CARL SANDBURG: THE LAUREATE OF INDUSTRIAL AMERICA

By: Hadeel Aziz Muhammad Ridha[1]

The trouble is that writers are too damned literary – too damned literary. There has grown up – Swinburne I think an apostle of it – the doctrine (you have heard of it? it is dinned everywhere), art for art's sake: think of it – art for art's sake. Let a man really accept that – let that really be his ruling – and he is lost. . . . Instead of regarding *literature as only a weapon, an instrument, in the service of something larger than itself*, it looks upon itself as an end – as a fact to be finally worshipped, adored. To me that's all a horrible blasphemy – a bad smelling apostasy. (Italics mine)

Walt Whitman[i]Literature has almost always served certain purposes: propaganda, social criticism or even as art, as in "art for art's sake"[ii] movement. With the coming of industrialism in the eighteenth century, educated people reacted harshly to its effect on society. As Thomas Carlyle (1795 - 1881) attacked industrialism in prose, his writings encouraged novelists, like Elizabeth Gaskell (1810 - 1865) and Charles Dickens (1812 - 1870), to portray it in the novel. The whole movement against industrialism opened the doors for twentieth century poets to launch a similar attack but with poetry this time.

Carlyle's articles discussed thoroughly the effect of the industrial revolution on the agrarian society. He explained how whole families who previously depended on farming were forced to immigrate to big cities to looking for jobs, and were probably dying of hunger. The greed that endeavoured the English society at Carlyle's time was destructive to the nation. Carlyle compared the industrial society to the myth of Midas who was given a power to turn anything he touched to gold. Midas soon got tired of the gods' gift because his food and drink were all turned to gold.[iii] The question that industrialists should have asked themselves was whether greed was worth destroying a country.

You have to admit that the working body of this rich English Nation has sunk, or is fast sinking into a state, to which, all sides of it concerned, there was literally never any parallel.[iv]

Dickens was completely under Carlyle's spell. His *Hard Times* was nothing but an artistic interpretation of Carlyle's essays on industrialism. The title itself suggested the hardness of both head and heart, not only hardships of life at that time. Carlyle made this point clear in his *Signs of the Times*:

Not the external and physical alone is now managed by machinery, but the internal and the spiritual also . . . . Men are grown mechanical in head and in heart, as well as in hand. They have lost faith in individual endeavour, and in

[1] Department of English – College of Education for Humanities – University of Babylon

natural force, of any kind . . . . Their whole efforts, attachments, options turn on mechanism, and are of a mechanical character.[v]

What Carlyle described as "mechanical character" inspired Dickens to create Mr. Grandgrind. Mr. Grandgrind's priorities were to teach children in his school "Facts . . . . Plant nothing else, and root out everything else."[vi] Grandgrind was a caricature of industrialists: those who thought of nothing but numbers forgetting they were humans.

A man of realities. A man of facts and calculations .... With a ruler and a pair of scales, and the multiplication table always in his pocket, sir, ready to weigh any parcel of human nature, and tell you exactly what it comes to. It is a mere question of figures, a case of simple arithmetic.[vii]

Carlyle and Dickens paved the way for many authors to write about and criticise industrialism focussing on the idea that it more destroyed than re-constructed. Many citizens found themselves jobless in a merciless environment that cared for nothing but profit. By the coming of the twentieth century, industrialism became a worse problem than it ever was, all over the world not only in England. Among the best poets to tackle the theme is Carl Sandburg (1878-1967).

Sandburg, an American poet and biographer, is known for his unrhymed free verse which uses "precise and vivid images to portray the energy and brutality of American urban industrial life."[viii] Sandburg has also written what is generally considered the definitive biography of United States president Abraham Lincoln.[ix] Interestingly, geography has caught his attention as a child: "both the places and the people in other parts of the world stirred his imagination."[x] Pure American literature, such as Mark Twain's novels, have succeeded in taking a vital place among his readings as a teenager. Sandburg has been preparing himself, subconsciously, to be the people's poet.[xi]

With his work, the Abraham Lincoln Biography of 1926, Sandburg attempts to "transform" America into a place of "promise and hope" and, in all of his literary works published later, he builds the theme of "the People."[xii] In many ways, Sandburg's vision of America "incarnate[s] Lincoln's vision – one deeply imbued with ideals of national unity and patriotism, as well as sincere and committed concern for the disenfranchised."[xiii]

