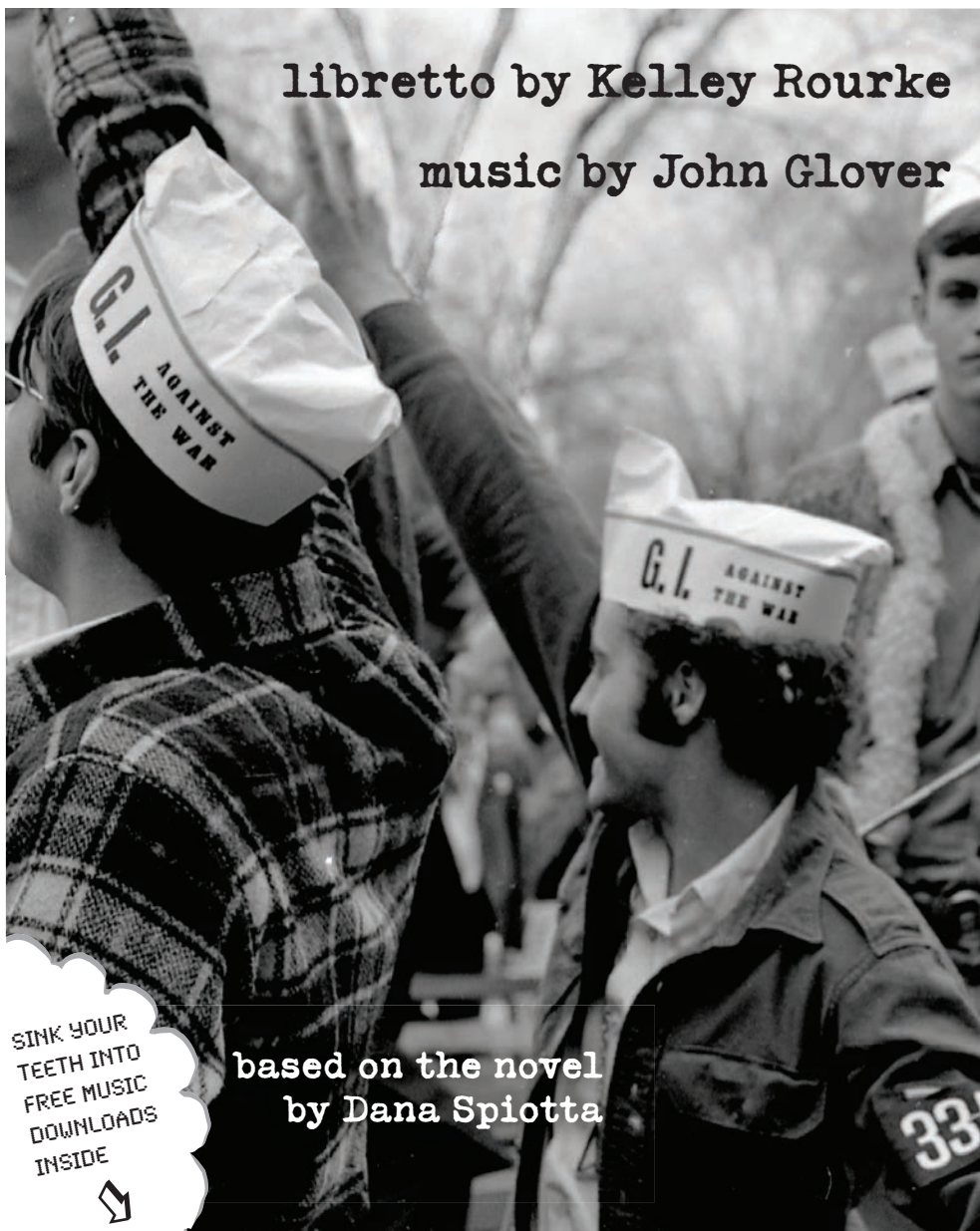


no.1
2021

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

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.

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.

NO MORE!



Intro: **A_m** (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_m** **B_m** **C_M**

They say we've ne-ver been more pro-duct-ive They say wea-pons can de-stroy a

B_m **E_m** **C_M** **D_M** **G_M**

war They say pro-speri-ty trickles down 'Til a lone voice cries 'no more'

Chorus: **C_M** **B_m**

And the voice be-comes a chor-us And the song be-comes a roar 'No

(ix) **C_M** **D_M** **G_M** **D_M**

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 Rowke, words
 John Glover, music
 ℓ © 2021 ℓ



scan to hear "No More"



Leave the Memory Behind

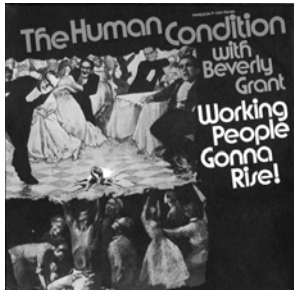
Kelley Rankin, words
John Glover, music
© 2021

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

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!

