

The Absurdity of Absurdism (?)

Post by “Cassius” of July 5, 2024 at 10:35 AM

If someone were to ask me: "Give me a cite to an Epicurean or someone writing about Epicurus who says something like the rant you just wrote" my first response would be [Frances Wright in Chapter 10 of A Few Days In Athens](#). I think this section does a great job of capturing the flavor of what is explicit and implicit in the surviving texts, and which rejects the nihilism and absurdism and similar modern "isms":

A reasonable-length excerpt from that to quote here would be:

Quote from Frances Wright - A Few Days in Athens

Should we, then, to avoid the evil, forego the good? Shall we shut love from our hearts, that we may not feel the pain of his departure? No; happiness forbids it. Experience forbids it. Let him who hath laid on the pyre the dearest of his soul, who hath washed the urn with the bitterest tears of grief — let him say if his heart hath ever formed the wish that it had never shrined within it him whom he now deplores. Let him say if the pleasures of the sweet communion of his former days doth not still live in his remembrance. If he love not to recall the image of the departed, the tones of his voice, the words of his discourse, the deeds of his kindness, the amiable virtues of his life. If, while he weeps the loss of his friend, he smiles not to think that he once possessed him. He who knows not friendship, knows not the purest pleasure of earth. Yet if fate deprive us of it, though we grieve, we do not sink; Philosophy is still at hand, and she upholds us with fortitude. And think, my sons, perhaps in the very evil we dread, there is a good; perhaps the very uncertainty of the tenure gives it value in our eyes; perhaps all our pleasures take their zest from the known possibility of their interruption. What were the glories of the sun, if we knew not the gloom of darkness? What the refreshing breezes of morning and evening, if we felt not the fervors of noon? Should we value the lovely-flower, if it bloomed eternally; or the luscious fruit, if it hung always on the bough? Are not the smiles of the heavens more beautiful in contrast with their frowns, and the delights of the seasons more grateful from their vicissitudes? Let us then be slow to blame nature, for perhaps in her apparent errors there is hidden a wisdom. Let us not quarrel with fate, for perhaps in our evils lie the seeds of our good. Were our body never subject to sickness, we might be insensible to the joy of health. Were our life eternal, our tranquillity might sink into inaction. Were our friendship not threatened with interruption, it might want much of its tenderness. This, then, my sons, is our duty, for this is our interest and our happiness; to seek our pleasures from the hands of the

virtues, and for the pain which may befall us, to submit to it with patience, or bear up against it with fortitude. *To walk, in short, through life innocently and tranquilly; and to look on death as its gentle termination, which it becomes us to meet with ready minds, neither regretting the past, nor anxious for the future.*"

Note: As per earlier commentary on Wright by me and others here on the forum, it is questionable whether it is necessary to go down the road of arguing philosophically that the "good would not exist but for the bad." However as a practical argument to focus the mind that we have to make choices and set our own attitudes, and that we might not understand the pleasure so well without the experience of pain, I think this argument in Chapter 10 works extremely well.