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(Now: "*The Landmark Forum*")

**Playing the
Game***

**The New
Way**

Carl Frederick

***The Game of Life**

~~~~~**2011 Revised Edition**~~~~~

**"Get the message before the experience!"**

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(Now: "The Landmark Forum")  
**PLAYING THE GAME\***  
**THE NEW WAY**  
**\*THE GAME OF LIFE**

By  
Carl Frederick

Electronic adaptation by  
LesDenton.com

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Published by Carl Frederick  
[www.carlfrederick.org](http://www.carlfrederick.org)

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## INTRODUCTION

My purpose in creating this book is simply to assist you in getting everything that might be blocking you out of the way, so that you can proceed to win the games you have going. And before you start reading, I have a confession to make: it is that you already *know* everything in this tome. Not “some” of it – *all of it*. What I will do as we progress is create the space for you to put all the pieces together, in order that they begin to make some sense to you. But your life is your puzzle, not mine. It has been all along, and it will be for as long as you’re around. I’m just a human being who happened to drop in to observe where it is that you’re going.

So, from beginning to end, I want you to be the critic. If, at any point, you take a hard look at the words printed here and say to yourself: “This guy’s off his rocker!” you should immediately junk the book. Stop reading it – you’re wasting your valuable time. And whatever you do, don’t let me lead you down any garden paths.

I submit that you’ve been letting other people tell you what to do with your life since it began. You’ve been running your life down a whole series of blind alleys that they created for you. And I’m telling you now that you’re off your rocker for doing that to yourself.

As is evident from the title I’ve chosen, my experience has led me to see quite clearly that *LIFE IS A GAME*. Nothing more, and certainly nothing less. And, as you well know by now, all games have rules. For the purpose of this book, I’d like to call them “agreements.” That is, you have chosen to sit down with me (the book), and play my game (read it.) And you understand clearly that at any point you can choose to upset the game board (close the book) and go away.

The agreements I want to make with you before you go on to Chapter One are as follows:

1. That you will make a conscious choice to really get involved with the message, and will simultaneously discard as much as possible in terms of extraneous external things. What does that mean? To be perfectly clear, I want to be alone with you, in a quiet room. Don’t read the book on a train, or at the beach, or anyplace where you might be interrupted. And don’t pick it up if you’ve just experienced a problem in your life.

2. That you’re going to be taking a long, careful and objective look at your life, to see if it’s working for you. If you’re not ready for that, please don’t even bother to continue reading.

3. That you will read the book only when you’re fully conscious. By “fully conscious” I mean: a) That you’re wide awake. This is not a bedtime story – it’s the game you call your life. b) That you’ve taken care of all your bodily functions and necessities before you sit down, and for as long as you choose to read at one sitting. If you ‘have to go’, that ends the session. Come back some other time. c) That you will abstain from all mind-altering potions, lotions and devices for at least twelve hours before you sit down to read. This includes aspirin, indigestion tablets, etc., as well as obvious things like alcohol, marijuana, etc. You know what I’m talking about: don’t cloud your head. d) Don’t take any food into the room. My preference is also that you refrain from smoking, but this is not intended as an agreement, simply a suggestion.

4. Read slowly and methodically – let the words sink in. Kick them around thoroughly before you move on. Be certain whether they’re true *for you*. If it takes you six conscious weeks to finish it on this basis, that’s fine. This is not a one-night (book) stand, even though you might have thought that going in.

5. Get ready for the fact that, at times, you’re going to want to throw away the book, hate me, and/or kick a wall. And I mean that you’ll really be angry. Now I accept that. But you should be ready for it.

In summary: if you choose to explore your life and take a hard look at what’s going on with you, let’s get together. What lies ahead is just you, and you’re such a perfect being that I’m going to enjoy every moment I get to be with you in your game. Nothing would give me more pleasure than seeing you playing the new way, then sharing that experience with you.

## Chapter 1. WHERE YOU ARE

Dear Abby:

Boy, am I ever pissed off at my old man. Here's what happened: I had this really big date set for Saturday night, so all week long I did everything right. I mean I cleaned up my room, took out the garbage, fed the dog, and even shined his shoes twice. Then, at the last minute, he refused to give me the car. Now isn't that unreasonable of him?

Signed, The Righteous Kid

Dear Righteous:

You are an unconscious ass. Why did you do that to you?

