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Freedom Tower Rises

Excerpt from the monthly series chronicling the rise of Freedom Tower in NYC

by Rich Sheppard

December 10, 2007

The Race for Tower 3 & 4 Foundations

Undoubtedly the present critical activity taking place in rebuilding Lower Manhattan is the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey's race to complete the foundation preparation at the WTC Tower 3 & 4 site, starting light vis-à-vis some reputed organized crime connections. In Streets and running north along

Church. Developer Larry Silverstein has already hired the foundation contractor, Yonkers Contracting, and on January 1, 2008, he is expecting Yonkers to start foundation work for Towers 3 & 4. If they are unable to because the Port Authority hasn't completed its work, Silverstein is eligible to collect \$3 million dollars in penalties each day that Yonkers can't start. (A few recent news articles have painted Yonkers in an unflattering light vis-à-vis some reputed organized crime connections. In

Continued on page 3

Midnight Madness

by A Tortured Redemptionist

Excerpt from the monthly series chronicling the night, by a NYC doorman

Summer, a missed season for a graveyard shift weekend doorman, is over. Who needs a summer, anyway? The bright activity season, idle Saturdays and Sundays...I think I'll do this, I think I'll do that. So-'n-so called and says let's do something else. Does it seem I'm trying to make these hot wonderful missed times mundane? I might be. For a working summer blazes by, no "summer" for the graveyard doorman, and it's not written for sympathy. It just happened that way, the way it happened, and what the hell do ya do?

At least there's New York, an

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all-time friend for all seasons, a place and a mindset and I can't begin to describe the attraction and appeal. The Big Ap has plenty of downsides, but you recognize and ignore them. The ignorable ones, anyway; sometimes you may not be lucky and end up like some unfortunate in the papers. Struck down by car, bullet, flying debris, or just dumb tragedy. Fire, falls, food poisoning. Food poisoning? I guess, maybe. Stupid misunderstandings, the gamut of depravity. New York, the crunch, the crush, can be morbid. You know it and don't care. The pulsing fingertip energy and rushing imaginable possibilities, under and overground, imbues the streets and air, on each and every block. It's unavoidable with time constraints to take different routes in my meanderings, but whenever time permits, there's always some block new to wander. Wouldn't you care to know it? No matter when, no matter where, that

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New Music

Interview with Bonnie of Sequoya



Matthew (on bass) and Bonnie of Sequoya, in the studio.

By Lou V

Sequoya is a music band emerging from Durham, North Carolina, USA, the same North Carolina-Virginia music belt that has produced a steady stream of terrific American musical artists, from Dave Matthews Band to Aimee Mann. Sequoya is a duo consisting of Bonnie singing a haunting, melodic lead vocal and playing guitar, and Matthew playing bass and banjo, and adding backing vocals. Sequoya offers intelligent, thoughtful new compositions of alternative, goth, indie, traditional American Folk music.

With Sequoya preparing for a major new cd release in winter of 2008, Paperbacknovel.com conducted the following email interview with Bonnie, who was good-natured enough to type out long responses to our questions. We felt like we were giving her a homework assignment, which she dutifully responded to with well-thought-out answers. We give her an A+ on the interview, and present it to you here.

The Interview

PBN: *When and how did*

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Money and Business

Anatomy of a Layoff

The following is an email stream from Dick Acorn as the layoff went down.

Eggshells

Wednesday, 11:25 am

Like Grand Central over here - managers running around, people getting whacked, clients wandering through the plant, attractive designers conferring with my boss's sister Angela about holograms. Angela looks quite elegant and sophisticated in an all white pants suit -- quite stylish. When she wears her expensive sunglasses and emerges from her Mercedes, she is the picture of a movie star. The day the music died is like a circus -- or a bloodless Kosovo. My boss has a glazed look in his eyes. Biggest management challenge he's faced yet. He'll come through with flying colors. Maybe by Friday -- pancreas or no pancreas -- I'm getting yammering and stammering hammered on Friday. Rocked like an adulterer in Taliban-controlled Afghanistan.

Crazy

Wednesday, 11:35 am

There is so much beaver crawling around over here, the place is going to turn into a pond. Just saw my boss's cousin Frankie escorting a breathtakingly beautiful woman into his office. He likes doing that because he has a tastefully decorated office that shows off quite nicely his well-clothed self. The water is already up around my ankles and heading for my varicose-veined calves. We're going under here. What a trip and a half. I need to guzzle beers like it's coming out of a race car fuel-dispenser. 22 gallons in like 4 seconds or something ridiculous like that. But just right for the Acorn.

