

ARCHIVES OF FUDGEMORE



The Archives of Fudgemore

A History of Truth Seekers

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Obifus and the War of Lies

Which concludes the story of Obifus the Liar and gives a clear indication of just how wars can be stopped, and of what constitutes the threefold life of meaning.

Two cultures were about to clash, and Obifus the liar had planned the whole thing. He stood outside the entrance to his own town with his donkey, with whom he entertained deep and noble conversation on the threefold meaning of life and how wars can be stopped.

Now for those of you who have followed the story so far and have not been distracted by interesting questions related mostly to the donkey, you will already know that Obifus the liar was not from here, that is, the land of pointy hats and bindings, but was from over there, that is the village where Obifus studied under the infamous Del Samara, the candy maker. And yet, owing to a bunch of lies he told, mostly to save his body from the compassionate rendering thereof into gazpacho, that being the customary way to treat foreigners, the people from the land of pointy hats and bindings thought he was one of their own. This fact allowed him to have confident communication with both parties and arrange things thus:

The people from the land of pointy hats and bindings were invited to celebrations under the pretext that they were deemed to possess superior customs which they were willing to teach the barbarians from over there. The people from over there, in their turn, were instructed to treat the coming party with great pomp and ceremony as though they were entertaining a host of royal porcupines. That is, they should stroke their quills the right way so as to avoid personal injury and at the same time make them feel comfortable. And the people from here were instructed to believe that the people from over there were welcoming them with great anticipation of receiving from them the wisdom that their traditions embodied. Were it not for this concocted lie on the part of the liar, there would most certainly have been an actual war. And this fact brings us back to the question raised at the death of a certain Del Samara the candy maker concerning, truth, falsehood, good and evil. And as I began mentioning, Obifus and his donkey were conversing on the topic, but let's not get distracted by the damn donkey.

And that reminds me to tell you that the pointy blue hats that were worn by the male sex were an overt symbol of superiority. The bindings, which were worn by the female sex, amounted to strips of cloth woven between the legs, and were contrived to improve the grace with which they walked while not limiting their ability to escape from a vicious tortoise.

When the two sexes entered town, each in their traditional garb, it made quite the contradictory impression on the locals. The pointy hats altogether looked like the giant blue

hedgehog of every child's nightmare, while the latter reminded one of an elegant procession of penguins on their way to church.

Now the locals, according to instructions rushed to the town entrance when they saw them coming. They clapped their hands wildly, and showered them with confetti, and Obifus prostrated himself as he might for his donkey. And the donkey pretended to be disinterested, but observed every detail so he and Obifus might talk about it later, as we shall find out if we can keep from getting distracted.

When Obifus caught the eye of the red-faced mayor he jumped into action and began brewing as many lies as could fit in his cauldron. To his own real mayor he said one thing, and to the red-faced mayor from pointy hats and bindings, he said another thing. And at the end, or somewhat near the end, of all this lying, both parties were smiling. And nothing makes people so happy as a congenial pack of lies.

Now if you haven't heard of the Fudges it's a shame, for after all these great historians are the very same that have accurately recorded what happened next. And about the Fudges, who were truth seekers of great renown, there are many stories. But in the interest of not getting distracted, let us abbreviate what they abbreviated concerning the following events. For as we know, the more abbreviated the version of the truth, the more interesting the story, even if it is less true.

The truth is, Obifus did not indiscriminately lie. An indiscriminate lie arises from ill intent and out of reaction. Obifus lied intentionally and for a purpose. His first purpose for lying was to save himself from persecution, and his second purpose for lying was to save his fellow townspeople from war. His lies, having served the purpose of creating a safe environment, most of what happened afterward, happened according to natural law. You see, what happened was that in the course of discourse between the two cultures, and especially owing to the effects of liquor and pleasurable activities, fears being laid to rest, what should appear but first curiosity, then admiration, and finally the seeds of love.

