

Chapter 1 : They Call Me Carpenter by Upton Sinclair - Free at Loyal Books

To ask other readers questions about They Call Me Carpenter, please sign up. Be the first to ask a question about They Call Me Carpenter This book is a must read for anyone who claims christianity. For that matter, it's a must read to anyone who is skeptical of christianity or disillusioned with it.

Digging up stories about books, writing and publishing. I was also surprised to learn that he wrote the book on which Disney based the film *The Gnome-Mobile*, a childhood favorite that almost no one seems to remember I was even accused once of inventing it. *Caligari* as a framing device. As a fan of silent film and silent horror in particular I knew I had to take a look. The book begins with the main character, Billy, attending a screening of *Caligari* "a futurist production, a strange, weird freak of the cinema art, supposed to be the nightmare of a madman" in the fictitious Western City, California in The film has been recommended to him by his friend Dr. For one thing, nearly all the characters are thin. Do your people care enough about the life of art to take a risk of starving for it? In fact, he offers several paragraphs of positive criticism, including: But this was the first time I had ever been taken into the dreams of a lunatic. Yes, it was interesting, there was no denying it; grisly stuff, but alive, and marvelously well acted. How Edgar Allen Poe would have revelled [sic] in it! Still musing about the film and its meaning, Billy leaves the theater and finds himself in the midst of a mob that "might have come direct from the inside of Dr. Pay your money to the Huns! For shame on you! Leave your own people to starve, and send your cash to the enemy. He makes his way through the throng, but not without getting a nasty cosh on the head. Times, May 8, The theater riot is based in part on Hollywood history. *Caligari* after only a few performances, replacing it with silent crime drama *The Money Changers*. Upton Sinclair may well have become aware of this event because of the fact that the replacement film was based on his own novel of the same name. As a side note pertaining to my interest in lost films, no reels of *The Money Changers* are known to have survived. After the riot, Billy takes refuge in a church, and here the novel changes into something I perhaps stupidly did not anticipate. Suffice it to say, I was blindsided when the novel turned into a Christian allegory "something which likely would not surprise many other readers. Somewhat more obvious covers for *They Call Me Carpenter*. While in the church, Billy sees the stained glass representation of Christ come to life. How well you like the rest of the book may have a lot to do with your relationship to religion, or how much you like rather obvious religious allegory. As the two cruise through Los Angeles or Western City, rather in the heyday of silent film, Carpenter gets to meet movie stars and directors, like the sultry Mary Magna "a vampy Theda Bara-ish stand-in for Mary Magdalene" and the film producer Abey Tszchniczklefritszch. He turns down a lucrative film contract, appalled at the treatment of the day laborers and the inequity of wealth. His experiences lead to trouble as he can no longer tolerate the injustices he views: Only a couple of hours of spreading rumor had been needed to bring them forth, unholy and dreadful secrets, dragged from the dark corners and back alley- ways of these tenements. You make them by machinery and he who would help them must break the machine! Occasionally there are touches of humor, but it, too, is often heavy-handed. Sinclair, by the way, was surprised at the reaction to his most famous novel, which he had intended to point out the inhumane treatment of workers. Public reaction zeroed in on the unsanitary conditions in the meatpacking industry and largely ignored the labor issues. You can also download it free on Project Gutenberg , where you can opt to read it directly, if you prefer.

Chapter 2 : they call me carpenter (@oncesabrina) â€¢ Instagram photos and videos

They Call Me Carpenter: A Tale of the Second Coming is a novel written by Upton Sinclair in that exposed the new and upcoming culture of 's Southern California, namely Hollywood. Sinclair does this by using Jesus, or Carpenter as Sinclair calls him, as a literary figure.

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Chapter 3 : They Call Me Carpenter - Wikipedia

*They Call Me Carpenter [Upton Sinclair] on www.nxgvision.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Now, as a matter of fact, we had at that time several millions of people out of work in America, and many of them starving.*

