



LIVING COLOR



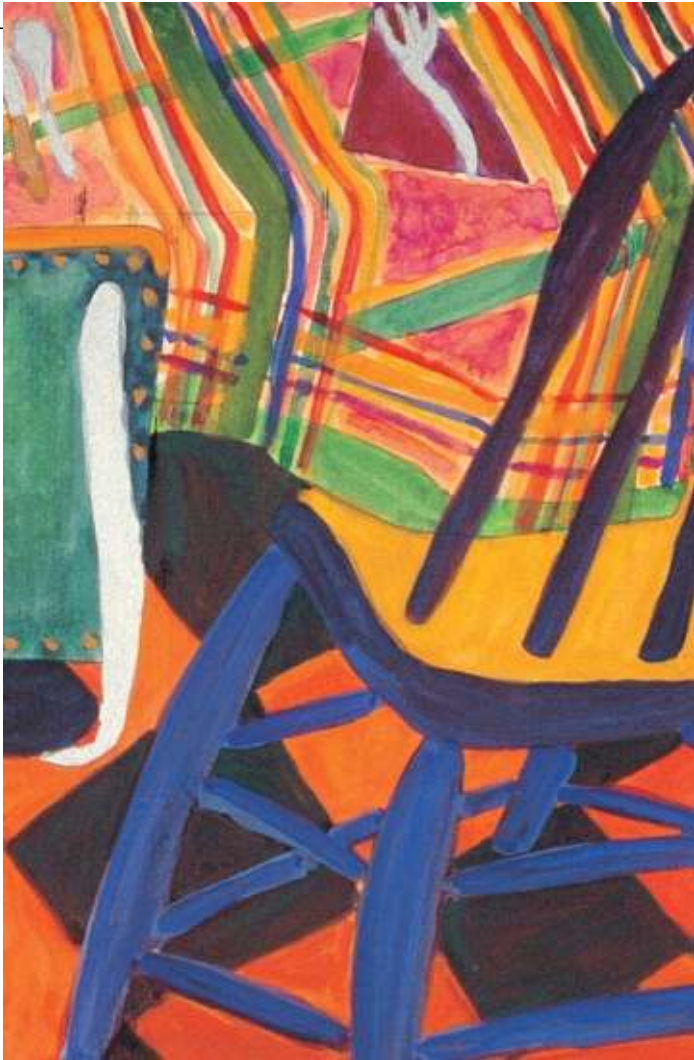
PAINTING, WRITING, AND THE BONES OF SEEING



NATALIE GOLDBERG

AUTHOR OF *WRITING DOWN THE BONES*





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AND THE BONES OF SEEING

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Helen's Backyard, 2013

FOR HELEN PARK BIGELOW
WHO LOOKS LONG AND DEEP AND SLOW

HOW I PAINT
LESSONS ONE & TWO

HANGING ON TO A HERSHEY BAR
LESSON THREE

WHEN PAINTING BECAME A JEWISH THING
LESSON FOUR

PAINTING MY FATHER
LESSON FIVE

TWELVE PAINTINGS IN EUROPE
LESSONS SIX, SEVEN, & EIGHT

THE SOURCE OF MY WRITING
LESSONS NINE & TEN

AT THE HOTEL SPLENDID
LESSONS ELEVEN & TWELVE

AT CÉZANNE'S STUDIO
LESSONS THIRTEEN & FOURTEEN

AT THE MUSÉE MATISSE
LESSON FIFTEEN

MATISSE IN NEW YORK
LESSONS SIXTEEN & SEVENTEEN

WRITER MEETS PAINTER
LESSON EIGHTEEN

BEYOND FORM
LESSONS NINETEEN & TWENTY

WALKING THE EDGE

LESSONS TWENTY-ONE & TWENTY-TWO

GALLERY

ALSO BY NATALIE GOLDBERG

A NOTE ABOUT THIS EDITION

INTRODUCTION

Now that people know I paint—I've included my artwork in books I've written, made public my darling pleasure—they not only want to attend writing workshops, they also ask me when I will teach painting. I jokingly say, Never. But if they pay close attention, I'm teaching painting all the time when I talk about writing.