There can be little doubt that with the publication of his first Lincoln biography, Sandburg has "developed a firmer grasp of what he wanted his poetry and prose to achieve."[xiv] The letter he wrote to Romain Rolland in October of 1919 articulates his sense of purpose:

I wonder if I make myself clear in venturing to suggest that I am for reason and satire, religion and propaganda, violence and assassination, or force and syndicalism, any of them, in the extent and degree to which it will serve a purpose of the people at a given time toward the establishment eventually of the control of the means of life by the people.[xv]

Sandburg has been consciously writing about timely issues using literature, like Whitman, as a "weapon."[xvi] As a man of letters, he is, indeed, one of the most celebrated 'political' voices. After 1920, he has been considered one of the well-established poets who has helped literature flourish in Chicago.[xvii] His works has been read by millions of Americans, and what he has to say has been seen as significant. During his entire literary career, Sandburg sees himself as a literary figure who wants to bring poetry and prose to the masses, and he has done that with great success.

The earliest and most central theme that appears in *In Reckless Ecstasy* is a strong, deep interest and respect for the common laboring man, as seen in the poem "To Whom My Hand Goes Out":

The *unapplauded* ones who bear
No badges on their breasts,
Who pass us on the street, *with calm,*
Unfearing, patient eyes,
Like *dumb car-horses* in the sleet!
The unperturbed who feel the oldness –
All the sadness of the world –
Yet somehow *feel the sacredness*
Of grime upon their hands,
And even know the rush of pity
For the ones who know not
That some Power builds a *callus out of blisters*.
The eyes! The eyes that pierce
The *dust and smoke of unrewarded toil*
And count it gain and joy
To have lived and sweat and wrought
And been a man![xviii] (Italics mine)

This interest in the common labouring man haunts Sandburg's works. In *Chicago Poems* (1916) and his later works, he merges very specific ideological principles that belong to the Socialist Labor Party of America, the American Federation of Labor, and the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW),[xix] whose headquarters have been located, by chance, in Sandburg's Chicago.[xx] He is indeed the "laureate of industrial America."[xxi]

His *Chicago Poems* explores the bitter relationship that has existed between workers and company owners. Sandburg has grown awareness of class distinction in the American society. He does not mind the "unpressed and patched pants, ... unshined and worn shoes, ... long hair."[xxii] However, he feels disgusted by the "expensive night clubs and dress suits, and ... fin-tailed automobiles."[xxiii] All the poems in the collection depict, like E. A. Robinson's

(1869 - 1935), characters that have unique features, as well as unique suffering. These characters share one source of suffering which is industrialization. Sandburg's characters come alive in a unique way:

It is obvious that the poet does not sing one tune alone or in only one key; that he is simply speaking in character as any novelist or dramatist makes his characters do. He merely pays his readers the compliment of leaving out quotation marks.[xxiv]

Most of the poems, if not all, in that collection depict a certain issue: it is the misery of the working class: both men and women and sometimes even children are not spared. Those people are so dehumanized that one might not feel the belongingness to the family, like Mag's husband who hates his wife and children because of the responsibilities he has to endure:

I wish the kids had never come
And rent and coal and clothes to pay for
And a grocery man calling for cash,
Every day cash for beans and prunes.
I wish to God I never saw you, Mag.
I wish to God the kids had never come.[xxv]

It is definitely not easy for one to hate his own family, but it seems that his suffering is too great. He is a working hand for some capitalist and is surely not getting enough after working for so long hours. It is not only Mag's husband who suffers; there is also Mrs. Pietro Giovannitti "whose husband was killed in a tunnel explosion."[xxvi] She is another victim of industrialization; not only because she has lost her husband but also because she has to work for eight cents a week. To deepen her tragedy, the factory owner drops the wages to six cents not because she does not work well but because "so many women and girls were answering the ads in the *Daily News.*"[xxvii]

Mrs. Gabrielle Giovannitti, her mother-in-law, is a very old woman whose "eyes looking straight ahead to find the way for her old feet"[xxviii]; she is another victim of the system. Her old age and her being a female are not good excuses why she should not work in the capitalist system; she is to be treated as a hand till her strength fails her and then she would be thrown, like Willy Loman, as an "old dog."[xxix]

Anna Imroth is not the complaining type of worker. She works in a factory and seems to be trying to put up with her poor condition. Anna Imroth dies "when fire broke" in the factory.[xxx] She is not crippled, not unable to escape for any physical problem, but she dies because of "lack of fire escapes."[xxxi] Even those who accept industrialism (or deceive themselves into believing so) are not safe; they certainly do not ask for more than a chance to live but they are still

deprived of it.