Good

12:31pm

Good! One of the guys who was whacked yesterday got a job TODAY, making \$2,500 more a year. What a grand world. Poor bastard, yesterday he was nearly in tears; today when he stopped over, I was nearly in tears. Nico arranged it for him. Sorry to bedevil you with this stuff; I need an outlet for this insanity.

Pathetic

3:13 pm

One guy who had to sign his Severance Agreement (I get them all to send to HR): You could see where he began signing his name with the blue ink, the pen ran out on the first letter, and he had to finish it in black ink. That's like the blade cutting half-way through your neck. I gagged when I saw that, knowing the guy. I must keep my job. I must keep my job. I must keep my job. I must keep my job. I must keep my job.

Hurting

3:30 pm

There's some hurting people over here, lot of see-through brave fronts. You really make an effort for them. A mandatory effort -- even if it's 3 months pay.

I keep thinking how this guy goes home and tells his wife. With his 4 and 7 year old son and daughter. Few things are harder I would imagine. How he wakes up tomorrow and has no where to go. I hate that happening, even to someone I don't like.

Funny

3:43 pm

Turns out one of the guys who I thought was let go, was actually preempting people - himself; he didn't want to make the move to the big building. I'm thinking, I WANT to go to the big building. Means I still have a job. Lot of people have some experience with the big company and are DREADING our move. I'm looking forward to it.

Maybe I'm an idiot, but at least in the mistake I made above, I'm a happy idiot. Told the guy, "don't do that to me, you fuck, tell me you quit and here I am feeling bad cause I thought you got whacked."

Related Story: Read "[Anatomy of a Takeover](#)" at [paperbacknovel.com](#)

The Tortured Redemptionist

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pulse, that hum, it's always there.

If there's a more desirable circumstance than time on your hands in Manhattan, go ahead and name it. Time with no money, so what? Get some pep in your step go-go baby marching the streets and avenues. Look, look, look it's there. Time and money in Manhattan must be an earthly heaven? The regular walker marks passing time with the changing streetscape. Buildings go from enclosed foundations to rising steel and concrete, to gradual facing and façade buildout, to occupancy. Others come down or get rejiggered, reconfigured. School lets out for the summer and begins anew, and weather complaints glide from hot to cold. Sometimes, and it's been so for many days this summer's end, the temperatures moderate and there's clean cool air and you march Manhattan bursting forth your own gleeful energy.

It's always something. Last weekend was the middle of Fashion Week. Walking by the Gramercy Hotel on a Saturday midnight revealed New York glamour in its muted haute glory. The streets surrounding the Gramercy Hotel, and Gramercy Park, are dark and tree-ish; subdued solicitude in attitude. Fashion Week Saturday midnight, there's a rustle on the Gramercy blocks, at the very start of Lexington Avenue. A minor traffic jam of limos and car service sedans discharging and embarking tastefully and festively dressed beautiful ones into the soft, hotel marquee lights. Entering to-n-fro, congregating outside the chic, richly inviting Rose Bar adjoining the hotel. Beautiful ones and twos; sleek, groomed, confidently oozing understated affluence and beyond. Pausing at the velvet rope for sure entrée. Engulfed and enraptured in the potent nightlife heart of grown-up and coolly sophisticated Manhattan. Heady and enlivening, the snappy hotel doormen bustling, the doubled up limos and sedans. A mighty mute gray Mercedes Maybach, an impossibly perfect car awaiting a passenger who unquestionably purrs contently in its sumptuous and ostentatiously conspicuous confines. See me, I can't believe it either?



Through past the gone-by summer, the hording swarming hordes gamboling light-clothed on nighttime playsets. On the PATH, up the streets, across the avenues. Pulse pulse pulse pulse pulse, ever gushing energy: the pace whatever you're seeing at a given moment. Couples embracing and match-facing in clutching, lovingly inebriated fervor. Swarmy groups prowling, pulsing, keenly absorbed in the tiny glow of individual cellphones and PDAs. Searching and lurching and well shod and old sneaked, gelled and swelled, searching, seeking. If you can't find it in Manhattan...it doesn't exist. It might but it ain't the same. You're not too far off Third, and you hear the revelers around on Third before they come into sight through the intersection. Loud, happy, angry, searching, seeking. Hungry and howling. Thirsty but no one truly thirsts long in Manhattan's moonlight and murky early mornings.