Writing is a visual art. You want the reader to see what you are saying. You can't say, I love it, and expect the reader to know what you love. Instead you have to tell her how the mountain looked at dusk, the heavy creases seen from a distance, a canyon leading to a blue lake, how you knew there was water by the line of green cottonwoods, how the clouds gathered behind the twin peaks, a summer storm, and the sunset glazed the flanks of the mountain with the color of watermelon juice.

Now draw it.

But I don't know how, you say.

People used to tell me that all the time about writing, too.

First, you need to understand that writing and drawing are natural human endeavors. Trees, apples, sauerkraut jars, cars, tables, lions, dolphins—none of these write or draw. Only human beings do. Even twenty-five thousand years ago, prehistoric mortals left images on the walls of caves deep in the earth. I had the privilege of visiting Peche Merle in Cabrerets, France, walking down many flights of stone stairs into dank, dark grottoes. We turned a corner and behold, two spotted horses etched on the craggy wall. Most moving was the image of a five-fingered human hand pressed above one horse's back—the artist's signature, his greeting ringing out through the long lineage of centuries. Hello. I was here. This drawing is a testament.



Tree and Stars, 2006

Isn't that what we all want from writing and drawing? We have a need to express ourselves in the transient world. To stop time for a moment. To show how we see and feel before we are gone.

But let's get back to this feeling that you can't draw. Don't pay attention to your feeling. It's giving you the wrong information. Pick up a pen or a pencil—nothing fancy—and an ordinary piece of paper, even a sheet from your printer, and draw what's in front of you. Go ahead. The coffee in the cup with steam coming up at you, the spoon, the saucer. Draw the raisins, the blueberries, in your muffin. Color them in with your pen. Sketch the edge of the table, the napkin.

As you draw you might hear your mind thinking. Maybe you wish you had a cupcake, piled high with icing and jelly beans? Go ahead, draw that on the other side of the coffee cup. No one says you have to absolutely stay with the concrete—you get to capture your desires a little, too. Let's be honest. The cup you drew isn't a perfect circle anyway. Thank the heavens it's a bit lopsided. It has character. This isn't photography. And you've probably heard the rule: No erasing, no tearing up the paper. Accept the way it comes out. If you practice this acceptance, more will come out. Space and freedom will open up. You won't edit and crimp yourself even before you begin to explore.

Let's do another. Turn your head to the left. A lamp, a clock, a box of tissues on a wood table. Go ahead, draw them. I bet you'll have fun sketching the numbers on the clock. Can't fit all twelve? So what, don't worry about it. We already know a proper clock. This one is yours. Give no thought about it being perfect. This practice is not only enjoyable, it can also calm the mind by meeting what's in front of you with no interference. No good or bad, no judgment, no editor.

When Bob Dylan began drawing, he drew "whatever was at hand ... the typewriter, a crucifix, a rose, pencils and knives and pins, empty cigarette boxes. I'd lose track of time completely ... Not that I thought I was any great drawer ... " Pencil pictures of a bell tower in Stockholm, a back alley near the Chicago River, a Washington, D.C. courtyard, backstage dressing room, rooftop bar, New Orleans walk-way, Dallas hotel room, Buffalo neighborhood, motel pool, house on Union Street, house on Chestnut Street in New Bedford, the Statue of Liberty—Dylan drew a personal record, a narrative of what he encountered as he traveled. Drawing relaxed and refocused his restless mind and I imagine on endless tours it helped to order, stabilize, and relieve him of the tension of performing in different places night after night.