The women, especially young women, are the most targeted among the industrialization mania. Sandburg, in his "Working Girls," depicts the youth of the female workers:

Each morning as I move through this *river of young-woman* life I feel a wonder about where it is all going, so many with a peach *bloom of young years* on them and laughter of red lips and memories in their eyes of dances the night before and plays and walks.[xxxii] (Italics mine)

Who would be responsible for their lost youth? Sandburg suggests that they gain "wisdom where others have beauty."[xxxiii] Sandburg's imagery and the way he picks up the victims to be dissected is quite interesting and is put in a way that calls for no less than deep sympathy:

So the green and the gray move in the early morning on the downtown streets.[xxxiv]

Mamie, another working girl, appears in a poem of the same title. She is not deceived by the system and can notice very well the "the smoke of the engines get lost where the streaks of steel flashed in the sun."[xxxv] She realizes very well the bad influence of industrialization; however, she has no other choice but to work. She realizes the lost American Dream, the old happy days, although her protest is passive with which she tries to destroy herself rather than the system. She

beat her head against the bars of a little Indiana town and dreamed of romance and big things off somewhere the way the railroad trains all ran.

…….

She got tired of the barber shop boys and the post office chatter and the church gossip and the old pieces the band played on the Fourth of July and Decoration Day

And sobbed at her fate and beat her head against the bars and was going to kill herself When the thought came to her that if she was going to die she might as well die struggling for a clutch of romance among the streets of Chicago. She has a job now at six dollars a week in the basement of the Boston Store

And even now she beats her head against the bars in the same old way and wonders if there is a bigger place the railroads run to from Chicago where maybe there is romance and big things and real dreams that never go smash.[xxxvi]

The working man is not only dehumanized, but also is becoming machine-like

and any description of a machine would be easily applicable to any of them, especially the "Man of Rodin":

LEGS hold a torso away from the earth.
And a regular high poem of legs is here.
Powers of bone and cord *raise* a belly and lungs
Out of *ooze* and over the loam where eyes look and ears hear
And arms have a chance to *hammer and shoot and run motors*.[xxxvii] (Italics mine)

He is no more than another machine used to feed the industrial hunger.

Considering that the story Sandburg wanted to tell in *Chicago Poems* was a story that was very common at this time in the history of American labour: "poverty in the midst of plenty," it is not an accident that Sandburg's first professionally published volume of poetry appeared in 1916, following one of the worst three-year industrial depressions and recessions in American history.[xxxviii] In a letter Sandburg wrote to Amy Lowell on June 10, 1917, he explained:

I admit there is some animus of violence in *Chicago Poems* but the aim was rather the presentation of motives and character than the furtherance of IWW theories. Of course, I honestly prefer the theories of the IWW to those of the opponents and some of my honest preferences may have crept into the book, as you suggest, but the aim was to sing, blab, chortle, yodel, like people, and people in the sense of human beings subtracted from formal doctrines.[xxxix]

Basic economic injustice, as well as related inequities of social privilege, legal rights, and political power, become the dominant theme of *Chicago Poems*: "there is something pitifully wrong, execrably wrong in the main works of our boasted civilization."[xl]

The aftermath of industrialization is much worse than the aftermath of war, for Sandberg. Some of the poems show not the victimized people but those who are born into such a corrupt world and are not aware of its effect upon them; they react instinctively to the torture of living in such a horrible society. Chamfort is one of those unfortunate. He is quite "happy," though the word would not be so accurate when one knows what he tries to do. He is another Robinsonian[xli] Richard Cory:[xlii]

And this Chamfort knew how to write
And thousands read his books on how to live[xliii]

But Chamfort, though has adapted well with the society, attempts to commit suicide:

THERE'S Chamfort. He's a sample. Locked himself in his library with a gun, Shot off his nose and shot out his right eye.

……

But he himself didn't know
How to die by force of his own hand—see?
They found him a red pool on the carpet
Cool as an April forenoon,
Talking and talking gay maxims and grim epigrams.[xliv]

What can be more suitable to depict the horror of capitalism than a man teaching people how to live happily and then trying, but failing, to commit suicide! He is deprived even of his only chance to escape that world.