Third Avenue never stops. Apart from Park Avenue, Third is the only North-South Manhattan Avenue carrying two-way traffic. More like "slingshotting" traffic, fast as it goes. Three lanes northbound, two southbound, a constant exceed-the-limit speeding procession of vehicles, mostly cabs. A cab can pick up an aspiring Brooklyn party-boy or girl, dart onto the Manhattan or Williamsburg Bridge, hit Third Avenue, catch the light stagger, and deposit Mr. or Ms. Brooklyn in some Upper East Side singles joint in 1/2-hour door-to-door. Gotta believe that's a \$25 jaunt and that's no joke when you can do a 4-5 subway for \$2. And plenty likely do, just as the PATH carries the fun and frolicky, the NYC subways surely party-people-rock too. Subway in, and if the saloons haven't broke your wallet, cab home. You know, like 5-6 am when you're assured you've used up the entire nightlife allotment.

Rain arrives, spaced droplets, not enough to chase anyone inside, but getting there. Rain, the doorman's street-clearing friend. It's not fair, you don't begrudge anyone their Manhattan walks, mostly harmless fun-seeking frivs. Don't be a fuddy-dud wet blanket, Doorman, let the people play. Fine, okay. But until the rain truly chases them their way inside, may they play somewhere, beyond my door, besides? Some yells compels the doorman dance, off the station, go take a glance: All clear! All fine! Off on their way, the other way. You're watching, you're watching, shooing through the midnight day.

Read the full series at paperbacknovel.com

Freedom Tower Rises

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New York City construction? No way!)

To an amateur's eye the area in question, at the very southeast corner of the WTC site, looks nearly ready for building. The bathtub walls, installed months ago, are visible as earth has been removed and foundation piles installed further inside that quadrant. Workers have reached the very bottom of the site's "floor," the bedrock. There are still two solid work-weeks ahead, three really because with a \$3-million-dollar daily penalty, there won't be any slowing during the Christmas/New Year's week. There are two ten-hour shifts each day and even when I've passed through the site on weekend evenings, there are workers on site.

As someone who wants to see building steel rising above the street grade, not just the foundation steel within the site, the faster things happen, the better. These kinds of contracts -- promising bonuses for early completion and penalties for delays -- in this instance look like they're hav-



Steel girders of Bathtub being laid into place.

ing the intended effect. Silverstein did a creditable job getting 7 World Trade Center built quickly, and he must be anxious to see his remaining WTC building responsibilities surging towards completion. Larry is not a young man; he's elderly, and I pray and root he will see the entire WTC rebuilt in his days.

Pedestrian traffic along Church Street from Liberty Street north to Vesey Street is constrained by barricades. It gets crowded during rush hours and there are only a few places to cross Church Street, so pedestrian traffic often "backs up" as crowds gather to wait the light changing. There are no street lights and in the evenings the whole stretch of road is comparatively dark, which presents safety hazards. Right at Cortlandt Street and Church Street, two construction flagmen act as crossing guards of a sort.

Elsewhere at WTC

With all of the activity at the Tower 3 & 4 quadrant, activity elsewhere at WTC continues without the same striking visual change taking place. The least amount of activity occurs at the Memorial quadrant, where a foundation has been anchored into

Video Coverage

Rich Sheppard's video chronicle of Freedom Tower rising can be viewed on youtube via paperbacknovel.com.

the bedrock with steel and reinforced concrete, and backfilled. There is little visual evidence that the foundation exists, save for the outlines on the flat, unbuilt, ground. This is the area generally under the long, sloping access ramp which descends from the south side of the WTC sight northwards into the old North WTC Tower One footprint.

At Freedom Tower

There are gradual visual changes within the Freedom Tower footprint, though no new steel. The overall WTC site plan has adapted to new realities: Freedom Tower was going to be the first tower constructed, then roughly in order, Towers 2,3,4. That changed as the Freedom Tower designed evolved, and the other tower designs were finalized. There was going to be a hold on Freedom Tower, and Tower 2 would be the first built. Now, to demonstrate the commercial viability of rebuilding the entire WTC site, Towers 3 & 4 will rise and presumably attract

Read more at paperbacknovel.com

Interview with Bonnie of *Sequoia*

Continued from page 1

Sequoia start?

Bonnie: Sequoia was formed in 1999. We are a duo performing here or there but always creating. Band members are: Bonnie on guitars and vocals and Matthew on banjo, bass, and backing vocals.

How did you come up with the name Sequoia?

When deliberating on a name we put together a few ideas and thought about it for a while. We chose Sequoia because it has many meanings. One for the tree which grows strong and tall, the other for the Cherokee who's story speaks a broader lesson. Sequoyah created a written language from the ground up and is worth looking into.. We wanted to pick a name that had meaning, distanced by time, yet relevant today -- Sequoia fit the bill.

The Recording Process

You are working on a new album right now. It seems so far to have a theme based around space. What is the background behind that?

We've recorded 5 albums so far and have released two in very limited pressings; 50 for our first, "Like Water", and 30 for our second, "Villain Victim". Both records were very DIY and given out to friends and sold at gigs.

