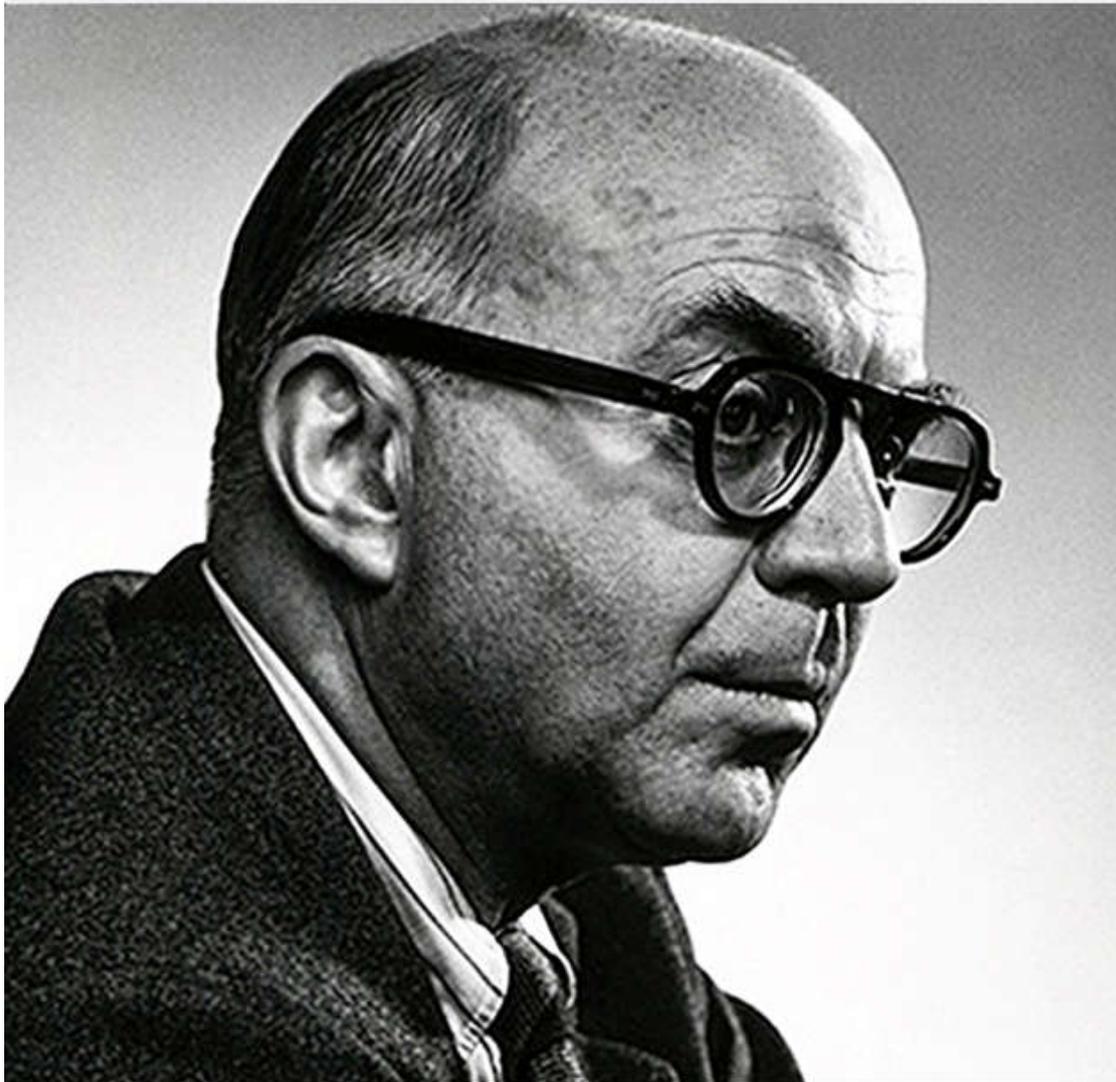




DELPHI  
CLASSICS

# John Dos Passos

## Complete Works



Series Fourteen

*The Complete Works of*  
**JOHN DOS PASSOS**

(1896-1970)



