

Pleasures of the soul, Values, Meaningful Life

Post by “Cassius” of June 27, 2022 at 3:54 PM

[Quote from Kalosyni](#)

I would like to propose that friendship is a pleasure which every Epicurean should cultivate.

Even at risk of forever disqualifying yourself from the world of Modern Stoicism????

Genuine friendship—as Aristotle for example thought of it—is *not* something that the reserved Stoic can allow herself. This element is clearly expressed in Seneca’s writings: here, friendship is never of substantial value because the Stoic should be capable of living easily without the friend and she should be capable of making friends with any human being (Seneca, *Letter IX*). The Stoic is non-social in this sense that she will never dare to invest herself emotionally in another person. For her, by rational consideration with regards to her own virtue and the shared reason of every human, every individual is fundamentally the same to her.

(From [ModernStoicism.com](#))

Or even worse (in terms of numbers of people) separating yourself from the Buddhist viewpoint (which implies not getting too attached to any one person)?

Gosh, somebody willing to do that better be ready to tread the path less trod !

But then Lucretius said (according to Humphries):

Exploring ways where none have gone before,

Across the Muses' realms I make my way,

Happy to come to virgin springs, to drink

Their freshness, to discover all the flowers

No man has ever seen, and of them twine

Myself a garland, which no poet yet

Has had from any Muse. This I deserve

Because I teach great things, because I strive

<https://www.epicureanfriends.com/thread/2568-pleasures-of-the-soul-values-meaningful-life/?postID=18593#post18593>

To free the spirit, give the mind release
From the constrictions of religious fear,
Because I write clear verse about dark things,
Enduing what I touch with grace and charm;
And this makes sense, for, just as doctors do,
When they give bitter wormwood to a child,
But first take pains to smear the rim of the cup
With the sweet golden honey, and to fool
The unsuspecting patient, anyway
As far as the lips, till he gulps down the dose
Of bitter wormwood, fooled, but not betrayed,
But rather given health and strength, so I,
Harsh as my system may appear to those
Who have not used it (and, in general,
People shrink back, set lips and minds against it)
Nevertheless, for your sake, Memmius,
Have wanted to explain the way things are
Turning the taste of honey into sound
As musical, as golden, so that I
May hold your mind with poetry, while you
Are learning all about that form, that pattern,
And see its usefulness.