Home - Random Browse So I knew it was true, and I walked with my dear, sweet old auntie down the aisle, and there sat Aunt Jennie, with her two lanky girls who have grown inches every time I run into them; and also Uncle Timothy. Uncle Timothy was my guardian until I came of age, so I am a little in awe of him, and now I had to listen to his whispered reproaches—it being the first principle of our family never to "get into the papers. Nor could I fail to be polite to my benefactor, and try to help him about. My Uncle Timothy was amazed, because he had accepted the "Times" story that it was all a "movie" hoax. I was trying to think about that picture over the altar. Of course, they would naturally have replaced it! I wondered who had found old de Wiggs up there; I wondered if he knew about it, and if he had any idea who had played that prank. I looked to his pew; yes, there he sat, rosy and beaming, bland as ever! I looked for old Peter Dexter, president of the Dexter Trust Company—yes, he was in his pew, wizened and hunched up, prematurely bald. The organ pealed and the white-robed choir marched in, bearing the golden crosses, and followed by the Reverend Dr. Lettuce-Spray, smooth-shaven, plump and beautiful, his eyes bent reverently on the floor. They were singing with fervor that most orthodox of hymns: It is a beautiful old service, as you may know, and I had been taught to love it and thrill to it as a little child, and we never forget those things. Peace and propriety are its keynotes; order and dignity, combined with sensuous charm. Everyone knows his part, and it moves along like a beautiful machine. I knelt and prayed, and then sat and listened, and then stood and sang—over and over for perhaps three-quarters of an hour. We came to the hymn which precedes the sermon, and turning to the number, we obediently proclaimed: The Son of God goes forth to war A kingly crown to gain: His blood-red banner streams afar: Who follows in His train? During the singing of the last verse, the Reverend Lettuce-Spray had moved silently into the pulpit. After the choir had sung "Amen," he raised his hands in invocation—and at that awesome moment I saw Carpenter come striding up the aisle! XXXVIII He knew just where he was going, and walked so fast that before anyone had time to realize what was happening, he was on the altar steps, and facing the congregation. You could hear the gasp of amazement; he was so absolutely identical with the painted figure over his head, that if he had remained still, you could not have told which was painting and which was flesh and blood. The rector in the pulpit stood with his mouth open, staring as if seeing a ghost. The prophet stretched out both his hands, and pointed two accusing fingers at the congregation. His voice rang out, stern and commanding: Ye have built a temple to Mammon, and defile the name of my Father therein! And the Reverend Lettuce-Spray managed to find his voice. And Carpenter pointed to another part of the congregation. Apparently Carpenter proposed to call the whole roll of financial directors; but the procedure was halted suddenly, as a tall, white-robed figure strode from its seat near the choir. Young Sidney Simpkinson, assistant to the rector, went up to Carpenter and took him by the arm. The other faced him. He was an advocate of what is known as "muscular Christianity," and kept himself in trim playing on the parish basket-ball team. He flung his strong arms about Carpenter, and half carrying him, half walking him, took him down the steps and down the aisle. As he went, Carpenter was proclaiming: He that steals little is called a pickpocket, but he that steals much is called a pillar of the church. Verily, he that deprives the laborer of the fruit of his toil is more dangerous than he that robs upon the highway; and he that steals the state and the powers of government is the father of all thieves. I started up, involuntarily. But I had to pass my uncle, and he had no intention of letting me make myself a spectacle. He threw his arms about me, and pinned me against the pew in front; and as he is one of the ten ranking golfers at the Western City Country Club, his embrace carried authority. I struggled, but there I stayed, shouting, "For shame! Sit down, you fool! The melee came quickly to an end, for the men of the congregation seized the half dozen disturbers and flung them outside, and mounted guard to make sure they did not return. I sank back into my seat, my worthy uncle holding my arm tightly with both hands, lest I should try to make my escape over the laps of Aunt Caroline and Aunt Jennie. All this time the Reverend Lettuce-Spray had been standing in the pulpit, making no sound. Now, as the

congregation settled back into order, he said, with the splendid, conscious self-possession of one who can remain "equal to the occasion": Matthew, the thirty-ninth and fortieth verses: And if any man shall sue thee at law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. After that my uncle tried to detain me, to warn and scold me; but he no longer used physical force, and nothing but that would have held me. At the door I asked one of the ushers what had become of the prophet, thinking he might be in jail. But the answer was that the gang had gone off, carrying their wounded; so I ran round the corner to where my car was parked, and within ten minutes I was on Western City Street, where Carpenter had announced that he would speak. There had been nothing said about the proposed meeting in the papers, and no one knew about it save those who had been present at Grant Hall. But it looked as if they had told everyone they knew, and everyone they had told had come. The wide street was packed solid for a block, and in the midst of this throng stood Carpenter, upon a wagon, making a speech. There was no chance to get near, so I bethought me of an alley which ran parallel to the street. There was an obscure hotel on the street, and I entered it through the rear entrance, and had no trouble in persuading the clerk to let me join some of the guests of the hotel who were watching the scene from the second story windows. The first thing which caught my attention was the figure of Everett, seated on the floor of the wagon from which the speech was being made. I saw that his face was covered with blood; I learned later that he had three teeth knocked out, and his nose broken. He told me afterwards that he had taken even what Carpenter said in the church. Having taken all that in at a glance, I gave my attention to what Carpenter was saying. He was discussing churches and those who attend them. Later on, my attention was called to the curious fact that his discourse was merely a translation into modern American of portions of the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew; a free adaptation of those ancient words to present day practices and conditions. But I had no idea of this while I listened; I was shocked by what seemed to me a furious tirade, and the guests of the hotel were even more shocked—"I think they would have taken to throwing things out of the windows at the orator, had it not been for their fear of the crowd. They load the backs of the working-classes with crushing burdens, but they themselves never move a finger to carry a burden, and everything they do is for show. And whoever exalts himself shall be abased, and whoever humbles himself shall be exalted. Woe unto you, doctors of divinity and Presbyterians, hypocrites! For this you will receive the greater damnation! Woe unto you, doctors of divinity and Methodists, hypocrites! Woe unto you, blind guides, with your subtleties of doctrine, your transubstantiation and consubstantiation and all the rest of it; you fools and blind! Woe unto you, doctors of divinity and Episcopalians, hypocrites! You blind guides, who choke over a fly and swallow a flivver! Woe unto you, doctors of divinity and Anglicans, hypocrites! You blind high churchmen, clean first your hearts, so that the clothes you wear may represent you. Woe unto you, doctors of divinity and Baptists, hypocrites! Even so you appear righteous to men, but inside you are full of hypocrisy and iniquity. Woe unto you doctors of divinity and Unitarians, hypocrites! You say, if we had been alive in those days, we would not have helped to kill those good men. That ought to show you how to treat us at present. But you are the children of those who killed the good men; so go ahead and kill us too! You serpents, you generation of vipers, how can you escape the damnation of hell? But the eager crowd would not let him go. They began to ask him questions. There were some who wanted to know what he meant by saying that he came from God, and some who wanted to know whether he believed in the Christian religion. There were others who wanted to know what he thought about political action, and if he really believed that the capitalists would give up without using force. The old gentleman who represented spiritualism was on hand, asking if the dead are still alive, and if so, where are they? After a couple of hours of this he announced that he was worn out. But it was a problem to get the wagon started; they could only move slowly, the driver calling to the people in front to make room. So they went down the street, and I got into my car and followed at a distance. I did not know where they were going, and there was nothing I could do but creep along—"a poor little rich boy with a big automobile and nobody to ride in it, or to pay any attention to him. The wagon drove to the city jail; which rather gave me a start, because I had been thinking that the party might be arrested at any minute, on complaint to the police from the church. But apparently this did not trouble Carpenter. He and several others stood before the heavy barred doors asking for admission, while a big crowd gathered and stared. I sat watching the scene, with phrases learned in earliest childhood floating through my mind: As they climbed