**Contents**

*The U.S.A. Trilogy*

The 42nd Parallel (1930)  
Nineteen Nineteen (1932)  
The Big Money (1936)

*District of Columbia Trilogy*

Adventures of a Young Man (1939)  
Number One (1943)  
The Grand Design (1949)

*Other Novels*

One Man's Initiation — 1917 (1920)  
Three Soldiers (1921)  
Streets of Night (1923)  
Manhattan Transfer (1925)  
Chosen Country (1951)  
Most Likely to Succeed (1954)  
The Great Days (1958)  
Midcentury (1961)  
Century's Ebb (1975)

*The Plays*

The Garbage Man (1926)  
Airways, Inc. (1934)  
Fortune Heights (1934)

*The Poetry*

Poems from 'Eight Harvard Poets' (1917)  
A Pushcart at the Curb (1922)

*The Non-Fiction*

Rosinante to the Road Again (1922)

Facing the Chair (1927)  
Orient Express (1927)  
Why Write for the Theatre Anyway? (1934)  
The Men Who Made the Nation (1957)  
Mr. Wilson's War (1962)  
Brazil on the Move (1963)  
The Portugal Story (1969)  
Easter Island (1970)

*The Autobiography*

The Best Times (1966)

*The Delphi Classics Catalogue*

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Peter Jones', with a stylized flourish at the end.

© Delphi Classics 2023  
Version 1

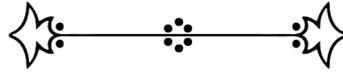
*The Complete Works of*  
**JOHN DOS PASSOS**



*By Delphi Classics, 2023*

# COPYRIGHT

*Complete Works of John Dos Passos*



First published in the United Kingdom in 2023 by Delphi Classics.

© Delphi Classics, 2023.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the prior permission in writing of the publisher, nor be otherwise circulated in any form other than that in which it is published.

ISBN: 978 1 80170 133 4

Delphi Classics

is an imprint of

Delphi Publishing Ltd

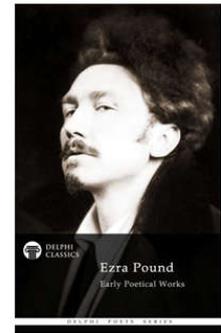
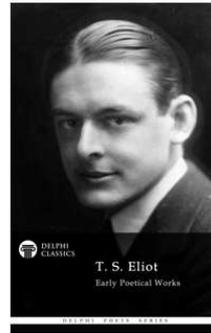
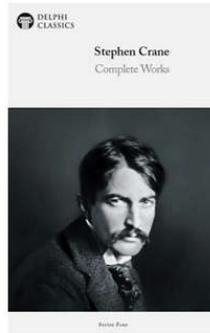
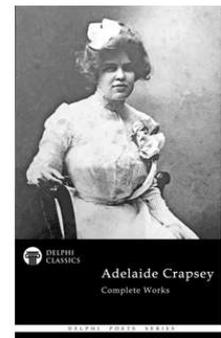
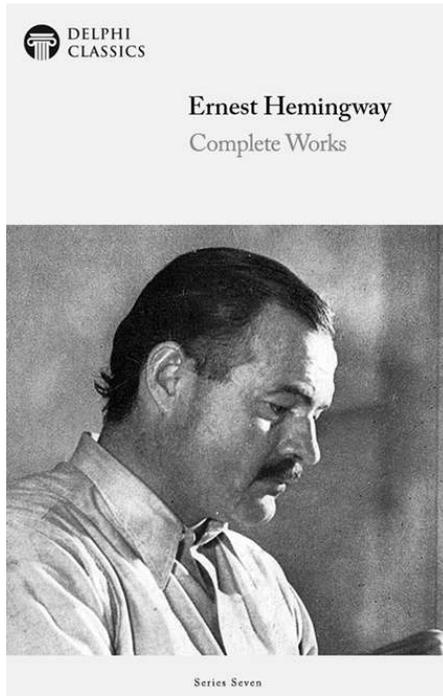
Hastings, East Sussex

