

Press Release and Onix Information



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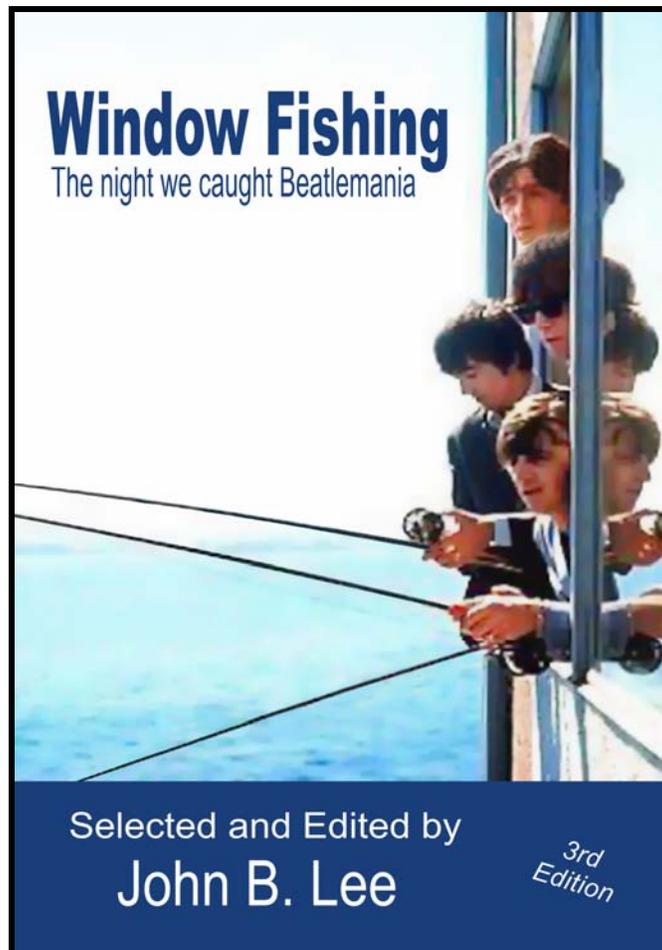
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Blurbs:

46 Words:

Window Fishing: The Night we caught Beatlemania is so popular it is now in the third edition with new stories, poems and essays. It will be cherished by anyone that lived in the Beatles era or wants to understand the significance of the pop fanomenon called Beatlemania.

97 Words:

If you are a Beatles lover, a music eficianato, or just a rock and role fan you should have *Window Fishing: The Night we caught Beatlemania* in your collection. This fine book of poetry and prose, edited by John B. Lee, the worlds greatest Beatles fan, will fill you in on what was going on in the hearts of Beatles fans around the world. So populare it is now in the second edition with brand new content. It will be cherished by anyone that lived in the Beatles era or wants to understand the significance of Beatlemania.

120 Words:

The release of *Window Fishing: the night we caught Beatlemania*, just in time to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the appearance of the Beatles on the Ed Sullivan Show, Sunday, February 9th, 1964, is an important cultural event. The book encapsulates a significant historical period with its impact upon the sensibilities of a number of writers from around the world for whom the Beatles were a major inspiration. The British band, banned in China and the Soviet Union, managed to sing its way into the hearts of millions. This book celebrates how important Beatlemania was for the entire world. Understand the significance of this pop fanomenon from the eyes and ears of writers from around the world, here, between these covers.

Blogs and Online Reviews:

BOB'S BLOG: The Beatles Invade Port Dover

By Bob Wood

<http://foreveryoungnews.com/posts/2688-bob-s-blog-the-beatles-invade-port-dover>

with a video reading by Editor, John B. Lee.

Western Alumni

<http://www.alumni.westernu.ca/alumni-gazette/winter-2015/window-fishing.html>

This article appeared in the Winter 2015 edition of Alumni Gazette

Reviews:

Window Fishing captures the total early 60s excitement of those adventurous and novel times ... the nonplussedness of the parents' generation and the dedicated headlong drive into Beatledom of the younger teenagers ... No-one knew where this was leading ... and maybe we still don't know ... but youngsters were electrified into exhilarating life at the sound of a few bars of music. Or the oh-so-simple count of, 'one, two, three, four' ... We all knew what was coming next! All round the world, we suddenly became members of the same club ... a club which included the older generation as had never been before ... and the belonging badge of honour had on it four distinctive haircuts on four distinctive faces. Welcome to Beatlemania.