Love, Abby

Dear Abby:

Boy, am I ever pissed off at my boss. Let me tell you the story: For *six straight weeks* I put in fourteen hour days, plus Sundays, working on the Company's Five Year Plan. There wasn't a flaw in it when I finished, and I had a foreman at a tool and die company verify that. And it would have saved the Company \$2.2 million the *first* year. But my boss only spent about 5 minutes glancing at it, then he just told me that "it wouldn't work." I didn't even get a chance to defend it. I think I would be perfectly justified to walk into his office and quit. What do you think?

Signed, The Frustrated Worker

Dear Frustrated:

You are an unconscious ass. Why did you do that to you?

Love, Abby

Dear Abby:

Boy, am I ever pissed off at my husband. Get this: Last Saturday he was out in the back yard, just putzin' around. I mean he wasn't really doing *anything*. And *anyone* could see that. He was just pickin' a few weeds and drinkin' a beer. Well, I asked him to come inside to watch the kids for ten lousy minutes while I went to the store, and he flat refused! He said that I should take the kids with me, which is exactly what I had to do, after a fifteen minute argument. Now wasn't he wrong?

Signed, I-get-no-cooperation

Dear I-get-no:

You are an unconscious ass. Why did you do that to you?

Love, Abby

Dear Abby:

Boy, am I ever pissed off at the world. I'm the quietest, most passive guy you'll find. I never cause any trouble for anyone. And in return I never *get* anything but the wrong end of the stick. My parents hassle me, the local fuzz hassles me, and my teachers hassle me. I think I should denounce my citizenship and move to Africa. What do you think?

Signed, Ready-To-Split

Dear Split:

You are an unconscious ass. Why are you doing that to you?

Love, Abby

So much for the examples. The point is that the people described are 1. REAL. You've seen and read about examples like these every day of your life. 2. UNCONSCIOUS ASSES. Unconscious because they really believe that the world, or the old man, or the boss, or the hubby, or whoever, is "doing it to them." The fact is they're doing it to themselves. And that's precisely what makes them asses. 3. JUST LIKE YOU. Because if you're like 99% of the people I've observed in the world, you blame "it" on someone or something else, most of the time.

Take a moment, right now, and look at your life. And I mean really take a hard look. You have a remarkable ability to do that, which we will work on throughout this book. Just sit there and look at some situations where you know you've been right, and ultimately reasonable, but you didn't get what you wanted.

Now I want you to get the idea that the world you live in is NOT a reasonable place to be. In fact, very little about it is reasonable. So, if you're running your life in a reasonable way, the safest assumption to make is that you aren't going to get what you want very often.

And (no pun intended) there's a reason for that. It is that REASONABLENESS EQUALS RIGHTNESS. Those are states of mind, which equate to the way you run your life. And to be there with your life is the lowest state I can conceive of. Because when you're living there, you can literally end up losing all the games you set up, and the only thing you get out of them is knowing how "right" you were.

And the people you call your friends gather around and agree with you. You describe the game that you just lost, get them to agree that you were right, then they offer you a double martini on the rocks, as a consolation prize. And you swallow it, hook, line and twist of lemon. You ass.

Because the fact remains that you lost the little game, and (way back there in the far reaches of your head), you know that being right isn't the answer. You didn't get what you were after, and it's still frustrating as hell, even after all your "friends" have come to the emotional 'rescue'.

One final note: the ultimate in being right is to be *dead right*. That is, to be six feet under — literally — and the person who was wrong has absolutely no recourse with you. Oh, sure, he can come and stand over your headstone and cry wistfully, "I was wrong," but you aren't available for comment or compassion. So now he has to deal with that wrongness for the rest of his life. And somehow that pleases you too.

What I want you to get is the point of this discussion — and you'll get it by taking a long, hard look at what's going on out there in the world. Look at you, and at the people around you. See how much time is wasted setting up games, losing them, and then going around bitching about the losses. For days. Weeks. Years. And yes, even whole lifetimes.

Also, take special note of the fact that I said: "Games they (and you) set up." Note that, because the fact is that no one told you to create "I want the car for my date," or "I want my plan to be accepted," or "I want my hubby to watch the kids." No one ever created a game for you. You set them up. You lose them. And I submit that you're an ass for doing that to you.

