

Happy Twentieth of December, 2023!

Post by “Cassius” of December 20, 2023 at 7:23 AM

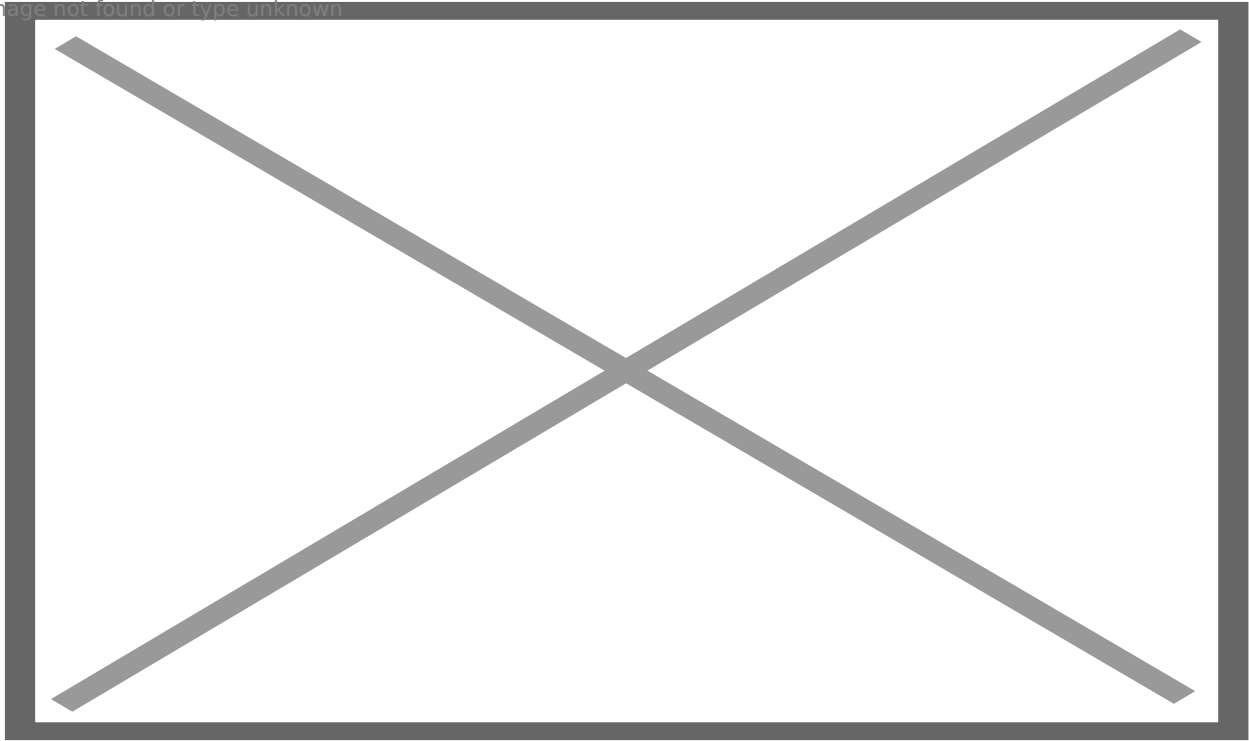


Post by “Pacatus” of December 20, 2023 at 2:00 PM

Thank you [Cassius](#) ! And happy Eikas to you also -- and all here! 😊

While doing some casual research on Eikas, I came upon the following two brief essays - in addition to discussions on here - which I enjoyed. The second one is, unfortunately, riddled with ads 🙄 - but I was struck by the reference (quoting the SOFE folk) to Eikas as a kind of “sabbath.”

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[Eikas: The Dinner Party as Philosophy](#)

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Post by “Kalosyni” of December 20, 2023 at 3:27 PM

[Quote from Pacatus](#)

but I was struck by the reference (quoting the SOFE folk) to Eikas as a kind of “sabbath.”

