
andy kaufman

WRESTLING
WITH THE
AMERICAN
DREAM



Florian Keller

Andy Kaufman

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Wrestling with the American Dream

Florian Keller

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Preface

This is not a book about comedy. Though it deals with one of the most puzzling performers to emerge from American stand-up comedy in the past three decades, this is not a study about how Andy Kaufman may have transcended, or undermined, the rhetoric of comedy. Rather, what I offer is an analysis of the American social imaginary, based on Andy Kaufman as the artist who enacted America's collective fantasies in such a way as to render visible the contradictions that haunt these fantasies.

An enigmatic entertainer who was often endearing, disturbing, and annoying at the same time, Andy Kaufman (born 1949) is widely recognized as one of the seminal artists in the history of American pop culture. He was one of the most controversial American entertainers, and his performance work was too bizarre to be easily labeled as comedy. Foreign Man, the most lovable of his personae, usually acted like a complete failure in terms of traditional stand-up comedy, but when this incompetent joker morphed into a copy of Elvis Presley, Kaufman's impression was breathtaking. When Foreign Man was cast as a character for the television sitcom *Taxi*, an obscene lounge singer by the name of Tony Clifton caused mayhem on the set. Tony Clifton, of course,

was Andy Kaufman, though he was not. After all, Kaufman was innocuous Uncle Andy, who would involve his audience in infantile sing-along acts. Kaufman was this nice entertainer who invited his entire audience at Carnegie Hall for a midnight snack of milk and cookies in the cafeteria at the New York School of Printing.

Around the time when Milos Forman's Hollywood biopic *Man on the Moon* (1999) was released, popular interest in Kaufman reached its peak, but as far as serious cultural analysis is concerned, his work has remained largely uncharted territory since his untimely death from lung cancer in 1984. Ever since his first stage acts, Kaufman's performances often prompted comparisons with avant-gardists like Ionesco, Pirandello, or Duchamp; this book is the first effort to read his work not in terms of any kind of (European) avant-garde but specifically within the context of American culture. Taking *Man on the Moon* as my starting point, I argue that the irritation Kaufman provoked had nothing to do with the way he stretched the formal conventions of comedy but instead was a result of his persistent overidentification with America's fantasmatic core, namely, the American Dream.

During the past decade, it has become somewhat fashionable to dismiss the American Dream as a myth that has lost its relevance as the unifying mythical narrative of the people of the United States. In his book *Dead Elvis*, Greil Marcus has already denounced the very concept as nothing more than a "now-horrible cliché" (1999, 129). The American Dream appears to have fallen into disrepute, and more recent book titles such as *Illusions of Opportunity* or *American Dream, American Nightmare* bear witness to the fact that its discontents seem to prevail over its promises. In one of the latest analyses to debunk the Dream, America does not even figure in the main title anymore: in Jeremy Rifkin's best-selling *The European Dream* (2004), he suggests that the American Dream,

with its emphasis on the accumulation of personal wealth and the autonomy of the individual, is being eclipsed by a new set of values emerging on the other side of the Atlantic. But while Rifkin argues that a large percentage of Americans consider their national Dream to be an empty signifier, an immense amount of literature is still being published on its various incarnations. What is needed, though, is an analysis that would qualify as some sort of a theoretical account of the American Dream.

Another recent book to deal extensively with this undertheorized subject is Jim Cullen's *The American Dream: A Short History of an Idea That Shaped a Nation*. In his introduction, Cullen lists an impressive number of titles referring to the American Dream, but none of the books he looked at, he laments, "makes anything like a systematic attempt to define the term or trace its origin; its definition is virtually taken for granted" (2003, 5). Now, it is true that Cullen traces the etymological origins of the term, but then his prime concern is restricted to the specific contents that were projected onto this Dream at various periods in history. Reading it as a container of ideals, hopes, and promises, he disregards its structural properties as a form of public discourse that produces a specific kind of American subjectivity. One of the premises of my book is that ultimately the subject of the American Dream is constituted by the belief that the self can be endlessly remade for the sake of success and happiness.

