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Brian Wilson: Songwriter, 1962 – 1969

By <u>Gary Pig Gold</u> On 11/01/2011 At 7:15

Category : <u>Articles</u>, <u>English</u> Tags : <u>beach boys</u>, <u>brian wilson</u>

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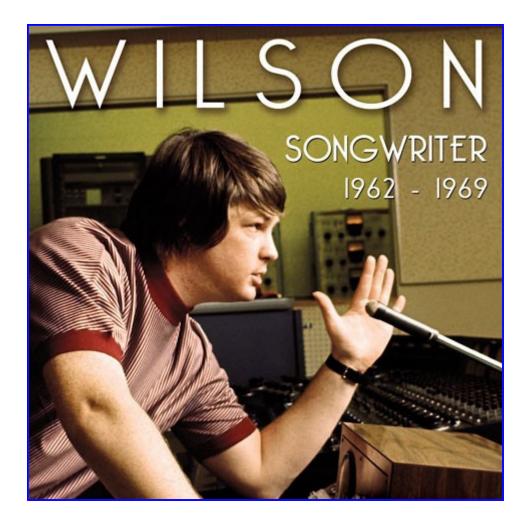
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As we all eagerly await our grand new SMiLE boxes,

Gary Pig Gold reminds us of.....

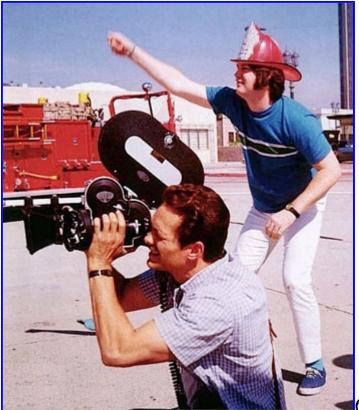
TEN REASONS WHY "**BRIAN WILSON: SONGWRITER, 1962 – 1969**" SHOULD BE THE LAST BEACH BOYS DOCUMENTARY YOU NEED EVER WATCH

1. Veteran SoCal socio-musical historian Domenic Priore, sitting alongside a tiki totem beneath a strategically placed orange branch, more than ably launches our story over a wealth of Eastmancolor'd freeway and beach footage, drawing, as only he can, that all-important connection from *Gidget* to Dick Dale all the way to teenage Brian's Hawthorne, California music room. 2. We see some *very* cool vintage Four Freshmen footage, and the undeniable influence that quartet's equally cool jazz vocal stylings had on Brian and his Boys, explained to us by none other than First Lady of the Wilsonian Bass Guitar, Carol Kaye.

3. Next, back-to-back clips of Chuck Berry serenading "Sweet Little Sixteen" at **The TAMI Show** and the young B. Boys themselves belting out their just-released "Surfin' USA" in full deck-swabbing gear illustrate, as thousands of words over the years have til now failed to, why CHUCK'S name is the one listed as composer of the latter hit.

4. Similarly, **Inside The Music of Brian Wilson** author Prof. Philip Lambert takes to the piano to juxtapose Phil Spector's "Be My Baby" with Brian's equally ingenious "answer" song "Don't Worry, Baby" ...as Phil's former Wrecking Crewman (and Brian's drummer of choice) Hal Blaine gets a little Prison Wall of Sound joke in at his ol' boss' everlasting expense.

5. We get to hear lots of fly-on-the-acoustic-tile recording studio chatter, stretching all the way back to the making of that very first Beach Boy record "Surfin" itself. Not to mention, I'm afraid, a terrifying example of father / manager / producer [sic!] Murry "I'm a Genius Too" Wilson putting the psychological screws into Brian at the infamous "Help Me, Rhonda" vocal session (which ended at least one person's career).



6. Why, we even get to hear

Winterreise by Franz Schubert and Robert Schumann's Dichterliebe used in the very same sentence as **Pet Sounds**!

7. Three Dog Night tripper Danny Hutton, however, has an even better word for this all: "Marijuana!!"

8. Original Beach Boy David Marks talks about all the treble Capitol Records liked to put on the band's Fender guitars, while current Beach Boy Bruce Johnston talks about all the *trouble* Capitol Records liked to put Brian Wilson through whenever he dared stray from his original musical sun-n-fun formula.

9. Which reminds me: Brian's most note-worthy by far collaborator Van Dyke Parks is shown in the old Tower Records parking lot off Sunset Strip circa 1976 in an attempt to explain why Mike Love never could get a lyric such as "Over and over the crow flies uncover the cornfield" in to his head, let alone out of his mouth.

10. And, as if the Seventies weren't cruel enough already to all concerned, we end with lifelong Beach Boy friend, confidante, and concert promoter Fred Vail still, forty years later, shedding a righteous tear recalling how he failed to get the band's "Add Some Music To Your Day" single added to a powerful East Coast radio station playlist back in the daze because, he was told, "The Beach Boys aren't *hip* anymore."

Needless to say said program director – not to mention his station (and Top 40 radio in general) – is long long gone, Fred for one survives to tell this and many other poignant Beach Boy tales and, of this there can be NO doubt, Brian Wilson's magical melodies are poised to enter their second half-century of faithful, never disappointing service to one and all.

This magnificent two-DVD package, and the fine cast of musicians, historians, and Wilson pals and players therein, do a most remarkable job in explaining to us exactly why. It should indeed be considered Required Viewing by all ...who can tear themselves away from **The SMiLE Sessions** for 190 minutes or so, that is.



by Gary Pig Gold

Here you find ordering info

WONDERFUL

By Gary Pig Gold • Illustration By Frank Holmes

There was a boy. A very strange, enchanted boy who saw far too precious time wandering that intoxic nethernetherlanding between Here, There and Everywhere. Between the dawn and the dusk; twixt sunlight bright reality and belles of sweet, sweet madness.

Where he laughs and stays.

This boy knew how to wander very far, very far, over land and sea towards that special realm so afar, in which all lovingly remain quite young in both their belief and their liberty. Truly seeking a world to go and, a little shy and sad of eye perhaps, tell his secrets to.

For very wise is he.

Yet farther down lie mysteries, gathered in thickets of deep doubt, pain and nonbelief where once was lost, to a boy, bumped into.

"Better get back in bed!"

Fools and kings, this said to me. The numbers, the chalk, t-shirts cut-off and a pair of headboard angels who spoke of many things: the mother and father, the magic, the Piper, the once-gold locket dulled and silent, its kinda sad radios no glowing, showboating.

The music all is lost, for now; lost its way (hey bob a rebop).

But he'll return! In love with this mystery never known as non-belief, who SMiLE and thank God as this he said: "The greatest thing you'll ever learn, is just to love, and be loved in return."

And with that, eyes lifted skyward, brushed sighs aside, standing tall and proud once again a once sullied then silent spirit recast and refreshed, ready to share itself with it all once again.

On and On he'll Go, the Music Hall; the costly bow!

For the song IS love, and mercy, the children know the way.

Thank God for "Wonderful."

PS: Brian Loves You.



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The Byrds – I'll Feel A Whole Lot Better



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