United Kingdom

Contact: [sales@delphiclassics.com](mailto:sales@delphiclassics.com)

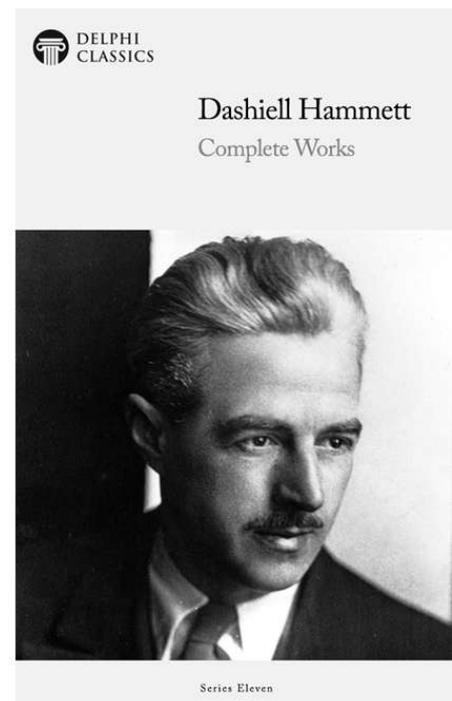
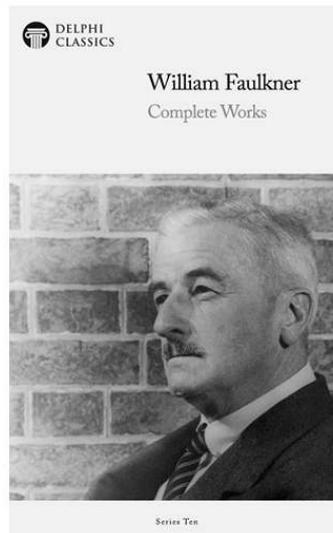
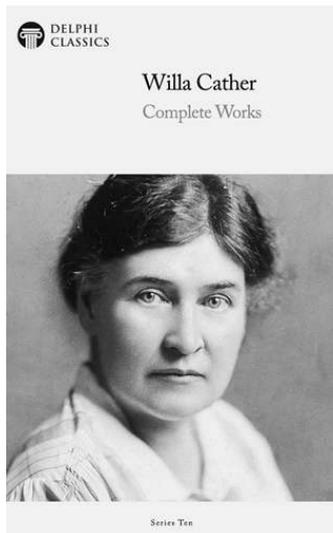
DELPHI  CLASSICS

[www.delphiclassics.com](http://www.delphiclassics.com)



*Explore American Masters at Delphi Classics*

Vintage American Classics.



## The U.S.A. Trilogy



*Chicago, late nineteenth century — John Dos Passos was born in Chicago on 14 January 1896.*



*Dos Passos as a child — he was the illegitimate son of John Randolph Dos Passos, a lawyer of half-Madeiran Portuguese descent, and Lucy Addison Madison of Petersburg, Virginia. His father was married at the time of his birth.*

## The 42nd Parallel (1930)



Consisting of *The 42nd Parallel* (1930), *Nineteen Nineteen* (1932) and *The Big Money* (1936), the U.S.A. trilogy employs an experimental technique, incorporating four narrative modes: fictional narratives telling the life stories of twelve characters, collages of newspaper clippings and song lyrics labeled “Newsreel”, individually labeled short biographies of public figures of the time, including Woodrow Wilson and Henry Ford and fragments of autobiographical stream of consciousness writing labeled “Camera Eye”. The trilogy charts the historical development of American society during the first three decades of the twentieth century. Widely regarded as Dos Passos’ greatest achievement in fiction, the trilogy was later ranked as 23<sup>rd</sup> on a list of the 100 best English-language novels of the twentieth century by the publisher Modern Library.