From simple line drawings you can begin to build a ground of being, a world of visual art in black and white. And then the impulse might arise—add red, add turquoise, orange, blue. *Living Color* is my memoir about traveling into the life of drawing and painting. In this updated and expanded volume I've added a lucky thirteenth chapter, documenting my further explorations into abstract art, and throughout the book I have included many new paintings for you to enjoy. In addition to sharing my own personal journey, I've also created twenty-two specific assignments for you, the reader, to begin discovering the visual expression of your environment—whether it be a landscape, portrait, cityscape, or a visual discourse with your mind. I have often juxtaposed assignments that are not obviously connected with the chapter you just read. My hope is to jostle your mind out of the ordinary, out of logic, and maybe after a moment of shock, snap you into feeling and creating from a non-rational place, where things are interconnected on a whole different level. Writing, painting, and drawing are linked. Don't let anyone split them apart, leading you to believe you are capable of expression in only one form. The mind is much more whole and vast than that.



Vietnam, 2003



Blue House, Santa Fe, 1984

HOW I PAINT

What I recall clearly about the first true painting I ever did was the feeling that night that something real was happening. I sensed it in my body, in my hand holding the brush—a dash of yellow in the center, red close to the purple. I moved quickly. The sky outside was dark, the house silent. A drop of bright orange, more yellow, green. I wanted to paint the night, the windowpanes. My mind was big and calm. There was only the soft air of evening and the direct connection I felt with the pot of Johnny-jump-ups on the windowsill. Actually, there was no “I”; there were just distinct moments. A moment when I glanced up at those faces bobbing at the end of stems; another moment—yellow—that thought exploded in the hollow seat of my mind and my hand moved toward the tin of watercolors. My breath was a warm tunnel. I saw a glint of light on the water glass, on the kerosene lamp. I heard a moth buzz at the screen. Black, I thought—do I dare? Yes! I dipped the brush in water and into that round cake, then over to the paper.

I had let go and let something larger than myself take over. I stepped out of the way and let the painting do painting. No Natalie and her bossy will, no fear of rejection, no desire to be Rembrandt. Just raw hunger. I loved those little flowers and wanted to capture them. I loved the moment. Those pansy petals, the color on the page.

I painted that picture years ago, but recently I looked at it again. I was stunned. It had nothing of the grandeur I had imagined. It was a sweet painting of purple flowers on a windowsill. None of the night was there, not even any black color. Where were the drops of bright orange on the Johnny-jump-ups? Why were the dots of yellow so vague? Why had I chosen brown to fill in the windowpane? Brown was meek, nothing like the flashand fever I remembered feeling. Was I mistaken about the experience? No, the experience was in me, different from the result. The painting I thought about was the vision in my head, the one I couldn’t get on paper.

I was disappointed, but then I realized nothing I have ever created held the light the way a leaf does or caught the shadow in a white room. No painting I’ve done matched the peace I’ve felt at twilight or the feeling of loss I’ve experienced at bleached high noon in New Mexico. But I wasn’t going to let that stop me. I was crazy about the wrong color sky and the heart-sinking beckoning of headlights of old cars. I painted for that terrible overused word that a writer should never utter: love. For that reason, I kept trying to catch up to the picture just ahead of me in my mind and before me on the porch.



TWENTY YEARS AGO, I was teaching part-time at an alternative elementary school in Taos, New Mexico. I borrowed one of those inexpensive boxes of kids’ watercolors—an oblong case that snapped open with six cakes of primary color and a ridiculous paintbrush with the bristles so awry they looked like a cat’s whiskers. I got a cheap sketch pad at the drugstore and I began to paint.

In those years, because I had little money and writing was my conscious love, it never occurred to me to buy a better brush or paints. I worked for two years with only the six basic colors (I kept borrowing kids’ watercolor sets from the art teacher). This turned out to be a great advantage:

learned color, how red looked next to orange, how it mixed terribly with green, how purple so often disappointed me and how to make turquoise out of blue and yellow.

I took my paints and the fountain pen I used for writing and I sat in front of my friend Gini's funky adobe higher up on the hill. I first drew that house with my pen and then colored the drawing in with my paints. I found out that the pen's ink ran with the watercolors. I liked that. I thought it looked "artistic."