Thanks [Pacatus](#), this article presents the Epicurean practice of Eikas, and it is mostly a good write-up. I think it may be important that as we move forward, we make sure to describe what we do much more precisely as well as avoid calling it an "Epicurean sabbath" -- especially since Epicureanism is very different than the Jewish faith, and we have very different beliefs -- and Epicureanism is a philosophy not a religion.

For now we refer to the Twentieth as a "commemoration" / "gathering" / "celebration".

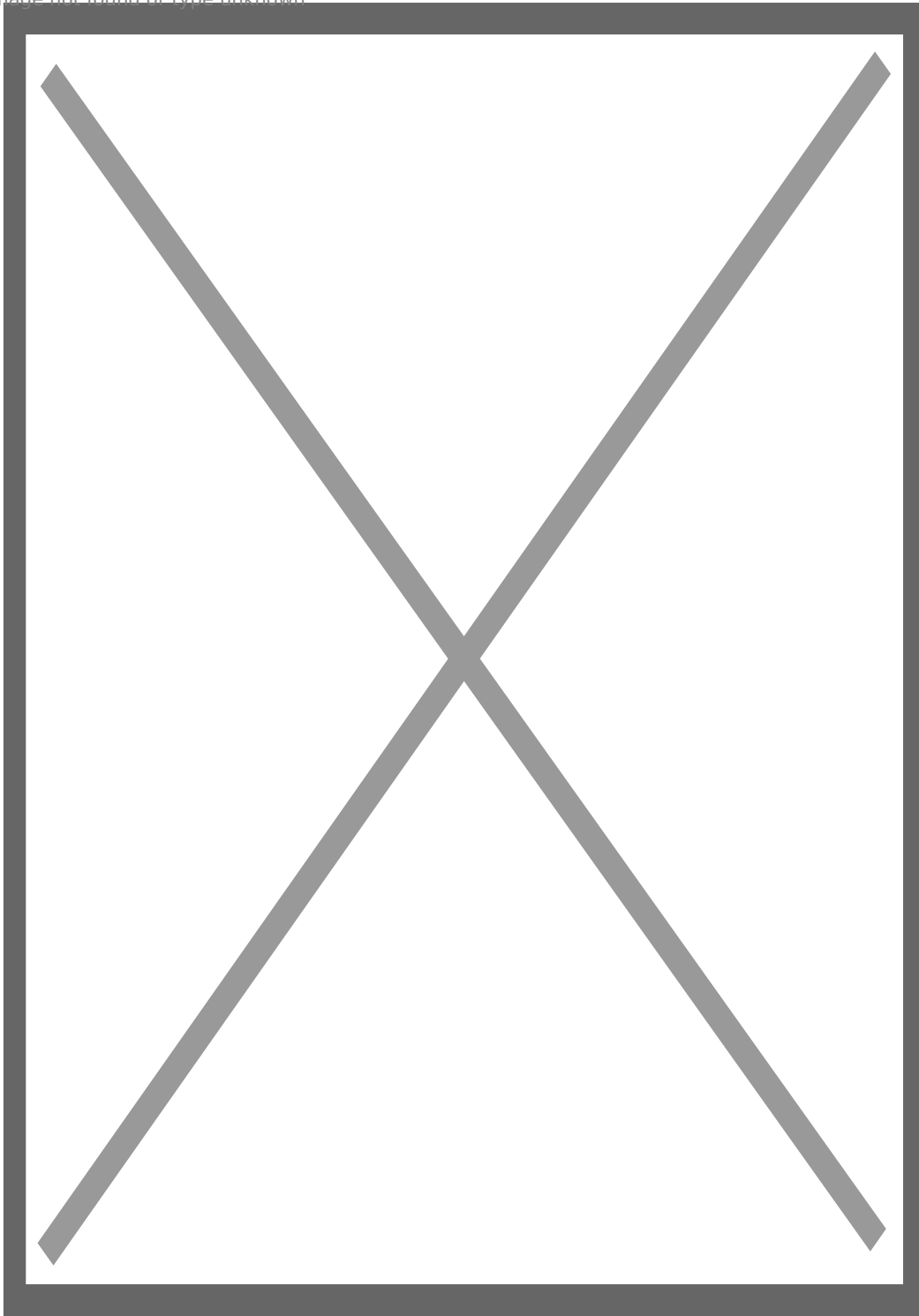
...and by the way...Happy Twentieth everyone! 😊

