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

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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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