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## Quotes from the jungle about meat

Forest, a 1906 Upton Sinclair novel, is full of graphic descriptions of the bad conditions of workers and cows tolerated in Chicago's meat packaging industry. Sinclair's book was so moving and troubling that it inspired the founding of the Food and Drug Administration, a federal agency that to date is responsible for regulating and overseeing the U.S. food, tobacco, dietary supplement, and pharmaceutical industries. It's an elemental, raw, raw odor; it's a federal agency. It is rich, almost rancid, sensual and strong. (Chapter 2) The line of buildings lit up and black stood against the sky; here and there climbed the masses of large chimneys, with the river of smoke flowing away to the end of the world. (Season 2) It's not a fairy tale and it's not a joke; (Chapter 14) Relentlessly, unsatisfactorily, it was; (Chapter 3) All day the sun blazing mid-summer beat upon its square miles of abominations: over tens of thousands of crowded cows to pen that stank wooden floors and steamed contagion; On bare, blistering, Cinder-strewn railroad tracks and huge blocks of ding meat factories, which are the thousandth passages defying a breath of fresh air to penetrate them; Dining littered with black food flies, and toilet rooms that have open sewers. (Chapter 26) And for this, at the end of the week, he shipped three dollars home to his family, paying himself at a rate of five cents an hour... (Season 6) They were beaten; they had lost the game, pulled over. It wasn't less tragic because it was so bad, because it was related to grocery wages and bills and rents. They have dreamed of freedom; From an opportunity to look at them and learn something that's competent and clean, to see their baby group to be strong. And now it was all gone - it never will be! (Chapter 14) He has no sense of humor to trace social mass to its distant sources—he cannot say that this is what men called the system that crushed him to the ground; That these cleaners are his masters who have savaged him from the seat of justice. (Chapter 16) To continue enjoying our site, we ask you to verify your identity as a human being. Thank you so much for that. Cooperation. With one member trimming beef in a kenery, and another working in a sausage factory, the family had first-hand knowledge of the vast majority of Packingtown swindles. For it was a custom, as they found, whenever the meat was so spoiled that it could not be used for anything else, or could it otherwise crush it into sausages. With what they had been told Jonas, who had worked in the pickle room, they could now study the entire meat-wrecking industry inside, and read a new meaning and makeup into that old Packingtown jest that they used everything pigs except squeal. They had a chain that was looking at the foot of the nearest boar and the other end of the chain hooked to one of the rings on the wheel. So, with the wheel wheel, a boar suddenly came out of the leg and moved upwards. At the same moment the ear was attacked by the most terrifying shriek; Visitors started at the alarm, women pale and trembled. The shriek was followed by another, louder yet more troubling -- for once after that journey started, the boar never came back; at the top of the wheel he was hunted on a trolley and went sailing down the room. And yet the other spun, and then the other, and the other, until there was a two-man line of them, each one with one foot smashed and kicked in a frenzy -- and they get nasty. The noise was terrifying, dangerous to the ear of the drums; A moment's lullaby would come, and then a fresh outburst, louder than ever, would rise to deafening highs. There was a lot for some visitors -- men looked at each other, laughed nervously, and women stood firm with their hands, and blood rushed to their face, and tears starting from their eyes. Meanwhile, without the gift of all this, the men on earth were going about their work. Neither Chafed Boar nor the visitors' tears made a difference; There is a long line of boars, with squeals and a life of blood ebbing away together; Until finally each started again, and disappeared with a splash to the huge VAT of boiling water. It was all very business-like when one watched it fascinated. It was pork-making by machines, pork making by applied mathematics. And yet somehow the most materialist person can't help thinking boar; They had done nothing to deserve it; Pretending to apologize, without paying tribute to the tears. Now and then a visitor cried, to be sure, but this killing machine was run, visitors or no visitors. It was like some terrible crime carried out in the dungeon, all unsealed and innable, buried out of sight and memory. © Upton Sinclair, Page Forest 2 about a block away from whom they lived another Lithuanian family, consisting of an elderly widow and a grown-up boy; Their name was Majavskis, and our friends met them for a long time one night they came to visit, and naturally the first topic