back into the wagon, I saw two husky fellows come from the jail, a type one learns to know as plain clothes men. It was a one-horse express-cart, belonging, as I afterwards learned, to a compatriot of Korwsky the tailor. This man, Simon Karlin, earned a meager living for himself and his family by miscellaneous delivery in his neighborhood; but now he was so fascinated with Carpenter that he had dropped everything in order to carry the prophet about. I mention it, because next day in the newspapers there was much fun made of this imitation man of God riding about town in a half broken-down express-wagon, hauled by a rickety and spavined old nag.

Chapter 4 : German addresses are blocked - www.nxgvision.com

The Project Gutenberg EBook of They Call Me Carpenter, by Upton Sinclair This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever.

The story takes place in the fictional city of Western City circa 1920. It begins with a man named Billy who is attacked by a mob of ex-servicemen outside a theater after watching a German film. Billy stumbles into a church to escape the mob and is visited by Carpenter, that is Jesus, who walks out of the stained glass window of the church. Carpenter is shocked and appalled by his observations of greed, selfishness, lust, sorrow, and the ultimate division between rich and poor. The story then follows the ministry of Jesus. How does All You Can Books work? The service works on any major device including computers, smartphones, music players, e-readers, and tablets. Honest to Gawd, Mr. Read More Community Reviews 5. Upton Sinclair, much like Mr. Carpenter, would be pitched out of church head first. Sinclair has the audacity to present a Mr. All propaganda is an attempt to persuade, though many associate it with dishonesty. The next time I speak in church, I plan to use the updated version of the Beattitudes. At the time this was written, the IWW and its members were being harassed, they lost jobs. At some points it is very contrived, but overall an interesting insight into what Christ would experience in the modern world. It was a clever parable but with such a sad, sad ending. No real need to describe it all I enjoyed following the story of Jesus encountering modern-day parallels of the same people, places, needs, and struggles of his time. For the time being it is a lot of fun and has some aspects that are very visual and parodies modern life. This book is available in th What are your favorite books? Sign in with your email Your information is secure and only used for our communication with you. Your information is secure and only used for our communication with you. Read our clear Privacy Policy. This is about as close to nirvana as I have found!

Chapter 5 : They Call Me Carpenter: A Tale of the Second Coming by Upton Sinclair

They Call Me Carpenter by Upton Sinclair (Length: 5 hours, 33 minutes. Download Entire Free Audio Book ZIP File HERE - MB. The story takes place in the fictional city of Western City circa

Chapter 6 : HOT FREE BOOKS € They Call Me Carpenter € Upton Sinclair € 3

About the Book. A novel that exposed the new and upcoming culture of 's Southern California, namely Hollywood. Sinclair does this by using Jesus, or Carpenter as Sinclair calls him, as a literary figure.

Chapter 7 : Book Dirt: Jesus and Caligari: a Review of Upton Sinclair™s They Call Me Carpenter

They Call Me Carpenter is a lost American classic. Upton Sinclair's novel of Jesus return to 's Southern California portrays the Roaring Twenties in a fresh light. Sinclair exposes the greed and hypocrisy of modern America.

Chapter 8 : They call me Carpenter (edition) | Open Library

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Chapter 9 : They Call Me Carpenter : Upton Sinclair : Free Download, Borrow, and Streaming : Internet Archive

By: Upton Sinclair () The story takes place in the fictional city of Western City circa It begins with a man named Billy who is attacked by a mob of ex-servicemen outside a theater after watching a German film.