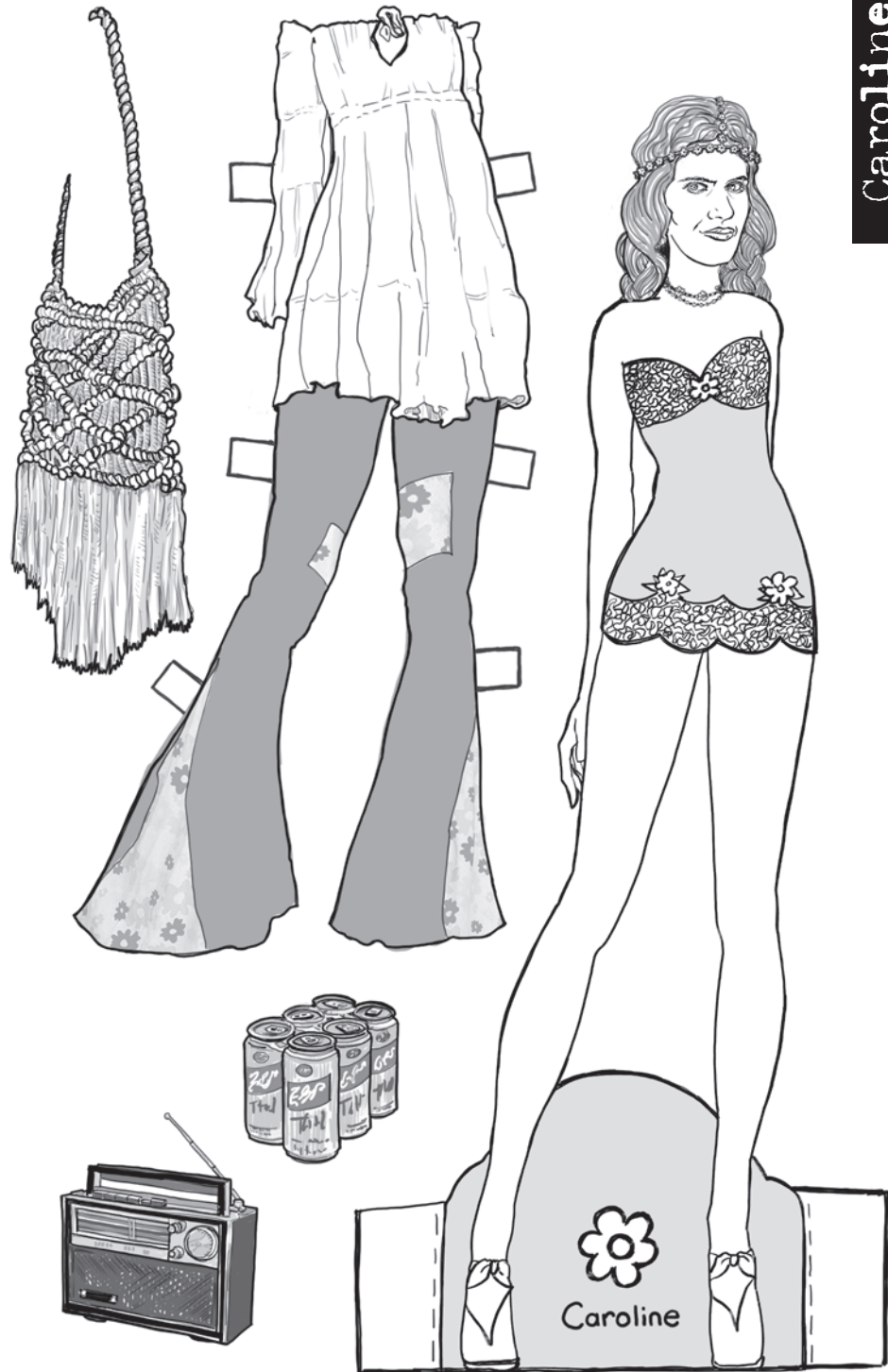


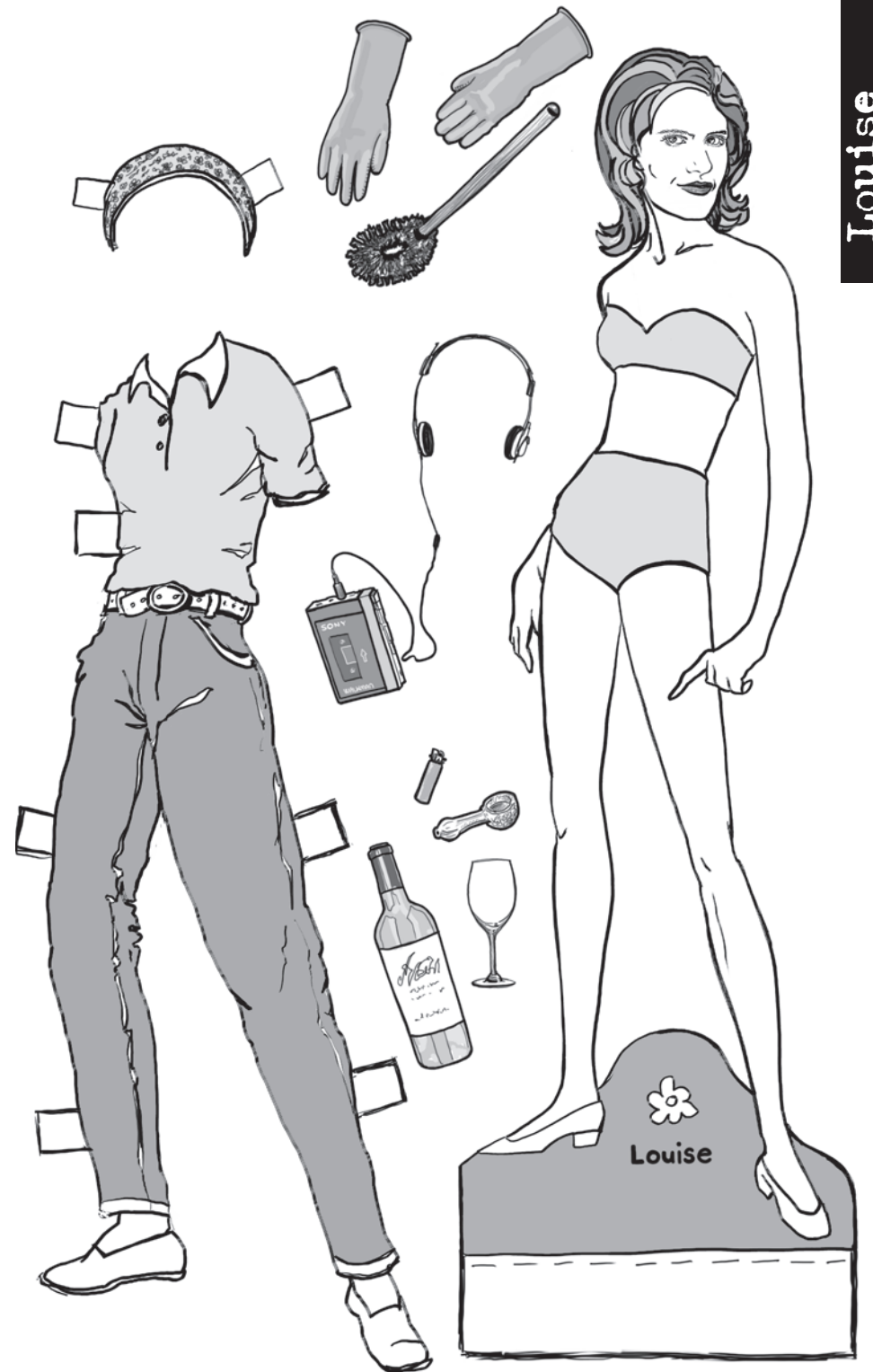
Will you make the CUT?





Freya



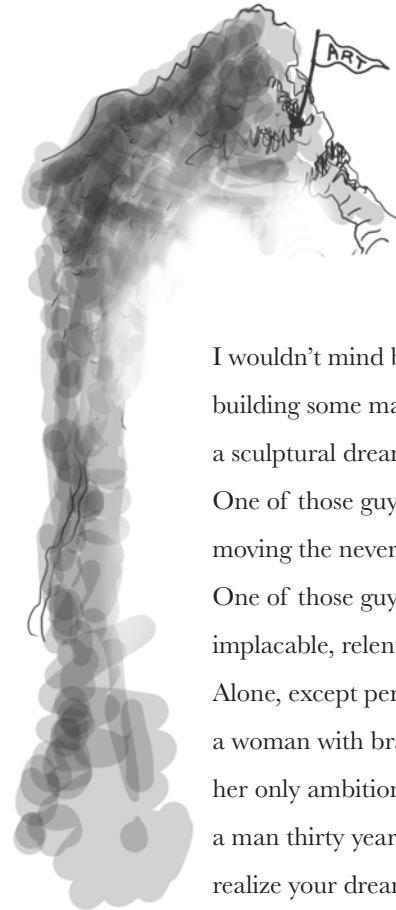


Unyielding

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.

