

## Literature About Chicago: Prose vs. Poetry

### Chicago by Carl Sandburg, 1916

Hog Butcher for the World,  
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,  
Player with Railroads and the Nation's Freight Handler;  
Stormy, husky, brawling,  
City of the Big Shoulders:  
They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen  
your painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys.  
And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it is true I  
have seen the gunman kill and go free to kill again.  
And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the faces of  
women and children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger.  
And having answered so I turn once more to those who sneer at  
this my city, and I give them back the sneer and say to them:  
Come and show me another city with lifted head singing so proud  
to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning.  
Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on job, here is  
a tall bold slugger set vivid against the little soft cities;  
Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning as a  
savage pitted against the wilderness,  
Bareheaded,  
Shoveling,  
Wrecking,  
Planning,  
Building, breaking, rebuilding,  
Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with  
white teeth,  
Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young  
man laughs,  
Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never  
lost a battle,  
Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse, and  
under his ribs the heart of the people, Laughing!  
Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of Youth, half-  
naked, sweating, proud to be Hog Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker  
of Wheat, Player with Railroads and Freight Handler to  
the Nation.



### From The Jungle by Upton Sinclair, 1906

*In this passage, a family of  
Lithuanian immigrants arrive in  
Chicago to start a new life.*

A full hour before the party reached the city they had begun to note the perplexing changes in the atmosphere. It grew darker all the time, and upon the earth the grass seemed to grow less green. Every minute, as the train sped on, the colors of things became dingier; the fields were grown parched and yellow, the landscape hideous and bare. And along with the thickening smoke they began to notice another circumstance, a strange, pungent odor. They were not sure that it was unpleasant, this odor; some might have called it sickening, but their taste in odors was not developed, and they were only sure that it was curious. Now, sitting in the trolley car, they realized that they were on their way to the home of it—that they had traveled all the way from Lithuania to it. It was now no longer something far off and faint, that you caught in whiffs; you could literally taste it, as well as smell it—you could take hold of it, almost, and examine it at your leisure. They were divided in their opinions about it. It was an elemental odor, raw and crude; it was rich, almost rancid, sensual, and strong. There were some who drank it in as if it were an intoxicant; there were others who put their handkerchiefs to their faces. The new emigrants were still tasting it, lost in wonder, when suddenly the car came to a halt, and the door was flung open, and a voice shouted—"Stockyards!"

Compare the two passages above. Which one do you think gives the most interesting image of Chicago? Does the genre (prose or poetry) make it more interesting? If so, why?

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