on which the conversation turned neighborhood and its history; and then Majauskiene's grandmother, as the old lady, proceeded to recite to them a string of horrors that fairly froze their blood. He must have been 80... And when he passed the horror story through his toothless gums, he seemed like a very old witch to them. Majawskine's grandmother had lived so much in the midst of misery that she had come to her element and she was talking about hunger, disease and death because other people might talk about weddings and holidays. Things came gradually. At first, there was nothing new about the house they had bought, as they assumed; The house was one of a whole row built by a company that existed to make money by twisting poor people. The family had paid \$1500 for it, and it didn't cost the creators \$500 when it was new. Majauskiene's grandmother knew that because her son belonged to a political organization with a contractor who put in place exactly such houses. They are the most glamorous and cheapest materials used; They built houses at a time of a dozen, and they care nothing but shine outside. The family can take his word about the trouble they're in, because he's been through everything... He and his son bought their house in exactly the same way. They had fooled the company, however, for his son, he was a skilled man who raise \$100 a month and, just as he didn't feel married enough, had been able to pay for the house. Majawskine's grandmother saw her friends confused by the statement; they don't quite know how to pay for the company's dodge house. Obviously they were very inexperienced. Cheap, just as the houses were, they were sold with the idea that the people who bought them would be unable to pay for them. When they failed -- if it was only up to a month -- they would lose the house and all the expenses they paid it, and then the company would sell it again. And did they often get a chance to do that? Dave, what are you do? (Grandmother) He raised his hands.) They did it... Every once in a while, he couldn't say anything, but certainly more than half the time. They may have anyone who knew anything at all about Packingtown to ask for it; He's lived here since this house was built, and he could tell them all about it and it's ever been sold? Sosiliki! Why, since it was built, no fewer than four families who their informed informer could name had tried to buy it and had failed. © Upton Sinclair, Page Forest 3 It was all very business-like when one watched it fascinated. It was pork-making by machines, pork making by applied mathematics. And yet somehow the most materialist person can't help thinking about boars; They had done nothing they deserved; Now and then a visitor cried, to be sure, but this killing machine was run, visitors or no visitors. It was like a terrible crime committed in a dungeon, not all seen and un noted, buried out of sight and memory. One cannot stand and watch for too long without being philosophical, without starting to collide in symbols and simulations and hear the boars of the world. Was it allowed to believe that there was no place on earth, or above the earth, heavenly for boars, where they were recounted for all this suffering? Each of these boars was a separate creature. Some were white boars, some were black; And each of them had their own individuality, a desire of self, a hope and a heartfelt desire; each was full of self-confidence, of self-importance, and a sense of dignity. And trust and strong in his faith had gone about his business, while the black shadow hung over him and the terrible fate waited in his path. Now he had suddenly stormed in, and he had been recorded by the foot. It was relentless, unprotazed, all his protests, his cries, nothing to it—he made his outrageous will with him, as if his desires, his feelings, simply had no existence; Who would take this hog into his arms and comfort him, reward him for his work well done, and show him the meaning of his sacrifice? © Upton Sinclair, The Jungle Page 4 As Jurgis lay on his bed, hour after hour there came to him emotions that he had never known before. Before this he had met life with one He had his trials but none of them could face it but now, at night, when he lay down about, there will be a chase to his room the tragic phantom, from which the visibility made his meat curls and his hair bristle. It was like seeing the world get away from under his feet, like plunging into a timeless abyss into the caves of despair. It may be true, then, after all, what others had told him about life, that the best powers a man might not equal! It may be true that, trying as he is, trying as he wants, he may fail, and go down and be destroyed! The thought of this was like an icy hand in his heart; it was true, it was true, that here in this massive town, with its stores of stacked wealth, human beings may be hunted and destroyed by the wild power of nature's beast, just as truly as they were in the days of cave men! Ona © Upton Sinclair, The Jungle Jungle

