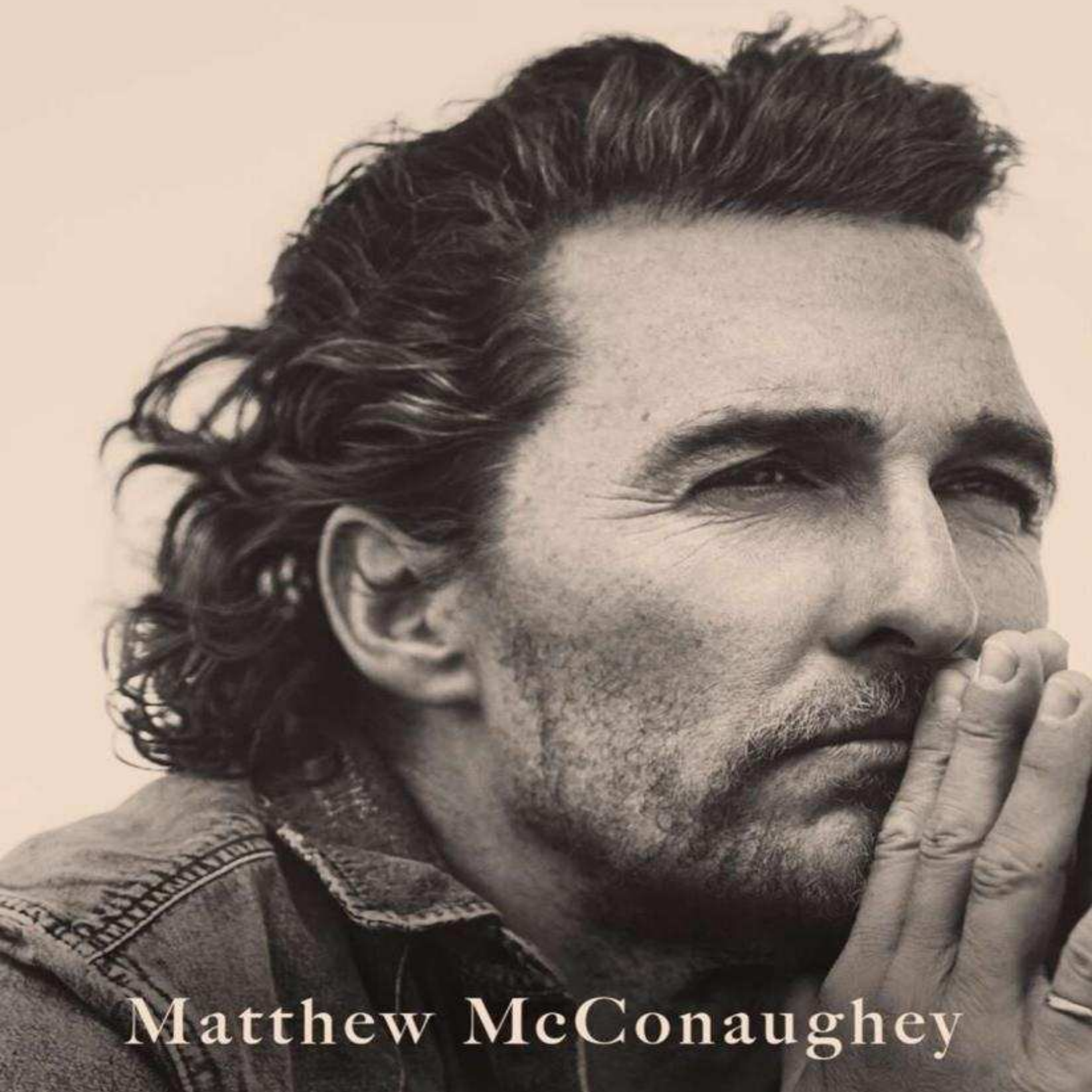
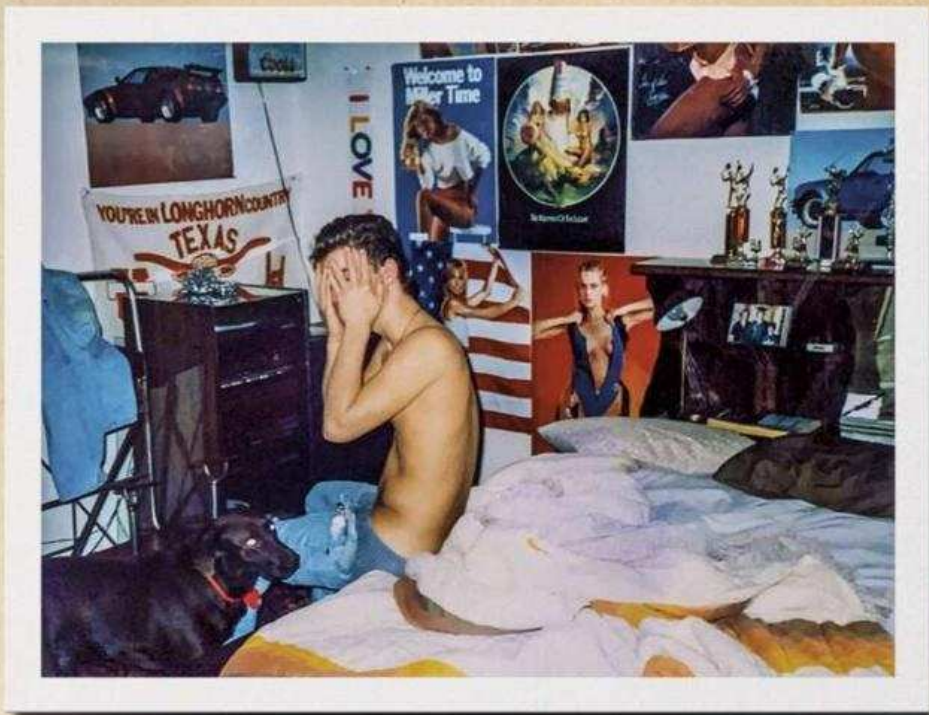


