vietnam War began to gain popularity and visibility as early as 1963. After an early round of indictments against protesters, including one case that made it to the Supreme Court (who ruled against the legality of the protest as free speech) few of the over 25,000 draft-card protests were prosecuted up through 1973, when President Nixon ended the draft.

S. Brian Willson: U.S. American Vietnam veteran, peace activist, attorney

"ON SEPTEMBER 1, 1987, while engaged in a protest against the shipping of U.S. weapons to Central America in the context of the Contra wars,[2] Willson and other members of a Veterans Peace Action Team blocked railroad tracks at the Concord, California Naval Weapons Station. An approaching train did not stop, and struck the veterans. Willson was hit, ultimately losing both legs below the knee while suffering a severe skull fracture with loss of his right frontal lobe. Subsequently, he discovered that he had been identified for more than a year as an FBI domestic 'terrorist' suspect under President Reagan's anti-terrorist task force provisions and that the train crew that day had been advised not to stop the train. Three days after Willson lost his legs over 10,000 people gathered for a non-violent gathering in support of Willson, and against arms shipments to Central America."

(from Wikipedia)

7,000 in Calif. condemn attack on antiwar vet

SEBRANE WANG (PHOTO) CALIF. — "Death squads... Draft cards... The antiwar vet... Interview with eyewitnesses to attack on Brian Willson appears on page 2.



Navy had two spotters on front of train

Interview with vets who saw Brian Willson run over by arms train



Chem Trails

IN AUGUST 1961, the South Vietnamese Air Force initiated aerial herbicide operations with American help. Some American officials saw herbicides as an economical and efficient means of stripping the Viet Cong jungle of cover and food. Others doubted the effectiveness of such a tactic and worried that such operations would both alienate friendly Vietnamese and expose the United States to charges of barbarism for waging a form of chemical warfare. In November 1961, President Kennedy approved the use of herbicides, but only as a limited experiment. Operation Ranch Hand, the designation for the program, began in January 1962. Gradually, limitations were relaxed; the spraying became more frequent and covered larger areas. The Air Force used C-47s and C-123s equipped to spray herbicides for the defoliation missions. By the time Ranch Hand ended nine years later, some 18 million gallons of chemicals had been sprayed on an estimated 20 percent of South Vietnam's jungles and 36 percent of its mangrove forests.

NAPALM was first developed in a secret laboratory at Harvard, in 1942, under the leadership of chemist Louis Fieser. Of immediate interest was its viability as an incendiary device to be used in fire bombing campaigns during World War II. Its potential to be coherently projected into a solid stream that would carry for distance (instead of the bloomy fireball of pure gasoline) resulted in widespread adoption in infantry/ combat engineer flamethrowers as well. Napalm burns at the same temperature as gasoline, for a greater duration. It is more easily dispersed and sticks tenaciously to its targets, making it extremely effective in antipersonnel applications. When phosphorus is added to the mix, it increases its ability to penetrate deeply into its targets' musculature, where it continues to burn day after day. Beginning in 1965, napalm B was manufactured by the Dow Chemical Company, which provided a steady supply to the U.S. Government during the Vietnam War.

Above: Two articles from the Sep 9, 1987 issue of NYC-based Socialist weekly "The Militant."

## Leave the Memory Behind

Kelley Rankin, words  
John Glover, music  
© 2021

Feel his weight, taste the blood as his fist connects with my chin  
Feel his hate – cold and impersonal – I'm nothing to him.  
Then let me be nothing, let this moment be nothing, I can will it from my mind  
Leave it here by the road. Leave the memory behind.

Start again, write a new story, choose a name and construct a past.  
Shed my skin, glide into the next life, however long it lasts  
Another small town, another small room, another job in a kitchen somewhere  
Let the past fall away and it's like I was never there.  
Let the past fall away, leave the memory behind.

No one blinks, nobody questions who I am or where I've been.  
Let them think whatever they think, just accept it and settle in  
Every yes holds a no, every choice a rejection, another future never to be  
And whatever it is – will be –

scan to hear "Leave the Memory Behind"



(1975)

assistance to the Vietnam War and the civil rights, anti-imperialist, Black power, and women's liberation movements of the late 60s, politics that she then began writing into topical songs.

Grant also learned photography, eventually joining the left-wing filmmaking collective Newsreel, and taking thousands of activist and street photos as a participant-observer. A sample of these images illustrate this zine.