Jack, a man who has lost thirty years of his life working for capitalism and supporting a family, becomes tough and marries a tough woman. However, when his wife "died and the children grew up," he was left alone: lifeless till he "died in the poorhouse sitting on a bench"[xlv] unattended by anybody. Sandberg wonders how many 'Jacks' there are in the society: men whose "women were dead and children scattered."[xlvi]

Another Robinsonian character appears strikingly; he adapts with his work as a dynamiter very well. He lives his life happily by separating work and social life. This seems to work but his people punish him for dealing so well with his life:

His name was in many newspapers as an enemy of the nation and few keepers of churches or schools would open their doors to him.[xlvii]

Over dinner, however, he is a different man, a lover of life:

And he laughed and told stories of his wife and children and the cause of labor and the working class.
It was laughter of an unshakable man knowing life to be a rich and red-blooded thing.
Yes, his laugh rang like the call of gray birds filled with a glory of joy ramming their winged flight through a rain storm.

……

Over the steak and onions not a word was said of his deep days and nights as a dynamiter.
Only I always remember him as a lover of life, a lover of children, a lover of all free, reckless laughter everywhere—lover of red hearts and red blood the world over.[xlviii]

Happiness itself changes meaning. For Sandburg, happiness cannot be taught nor forced upon anybody. It should be truly felt, but in such a capitalist society, who can be lucky enough to feel it?

I ASKED professors who teach the meaning of life to tell me what is happiness.
And I went to famous executives who boss the work of thousands of men.
They all shook their heads and gave me a smile as though
I was trying to fool with them.
And then one Sunday afternoon I wandered out along the Desplaines river
And I saw a crowd of Hungarians under the trees with their women and children and a keg of beer and an accordion.[xlix]

"Happiness" is dealt with by the capitalists and the system's people as a joke, something more to laugh at than consider seriously. They are devoid of human feelings, dehumanized.

The lost values, the old values that meant much to earlier generations mean nothing to the new generation which was born into the system. Sandburg, symbolically, refers to those old values as a name, in his "Blacklisted":

WHY shall I keep the old name?
What is a name anywhere anyway?
A name is a cheap thing all fathers and mothers leave each child:
A job is a job and I want to live, so
Why does God Almighty or anybody else care whether I take a new name to go by?[l]

The new generation is ready to sell their values for bread. They prefer living, though it will be death-in-life, than keep their heritage. They are like the Muckers's watchers:

Of the twenty looking on
Ten murmur, "O, it's a hell of a job,"
Ten others, "Jesus, I wish I had the job."[li]

The job is despised and degrading, but half the society wishes more to have it and gain money than sit and watch.

Despite the fact that Sandburg is a realist portrayer of life, painting his masterpieces with real people's suffering with their sweat and blood for his ink, he is sometimes harshly criticized. Many of the unfavourable reviews of *Chicago Poems* echo the concern articulated by Ezra Pound in 1913 that Sandburg's poetry has contained awkward phrasings and lacked "form."[lii] William Stanley Braithwaite of the *Boston Transcript* thinks that Sandburg's first book of poems is a "book of ill-regulated speech that has neither verse or [sic] prose rhythms."[liii] The anonymous reviewer in *The New York Times* describes the unevenness in Sandburg's work and asserts that while Sandburg's best is very good, his worst is "dull and shapeless."[liv]

Although many critics, including Ezra Pound, immediately have seen the "potential for genius" in Sandburg, the conversations surrounding his central or "marginal" place in literature are widely spread.[lv]

He [Sandburg] is a *reporter turned mystic*. His mood, accent, and image are held at a glowing pitch, fused in a new intensity. But there is a danger here: *his thought directs him, so that he becomes the instrument rather than the artist*. In spite of this, the book is an epic of modern industrialism and a mighty paean to modern beauty.[lvi] (Italics mine)

William Carlos Williams, the "harsh critic of most of his contemporaries," believes that Sandburg's poetry is "dead from the point of view of art."[lvii] Critics emphasize Sandburg's "lack of skill" and complain of a "technique and substance [that often] angers [readers]."[lviii]

Ultimately, this first view of Sandburg wins out; Sandburg is classified prematurely as "the clever reporter (rather gross, simpleminded, sentimental, sensual man among men),"[lix] and almost any poem in *Chicago Poems* supports this. For example, the poem "Anna Imroth" reads as follows:

