



Clarion ("Strigăt")

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Recommended Citation

"Clarion ("Strigăt")." *Dada/Surrealism* 20 (2015): n. pag. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0084-9537.1315>

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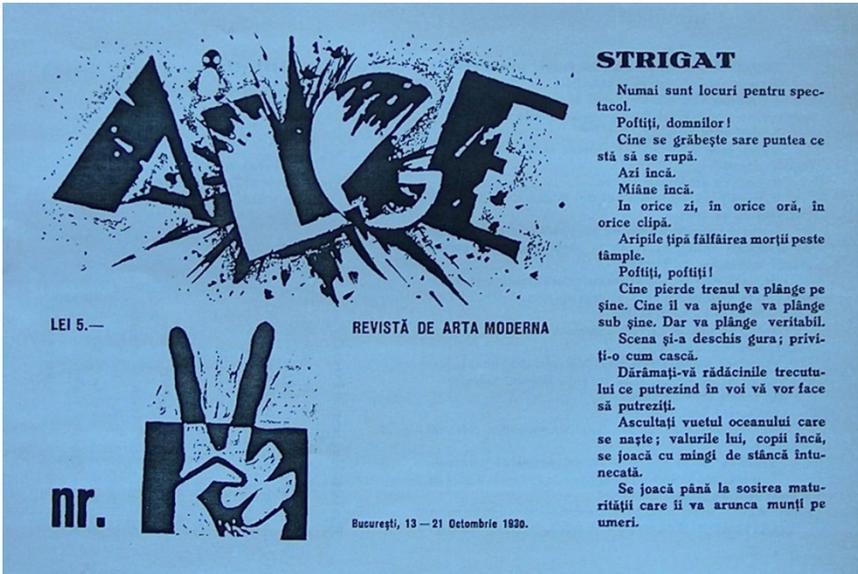
Introduction

Published in the second number of the journal *Alge*, this poem can be seen as a manifesto for the journal and its eponymous group of contributors. There is laughter in these verses, but also a scream and a call to action.

Alge (Algae) was a youthful and provocative journal of the early 1930s, founded by Aurel Baranga; its contributors included, among others, Gherasim Luca, Jules Perahim, Sesto Pals, Mattis-Teutsch, and, starting with number 6, Paul Păun, the youngest of the group apart from the children who sometimes were also featured in its pages. Published in two series (the first in eight numbers from 13 September to 25 December 1930, the second in three numbers from 1 March to 1 May 1933), the journal’s initial series bore the subtitle “Revistă de artă modernă” (Review of Modern Art) except for number 6 subtitled “Revistă ditirambică” (Dithyrambic Review); both subtitles were no doubt jocular. The second series bore the subtitle “Revistă de poem și desen” (Review of Poetry and Drawing). See Sașa Pană, *Antologia literaturii române de avangardă* (Bucharest: Întreprinderea poligrafică “13 Decembrie 1918,” 1969) 37 and, for cover reproductions, *Perahim: la parade sauvage* 106-112. Regarding the circumstances of *Alge*’s birth, and the way it parted company with its “elder,” the much more serious and established *unu*, see Sașa Pană, *Născut în ‘02* (Bucharest: Minerva, 1973) 289. See also, in this volume, Geo Bogza, “A Profession of faith for the ‘Alge’ Group.”

Graphically, the journal owes much to sixteen-year-old Perahim. The title, cover, typography, and page design are done by him, in addition to numerous illustrations. An example, the cover of number 2, featuring the original text of the poem published here in translation, can be seen below.

Monique Yaari



Cover of *Alge* no. 2 (13-21 October 1930), designed by Jules Perahim.

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Clarion

No seats left for the show.
Come on in, gentlemen!
Hurry, skip over that bridge about to break.
Today still.
Tomorrow still.
Any day, any hour, any moment now.
The wings of death flutter and shout above us.
Come in, come in!
Those who miss the train will cry on the tracks. Those who catch it will cry under the tracks. But cry they will.
The stage has opened her mouth; watch her yawn.
Pull your past from its roots; if they rot within, they'll kill you.
Listen to the nascent ocean roar; its infant waves play with dark boulder balls.
But only until maturity heaps mountains upon their shoulders.
Move, you sleepy earthworms of the deep!
Your pillows stink of rot.
We'll give you boulders for pillows, hard, but softer than your pillows.
Arise!
See how clotted blood starts pulsing between each passing moment?
Squash your mites, ride on.

Turn your eyes gnawed by darkness toward... (the yet unknown).
Herbivore thinkers went grazing on the Elysian Fields, while
omnivore souls look everywhere to be pinioned on paper.
But a neural fluid probes all that's nonexistent for the brain's core,
above all for the kernel dried in fire since the Pharaohs.
Come inside, and you will see, not a gaping curtain, but a screaming
curtain.
Come in, and you will find, not a cascading guitar, but a still lake, killed
with gashing instants.
A torrent that destroys.
A torrent that builds.
Pumps for the most rebellious pulsations can be found here.
Come to us and you will hear the true clarion of our time.
Come to us, and you will feel the true diaphragm of most intense
vibrations.

Translated from the Romanian by
Anca Roncea and Monique Yaari

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