GREENLIGHTS



Matthew McConaughey



Go to bed with feathers behind my eyes, not lead.

"ON THE BRINK OF BETTERNESS"

striving, learning, growing
 - Ignorant → Knowledgeable
 then on to another challenge (branched off of the previous, or totally different.)

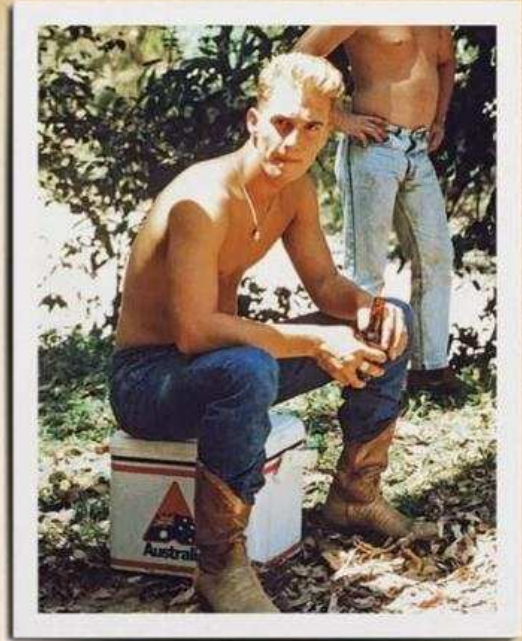
soundly - Too strong the masses
 I yell (Am) - So weak do I seem
 Hold on I now whisper
 hold on to the dream.

All to educate the rancher on what a good looking cow looks like.
 Another type of people up here once again.
 Small town, cowboys, no school education but lots of "horse sense."