By 1972 Grant shifted her primary focus back

to music, forming the band The Human Condition and recording the LP, "The Working People Gonna Rise!" for Barbara Dane's legendary Faredon records. Grant continues to write and perform, and a book of her photographs, "Bev Grant Photography: 1968-1972," is scheduled for release in Dec. 2021.

[bevgrant.com](http://bevgrant.com)

[bevgrantphotography.com](http://bevgrantphotography.com)



"1968 Abortion Rights demonstration, NYC," photo by Bev Grant, used by permission.



"Black Panther Party demonstration to free the Connecticut Panther 14, New Haven, CT, 1970," photo by Bev Grant, used by permission.

**BEV GRANT** began performing music at a young age in a band with her two sisters in Portland, OR.

Later moving to NYC as an adult, Grant was radicalized by the re-

# Miss Taken Identity

*eat the document*  
paper doll collection

MEET Mary, Freya, Caroline and Louise, your new Miss Taken Identity dolls, the *Nom de Girls*! Which one are you today?

Mary is passionate, idealistic, and in love. She turned her suburban, girl-next-door charm into a radical dream...or a radical's dream.

Freya is Mary's alter ego. A warrior whose armor is a theoretical construct, forged from the minds of two lovers plotting their revenge.

But Caroline became the new reality. Born in Hawthorne, CA, she's another blonde with no roots, a feminist wanderer who emerged from a sense of wonder.

And then there's Louise. To her son, she's a Mother without a past; to the suburbs, a Mom in blue jeans; to herself, a fugitive lost in broken dreams.

So, pick your *Nom de Girl*. Next, accessorize. And then...hide!

*To become your Nom de Girl, cut out each doll, fold the white part of the bases back, and make a brace from the scraps—after all, be SAFE: Scraps Are For Efficiency!*

