

## WAYS OF HEALING

# Screaming to Heal

Lindy Harding

**W**e've got a huge task ahead of us. We've got: cleaning up the oceans and rivers, sealing the ozone holes, halting the rape of the rainforests, not to mention developing respect for one another in order to stem the daily bloodbath over differences in religion, colour, education, culture, sex, care of children, the elderly . . . A monumental task. And not long, we're told, in which to achieve it. Not that dear old planet earth will mind whether we make it or not — she'll just shake us off like fleas from a dog and settle down into a comfortable, cleansing, revitalising ice-age. She's in no hurry.

But we are. Not because we mind being shaken off like the currently unwelcome irritants that we are, but because it's time to clean up our own act. Cleaning up the earth can come later. Otherwise the whole wonderful adventure that is human is doomed to be blacklisted throughout the universe and the shame that we deserve to feel will be real.

So how do we do it in one easy step? Well, a padded cell in every home should do the trick. Wot? . . . Well, it's easy. You



see, everything that destroys does so because of anger — somewhere, in some form, somehow.

Sometimes the anger explodes out in a terrifying tidal wave on a scale from personal to international. Sometimes it just leaks out so subtly you can't even recognise it. But it will always find a way out. *Always*. Sometimes it does so through greed, a hunger for profit at the expense of someone else; sometimes by turning inwards and destroying body tissue. And more often than not we don't even know why it's there at all.

But it is, and it's in all of us, and it was seeded thousands of years ago.

And it's this overwhelming backlog of

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anger that destroys. Not anger that is new and fresh and expressed of itself and disappears — that stuff is exciting and potent and assertive and, by definition, non-abusive, no hidden agenda. But it's a rare phenomenon. Mostly anger is turbo-charged with old, stagnant, repressed, historic, maybe even archetypal emotion, with its own independent desire to destroy its victim without mercy. And this source memory is probably thoroughly justified in its outrage — it's just got the wrong victim, albeit usually a perfect substitute.

So where did it all start? Well, my own experience takes me back to the time when man and woman had no fear of each other's potency, no damning of each other's difference, but a true, vital, energised reverence and at-home-ness with the co-operative and life-enhancing differences between them; where the meeting of female power and male power harnessed a potency so absolute that new life leapt in more than just human form, hourly, daily, yearly, as normal, at will.

But, like a perfectly balanced top set down spinning in an environment with its own forces, sometimes there will occur a minute deviation from the centre, so minute perhaps that the falling of an eyelash will cause it (not a sparrow falls from a tree but God knows it), which, increasing over thousands of years, eventually becomes outright chaos; to a point where violence and fear between the sexes becomes so extreme as to make each at times in history wish the other off the face of the earth . . .

Women have felt disempowered by men and some still do: men's methods of victimisation and abuse are overt and well-documented. Likewise men have felt disempowered by women and some still do: women's methods have tended towards subtle, often covert, emasculation and manipulation, without a face. Our mutual outrage at being thus invalidated is real, valid and wholly justified, because the abuse, from overt violence to a sensation of discomfort, has been real, and still is. And *we came in with it*; vast, ancient sackfuls of it, and we added to that baggage hours or certainly years into this lifetime. And so it goes on . . .

Hence the padded cells — in every household, every community, we need them. *We all* need them. Safe havens where we can rage, where we can let off the pressure, where we can scream and hurl ourselves (or anything else) against a surface that will take our strength and not hurt us back or collapse under our weight; where we can kick and bite and scratch and tear and punch; where we can break things and smash things to our heart's content. And, without question, to everyone else's.

And then we turn from victim to aggressor and from aggressor finally to potent, powerful, assertive, unafraid human beings, who emerge spent and victorious. And then we become at home again with the wonder and potency of our fellow beings — and the atomic power of our joining can truly heal ozone holes and clean up oceans — no probs!