My idea of "artistic" came from *New Yorker* covers and from the cartoon drawings inside. My family didn't subscribe to the magazine, but I must have read it in dentists' reception rooms. I was an inordinate eater of Hershey bars and Hydrox sandwich cookies and eventually had a cavity in every molar and bicuspid in my mouth. And my two front teeth were so buck I could shoot bubblegum through them. I spent a lot of time in dentists' offices, and as I waited for my turn to sit in the horrific chair, I paged through the magazines with the best pictures on the covers. Art was a whimsy of line and character; art was black contours, a wash of color and shade.

In those early Taos years, I developed a commitment that once I began a drawing, no matter how bad it was, I had to finish it. This understanding of commitment came from writing. Quitting in the middle of a writing exercise reinforced my internal critic, who said that I couldn't do it, or it was boring, or I was lost. But continuing to write—finishing—weakened my fear, my doubt, my disbelief in myself. Now with writing, this was all conscious. I wanted to be a writer more than anything else in the world and paid a lot of attention to it. I unconsciously carried this habit over to my painting. When I painted, I heard a voice calling from some far distant place: *Finish that painting, even though you're certain it doesn't look right. Do it now. No whining.* And I submitted. I continued to fill in detail as I sat in front of Gini's house, my back baking in the sun.

And as I worked, I realized I wasn't a great judge of my pictures anyway. There wasn't any real good or bad. I simply merged with line and color. I stayed with what was and stayed away from evaluation. If there were four windowpanes on a house, I drew four. If Gini's dog, Jazz, walked by in front of me, I drew him in.

I noticed that the blue of my paints wasn't blue enough to get the intensity of that New Mexico sky. I painted the sky red instead. I painted Jazz yellow. He was a brown dog but yellow expressed him better. Color became fluid. Leaves did not have to be green. I added turquoise, then mixed blue with black and splashed on navy, which added a touch of melancholy—after all, it was the end of summer.

I was delighted one day to paint an adobe house blue. Stepping through the belief that I must paint mud brown, I experienced an explosion of energy and freedom. It was as though that blue paint were a sword slashing through illusion, bringing me into direct connection with the house's essence. Objects began to dance unhinged from their pigments. That man is green, those sheep are orange, that horse is scarlet. I wanted to shout with a new found freedom as I gazed around me from the hilltop where I had drawn the blue house.

Two years earlier I'd been a student teacher in a small town forty-five minutes outside of Arbor. My supervisor told me repeatedly, "If you want to explain this"—she tapped the wooden desk in front of her—"you always have to go way out there and begin by explaining that." She pointed to the far corner of the room where a bookshelf stood. In other words, if you want to explain one thing you have to begin with another; to talk of death, begin by speaking of birth. If you want students to write love poems, don't start by reading them the great love poems of the twentieth century and then say, "Okay, now you do it." Rather, read them a bunch of poems about tomatoes and parsnips and then surprise them: "Okay, now let's see if you can write a love poem." You could call this "the joy method" of teaching—you surprise the students or stun them with contrast. I realized if I wanted someone to see the beauty I saw from that hilltop, I'd have to paint the white sheep orange and give

the horse the sun's hue. By going far away, by turning things inside-out, I could communicate what was right there in front of me. The supervising teacher was talking about metaphor as a teaching technique. I was learning metaphor through color on that hillside.

But mostly I was playing. Writing was the eldest son being groomed to succeed. I put all my effort into writing. Painting was a younger child left alone by an exhausted parent. Each day after I wrote and taught at the school in Taos, I could go out in the late afternoon and paint green chickens and cockeyed red goats.

Drawing the outline first with my pen was important. It was how I created structure for my painting. I remembered my college friend Carol telling me that as a young girl she colored in the black-and-white drawings of fashion models in the Sunday *New York Times*. Essentially, I was doing the same thing, but I used paint instead of crayons, and I drew the drawing myself. And the drawing was not just a skeleton to be fleshed out, like an outline in writing. The line was more like the thin wire some stores use to cut cheese. The wire often disappears from sight in the center of a cheddar wheel, but it still separates the wedges. The drawing in my paintings might become blurred, almost gone, in its contact with watercolor, but it still helped me create the shape of the painting.