Because I'm here to tell you that you can set up all the games you want in life, then go about winning them. But the winning isn't based on being right, or on being reasonable. In fact, you're going to end up being unreasonable as hell. But you get to win the games. And that's the point. More on that later. For now, understand one observable fact. It has to do with the contrast between animals and humans. Take a rat. Long ago, a brilliant psychologist proved that if you present a rat with 3 tunnels, only one of which has some cheese in it, the rat will explore all the avenues until it finds the cheese. And, after reinforcement, the rat will ignore all non-cheese tunnels, and only go down the one with the payoff. Then, if you take away the cheese, he will soon learn that it's gone, and will begin to explore all tunnels again, looking for the reward.

Human beings, in stark contrast, will go up a tunnel looking for whatever the “cheese” of the situation is, never get any, but they proceed to run up that same tunnel for a lifetime. And what’s driving them is reasonableness, or rightness. That is, they say to themselves, quite logically: “I saw cheese go up that tunnel. It’s got to be up there! I’ll find it, dammit, if it takes me a lifetime!” So they get to spend a lifetime without cheese, but always being able to explain (to wives, friends, acquaintances — anyone who will listen) that they’re up a very reasonable tunnel. And they find people to agree that the cheese really *belongs* up that tunnel. Those people are called really close friends.

If you’re running your life up a tunnel (or a series of them) with no ‘cheese’ for you; if you’re losing the games that you set up, you’re beginning to get what I’m driving at: that running your life being right is pointless. And I don’t mean that what you’re doing is wrong; I simply mean that it doesn’t WORK. And that’s the criterion I’m going to use throughout this book — if it doesn’t work for you — junk it. Drop it in the round file, because you’re wasting your time. If what you see written here doesn’t work for you, close the book, think of it as trash, and dump it. Go back to running your life the way you were. You don’t need me (or anyone else) to inject more things into your life that send you up blind alleys. And that you can certainly agree with.

Now I want you to look at the incredible number of people who spend their entire lifetimes at “rightness.” Being reasonable. They never get relief ~ they just get to bitch about it. Endlessly. They never face up to the truth of the matter, which is that they didn’t get the results they wanted, and address that. Instead, they spend their lives talking about all the reasons they should have won the game.

However, as I observe things, there is usually at least one situation in the lives of most of us when we experience a jolt from our reasonableness. That is, the shock of the event moves us so quickly and forcefully that there isn’t time to stop and bitch about it. We find ourselves caught up in it.

For example, take Mr. Dewright, a reasonable man with a wife, two kids, a dog, a station wagon, and a big house in Suburbia. He suddenly gets called into the boss’s office and told that — for no reason that has to do with his ability — he’s going to be on the curb at the end of the day. Reaction: “OHMIGOD! FIRED! FOR WHAT??????? I’ve been the most conscientious guy the company has seen. I mean, look at Smith: he just sits in his office all day, doing nothing. And Jones: he never shows up until 10:30! But it’s me who gets the ax. What’s wrong with the world/this company/me?”

This is the point of crisis where most people really begin to get a brief peek at the answer - and most do it without realizing what’s going on. Because, when faced with the fact that being reasonable hasn’t worked, they are then looking at two broad choices: A. Ending it all, by taking a leap from the Empire State Building, (or its hometown equivalent); or B. GRABBING HOLD OF THEIR BOOTSTRAPS. Looking at the situation, realizing that it wasn’t right, but that NOTHING can be done to correct it, and moving on to a new situation. By not dwelling on the past, but going forward with the determination that he has to get another job, and be damn quick about it. He’s got a family to be fed, plus a dog that doesn’t get along very well without his Alpo, so *something* has to be done. NOW. And the someone elected to do it is Dewright. No one else really gives a damn. Oh, to be sure, his friends “appreciate” his unfortunate position; the employment agencies all say they’ll go into action immediately, and his wife gets behind him.

**BUT AT THE BASE ROOT OF IT ALL, DEWRIGHT’S COME TO THE UNDERSTANDING THAT HE HAS TO GET HIS ASS IN GEAR, AND FIND A SOLUTION. PRONTO!**

And the job gets done. Three weeks (or three months) later, Dewright “finds” Corporation OK, where the people are “really nice” (reasonable), and the business is growing, and besides, it’s closer to the house so he doesn’t have to drive as far. So, he sits back and declares himself “alright” again.