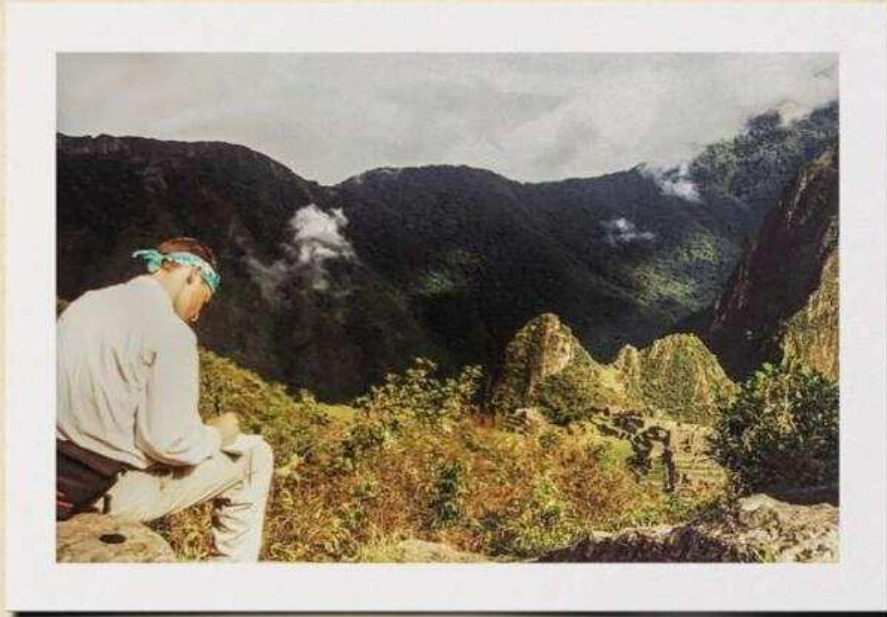
A healthy soul enjoys
time with itself.

As my sweat ruins the pages
where I spill my heart
is it telling me I shouldn't write?
This won't last forever
Sometimes I wish it could.
This is where I'm learning
to express myself



How to be a Hedonist and ~~not~~ still follow the rules.

By the way, I am still very young.
I could let that stop me from striving though.



The time where time stops - the way of the west
and east - the art of the serene the blue of
the green the man of the sun as above is below



-the jungle demands respect.

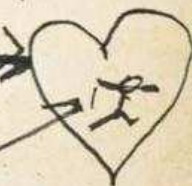
WHAT DO I BELIEVE?

*I believe we should spend more time working on a formula to save the world rather than in a classroom solving a math problem. I believe there should be classes that educate us on different ways of saving our ass. Greenpeace, Human Rights, Anti-Nuclear etc *I still believe in love and a righteous way.

*The world is like some big neighborhood; the backyards are just bigger. We're all neighbors.

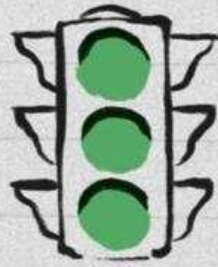


la vida



no compromise

underdog = hunger



greenlights

Matthew
McConaughey

 CROWN
NEW YORK

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1-27-89

- the most difficult word in the universe?

- WHOWHATWHEREWHENHOW?? - and what the hell
WHY? - is even bigger

I think I'll write a book. --

A book ^{about} what my life

I wonder who would give a damn

About the pleasures and the stink?

----- I think I'll write a book. -----

~~to~~ Help the generations with the hell about the past?

Whos to say one would agree?

Shit! I'm tired. Hope that these thoughts last.

----- I still think I'll write a book. -----

- mood for the sayings

- low write one

- physiological

- let life be - no - the

- write a book.

March 11 - 1989
towards

THIS IS NOT A TRADITIONAL memoir. Yes, I tell stories from the past, but I have no interest in nostalgia, sentimentality, or the retirement most memoirs require. This is not an advice book, either. Although I like preachers, I'm not here to preach and tell you what to do.

This is an approach book. I am here to share stories, insights, and philosophies that can be objectively understood, and if you choose, subjectively adopted, by either changing your reality, or changing how you see it.

This is a playbook, based on adventures in my life. Adventures that have been significant, enlightening, and funny, sometimes because they were meant to be but mostly because they didn't try to be. I'm an optimist by nature, and humor has been one of my great teachers. It has helped me deal with pain, loss, and lack of trust. I'm not perfect; no, I step in shit all the time and recognize it when I do. I've just learned how to scrape it off my boots and carry on.

