

# Psychology Today Article: "Frederick the Happy: The Old Fritz was an Epicurean."

Post by "Cassius" of August 26, 2019 at 12:22 PM

An explicit reference to Epicurus!

<https://gutenberg.spiegel.de/buch/gedichte-5321/9>

## The Man Caesarions

(August 1745)

What do I hear? God, what a terrible word:

Caesarion is no more! Caesarion is gone!

You have lost the most faithful, best friend!

As if daggers pierce me a thousand times,

my heart twitches

in savage pain.

You are not anymore! that's how it will sound to me forever;

Your love will come to you after nothing.

As I honored you in life, honored,

so you are worth my heartfelt love.

How firmly did you look into the eye of death,

before which every man's heart dreads!

Supported by manly courage, guided,

your pure soul remained untouched

From that illusion of a hell

And a dark future of our soul.

<https://www.epicureanfriends.com/thread/1129-psychology-today-article-frederick-the-happy-the-old-fritz-was-an-epicurean/?postID=4221#post4221>

In your happy hours of life you have

**found the support of Master Epicurus;**

How proud you have risen in death:

Since you outbid Zenos mental power!

Alas, this heart which struck so sublime,

What became of him? Who tells me? Who?

The Spirit

Who Carried Noble Thoughts, Is He Still Lived? Oh, is not he?

God, what a chasm! Everything is destroyed,

His spirit and His goodness! If he lived,

certainly, his shadow, his thought sought

night and death to me, yes, he hovered around

my woeful head: he would have set me up!

Sorrowfully remember, bitter chalice of sorrow!

And imagine, stupid Stoa,

you could be human souls in the long run

against the blows of fate?

How grief-stricken I think,

How strong - how unwavering -

And now, what must I experience now?

Defenseless, I am abandoned to the pain,

Destroyed, almost annihilated in

death by your death. -

Still, quiet! What is the mind still worth,

when it turns against feeling

and increases my grief with bitterness?

He tells me my everything is gone.  
So far the world, so empty! And I, I am  
orphaned, alone! I loved you so much -  
How shadowy did the days blow,  
because we, what pleases us, what saddens us,  
how brothers divided; because in the same stroke  
your heart and mine struck. My luck was yours.  
How were we in each and every one, on a  
large and a small scale; unclouded and clear,  
the friendship sky remained forever.  
The cheerfulness has always accompanied you,  
your mind, well guided by beautiful books,  
has like tamed, chivalrous and tender,  
the cheerfulness, which often barks wildly.  
It made you worthy of your noble custom  
to join the illustrious spirits.  
Brilliantly illuminating Hellas and Paris,  
Oh, and your heart: to place you among those  
whose friendship the songs announce to us, the  
little band of high-minded heroes, honored  
for their faithfulness.  
If I knew how to strike the lyre of Horace,  
Truly, the echo of the Parnassus should  
lament to me this heart's longing  
which remains with you without ceasing;  
More than Achates you were, I would say,

More than a Pylades, Pirithous;  
So in love fieriest outpouring  
Singing should be immortal,  
What adorns you throughout your life.  
I can see the sun and you no longer!  
So it is true, only too true, that he,  
the inexorable, without difference, pulls the  
most beautiful into nothingness.  
Whether value, whether worthless! Honor or shame!  
Who asks after that on the Cocytusstrande:  
What has Achilles, what Hector Thersites  
advance? I, too, are walking at a rapid pace toward  
the home, the dark; Days, hours  
are how they came, escaped me in flight.  
Half way through is the life path,  
and close and closer to the target approaches.  
Patience! Not much longer lasts, so I greet you  
in the dark shadow kingdom, to be heartfelt  
With you in gloomy peace-freedom There  
the friendship to erneun  
And on and on  
you to be close to loving.  
But as long as  
fate holds me captive in this world ,  
your image will never be forgotten.  
So long there's no luck, which ever

relieves Me my burning pain.

Let

my head lower me under your grave-cypresses ; unmeasured

Let my painful desires be!

There I want hot tears of heart

And sigh of you from never

longed sinews And deep-felted songs christmas,

With myrtles then and flowers - look, it still shine

my tears on it - Your grave wreath.

And yet, I blissfully

expose him , The serene forehead with the nobility of the soul

Death may face death,

A knight without fear and reproach.