

bility of the type of coalition which Bell imagines will eventually lead the post-industrial West. I doubt that engineers and manufacturers will soon turn for general leadership to social scientists. And were that to happen, it appears even less plausible that the social science faculties of the prestigious univer-

sities would fight for the meritocracy which Bell describes in such detail.

Despite his faulty forecasting, his book can be read with profit. His comments on social change are, in the main, well-considered; and while several chapters would bear revising and condensing, other parts are worthy of

our intellectual respect. I speak particularly of the conclusion, whose critique of compensatory justice would almost serve to justify the purchase of the entire volume.

Paul Gottfried

Book Review

The Hundred Million Dollar Payoff

UNION MEMBERS MAY soon happen upon an unlikely hero, a man who does not fit the traditional image of a labor leader. Douglas Caddy is not a union leader. He is not even a union member. Rather, he is a young Washington lawyer who served as the original attorney for the Watergate seven. But he has written a fascinating book, which is essential, if difficult, reading for the would-be political reformer, and for union members concerned about the use of their dues money.

The Hundred Million Dollar Payoff is the result of an investigation into campaign abuse which Caddy started after resigning from the Watergate case, in dismay at some of his clients' requests and practices. Caddy, however, directed his attention to an area of abuse long ignored by the media (and by the Watergate committee)—violations of federal campaign law by leaders of organized labor.

Caddy relies primarily on union publications and documents (obtained from the public record) to explain precisely how unions support their favored candidates for federal office. The process would put any corporate manipulator to shame. It heavily emphasizes contributions "in-kind" rather than in cash. That is, labor unions contribute only limited amounts of cash; instead, they assign their paid full-time political operatives to counsel, and even work actively in, their priority campaigns. Unions can also allocate their resources in other ways, including the provision of mobile loudspeaker trucks, organization of a registration and/or get-out-the-vote drive for the campaign, printing of posters, brochures and other materials, use of union halls for political meetings, etc.

Although the book is sub-titled "How Big Labor Buys its Democrats," Caddy also takes on Republicans. However, the union leaders support Democrats by a twenty-to-one margin, so most of the elected officials involved are Democrats. The list includes major political figures, among them some of the self-righteous members of the Watergate panel, like Senator Joseph Montoya (Dem.—New Mexico). The title of the book alludes to Victor Reisel's financial estimate of labor's political muscle for financing federal elections.

Caddy's book provides a powerful prima facie case for the Department

How Big Labor Buys its Democrats

by Douglas Caddy,
Arlington House, \$8.95

of Justice to seek indictments and prosecutions of those union leaders who have violated the Federal Corrupt Practices Act (now the Fair Elections Campaign Act of 1971), though the author is skeptical of the ability of the Department of Justice to initiate a thorough investigation and prosecution of the guilty parties. In the third section of his book, he proposes a number of remedies; foremost among them is his plea for a new special prosecutor to oversee the investigation. Many of our most vociferous reformist Senators, like Sen. John Pastore (Dem.—Rhode Island), limit their zeal to the prosecution of fat cats and corporate executives. It is their selective opposition to illegal campaign contributions which disturbs Caddy.



Caddy, however, does more than present a detailed and lucid brief documenting significant labor union violations of federal election laws. He draws a distinction between the practices of union leaders and the views of most union members, and indicates that the candidates chosen by the union chiefs are not necessarily those preferred by the members who supply the funds to support union political operations.

Caddy believes that unions have abandoned their traditional function of collective bargaining; instead, they have become political machines, fueled by compulsory dues money from members. A small coterie of chieftains de-

cides how this massive political fund shall be disbursed—via the "goods and services" i.e., in-kind contributions, route.

Meanwhile, the individual union member, surely no match for his powerful union and its battery of attorneys, must acquiesce in the use of his resources for the support of candidates he has not selected. Indeed, another book could be written on this intriguing subject—a comparison of the views of rank-and-file and the voting records of elected officials supported by their unions.

Plenty of surveys are available to indicate the conclusions such a book might reach. Most rank-and-file are concerned about the social issues (e.g., crime, drugs, youth and campus unrest, pornography). Yet most liberal candidates and elected officials supported by the unions are soft on these issues, and generally weak in the entire area. Or consider the inflation issue, a source of profound concern among rank-and-file. Yet union-supported candidates are among the big spenders in Congress—the advocates of precisely the kind of deficit financing which induces inflation.

Caddy cannot be faulted for his limited treatment of issues and union member sentiment on those issues. The purpose of his book is to document a compelling legal case against the labor union leaders who violate federal law. Caddy not only succeeds, but his examples depict a disturbing pattern—the labor unions have given illegal contributions to the chairmen and a majority of the membership of both committees in Congress with jurisdiction over labor union activities.

Hopefully, many Americans will read the Caddy book before November. Otherwise, organized labor's political strategists may succeed in getting a "veto-proof" Congress—two thirds of the elected Senators and Congressmen beholden to organized labor.

The results, based on my own study of organized labor's current favorites in Congress, would be catastrophic. Does the average man or woman who belongs to a labor union really want a stronger federal government, higher federal spending, more inflation, and a squishy-soft law and order posture?

Arnold Steinberg

The Fourteenth Chronicle

AS A SPOKESMAN for an age, John Dos Passos reflects the confusion, frustration, and intermittent joy of a generation maturing in the face of war and conflicting ideologies. He stood alone as a man facing a world whose manners and morals were often foreign to his own. He had close friends whom he worshipped and loved, but at the same time he felt a need to instruct and entertain them. He was moved by the search for a purified society which was not based upon any one ideology, but rather one in which man could follow his own philosophical dreams and desires. This sense of individualistic moral purpose pervades his letters and diaries.