We all step in shit from time to time. We hit roadblocks, we fuck up, we get fucked, we get sick, we don't get what we want, we cross thousands of "could have done better"s and "wish that wouldn't have happened"s in life. Stepping in shit is inevitable, so let's either see it as good luck, or figure out how to do it less often.

T. Life

I'VE BEEN IN THIS LIFE for fifty years, trying to work out its riddle for forty-two, and keeping diaries of clues to that riddle for the last thirty-five. Notes about successes and failures, joys and sorrows, things that made me marvel, and things that made me laugh out loud. Thirty-five years of realizing, remembering, recognizing, gathering, and jotting down what has moved me or turned me on along the way. How to be fair. How to have less stress. How to have fun. How to hurt people less. How to get hurt less. How to be a good man. How to get what I want. How to have meaning in life. How to be more me.

I never wrote things down to remember; I always wrote things down so I could forget. The idea of revisiting my life and musings was a daunting one; I wasn't sure if I'd enjoy the company. Recently, I worked up the courage to sit down with those diaries and have a look at the thirty-five years of writing about who I've been over the last fifty. And you know what? I enjoyed myself more than I thought I would. I laughed, I cried, I realized I had remembered more than I expected, and forgot less.

What did I find? I found stories I witnessed and experienced, lessons I learned and forgot, poems, prayers, prescriptions, answers to questions I had, reminders of questions I still have, affirmations for certain doubts, beliefs about what matters, theories on relativity, and a whole bunch of bumperstickers.* I found consistent ways that I approached life that gave me more satisfaction, at the time, and still.

I found a reliable theme.

So, I packed up those journals and took a one-way ticket to solitary confinement in the desert, where I began writing what you hold now: an album, a record, a story of my life so far.

Things I witnessed, dreamed, chased, gave and received.

Truth bombs that interrupted my space and time in ways I could not ignore.

Contracts I have made with myself, many of which I live up to, most of which I still pursue.

These are my sights and seens, felts and figured outs, cools and shamefuls.

Graces, truths, and beauties of brutality.

Initiations, invitations, calibrations, and graduations.

Getting away withs, getting caughts, and getting wets trying to dance between the raindrops.

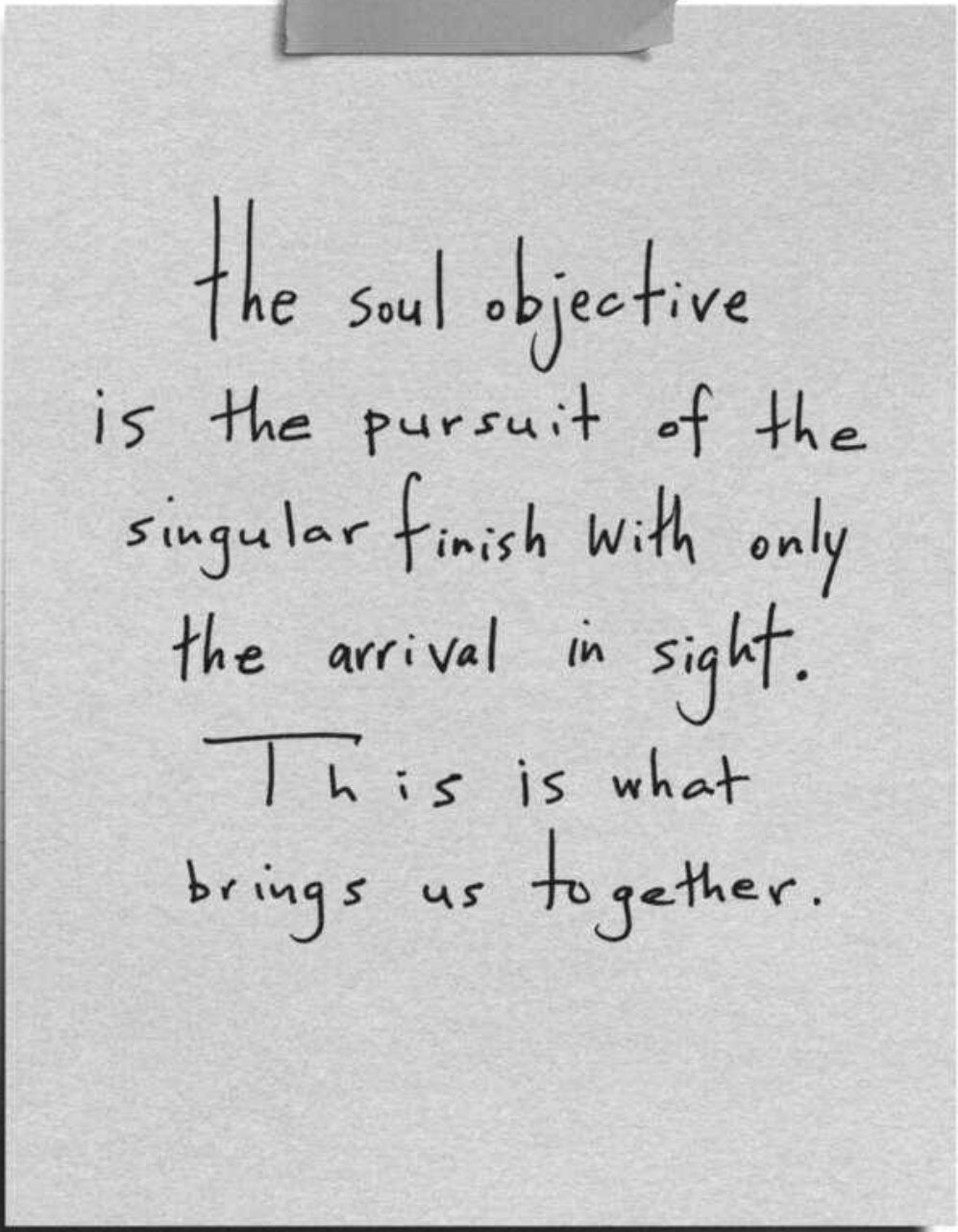
Rites of passage.