This new record has been 4 years in the making and in the beginning my songwriting revolved around the topic of space. I've always been interested in astronauts and the overall vastness of space, so I found it leaking into my songs. Not every song on this new record is about outer space but each one is attributed to space in its many metaphors and meanings.

How is the album being made? Have you signed with a label?

We are lucky to live in a day and age where recording at home is a very viable opportunity. Home recording is where I got into song writing and music and I enjoy every aspect of it.

We have not signed to a label and plan to distribute our music independently. Joining a record label isn't out of the ques-



Bonnie and Matthew

tion. There is another great example of the time we live in. There are so many great small labels supporting musicians like us.

Could you describe the recording process?

Sometimes we will play the song together and then add a little extra and other times we'll build a song from the ground up recording each part separately. We're halfway through recording and choose a different way to track each song. The songs we have left are mostly banjo and guitar, which is a new medium for us to work with.

We are always experimenting with different things and I was delighted to do an internet collaboration with **KidAmp** on our song "Rocket". She really added a wonderful dynamic to this song and I look forward to working with her again.

What's an Internet Collaboration like? What tools do you use? Do you use some sort of Collaboration software like WebEx or NetMeeting ?

We were working on a collaboration with our friends the **ILLBOTZ**, who live in Virginia. They e-mailed me the song, I recorded some backups and sent it back to them so they could listen to it. We were planning on recording it in the studio whenever we were in Virginia again, but they loved the version I sent them and ended up using it on their record "**Illbotz 2: Electric Boogaloo**".

After hearing how well that turned out I asked Alisha if she would like to do this with our song "Rocket". I sent her the song in an e-mail, she listened to it, tracked her part, and then sent it back to

me. I used Cubase to mix it and I was thrilled with the outcome. Never in my life would I have thought I could record a song with someone who lives a thousand miles away. It's the best recording I have and Alisha was a crucial part of it.

Songwriting

In composing the songs, do you write as a team or alone?

We usually write alone and then play them for each other during the writing process. We offer each other suggestions on the lyrics or music. Sometimes Matthew will help me with a lyric I'm having trouble with or he'll play a riff that inspires me to write a whole song around. I sing songs Matthew wrote entirely like "Weary" and I help him out with his solo material by singing and playing on them. I think that's why we are a good team; we support each other's creativity and have our own musical identity.

What comes first for you, the music or the lyrics?

I usually write them both at the same time. When writing a



Listen to Sequoia

myspace.com/sequoia

youtube.com/sequoia

Patti Smith & CBGB's in the Seventies — An Eyewitness Account

So the story goes like this: a friend of mine named Ray sets me up with a perfect head's up for free tickets to see Amici Forever in Brooklyn. After the show, we stop into an eatery across the street, and my daughter does her current events homework — we choose an article in the NY Post at random — about CBGB's. I mention this to my friend Johnny Treplow in passing, and it turns out Johnny is IN THE PHOTOGRAPH of the article! The picture was from 1977! We rescue the homework back from the teach, and I've scanned it for you here.

To wit, here's Johnny (aka JT) reminiscing about what was going on in that photograph, in 1977 at CBGB's with Patti Smith.

JT: ahh, to be a teenager again - and be that thin with



all that hair (sigh).....

That was Easter Sunday, 1977 at CBGB's. Patti released her second album, Radio Ethiopia, in late November 1976. She played five nights at the Bottom Line in Nov (I went to two shows -- Bruce played guitar with her one night). In January

1977, she went on tour opening for Bob Seger. At a show in Florida, she was dancing near the front of the stage (during "Ain't it Strange"), tripped over a monitor, and fell off the stage -- breaking some vertabre in her neck. She worked with a NYC sports doctor to help her recover and three months later, on Easter Sunday, she made her comeback at CBGB's. The ad in the Village Voice promoted it as "La Resurrection". The Dead Boys and The Damned each played a set before Patti came out. She said "I'm outta traction/back in action" and launched into a cover of The Velvet Underground's "We're Gonna Have a Real Good Time Together".

I was right in front and my buddy is on the other side in the front (wearing glasses and smoking). Sitting on a stool on the side of the stage in the corner is Patti's assistant, Andi Ostrowe.

Patti came on with a neck brace and the kind of cap that is in style these days.....