Born January 14, 1896, the illegitimate son of John R. Dos Passos and Lucy Madison, Dos Passos learned early to live with the painful loneliness that was to follow him throughout his life. He traveled abroad with his mother during his early years and boarded in London while attending school. His unusual lifestyle, poor eyesight, and lack of athletic ability caused him to be considered "different" at school and he found it difficult to make close friends. Isolated socially, Dos Passos developed into a sensitive and observant young man who eventually felt compelled to leave school and explore the "endless welter of experience."

Although an avowed pacifist, he became an ambulance driver on the Italian front during World War I and then a sergeant in the American army. He later considered these experiences to be "the most valuable part of my education during those years." Dos Passos's battlefield life further confirmed his "enthusiastic pacifism," and his reflections in a letter to Rumsey Marvin point to his total disillusionment with the entire process of making war. "The war is utter damn nonsense—a vast cancer fed by lies and self-seeking malignity on the part of those who don't do the fighting." It was also during this period of his life that he began work on his first novel, *One Man's Initiation*—1917.

His extensive travels before and during the war years brought him into contact with a vast array of people, many of whom would remain his lifelong companions and correspondents. Such figures as Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, Gerald and Sara Murphy, Upton Sinclair, and Ernest Hemingway were to shape his life and his works in the years to come. But it was his closest friends, Rumsey Marvin, Robert Hillyer, Dudley Poore, and Stewart Mitchell to whom he would turn in times of trouble and ecstasy. In spite of these lasting friendships, Dos Passos often remarked that he felt alone in this world. He wrote to Rumsey, "At school I was a most unsocial friendless little beast—and it has been hard to shake off the habit of solitude.... Although you

Letters and Diaries of John Dos Passos

Edited by Townsend Ludington
Gambit \$15.00

know there are people who sort of have solitude in their blood, who are just as lonely in a crowd or on a mountain top—I may be one of them." It seems that the only period of his life in which he managed to evade this solitude was during his marriage to Katharine Smith.

He met Katy while visiting Hemingway in Key West, Florida, in April 1928. Evidently, he was immediately infatuated and they were married in August 1929. Their life together was total bliss for Dos Passos, even though they were constantly broke and in debt. When Katy died in a car accident in 1947, Dos Passos was thrown into a three-year period of despair. "I had thought myself fairly well-versed in the miseries of life. Suddenly I find I had been completely ignorant of these things. It makes you wonder how much else there is that you don't [sic] know about."

In 1949, Dos Passos married Elizabeth Holdridge and settled into the life of a farmer. They had one daughter, Lucy, whom he adored, and his final years were divided among traveling, writing, and farming.

Although he continued to correspond with his friends after Katy's death, his letters seem to lack the vibrant spark of life that had been so noticeable in his earlier communications. Nonetheless, his concern and interest in life never waned. Even when death hit on September 28, 1970, Horsely Gantt noted that "inquiring, interested look on his face that typified him throughout his life."

The letters and diaries of Dos Passos bring out personality common to the age of the lost generation. He continually fluctuated between socialism and American democratic ideals during his early years (most often leaning toward the former), and eventually reached his own conclusion as to the inordinate rights of man. Dos Passos realized that he was happiest when he was free to do whatever he chose. This recognition must have led him to the belief that all men, no matter what social or political views they hold, require individual liberty. He felt that without this ultimate freedom man was doomed to fall under the machinations of a bureaucratic government. "Of all the things in this world a government is the thing least worth fighting for."

It was for this reason that Dos Passos ultimately recognized America as his home, and his works after this period reflect a new-found satisfaction in America. This understanding would take him above the petty ideologies that flowed around him and into a

world of internal and external freedom. In a Faustian sense, Dos Passos was a man willing to face the consequences of his convictions, and as he stated in one of his letters, "A man writes to be damned, not to be saved."

The consequences of Dos Passos's convictions took the form not so much of damnation as a long stretch in limbo. His trilogy, *U.S.A.*, stands as one of the most powerful and unique series of novels in the history of American literature, and for those three novels alone he should have won a Nobel prize. His influence on American literature has been profound, yet somehow he has never received the recognition he deserves. Today in college English courses it is commonplace to be assigned novels by such comparatively inferior writers as Kurt Vonnegut or Norman Mailer. (And it's interesting to note that the techniques of Mailer's least flawed novel, *The Naked and the Dead*, rely heavily on many of those techniques pioneered by Dos Passos).

Some believe that Dos Passos rests in limbo because of what was perceived as an ideological shift. During the early years, the Left claimed him, and the American literary establishment was and continues to be leftist. Thus, when he produced *Midcentury*, decidedly conservative in thrust, and when he increasingly became identified toward the end with *National Review*, which printed his last piece, many viewed him as an apostate.

Unfortunately, this sort of judgment does occur. And in Dos Passos's case it is totally unwarranted. He never identified himself totally with ideological leftism, nor did he end his career thinking of himself as a rightist. The final letter in this collection—to the Committee on Admissions of the Century Association, sponsoring the membership of Bill Buckley—demonstrates, I think, Dos Passos's basic attitude toward ideological matters: "Since the grand old days of Bob Benchley no one has appeared in the animal world so full of high spirits and sheer animal warmth. No one held Bob Benchley's occasional political acts against him."

Dos Passos ended as he began, a man alone, an individualist in search of that society which would allow him the fullest possible exercise of his individualism. In the thirties this often meant making common cause with the Left. In the fifties and sixties, it meant siding in many instances with the Right. But as these letters and diaries prove, Dos Passos must ultimately be viewed as the quintessential American, a man beyond ideologies. If we ever become sufficiently sophisticated to view him in this way, perhaps he will be released from his sentence in limbo to take his rightful place among the very few giants of American literature.

Mary Jo Doyle