

Laughters of the World Unite!

The Laugh

No one really knows. It might have happened dancing at a nightclub, probably not, but perhaps. Maybe someone, anyone, was really into it. Bouncing, wiggling, vibrating with the Rhythm they became one with the Music, one with the crowd, and then *One* with the Universe. Struck with the inherent humor of Being they began laughing ecstatically, infectiously and couldn't stop. Everyone in the immediate vicinity began to laugh as well. And no one could stop laughing. The laughter spread to the streets, through the city, to the countryside, over hill and dale, mountain and plains, until it reached the Headquarters. There this infectious merriment, the Laugh, was greeted with the Frown - accompanied by a growl, a snarl, and a dreadful fart.

“P.U! It stinks so bad, Hold your Nose.”

“Gross! It smells of Cheap Whiskey, Cigarettes, and Cow Flesh.”

“The rotting of so many extinct creatures comes through their bad breath.”

“No matter how many mouthwashes, no matter how much deodorant, no matter how many baths and showers, the stench of rotting flesh remains in their clothes, breath and skin.”

“So stand back! Let these stinky people pass.”

“Notice how they hold onto their stinkiness and say it is good.”

“They even entice others to emulate their stench.”

“I know the smell of good clean skin and how delicious a person can be.”

“There are no stinky people where I come from.”

Murmured the Crowd as the Serious People marched by.

The Frown stopped The Laugh at this point. But the Laughter movement was hardly stopped, only slowed down. In fact that spontaneous laughter initiated a rebellion that was about to change the world. You can help out by having a good laugh for the Movement. Smile away Seriousness. Humor Forever. Ride On!

The Laughter League

The innocent, spontaneous purity of the original anonymous Laughters, which initiated this miraculous event, inspired some enlightened individuals to form a secret Laughter's League, which was devoted to the humorous overthrow of Serious Society. They began their social revolution by strategically planting members of their society in significant crowds. Members of the Laughter League, Laughters, as they were called, attempted to transform the Public by seeing the humor in things. Sensitive to the mood of the crowd these well-placed Laughters attempted to lead people from discrete snickering, quietly growing into restrained laughter, finally bursting forth into the liberating Belly Laugh. (Consider that the second order of the Laughter League was called the Belly Laughters.)

What was the point of this subterfuge, you might wonder? A steady diet of TV, poor nutrition, pharmaceutical drugs, and media brainwashing had gradually eroded the Public's ability to analyze information. This general dumbing down had so discouraged most reformers that they had retreated or retired from the public arena. The Laughter League also realized that the Public's minds were so far gone that there was no hope of revolution from the intellectual side. Consequently the Laughters skipped the Public's Brain altogether and instead attempted to infiltrate their Body. Humor distracted the guardians to the gateway of the Mind and allowed ideas to sneak in that normally would have been rejected out of hand.

People were joining the movement without even being aware of it. Anyone with a good sense of humor was at risk, no matter what his or her mental politics were. Humor, accompanied by

laughter, transformed individuals on bodily levels unbeknownst to them. Brain was unaware that Body was joining the League without his approval. However after Body converted Brain usually followed. The Laughters changed people's bodies, which changed their minds. The Body politics of Clear Light Laughing was all the same.

Stages of Laughter

The Laughter League cultivated different stages of Laughter, which are delineated below.

Beginning Laughter began with muffled snickers, "Tee Hee Hee" with a hand muting the mouth. This restrained form was followed by the aborted Laugh. "Ha! Ha! Ho! Hee? Oops!?" A sheepish grin followed this spontaneous eruption of laughter, which was quickly contained. Finally, growing in a more or less continuous fashion from the previous stages came the Belly Laugh. "Ha, Ho, Ho! HA!! Hooo!" In this stage the Laughter must hold the belly as it begins to hurt.

The Advanced Stages of Laughter begin with the Belly Laugh. The simple Belly Laugh signifies that the Laughter has abandoned his cares to the humor of the Moment. The Belly Laughter has a nourished body. He is happy. Although he has enough food, his stomach hurts a little to remind the initiate that not all are as fortunate as he is.

