

PAPERBACKNOVEL.COM

Hard News and Discriminating Commentary, and Frivolity, Since 1999



View from above of Freedom Tower (top corner) steel rising.

How Tylenol Wrecked My Liver

And You Could Be Next, Taking Normal Dosages

by Lou V

I took the recommended daily dosage of Tylenol for 4 and a half weeks in January of 2008, because of a sinus infection, and wrecked my liver. What I'd forgotten about was the little warning at the bottom of the label at the side of the bottle that says "Do not use for more than 10 days."

Those are the kinds of warnings that you read and dismiss, figuring, if they sell it in the aisles at CVS, it can't be that dangerous. It is -- really, really powerful and dangerous. We are at the tip of an asbestos-like iceberg of widespread bodily harm caused by a readily available product. And the makers of Tylenol -- Johnson & Johnson -- seem to

know it; recently TV ads have appeared that essentially say, 'your liver is important, only take Tylenol in recommended dosages'.

Exceeding Tylenol's daily recommended dosage has caused complete liver failure in young healthy people, in some cases after only a few days; especially when combined with coffee or alcohol. And Tylenol isn't the only drug brand causing this.

It's Not Just Tylenol

Tylenol's active ingredient is acetaminophen. It is great for headaches, but is a liver killer. Acetaminophen, also called paracetamol outside of the US, is found in Actifed, Alka-Seltzer Plus, Anacin 3, Benadryl, Butalbital, Cogesic, Contac, Darvocet, Datriil, Excedrin, Fioricet, Lortab, Midol Teen Formula, Midrin, Norco, Percocet, Robitussin, Sedapap, Sinutab, Sudafed, Tempra, TheraFlu, Unisom With Pain, Vick's Nyquil and DayQuil, Vicodin,

Continued on page 2

Paperbacknovel.com

Life is a paperback novel. Everyone has their own story; actually many stories. Some of them you'll find at paperbacknovel.com, represented here in our printed edition. Stop by if you'd like a resting spot for political thought, humor, pretty women, book reviews, sports, music, and a bunch of other miscellaneous inanities. And stories.

Freedom Tower Rises

Excerpt from the monthly series chronicling the rebuilding of the WTC Site in NYC

by Rich Sheppard

Winter/Spring 2009

Through much of 2008, the Freedom Tower site consisted of the largely concrete core rising inside a line of columns which mark the Freedom Tower footprint/boundary. At highest, it wasn't quite rising to street level. Lately, however, over the past 3-4 months at the end of 2008 and up until these early 2009 days, steel columns are rising quickly from the Freedom Tower concrete core, reaching nearly 100 feet above street level. This is a little surprising given discussions on slowing Freedom Tower to promote the commercial virtues of Towers 3-

4, at first, and then Tower 2. Faster Freedom Tower progress is both visually and emotionally appealing.

After all the planning and re-planning, and re-re-re-planning, there's no turning back now. With two Freedom Tower cranes working, a decision to push Freedom Tower pushes steel higher. As the Freedom Tower site sits just west of the Vesey PATH access, PATH commuters, including me, can watch the steel rise directly before us as we approach the PATH access coming west down Vesey.

At the south of the Freedom Site, during 2008, the understructure for Fulton Street is filling in; one of the connecting pedestrian passages from the World Trade Center to the World Financial

Continued on page 3

ALBUM OF THE YEAR

Sleep and Dream of Fire, by Sequoya

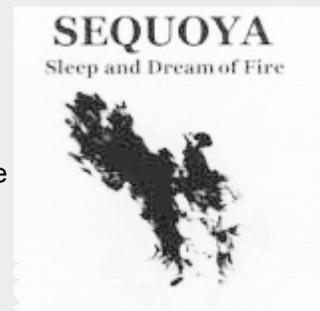
By Lou V

Sleep and Dream of Fire, released by Sequoya in September, 2008, vaults to select company as one of the best albums of the decade -- and is *paperbacknovel.com's* choice as Album of the Year for 2008. It is great American folk music, sometimes hard driving, sometimes soft, but always melodic, thoughtful, and thought-provoking, with a haunting female lead vocal singing about space, rockets, a cosmonaut's wife, and occasional detours to dead slaveowners and sunken submarines -- sometimes as metaphor and sometimes about actual occurrences. Sequoya is a singer/songwriting duo from North Carolina, with Bonnie on lead vocals and guitar, and Matthew on backing vocals and banjo. This is their third full-length album.

The music grabs you first, and you can listen to the music without paying attention to a single lyric, but those lyrics will gently sink in, and draw you in, and when you're in, you realize the lyrics are quite fantastic, the subject matter unique, elevating this music to amongst the best stuff being made today.

