In a world where Nietzschean laughter is transformed into neurotic expressionism, the border separating the Freudian conscious from the unconscious has disappeared and we have fallen prey to the intra-conscious: if today laughter bursts out only where joy has been made impossible, the bodily assemblage which made laughter burst has been damaged in one way or another, giving way to a new type of human being. One who looks at the world from within the intra-conscious does not know that one’s laughter is actually a vomiting inside and that one has created a crypt out of oneself. One bursts into laughter now not in order to ridicule the world but to be ridiculed.