It is absolutely unbelievable that people don't see the light at this point. What has happened is that they've used their natural talent to get through a rough situation, consciously pulled themselves up by the bootstraps, but then they throw off the responsibility for the future to the new Company: "Corporation OK is really going to take care of me. As a matter of fact, I don't know why I stayed at the old place as long as I did. I'm better off here."

Dewright should realize by now that nobody really cares about him but him. As I said before, people will say they do, but when it gets down to the nitty-gritty, they don't. And Dewright didn't really "need" them. The power to control what happens in his life is his alone. And if he brings things into his life that don't work, that frustrate him, that run him up blind tunnels with no cheese, he has the responsibility for that. NO ONE EVER DID IT TO HIM. HE DID IT TO HIMSELF. And the "how" and the "why" of it will unfold as you progress through this book.

For now, I want to expand upon what happened with Dewright. You will recall that he started off (in fact, ran his life) being reasonable. He did *everything* that a guy who is responsible would do — except that he got fired. Poor guy. The world's wrong — he's ok.

Here's what went on when Dewright got jolted out of his Rightness:

### **THE FISHTANK OF EFFECT**

**HELP**

**HOPE**

**FEAR OF WORSENING**

**DISASTER**

**CATATONIA**

**REASONABLENESS = RIGHTNESS**

Operating his life from a base of reasonableness, he was suddenly hit with the fact that he didn't have a job anymore. His first reaction was Catatonic = he froze. In his head he couldn't comprehend what was going on. He was in a daze. From there, he moved up into Disaster. "What am I going to do *now*? This is a disaster! I have a family to support, and no job. Besides, I haven't put out any resumes. It's all over!"

Soon thereafter, he moved another step up, into Fear of Worsening. That is, he was in his third week of solving the problem and had several interviews, two of which "looked good," but got no firm offer. On the way home one night it occurred to him that *no one* out there was going to hire him and that he was on his way to becoming a derelict. On welfare. Accepting food stamps. And what will happen to the family? The dog? The station wagon? It was all falling apart and could only get worse. Being reasonable hadn't worked. "What the hell is the answer?" he mused rhetorically.

By now, you know the answer: it is to continue to be unreasonable — that, in fact, he's ok, and moving upward on his OWN POWER, and he'll soon see that. But our poor undeserving actor just keeps at it and gets up to: HOPE. Ah, he finally got an offer for only 10% less than he was making at the old joint and what's more, has three interviews set for next week. Plus, a friend in Kansas City has invited him to come back anytime, and told him there are four jobs in three companies to look at there. Ecstatic, Dewright declares: "There is some hope in the world!" Besides, he's basically covered. He has a firm job offer in hand.

You see: he's HELPED himself. Then he accepts the new job, gets elated about it, celebrates with the wife at dinner for \$99.50, buys the dog 6 new cans of the best chow available, fills the tank of the wagon, makes the mortgage payment, and THROWS OFF THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE FUTURE TO THE NEW COMPANY. He says: "OK, now I've gotten myself this far, and I expect you to be reasonable (recognize my talents), and do *right* by me (keep me around, promote me, reward me for what I do)."

What a fool. Standing on the verge of the answer of his life, he abandons it all and returns to the lowest state around: REASONABLENESS= RIGHTNESS. Somebody can “do it to him” *again*.

Observing that fact about Dewright’s behavior really pisses me off. Why am I angry? After all, the guy really did get to a better place, didn’t he? The answer is — yes, *but*, the power he exercised in helping himself is one that he could have (and should have) stayed with. Because the next station upward in life is one that would have let him see clearly that he was a winner. And he walked away from it. Secondly, you’re asking how it is that people go *forward* when they go through such apparently “horrible” states as catatonia, disaster, fear of worsening, etc. It sure as hell looks like they’re going backwards to have to go through things like that.

And you’re right. It sure does look that way. But the fact is that it ain’t that way. Again, the reason (as if one were needed) is that just above HELP is a state of the human mind/condition that is unbelievable. But people don’t see it, and that’s the saddest commentary of all. It looks to them like they’ve reached the apex of human conditions. After all, he got help, and that’s the time to return to running your life the way you used to ~ being reasonable. Isn’t it???