All between or on the other sides of persistence and letting go, on the way to the science of satisfaction in this great experiment called life.

Hopefully, it's medicine that tastes good, a couple of aspirin instead of the infirmary, a spaceship to Mars without needing your pilot's license, going to church without having to be born again, and laughing through the tears.

It's a love letter.

To life.



The soul objective
is the pursuit of the
singular finish with only
the arrival in sight.
This is what
brings us together.

* I've always loved bumper stickers, so much so that I've stuck *bumper* to *sticker* and made them one word, *bumpersticker*. They're lyrics, one-liners, quick hitters, unobtrusive personal preferences that people publicly express. They're cheap and they're fun. They don't have to be politically correct because, well, they're just bumperstickers. From the font they're in, to the color scheme, to the word or words they say, a bumpersticker tells you a lot about the person behind the wheel in front of you. Their political views, if they've got a family or not, if they're free spirits or conformists, funny or serious, what kind of pets they

have, what kind of music they like, even what their religious beliefs might be. Over the last fifty years I've been collecting my bumperstickers. Some I've seen, some I've heard, some I stole, some I dreamed, some I said. Some are funny, some are serious, but they all stuck with me...because that's what bumperstickers do. I've included some of my favorites in this book.

Sometimes you gotta go back
to go forward. And i don't
mean goin back to reminisce
or chase ghosts. I mean go
back to see where you came
from, where you been, how you
got HERE.

- mdu

Lincoln Ad, 2014

How did i get here?

I'VE EARNED A FEW SCARS getting through this rodeo of humanity. I've been good at it, I've been not so good at it, and ultimately, I've found some pleasure in all of it, either way. Here are some facts about me to help set the table.

I am the youngest brother of three and the son of parents who were twice divorced and thrice married, to each other.

We grew up saying "I love you" to each other. We meant it.

I got whipped until my butt bled for putting on a Cracker Jack tattoo when I was ten.

When I first threatened to run away from home, my parents packed my bags for me.

My dad wasn't there the day I was born. He called my mom and said, "Only thing I have to say is if it's a boy, don't name him 'Kelly.'"

The only thing I ever knew I wanted to be was a father.