CROSS the hands over the breast here—so.
Straighten the legs a little more—so.
And call for the wagon to come and take her home.
Her mother will cry some and so will her sisters and brothers.[lx]

Sandburg's language is "pedestrian" and "the verse is dead from the point of view of art."[lxi] But this is Sandburg's style, and this "seeming simplicity" is what made him popular with the masses.[lxii]

Conrad Aiken concludes that "[t]he sociologist gets in the way of the poet. Like Frost, Masters, Gibson, and Masefield, he searches for 'color and pathos in the lives of the commonplace' but is less selective. Sandburg writes the way he does because he simply cannot do better."[lxiii]

Some critics speak of Sandburg as a poet and a propagandist. "His future will depend on which finally dominates the other." [lxiv] Since a

poet must speak by means of suggestion and a propagandist succeeds by virtue of clear presentation, in so far as a propagandist is a poet, just in that ratio is he a failure where his propaganda is concerned.[lxv]

On the other hand, the poet who abandons the right "sphere of his art to preach, even by analogy, must examine the mote in his verse very carefully lest, perchance, it turns out a beam."[lxvi]

The vast majority of Sandburg's post-1920 poetry and prose does not consist of "abstract doctrine" as many scholars of American Literature believe; instead, it deals with the concrete problems created by urban industrial life.[lxvii]

For the New Critics,[lxviii] Sandburg's poetry holds few interesting ambiguities, intentional or unintentional. There are no puzzles, no obscure allusions, and no varied levels of meaning. Elitism[lxix] also works against his reputation. Many critics are unwilling to find either literary or intellectual grace in a man whose books are read by millions, who always headed the best-seller lists, and who has lived a financially comfortable life. In 1972, Gay Wilson Allen comments that Sandburg has suffered from the "curse of success."[lxx] Such a poet must not be very good, it is thought. He must be "writing to the lowest level of the public's comprehension on subjects that are pedestrian or insignificant."[lxxi]

Today, the assessment of Carl Sandburg's poetry and prose, a seemingly definitive view, is that he is "a minor figure in American literature."[lxxii] However, it is the opinion of more than one competent judge that the outstanding figure in American poetry since Whitman is Carl Sandburg, who "uses sledge-hammer words to express his deep contempt of those sinister forces in American life that seek to brutalize and dehumanize the souls and bodies of the men and women within their power."[lxxiii]

If his being the laureate is put in question, it is enough to remember that he has written simple poetry for the simple people he used to represent. He has devoted his time and talent to "translate into poetry the idiom of people, by whom he meant the majority of native-born or naturalized Americans" [lxxiv] because he has believed they built the post-Civil-War America "with the strength of their hands, the sweat of their brows, and the obstinancy [sic] of their spirit."[lxxv]

NOTES

[i] A remark of Walt Whitman to Horace Traubel, his friend and secretary, reported in *The Seven Arts* in 1917. Quoted in Daniel Aaron, *Writers on the Left: Episodes in American Literary Communism* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1961), 7.

[ii] First said by Victor Cousin in a lecture at the Sorbonne, Paris. Cousin is a French philosopher. See: Encarta, Microsoft Student, 2009, DVD (Microsoft Corporation), s. v. "Art: Art for Art's Sake."

[iii] Carlyle's version of the story of Midas tells that Midas was given long ears with the ability to turn everything into gold. Midas was given long ears on a different occasion by Apollo because he preferred Pan's pipes to Apollo's lyre. Midas got tired of turning things to gold because he could not enjoy life. Dionysius instructed him to bathe in a river called Pactolus to get rid of the gift. It was a gift, after all, not a curse. It is possible that Carlyle read a different version or connected the two incidents himself.

Thomas Carlyle, "Midas" in *Thomas Carlyle: Selected Writings,* Alan Shelston (ed.) (Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1971), 264. See also: Encarta, s. v. "Midas."

[iv] Ibid., 261.

[v] Alan Shelston (ed.), *Thomas Carlyle: Selected Writings*, (Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1971), 17.

[vi] Charles Dickens, *Hard Times* (Hampshire: Macmillan Education, 1985), 1.

[vii] Dickens, 2.

[viii] Encarta, s. v. "Sandburg, Carl."

[ix] Ibid.

[x] Gay Wilson Allen, *Carl Sandburg*, Pamphlets on American Writers, vol.101, (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1972), 9.