When I was out scouting things to draw, I slowed down. I noticed doorknobs, light posts, the peeling paint of a gate. As I slowed down things became brilliant. Grass growing through a cement crack, a stop sign—its glowing yellow octagonal shape outlined in thick black—suddenly mattered because I saw them. If a house was shabby, ill cared for, I was attracted to it. If a café had square linoleum tiles, odd wooden chairs, thick old plastic-covered booths, I wanted to draw it. And if I had written well in that place earlier in the day, the good energy seemed to linger there and pull me back.

Many years later, when I lived in Minneapolis, I was depressed at so many gray days. Then, one day as I was out searching for something to draw, I stopped and really looked at the gray of the stuccoed church on the corner against the gray of the Minnesota sky. Suddenly I appreciated the color. I saw how one gray could frame another gray. I also felt the gray Mississippi at my back several miles away and I knew if I drew a picture of that stuccoed church, I wanted the presence of that river in the picture just as I was feeling it, even if I never put a river in the painting.



Ecuador Church, Drawing, 1990



Ecuador Church, 1990

~~I thought about what Hemingway said about writing: If you know a thing, it is in your work whether you write about it or not.~~ So if I drew that gray church with the immense gray sky above and behind it and I *felt* that river—its movement and history, its connection to Mark Twain and Huck Finn—its unending dark water heading toward New Orleans, past old river towns, through the center of America itself—the river might not be in the painting but a sense of hugeness would be held in the color gray, a sense of timelessness and the expanse of the fields that the river flowed through.

When I drew I wanted to express the friendliness I felt toward the thing standing in front of me. As I drew, it became a kindred spirit. With our human chauvinism we tend to think that chairs, saltshakers, buildings, mountains, or clouds, have no feelings, but what do we know? Everything is speaking if we listen. A rock just talks slower. It takes a hundred years for it to say one syllable. We're not around long enough to hear what it has to say.

I never erased a line I didn't like in order to put down what I thought was a more correct line. What's correct anyway? One of my friends, looking at my paintings, said, "Everything you draw looks like the way I saw when I took LSD." Just the act of trying to replicate a tree, a moon, an Oldsmobile out there on paper made me silly. Often when I painted I was laughing. I enjoyed the sudden awareness I had of a truck's face or a chair's wiggle. I got lost in the swirl of an old rag rug or the tip of a lamp. I delighted in having a blue car and a minivan stand on two wheels like bucking broncos right in the middle of downtown Minneapolis. And if I wanted something that wasn't there before me I added it: birds in the sky, chickens pecking at the ground, yellow ducks crossing a street.

But it was important to have something concrete before me when I was trying to draw. It directed me outside myself. I couldn't get as lost in my mind as I could in writing; I had to connect with the chair, that tree, however ridiculous it seemed on paper. This was good. It kept me stable. *Nat, there's a goat out there. You have something to do; go sit in front of that animal and draw it.* Without that structure I just doodled all over my notebooks and phone books. But give me a goat—or a countess—behind a chair and table with a ceiling fan above—and I created a picture.

Once I had the line drawing, I colored it in. I filled an old mayonnaise jar with water, dipped in my brush, and wet the small paint cakes. I wanted the truck red. I painted it red. It was not vibrant enough. I added orange. It began to vibrate and the black ink of my pen ran and blurred the edges. Here was where I stopped looking at anything except the picture before me. I forgot about the truck I had found an hour ago parked on a dusty road, which I had squatted in front of to draw.