Next comes the 'Laugh 'till I cried' stage. In this stage the initiate has come to understand on a bodily level that pain and joy are the same - that the Finality of Death always follows the Ecstasy of Life.

After the Belly Laugh and the 'Laugh 'till I Cried' stages comes the uncontrollable Clear-Lighted Laughter. Here the initiate is a Master and spontaneously erupts in a laughter so infectious that all around are transformed by the Chaos of his response to the Absurdity of Formality.

Non-denominational Laughters

You might wonder who these Laughters were? No one really knows – or cares for that matter. They might have been anyone, but they gradually turned into everyone. But if you are curious let's listen in to a response by a member of the League when asked what the qualifications were.

Laughter: "You don't have to be white or black, male or female, Christian, Taoist, Hindu, Muslim or Jew, to find humor in this plane. You don't have to be beautiful, tall, strong or smart to achieve higher levels of consciousness. You don't have to be politically correct or incorrect; religious, atheist or pagan; married, single or divorced; gay, straight or celibate to have rainbows sprouting from your Gateway to Heaven. Liberation is accessible to all, regardless of political, religious, or sexual persuasion. And of course Liberation comes through Laughter. So join in."

Early History of the Laughter League

Despite the Laugh the Laughter Movement had a very slow beginning. During the Prosperity the movement was almost extinguished. The materialism and greed was so omni-present that these Dark Ages saw very little Clear Lighted Laughter. Then, due to the overwhelming destruction of the Leader era, with his stripping away all pretense of a non-militaristic political world, people were forced to look inwards where the Laughter of the Clear Light originates. Where bodies were clogged with materialism and pride, and generally unreceptive to higher vibrations, suddenly the members of the Laughter League found small openings, which were sensitive to the Clear Light Laughter.

These small openings were caressed very carefully open, gradually turning the person's psyche inside out. Initially a hard selfish shell covered and protected the psyche from really feeling. However with Laughter therapy, the patient's shell was gradually, slowly melted,

replacing this cocoon-like exterior with the moist softness of the Woman's Emptiness. "God Bless the Void and all its Noise" ran one of the Laughter Slogans.

But these initial beginnings were very slow. Although outwardly discouraged, the inherent humor of excessive seriousness carried the League forward through these difficult times. Let's examine the chain of events that led to the overthrow of Serious Society.

The Ocean of Tears

Actually the Laugh was followed by the famous Frown; which, as every school child knows, was followed by the Ocean of Tears. This phenomenon, totally unexpected, was explained by certain experts, as the pendulum swing. The brief glimpse into the joy, ecstasy, and absurdity of life, followed by the terrible seriousness in the face of all this absurdity, washed over the novice laughers like a tidal wave. The ecstasy brought on by the Clear Lighted Laughter was immediately followed by the Frown. There was the ripple realization all across the country that Laughing People everywhere are being stifled by these Serious People.

Under the influence of the Laugh, people clearly saw life's humor and absurdity. To be brought back to the distorted presumption of a Reality, that life was serious and grim, was too hard for these initiate laughers to deal with. It left them weeping uncontrollably for the pain of innocent Laughers everywhere. They had the collective vision of Laughers throughout time afflicted by those Serious People chasing Money and Power.

Because the Ocean of Tears followed the initial Laughter, the leaders of the Serious People pointed to this progression as a justification for the Frown. They and their experts said that 'The People' were not ready for Humor or Joy yet. After all headline after headline proclaimed in bold print '**Studies show Public Doesn't Want Happiness**'. The Serious People said that 'The Public' really had grown accustomed to Suffering. Their experts proved conclusively beyond a shadow of a reasonable doubt that human kind craved pain and suffering, could not do without it, actually strove to create it if there was an absence. Of course The Laughers proved them all wrong, as we shall soon see.

Because of the Ocean of Tears, these initiate Laughers unconsciously formed a sort of scab, a callous, a hardening of their Luminous Egg. Then from the depths of their Pain at the interconnectedness of our Cosmic Web, they came back to the realization of the Truth in Glee.