No it’s not. And we’re going to explore what’s up there at the next level, in due time. For now, I want you to look at your life with the perspective of what happened to the guy who lost his job. Translate that in your terms, to your reality. See what happened. Look at your love life ~ a significant other who left you; a divorce. The death of someone you held very close — unexpectedly. Look at the last time you thought you would get the next promotion — but someone else got it. Look at the processes you used to get back to “normal.” What you’ll see is that you moved YOURSELF all the way UP to HELP, but then went ALL THE WAY BACK DOWN TO BEING REASONABLE; BEING RIGHT; THROWING OFF THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE FUTURE ONTO SOMEONE OR SOMETHING ELSE.

By observation, I conclude that people who have to be “reasonable” or “right” about their lives, and are losing their games, are people who are putting on an ACT every day. They don’t see it, of course, because if they could see it, they’d ditch the act, and do what *worked* for them. In the case of Dewright, we saw that being reasonable/right didn’t work for him. He lost his job, and I call that not working. What did work was when he grabbed hold of his bootstraps and pulled himself up to a better place.

And people who “put on” the rightness act are easy to picture: Envision someone who gets out of bed every day, spends two hours “getting ready,” then hoists himself out over the very middle of the “Rightness River” (which, by the way, is more powerful than the mighty Colorado), and lowers himself into a frail canoe, which is floating freely in the treacherous rapids. He quickly reaches for the paddles, and begins to row frantically, in an effort to maintain balance, position, direction, and “getting somewhere.” The only trouble is that he’s ROWING AGAINST THE RIVER. And you know, as you watch him, that he’s GOT TO LOSE. You can see that he isn’t enjoying himself, that the river will *definitely* be there pushing long after he gives up, and that, anytime he loses a stroke, he also loses ground.

And the “Rightness River” is fed by a number of smaller streams (of consciousness) that were — in turn — fed into the rower by a combination of folklore, instructions and “teachings” from his past. Things like:

- “You have to be better than other people; more successful.”
- “You have to get married and be a good parent and buy a big house up on the hill.”
- “You have to be like your father ~ aggressive and fast and powerful.”



The list of “do’s” and “don’ts” is endless. There are so many instructions and preachings from the past that we’re using every day — unconsciously — that each of us has actually come to believe that we invented them. That they were ours all along. But the truth is that we simply made a decision (however long ago) to adopt these instructions as life purposes and proceeded to TRY to act them out. The only trouble is that human beings are bad actors. And to keep up the act is equal to rowing against the river. You’re going to lose if you get yourself into a battle with a river. Forget it, there’s no way that the river will “give up.” It’s got staying power that’s way to hell and gone beyond the stamina of men, whether they recognize it or not. And finally, you must see that the river truly doesn’t care whether you decide to ride with it, or whether you fight it by rowing in the opposite direction. It’s just going where it’s going, and it doesn’t have a point-of-view about you, or about itself.

Another thing is happening when you’re rowing against the river: it is that you’ve got your eyes set about two inches in front of you. (You damn well better, or you’re not going to stay balanced.) And that means the flotsam and jetsam of the river is going to bang into you, thus creating more problems. They could, in fact, upset your whole applecart/canoe/life. And finally, you have absolutely no opportunity to take notice of what else is going on ~ that is, the other things that are floating by you in the river. ~your span of vision is restricted to those paddles, the canoe, and staying afloat.

And you don’t know where the hell you’re going, because the answer is you’re going NOWHERE. At best, all you can manage to do is stay even with the river. And that requires all the energy you can muster. Even you can see that one of the hardest things to do in the world is to maintain vigilance against the rapids, with an endless supply of water feeding them, and there you are, TRYING to go in the opposite direction. Really, it would be better if you junked your paddles, and just drifted along with the river. Even God knows you aren’t going to “win” the battle you’re fighting.

There are “rightness” acts all over the place for you to observe. Take the man in business who made a declaration to himself 20 years ago: “I’m going to be President of a big company someday!” Every day of his life he takes that act out into the river and rows like hell to try to stay even. Or, the young dude who decides that the establishment ain’t for him, so he puts on the act that includes a beard, one ragged pair of faded jeans, and rows against the river. Or, the housewife who plays the game (acts out) getting into the social whirl by joining the Junior League.

What’s your act? Take a careful look at that question, and stop reading until you have a clear idea of the act you’re putting on every morning. See if it really is you.

