

THE KALLYOPE YELL

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

[Loudly and rapidly with a leader, College yell fashion]

I

Proud men
Eternally
Go about,
Slander me,
Call me the "Calliope."
Sizz
Fizz

S

II

I am the Gutter Dream,
Tune-maker, born of steam,
Tooting joy, tooting hope.
I am the Kallyope,
Car called the Kallyope.
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
See the flags: snow-white tent,
See the bear and elephant,
See the monkey jump the rope,
Listen to the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope!
Soul of the rhinoceros
And the hippopotamus
(Listen to the lion roar!)
Jaguar, cockatoot,
Loons, owls,
Hoot, Hoot.
Listen to the lion roar,
Listen to the lion roar,
Listen to the lion R-O-A-R!
Hear the leopard cry for gore,
Willy willy willy wah HOO!

Hail the bloody Indian band,
 Hail, all hail the popcorn stand,
 Hail to Barnum's picture there,
 People's idol everywhere,
 Whoop, whoop, whoop, WHOOP!
 Music of the mob am I,
 Circus day's tremendous cry:—
 I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope!
 Hoot toot, hoot toot, hoot toot, hoot toot,
 Willy willy willy wah HOO!
 Sizz, fizz

III

Born of mobs, born of steam,
 Listen to my golden dream,
 Listen to my golden dream,
 Listen to my G-O-L-D-E-N D-R-E-A-M!
 Whoop whoop whoop whoop WHOOP!
 I will blow the proud folk low,
 Humanize the dour and slow,
 I will shake the proud folk down,
 (Listen to the lion roar!)
 Popcorn crowds shall rule the town—
 Willy willy willy wah HOO!
 Steam shall work melodiously,
 Brotherhood increase.
 You'll see the world and all it holds
 For fifty cents apiece.
 Willy willy willy wah HOO!
 Every day a circus day.

What?

Well, *almost* every day.
 Nevermore the sweater's den,
 Nevermore the prison pen.
 Gone the war on land and sea
 That aforetime troubled men.
 Nations all in amity,

Happy in their plumes arrayed
In the long bright street parade.
Bands a-playing every day.

What?

Well, *almost* every day.
I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope!
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
Hoot, toot, hoot, toot,
Whoop whoop whoop whoop,
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
Sizz, fizz

IV

Every soul
Resident
In the earth's one circus tent!
Every man a trapeze king
Then a pleased spectator there.
On the benches! In the ring!
While the neighbors gawk and stare
And the cheering rolls along.
Almost every day a race
When the merry starting gong
Rings, each chariot on the line,
Every driver fit and fine
With the steel-spring Roman grace.
Almost every day a dream,
Almost every day a dream.
Every girl,
Maid or wife,
Wild with music,
Eyes a-gleam
With that marvel called desire:
Actress, princess, fit for life,
Armed with honor like a knife,
Jumping thro' the hoops of fire.
(Listen to the lion roar!)

Making all the children shout
Clowns shall tumble all about,
Painted high and full of song
While the cheering rolls along,
Tho' they scream,
Tho' they rage,
Every beast
In his cage,
Every beast
In his den
That aforeside troubled men.

V

I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope,
Tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope;
Shaking window-pane and door
With a crashing cosmic tune,
With the war-cry of the spheres,
Rhythm of the roar of noon,
Rhythm of Niagara's roar,
Voicing planet, star and moon,
SHRIEKING of the better years.
Prophet-singers will arise,
Prophets coming after me,
Sing my song in softer guise
With more delicate surprise;
I am but the pioneer
Voice of the Democracy;
I am the gutter-dream,
I am the golden dream,
Singing science, singing steam.
I will blow the proud folk down,
(Listen to the lion roar!)
I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope,
Tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope,
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
Hoot, toot, hoot toot, hoot toot, hoot toot,

Whoop whoop, whoop whoop,
 Whoop whoop, whoop whoop,
 Willy willy willy wah HOO!
 Sizz
 Fizz

BIRTH

Two Motifs

FRANCES GREGG

I

I NCHOATE, vague, unformed,
 For many months a weltering horror,
 Monstrous in shape,
 A blind brain,
 A gruesome mechanism,
 This, the Child!
 And the Mother?
 Stretched on Life's rack,
 Her body distorted,
 Grotesque, horrible, and full of pain,
 She waits her hour of supreme torture.
 Did reason dictate this?
 Was this open-eyed choice?
 Why are her dreams scattered like chaff upon the wind?
 This is the unspoken:
 Nature has worked her will,—
 Out of the Man, a seed for her vineyard,
 Out of the Woman, a young vine.
 The Mother's time is upon her.
 Amid jagged shrieks, a thin cry,
 "Ego!"
 The Universe is recreated.