I learned to swim when my mom threw me in the Llano River and I was either going to float off the rocky waterfall thirty yards downstream or make it to the bank. I made it to the bank.

I was always the first one to wear out the knees in my Toughskin jeans.

For two years I led the Under-12 soccer league in red cards, as a goalie.

When I kept whining about my lone pair of tennis shoes being old and out of fashion, my mom told me, "Keep griping and I'll take you to meet the boy with no feet!!"

I was blackmailed into having sex for the first time when I was fifteen. I was certain I was going to hell for the premarital sex. Today, I am merely certain that I *hope* that's not the case.

I was molested by a man when I was eighteen while knocked unconscious in the back of a van.

I've done peyote in Real de Catorce, Mexico, in a cage with a mountain lion.

I've had seventy-eight stitches sewn into my forehead, by a veterinarian.

I've had four concussions from falling out of four trees, three of them on a full moon.

I've bongoed naked until the cops arrested me.

I resisted arrest.

I applied to Duke, UT Austin, Southern Methodist, and Grambling for my college education. I got accepted to three out of the four.

I've never felt like a victim.

I have a lot of proof that the world is conspiring to make me happy.

I've always gotten away with more in life than in my dreams.

I've had many people give me poems that I did not know I wrote.

I've been naïve, evil, and a cynic. But I am most fearless in my belief of my and mankind's benevolence and the common denominator of values among us.

I believe the truth is only offensive when we're lying.

I was raised on existential outlaw logic, a carnation of malaprops, full of fictitious physics, because if it wasn't true, it ought to be.



There was nothing fictitious about the love, though. The love was real. Bloody sometimes, but never in question.

I learned early on how to get **relative**: how to deal.

I learned resilience, consequences, responsibility, and how to work hard. I learned how to love, laugh, forgive, forget, play, and pray. I learned how to hustle, sell, charm, turn a tide, make a downfall my upfall, and spin a yarn. I learned how to navigate highs and lows, hugs and blows, assets and deficits, love songs and epithets. Especially when faced with the **inevitable**.

This is a story about getting relative with the inevitable.

This is a story about **greenlights**.

The arrival is inevitable: **Death**.

A unanimous end, a unified destination.

A noun without regard. Our eulogy. Written.

Lived.

The approach is relative: **Life**.

A singular procession. Our personal journey.

A singular procession, our personal journey.

A verb with regard. Our résumé. Write it.

Live it.

This is the first fifty years of my life, of my résumé so far on the way to my eulogy.

What's a greenlight?

GREENLIGHTS MEAN GO—ADVANCE, CARRY ON, CONTINUE. On the road, they are set up to give the flow of traffic the right of way, and when scheduled properly, more vehicles catch more **greenlights** in succession. **They say proceed.**

In our lives, they are an affirmation of *our* way. They're approvals, support, praise, gifts, gas on our fire, attaboys, and appetites. They're cash money, birth, springtime, health, success, joy, sustainability, innocence, and fresh starts. We love **greenlights**. They don't interfere with our direction. They're easy. They're a shoeless summer. They say **yes** and give us what we **want**.

Greenlights can also be disguised as yellow and red lights. A caution, a detour, a thoughtful pause, an interruption, a disagreement, indigestion, sickness, and pain. A full stop, a jackknife, an intervention, failure, suffering, a slap in the face, death. We don't like yellow and red lights. They slow us down or stop our flow. They're hard. They're a shoeless winter. They say **no**, but sometimes give us what we **need**.

Catching **greenlights** is about **skill**: intent, context, consideration, endurance, anticipation, resilience, speed, and discipline. We can catch more **greenlights** by simply identifying where the red lights are in our life, and then change course to hit fewer of them. We can also earn **greenlights**, engineer and design for them. We can create more and schedule them in our future—a path of least resistance—through force of will, hard work, and the choices we make. We can be **responsible** for **greenlights**.

Catching **greenlights** is also about **timing**. The world's timing, and ours. When we are in the zone, on the frequency, and with the flow. We can catch **greenlights** by sheer luck, because we are in the right place at the right time. Catching more of them in our future can be about intuition, karma, and fortune. Sometimes catching **greenlights** is about **fate**.