Next, understand that there’s a lot of ACT STANDARDIZATION in the world. By that I mean that the ticket for admission into the Aspen Act is a big sheep-dog and a Jeep ~ never a chopped and channeled Mustang. The business act requires a necktie and a Brooks Brothers suit. The commune act is one where there’s no money and a street mutt. On and on: the Hollywood act, the Upper East Side New York act, the hometown USA act. And all of them have accompanying scripts for the actors to read.

**GET THE NOTION THAT IT’S TIME TO DITCH YOUR ACT IF IT ISN’T WORKING FOR YOU.** And how do you know if it’s working? Simple: People whose lives are working have a rather sheepish grin on their faces ~ 95% of the time. They’re getting what they really want out of their lives: the cheese. And, when you look closely at them, you know that they’re not acting at all — that who you see is the real person, content with himself, going somewhere, WITH HIS RIVER. He’s gotten out of the “Rightness River,” and he’s riding high. On top of his life. And he’s not disturbed with himself, you, or the world. Nobody is “doing it to him.” He’s got control of his life, and it’s readily apparent by his calmness, yet firmness, with the way he runs his life.

Are you there? I doubt it, because so few people are. But only you can answer that.

When you've cleaned up your act, and really find out who you are and where you really want to go, life consists of getting up every morning, taking your body out onto the River of Life, dropping into an innertube (with no paddles), and just coasting along, *with the river*. And I want to tell you that when you experience it, it's an amazing ride. For the first time in your life, you get to leisurely SEE what's going on all around you. And the process of living is easy as mom's apple pie ~ you're riding with the current.

I've come to New York City to write this book, and the observation of the actors in the rightness game here is astonishing. Cabbies who play it to the hilt ~ blow the horn at 1/10 of one second delays at a traffic signal. People who won't give you the time of day. Businessmen whose lives are so tightly screwed down (from all angles) that it literally takes them two days to recover if they miss a train. And if the Penn Central shuts down for a day, that does it to them for the rest of the month.

Can it be that I'm telling you the truth? Is it true that 99 and 44/100% of the people in the world are running their acts out into the Rightness River? Are you one of them? The answer is that you have to look at that and answer it for yourself. Based on experience, you probably are. I ought to know-. it was the way I ran my life for the first 33 years.

So, how did that happen? Why are you doing that to you?

Turn the page, and we'll look at you together.

## **Chapter 2. HOW YOU GOT HERE**

You were unconscious about your life, that's how you got here. And you are still unconscious.

Here's what's going on with you: get the idea that your life consists of nothing but one very long reel of videotape, with the past being represented by exposed film, and the present and future are still blank (unexposed). On this tape, everything that happens to you is recorded. And I do mean everything. It's a complete picture of all the sights, sounds, actions, tastes, smells, touches, feelings, considerations, decisions, judgments, rationalizations ~ everything.

It's *all* there. And you have the ability to play back every scene, if that's what you choose to do. Now you probably think there's a great deal about your life that you've "forgotten." Not true. It's all there on the videotape. And what's more, there are a lot of those pictures that you haul up and use for "reference" every day, whether you're conscious of using them or not.

Because this is the point where your *mind* comes into play. Get the idea that your mind exists for *only one purpose*: To save and replay those pictures of the past which it believes will make you survive. And by "survive" I don't mean just to keep your heart beating. It's much, much more than that. It includes things like whether it's ok for you to be sitting in the room you're in; whether it's ok for you to eat the food that's presented to you; whether it's ok for you to go 75 mph down the freeway, and so forth. In fact, your mind is what says it's ok for you to run your life exactly the way you're running it.

From a 'procedural' standpoint, what happens is that you find yourself presented with a situation wherein you have a choice: to do it or not to do it. At that point your mind enters the game, with the old pictures, to check you out. Then it issues a "GO" or "NO GO" decision, based on those pictures from the past. And every step of the way, as the event unfolds, your mind maintains the vigil, constantly checking to insure that you're ok; that you will continue to survive. That you're right, doing what you're doing.

**GET THIS: YOUR MIND CANNOT LET YOU BE WRONG. TO DO THAT WOULD THREATEN YOUR SURVIVAL.**

Now you can easily see how your mind comes into play in the 'major' incidents in your life, but I also want you to get that it interacts with you in *all* situations — even down to those that you would consider minor or inconsequential to your actual survival.