*Julia Baird,
sister of Beatle,
John Lennon*

“Window Fishing” Review – For full article and pic see url –

<http://www.simcoereformer.ca/2014/01/22/the-night-the-beatles-changed-the-world>

PORT DOVER - For baby boomers, The Beatles are everything.

To Canadian poet and Port Dover resident John B. Lee, nothing was ever the same following the historic performance of The Fab Four on the Ed Sullivan Show in Feb. 1964.

Not for Lee, not for anyone else of his generation.

Lee, who watched that famous TV broadcast as a 12-year-old boy, says the Beatles inspired him to become a poet (he is a retired high school English teacher, poet laureate for both Norfolk County and Brantford, and has published countless books of his works).

Music, he insists, was changed forever by the Beatles. “Everything that came before them just ended,” says Lee, who compares their impact to that of Mozart.

Hairstyles changed, fashion changed, teenagers rebelled. “It was a cultural earthquake, a tsunami,” says Lee.

The upcoming 50th anniversary of that watershed date has inspired Lee to put together a book. Called “*Window Fishing, The night we caught Beatlemania*,” Lee has culled a wide range of musings on the Beatles from writers he knows.

The 151-page book includes prose but mainly poems from Canadian and U.S. writers, including from Lee.

What they wrote was left to them, and what came out is surprising. First of all, the writing is strong throughout, largely memories of first encounters with the Beatles.

But rather than talking of the Ed Sullivan appearance, many of the writers, both male and female, write of a Beatles concert at Maple Leaf Gardens in August of 1966. Unbeknownst to Lee, many of his colleagues were at that concert, all in the same arena at the same time, and nobody knew it until this book.

The poems range in tone from light-hearted reminiscences of school girl crushes on famous musicians to images that evoke the era to the more serious.

Amber Homeniuk, an expressionist art therapist, talks of tense relations with parents, of a repressed time about to come unhinged.

She writes that “we were juice-heavy, grade nine girls / tight against the branch of home” who “started looking to England for everything / though our back-combed behives . . . stayed hard / while the world / crumbled.”

Windsor’s Marty Gervais, an author of several best-selling books, talks of the Beatles two concerts in Detroit and the remnants of their visits that he still keeps in his basement: a wooden seat from the old Olympia arena and — better yet, he writes — a postage-stamp sized piece of a bed sheet John Lennon allegedly slept in that was won in a radio station contest.

“I swear I can hear someone sleeping,” Gervais ends his poem.

Lee said his first attempts at poetry were about the Beatles and were brutal. He had hoped to get his works published and gain the attention of the band he so adored.

“They were really bad. Just awful,” he says of his poems.

Today, Lee is an accomplished poet with international standing. His poem Encountering Fame is one of the highlights of the book. It recounts his 2011 visit to Toronto to see a Paul McCartney concert and catching a glimpse of the star thanks to an open window in an SUV as the former Beatle drove by.

A teenage girl faints and Lee writes: “. . . she eased her body / to the pavement / like an energetic deflation / and she lay there smiling / and her father and sister knelt / gave comforting / supplication to unconscious beauty / and my heart pounded / like a child trapped in a travel trunk / marked 1964.”

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A Silo Canuck Book Review – For full article, video and pics see url –

<http://www.thesilo.ca/window-fishing-the-night-we-caught-beatlemania/#>

I’ve never particularly been a Beatle’s fan. I like some of their songs. I like a number of them very much, but if I was asked the now proverbial question, “The Beatles or The Rolling Stones?” I would probably say, Oh, I don’t know, maybe The Who? The body of work of Mark Knopfler. Massive Attack were massive for me.

But I was not a child of the sixties, “an age of assassins,” John B. Lee writes in his poignant and powerfully executed preface, when “[o]ur childhood martyred almost all the heroes that we’d had.” John F. Kennedy. Robert F. Kennedy. Martin Luther King (Malcolm X, not mentioned but later, yes). “The list is overlong,” Lee says. “It will not end.” I understand more fully than ever these life-shattering moments, for Americans and Canadians alike; for so many Across the

Universe . Into this near death of hope came The Beatles. The Beatles came to America, came on a Sunday night in January 1964 to The Ed Sullivan show and, and as Lee exclaims with no exclamation mark, “sang my life awake.”