Another highlight was Patti's cover of Hey Joe -- which was the b-side of her first independent single in 1974; only time I've ever heard it

11 Memories of CBGB's In the 70's

by Johnny Treplow

- 1) Dee Dee Ramone fooling around with some gal in the mens room when I was trying to take a piss.
- 2) William Burroughs attending Patti shows there -- in a jacket and tie.
- 3) Patti and Debbie Harry seemed to resent one another -- although they get along fine these days.
- 4) Seeing Television, The Ramones, and The Talking Heads -- all before they recorded their first album.
- 5) Patti playing CBGB's after a short UK tour -- and raving about the CLASH - especially Paul Simeon.
- 6) Patti ripping up Lou O'Neil Jr's NY Post rock article from the stage because it was an interview with Helen Reddy. Helen Reddy is not ROCK, said Patti.
- 7) Saw Johnny Thunders at the Bar -- sadly, never saw him play live. Joey Ramone would hang out at Blondie shows a lot.
- 8) Hilly Crystal had a dog that hung out there -- kind of a hound dog. We'd feed him chilli -- one of the few types of food they had there -- and the dog would pass gas.
- 9) Dead Boys were interesting -- had never heard them before sitting thru 2 sets of theirs and the Damned (from the UK) while waiting for Patti to play on Easter night, 1977 (Billed as "La Resurrection" in the Village Voice).
- 10) This guy -- Jim Brawley -- taped every Patti show in NYC. He passed away a few years ago and Lenny Kaye told me that Jim left the tapes to him (Lenny). Lenny plans on giving them to the Rock and Roll hall of fame.
- 11) Todd Rundgren and a very pregnant Bebe Buell showed up to a Patti (Smith) show in June 77. Hilly's daughter Lisa (or Linda - can't recall her name) worked the door and wouldn't let them in because it was over capacity. Patti had put her old friend Todd on the guest list, so I ran back and told her then-manager (Jane Friedman) that Lisa/Linda wouldn't allow Todd in. Next thing I knew, Todd and Bebe were being led backstage to see Patti. Soon after, Bebe gave birth to daughter Liv Tyler (that memory makes me feel old).

done live.

More

Sorry folks; we are of limited printed space; read the full interview online at paperbacknovel.com.

More Music

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Sequoia Continued

song I will choose a subject that I want to talk about and build a story line around it. If I have some music first, I will go through my books and choose words that I've written previously to inspire me.

I've read about other artists who, when they're writing new songs, basically don't listen to other music. When you are writing music, do you listen to other music, or do you shut it all down.

I don't stop listening to music

while writing. I am inspired by other artists and hearing their songs urges me to create. I like to listen to music while I'm recording because I can learn a lot from different techniques and recording situations that I hear in a song.

Where's your favorite place to write new music?

Stay tuned for Bonnie's answer to this question and the 2nd half of this interview in the next issue. Or go to paperbacknovel.com and read the full interview now (and listen to the music).

Music Referenced in this Article

Sequoia -- myspace.com/sequoya

ILLBOTZ -- illbotz.net

KidAmp -- myspace.com/kidamp

Beloved Binge -- belovedbinge.com



Beloved Binge



Kid Amp



The Illbotz, live

Book Reviews

Have You Met Miss Jones?

by Tarsha Jones

Review by Rich Sheppard

This average, middle-aged and conservative reviewer doesn't listen to "urban" (black) talk radio, although from reading electronic media critics in the papers, urban radio seems very much like "adult contemporary talk radio" (white). The genre is defined by Howard Stern, a not unfunny guy whose shtick is nonetheless off-putting if only because Howard's an over-50 guy hawking voyeuristic-guy talk to predominantly under-30 males, the sweet spot of

supposed to be a joke, and blacks don't call themselves the n-word as a joke. They call themselves the n-word because they are calling each other "nigga" with all the de-based depravity that implies. Go figure.

Ms. Tarsha Jones, author of this review's title "Have Your Met Miss Jones?" is an example of a black female Howard Stern-type, commenting via radio on subjects her audience finds compelling. This, again, since I don't listen to her, is, I gather from her book, a mish-mash of ghetto music gos-

Jersey City -- City in Balance

Hiking the Jersey Train Trails



Take a photo journey with Rich Sheppard through the abandoned train trails near Jersey City, NJ. Seen here is the West portal NJ Transit tunnel. More in Jersey City section of paperbacknovel.com

On Language

To Be Profane, or Not Profane

In today's e-literate world, wherein e-mailers hiding behind keyboard and monitor dash off notes, missives, massives, blurbs, blabs, and other flighty fancies via e-mail, it's not uncommon for these messages to contain profanity.

Woman's e-mails that contain dirty words, filthy language, and suggestive suggestions and outright demands for sexual attention are especially appealing. But for the most part, bad language -- as opposed to more commonly dispersed off-color jokes -- is usually found in guy e-mails.