[xi] Sandburg took various jobs during his boyhood. He actually lived as a worker, therefore, he understood workers' life better than any other poet.

See: Percy H. Boynton, "American Authors of Today: IV. The Voice of Chicago: Edgar Lee Masters and Carl Sandburg," *The English Journal*, vol.11, no.10, (Dec., 1922), 610.

[xii] Evert Villarreal, *Recovering Carl Sandburg: Politics, Poetry and Prose* (Dissertation), The University of Texas-Pan American, 2006, 120.

[xiii] Ibid.

[xiv] Ibid., 121.

[xv] Quoted in Herbert Mitgang (ed.),*The Letters of Carl Sandburg*, (San Diego: Harcourt Brace, 1988), 172.

[xvi] Esther L. Holcomb links up the two poets saying: "If Walt Whitman may be called a prophet ... Carl Sandburg is an answering voice, calling back to the prophet in his own vigorous tongue."

See: Esther L. Holcomb, "Whitman and Sandburg," in *The English Journal*, vol.17, no.7 (Sept., 1928), 549.

[xvii] Encarta, s. v. "Sandburg, Carl."

[xviii] Carl Sandburg, *In Reckless Ecstasy*, (Galesburg: Asgard Press, 1904), 18.

[xix] An American labour union which was formed in 1905. Members of that union were known as Wobblies. IWW led the class struggle between workers and capitalists.

[xx] Villarreal, 10.

[xxi] Ibid., 21.

[xxii] Michael Yatron, "Carl Sandburg: The Poet as a Nonconformist" in *The English Journal*, vol.48, no.9 (Dec., 1959), 526.

[xxiii] Ibid., 526.

[xxiv] Boynton, 618.

[xxv] "Mag," lines 9-14. Henceforth, all Sandburg's poems will be taken from the same source and, thus, will be referred to by title and line numbers only.

[xxvi] "Onion Days," line 3.

[xxvii] Ibid., line 8.

[xxviii] Ibid., line 2.

[xxix] Arthur Miller, *Death of a Salesman* (London: Heinemann Educational Books, 1981), 39.

Willy Loman's problem is shared with Sandburg's characters. The system recruits them young and milks their strength then throws them away like old useless dogs.

[xxx] "Anna Imroth," line 5.

[xxxi] Ibid., line 6.

[xxxii] "Working Girls," line 2.

[xxxiii] Ibid., line 4.

[xxxiv] Ibid., line 5.

[xxxv] "Mamie," line 2.

[xxxvi] Ibid., lines 1, 3-5.

[xxxvii] "Man of Rodin," lines 1-5.

[xxxviii] Villarreal, 11.

[xxxix] Quoted in Ibid., 12.

[xl] Mark Van Wienen, "Taming the Socialist: Carl Sandburg's Chicago Poems and its Critics," *American Literature*, Vol. 63, No. 1 (Mar., 1991), 91. Sandburg's short essay titled "Millville" describes how children as young as eight and nine work endlessly during the day and on into the night. Sandburg poignantly explains how "Their education has consisted mainly of the thoughts, emotions and experiences that resulted from contact with 'blowers' and 'gaffers,' besides views of a big, barn-like space lit up by white-hot sand." Ibid., 10.

[xli] E. A. Robinson (1869-1935)

[xlii] Richard Cory was a character in a poem by E. A. Robinson entitles "Richard Cory." He was depicted as a happy person whom everybody envied. They all wanted to walk

like Cory, eat like Cory and be as rich as Cory. One day, he shot himself without prior notice. The lesson Robinson was trying to convey was that Cory was miserable though he did not show it. Fortune and social status did not necessarily mean happiness. Robinson's characters, or most of them, were considered types as they were adapted later by other poets.

[xliii] "Chamfort," lines 2-3.

[xliv] Ibid., lines 1, 4-8.

[xlv] "Jack," line 4.

[xlvi] Ibid.

[xlvii] "Dynamiter," line 5.

[xlviii] Ibid., lines 2-4, 6-7.

[xlix] "Happiness," lines 1-6.

[l] "Blacklisted," lines 1-6.

[li] "Muckers," lines 10-12.

[lii] Penelope Niven, *Carl Sandburg: A Biography*, (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1991), 267.

[liii] Ibid., 276.

[liv] Dale Salwak, *Carl Sandburg: A Reference Guide* (Boston: G. K. Hall and Co., 1988), 2.