It’s not a perfect looking book. Yet as I read, the grainy cover photo (by an unknown photographer) of four dapper mop-tops fishing out the window of their Seattle hotel—they literally weren’t allowed to leave—starts to resonate. It’s imperfection could be viewed as integral, evoking a time in music when moments of “perfect imperfection,” as Michael Shatte calls them in his essay, were more common in pop; “happy accidents” which would not be tolerated in this era of hyper-produced top-forty songs, when singers voices are routinely, digitally “auto-tuned” in the studio, and we get used to being disappointed when we hear them live. Then there’s lip-synching. I don’t need to go on. There is great music being made by great musicians right now. But that’s not what we’re here to talk about. This is about a particular moment in pop-music history, in cultural history, and many of the moments that followed.

The book is selected and edited by John B. Lee, a Canadian poet and writer who has published more than fifty books and received over 70 prestigious awards for his work. If you haven’t heard of him don’t feel too bad. He tells me openly there is little money in poetry, reminding me it’s not about that anyway. If it was it probably wouldn’t be poetry.

If you haven’t read him it might be time to start: his verse and prose catch the beauty of rural life, farm life, family life, hockey, human sexuality—life. Just Google him. He’s from home, you know. Right around here, right around me, the Poet Laureate of Brantford, Ontario and Norfolk County, home as well to Alexander Graham Bell and Wayne Gretzky, a poet of sport. Like McEnroe was one of the poets of my youth, making tennis beautiful, thrilling, creative; revolutionary. How I tried to emulate him...

Window Fishing is about a time of Revolution, evolutions in culture, and about growing up in the thick of it all. I wasn’t here yet, but as I read this book I learn. It is a literary volume. The cover photo and torn ticket stub on the back page are its only images. Or are they? Because black words on white paper are also images. And the book’s words, artistically rendered, conjure images as well as ideas. It is poetry, and prose poetry, and personal essays; fine writing by a collection of fine writers.

I learn that for most of the men, who were boys then, pubescent, the Beatles were all about music: musical discovery, even ecstasy. And style too. There was style.

For the women who write about the phenomenon of Beatlemania, there was music too. Absolutely. But there was something else. Something profound: the awakening of sexuality. Even a kind of love. Suddenly I understand all the screaming and crying, the fainting. For emerging, young (straight) women, the Beatles were more than musical. They were also beautiful. Sexy. As Susan Whelehan puts it in her essay: “John. He was mine and I was his...I was going to be his FOREVER. And I am.”

While many parents of the day may have dismissed The Fab Four at first as a silly “boy-band,” we might say now, shaking their longish (for the time), round hair-cuts—singing “Ooooo!” and “Yeah Yeah Yeah!”—fact is from the beginning The Beatles were always at the very least competent, and obviously compelling, musicians. Writes Honey Novick in her probing, poetic essay: “You could actually dance to their music.” And we know they became more and more sophisticated as they progressed through their careers, eventually making challenging, often satisfying real art-music, the way Radiohead did for me in my 20’s.

All this beautiful literature about The Beatles and the 1960's has inspired me to listen, finally, seriously, to the music. Even if you thought, at the time, "Yeah Yeah Yeah" was just bubblegum for kids, consider the lyrics. One friend to another: "You think you lost your love/Well I saw her yesterday. She says it's you she's thinkin' of/And she told me what to say: She says she loves you." She loves you man. Yeah! (Yeah! Yeah!). What more is there to celebrate? Ecstatically.

If you were there, or if you want to learn, or if you care about music or culture or the 1960's or just literature, embrace the "perfect imperfection" of this unique and potent book. Some of the poems made me close my eyes and shut the pages. To savour, digest. Bruce Meyer made me cry. I was 8 years old when Lennon was shot. Assassinated. It made no impact on me then. I wasn't really there yet. The book put me there, as close as I can ever come. –AG

Available through Amazon or, if you'd like a signed copy, the volume's famous editor has graciously offered personal ordering direct from him. Just email johnblee@kwic.com Please mention The Silo when contacting www.HiddenBrookPress.com

Back Cover Blurb

In the early evening of Sunday, February 9, 1964, Ed Sullivan, the neckless, gormless, slick-haired TV announcer came on stage to introduce "these youngsters from Liverpool ... The Beatles." I did not know that my life was about to change, as with the opening strains of "All My Loving" sung by left-handed bass guitarist Paul McCartney, I woke up!

That very moment on that very evening, I made up my mind to become left-handed. The following morning I ate my breakfast with a left-handed spoon. I'd taken to wearing my watch on my right wrist and gripping my fountain pen in my left hand so the nib blotted the page like the slow and steady drip of blood from a pricked finger, I commenced the careful study of left-handed cursive. Like everyone else, I saw myself practicing to be in an English rock band. And I would be Paul. I would be the cute one, my left hand waving at the screaming crowd of pixilated girls.

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