Seeds of love in the elderly are beautiful, but seeds of love in the youth are a train wreck. It became evident during the first meeting of these two cultures that the youth were headed for a train wreck. Between the youth from here and the youth from there, prejudice was abandoned, and the laws of mutual attraction took control of the engine. The train's first stop was curiosity, in which there was some wondering about who these people were. The second stop was allure, in which everything that was different became an object of desire. The final stop was a frolic in the new unknown, in which everything that had been learned so far was abandoned in favor of newfound love. In other words, abandonment of formalities first, and exchanges of all sorts from costumes to kisses second, and secret vows third. At the end of but a short time, the over here's and the over there's were practically indistinguishable. Within a week, the elders on both sides had completely lost control of the situation, and instead of turning attention toward

mutual hostilities, their attention was focused on the single most important collaboration of their lifetimes, namely, how to control the youth.

The most effective methods of control were implemented on both sides, and within a month the price of paper more than tripled. Love letters, secret love letters went back and forth, and the adults lost the war before they ever knew it was raging. Obifus and his donkey made a killing of course, having taken up the secret mail service. Within a year, many things were settled by accident so to speak, if you can get my meaning, and within 10 years there were as many cross-cultural families as there were citizens in the two original towns.

And thus it was, according to the Fudges, otherwise known as Fudge and Fudge, that two cultures avoided war thanks to certain lies told by Obifus the liar. To the extent that we owe him great credit, we ought to return now to the conversation mentioned earlier, namely the deep and noble conversation had between Obifus and the donkey on the threefold meaning of life, and how wars can be stopped.

It happened as he and his donkey were making the return trip from the land of pointy hats and bindings that Obifus stumbled upon his own inner thoughts. No sooner had he awoken from the daydream that mostly preoccupies all of us, than he looked straightway at his donkey. And it became obvious that the donkey, unlike himself, had an attention that never wavered.

My dear friend and teacher, he began, I am remembering now our mutual great mentor and teacher, Del Samara the Candy maker. When I was but a youngster and in his orbit, he taught me to lie and rewarded me with candy for every improvement I made in my studies. At the time, I did this for myself, and for selfish reasons, as he no doubt augured well. And it was not until shortly before his death that I understood his teaching, for as you remember, he admonished me from that day forth to use the skill that I had so highly developed for my own greed, to use this skill for the benefit of others. In other words, to use the capacity for intentional manifestation to consider others, in spite of what I might want or not want for myself.

The donkey, ever the teacher, understood the whole idea and especially the word Candy, stopped in his tracks and began licking his lips. And Obifus after a moment of wonder followed by an embarrassed insight, reached in his pocket and pulled out a lump of sugar and gave it to the donkey.

“Without you as my teacher” said Obifus “I should forget that thoughts not brought into action can be repeated by a parrot.” Thank you for the selfless reminder dear friend. Now may we continue our peripatetic adventures and talk along the way”. And this they did.

“From Del Samara,” he continued as they walked, “I learned the first principle of the threefold meaning of life. I learned how every being must strive for themselves. And from Del Samara I learned the second principle of the threefold life, and that is that we owe our very existence to other people and other beings of all sorts. And we share with them this great world. And we

should therefore strive for them as well. But the third principle I needed to acquire on my own and that without the third principle, love and action are both left to chance. And the third principle embodies the very meaning of our lives. And how can the third principle be described?"

At this question, the donkey, having neither the gift of gab, nor opposable thumbs, made his point known by expressing some gas, followed by a more material gift which is the winning lottery ticket of every rose. And Obifus, understanding his deep and noble meaning replied:

"Indeed, to take and to give, to work, not for oneself, but to hold the two principles of selfishness and selflessness in balance so that the world might become more beautiful, this is at least one way to say it, and say it well. And you are wise my dear friend". And he kissed his donkey and walked off into the sunset. And where they went, and what adventures befell Obifus and his donkey, let us hope that we can hear about them some day.

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ARCHIVES OF FUDGEMORE

WISE **FOOL**

HISTORY OF TRUTH SEEKERS

Based on
The Philosophy of Meaning®

The Archives of Fudgemore contain hitherto unknown tales of heroic individuals from every corner of the earth, from every age, who have, sometimes accidentally but not without struggle, discovered certain truths about the meaning of life.


They also point out that meaning transcends all cultural and racial barriers, and has the potential to heal not only an individual heart, but the heart of human societies and of humanity as a whole.

The questions of meaning and truth, we come to understand are the most important questions we can face.

Obifus and the big lie is part three of Obifus the Liar in which Obifus with the help of his donkey has an insight which could stop a war from happening.

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WHO **KNOWS**

 **OBIFUS AND THE BIG LIE** 