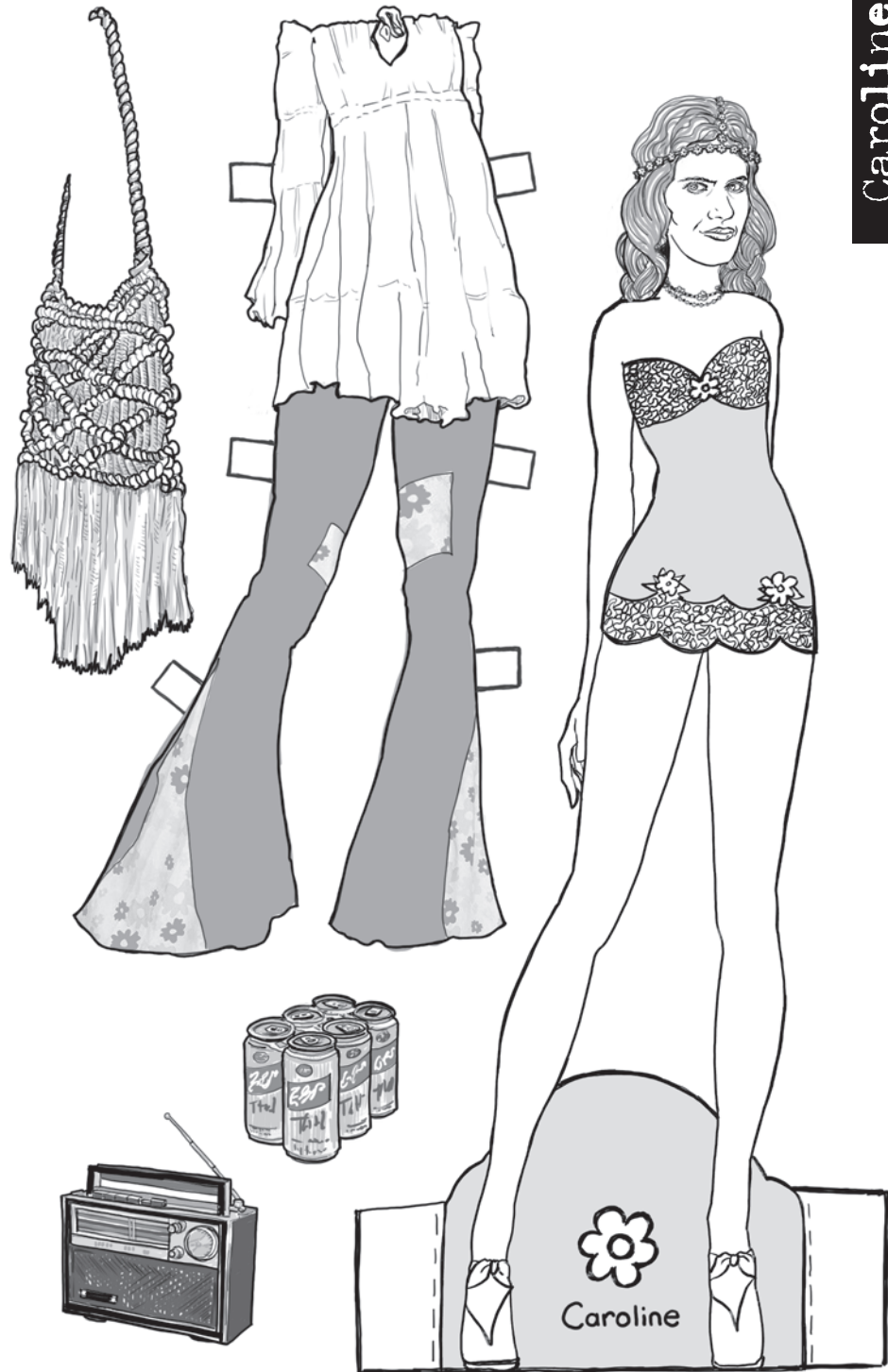


**Will you make the CUT?**

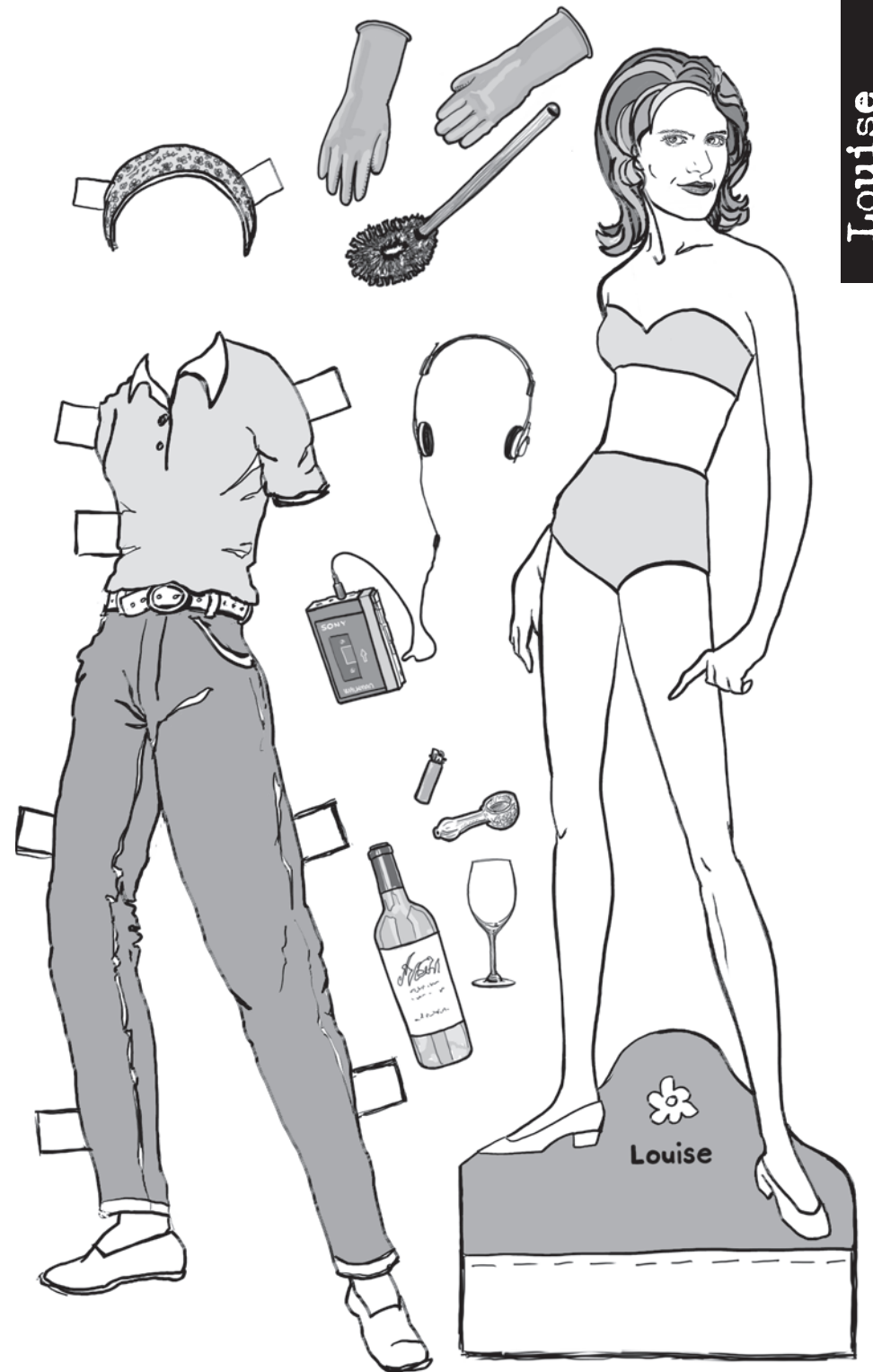




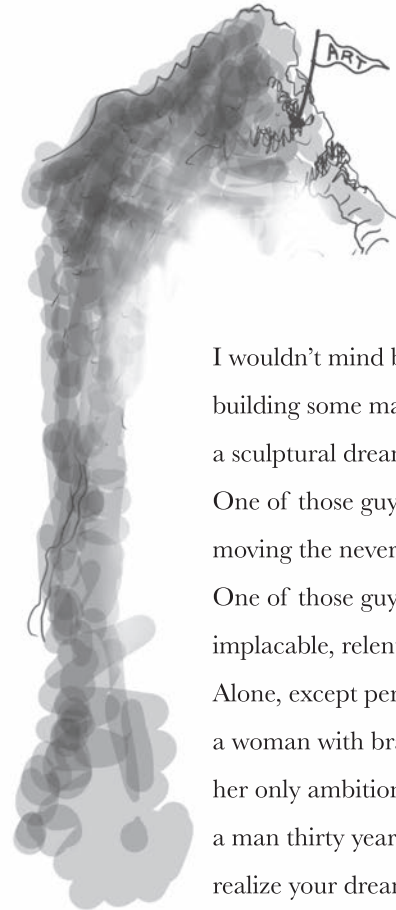
Freya







## Unyielding



I'm beside the point.  
Literally without worth.  
No real estate.  
No health insurance.  
No bank account.  
The kids look right through me most days  
And that's OK.

I wouldn't mind being one of those guys  
building some massive landwork in the desert,  
a sculptural dream of the future and God.  
One of those guys destined to die in a tractor,  
moving the never-ending piles of earth.  
One of those guys, until his last breath,  
implacable, relentless, alone.  
Alone, except perhaps for the young acolyte wife,  
a woman with braids and devotion,  
her only ambition to help you—  
a man thirty years her senior—  
realize your dream.  
Your lifelong project, monument, statement.  
Your unyielding testament to—  
Unyielding.



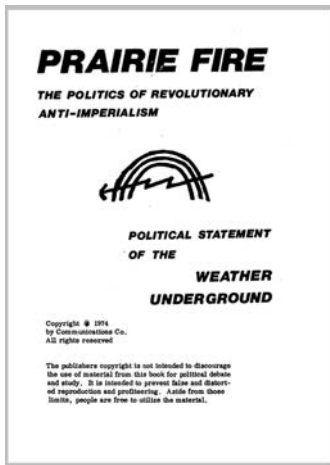
I'm no priest.  
I just slightly exist.  
Lots of people in the world live like that.  
They're just more ashamed and less deliberate about it.

Valley Ranker, words  
John Glover, music  
© 2021



scan to hear "Unyielding"





**THE CONDITIONS OF LIFE**

"The purpose of case analysis is to isolate the enemy and to identify our potential friends. Who will lead the fight? Who can be won over? Who at least neutralized? This framework is as important as battle plans."

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"Anti-Imperialist March, NYC, 1968" photo by Bev Grant, used by permission.

**(un)CLASSIFIEDS**

**SIT-IZENS AGAINST FURNITURE ERASURE**

*When was the last time you took a load off? Do you think your boss has the same answer?*

**SAFE** protects the value of rest in a world that demands constant productivity for only corporate benefit. We monitor corporations, brands, and mega moguls who exploit their workers through long hours and unlivable wages. We believe relaxation is a fundamental human right.