Soon after The Tears, the Snickers began again, followed fairly quickly by Restrained Laughter, then the Belly Laugh. This occurred whenever they encountered these Serious People in their serious clothes walking around seriously on serious streets doing their serious business.

(It's odd that the Serious, as the Laughers called them, held onto their ways in light of a series of studies by contemporary medical research, which showed seriousness was bad for the health. Actually the Leader and a few of his more rigid advisors had serious medical problems from years of serious behavior. The Serious diseases were centered on hardening - hardening of the arteries, arthritis, and hardening of the mind, strokes and senility. So all of you serious people out there had better change your ways before it is too late. Remember that seriousness is a degenerative disease.)

At first these snickers were surreptitious, but they gradually became more overt, growing uncontrollably, like a tidal wave overwhelming the last vestiges of Seriousness, incredibly, indubitably, uncertainly, uncontrollably somewhere in the middle of the 21st century. Hooray!!!

The rest is well known popular history. The Laughers ascended to power by virtue of default and the Serious People disappeared, becoming extinct early in the Millennium. Everyone said they knew some serious people but no one would admit that they were one. Let's see how the Revolution occurred.

The Last Days

With the Poverty after the Crash, which followed the Prosperity, came a spiritual awakening, which was immediately exploited by these secret societies. Realizing that a plot was afoot, which a Serious threat to their Serious schemes those in power instituted plans to crack down on the insurrection – to squelch the Fun. The following scene is a recreation of the Leader's Last Days. It was very difficult at those times for the Serious people, too many defecations. Ha ha - I mean defections. (This demonstrates how much the Laughter movement has even infiltrated literature. Ha Ha Hoo Hee Oops!)

The scene is the Asnian Headquarters, with the Leader and a few of his advisors discussing the growing Laughter Movement.

Advisor #1: "Sir what are we going to do?"

Leader: "You're right. Big Problem. Won't Go Away. So Much Laughter. Very Disturbing. Sales Down. Lack of Respect. Maybe Smart Bombs?"

Advisor #2: "No Skippy. I Mean Mr. Puppet, I'm sorry I mean Mr. Poopsident, Pepsodent, whatever, Oo Ha Ha Oops?!"

Advisor #1: "Mr. President I think our man here has covered too many of these Laugh-ins. They are starting to affect him. I think we should take him out of the field."

Advisor #2 is led away, laughing uncontrollably. "Poopsident, Pepsodent. Oooh Ha, Ho Ha HO."

Advisor #1: "Quick! Break out the Anti-Laughing Serious Gas! The President is beginning to Grin. We need him back on Grim. Quick, this is a Serious matter."

Leader: "Pepsodent?! Ho Hee! Aurghh. Ahh. Serious Gas take effect. I back to normal."

Advisor #1: "Sir. This is getting serious. The Laughter is so infectious, that some of our best men are defecating, I mean defecting, Oooh Ha Ho! That was a good one. Oh, I mean, sorry sir. I don't know what I was thinking. It was a slip of the tongue. I really didn't mean to smile, grin or laugh."

"More Serious Gas?!" the Leader grunted.

"Sir, Remember the Side Effects."

"Serious Depression, sometimes Suicide, No Good."

"Yes sir. The serious Laughers aren't effected by it much, while quelling crowd laughter, it has led some of our more serious agents to suicide."

"But everyone Laugh At Me." whimpers the President breaking into tears.

"Don't cry sir!"

"Ah, got hold of self. Serious Gas always affects me this way. Better gas needed. Now!"

"Sir, our mad scientists are working on that Oh damn! I meant to say our scientists are working madly on the solution. Ooh, Hoo, Hoo, Ha, Hurp. Oops!?"

"Mad scientist indeed! Humph! This Serious Meeting. What Oil Say? What Weapons Say? What Cars Say? This important."

"Right as usual. Mr. Poopsi, I mean Presidentist, I mean President. I'm sorry sir. My tongue, my body seems to be out of control."

