



*Sandburg, a poet who sees the humor as well as the tragedy in life, breaks out into a characteristically hearty laugh during a visit to Smith's rural home.*

come back to see what progress we are making on the painting. "I like it, Bill. It has some of the chaos that is in everything you do!"

Sandburg likes to get out his guitar and sing to his own accompaniment. He uses the chords of the folk guitarist but admires the classic guitar. He once told Andrés Segovia that if he had a choice of whom he would be in his next incarnation, he would like to be Segovia. The world's greatest guitarist, esteeming Sandburg highly, countered by saying that he would have all the better of it if he, Segovia, could be reincarnated as Sandburg.

What Carl will do or say is seldom predictable, but almost invariably there is a rightness and nobility to his reactions. After one of his lecture-recitals at a college, one of the students introduced herself with some pride as an "actress." Carl acknowledged her, turned to another young woman standing more modestly to the side and asked, "And who are you?" Shyly she answered, "Oh, Mr. Sandburg, I'm just a nobody." Carl patted her arm and said, "Well, I am your brother."

His mind ranges widely, examining the chaff and the kernel of the rare and the commonplace. "Have you ever noticed how many words have a meaning inappropriate to their sound? Glaucoma, for example. If you didn't know its meaning you would think it a beautiful word . . . perhaps the

name of a lake or a village in Ireland."

His lovely wife, Lillian Steichen Sandburg, is skilled in animal husbandry and raises champion goats on their 245-acre Connemara Farm. Carl, deadpan, comments: "I drink goats' milk because it makes small curds in the stomach. The effect of the goats' milk curds rubbing against the ulcers is much more gentle than the larger curds of cows' milk!"

**S**ANDBURG IS A MAN capable of great anger and sarcasm. He is intransigent and outspoken in the defense of individual rights and human dignity. He scorns the safety of silence. Many articulate persons who disagreed with the actions of the late Sen. Joseph McCarthy chose not to protest. But Sandburg's voice was heard.

Sandburg has always been something of a radical, and proud of it; a radical in the same sense that Lincoln was a radical.

He is fiercely loyal to his friends. John Steinbeck is one for whom he has high regard. Sandburg has never forgiven the critic Alfred Kazin for what Carl considers to have been an unfair attack on one of Steinbeck's books. Asked to a reception at Kazin's home to honor some visiting foreign literary figures who had expressed a desire to meet him, Carl declined, preferring instead to call on the visitors alone at their hotel.

He is piqued that the American Academy of

*(Continued on page 7)*



*Smith's 11-year-old daughter Kim sits fascinated while Sandburg tells her a story. When she was a baby, she took her first steps into his arms.*