At the beginning, for my first ten paintings or so, I actually took the paints outside with me; after I drew something, I painted it right there. I needed direct contact with the object in front of me to feel secure. After a while, I didn't need to take my paints when I wanted to draw. I'd bring the drawing home, place it on my kitchen table, and I'd listen. My mind was no longer up in the area above my eyebrows; my mind was my whole body. My hands moved the brush by their own natural force. I worked by instinct, heard cues from the objects in the picture and from my heart and blood vessels.

If green flashed through my mind, I painted a cup green; if blue flashed for a wall, I painted the wall blue. I listened; I listened. Sometimes I thought, no, don't do that! I stopped the rhythm and my painting got blurred. I then tried to paint the sky blue as I thought it should be. Well, it looked terrible and I tried to cover it with red. It made a sick maroon and my heart sank, but I'd been working for three hours on the painting already. I couldn't think "ruined." I kept going and took off from a maroon sky into a different relationship with the rest of the picture.

I usually worked around the whole surface of a painting, making sure colors were balanced. For instance, if I had a big hot-pink lawn chair smashed into the left corner of a painting, I'd make sure there was at least a hint of pink in the sky, as though the intense energy of that color in the lawn chair

reverberated even into the heavens. Or I would put an equally powerful color on a big object over the upper right-hand corner. A huge orange sun or a deep red airplane might do. The airplane would match the lawn chair's intensity and hold the picture in harmony.

Sometimes balance would come simply because I chose green, red, and purple for the dominant colors, and I'd make sure the whole surface was equally touched by all three. This did not mean that there were two purple flowers there must be two red and two green flowers. It meant that the viewer had a sense of the greenness, the purpleness, and the redness of the picture. How did I discover this? After all, I wasn't schooled in art. I think I found my balance when I let go and allowed line and color to sing to me and let my own body echo back the song.

Balance was important in the drawing, too. It was how I got the objects in the drawing to relate to one another. Usually I just got excited about something, like a café scene, and zoomed into the drawing chairs, their legs, seats, back supports, all dancing around a round table. Then I stopped and looked: Why, the whole thing was floating in space! *I'd better give the furniture a floor to stand on.* I'd think to myself. I'd draw square tiles for linoleum under the legs of the table and chairs. Then I'd look up from the drawing. I was in a bakery. I'd pick up my pen again and border the upper part of the picture with a glass counter displaying muffins, cookies, breads. Then I'd add a storefront window at an angle to the baked goods counter to contain the picture. Now the square-tiled floor didn't run off the page. I'd have the delight of putting letters on the storefront. I managed to fit in the T-A-S of "Tassajara" and the B—the A was slightly obscured by a chair back—and K of "bakery."

This kind of balance was more natural to me than perspective. Perspective is a way to make objects "lie down" in a painting. In the Western world, we have a notion that things recede and converge as they go farther away. You're supposed to draw them smaller and at a certain angle to make them look distant. I remember learning one-point perspective in seventh grade in the one art class I took. The guide lines had to be made just so, and we used rulers as we did in math class. I did everything the teacher said and I was even interested in the "idea," how you made everything move back to a point at the distance, but it was sobering and made me quiet. Thirteen years later, when I began to draw the Taos, I think I intuitively suspected that perspective would put me outside the painting. I didn't want that. I wanted to get close to those tables and chairs, to jump in and feel myself dancing with them even as I sat drawing them. I didn't want things to lie down; I wanted them to come forward, beckon and call, to be noticed on the paper as I was noticing them in real life. I wanted the viewer to have a direct connection with the objects, to feel as happy as I was in their presence.

On the other hand, while the tables and chairs were dancing, I didn't want them to fall off the page. I had to anchor them to the floor and then anchor the floor to the surroundings. And maybe because I am a writer and like details, I wanted to get the place right. This was the Tassajara Bakery, for heaven's sake, the bakery that evolved out of the *Tassajara Bread Book* that Zen monk Ed Brown wrote and that I read in Ann Arbor when I was twenty-one and then made my first Swedish rye.