The principal characters of the trilogy are Mac (Fainy McCreary), a wandering printer, train-hopping newspaperman and a crusader for the working man; Janey Williams, a young stenographer from Washington, D.C.; Eleanor Stoddard, a cold, haughty young social climber; J. Ward Moorehouse, a slick, influential public relations man; Charley Anderson, a naive, good-natured mechanic and flying ace; Joe Williams, a rugged, slow-witted sailor; and Richard Ellsworth Savage, a Harvard graduate.

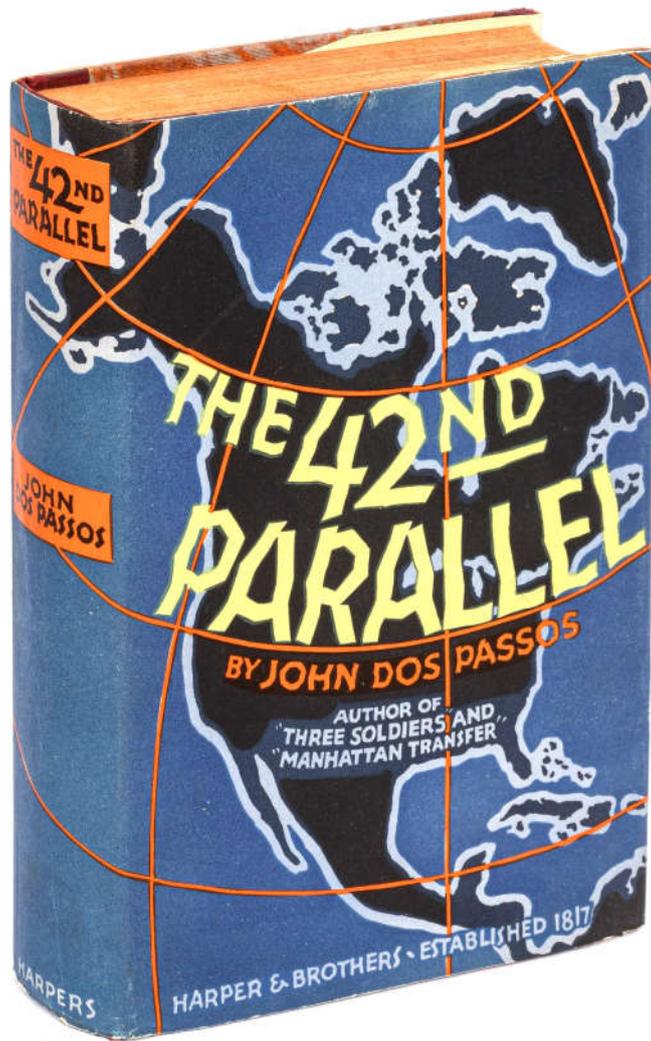
In the fictional narrative sections, the novels relate the lives of twelve characters as they struggle to find a place in American society. Each character is presented to the reader from their childhood on and in free indirect speech. Although their lives are separate, the characters occasionally meet and interact. Some minor characters, whose point of view is never revealed, appear in the background, forming a bridge between the main characters.

“The Camera Eye” sections of the three novels are written in a modernist stream of consciousness style. In many ways these sections are autobiographical in tone, tracing Dos Passos’ development from a child to a politically committed writer. *Camera Eye 50* arguably features the most famous line of the trilogy, when Dos Passos reflects upon the executions of Sacco and Vanzetti, the Italian immigrant anarchists controversially convicted of murdering a guard and paymaster during the 15 April 1920 armed robbery of the Slater and Morrill Shoe Company in Braintree. After a few hours’ deliberation the jury convicted Sacco and Vanzetti of first-degree murder and they were sentenced to death by the trial judge. Anti-Italianism, anti-immigrant, and anti-anarchist bias were suspected as having heavily influenced the verdict. Dos Passos’ famous line was “all right we are two nations.”