This is not to argue for or against using profanity in e-mails, but rather to propose that if anyone is going to use profanity in their e-mail, don't just throw out an occasional jarring "fuck" in the eemer. A single instance of profanity in an otherwise lucid e-mail serves to call attention to the writer's inability to form a strong, coherent, and bilious passion for a topic, with a corresponding decline in the readers' interest as well.

No, good profanity demands that you spew out an eye-tearing and troubling stream of vile discourse which not only gets your readers' attention, but hopefully causes them to block your eemer from even reaching their e-box. Better to let the readers know right up front that something has you so sputteringly apoplectic that the only way to express yourself is with graphically uncouth words and horribly distasteful sexual and evacuative references. And in the end, the offended -- those semen-gargling and discharging pricks, with their sense of righteousness stinking like longly unwashed genitalia and bodily discharge outlets, can go take a fucking hike down a shit-strewn pier into a vat of simmering piss.

-- Artie "Partie" Narwislingerson

Read more on language in the *Off Language* section of paperbacknovel.com. Words that William Safire has never tackled.



radio demographics. Howard hasn't changed his M.O. and now he's on satellite radio; his has been an awesome run but I left his demo years ago and don't miss it. Not that I listened slavishly anyway. No question he's amusing, but all-too-soon, predictable.

Don Imus, who recently called the Rutgers women's basketball team a bunch of "nappy-headed hos," and faced national wrath led by that racial paragon Al Sharpton, is another big fish in the radio pool, although this reviewer justifiably considers Imus a fraud on par with some African potentates, maybe more-so. Although in retrospect, Imus suffered immensely for his sin while today's urban (black) culture -- music, primarily -- glorifies the degeneracy of black culture by frequently using the "n-word" with little consequence, nay, it's celebrated. It's odd, because while blacks -- primarily black males -- go around calling each other "nigga" this and "nigga" that. You rarely hear white boys referring to each other as "honky" this or "honky" that, because it gets old, and stale as a joke, and yet the n-word is not

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Overthrow

America's Century of Regime Change from Hawaii to Iraq

by Stephen Kinzer

Review by Richard Sheppard

An informative if skewed summary of what the author almost universally describes as “unprovoked” American overseas adventures. From

America’s annexation of the Hawaiian Islands in 1893, down through present-day Iraq, Mr. Kinzer offers event summaries with an over-arching theme of American running-dog imperialism. As the author generally and sometimes incorrectly presents these American smackdowns as bully-ish, he tends to portray interventions and their fallout as always inimical to American interests. A few, such as Vietnam obviously, were. Others weren’t, and some are debatable. The message repeats: America shouldn’t ever be in such-n-such country(s) in the first place, so tough luck that America ends up with egg smush on the national face. The book does offer bona-fide real world cautions and balance on the limits of American power, but Mr. Kinzer never finds any decent wins out there for the good ol’ USA. And America wouldn’t be wagging the Big Stick if there weren’t mostly wins. Even if the wins are sometimes sloppy.

More: For the full review of this book, and other books, go to paperbacknovel.com.



Why the Knicks Don't Suck..

Continued from back page

outstanding. Meanwhile, grown men stand and shout obscenities at Thomas, and the NY Post and Daily News treat them as martyrs the next day for being thrown out of the game by security. The entire garden is engulfed in a sea of ‘Fire Isiah’ chants, flamed by daily media assassinations. However it plays out, NYC has never had a more courageous fellow in its sport than Isiah Thomas, considering the way he has handled the onslaught.

The Knicks have had three early season issues -- turnovers, bad free throw shooting, and defensive lapses -- causing them to lose a number of games. A tough early-season schedule for the 3rd

year in a row has started them off in arrears. And it will get worse -- their late November/early December schedule was extremely tough. The schedule eases up in January, and then gets downright pleasurable in March and April. But that's a long way away; dozens of NY Post and Daily News front- and back-page assassinations to endure. It will be interesting to see if the Knicks can win enough to keep the wolves at bay; if James Dolan, owner, who has proven to be a stand-up, moral guy despite numerous assassinations on his own character by the same media, will stick to his word and game plan until the casual fan is spoon fed the idea that this team isn't so bad. History favors Dolan standing by his word. *To read the rest of this article, and all the hate mail it has generated, go to paperbacknovel.com*

Pluto = Planet = Forever

By Dick “Scorpio” Laresch

So the International Astronomical Union (IAU), a body comprised mostly of Euro-weenies – has “voted” Pluto off the planet roster. Oh yeah? How come I still think it’s a planet? Because it IS a planet – once a planet, always a planet. Having been a planet, they just can’t willy-nilly demote Pluto. I don’t give a flying hoot about the rationale: it’s an “icy dwarf” or whatever they’re trying to sell. Pluto is a planet, case closed. Was, is, and will be. Just because technology now enables discoveries of objects beyond Pluto, that are even larger, tough, the book has been, is, and stays closed on the planet roster. If it’s a question of “rooting for the underdog,” fine, it’s rooting for the underdog.