Serendipity, Manhattan, 1999

Before that I didn't know normal people could bake bread. At home, we always bought those fluffy white loaves in cellophane packages at the A&P. But when I called my grandmother in New York to proclaim my baking victory, she was dismayed. "Sweetheart, please, I'll send you the money. You shouldn't have to work so hard. Only poor people bake their own bread. We're in America now."

But I continued to make bread, and when I arrived at the San Francisco bakery ten years later, I recognized the loaves without even reading the signs. I knew about the magic of yeast and pasteurized dough and the sponge method for rising. The Tassajara Bakery was important to me. I wanted to acknowledge its existence with my painting.

Ten years after I began painting, I also began to create occasional imaginary scenes, such as the Tygers' little league game (although I drew it while I was watching kids' games in a St. Paul park), or a picture called *Racing to Santa Fe* that I envisioned one night when I was late for an appointment and I literally raced in my car from Taos to Santa Fe. In my mind, I was on a bicycle instead, enjoying the stars and the mountain air.

Someone once asked me to paint a picture they could give as a gift for a Jewish wedding. I made it up completely. I placed the picture in Israel with goats and sheep in the hills, a small gray temple—quickly ran to the scriptures to copy out some Hebrew words to etch on the building. What those words mean escapes me now. I painted a huppah, the traditional wedding canopy, on the hillside, and had a pink car drive by with a "Just Married" banner waving behind it. Then, as though a glow came inside me, I added a cemetery and erected gravestones bearing the names of the wedding couple and all the guests. My mind had suddenly taken a leap from Judaism to the Buddhist truth of impermanence and the knowledge that yes, indeed, someday we all will die. I was delighted by the Zen inclusion and felt it was a "big picture," capable of holding paradoxes and contradictions. However, the person who had commissioned the painting was horrified. I quickly returned her money and sent the picture down to my parents in Florida. I knew they'd be happy with a Jewish scene whatever it was. They promptly hung it next to the television set in the living room and proudly pointed it out to their friends.

LESSON ONE

Find something messy, something you can't seem to control—the top of your desk or your clothes closet. Draw only a section of it. For example, on your desk, draw the Webster's *New World Dictionary* and on top of it a spiral notebook, or sketch an old cup filled with pens, pencils, and felt markers next to a bowl of paper clips. It's always fun, if you like, to stick in a few words. Draw an open journal on the desk and either write new words on the page—something you feel right now—or copy out some lines from an existing notebook. Yes, we are now manipulating the desktop a little. Just a little—for pleasure.

When you draw and pay attention to what is, it's a form of being present. This inspires the mind, makes it happy, and the heart wants to express more. Suddenly you add a vase of peonies, a cat, a half-eaten apple on the desk. Go ahead. But also remain true to what is. Don't vanish, cover up, what is actually concrete on the desk. What is concrete helps to ground the picture. Keep a foot in both worlds, the imagined and what's in front of you. Let the two worlds meet in your drawing.

Now find another chaotic jumble. Maybe your medicine chest or your garage. Take only a small section—where the skis are leaning on top of the snowboard. Draw that. Order your mind, make art out of the everyday mess. Don't run from what feels overwhelming. It has energy.

Whenever I sit in front of something I'm about to draw, it always feels overwhelming. Then I pick up the pen or pencil and begin. That is the absolute trick: begin, start, take a first step. After that everything unfolds.

LESSON TWO

The writer Paul Auster has written all his novels, essays, and memoirs on a manual Olympia typewriter, and hanging in my hallway is a lithograph by Sam Messer of this typewriter. A piece of paper is in the carriage of the typewriter with the words, "Now is the time for all good men and women to come to the aid of their country," some letters a bit darker as though the author stomped harder on those keys. Do you see? There had to be some words in this picture.

Let's take a hint from Messer. Draw something mechanical: a can opener, a wrench, a cement or cake mixer, a motorcycle, a water sprinkler. Open the hood of the car and draw its innards. Add some words somewhere on the page—the make, the manufacturer, a phrase that comes to mind—but don't be corny.



Blue Chair with Cat, 2011



Red Truck, Santa Fe, 1984

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