

# Epicurean Philosophy Pub Club or Epicurean Philosophy Coffee Club

**Post by “Kalosyni” of April 25, 2025 at 8:20 AM**

I found this article which is a fun read about German customs being brought into modern times, and then thought this might be a creative way to jump start ideas about starting Epicurean philosophy groups or clubs.

<https://www.npr.org/2024/12/22/nx-s1-5233033/holidays-loneliness-cure-stammtisch>

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**Post by “Pacatus” of April 25, 2025 at 12:20 PM**

From the article linked by [Kalosyni](#): "In every German village there is the corner bar, and in the corner is a table. It's reserved for the sort of elders or other regulars. And they sit in the corner and they drink their beer and smoke their cigarettes and pontificate on the town and all of its craziness."

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Reminded me of this from Daniel Klein, *Travels with Epicurus: A Journey to a Greek Island in Search of a Fulfilled Life*; excerpts from the Prologue: “The Table at Dimitri’s Taverna” –

“I eavesdrop on Tasso and his companions. As is their habit, they sit side by side and speak loudly to one another, so I have no difficulty hearing them. Although my Greek is rudimentary, I can catch the drift of their talk, a conversation that began before I arrived and will continue until the sun begins to drop behind the Peloponnese, just across the sea. It is aimless, cheerful chat, for the most part mundane. They talk about the sunlight, which is unusually hazy today, the new owner of a cheese stall in the port market, their children and grandchildren, the state of political affairs in Athens. Occasionally one tells a story from his past—usually one his companions have heard before. The talk is punctuated by leisurely, comfortable silences as they gaze out at the Peloponnesian straits.” . . .

“One of Tasso’s companions signals Dimitri to bring another bottle of retsina and a few plates of mezes—some olives, stuffed grape leaves, and a yogurt, cucumber, and garlic dip. They now arrange themselves around the table so all are in reach of the food. I have yet to see Dimitri present them with a bill, and I believe he never does; the men will simply place a few coins on the table when they leave—“old man” rates. Tasso pulls a deck of cards from his pocket, and

they begin to play *prefa*, their preferred card game, with one of the four sitting out each hand and taking up any slack in the conversation.

“And I turn back to my book about Epicurus.”