"Get hold or Serious Chamber."

"Anything but that sir!"

"The Oil companies are worried sir, now that people aren't willing to fight they're not using so much oil. Profits are tumbling. The Defense industry, I mean The Destruction Business I'm sorry Hee Hee Hoo Hah Hurp Ick. Yes as I was saying the Defense Industry is crying,

The soldiers aren't cooperating. They're laughing at their superiors, who at first attempting to crack down, then break out laughing too. It seems that the laughter is infectious

at higher levels of the human consciousness. Our leaders can make commands over the phone. But the face-to-face contact is deadly. We've put our men in Gas suits. That doesn't Work. The vibrations go thru' the suit."

"Smart Bombs!?"

"Sir, You're talking about our major population centers. San Francisco has now gone Laughing following Los Angeles. Who would ever think that the movement would start in Los Angeles."

"After riots, situation desperate."

"Right Sir. What is the matter? You had a compassionate thought. That is so unlike you."

"Many. But I only Puppet of Higher Powers."

"Sir! I know you don't mean that! Remember The Serious gas always affects you this way."

"I am Puppet! I want Share! But my rulers say No!"

"Sir. What are you saying? You are President. No one in the world is more powerful than you."

"Not True!"

"Hey guys! No more serious gas around the President. He gets into these inferiority trips."

"All those Extinct Creatures Give Nightmares."

"Sir! Think of the Jobs!"

"All those Central American Indians looking at me from ravaged land."

"But think of the enormous profits you've generated for your friends. Aren't they important too? What's a few rain forests here and there compared to the overwhelming prosperity of your friends, Oh Hoo! Ha! I'm sorry, I mean friends."

"The Afghani women, the Iraqis and their children." says the Leader glumly, beginning to cry again.

"Sir, remember Your New World Disorder, Heh Heh, I mean Odor. New World Odor. Ha Ha Ho Ho! Boy, it stinks around here. Who let one? One of your Industrial Friends I'm sure. Light a Match!"

"I serious now. Be careful!"

"Good."

"What we do about Laughers? You advise, Advisor!"

"Well, let's think. What did we do about that pesky Erection movement?"

"That easy! Media campaign."

"You're right. We handled that easily. After our very effective media campaign to mold public opinion, the highly visible erectionists were legislated against and then jailed."

"Communism and Drugs Same."

"That's true. Worker's rights are evil; corporate profits are good. Magnificent Media campaign equating Worker's rights with Communism as a godless, evil society."

"Remember Drugs."

"Yes Sir. You did a marvelous job of protecting our liquor, tobacco, & drug industries from the evils of the calatia weed. Why we have protected your friends' enormous corporate profits. All those evil people who tried to evade our consumer society by growing their own have been jailed and their possessions have been confiscated. Boy, did you teach them a lesson."

Tears begin running down the Leader's face.

"Then linking cocaine, heroin, and calatia under the generic term, Drugs. A Master Stroke to be sure. Are you for or against drugs? I want a Yes or No answer. We had them trapped."

"Lies and more Lies," the Leader begins to wail.

"We convinced them that 'Calatia' led to the chaos and 'moral' decline of the 60's and 70's. You were simultaneously able to protect the profits of your fiends in both the logging industry and in the drug business, pharmaceutical and illegal, but we won't mention that."

"Stop! You torture me!" sobs the Leader ever louder.

"Disassociating hemp and calatia, the public never knew what hit them. Who cares if hemp is a renewable resource, which improves the soil? Who cares if the Earth is destroyed? Protecting the profits of your corporate fiends has always been your top priority. Destroy those evil hemp growers. Remember your slogan? 'Calatia dealers, should be shot on sight.'"

"I ruin innocent people everywhere?!?" bawls the Leader, weeping uncontrollably.

"Sir, get a hold of yourself. I was just making one of our Serious Jokes."

"What about Laughters?"

"With communism, drugs, and erections, we used the Media to lead the Pubic, I mean Public by the Stink, sorry, I mean the Nose. Follow the Smell. What am I braying, that is saying? My tongue is out of control."

