

# Episode 223 - Cicero's On Ends - Book Two - Part 29 - Are Epicureans Undertaking The Exertions Of Life For Nothing More Than A Drop Of Honey?

Post by "Cassius" of April 12, 2024 at 4:24 PM

Topics for this week:

- Topics To Be Sure To Include
  - The fragment about "They Have Nothing To Say About Pleasure"
    - <https://www.npr.org/2024/02/10/123...-some-help-from>
    - LUKE FARRITOR: (Reading) They have nothing to say about pleasure, either in general or in the particular, when it is a question of definition.
  - Cicero argues that we should "abandon pleasure to the beasts"
  - This time he says that you Epicureans like to use them as witnesses, but you don't see that the beasts themselves often do many things for reasons other than pleasure. They are kind to their young, they "rejoice" in exploring, they meet together like houses of burgesses, they have affection for each other, they have knowledge, they have memory, they have regrets - Cicero says that these are all - like human virtues - unconnected with pleasure! And you are trying to tell me that the beasts can be virtuous without pleasure but humans cannot?
  - And even beyond the beasts, don't men have peculiar gifts from nature to enable them to look beyond pleasure?
  - If Epicurus is right, we are far inferior to the beasts, but Cicero can't believe that the supreme good is the same for animals and man.
  - Why pursue the virtues if their only end is pleasure? That's like Xerxes invading Greece because he wanted some [Honey from Hymettus!](#) Your saying that the goal is pleasure is like thinking that the wise man who has so many endowments engages them for the sake of a drop of honey!
  - We are born to a loftier destiny! That's proved by the power of the mind to remember the past, to predict the future to govern our passions, to use justice, and to disregard pain and death for the sake of our goals. Even the body prefers strength and health and beauty rather than pleasure!
  - Our wise men say that we are like gods, but you say that the goal of life is a state of continual sensory stimulation, but who deserving of the name of man would choose to live even a day like that?