**Think you have what it takes to join SAFE?**

**Are you:** A proud marginalite? Angered by the immoral deeds of soul-sucking conglomerates like Coca-Cola, Jello, Nike, and Starbucks? Ready to sit down and stand up for what's right?

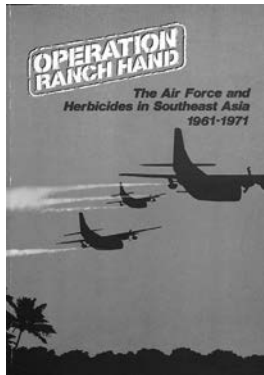
You know where to find us. Meetings as needed, when necessary.

**MEDIA AND COPS NOT WELCOME.**



"If Black women were free, it would mean that everyone else would have to be free since our freedom would necessitate the destruction of all the systems of oppression."

Published April, 1977



"Since the dawn of powered flight, there has been debate about the uses of aviation in war. The air weapon could be, and has been, used for a variety of missions..."

Published by Office of Air Force History United States Air Force, 1982

**SCHOLARS ABOUT FREE EDUCATION**

*How do you know what you know? ARE YOU SURE?*

**SAFE** challenges the privatization of education in a world that commodifies knowledge for financial gain. We monitor private institutions, Boards of Trustees, and wayward deans who gatekeep higher education through skyrocketing tuition bills, minimum-wage campus jobs, and recruiting practices based in prejudice. We believe access to knowledge is a fundamental human right.

**Think you have what it takes to join SAFE?**

**Are you:** A proud marginalite? Angered by the immoral deeds of the highly-educated, ultra-rich?

Ready to hit the books for what's right?

You know where to find us. Meetings as needed, when necessary.

**MEDIA AND COPS NOT WELCOME.**

**Fair Trade Event Calendar**  
Other events and forums during the week of the WTO March!

**Friday, Nov. 28**  
Join the BIG MARCH for FAIR TRADE

**Saturday, Nov. 29**  
November 30th Memorial Stadium

**Monday, Dec. 1**  
November 30th Memorial Stadium

**Wednesday, Dec. 3**  
November 30th Memorial Stadium

**Thursday, Dec. 4**  
November 30th Memorial Stadium

**Friday, Dec. 5**  
November 30th Memorial Stadium

**Saturday, Dec. 6**  
November 30th Memorial Stadium

**Sunday, Dec. 7**  
November 30th Memorial Stadium

**Monday, Dec. 8**  
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**Tuesday, Dec. 9**  
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**Friday, Dec. 12**  
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**Wednesday, Dec. 31**  
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**FFFT**  
Citizens Trade Campaign  
People for Fair Trade  
206-770-8041 1014 4th Ave.  
Seattle WA 98101  
www.ffft.org

**BE PART OF HISTORY**  
Join the BIG MARCH for FAIR TRADE

**November 30th**  
Memorial Stadium

**NO Globalization Without Representation**

**THE WTO IS COMING TO SEATTLE**  
The World Trade Organization (WTO) is holding its big Ministerial Summit in Seattle starting on November 29th. This meeting will set the course for multilateral trade negotiations on issues that impact all of us. These international trade rules affect the food we eat, the products we buy, the environment around us, and the work we do.

The WTO's record is a failure. While big business interests talk about the "benefits" of free trade, thousands of families have suffered through layoffs, business plant and moving operations whose unsafe job conditions and low wages abound.

A secret WTO court has been dodging whether our laws and the laws of other countries are "legal trade barriers" - including laws protecting our food safety, worker safety and the environment. So far, the WTO court has been upholding WTO health, environment or safety regulation that has been challenged.

**What Are You Going to Do About It?**  
Well-heeled special business interests have been pushing for this big globalist economy because it helps them make money, but the money never reaches ordinary people. Big business lobbyists have nearly moved their back room deals from Washington, DC to Geneva, Switzerland.

Corporations have influence and access at the WTO, but ordinary citizens, trying to protect democracy are shut out. One often has little chance against these global companies who can move about their profits like their masters at the environment. But, together we can make a difference.

**The Time to Act is Now**  
**Democracy Needs Your Help Now More Than Ever!**

Join the BIG MARCH for Fair Trade  
On Tuesday November 30th thousands of people from all over the world will gather to protest the WTO's impact on working families and the environment. Join the global movement to show support for trade deals that put people before profits and hold common interests above special interests.