The album kicks off with *Rocket*, an artfully crafted analogy of lover as rocket, whose mind soars high into the atmosphere, and "can't wait to get back in the sky" where she can "climb way back up above it all", but when she gets too high, she inevitably falls to earth, "a flaming ball of unnamed fear", and then washed up by

Continued on page 7



Money and Business

Anatomy of a Takeover

Excerpts from an employee's observations of a takeover

Joe Official

Thursday, June 9, 10:24 AM

From a strictly observational standpoint around here, it's a hilarious study of human nature, the coming merger. It's like the meteor-hitting-the-earth movie, everyone's running around like Japs hauling ass from Godzilla. One particular strategy is for people to make everything they do seem important, making sure they are calling attention to themselves doing work, the better to make themselves seem useful in hopes that somebody, somewhere is noticing this and will spare them the wrath of the tsunami.. So you have people putting toner cartridges with amazing fanfare, going the extra yard to make sure there is no spillover toner. Even the most mundane work-related conversations ("I have to go to the post office for a client receipt") are taking on the gravity of arms control negotiations as participants attempt to advertise their importance. Especially in conversations with, near, or in earshot of the Big Guy, people are acting very "Joe Official" speaking formally and keeping focused on business. Laughter, usually the lighthearted balm of the soul, is forced and issued sparingly, the better to convey the impression that we are doing important things here, very important things, and it's not time for jocularity or frivol. Most of the time, these serious-minded converts are the same jokers who went around doing whatever they felt like, causing the company undue expense and misery. So it's fun to watch them sweat, in time the fun will turn to pity, even sympathy. But for now, it's "Enjoy the Show."

A few days ago, when the top head of the holding company which is going to run APT or whatever it becomes, this guy is different from the president of the company who will replace APT at this location, the really top guy was in my boss's office with the door closed. The head of our Sales department, not a bad guy but a guy on about 2 milliliters of ice vis-à-vis the merger, he comes by my desk in an imploring manner, asking me to make sure the top guy doesn't leave without him having a chance to say hello (in hopes of ingratiating himself, doubtless). So he goes away. A few minutes later, my boss's door opens, out comes Top Guy and he starts walking down the hall toward the exit. I look across the department and spot our Sales guy, and gesture to him that Top Guy is leaving. Sales guy, an executive in his own right, practically hurdles the cubies and shoves staff out of the way in his efforts to get to Top Guy. He catches Top Guy and I can hear him say, "Hi, Robert! Robert! It's Jack E, you remember me? How are you, good to see you, etc!!"

I am a championship caliber toadying, and it is always a real treat to see someone who has lorded over you and taken advantage of your toadying, it is always fun to see that person grovel like a beaten dog. Hallelujah the world is turned upside down; in effect, rightside up.

13 Steps

Thursday, June 9, 4:08 PM

That banging noise you are hearing is the carpenters putting up the scaffold; at present I can't tell whether it will ultimately be a guillotine or if they'll hang a rope up there. I told them to make sure it has 13 steps like its supposed to. It's getting quite antsy over here, climactic and cataclysmic. If the building had more than 2 floors, I'm sure there'd already be people who can't hack it taking flight.

The barbarians are at the gates over here, the Earth-color people, they are here and they ain't going nowhere. The mass graves are being readied, the body bags are coming onto the loading dock...

More

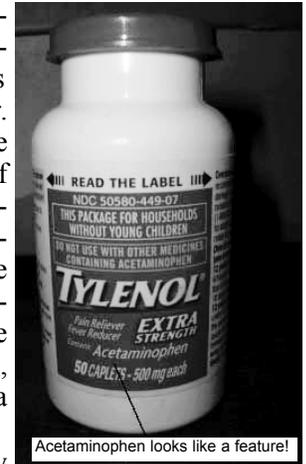
Read the full account, covering a 12-month period, at paperbacknovel.com

Tylenol Wrecked My Liver

Continued from page 1

Wygesic, and Zydone.

According to a research study published in Hepatology magazine in December 2005 and covered by the NY Times, of 662 patients with acute liver failure at 23 transplant centers across the US from 1998 to 2003 - 51 % were caused by acetaminophen poisoning. A NY Times article quoted Dr. Tim Davern, one of the authors of the study: "It's extremely frustrating to see people come into the hospital who felt fine several days ago, but now need a new liver."



Another study performed by researchers at the University of North Carolina and UCLA, and published in the July 5, 2006 edition of the Journal of the American Medical Association, found that Tylenol taken for four days as directed put patients at risk of liver damage and that healthy adults who took the maximum dose of Tylenol for two weeks were found to have liver damage.

Symptoms

If you've got a cold and you're taking one of these medicines, and your stools start getting mushy and light in color, beware - you are probably taxing your liver like Scotty taxing the engines on board the Enterprise, and pretty soon it won't be able to take it any more. There are numerous symptoms for liver damage; for Acetaminophen poisoning it is irritable bowels and clay-colored, unusually mushy stools. I've learned from internet research that bile salts from the liver break down and absorb fat. The natural dark color of stools comes almost exclusively from the bile. If the liver isn't producing enough bile, you will get fatty stools (making them mushy) that are not dark in color.

