

DER COFFE BAUM



Einladung

zur 33. Sitzung

am 16 V 2023, um 111h,

im Café Het Moment

in Gent

zur Lektüre aus

Thomas Stearns Eliots Gedicht

The wast land

I set upon the shore

Fishing, with the arid plain behind me

Shall I at least set my lands in order ?

London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down

Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina

Quando fiam uti chelidon – O swallow swallow

Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie

These fragments I have shored against my ruins

Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.

Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.

Shantih shantih shantih

Thomas Stearns Eliot – The waste land (Ende)