**10 AM Citizens' Rally**  
Memorial Stadium, Seattle Center

**12:30 March on the WTO Convention Center**

The world will be watching. Our governments need to know the people whom they negotiate these trade deals, not just the interests of corporate power. Join the thousands of activists who will press for a future which favors human rights, the environment, workers and their families and economic justice.

# I met Dennis Wilson once

I said I met Dennis Wilson once.  
It was 1979, I think. In a bar. In Venice Beach.

This good-looking man walks in  
linen shirt, unbuttoned –  
He's very tan, and very trim,  
and there is something so familiar about him.

There's a bloat around his eyes,  
scraggly beard, uncombed hair –  
His feet are bare, wide and dirty  
and there is something so familiar about him,  
so familiar, and so handsome.

He sees me looking,  
comes over, sits down.  
He says "I'm Dennis"  
asks if I want a drink .  
I'm not hiding very well my thrill.  
He asks if I want to dance.

It was somehow a sweet moment  
the afternoon light –  
the innocent song –  
this sad guy swaying with me.

The world was going from bad to worse.  
I had been in LA way too long.  
Ronald Reagan had just become president.  
But America was still a place  
where you could dance with a barefoot rock star  
in a nowhere bar  
in the middle of a weekday afternoon.



scan to hear "I met  
Dennis Wilson Once"



Kelley Rowke, words  
John Glover, music  
© 2021

# Jason's Deep Grooves

Review: "Pacific Ocean Blue"

MAYBE YOU, like me, spend your teenage summer Saturdays rising at 8am to scour record stores for hidden jewels. Maybe you, like me, brave drenching heat and the resulting pit stains for the slightest chance of finding a little slice of divinity; a little piece of heaven on Earth.

And maybe, just maybe, you – like me – occasionally find it.

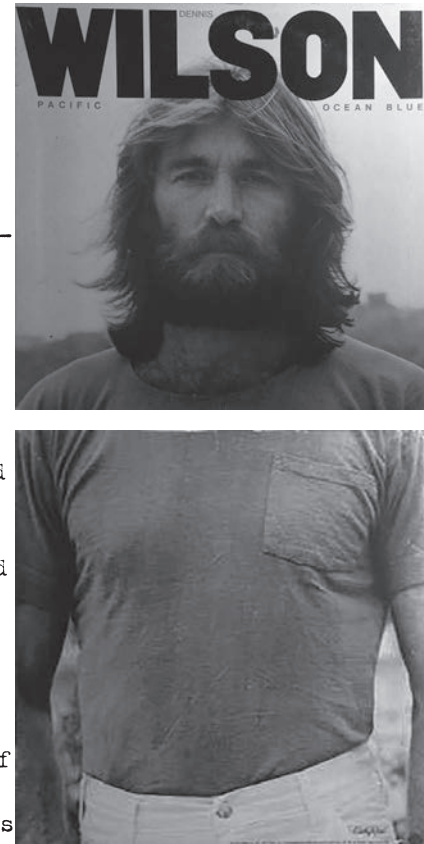
When you discover "Pacific Ocean Blue," an album born from Dennis Wilson, the Beach Boys' drummer, it feels like the world softly explodes. His 1977 solo album is at least twenty years old and yet it still fires in direct opposition from the straight clean lines, distant loneliness and sweeping love songs of his world-famous boy band. And maybe that's the point: to establish himself as separate from the group's good-boy-next-door persona.

To that point, some reminders: Wilson drank like he breathed, he fucked women like it was his job, he set his on-again-off-again girlfriend's Ferrari on fire, he briefly slummed with the Manson "Family" – who, let me remind you, were a cult that

murdered nine people in an attempt to start a race war – and he began sleeping with Shawn Love, the illegitimate daughter of his cousin and fellow bandmate Mike Love, starting when she was only 16. So the guy had issues.

But he also had solutions. In the way that the Beach Boys' music called towards heaven – think of the piercing wails of "Our Prayer," the French horn ripping through "God Only Knows" – Pacific Ocean Blue feels like a hymn for the Earth, for the base torment of dirt and water and all things mortal. Let's focus on the real stunner: "River Song," the opening, siren call of a chorus number that sounds like it was recorded on a back-bar piano. I have to imagine that, since I've never actually been to a bar.

