

## *The Oaqui Tales*

**“When the fun gets deep enough, it can heal the world.”**

- the Oaqui

Sometimes, even if you have no authority, no permission for believing in the things you do, you make up your own, and suddenly everything is fun again. As the Oaqui like/s to say: “Do what you think you should be doing long enough, and you, too, could become a self-fulfilled prophet.”

The Oaqui (“oa” is probably pronounced “wa”, “qui” is most likely pronounced “cky”, as in “wa cky”) was or were first introduced to the world through the virtual writings of the person currently identified as “the author.”

For all he actually claims to know about the actual identity of the Oaqui, Oaqui could refer to a singular and/or plural, male and/or female, person, group, and/or cosmic being. This is because: 1. the Oaqui communicate only by email, and 2. the Oaqui language makes no distinction between singular or plural, masculine or feminine, young or old. It is the Oaqui apotheosis to be seen as not only one with the many, but also many with the one. In this manner, the Oaqui is/are oft considered the true manifestation of me\we-ness.

And for all we know, there might be no such person or group as the Oaqui. This author person might have made the whole thing up, just for the fun, and the depth of it.

Your friend and mine/ours,

The Oaqui<sup>xxxiii</sup>

## *The Oaqui explain(s) fun*

According to the Oaqui, originally, before it all got started, before the big banged, everything was, in its total entirety, dimensionlessly and unadjectivably fun. Hence, any attempt to distinguish one form or dimension of fun from another invariably leads to excessive playfulness, like the following.

But, that's neither here nor there.

The Oaqui currently distinguish/es between 613 different kinds of fun. Curiously, Partial fun is considered a kind of fun (#417), even though it can never be as Total or Complete or Entire as Whole fun (#423), synonymously speaking.

There is Loving fun. One of my favorites, you know — the fun of loving, the fun love makes of the world. Which, corollarily means that there is also the Fun of Hating. And you know what that makes of the world. There's Good fun, which is nice, and Bad fun, which isn't nice, and yet is just as much fun.

Don't let me forget DEEP fun, for gosh sake, or, in a connected or perhaps the same vein, shallow fun. I suppose there is such a thing as Vertical Fun, the conceptual mirror of the more widely known Horizontal Fun.

This is all apparently rife with implications beyond the scope of this medium. And yet, somehow, not. Vertical or Horizontal, Deep or Shallow, it's the fun of it all that we should probably pay closest attention to: That it's fun at all. That it's all fun. That all these different kinds of fun, regardless of how much we hope to embrace or avoid them, are fun. They all do the same thing for us. They bring us life.

More than the different kinds of fun, it's the different ways of having it. More than the best kind of fun, or the kind of fun you are best at having, it's how many ways you have to have it.

Once you experience what and how whole fun is, you basically know what to do with the rest of your life.

Your mission:

To bring fun into the world. As long as you are in it.

Whole fun.

In as many ways as you possibly can.

According, at least, to the Oaqui.

Which reminds us of a query from a fellow employee who, while engaged in a particularly playful game, discovered that she “laughed so hard I cried,” asking, “What, apparently, is the connection?”

And why does one evidently lead to the other but rarely vice versa?”

The question profoundly struck our authorial plurality as something we should be writing about, so we posed this very conundrum to the Oaqui. The response was something like this:

“As soon as it was certain that the Big was about to go Bang, I/we, immediately set about to capture the essence and wholeness of Original Fun.

“Which is why today, at no additional cost to you, you can read the ultimate answers to such questions as the mysterious oneness of laughing and crying and the true nature of the Allfun-ness, written in easy-to-read DNA (you have to remember this was before there was such a thing as paper, or eyeballs), right there, always handy, printed on your very genes.”

## *The Not-Yet fun*

Fun is the key. But the lock is not-yet-fun.

According to the Oaqui, our world apparently came into being during The Billion Years of not-yet-fun, which was billions of years after the whole idea of not-yet-fun was considered at all funny.

Fun in our world, the Oaqui show/s us, is the exception; not-yet-fun the rule. This is why making anything lastingly fun frequently requires a combination of lifelong commitment, spiritual heroism and a multi-million dollar marketing campaign.

I have seen both the awesome and awful done in the name of fun. Despite my faith in fun, I haven't really trusted fun. Not as the ultimate arbiter of ethical being. Not in this world.

But now, thanks to this revelation of the origin of the not-yet-fun, my faith in fun is restored. Because now I understand how new of a thing fun really is. And how big of a job we really have. And how patriotic!

That's the other thing about the latest Oaqui revelation that I find particularly liberating. Aside from my few years in ROTC, I've never really had the opportunity to think of my self as a patriot. But, yes, now that I think of it, fun is the most American of all things I could have ever wanted to make or be.

Fun is my country's real innovation. We Americans have carried the consciousness of mankind so far beyond the dark depravities of survival, that today most of us can spend most of our days bathed in the clean light of soap opera and awash in the sweet regularity of major league sports.

Fun is our most profitable export. Our movies, our TV, our sports, our millionaire players. Fun is our actual revolution. Fun is the ultimately inalienable right we have been trying to establish in an ultimately alienating world. Fun is what our founding fathers secretly hoped to find, and built a country in the pursuit of. Fun is all we want to have. Fun is what we are here to make. Fun is our singlemost greatest contribution to the evolution of the species. Fun is the American way!

