

Hypotheticals: Would An Epicurean Hook Himself Up To An "Experience Machine" or a "Pleasure Machine"?

Post by "Elli" of March 23, 2020 at 10:44 AM

I agree with Cassius who wrote : <<*Epicurus held, according to Diogenes Laertius, that "the feelings are two, pleasure and pain..." and that all feelings fit within one designation of the other. And we know from the letter to Menoeceus explicitly that all good and evil come to us through sensations, which are things that are felt. Put it all together and you have the framework by which to analyze the experience machine or any other challenge to pleasure*>>.

Nature creates us, with our faculties which are senses and feelings for living a pleasant life. We have been evolved and we still being evolve in accordance with the environment of Nature. Machines are just means that are created by us. However, we are not wiser than Nature, and there never were or will be perfect machines, perfect ideas and perfect worlds somewhere.

For the creation, Epicurus said that all things and the phenomena are proceeding in combination and in sequence on the basis of : and the need (laws of Nature), and the chance, and the swerve (freedom of our choices).

But really, what is higher we that we make the machines OR Nature? Nature of course. No one could replace Nature in the creation of things. She is the boss and the boss says to all beings, you have a limited time for living, thus DO such actions to feel pleasure and avoid pain, or sometimes chose pain for feeling a greater pleasure.

These are the machines as described poetically by D. Liantinis

The human hand and the machine

Opposite the hand of Man the machine stood in place. The machine was not molded by nature, but man is a creature of nature. The machine is a soulless, ungraceful, cold. But also, perfect. Its only imperfection is its perfection. As the only foible of invincible Achilles was his heel. The machine stares to us blankly. Her eyes are open wide like a dead man's eye. When she laughs she does it through closed lips, while her cheeks stay motionless. And she works blindly, opinion less, uninterested, mechanically. Her feet are awry and her hands cut on the wrists. Her nervous system looks like a bundle of red, yellow and black wiring. In place of her mouth she has a funnel without tongue. She eats without ever feeling hungry. And Nature with difficulty recycles her excrement.



The brain of the machine is not measured by volume but by area. And within the heat of her skull the surgeon operates on cross haired digits, squares, circles, indicators of every kind. Sometimes when she treads the streets looks like a tiger

