

## A Blank Slate by David

Your consciousness slowly, hazily, fades up from black... stirred back from... somewhere... by a gentle rocking and the click-clack along the track of a well-worn New York subway car methodically easing its way toward Coney Island. Gradually the strobing effect of abstract light and shadows outside the window remember themselves into recognizable images. Sort of. Your cheek is cool, and sticks slightly as you wrest it away from the window amidst coming to an odd revelation.

You don't know where or who you are. It is only days later that you find out your name is Douglas, and after coming to the realization that complete amnesia is not-- along with evil twins and car chases ending in toppled produce carts—perhaps the realm of latently suspense movies alone. This is not a dream. You have just awakened from *the fugue state*.

Thanks to a Netflix referral (*those who liked such-and-such, also liked \_\_\_\_\_*) I got turned onto an amazing documentary on the recent life of Douglas Bruce, as directed by a former/current, old life/new life friend of his, Rupert Murray. **Unknown White Male** (2005) purports to be a recounting of the true events of Bruce's life since awaking on said subway in 2003. Some Googling on this also stirred up some potential conspiracy theory on the authenticity of all this. And it remains for the viewer to decide on which side of the cloudy shower curtain of this authenticity/hoax issue they stand.

I can only say, this film was done extremely well-- in either case, and inspired incredible directions of thought-- in either case. Set against a backdrop of many of us assessing a year drawing to a close and another promising to tick into being, my timely viewing of **Unknown White Male** has delivered us a white rabbit which taunts us to follow by asking, "If you lost your past, would you want it back?"

*"How much of our past lives-- the thousands of moments we experience-- help to make up who we are? If you took all of these remembrances, these memories away, what would be left? How much is our personality, our identity, determined by the experiences we have... and how much is already there? Pure us?"*  
-- from *Unknown White Male*

Enter-- fugue state. About three blocks crosstown from the Twilight Zone, remember your transfer, then grab the M line.

"The fugue state, according to an expert in the film, " is a very interesting condition in which the individual does not have the ability to retrieve information about their past. They may not even know who they are. But what makes it so interesting is that they're not aware of that at the time. They may be traveling or functioning in

some way for hours, days even weeks... not knowing who they are. But until they are put in a situation where somehow this is brought to their attention... they're unaware of it. At the moment they become aware, then the fugue state per se is broken, and they realize they don't know who they are."

I want to experience fugue state! Or an equivalent, albeit voluntary state of rediscovery. Talk about the power of now!

And, now, newly into 2007 and grappling with what of yesterday's self to bring forward with us into our intended, intentional lives and brighter futures, such concepts are quite mad hats to try on.

Doug's rediscovered old friend Jim summed it up this way: "He has to make the decision now as he gets to know his past which bits to re-embrace and which bits to discard. In some ways he's quite lucky he's in a position where he can make that decision. He can suddenly meet someone that he doesn't like anymore and say, 'Sorry I'm not the same person I was. Piss off'. It would be great!"

And somewhere swirling around all these thoughts, wherefores and what-if's that this film has engendered in me, is a renewed challenge-- to myself, and you-- to really, consistently attempt to reinvent myself and ourselves... constantly. To consistently evaluate without prejudice, through clearer and clearer lenses and filters-- all that which we wish to continue to bring forward in our lives, our world; and to work toward discarding again and again any of the old thought patterns and actions, programmed thinking from bygone days, all the rusty iron filings of our lives that somehow are still magnetically re-aligning in our "field" upon each morning's awakening, by way of habit and inattention.

"He's had the great opportunity to reinvent himself and become a completely different person", mentions his sister. "Not many of us get that chance. You know, start afresh and put behind all the things we wish we'd done differently or hadn't done at all. And every day is a new day and brings new things and he learns from it, and we tend not to do that. We get sort of stuck in our daily routine and we don't learn daily".

Aware that this might be sounding like an endorsement of bonking ourselves on the head to achieve our own amnesiac state (warning-- do not attempt this at home)—how luscious might it be to rediscover the taste of chocolate or a light snowfall for the first time? Or to get to fall in love with our beloved ones all over again? Every day!

And so I am inspired to attempt to voluntarily enter into as much know-nothingness as I can each moment, to continue *Doing It!* by achieving, to the degree possible, a state of childlike wonder. The realm of the blank slate. This is my resolution. Happy New Year.

Hey, has anyone seen my keys?

## Warm Fuzzies *by Joan*

Today as the snow was falling down and I was taking a moment to just breathe in the beauty of it blanketing the landscape that surrounds our house, I could not help but reflect on all the wonderful times I spent on winter days like this, snuggled up somewhere with people I love, sharing, as a byproduct, the season's coziness.

Memories of times spent in the energy and essence of love can be such a powerful healing balm for our spirits. These moments shape shift our consciousness and can keep our souls alive and inspired.

Warm fuzzies, as we called them growing up, are like rays of sunshine for our spirits. They keep us connected to our hearts and the moments in life where we felt alive and happy, safe and secure.

What are some of your favorite warm fuzzy moments that make your heart light up? What are some of the times in your life that make your spirit feel alive and put a smile on your face?

I would bet if you took a moment to connect with a few of these delicious human experiences each day, that you would find a new sense of happiness shining forth. Any time we focus on what makes us happy and feels good our lives take on a more magical essence.

Perhaps this winter, on one of those cold winter days, instead of feeling blue and out of touch with your loved ones, you can call forth some of this inner sunshine you have stored in your memory bank and create a new experience. Allow yourself to drift to one of those special moments where you felt connected, happy and loved. Let the love and joy of the memory flood your consciousness and allow the blues to fade away.

Many of us have no problem calling forth memories and moments in time that did not make us feel good; well I say it's time change that old habit—and time to begin to re-focus on the magical moments in our lives, and flow more energy in that direction.