The whole song is infused with a heaviness clearly sourced from Wilson's wild lifestyle. It starts with a rolling piano ostinato – a repeated motif that just keeps on going – that establishes the basic thesis: how holy it would be to be a river. And then, with this crash of drums that reminds us of dirt and grit, Wilson transitions into the main problem:



"I was born into the city life/ It's all that I've ever known/ You know it's rough gettin' round this place/ So crowded I can hardly breathe." And it's this section, really, that separates him from the Beach Boys.

The vocals are harsh, almost a scream, almost torn from his body. Brian Wilson would never, could never sing or understand that kind of torment. It's the sound of someone who doesn't give a shit what his voice sounds like the next day: it's the sound of someone making real, harsh, human music. And then, with all that dirt and grit, Dennis calls us to action in a layered chorus section whose basic premise is "I got to get away."

I mean. Could he have been any clearer?

And my god, if you want bass, Dennis Wilson will give you bass. The whole call-to-action section is built on these heavy bass vocals absolutely sinking into the earth, and juxtaposed against a shrieking soprano descant – "I got to get away! I got to get away!" It's a new kind of urgency that's missing from the entire Beach Boys repertoire.

If that isn't enough, as if Wilson hasn't already torn his beating heart from his body and put it up to the mic, he leads us into a sudden, smooth,

quiet section of "ooohs" that mirror a cathedral choir. We're back to the piano ostinato. Back to the calm of the river. And Wilson sings a wistful solo line: "It breaks my heart to see the city/ And wonder why it ain't

pretty." For half a moment, there's this calm, sad reflection on what could have been.

And then he roars us out: "You got to do it, do it, do it./ You got to run away; you got to run away." Bass, a crash of drums.

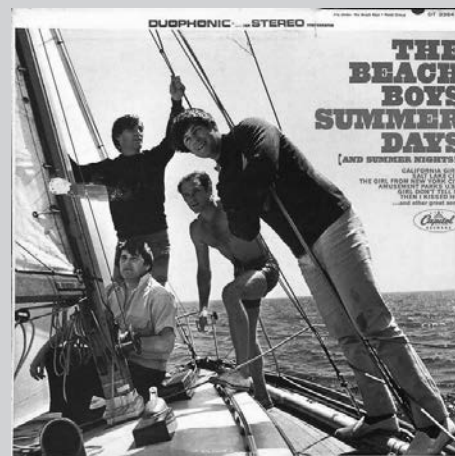
Dennis Wilson was on a hell-bent, unhinged, tearing-up-the-earth path towards damnation. After decades of more drugs and alcohol in his veins than blood, his life derailed so violently that he actually died while diving drunk in like six feet of water.

And yet – out of this turmoil and unrest he built a holy musical grail. In "Pacific Ocean Blue," Wilson screams toward a better life, a life far from Coke bottles and covered parking and 9-to-5s. He screams for wilderness, for a return to the world

as we once knew it, and for the might of the ocean. And "River Song?" It's just the beginning.



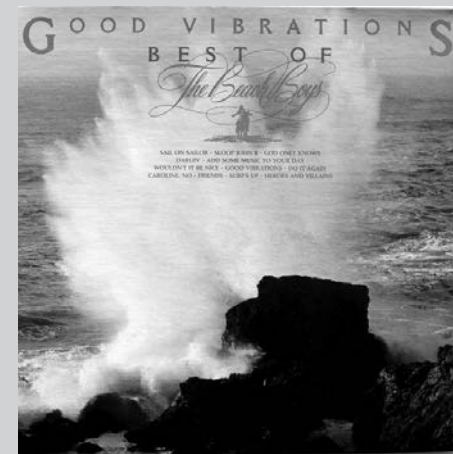
(1965)



(1965)



(1966)



(1975)



(1981)



(1983)




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The accompanying tracks for *ETD Zine no.1* were recorded at  
Merkin Concert Hall (Kaufman Music Center)  
on May 12, 2021 by the following artists.

***CAST***

Justine Aronson as Mary/Caroline  
Amy Justman as Louise  
Paul Pinto as Nash  
Tim Russell as Bobby/Jason  
Jonathan Woody as Henry

***BAND***

Mila Henry, music director and piano  
Abi Fayette, violin I  
Rachel Shapiro, violin II  
Jessica Meyer, viola  
Andrew Yee, cello  
Shayna Dunkelman, drums  
Liz Faure, guitar

***SOUND***

Mike Gurfield, producer  
Merkin Concert Hall at Kaufman Music Center:  
Ken Feldman, engineer

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Music by John Glover

Libretto by Kelley Rourke

Direction by Kristin Marting



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