Blood Tests

You can tell a lot about your health from your stools. Doctors, however, will send you straight for blood tests. I went to a Gastroenterologist, and my tests showed very high Gamma-Glutamyl Transferase (GGT) level of 173 (normal is 2 - 65). GGT is used as a marker for liver damage. Tests retaken a month later revealed a low-

Rebuilding WTC -- Freedom Tower Rises

Continued from page 1

Center (WFC) will run under Fulton Street, under West Street, and into the WFC. This underground "connector" will replace the large, destroyed, glass and steel pedestrian bridge that ran from between the original World Trade Center North Tower (One World Trade Center) and I think, it was Six World Trade Center. It spanned West Street where it entered the World Financial Center at the east end of the WFC's dramatic Winter Garden atrium. There is a temporary bridge that runs from the south portion of the WFC over West Street to Liberty, which replaced a smaller original bridge at that site. How/if there will be another WTC/WFC bridge over West hasn't been discussed or mentioned.

WTC - September 11 Memorial and Museum Site

Even more encouraging than Freedom Tower's rising steel is the striking progress at the National September 11, 2001 Memorial & Museum, taking definable shape in the WTC site's southwest quadrant. Fulton Street construction separates the Memorial quadrant from the Freedom Tower construction.

2008 Commemoration Moved

The 2008 September 11 commemorations were held outside the WTC site for the first time, at Zuccoti Park, diagonally across from the WTC site corner where Tower 4 will rise. Family members and other considered persons were allowed brief access into the WTC site via the now-removed roadway access. Presidential candidates Barack Obama and John McCain paid a joint visit down the slanting ramp into "Ground Zero."

The main Memorial feature will be the



Steel rises on Freedom Tower.



Foundation of Tower 4 (bottom of picture) and South Tower Memorial (top) at Southeast corner of site.

"footprint waterfalls." Cascading waterfalls will tumble from street level into large squares outlining the actual and partial footprints of the original "Twin Towers." On the north footprint, the steel structure is rising noticeably, as are the floor elements, surrounding the "cut out" squares for the waterfalls. The south footprint construction started later as the slanting access road was removed,

but it too is progressing nicely.

During the time of the 2008 Sept 11 commemoration, public officials and anyone associated with the Memorial expressed a sincere need to complete it for the 2011 commemoration. That's almost three full years away, and we can hope those three years will bring the Memorial to near if not full completion.

WTC East Site (East Bathtub)

The east side ("east bathtub") of the World Trade Center site runs along Church Street from Liberty Street at the south end, to Vesey Street at the north. In early 2008, the PATH access located in the east bathtub was dismantled as the Vesey Street PATH access opened. There are still a few remnants of the east bathtub PATH access, but overall, the east bathtub is one gigantic open hole. Dirt fill is moved about, muddy during wet weather. Only occasionally will the clamor of backhoe jackhammers disturb the senses. The PATH access move to Vesey Street creates tremendous pedestrian traffic along Vesey from Church to West Broadway. Vesey Street is one of the few streets to get to the PATH access, but also to continue down to West Street to cross over to the World Financial Center.

"Chaos Corner"

I've dubbed the traffic and pedestrian intersection at Vesey and West Streets, "Chaos Corner," because along with the bunched up pedestrians using Vesey Street, traffic is constrained along Church Street from Liberty Street north to Vesey Street to two lanes. The left-most lane of Church Street has become part of the WTC construction site, a vehicular access road. Vehicles enter at Liberty and Church, do their business, and exist at Church and Vesey. Church and Vesey,



NJ commuters are diverted around site to temporary Path train station at north end.

that's where vehicles exit? Yes, in addition to the pedestrian throngs trying to cross the intersection, which necessitate four construction workers flagging traffic as defacto traffic cops, cement trucks, dump trucks, and other construction vehicles roll into the

Read more at paperbacknovel.com

Video Coverage

Rich Sheppard's chronicle of Freedom Tower rising can be viewed at youtube.com/paperbacknovel.

Interview with Bonnie of Sequoya

Continued from page 1

By Lou V

Sequoya is a music band emerging from Durham, North Carolina, USA, who have just released *Sleep and Dream of Fire*, a CD that is winner of paperbacknovel.com's *Album of the Year for 2008*. Sequoya is a songwriting duo consisting of Bonnie singing a haunting, melodic lead vocal and playing guitar, and Matthew playing bass and banjo, and adding backing vocals. This is part II of an interview with Bonnie; picking up from our previous issue. The whole interview is available on line.

Part II of the Interview

PBN: *Where's your favorite place to write new music?*

On my couch or during our practices. I used to write better in the mornings but that has changed. I never know when the creative moment will hit, I just hope I remember it again later.

Playing Guitar

How long have you been playing guitar?

I've been playing guitar for 9 years. I used to walk to work early, around 5am, every morning and would take along my walkman player and listen to mix tapes. I had been writing poetry for years and on one of those walks I just decided that getting a guitar and learning how to play was what I needed to do to share it. I was 22 then and I thought it might be too late since most guitarists start early, in their teens.