[lv] Villarreal, 11.

[lvi] Salwak, 10.

[lvii] Villarreal, 14.

[lviii] Quoted in Salwak, 2.

[lix] Quoted in Ibid., 2.

[lx] "Anna Imroth," lines 1-4.

[lxi] William Carlos Williams, "Carl Sandburg's *Complete Poems,*" in *Poetry*, 78.6 (1951), 347.

[lxii] Villarreal, 18-19.

[lxiii] Quoted in Salwak, 6.

[lxiv] Quoted in Daniel G. Marowski (ed.), *Contemporary Literary Criticism*, vol. 35 (Detroit: Gale 1985), 340.

[lxv] Quoted in Ibid.

[lxvi] Quoted in Ibid.

[lxvii] Melvyn Dubofsky, *We Shall Be All: A History of the Industrial Workers of the World* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 2000), 90.

[lxviii] New Criticism is a term set by the publication of John Crowe Ransom's *The New Criticism* in 1941. The New Critics opposed the interest in the biographies of authors, the social context of literature and literary history. They insisted on the fact that the main concern of literary criticism is the text not the external circumstances of a work. They focused on the work as an independent entity.

See: M. H. Abrams, *A Glossary of Literary Terms,* (Massachusetts: Heinle and Heinle, 1999), s. v. "New Criticism."

[lxix] Elitism refers to restricting privileges to one favoured and small group in society. It is mainly a belief in a small group's superiority.

See: Encarta, s. v. "Elitism."

[lxx] Allen, 2.

[lxxi] Villarreal, 6-7.

[lxxii] Ibid., 4.

[lxxiii] Harry Wolcott Robbins and William Harold Coleman, *Western World Literature* (New York: Macmillan, 1983), 1299.

[lxxiv] Yatron, 524.

[lxxv] Ibid.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Aaron, Daniel. *Writers on the Left: Episodes in American Literary Communism*. New York: Harcourt, Brace and World, 1961.

Allen, Gay Wilson. *Carl Sandburg*, Pamphlets on American Writers, vol.101. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1972.

Abrams, M. H. *A Glossary of Literary Terms.* Massachusetts: Heinle and Heinle, 1999.

Boynton, Percy H. "American Authors of Today: IV. The Voice of Chicago: Edgar Lee Masters and Carl Sandburg," *The English Journal*, vol.11, no.10, (Dec., 1922). 610-620.

Carlyle, Thomas. "Midas" in *Thomas Carlyle: Selected Writings,* Alan Shelston (ed.). Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1971.

Dickens, Charles. *Hard Times.* Hampshire: Macmillan Education, 1985.

Dubofsky, Melvyn, *We Shall Be All: A History of the Industrial Workers of the World*. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 2000.

Encarta, Microsoft Student, 2009, DVD (Microsoft Corporation).

Holcomb, Esther L. "Whitman and Sandburg," in *The English Journal*, vol.17, no.7 (Sept., 1928), 549-555.

Marowski, Daniel G. (ed.). *Contemporary Literary Criticism*, vol. 3.5 Detroit: Gale 1985.

Miller, Arthur. *Death of a Salesman*. London: Heinemann Educational Books, 1981.

Mitgang, Herbert (ed.). *The Letters of Carl Sandburg*. San Diego: Harcourt Brace, 1988.

Niven, Penelope. *Carl Sandburg: A Biography*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1991.

Salwak, Dale. *Carl Sandburg: A Reference Guide.* Boston: G. K. Hall and Co., 1988.

Sandburg, Carl. *In Reckless Ecstasy*. Galesburg: Asgard Press, 1904.

Shelston, Alan (ed.). *Thomas Carlyle: Selected Writings.* Middlesex: Penguin Books, 1971.

Villarreal, Evert. *Recovering Carl Sandburg: Politics, Poetry and Prose* (Dissertation), The University of Texas-Pan American, 2006.

Wienen, Mark Van. "Taming the Socialist: Carl Sandburg's Chicago Poems and its Critics," *American Literature*, Vol. 63, No. 1 (Mar., 1991).

Williams, William Carlos. "Carl Sandburg's *Complete Poems*," in *Poetry*, 78.6 (1951).

Yatron, Michael. "Carl Sandburg: The Poet as a Nonconformist" in *The English Journal*, vol.48, no.9 (Dec., 1959), 524-539.