There have been no efforts thus far to seriously theorize the American Dream in terms of its discursive structure. Even though everyone acknowledges that the idea has become increasingly vague, there still seems to be something self-evident about it that prevents the most basic questions from being raised. With *The European Dream*, Jeremy Rifkin inadvertently offers the perfect example for this kind of overfamiliarity with the term. Noting that the American Dream is originally a set of old European ideals

that have long become calcified in the United States, he coins the concept of a new European Dream to refer to the sociopolitical currents that may transform the European Union into some sort of “United States of Europe.” While I would not want to question Rifkin’s general argument, the critical detail for me is the fact that his book is based on a false analogy. There is no such thing as a European Dream, and of course Rifkin is fully aware of this. But the crucial point is that the very notion of a *dream* has never been as deeply entrenched in its social and political structure in Europe as in America. In Europe, you dream at night, in the private corridors of your mind. In the United States, dreaming has always been very much a public affair and a fundamental constituent of America’s national identity.

The vital question, then, is this: what does it mean that the American Dream is called a *dream*? More precisely, what are the implications if the American people are bound together by a mythical narrative that they refer to as a dream? This question articulates the blind spot of any historical account such as Cullen’s, who focuses on the contents of the American Dream rather than on its structure. After all, ever since Sigmund Freud’s *The Interpretation of Dreams* (originally published in 1900), we know that what is most significant about any dream is not its actual content, or the latent dream-thought that is concealed in the formations of this content; rather, the truly crucial aspect is the censoring instance that works like a filter between the two, modifying what Freud calls the latent dream-thought into the manifest formations of the dream. Hence, any structural analysis of the American Dream must take into account the Freudian insight that a dream is more than just a set of values, or ideals, that are molded into a mythical narrative. What is always at stake in a dream is that it is produced by an instance of censorship that transforms antagonisms of reality.

From here follows another crucial observation that may at first seem too banal to raise any notice. In the way it structures the social imaginary, the American Dream functions like a daydream. As Freud points out in “Creative Writers and Day-Dreaming” ([1908] 1959), every daydream is basically a fantasy, and as such it stages a scene of wish fulfillment that is usually kept secret from other people. Clearly, the communal fantasy that is the American daydream is not one of those intimate daydreams that one keeps to oneself; rather it functions as a public discourse, informing the social imaginary at large. Consciously shared by the people of the United States, the American Dream is a collective daydream. It is *the* collective daydream that constitutes America’s identity as a nation.

To take this one step further, Freud notes that happy persons do not fantasize; only the unsatisfied are prone to daydreaming: “The motive forces of phantasies are unsatisfied wishes, and every single phantasy is the fulfilment of a wish, a correction of unsatisfying reality” (146). Thus, if the American Dream is a collective fantasy, not only does it produce a specifically American mode of subjectivity but it also represents an imaginary *correction* of social reality, and in this sense it is a public discourse that serves an ideological function. As a communal daydream, it offers an imaginary resolution of the antagonisms that pervade American society, and this is precisely what makes it an ideology.

Andy Kaufman enacted this daydream in such a consistent way as to give away the internal contradictions of this ideology. Hence, my reading of Kaufman is based on a sort of short-circuit between his performance work and that monumental cultural fantasy I identify as the American Dream. To paraphrase Slavoj Žižek, whose work provides the main theoretical framework for my study, I suggest that Kaufman offered a critique of the dream-ideology by staging it in a way that “estranged” America from the

“self-evidence of its established identity” as the proverbial land of limitless opportunities (1992, 91). By totally identifying with the ideology of the American Dream, Kaufman articulated its internal contradictions.