As I move my intention back inside the walls of my home after daydreaming with the snow, I hear the familiar snore of my dear mascot, Spirit, from his snoozing place atop the couch; and beside him,

like the second in a pair of bookends, our other love puppy, Sabrina, her head draped over the side. Her snoring mirrors his and a grin fills my face.

Two extremely soft and furry Bengal cats are snuggled on the chair opposite their canine siblings, curled around one another.

This moment echoes yet another recent vision that now pops into my mind. Only a few days ago I had come home from doing my errands, and a familiar scene was taking place-- only it was my husband David lying on the couch, wrapped in the big blue blanket, and the four pets tucked in around him as they took a regular afternoon nap. All of them snoring in unison. All of them connected, feeling loved and loving.

This is the way of the warm fuzzy—a kind of leap-frogging from cherished memory of the recent or distant past, all the way to the present, with each recollection adding its special joy into the mix.

This method of warming the heart is not limited to brisk wintry nights; I use it year round.

Such practices are the galvanizing points where sacred memory takes hold, and where the treasures of the spirit begin to collect, grow and multiply.

I wish you many warm fuzzy moments this new year!

### *Exercise:*

*Instead of writing  
a gratitude list  
this January--  
write a Warm Fuzzies list,  
and take time  
to contact some of the people  
that are part of  
your own inner sunshine  
and life moments  
that made a difference.*

*They'll feel great,  
and you will too!*

## *Wishing You Your Successful New Year's Evolution—a Meditation*

*Joan had a Freudian slip the other day in a talk we were having about the concept of New Year's resolutions. She instead said evolution. And how not mistaken and more accurate she truly was.*

*Think about it. Isn't that our ever-present intention, by way of those pesky resolutions?*

*Aren't we always somehow aware of living along a continuum; only feeling we are ever-improving and that it is truly impossible to backslide? to unlearn what we know to be right and true? despite whether we might always act accordingly? in accordance with such growing awareness?*

*The nagging, from the knowing, is what propels us to do better. To resolve... to act with more resolve... in order to evolve.*

*And, through this new way of looking at it, don't those resolutions begin to have a greater chance of taking hold? Isn't such a framework-- of our commitment to evolve-- invocative of that much more willpower and at-stakeness? Driven and supported from a place that is stronger, wiser, more relaxed, compassionate and aware?*

*Suddenly, it's less about getting to the gym more, wrestling with the sneaking of that craved cigarette or snack, needing to fight, to change for the better in some way that has been out of self-control... and is everything about stepping into a larger self that knows to not be moved so easily by such petty hankerings.*

*Breathe in this concept of a New Year's evolution, however that might look and feel in your mind's eye. Breathe in the idea of a regular interval where we assess where we have gotten to... on the way to where that special part in us knows where we are going.*

*Do you notice a relaxing of the need to do, to figure out how... and instead, are you able to perhaps let go and allow that more expansive part of you to show you how?*

*Do you find that breathing from the part that has already evolved, that is evolution incarnate... that cravings for the old way lessen and begin to crumble away? Easily, and without effort?*

*Here is the place where peace resides, where it can always be accessed.*

*Know that-- now that we understand how and where to breathe from this place-- we can continue to steer ourselves, our lives... or... better... to allow ourselves to be steered... from this place as often as we might like.*

*You are this larger awareness, this state of knowing. You have only to call forth, through desire, by way of releasing into this deep breathing, this antidote to dis-ease and worry.*

*You are succeeding. You are evolving. You are evolved. You are exactly where you need to be.*

*Breathe in peace.*

### **A Plan for the Future**

In voicing/announcing some of our plans for this new year we (Joan and David) intend to *speak into being* the following, for *DoingIt!* and all of our other creative projects offered up to Spirit in heartfelt gratitude:

Look for 2007 to bring into our sphere many more who are aligned and as ready as we to step up to a new level of humanness and being. From Joan's expanding class schedule of empowering classes and retreats for women; to exciting new art projects, to more and more intuitive healing treatments, assisted by increasingly powerful lines of blends; to issues of *DoingIt!* that touch hearts and inspire minds; to increased embracing of the One World Flag - an international symbol of diversity; to planned book releases, audio and video recordings, guided meditations and teachings; and so much more. May we continue to honor our gifts, and as proof in the pudding of the cleaning and clearing away of our inner turmoil... may our world reflect outwardly increased peace and joy. So be it.



## *Golden Moonlight by Joan*

*The first full moon of January--*

*Wolf Moon.*

*A big golden orb reflecting off of icy crystals everywhere.*

*This is the ball that nature drops  
to ring in its New Year,*

*and a reminder of the return of light  
and days growing longer.*

*Go ahead and howl a little--  
there is plenty to celebrate.*

### Thinking Ahead

And so we have presented, in the spirit of kicking off a new year in high gear, a number of stories and suggestions aimed at assisting our evolution and resolutions onto successes as yet unimagined.

Let us all heed the advice of my Uncle Ben (Franklin, kites and keys, not rice):

"Be always at war with your vices, at peace with your neighbors,  
and let each new year find you a better man."

~~ Benjamin Franklin

See you next month!

### About the Authors

David Bartholomew and Joan Clark are married and currently living in Lawrence, Kansas. This publication stems from their commitment that each of us lives from our true calling, and trust that this is possible.

Joan is an artist/painter/natural perfumer/writer/teacher/holistic practitioner bringing forth intuitively and Spirit-driven work. She truly lives from a place that everything is connected and all aspects of her life reflect this.

For more on Joan's work please visit:  
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David is a writer-fine photographer-creative hyphenate as well, and originator of the One World Flag-- an international symbol of diversity.

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### *Doing It!*

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*What Would You Do...  
If You Knew You Could Not Fail?*