Who are your musical influences?

Well the moment I decided to start playing guitar I was listening to a Joni Mitchell song "Little Green" so yes she was a big influence. I have been inspired by so many musicians it would be hard to name them all but here is a small list: Crass, Aimee Mann, Ani DiFranco, Cyndi Lauper, Gillian Welch, Damon and Naomi, Ghost, Woody Guthrie, and Billy Bragg.

The biggest influences to my music are all of my creative friends that I've met through the years who have been making music and writing songs. Playing with them, going to gigs, and talking with them about their musical life inspires us to keep moving forward.

Page 4



Bonnie and Matthew

At what point did you feel confident enough to start playing live? Did it come right away?

When I first started playing guitar performing live was very important. I joined a rock band called the Wyld Stallyns. None of us knew how to play our instruments at first but we planned on playing shows as soon as we were able. Our first live gig was 6 months after I began playing and I remember how dizzy and self-conscious I felt. I started going to open mic's after that to help get over my stage fright.

At what point did you feel confident enough to start writing songs? Did it come right away?

I started writing immediately and I still play some of those songs to this day. The best thing I ever did was buy a Yamaha 4 track at a pawn shop. I started recording these songs and really learning how to write and play. The process was fun and often included practices and little sessions with my friends in my living room.

Some artists don't go anywhere without their favorite guitar. What guitar do you play with? Do you have a favorite guitar? Is there a guitar that you dream about owning, or are you content with what you have?

Shortly after I started playing I bought a Taylor 410 series guitar. It's easy to play

and sounds so beautiful. It's still the guitar I use but I'm open to all brands and styles of guitar. My electric guitar is by Cort and is called "The Effector". I love this guitar because it has wonderful tone and never goes out of tune.

I'm dreaming of owning a Tenor guitar. It has only four strings and caters to a melodious style of playing. I've only seen one for sale in a guitar shop and that was about 4 years ago.

I have a friend who's an engineer, and when he goes over to his relatives' houses, he says he's always getting asked to fix the refrigerator, or their computer, or some other household appliance that needs fixing. When you go over to your relatives' houses, do you get asked to sing a song?

This is a cute question and yeah that happens. A lot of times people will invite us to a party and ask us to bring our instruments. It's fun to play with other people and hear their songs in an open environment.

The Live Gigs

You're based in the Durham, North Carolina area. What's your favorite place to play?

Bull City Head Quarters is our favorite place to play in



Photo by Jeremy Blair

Listen to Sequoya

myspace.com/sequoya
youtube.com/sequoya

34 Years Ago Today... Meeting John Lennon — A First-Hand Account

By Jonathan Wolpert

I was dreaming of the past.....

17 November 1974, I met John Lennon. It remains one of the greatest thrills of my life.

I was 16. The Beatles were my first musical love and Lennon was my favorite Beatle. Loved his solo work as well -- John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band (aka the Mother album) as much as I enjoyed the Beatles.

I loved the music of Lennon as well as his persona.

My dad used to bring home the late edition of the NY Post. Before turning to Sports, I used to look at Earl Wilson's column as he would sometimes have photos of hot looking women. One night, he wrote that John Lennon would be appearing at the opening of the play Sgt Pepper at the Beacon theatre on Nov 17, 1974 (not to be confused with the film of the same name).

My mother was kind enough to take the train from Long Island to the Beacon in NYC to secure me two tix for opening night. Once I had tix in hand, I put together a petition for Lennon. This was when the US was trying to deport him. I spent two weekends at a mall and an additional



John Lennon and May Pang

weekend at a shopping center and secured in excess of 2000 signatures.

My friend Howie and I arrived at the Beacon on opening night. I introduced myself to a young Ron Delsner (the promoter) and he told me I could wait in front of the rope for Lennon to arrive so I could present the petition. As celebs arrived, I asked them to sign it as well: Bianca Jagger, David Johanssen, Johnny Winter, Rick Derringer, Edgar Winter and even Yoko Ono. Yoko was separated from John - at the time, I was surprised to see her. She thanked me for my efforts.

When Lennon arrived, the

fans mobbed him. It was insane and I didn't get anywhere near him. After 20 minutes, Delsner took me to Lennon's seat (about 10th row aisle in orchestra). My friend Howie took two quick pics of John and was told to stop -- there were to be no photographs.

I had it in my mind not to mention the "B" word. This was four years after the Beatles broke up and there was still quite a bit of tension. I presented the petition to

John -- it was titled "help Keep John Lennon in America". He

thanked me - seemed very genuine. I wished him good luck with his efforts to getting a green card. I congratulated him on the success of his then new "Walls and Bridges" album.