I begin my analysis with a brief survey of the testimonials of sheer bafflement that accompanied Kaufman’s entire career as an entertainer. In chapter 1 I recount the debate regarding his doubtful status within the genre of comedy, focusing on how this debate revealed a curious tendency to avoid accepting Kaufman as a specifically American phenomenon. Struggling to come to terms with his perplexing performances, Kaufman’s contemporaries preferred to align him with various European avant-garde movements, thereby removing his work from the cultural topography where it actually took place. Though everyone seemed to agree that there was a radical edge to Kaufman’s work, nobody was able to say what exactly this alleged radicality consisted in. Noting how *Man on the Moon* recovered the enigma that was Kaufman, I argue that Milos Forman’s film “recoded” his work in a way that made it possible to grasp Kaufman’s radical agenda beyond the avant-gardist notion of transgression.

Chapter 2 deals with the misleading lack of openly political material in Kaufman’s work. Reading his performances against the backdrop of Lenny Bruce as one of the most eminently political artists in the history of stand-up comedy, I develop a theoretical framework to introduce Kaufman’s radically different, and possibly more potent, logic of cultural criticism. As the central concept that informs my perspective on Kaufman, I invoke Slavoj Žižek’s notion of the “overorthodox author” who absolutely complies with predominant ideological discourses and who may thus pose a much more radical threat to these ideologies than any transgressive artist would. Here I formulate my principal thesis that Andy Kaufman was precisely such an “overorthodox” performer. As the

fundamentalist American Dreamer, he enacted America's communal fantasy in such a literal fashion as to render visible its fundamental inconsistencies.

In "Interlude: The American Dream," I offer a theoretical account of the American Dream and its discursive structure as an ideological apparatus. Based on the notion of ideology as theorized by Louis Althusser and Slavoj Žižek, I argue that there are two fundamental axes to every version of the American Dream, and these may be traced back to the foundational documents of the United States. First, the American Dream designates an imaginary objective that is accessible for every subject; this comprises what is generally referred to as the "myth of success," and by implication this entails a democratic promise of stardom—and in the final consequence, the prospect of symbolic immortality. The second axis functions on a more fundamental level of subjectivity, offering the possibility of a constant re-creation of one's self as a means to reach the imaginary objective of the first axis.

In chapters 3 and 4, I read Andy Kaufman's career along these lines of serial subjectivity and celebrity culture. Dealing with his most significant performances on stage and on television, I show how Kaufman mounted a seriously deconstructionist critique of the American dream-ideology by fulfilling its promises totally on his own, thus taking it more literally than it is prepared to be taken. Including comparative readings with Andy Warhol and Woody Allen's film *Zelig*, chapter 3 traces Kaufman's performances of himself as a "serial subject." This hysterical dissolution of his self, I argue, is what made his work so perplexing, or even unbearably traumatic, to the American public. In chapter 4 I discuss Kaufman's work in terms of the "democracy of stardom" as represented by the American Dream. While Kaufman offered preemptive parodies of America's obsession with celebrity in conceptual routines such as the "Has-Been Corner," his short-lived

career as a wrestler confirms his literalist stance regarding the American democracy of stardom.

Finally, “Epitaph,” the final section of the book, analyzes the intricacies of death and stardom as articulated in Kaufman’s notorious acts of self-immolation. Reading his suicidal gestures as a necessary effect of his literal enactment of the American Dream, I argue that Kaufman rendered visible the uncanny flipside of the democracy of stardom as implied in the Dream. In concluding with a cross-reading with Elvis Presley, I point out why Kaufman, paradoxically, was more faithful in his enactment of the American Dream than Elvis, yet also less successful in fulfilling its promise of immortality. This is why, in the end, this book is not about comedy, but about death.

Ultimately, then, this book is about Andy Kaufman as an incarnation of the uncanny kernel of America’s social imaginary. My reading of his performance work suggests that the real deadlock of the dream-ideology is *not* the fact “that any American Dream is finally too incomplete a vessel to contain longings that elude human expression or comprehension,” as Jim Cullen so loftily phrases it in his history of the American Dream (2003, 182). In the final instance, the real problem is not just a question of limited capacity. As Kaufman’s enactment of the American Dream makes clear, the discursive structure of this daydream is such that it actually evacuates the subject, leaving him in a state between the immortal and the dead.