...and Happy Winter Solstice too! (tomorrow)

Post by “Pacatus” of December 20, 2023 at 4:34 PM

Somehow, I uploaded only one of the two essays (albeit twice) I came across. The other is this one:

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[Happy Twentieth! - TheHumanist.com](#)

While reading Stephen Greenblatt's award-winning book, *The Swerve*, three years ago, I stumbled on a delightful fact. It seems that devotees of the Greek...
thehumanist.com

And [Kalosyni](#) I agree with you about not calling Eikas a sabbath, but I found the analogy intriguing. Do other philosophies have a similar day of festivity, outside of religion? 😊

Post by “Joshua” of December 20, 2023 at 6:04 PM

I would compare the Twentieth to a [Burns Supper](#), a Scottish festivity held in January to commemorate the life and poetry of Scotland's national Bard every year on his birthday; the poet [Robert Burns](#).

Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,

Whene'er I forgather wi' Sorrow and Care,

I gie them a skelp as they're creeping alang,

Wi' a cog o' gude swats and an auld Scottish sang.

Chorus-Contented wi' little, &c.

I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;

But Man is a soger, and Life is a faught;

My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,

And my Freedom's my Lairdship nae monarch dare touch.

Contented wi' little, &c.

A townmond o' trouble, should that be may fa',

A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a':

When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,

Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Contented wi' little, &c.

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;

Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:

Come Ease, or come Travail, come Pleasure or Pain,

My warst word is: "Welcome, and welcome again!"

Contented wi' little, &c.

Post by "Kalosyni" of December 20, 2023 at 7:41 PM

I found this poem, which reminds me of that poem by Philodemus inviting Piso:

Inviting a Friend to Supper

By [Ben Jonson](#)

Tonight, grave sir, both my poor house, and I
Do equally desire your company;
Not that we think us worthy such a guest,
But that your worth will dignify our feast
With those that come, whose grace may make that seem
Something, which else could hope for no esteem.
It is the fair acceptance, sir, creates
The entertainment perfect, not the cates.
Yet shall you have, to rectify your palate,
An olive, capers, or some better salad
Ushering the mutton; with a short-legged hen,
If we can get her, full of eggs, and then
Lemons, and wine for sauce; to these a cony
Is not to be despaired of, for our money;
And, though fowl now be scarce, yet there are clerks,
The sky not falling, think we may have larks.
I'll tell you of more, and lie, so you will come:
Of partridge, pheasant, woodcock, of which some

May yet be there, and godwit, if we can;
Knat, rail, and ruff too. Howsoe'er, my man
Shall read a piece of Virgil, Tacitus,
Livy, or of some better book to us,
Of which we'll speak our minds, amidst our meat;
And I'll profess no verses to repeat.
To this, if ought appear which I not know of,
That will the pastry, not my paper, show of.
Digestive cheese and fruit there sure will be;
But that which most doth take my Muse and me,
Is a pure cup of rich Canary wine,
Which is the Mermaid's now, but shall be mine;
Of which had Horace, or Anacreon tasted,
Their lives, as so their lines, till now had lasted.
Tobacco, nectar, or the Thespian spring,
Are all but Luther's beer to this I sing.
Of this we will sup free, but moderately,
And we will have no Pooley, or Parrot by,
Nor shall our cups make any guilty men;
But, at our parting we will be as when
We innocently met. No simple word
That shall be uttered at our mirthful board,
Shall make us sad next morning or affright
The liberty that we'll enjoy tonight.