A rep from his company gave me a "Listen to the Badge" promo button. He was with May Pang. Finally

I asked "when is Look Back coming out" -- He said "What's Look Back" -- I said "your oldies album" to which he responded "oh, it will be out in January. It's called Rock and Roll". Then he leaned over closer and thanked me again for the petition -- how much it meant to him and how badly he wished to stay in the US.

The only awkward moment came when my friend Howie had the following exchange with Lennon:

Howie: Beatle John, Beatle John

(i was cringing)

Lennon: yeah?

Howie: where's Pete Best? (Best was original drummer tossed out in favor of Ringo)

Lennon: (peering at Howie above his eyeglasses) eh, he's backstage -- why don't you go look for him!

I loved his response. It was as if he said "hey kid, go play in traffic."

Howie also walked up to Bianca Jagger and said "your husband's gay". This was 1974 and Mick had just started wearing eye make-up..

The play was not memorable. Took the LIRR home and couldn't sleep at all that night.

Subsequently, I met Paul, George twice and Ringo three times. But nothing was like meeting Lennon.....

Last year, the documentary *The United States of America vs. John Lennon* came out. Near the end, upon receiving his green card -- he looks at the camera and says "I'd like to thank everyone who sup-

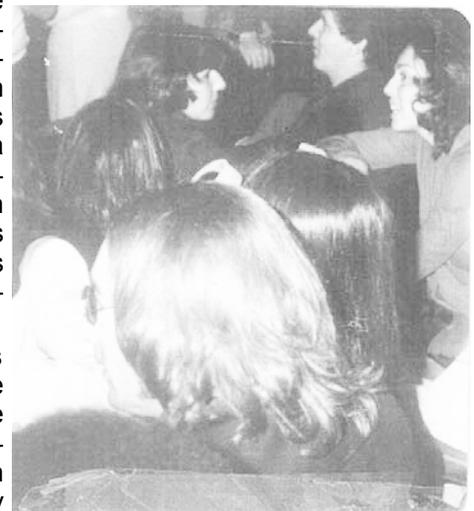


Photo by Howie

ported me -- and all the kids that went around with petitions speaking up on my behalf" I know he was talking about thousands of us, but I also felt he was talking directly to me.....

Sequoia Continued

Durham, but there are other great venues here as well. 305 South, Broad St. Cafe, and 307 Knox Salon. Living in a tri-city area our options aren't limited to Durham. We've played at some great venues in Raleigh and Chapel Hill like The Cave, The Cat's Cradle, and The Pour House.

As an independent group, are you booking your own gigs? How much of your time does that take?

Booking gigs is surprisingly easy. A lot of the time, a traveling musician will ask the venue to place them with a lo-

cal artist similar in style, then the venue or the artist will contact us. There are some clubs that are harder to get into. If that's the case all you need to do is put together a good CD of your songs and most importantly frequent the venue and talk to the person who does the booking.

What are the difficulties involved in playing live?

I would have to say sound is the toughest part of playing live. You never know what

Read the rest of the interview in the next issue or right now at paperbacknovel.com

Heir to Stevie Ray Vaughn's Throne Bequeathed - It Is...

In the next issue, we will cover who we see as the heir to Stevie Ray Vaughn's crown as greatest living blues guitarist -- **Eric Tessmer**. See that article & live music coverage right now at paperbacknovel.com



Book Reviews

Samuel Adams -- Father of the American Revolution

by Mark Puls

Review by Rich Sheppard

Samuel Adams has a reputation as being the "rabblerouser" of the American Independence movement. And yes, he was a righteous and imposing man of deeply held convictions on the meaning of "liberty" and wresting it from the British crown. But put aside popular notions that Samuel Adams was an overly rambunctious troublemaker. The "Father" of the American Revolution title of this book should not confuse the reader of Adam's "paternal" contributions to independence with those of George Washington, "The Father of Our Country." Adams' prime contributions were in the creation and sustaining of the idea of independence. He was an extraordinary organizer. Washington was a leader who won the war, and by virtue of his reluctant acceptance of the postwar presidency, set the tone for all American executive heads of state to follow.

Adams was likely the primary instigator -- and a participant -- in the Boston Tea Party, during which Indian-disguised patriots tossed tea into the harbor rather than pay duties or taxes on it. This defiant vandalism put an active exclamation point on the phrase, "No Taxation without Representation (!)" Yet Adams did not "spoil" for fights in the sense of being constantly riled up. More accurately, his relentless preparedness and his complete mastery of the politics underlying the Independence movement assured a domineering reputation he carries to this day.