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Unlike the usual dream, the American Dream is less a private affair than a communal formation. To some extent, the same is true for this book, which would not have been possible without generous support from a number of friends and colleagues. I would like to thank Professor Elisabeth Bronfen at the University of Zurich, who has greatly inspired my thinking and who encouraged me to go along with this in the first place. I am most grateful to my dear friend Daniela Janser, whose theoretical support and criticism were essential to this project from very early on; without her, this book simply would not be what it is now. Some of the crucial arguments in this text were first developed in conversations with her and Veronika Grob. I am especially grateful to Scott Loren for his input upon reading the first draft of this book, and to Dr. Misha Kavka for reading portions of the final manuscript. Finally, I am much obliged to Professor Corina Caduff at the School of Art and Design Zurich for giving me the opportunity to complete the book, and I thank Andrea Kleinhuber at the University of Minnesota Press for making it happen. To all of them, in the words of Foreign Man: “Tenk you veddy much.”

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Funny or Not

It's like what they say about stand-up: when it's funny
you're a comedian, when you're not it's performance art.

—Todd Solondz

In Milos Forman's underrated biopic *Man on the Moon* (1999), comedian Andy Kaufman is depicted as an entertainer whose personal identity is endlessly dissimulated behind the multiplicity of his personae. In what is arguably his most impressive performance to date, Jim Carrey plays Andy Kaufman in a way that radically dissipates any notion of positive and coherent subjectivity. This permanent deferral of any consistent identity is the primary theoretical thrust of the film, and every figuration of Kaufman leaves us to conclude that "this is not Andy Kaufman, but neither is this, nor this," and so on. Kaufman as portrayed in *Man on the Moon* is consistently multiple to the extent that one is unable to pinpoint the exact "location" of any real self among the numerous "faces" displayed by his various personae. Thus, with a poignancy unmatched in recent mainstream cinema, Forman's film effectively stages one of the central theses (or clichés, for that matter) of postmodernist theory, namely, the death of the subject.

Andy Kaufman's performance work has always been notoriously elusive. From his first club acts as a stand-up comedian in the early 1970s, to his work on television, until his early death in 1984 (and even beyond), Kaufman inspired discussions about his

status within the context of comedy, and stand-up in particular. Hired to play Latka on the hugely successful television sitcom *Taxi* (1978–83), he became one of the most popular comic performers in America, but otherwise his performances were strangely out of the ordinary as far as comedy was concerned. When Kaufman *was* funny, people had difficulty explaining what it was exactly that made them laugh. When he was not, his presence was perplexing, uncanny, even infuriating.¹

In *The Last Laugh*, Phil Berger's near-encyclopedic "portrait gallery" of stand-up comedy, one of the more honestly desperate attempts to come to terms with Kaufman is credited to *New York Times* critic Richard F. Shepard, who wrote about one of Kaufman's early comedy club acts that his work simply "defies categorization" (2000, 407). Likewise, Berger himself describes Kaufman as "a comic who resisted definition, a performer who seemed to take perverse pride in breaking down the accepted standards by which funnymen are judged" (402). The crucial trouble with Andy Kaufman, though, is that one cannot even be sure if the category of "funnyman" still applies, as he was constantly heading for performances that are beyond the distinction between what is considered funny and what is not. As Berger significantly phrases it, Kaufman's acts were often uncannily "beyond laughter."²

Peter Chelsom's film *Funny Bones* (1995) offers a very concise account of what it means to be funny by profession. Toward the end of the film, we witness the decisive dispute between Tommy (played by Oliver Platt), an aspiring, but hopelessly inept young stand-up comedian, and his father, an ageing comedy star. The father is played by real-life comedian Jerry Lewis, who, as in Martin Scorsese's film of the same title, functions as some sort of *King of Comedy* in this film. In *Funny Bones*, the Jerry Lewis character possesses the symbolic mandate to teach the ultimate paternal lesson to his son Tommy, who has proven a complete

failure at his Las Vegas debut at the beginning of the film. The lesson in this dispute is that according to the supreme judgment of Tommy's father, there are only two types of comedians: "There's a funny bones comedian, and a non-funny bones comedian. They're both funny. One *is* funny. The other *tells* funny."

