

# AMAZING FACE READING

## A Mysterious Universal Language

by Mac Fulfer

What do a professional poker player, an Arab carpet merchant and a street person have in common? The answer is, they all live by their wits and have an uncanny ability to read people's hidden agendas, secret desires and soft spots. But if asked how they did it, the reply often is "I just don't know." We might think they are hiding their secrets, but often they really don't know. They are all skilled in the mysterious language of face and feature reading, but are unaware of the cues they used. Years of practice has given them what seems like a sixth sense, but it is actually an ability to spot and recognize patterns processed at a sub-conscious level that gives a "feeling" for the other person.

Thankfully, we don't have to take up poker, sell carpets or live on the streets so learn the universal unspoken language of face reading. It is a skill that we can quickly master, once we know what to look for, and extremely useful in an interaction where it is important to understand the hidden intentions of the other person.

I was recently in Peru on vacation. As I was walking down the street in Iquitos, a street vendor pushed a collection of beautiful iridescent blue butterflies in my face. As I quickly discovered, Peruvian street vendors are skilled people readers too. He caught my instant

unconscious response. My eyebrows went up for just a split second, but enough for him to know I had an interest, so he pressed his



Medicine Man's face tells a story

case. In my best Spanish and trying not to sound too interested, I asked, "How much?" He gave me an outrageous price, so now it was my turn. I offered him a third of what he had asked and caught his eyebrows go up for a split second. "Aha!" I was in the ballpark, he was interested.

Then he tells me, "No, señor, that is impossible." But, as I am watching his face, I notice that his left bottom eyelid just went flat, signaling to me that he was judging and evaluating

me, trying to determine if I would pay his full price. As he was extolling the virtues of his product, I relaxed my face and pressed my finger to my lips. In face reading, I had just said, "I don't believe what you are telling me." Then I smiled and walked away, knowing he would not let me get far. When I reached the end of the block, he suddenly reappeared with a new price that we could both agree on. We parted, each of us smiling sincerely over our successful transaction.

### UNSPOKEN COMMUNICATIONS

In our culture we are often unaware of the importance of unspoken communications. Unfortunately for us, sometimes the least realized information we receive are the words that come out of the other person's mouth. We overlook the most reliable information which is the unconscious response that cannot be controlled. In other cultures, these unconscious signals are given much greater importance.

The average American tourist would be at a distinct disadvantage in negotiating with an Arab carpet dealer. In the Arab culture, they are so aware of the unspoken responses that the men will not engage in serious negotiations without wearing sunglasses. And we thought sunglasses were just to keep the sun out of our eyes.

Surprisingly, the most valuable aspect of face reading is not about

trying to size up a potential customer. Just like the art of sales is not really about being an amateur psychologist, a great talker or a walking encyclopedia of information, the art of being a great salesperson lies in the ability to make a genuine connection. Face reading creates a compassionate understanding of the other person that not only helps make the sale, but can also be a life changing experience.

In fact, the most powerful representation of who we can every be is not our carefully polished social persona but rather our most authentic self. On those occasions, when we can drop our social armor and be totally authentic and present, an opportunity opens up for a deeper connection than we ever believed possible. Face reading is a tool that can aid in a better understanding and acceptance of every person we meet.

We were deep in the Amazon jungle and our guide was translating as the tribal shaman or medicine man explained the uses for various plants. They could cure everything from snake bites to arthritis. Thinking out loud, I happened to make a comment about the kindly old man's face. I said "He really has great healer cheeks."

The guide translated my off-hand remark. The medicine man was at first confused, and then the guide explained that I was reading his face. The medicine man immediately wanted to know more. I told him that, from a face reading viewpoint, his cheeks indicated that he would be a good medicine man because they show that he surrounds himself with an aura of nurturing and healing. I went on to explain that his abundant eyelids give him an ability to draw out people because they easily opened up to him and told him their problems.

I said that the lines on his lips and from the corners of his mouth to his chin indicated that he had experienced great personal pain, even life-threatening circumstances that allowed him to deeply understand the pain of others and have a compassion for their suffering. He was a wounded healer that could help others because he had experienced what they were feeling. I spoke to him about his "courage lines" that were a testament to the fact that his character had been developed by facing great fear and going on anyway. And his broad nose indicated that he was a natural provider who immediately sheltered and provided for all those under his protective umbrella.

I read on for another 10 minutes while the guide translated. A broad smile broke across the old man's face as he shook his head and said something to the guide. I asked the guide what he said, and he told me, "He says you know him better than his own family."

Later that day, I accidentally ran into the medicine man on a path near the camp. There was no guide to translate, but the message was clear. As soon as he saw me, a huge smile came to his lips and he immediately began to talk excitedly in his Indian dialect. He was gesturing and pointing to his face and then to me and shaking his head "yes". Then he was waving his arms at the jungle, pointed to himself and never stopped talking. I tried to speak to him. Of course, we didn't understand each other's language, but we did communicate. It was obvious that he accepted me as an equal and was eager to share his knowledge with me. But more importantly, there was the sense that, even though we were from two completely different worlds, we shared a moment on the jungle path and we connected. When we finally parted, I walked away with a smile, know that neither one of us would ever forget that experience.