Samuel Adams is also widely perceived as the "brewer-patriot," though making beer wasn't quite his occupation. He was more of a beer distributor. In these modern times a Boston-brewed beer is named for him -- an entire line of beers. The flagship "Samuel Adams" lager is one of America's premium beers, this beer drinker would acknowledge. (The book does-

n't mention this legacy; and the founding member of the Anheuser-Busch beer behemoth might lay claim to being "Father of the American Beer spigot.) Politically, Samuel Adams was a man convinced of the righteousness and possibilities of the Cause, and burned with ever fiber of his being to seeing Independence realized. He was a political genius for the ages in his recognition of opportunities, of gauging public sentiment, knowing whom his opponents and allies were, and of the underlying organization required to either persuade or outmaneuver his opposition. He initiated remarkable networks, the Committees of Correspondence. Such networks knitted together the original Thirteen colonies. Adams' networks were unmatched. One gets an impression he spent most of his days composing and reading correspondence from across the entire eastern continent. Running in tandem with these correspondence committees was an intelligence network unsurpassed among his American allies and rivals, and the British enemy. The British, besides struggling militarily, never gained political traction in large part because Adams and his correspondents were often several steps ahead of them. Any issue that Adams had an interest in often saw his opponents outclassed, never standing a chance, and never knowing what hit them. Such was Adams' disciplined political groundwork and command and control of information. These exceeding disciplines, when mixed with Adams' natural zeal, were critical to America's independence. It's a quirk of history that most recall only Adams' zeal; this book presents the full magnitude of his considerable intellectual contributions.

So yes, yes: go ahead, hoist a brew to Samuel Adams, America's popularly conceived "brewer-patriot. But in more lucid moments, recognize a man of conviction who ranks among the greatest political organizers in history. His blend wasn't "hops and barley" so much as "conviction and political brilliance." A brilliance equal to that of any of his fellow Founders.

Take a photo journey with Lou V through the Malvern Hills in the UK, an enchanted area where and JRR Tolkien and C.S. Lewis dreamt up their stories. More in *The Ignorant Traveler* section of paperbacknovel.com

The Ignorant Traveler

Hiking the Malvern Hills, UK



Take a photo journey with Lou V through the Malvern Hills in the UK, an enchanted area where and JRR Tolkien and C.S. Lewis dreamt up their stories. More in *The Ignorant Traveler* section of paperbacknovel.com

Off Language

Foots and Toofs

How can anyone like the word, "feet," and where did this dorky word come from anyway? We have one hand and two hands, one eyeball and two eyeballs, etc. We have one nut and two balls. With our toeholders, though, it's one foot, and two feet? Says who?

The word "feet" itself has a screechy blackboard sound to it, on top of it being completely unrelated to the singular "foot." From here forward, I am never going to use the word "feet" whether it be as a body part or as a unit of measurement. I am boycotting that annoying word in favor of the correct usage of "foots." Two hands, two foots. 3 foots equals one yard. I am 5 foots 11 inches tall.

"Tooth" and "Teeth"

And while we're on the topic, what's the story with "teeth?" One tooth, 2 teeth? Oh, yeah - how come? Not any more - it's "tooths." You can slangalize tooths to "toofs" or "toofers" without incurring a usage penalty. The beauty of foots and toofs is that they are a palindrome, a bonus, so in effect you can use them interchangeably with only a small usage penalty, to wit: "He stuck his toofs in his foots" (He bit his foots.) Also, "He stuck his foots in his toofs." (Put his foot in his mouth.)

"Foofs" and "Foo"

However, it is not proper to slangalize "foots" to "foofs" as the Acorn is trying to introduce the word "foofs" as a definition for a female body part to be mentioned at a later date. The singular of "foofs" is of course "foo."

Explanations to follow.

There's probably a conventional explanation for the origin of the words "feet" and "teeth," but you'll never convince the Acorn. Given the way other body parts are pluralized, this is an argument that wins "hands", "foots", or "toofs" down every time.

-- Dick Acorn

Read more on language in the *Off Language* section of paperbacknovel.com.

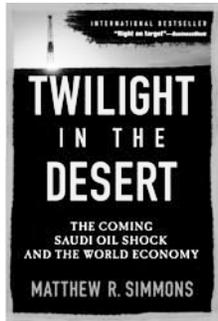
Book Reviews

Twilight in the Desert

by Matthew R. Simmons

Review by Richard Sheppard

Potentially scary book about the nature and limitation of the world's largest (Saudi Arabian) oilfields. Only read the first part of the book; the second section contained severe technical elements sure to excite petroleum engineers and geologists but not the uninitiated. The book raises the important question about how much oil is left -- especially in Saudi Arabia -- focusing on the remaining, aging, "super-giant" Saudi fields. Discussions about "water-to-oil ratios" and "wellhead pressures," plus other jargon, at least in the first part of the book, are nonetheless informative. Mr. Simmons, who as an energy investment banker always appreciates higher oil prices, presents a fairly supported, and grim, picture of declining Saudi reserves. And since Saudi Arabia has the world's largest reserves, this is sobering news. Lower supply means higher prices -- always. Scary apprehension in reading this book increases when you've driven around seeing "\$4/gallon Regular" signs at your gas station in the last year. After reading this book, you will quake at the notion that these will come back and be around longer than we care to imagine, and may represent a bargain in coming years.



More Book Reviews

Peruse an extensive library of book reviews by Rich Sheppard at paperbacknovel.com.