This categorical distinction uttered "in the name of the father" is clearly addressed as a death sentence for the son, as the paternal "King of Comedy" goes on to say that Tommy, unfortunately, is neither. Not only is he not intrinsically funny, but he has not even learned how to "tell funny." By declaring Tommy fundamentally unfunny, the Jerry Lewis character asserts, and effectively executes, the symbolic death of his son within his own domain, which is the realm of comedy. Of course, the Oedipal revenge is inevitable: Later on, Tommy denounces his father's entire career as a product of plagiarism—the huge success of the supposedly infallible paternal figure turns out to be based on material that the Jerry Lewis character had illegitimately adopted from his English family of variety artistes before he left for the New World to reinvent himself as America's King of Comedy.

This brief account of what is played out in *Funny Bones* reflects some of the central issues of the work of Andy Kaufman, and it serves as some sort of blueprint for me to outline what is at stake in my analysis of Kaufman's performances. Clearly, the first and most basic convergence lies in the fact that with Kaufman, too, the question of his funniness as a performer had always been a subject of public debate. Unlike the junior comedian in *Funny Bones*, though, Kaufman's failures to live up to the standards of comedy were usually regarded as self-induced.

As Philip Auslander points out in *Presence and Resistance*, his study on postmodernist American performance, the traditional interpretation as reiterated in the popular press was not that Kaufman was in any way "redefining stand-up comedy." Rather,

the standard perspective was “that he was intentionally courting failure as a comic by refusing to be ‘funny,’ an interpretation tacitly endorsed by Kaufman himself, who frequently claimed never to have told a joke in his professional life” (1992, 141–42). In fact, Kaufman always went to great lengths to dissociate his performances from the standards of comedy, claiming that none of his acts was ever meant to be funny: “I’ve never really done what they call ‘straight comedy,’” he points out in *The Midnight Special* (1981). And in a heartbreaking scene from a show at the Catskills in New York (extracts of which are published on a DVD entitled *The Real Andy Kaufman*), the self-assigned noncomedian seems on the verge of tears, as he is desperately begging for the sympathy of his audience: “I’ve never claimed to be a comedian. I’ve never claimed to be able to tell a joke. I’ve never been able to tell a joke.”³

This stance is curiously at odds with the basic imperative of “straight” stand-up as defined by Kaufman in *The Midnight Special*: “Comedians would go up and do twenty minutes of joke-telling.” Clearly, the joke is the defining unit of stand-up comedy.⁴ As John Limon states in his book *Stand-Up Comedy in Theory, or, Abjection in America*, “stand-up is dominated by mini-climaxes—the series of punch lines” (2000, 9). With Kaufman, there was no such series of comic climaxes, and despite the fact that he originally emerged from the performance context of stand-up comedy, he often declared that laughter was not what he was after. According to Bill Zehme’s exquisite biography *Lost in the Funhouse*, Kaufman explicitly pointed out that none of his acts offered any kind of punchline (2001, 172). In short, here was a funny man who refused to act funny. But was it really that simple?

After all, the absence of a punchline does not necessarily imply that an act is not funny, as is illustrated by a “joke” from Kaufman’s Foreign Man character, undoubtedly the most popular of his various stage personae.⁵ As part of *The Andy Kaufman*

Special (1977), Foreign Man tells a story about two boys and a girl who work very hard to carry a large cannon onto the highest mountain in Spain; when they finally reach the top, though, they realize that they forgot to take the cannonball with them, because each of them thought that one of the others had it. With his exotic accent, Foreign Man presents this vignette as if it actually did fulfill the formal requirements of a joke. Manically gesturing with excitement, he asks the public to hold their laughter and wait for the punchline, while in fact, there is no punchline to come. Just like the two boys and the girl who climb a mountain with a cannon but do not have the cannonball with them to load it, Foreign Man works hard to deliver a joke without having a punchline.