And as a Scorpio, who I just discovered this week is the Zodiac sign most ruled by Pluto, I’ll be g’damned if I’m giving up my “ruling planet.” No way, Josay. Astrologists are already scrambling around trying to take account of this new designation, and as deranged as I am already, I don’t need anybody messing with my “charts.” An astrologer quoted in the Wall Street Journal said Scorpions, notorious nutjobs, may experience some dismay. You don’t say? I’m ready to take up arms! Nucular arms! Those astro-physicists want to play with the cosmos? The arrogance, let them reap brimstone!!

I do, however, buy into the conspiracy theory – propagated perhaps by me only – that the Euro-based IAU took the action it did since beloved little Pluto is the only planet discovered by an American (Clyde Tombaugh). That settles it: this Euro-chauvanism at the expense of doughty Pluto is true. But I predict the new designation ain’t gonna hold: they can call it whatever they want, most sane people of ALL Zodiac signs will keep Pluto safe*. You just can’t toss that astrological influence! Besides, whenever the Europeans try to stuff something into America’s individualistic craws – like, say, the metric system – we say, “No thanks, Euro-pansies!” We still got miles and pounds? Inches and yards? Good, we still got Pluto. It may be the smallest planet in the Solar System, but people know a Big Deal, a Big Shot when they see it. Planet Pluto is BIG, baby, All-American Big.

* - *Although mark my words: news of objects beyond Pluto will be a bonanza for astrologers, who will now have some updated “charts” to sell. You thought your astrological chart was in order? ‘Fraid not, you better get it updated at once, forthwith, with your local astrologer. I understand they’re having a \$pecial.*

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Miss Jones

Continued from page 6 and good and bad teachers. She struggles in her studies, but does well enough to attend Syracuse University, enduring a series of casual boyfriends who she recognized were louts but insisted on staying with. This part of her story, the ambition, reveals a confident young lady who pays attention, sees opportunities and works with gusto at them. Then there’s the Tarsh in the Men’s department, the abusive multi-broad boyfriends *[More on paperbacknovel.com]*

Sports**Why the Knicks Don't Suck .. Anymore
But the NY Post & NY Daily News Do**

by Lou V

As the Knicks start the 2007-08 NBA season at 7-17, it would seem all of NYC is apoplectic and calling for the firing of Isiah Thomas. A media frenzy drives the casual fan to think basketball hell is taking place at Madison Square Garden. The NY Post -- closer everyday to the National Enquirer -- in its on-going effort to dumb-down the citizens of Gotham, has used the front page of its Thanksgiving edition to call for the firing of Isiah Thomas, putting his head on a turkey. As if there were no other news in this world to cover.

But the only thing in demise here is the journalistic integrity of the NY Post, Daily

News and similar media outlets who treat the readers the way media has traditionally dealt with people in third-world countries; getting their attentions off real economic and political issues by parading sports and the lottery in front of them. Basketball isn't that important, and the Knicks are fine. They remain as they were to start the season -- a young, athletic team with guys

Worst Article of 2007

Go to the website to see what paperbacknovel.com article has been voted *Worst Article of the Year* by knickerblogger.net, called out by espn.com, and caused an irate reaction on the bloggosphere.



Mort Zuckerman and Rupert Murdoch dumb-down NY with National Enquirer journalism while James Dolan and Isiah Thomas provide moral substance.

who can score; have a level of team chemistry, believe in their coach, and are progressively playing better defense. Thomas has upgraded the quality of this team by getting talented players with some flaws -- the best that could be hoped for when he inherited a bad roster from former GM Stu Laden, and was also confined by salary-cap restrictions that haven't allowed him to spend freely to get the LeBron James's of the world, like Brian Cashman can do with the Yankees. Thomas now faces the challenge of coaching this team to another level; an area where his resume isn't so

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Great Trades & Draft Picks by Isiah Thomas

June 28, 2007: Got Zach Randolph, Fred Jones, Dan Dickau, and draft rights to Demetris Nichols from Portland for Steve Francis, Channing Frye, and the Knicks' 2008 2nd round pick.

June 29, 2005: Got Quentin Richardson and Nate Robinson (21st pick) from Phoenix Suns for Kurt Thomas and Dijon Thompson (54th pick).

Feb 3, 2006: Got Jalen Rose from Toronto, 1st round pick in 2006 (#20 used by Knicks to select Renaldo Balkman), and cash for Antonio Davis (and essentially \$10 million in cap relief).