The NBA -- Where Game Fixing Happens

Continued from Page 8

when Indiana's players complained afterwards that it seemed like the league officials stilted the calls so the underdog but big-market Knicks would advance.

Remember Charles Smith of the Knicks getting fouled three times while trying to score inside in Game 5 against Michael Jordan's Chicago Bulls in 1993, and the refs didn't call a single foul? The Knicks had finished with a better seasonal record than the Bulls, and led the series at one point 2-0, but those non-calls broke their home-court-advantage and ushered Jordan to the finals. Put an asterisk on Jordan in general for years of "Jordan Rules", where he could manhandle players on defense, but if players so much as touched him, it was a foul. Jordan as superman (not nearly as effective in college at North Carolina by the way) made billions for Read the full article -- there is much more -- and a "call to action" on paperbacknovel.com.

Album of the Year, Continued

Sleep and Dream of Fire

Continued from Page 8

the tide up on the shore -- to the dismay of the scientists. And that is why, she sings, she longs to be in her lover's arms and at peace. If you enjoy well-written, thought-provoking lyrics, the lyrics on this album will make you smile -- the metaphors and language stylings all well done.

My Father follows; a whimsically happy tune of a very sad tale -- I picture Nemo traveling the ocean forever more, searching for his father but never finding him. Except in space, not the ocean, for the space metaphor continues. This song was available for listening on Sequoya's Reverb Nation page. For the album, they've upped the tempo and added a tin drum, making it almost a dance song -- like what the British group DNA did to remix Suzanne Vega's *Tom's Diner*, except that Sequoya have done it to their own song. "In my dreams you are the sun behind the thickest clouds", sings the lead singer about her long-lost father. "Sometimes I'm my father and my father says to me, someday you'll understand but I don't understand." There is a playful use of language throughout.

Weary is the tale of a slave owner who wanted himself buried standing up on the grounds above his plantation so he could oversee his slaves working for the rest of time. This song was written by Matthew, and is driven home by electric guitar with distortion and sung beautifully by Bonnie as she weaves weariness into her voice, singing the final lines, "what have the winters made of you."

Insofar, another favorite, is a hard-driving folk song with electric guitar and drums and Bonnie's haunting voice penetrating the still night air; "don't let the darkness scare you." And then the scene flips (to the next morning?) and the happy plucking of the banjo introduces you to the acoustic *Satellite*. The pacing of the songs on this album from one to another is superb.

The album closes with two more of my favorites -- *Cosmonaut's Wife* and *Barren the Sea*. *Cosmonaut's Wife* is the other end of the periscope of David Bowie's *Space Oddity*. Bowie's "Tell my wife I love her very much; she knows" is expounded by Bonnie -- "she knows he's up there, so far away; and the light she sees is from yesterday".

The song *Barren the Sea* is worth the price of the album by itself; it's about the sailors who died on the Russian submarine Kursk, which sank in the Barents Sea in 2000, and weren't rescued in time due to politics. The tempo rises with urgency "They could see their families waiting on the shoreline, praying 'my god we're running out of time,'" and then softens "bottom of the sea their breath like candles stop." It will effect you; leave you there thinking about the sadness of it all, and you'll put it on again. And again. Every song on this album -- 11 in all -- is one that you'll play over and over and over again. Which makes it a classic, in the company of top albums of the decade, such as Aimee Mann's *Lost in Space*, Fiona Apple's *Extraordinary Machine*, and so forth. An all-time classic. Buy it, and enjoy it. [cdbaby.com/sequoya] [Full review at paperbacknovel.com]

Other Great Albums of 2008-09

Many other great albums have come out in 2008 and so far in 2009. Some haven't gotten any commercial radio airplay or involved American Idol contestants.

1. Fucking Smilers

A collage of well-crafted Aimee Mann songs is *Fucking Smilers*. She's not put out a bad album yet.

The artwork is terrific; illustrations by Gary Taxali -- she has been nominated for a Grammy for the artwork

(she won a Grammy for artwork on her last album, *Forgotten Arm* -- this despite the fact that giving awards to independent artists goes against the grain of what the Grammy's is for. Read the full review and see other great albums of 2008-09 at paperbacknovel.com.



Sports**The NBA: Where Game Fixing Happens**

by Lou V

Barry Bonds, Roger Clemens, and ARod used steroids. Everyone used steroids. (Why is no one barking up Martina Navratilova's tree?) The swimmer smoked pot. The football player had his dogs fight. We sit on our high horse and point fingers with indignation as we eat our hot dogs. Meanwhile the NBA allegedly fixed playoff games for years to make sure big-market teams advance, as directed by David Stern in the commissioner's office, and no one gives a shit. It is all swept under the rug - no congressional inquiry as promised; no fan protests except for internet din. The NBA is allowed to conduct its own investigation, announce itself squeaky clean, and we get on with the stories of where LeBron will play next (NY of course, giving the NBA suddenly-repaired glamour franchises in Boston, LA, and NY; a stroke of luck!).