The Newsreel sections consist of front page headlines and article fragments from *The Chicago Tribune* for *The 42nd Parallel*, the *New York World* for the second and third novels, *Nineteen Nineteen* and *The Big Money*, as well as lyrics from popular songs. The biography sections in the trilogy serve as realistic accounts of historical figures. The most often anthologised of these biographies is “The Body of an American”, telling the story of an unknown soldier killed in World War I, which concludes the second novel.

The separation between these various narrative modes is rather a stylistic than a thematic one. Critics have pointed out connections between the fictional character Mary French in *The Big Money* and journalist Mary Heaton Vorse, calling into question the strict separation between fictional characters and biographies.

The trilogy was written in the period when the author placed himself unequivocally on the political Left, before the major political shift that characterised his later work. Dos Passos portrays the everyday situations of the characters before, during and after World War I, with particular focus on the social and economic forces that drive them. The characters that pursue “big money” without scruple succeed, but are dehumanised by their success. Others are destroyed, crushed by capitalism and ground underfoot. Dos Passos shows little sympathy for upwardly mobile characters that succeed, but he is always sympathetic to the downtrodden victims of capitalist society. He explores the difficulty faced by winners and losers alike when trying to provide a stable living for themselves. The trilogy depicts with considerable sympathy the activists of the Industrial Workers of the World. It is more reserved with regard to the American Communist Party that had emerged in the American Radical Left after the First World War; though some Communists are depicted sympathetically, they are depicted as being caught up in the increasing bureaucratization of the party. The novels are also noted for their obvious animosity to President Woodrow Wilson, depicting in detail his suppression of internal dissent during and immediately after the Great War.



*The first edition*

## CONTENTS

U. S. A.  
Newsreel I  
The Camera Eye (1)  
Mac  
The Camera Eye (2)  
Mac  
Newsreel II  
The Camera Eye (3)  
Lover of Mankind  
The Camera Eye (4)  
Mac  
Newsreel III  
The Camera Eye (5)  
Newsreel IV  
The Camera Eye (6)  
Newsreel V  
Mac  
Newsreel VI  
The Camera Eye (7)  
The Plant Wizard  
Newsreel VII  
The Camera Eye (8)  
Mac  
The Camera Eye (9)  
Big Bill  
The Camera Eye (10)  
Mac  
Newsreel VIII  
The Camera Eye (11)  
Newsreel IX  
Mac  
The Camera Eye (12)  
Newsreel X  
The Camera Eye (13)  
Janey  
The Camera Eye (14)  
Newsreel XI  
Janey  
The Camera Eye (15)  
Newsreel XII  
The Boy Orator of the Platte  
The Camera Eye (16)  
J. Ward Moorehouse  
The Camera Eye (17)  
Newsreel XIII  
Eleanor Stoddard  
The Camera Eye (18)

Eleanor Stoddard  
The Camera Eye (19)  
Newsreel XIV  
Emperor of the Caribbean  
The Camera Eye (20)  
J. Ward Moorehouse  
The Camera Eye (21)  
Newsreel XV  
Prince of Peace  
The Camera Eye (22)  
J. Ward Moorehouse  
Newsreel XVI  
The Camera Eye (23)  
Eleanor Stoddard  
The Camera Eye (24)  
Janey  
The Electrical Wizard  
The Camera Eye (25)  
Newsreel XVII  
Mac  
Proteus  
Janey  
The Camera Eye (26)  
Newsreel XVIII  
Eleanor Stoddard  
Newsreel XIX  
The Camera Eye (27)  
Fighting Bob  
Charley Anderson