## *Why we age, according to the Oaqui*

In the beginning we were ageless.

We had no age.

We were neither young nor old, adolescent nor decrepit.

Without age.

Ageless.

And great fun was had by all forever.

A little later, somebody noticed that it was even more fun to be ageless when we were also pretending to have age. We pretended all the fun parts of infancy and youth, maturity and old age. We especially liked to pretend the fun parts of being grown up.

Because to pretend to be grown up we had to pretend that we weren't pretending. And that is the hardest and most fun of all.

So we devoted year after decade to it until we got so good at pretending to be grown up that only drugs and enthusiastic charismatics could get us to pretend to be children again.

...In the mean time almost completely forgetting that we are all each ageless in the first place.

## *Two Players – a Oaqui tale*

I asked the Oaqui if they/he/she could entertain me with a profound-seeming, instructive-like story.

“TWO PLAYERS,” the Oaqui eventually responded, almost without hesitation.

“There are two players in the heart: Serious and Silly,” the Oaqui began in a tone bordering on instructive glibness. “At least.”

“From time to time they play games.”

“Which one wins?” I innocently inquired.

“It depends,” responded the Oaqui, “on who’s keeping score.”

## *The Truth Will Make You Laugh*

The Oaqui is/are quoted to purportedly have said that “the truth will make you laugh.” This, coincidentally, is closely, but inversely correlated to the insight that led me to concocting Oaqui Meditation. The underlying premise of Oaqui meditation is that when you laugh, you are the truth. The purpose of the meditation being to reflect that truth back into the world.

Laughter, claim/s the Oaqui, is a Oaqui invention. The Oaqui explain/s:

“For example, it is likely that the sound people make when they laugh is a genetic memory of the actual sound of the Big Banging: reminding them thereby of the infinite humor of it all when it was all for fun.

“We/I also believe that the real reason I/we invented laughter could very well have been to remind humanity as a whole of something.

“Then there’s theory that laughter is the sound of the energy that is released when the not-yet-fun finally becomes fun: a quantum releasing of fun to yet another level that is more fun than that.

“It also could very well be the sound of the soul applauding, of the whole body clapping, returning to a state of primal health, resonating with universal glee.

“Then it occurs to me/us that I/we might have very cleverly created laughter so that we/I could leave humanity with a spiritual Heimlich Maneuver: whenever the spirit gets blocked by the not-yet-fun, a little laughter is all it takes to resuscitate the soul.

“In sum, I/we don’t exactly know why, or when or actually if we created laughter or even what laughter is for.

“In the beginning it was fun.

“In the end, it was all for fun.

“And in between is where it tickles most.”

## *The Therapeutics of Primal Glee, according to the Oaqui*

No one ever said it's easy to be Oaqui. Even if one is totally Oaqui, totally immersed in a totally Oaqui-saturated environment, being a totally-actualized Oaqui — there are, in sum, times when it's just too hard to maintain the correct Oaquitude. And things just generally fall pretty much apart. Totally.

These are the times when sanity becomes a definitely attractive option, even for the Oaqui.

For Oaqui and non-Oaqui alike the return to some version of relative sanity frequently requires the assistance of a full-time expert — a Professional Therapist who is intimately familiar with the practice of the therapy, who has spent a life time in its pursuit, and has made it a life's work.

Fun, as we know, is endemic to the nature of any Oaqui enterprise. Thus, unlike the non-Oaqui forms of therapy, all Oaqui therapies are Fun Therapies. Amongst the Oaqui, the term Play Therapy is redundant.

It is interesting to note how parallel, yet non-intersecting are the practices of Oaqui Therapy and non-Oaqui so-called Play Therapy. Whereas amongst the non-Oaqui, Play Therapy is for children, Oaqui (inherently fun) Therapy sessions are for adults. Whilst amongst the non-Oaqui the goal is to help patients confront primal pain, betwixt the Oaqui nothing is more therapeutic nor more primal to confront than fun.

A typical Oaqui Therapy session may involve hours of intense playfulness punctuated by moments of sheer hysteria, until it is generally agreed that the patient/s has/ve been able to recover another moment of absolute fun.

Through marathon sessions, sometimes attended by a whole team of Oaqui fun Therapist/s, the Oaqui is ultimately given the opportunity to relive those truly primal moments of rapturous laughter which are so central to the formation of the Oaqui character: to the first total tickle, the first wet-your-pants giggles, the first ecstasy of achievement. Amongst the Oaqui, these early and momentary experiences are the most powerful examples of what the non-Oaqui classify as trauma. For the Oaqui Therapist, these are the moments of Primal Glee.

The Oaqui Therapist is greatly admired for his/her mastery over a wide variety of Glee-evoking techniques and tools, but even more admired for his/herself/ves'/s personal capacity for Glee. Amongst the Oaqui, none is more continually and reliably Glee-prone than the Oaqui Therapist.



Another significant deviation between Oaqui Therapy and the kinds of so-called play therapies practiced amongst the non-Oaqui is age factor. Whilst amongst the non-Oaqui it is the adult and most senior therapist who commands the greatest respect and salary, amongst the Oaqui, the younger the Therapist, the more highly his/her services are valued. In truth, many of our most cherished and revered of Oaqui Therapist/s is/are known to be /a/ mere child/ren, often merely in the early twenties: months, sometimes weeks, sometimes days, even.<sup>xxxiv</sup>