Feb 16, 2004: Got Tim Thomas from Milwaukee and center Nazr Mohammed from Atlanta in 3-team trade. Knicks sent Keith Van Horn to Milwaukee and Michael Doleac and 2005 conditional 2nd round pick to Atlanta. (In addition, Joel Przybilla was traded from Milwaukee to Atlanta.)

February 24, 2005: Got Malik Rose, Maurice Taylor, conditional 1st-round picks in 2005 (ended up being David Lee at #30) and 2006 (Mardy Collins at #29) from San Antonio in exchange for Nazr Mohammed, Moochie Norris, Vin Baker, and Jamison Brewer.

Oct 3, 2005: Got Eddy Curry & Antonio Davis from Chicago for Tim Thomas, Michael Sweetney, Jermaine Jackson, NY's 2006 1st round pick (eventually became Tyrus Thomas at #2), a 2nd round pick in 2007 and 2009, and switch of 1st round picks in 2007 -- Chicago drafted Joakim Noah at #9 with NY's pick and NY got Wilson Chandler at #23 with Chicago's pick.

August 6, 2004: Got Jamaal Crawford and Jerome Williams from Chicago for Frank Williams, Dikembe Mutombo, Othella Harrington, and Cezary Trybanski.

January 6, 2004: Acquired Stephon Marbury, Penny Hardaway, and Cezary Trybanski from Phoenix for Antonio McDyess, Howard Easley, Charlie Ward, Maciej Lampe, Milos Vujanic, Knicks 1st-round pick in 2004 (#16 overall, ended up being Kirk Snyder), and future conditional Knicks 1st round pick (looks like it will be the 2009 or 2010 pick) and cash.

Holiday Cheer

by Dick Acorn

Ah, the ever reliable Cuff's! Ah Cuffie Cuff Cuffs! Cuffles!

Just back from a majestic lunch at the ever reliable Cuff's -- what a fond ginmill that joint is. The parking lot is bumper-to-bumper, you have to spillover into Manny's lot, and fuck Manny's while we're at it. But Cuffs, you walk in the door and the joint is jammed to the drop ceiling with Real Men, big burly manufacturing dudes with rough hewn hands and cash galore.

Acorn dudes, talking tough on the Chinese and thinking of beautiful and ugly beaver they hope to bag before weekend's end. Not a dame in sight unless you count the cutie on the calendar over the bar, a blond ditz with big fake tits to whet your imagination. Working Men out for holiday goodwill and peace toward their fellow toiler.

Packed the joint was, yet still an easy pass right to the bar, where Kevin Cuff (jr.), bar rag tossed casually over the shoulder, greets you with a hearty -- Good Christmas cheer good sir what can I get ya?

The Bloody, dude, a Schmernoff Bloody. A Schmernoff Bloody and double that up if you would it's Christmas.

And back it comes in seconds, served up sloshing amidst the hullabaloo of the afternoon drinking clamor. Ahhh what a concoction, spicy and tart, biting and refreshing! And the reassuring clack of the pool balls and Steve Miller and Guns 'n Roses playing at just the right lunchtime volume. Ahhh, another drink, and chuck a cow patty on the grill, with the pommes frites on the side, yum, yum. Served up in greasy splendor with a crisp onion and stark pickle (Ed (head) eat your heart out).

And through the window, the dainty snow offering a comforting seasonal backdrop. The Gulfstreams and Falcon Jets taxi-ing on the Teterboro runways, their bright lights fuzzy through the falling snow, obscured and yet beckoning of far off places....the muffled jet-revs not quite coming through over the bar, guffaws and shouts and yips of glee and warm feeling toward the fellow man. Kevin slinging booze like a banshee paced like a fine Arab horsey, everyone's glass is full or filled forthwith as needed.

Another one, Kev !

Glass held aloft like a Chalice, held aloft against a backdrop of blue-haze as the true collar men lift their chins and blow satisfying plumes of spent smoke towards the ceiling like raffish whale-spouts. Smoke bellowing and belching forth, wafting into the high reaches of the low drop ceiling and enrobing the bar celebrants in a palpable cloak of camaraderie. Oh god these goddamn drinks are enrapturing me, they are making me faint with ecstasy, these goddamn drinks, these horrible red Bloody badge bastards.

And yet no protest from the bar, the pool balls clacking, the juke-box spilling forth what a listener will hear, the muffled roar of jets beckoning far off places...a low rumble of a passing truck, the jukebox, the drinks, shouts and yips, the awful Bloody red tinkling bastards encompassing and alive, sliding and sliding into the afternoon, the Christmas afternoon.