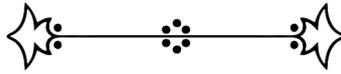


*Dos Passos as a young man*



*Portrait of President Woodrow Wilson by Harris & Ewing, 1919*

## U. S. A.



THE YOUNG MAN walks fast by himself through the crowd that thins into the night streets; feet are tired from hours of walking; eyes greedy for warm curve of faces, answering flicker of eyes, the set of a head, the lift of a shoulder, the way hands spread and clench; blood tingles with wants; mind is a beehive of hopes buzzing and stinging; muscles ache for the knowledge of jobs, for the roadmender's pick and shovel work, the fisherman's knack with a hook when he hauls on the slithery net from the rail of the lurching trawler, the swing of the bridgeman's arm as he slings down the whitehot rivet, the engineer's slow grip wise on the throttle, the dirtfarmer's use of his whole body when, whoaing the mules, he yanks the plow from the furrow. The young man walks by himself searching through the crowd with greedy eyes, greedy ears taut to hear, by himself, alone.

The streets are empty. People have packed into subways, climbed into streetcars and buses; in the stations they've scampered for suburban trains; they've filtered into lodgings and tenements, gone up in elevators into apartmenthouses. In a showwindow two sallow windowdressers in their shirtsleeves are bringing out a dummy girl in a red evening dress, at a corner welders in masks lean into sheets of blue flame repairing a cartrack, a few drunk bums shamble along, a sad street-walker fidgets under an arclight. From the river comes the deep rumbling whistle of a steamboat leaving dock. A tug hoots far away.

The young man walks by himself, fast but not fast enough, far but not far enough (faces slide out of sight, talk trails into tattered scraps, footsteps tap fainter in alleys); he must catch the last subway, the streetcar, the bus, run up the gangplanks of all the steamboats, register at all the hotels, work in the cities, answer the wantads, learn the trades, take up the jobs, live in all the boardinghouses, sleep in all the beds. One bed is not enough, one job is not enough, one life is not enough. At night, head swimming with wants, he walks by himself alone.

No job, no woman, no house, no city.

Only the ears busy to catch the speech are not alone; the ears are caught tight, linked tight by the tendrils of phrased words, the turn of a joke, the singsong fade of a story, the gruff fall of a sentence; linking tendrils of speech twine through the city blocks, spread over pavements, grow out along broad parked avenues, speed with the trucks leaving on their long night runs over roaring highways, whisper down sandy byroads past wornout farms, joining up cities and fillingstations, roundhouses, steamboats, planes groping along airways; words call out on mountain pastures, drift slow down rivers widening to the sea and the hushed beaches.

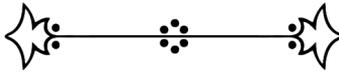
It was not in the long walks through jostling crowds at night that he was less alone, or in the training camp at Allentown, or in the day on the docks at Seattle, or in the empty reek of Washington City hot boyhood summer nights, or in the meal on Market Street, or in the swim off the red rocks at San Diego, or in the bed full of fleas in New Orleans, or in the cold razorwind off the lake, or in the gray faces trembling in the grind of gears in the street under Michigan Avenue, or in the smokers of limited expresstrains, or walking across country, or riding up the dry mountain canyons, or the night without a sleepingbag among frozen beartracks in the Yellowstone, or canoeing Sundays on the Quinnipiac;

but in his mother's words telling about longago, in his father's telling about when I was a boy, in the kidding stories of uncles, in the lies the kids told at school, the hired man's yarns, the tall tales the doughboys told after taps;

it was speech that clung to the ears, the link that tingled in the blood; U. S. A.

