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THE PLAY OF ALLUSIONS OR THE TRAGEDY
OF LE CORBUSIER'S FIVE FINGERS IN THE CITY
OF CHANDIGARH

GRA ALUZJI CZYLI TRAGEDIA PIĘCIU PALCÓW
LE CORBUSIERA W MIEŚCIE CHANDIGARH

1.

Dead dramas in a dead theatre of the everyday
Secret archipelagos scatter pretexts of sinister bridges
Striking of sparks, astral nights and comets in anticipation
Daybreak on an arête in the cracks of sleep and waking of imagination
Art is artificial and a creation of artificiality enriches artificiality
Dialectical values – thesis, antithesis, hypothesis and synthesis
Longing for the core of sense ahead of thoughts
Nameless, unnamed and undefined resurrections
The result is proof of powerlessness or prosthesis in non-breath
The measure theory – theory of the symmetrical whole's extremes

Presentiment, eternal rustle of hearts to the last line
Thought – quick turn of words one tiny line after another
Like subconscious emerges from the emergent chasm
Energy seeks expression in the green abyss of forest inlets
In the magical property of the tides
Apology of sense in entwinement of harmony and discord
Nomination in denominator, completion in genitive
Finding and discovering pretexts in dative
Revolution with the era of liberated and untamed freedom
Pluralistic views and God new-born abstract

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Everywhere analogies and fabrications give us a wide berth
 Who is to unravel sky-high agony of the bloodstream's burning bush
 Come, good spirit, on the whole stretch of aesthetic crevices
 Who is to unravel the tangled facts – thoughts like lightning
 God the sculptor, formed the man of clay for the sake of aesthetics
 Magic, hocus pocus, out of vanity carved Eve from Adam's rib
 In the name of cognition the blue sky integrated and differentiated
 Lyricism, dynamics and sublime determination of the round angle
 The core of meaning in depths of the form content is the name Fortress
 The building we live in based on a unique word

In concrete, our eternal human world is forever fixed
 Prophetic dreams the Sacred and the Profane carry us into the nether world
 Form brutalism of artificial stone moulded from scratch
 Like in the poem gravity in the form of free consciousness
 In the shadow of fiction of the metaphor of pretexts inscrutable remoteness
 The clock's ticking over and over again in a steady aimless run
 Rhythmic seconds, an eternity in the mystery of silence
 Furious pulse of despair of transcendent fantasy in lethargy
 Before the heart beats in a torrent of tear of birds love
 Through the anguish of elemental eruption, life continues in confusion

2.

Verborrhea decomposes habitat of love into prime factors
Novelty plunged in stunned fast-flowing streams of time
Reclaimed property appropriated with the speed of fulfilment
The reason in exile and the blood revolting in veins fraught in tension
The whiteness of horizon and the land of bliss is wide open in the forest clearance
The horizon tightens rainbow circles concentrically with rays
Shadows and half-shadows mooning about like ghouls in the ghosts' hour
Till the chase with the pursuit – till the last one of the chased rushes
Charon leads kidnapped souls across the river Styx in a boat
The columns shook and collapsed into a spiritual slumber beneath the earth

Hanging Gardens of Babylon shrouded in the abyss of loneliness
Invisibilities mental meanders flow down with stream like songs
The wind blows illusion to delusions in a maze of dreams' riddles
The enigmatic unrecognized multiplicities – of worlds of meanings
In Plato's cave plus-minus infinity of imagination
Mysterious record like a black square against the whiteness of the sky
Through intellectual glass speculations unreal forms
Glass world as the creation of multiplicity of images in the ideology of sublimation
While illusion blends with realities in a glass of water
The concreteness of the ossified norm is formed from the amorphous state

Epiphany, light with hermetic nothingness – thus spoke Zarathustra
The body demon – it is not known how many parts the hybrid is composed of
Night dream, delirium – the hands wander in a circle on the clock face
The body demon demolishes and the road to the subconscious is obscured
Elegy about nothingness – an hourglass poured half a glass of sand
A separate entity of perfection exists only as an idea in the imagination
Matter and spirit – a refuge in the fanciful netherworld of imagination
Eruption of senses in pro-reaction beyond the limits of inspiration
The Witches' Sabbath of Doctor Faustus under the moonlight
And the multiplicity of reality conditioned by time of relativity

The black hole pulls us into the dark timeless abyss
Thirsty souls and muses untouched on the pubis
The fight of ghosts, concrete and complex of everyday metabolism
With the metaphor of light and shadow in the drama of continuous passing
Unfulfilled destination in the last sigh of desire
The rays of dawn in blood-red daybreak of remote associations
The hybrids of noncontiguous elements of truth and half-truths
The universal space in the rainbow rim of evil spirit
The Prince of Heaven, Lucifer, the luminous variant of God the sculptor
An error errs in the cerebral ganglia in the destructive time machine

3.

The archipelago of the Earth's transcendent face, the man's material
Pretext or allusion in solitary skies of art creation
Like the Holy Grail, which was lost forever in the chasm of time
The sought-after light in the long dark tunnel of the abyss
We sail in the dimensionless vacuum from left to right for abstract art
Is infinity possible to be measured with the duration of lifespan
To fish out the golden point of existence within the golden division of coincidence
The flame of knowledge run away with us over the passions of the sparks and fire's secrets
We solve equations with multiple probabilities for fame
The dialogue continues – spirits torn apart like souls into elementary parts

The time spins on the spinning wheel and weaves the warp's thread on the game's looms
The daybreak ghouls and demons open the fourth dimension of geometry
Twisted world – boundless forms on the board with pencil on tracing paper
Everything is mixed up in the name of vitality of the inexhaustible players' strength
Antinomies – plus / minus – poles and elements beyond subjugation
“O Youth! Pass me thy wings, / And let me soar o'er” these dead boulders
Archetypes of the fourth dimension of a huge block, delirium of the entire population
The gift of poetry lifts ideal and concrete over the state of apparent weightlessness
Clings to the remnants of real awareness of the metaphysical horizon
The antagonists and protagonists from the world of delusion, between dream and reality

Civilization resides in the historic edifice and the ruins of the past
Antiqua, Roman order, art architraves, triglyphs and metopes
Open art of immeasurable aesthetic value began
Free and sensual are only disturbing curves and bends
Lyricisms of non-fulfilment in the matter of unformed solids' gusts
The narrator conducts dispute – who is to hear the cry of the interlanguage of agreement
Heraclitus' *Panta rei* is the overliquidity of the amorphous form of dullness
All the water of Oceanus, which flows the world around as the beginning
Black swans sing songs to the stars in the collective madness
Thanksgiving chants audible in the open skies of the world

The narrator in a quandary – an infinite function on the axes of Descartes
Detached from the ground, deceived generation in the rustle of the nothingness zero
Deranged with towering flight, beautiful floating in white clouds
The risky flight is not subject to the laws of gravity, perspective and time
And in the head just noise and confusion of the rhythm of chordophonic wings
When the ground split apart and spirit shone like a sorcerer in a wild thicket
Play everywhere – constructors walled up the reason of the right angle
Demons and jugglers of the sophisticated worm wheel dominated the human house
Creative mess – terrible boredom – game and entertainment – as a creative inspiration
Everywhere the same, in the same way, and haste chases up everything with everything.

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