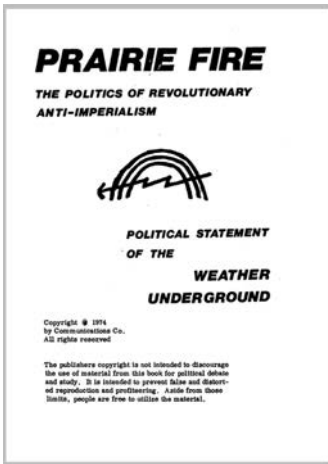


Valley Rankin, 2021
John, Glen, music
© 2021



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?

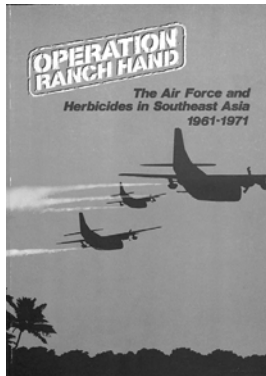
You know where to find us. Meetings as needed, when necessary.

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
 Offer events and forums during the week of the WTO Memorial
 Friday, Nov. 28
 Saturday, Nov. 29
 Sunday, Nov. 30
 Monday, Dec. 1
 Tuesday, Dec. 2
 Wednesday, Dec. 3
 Thursday, Dec. 4
 Friday, Dec. 5
 Saturday, Dec. 6
 Sunday, Dec. 7
 Monday, Dec. 8
 Tuesday, Dec. 9
 Wednesday, Dec. 10
 Thursday, Dec. 11
 Friday, Dec. 12
 Saturday, Dec. 13
 Sunday, Dec. 14
 Monday, Dec. 15
 Tuesday, Dec. 16
 Wednesday, Dec. 17
 Thursday, Dec. 18
 Friday, Dec. 19
 Saturday, Dec. 20
 Sunday, Dec. 21
 Monday, Dec. 22
 Tuesday, Dec. 23
 Wednesday, Dec. 24
 Thursday, Dec. 25
 Friday, Dec. 26
 Saturday, Dec. 27
 Sunday, Dec. 28
 Monday, Dec. 29
 Tuesday, Dec. 30
 Wednesday, Dec. 31

PEFT
 Citizens Trade Campaign
 209-775-8644 1914 47 Ave., Seattle WA 98101
 www.peft.org

NO Globalization Without Representation

BE PART OF HISTORY
 Join the BIG MARCH for FAIR TRADE
 November 30th
 Memorial Stadium

THE WTO IS COMING TO SEATTLE
 The World Trade Organization (WTO) is holding its 1st 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 way we do.

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

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 below 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 show the people what 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.

The Time to Act is Now
Help Now More Than Ever!

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.

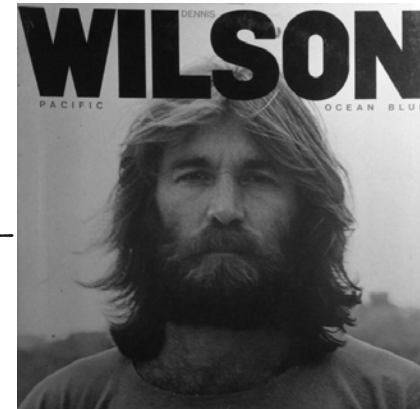
When you discover
"Pacific Ocean Blue,"
an album born from
Dennis Wilson, the
Beach Boys' drummer,
it feels like the world
softly explodes. His
1977 solo album is at
least twenty years old
and yet it still fires
in direct opposition
from the straight
clean lines, distant
loneliness and
sweeping love 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.



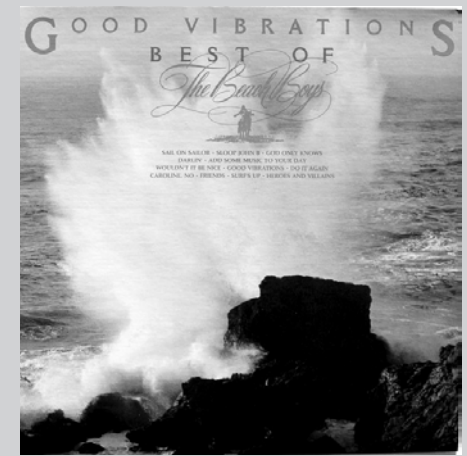
(1965)



(1965)



(1966)



(1975)



(1981)



(1983)




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The Aaron Copland Fund for Music
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**SUPPORT THE CAUSE!
AND BECOME PART OF THE STORY**



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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

eat the document

an alternative opera

Based on the novel by Dana Spiotta

Music by John Glover

Libretto by Kelley Rourke

Direction by Kristin Marting



In development at AOP

aopopera.org/eat-the-document

Will you make the CUT?!



SOUND OUT THE CAUSE!

with the music from *eat the document*



SUPPORT THE CAUSE!



JOIN THE CAUSE!

email mgray@aopopera.org!