"What about Laughters?"

"Yes those pesky laughers. They are not laboring for workers rights. They do not belong to any organization."

"Jail Leaders!"

"Good sir. I can see that you're coming back to your old self. But we can't find their leaders. Everyone's too busy laughing and having fun. Any time one of our men infiltrates their groups they defecate. I mean defect. Those that don't defect become seriously depressed by all the misery that we serious people have caused throughout the world, and quit the Establishment, go into hiding and drop out."

"Pass Laws. Jail Leaders!"

"This is the Leader of old. That's the spirit sir. But what law do we pass? You possess drugs or paraphernalia. Legislate against possession. You have an erection. Legislate against body. We did it for abortion. No Problem. The constitution only protects property rights, not people rights. But Laughter sir?"

"You expert. You decide."

"But sir?!"

"I ask Oil, Guns and Cars what they think? They pull my strings anyway."

"Sir they are recommending more serious gas. They say damn the casualties full speed ahead. Harking back to Vietnam they have adopted the slogan, 'Better Depressed Than Laughter'."

The Leader begins sobbing again, "This Stupid. So much Pain. So much suffering. Why Me?"

"Another Slogan Sir, 'Put a Frown on your face, the Asnian Way.' or how about"

"Enough, enough. I tortured!"

"But sir, you can smile in the comfort of your own home counting your own funny, oops I mean bunny, Hee, Hoo, money!"

"So many unhappy people!"

After an intense dose of Serious Gas the Leader became seriously suicidal. He had come to realize the transitoriness of Life; he had come to realize the suffering he had created in all walks of life, and finally he had come to realize that his power boats, his expensive toys, his position in society, didn't give him any joy or pleasure. He realized that all his machinations to control the world for he and his friends was only a meaningless game, which still left him empty with no satisfaction. He realized that his corporate fiends were still unsatisfied. He realized that he was

making no one happy, least of all himself. He went into a deep depression, locking himself in the Oval office, letting no one in, receiving no calls.

This state of non-communication began with days, then extended to weeks, then months. Without the Leader of the Serious out of commission the Laughter movement spread out of control. The Laughers of the Clear Light began at last to spread their message openly and overtly.

Everyone was having such a good time. Finally the Leader opened his door, raised from his depression by all the infectious laughter around him. He had obviously been crying, but then broke into hilarious laughter that wouldn't stop. Following his cue his advisors began chuckling, then moved fairly quickly through the stages until they reached Clear-Lighted Laughter. With the dam of seriousness broken at long last they couldn't stop laughing for days.

This then was the beginning of the New World Odor, which smelled ever so sweet.

Epilogue

It is evident from this narrative that the Laugh, which burst forth from that nightclub early in the 21st century, was instrumental in the transformation of Western civilization. Modern historians actually point to The Laugh as a major turning point for the cultures of the Earth. Some scholars even suggest that the movements it spawned actually saved the Human Race from Extinction.

After millennia of Serious People trying to conquer and dominate the world, the Laugh supplied the impact that began to turn the Public around - the catalyst that inspired them to eventually laugh the Serious out of power. No more conquering and dominating, only cooperation and joy. How can you kill someone you've laughed with?

Laughers of the World Unite. Employ Clear Lighted Laughter, third stage Belly Laughter, to liberate the Earth.

[Editor's Note: Such a simplistic worldview. Too bad everyone can't just laugh away the world's problems. Obviously the laughter was the antithesis to the seriousness. However synthesis inevitably follows antithesis. Although the Laughter Movement was able to overthrow the Serious People, it was not the final solution.

Plus the Writer is misguided if he believes that the puny human species could destroy Mother Earth. Of course humans can certainly destroy the Earth for their species and perhaps all mammals, which they are certainly doing as we speak, but plants and insects will still be here long after our species has become extinct from the destruction of the ecosystem that supports our existence. Luckily in the decades following this tract the Goddess became ascendant and taught us to love our Mother - Earth that is. Check out Part IV of The Erection Trilogy to see what happens next.]

The End