U. S. A. is the slice of a continent. U. S. A. is a group of holding companies, some aggregations of trade unions, a set of laws bound in calf, a radio network, a chain of moving picture theatres, a column of stockquotations rubbed out and written in by a Western Union boy on a blackboard, a public-library full of old newspapers and dogeared historybooks with protests scrawled on the margins in pencil. U. S. A. is the world's greatest rivervalley fringed with mountains and hills, U. S. A. is a set of bigmouthed officials with too many bankaccounts. U. S. A. is a lot of men buried in their uniforms in Arlington Cemetery. U. S. A. is the letters at the end of an address when you are away from home. But mostly U. S. A. is the speech of the people.

## Newsreel I



*IT WAS THAT emancipated race  
That was chargin up the hill  
Up to where them insurrectos  
Was afightin fit to kill*

### CAPITAL CITY'S CENTURY CLOSED

General Miles with his gaudy uniform and spirited charger was the center for all eyes especially as his steed was extremely restless. Just as the band passed the Commanding General his horse stood upon his hind legs and was almost erect. General Miles instantly reined in the frightened animal and dug in his spurs in an endeavor to control the horse which to the horror of the spectators, fell over backwards and landed squarely on the Commanding General. Much to the gratification of the people General Miles was not injured but considerable skin was scraped off the flank of the horse. Almost every inch of General Miles's overcoat was covered with the dust of the street and between the shoulders a hole about an inch in diameter was punctured. Without waiting for anyone to brush the dust from his garments General Miles remounted his horse and reviewed the parade as if it were an everyday occurrence.

The incident naturally attracted the attention of the crowd, and this brought to notice the fact that the Commanding General never permits a flag to be carried past him without uncovering and remaining so until the colors have passed

*And the Captain bold of Company B  
Was afightin in the lead  
Just like a trueborn soldier he  
Of them bullets took no heed*

### OFFICIALS KNOW NOTHING OF VICE

Sanitary trustees turn water of Chicago River into drainage canal LAKE MICHIGAN SHAKES HANDS WITH THE FATHER OF THE WATERS German zuchterverein singing contest for canarybirds opens the fight for bimetallism at the ratio of 16 to 1 has not been lost says Bryan

### BRITISH BEATEN AT MAFEKING

*For there's many a man been murdered in Luzon*

### CLAIMS ISLANDS FOR ALL TIME

Hamilton Club Listens to Oratory by Ex-Congressman Posey of Indiana

### NOISE GREET'S NEW CENTURY

## LABOR GREETES NEW CENTURY

## CHURCHES GREET NEW CENTURY

Mr. McKinley is hard at work in his office when the new year begins.

## NATION GREETES CENTURY'S DAWN

Responding to a toast, Hail Columbia! at the Columbia Club banquet in Indianapolis, Ind., ex-President Benjamin Harrison said in part: I have no argument to make here or anywhere against territorial expansion; but I do not, as some do, look upon territorial expansion as the safest and most attractive avenue of national development. By the advantages of abundant and cheap coal and iron, of an enormous overproduction of food products and of invention and economy in production, we are now leading by the nose the original and the greatest of the colonizing nations.

Society Girls Shocked: Danced with Detectives

*For there's many a man been murdered in Luzon  
and Mindanao*

## GAIETY GIRLS MOBBED IN NEW JERSEY

One of the lithographs of the leading lady represented her in less than Atlantic City bathing costume, sitting on a red-hot stove; in one hand she held a brimming glass of wine, in the other ribbons drawn over a pair of rampant lobsters.

*For there's many a man been murdered in Luzon  
and Mindanao  
and in Samar*

In responding to the toast, "The Twentieth Century," Senator Albert J. Beveridge said in part: *The twentieth century will be American. American thought will dominate it. American progress will give it color and direction. American deeds will make it illustrious.*

*Civilization will never lose its hold on Shanghai. Civilization will never depart from Hongkong. The gates of Peking will never again be closed to the methods of modern man. The regeneration of the world, physical as well as moral, has begun, and revolutions never move backwards.*

*There's been many a good man murdered in the Philippines  
Lies sleeping in some lonesome grave.*

DELPHI  CLASSICS

*End of Sample*