Foreign Man fails miserably as a joker, since he tells an anecdote that is structurally unfunny—still, the laughter from the audience suggests that Foreign Man, for his part, is not unfunny at all. As Limon argues in his analysis of Lenny Bruce, such non-jokes told in a comedy context are always meta-jokes in the sense that they reflect back upon their own formal terms, and upon jokes themselves. In a somewhat feeble twist of argument, Limon tautologically notes that in the case of these nonfunny meta-jokes, “what the audience is finding funny is that it finds this funny” (2000, 18). As regards Foreign Man, a more persuasive explanation as to why he is funny is provided by Freud’s seminal text *Jokes and Their Relation to the Unconscious*. In his discussion of the mode of comicality, Freud summarizes his argument as follows:

Thus a uniform explanation is provided of the fact that a person appears comic to us if, in comparison with ourselves, he makes too great an expenditure on his bodily functions and too little on his mental ones; and it cannot be denied that in both cases our laughter expresses a pleasurable sense of the superiority which we feel in relation to him. (1905, 195)

Kaufman's Foreign Man character is funny because he is "guilty" on both charges: he physically works too hard to produce less than a joke. It is true that in terms of the categorical distinction from *Funny Bones*, Foreign Man is not even able to "tell funny"—but it is precisely his inability to "tell funny" that makes him funny nonetheless, as he overcompensates for his "mental" insufficiency by means of excessive body movements.

Considering the crudely phallic symbolism of the cannon and the missing cannonball, Foreign Man's nonjoke may also be read as a failed example of what Freud calls an "*obscene* joke," which serves "the purpose of exposure" (1905, 97, italics in original). For example, if poor Foreign Man were to state that the boys wanted to "shoot their cannon, but they didn't have the balls," then at least his story would contain some aspect of exposure in Freud's sense, but since Foreign Man persistently uses the word "*cannonball*," what could have been a (weak) joke of obscenity is now merely an impotent one.

Hence, Kaufman's Foreign Man character embraces his own impotence as far as the codes of stand-up comedy are concerned. In this sense, Andy Kaufman also deals with exclusion from the domain of comedy, but in contrast to the scene of filial castration from *Funny Bones*, there is no paternal figure present that would sanction, or execute, Foreign Man's symbolic exclusion from the domain of comedy. Instead of the father, the comedian himself is in charge here, and ultimately, this brief scenario turns into a gleeful celebration of an act of self-castration.

Paradoxically, Foreign Man was the closest Andy Kaufman ever got to what he would call "straight" comedy. As for Kaufman himself, he often flatly refused to be listed under the category of any sort of comedy: "I never claim to be a funny man, a comedian, or even a talented man" (Zehme 2001, 140–41). Instead Kaufman found himself an altogether different designation for his type of

entertainment when he started to refer to himself as a “song-and-dance man,” which would become one of his most famous stock phrases. As with authors of literary texts, though, one of the problems with this kind of self-definition is that any performer’s statement about his representational agenda is to be treated with caution. On top of that, the particular trouble with Andy Kaufman is that it has always been notoriously difficult to tell the artist’s self from his various stage personae. Hence, if someone whom we presume to be Andy Kaufman declares himself to be a “song-and-dance man” rather than a comedian, this can hardly be taken at face value, because you never know “who” is talking. Kaufman tends to disappear behind the array of his masks and characters, and this is what became the topical focus of *Man on the Moon*.

Here is a Hollywood film that denies any presence of the protagonist in the sense of a singular subject that would answer if one were to call on him. In some sense, this postmodernist thesis of *Man on the Moon* represents a more sophisticated version of another standard interpretation of Kaufman, whose dissolution of selves was regularly explained away by reference to schizophrenia or multiple personality disorder. As Bill Zehme notes, the



“Hello. I am Andy.” Jim Carrey as Andy Kaufman as Foreign Man in the opening sequence of *Man on the Moon* (Universal Pictures, 1999).

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