NBA internal investigation said that this referee (Bob Delaney) didn't have good enough view to call this crucial charge and elbow to face by Kobe Bryant on Mike Bibby in 2002 playoffs.

Contrast this with last year in New York, when Isiah Thomas was scorched at every home game with vicious booing and chants for his firing for simply doing a bad job as coach. There are no protests that David Stern, somehow, is still the commissioner of the NBA. Nor that the referees accused of fixing playoff games are still officiating games! NBA broadcasters barely mention the charges, as if it never happened, or if it did happen, it's in the past. Attendance at NBA games isn't down. The NBA ran an internal investigation which came back with a see-no-evil, hear-no-evil 'Tim Donaghy was a lone shooter' verdict, and Stern hired a former US Army General in Iraq as overseer of NBA refs. Everything's fixed - the fixing is fixed.

But something still stinks in Denmark, aka 645 Fifth

Avenue in Manhattan; it's been an awful smell that's been observed for years with 'home cooking' a standard NBA practice (refs giving the home team the benefit of the doubt on foul calls) and 'Jordan rules' but no one could believe their worst thoughts could be true - the NBA playoff games weren't on the level; big-market teams were nurtured into advancing into the final rounds to increase revenues, and its referees were like those guys in wrestling who look the other way while the bad guy hits the good guy on the head with a chair.

Here's what it all means:

Put an asterisk on the San Antonio Spurs championship of 2006-07; the Phoenix Suns can lay equal claim to that championship. Which would mean Knick fans can rejoice that Mike D'Antoni's coaching methods can result in an NBA championship.

Put an asterisk on the Los Angeles Laker championship of 2001-02; the Sacramento Kings can lay equal claim.

Take away the NY Knicks' Finals appearance in 1999 -

Continued on page 7

A Good Night Out

by Dick Acorn

It is utter madness to attend a live football game on Sundays when you should be home in your hearth nursing hangover and woody while reclining in the comfort of your own peed-in barcolounger. PS I predict the Vikings will NOT win the Super Bowl this year, or any other year through eternity. I woke up about 4am this morning lying on Jefferson Avenue next to the reservoir, with my pants wet. There is an abandoned pick-up truck on Jefferson -- with Texas license plates -- which has been sitting there for months. There is no street-sweeping on this part of Jefferson since this area is still under development so to speak.

Anyway, I was sleeping peacefully next to this truck for some drunken reason. I wish I could meet the broad who owned this vehicle, because painted all over it are pro-marijuana slogans, and I gather that the truck is/was owned by a broad because in prominent letters on the tailgate is "Medical Marijuana Barbi." I was covered in grass and mosquito bites. I was at the new "Full Moon" on New York Avenue (formerly Teachers) last nite, trying to pick up a very large dyke who appeared "cute." There were no pay-per-dos evident which is just as well; I drank up my entire cash reserve, buying drinks like a fucking wanton tycoon. It only took me half-hour to find my truck this morning, I was walking in ever-widening circles until VIOLA! there it was on Oakland Avenue, all windows open to let in the fresh air.

For a while there I thought I had parked it in someone's driveway and it had been towed to god knows where. Thank god my wallet and all cash (three crumpled, soggy singles and some spare change) were intact when I awoke on my weedy-peedy bed. My boss keeps calling me from home, the annoying fuck; can't he leave me alone to my eemers?

What a fucking doosh, calling me to do things. And it's not like they really need doing, either; I work for a printing company for chrissakes and I don't know a fucking thing about printing and neither does my boss, although he would deny this assertion and would be lying in the process.

March Money Madness

by Lou V

As a basketball fan, this is a good time of year -- March madness -- when NCAA college basketball kicks into high gear. Sixtyfour teams play off against one another in pressure-packed nationally televised games to see who'll be # 1. You've got the Big East and the ACC and the Big Ten or the Big Ten whoever you're talking to, and the Pac 10 and Sports Center and ESPN and sports talk radio and local newspapers with centerfold pullouts and office pools. Enough basketball to go around for everyone. A billion dollar industry.

The only billion dollar industry where the workers -- in this case the players themselves -- get paid absolutely nothing. Nothing. Nothing but the horseshit scholarships they can't really use to take normal classes because they're

playing basketball and traveling 60 hours a week.

But god help them if they fuck up in a game with their school's name on the line, they'll be brandished a loser by their town and the alumni and the whole nation for the rest of their basketball playing life.

So come on Blake Griffin and Hasheem Thabeet and Jordan Hill and Jeff Teague, entertain us. And don't you dare think of leaving college early or skipping it entirely to go to the NBA you loser; you're too young to play professional ball and too stupid to cash in now and go to school later. And don't you dare take a t-shirt from an alumnus, or borrow someone's Ford Explorer to run errands. There's too many people making millions of dollars off of your ass.

Let the games begin. Go Connecticut!