
Do-Gooders reveals what happened after the 1960s, when liberalism first appeared in force on the national scene. The New Left, with its warmed-over Marxism, initiated the era of big government, with its War on Poverty, Medicaid, Medicare, food stamps, and housing vouchers. Entitlement became the order of the day. Our liberals, certain that they knew what was best for America’s poor and middle classes, imposed their destructive ideas on us all.

Best-selling author and columnist Mona Charen exposes the mess they have made of public education over the past four decades. The 1960s liberal compassion binge toward the poor and minorities primarily benefited violent criminals and led to a “crime wave” lasting three decades. The “long hot summers” of 1965-67 saw rioting in the cities, and President Johnson’s Kerner Commission blamed white America for the three purported causes of the riots: racism, powerlessness, and poverty. The Supreme Court set the stage, declaring that the Office of Economic Opportunity would end poverty by 1976. The Supreme Court assisted by striking down state residency requirements for welfare eligibility, by ruling that welfare payments were a property right of the recipient, by deciding that mothers considered employable by welfare workers could not be denied benefits, and by striking down state rules denying benefits to mothers who had a man living in the house. Over the next 25 years, U.S. taxpayers spent more than $3 trillion providing support for the poor, the infirm, and the elderly. But welfare caseloads increased by 230 percent between 1963 and 1973, and by 1994, nine million children and three million adults (15 percent of the population) were receiving benefits. As Ronald Reagan observed, “In the war on poverty, poverty won.”

For liberals, the politics of race is a matter of good versus evil, and a contest between people of good will (liberals) and villainous racists ( conservatives). Democrats want blacks to feel oppressed, despised, and handicapped. They encourage blacks to believe that whites are responsible for their problems. Instead of promoting initiative and responsibility, they paint blacks as victims who must vote for Democrats, who will then protect them. As a result, 80 to 95 percent of black votes go to Democrats.

The Great Society, with its welfare programs and liberal sexual mores, damaged the black family. The availability of welfare became an “enabler,” so that black Americans could stop marrying but could continue bearing children. Beginning in the 1960s, black marriages declined sharply, while the number of single-parent families and welfare dependence mushroomed. By 1994, 70 percent of all black births were to unmarried women. An entire culture changed. Mayor John Lindsay of New York City was told by an angry welfare mother at a public hearing, “I’ve got six kids. Every one of them has a different daddy. It’s my job to have kids, and your job, Mr. Mayor, to take care of them.”

When the Congress finally accomplished welfare reform, after one of the fiercest political struggles in recent memory, liberals howled. It was “anti-child” and “mean-spirited.” But every wild prediction the liberals made was proved false. It was the greatest domestic policy success of the past 30 years. The poor really are not childlike, irresponsible, or incompetent, as the liberals had claimed.

Our child welfare system is a liberal-inspired disaster that costs $18 billion a year yet does not protect the children who need it most. The biggest risk factor for child abuse is having a never-married mother. Children raised outside marriage are at higher risk for every social pathology, from drugs to crime to teen pregnancy. Families headed by single mothers spawn 72 percent of America’s young murderers, 70 percent of long-term prison inmates, and 60 percent of rapists.

In 1971, the Supreme Court swept away most of America’s vagrancy statues, and living on the street became a right. Eighty-five percent of the homeless were alcoholics, drug addicts, and/or mentally ill. Largely owing to the liberal ideas of Thomas Szasz (The Myth of Mental Illness), Erving Goffman (Asylum: Essays on the Social Situation of Mental Patients and Other Inmates), Ken Kesey (One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest), and especially British psychoanalytist R.D. Laing (The Politics of Experience), community mental health clinics changed their mission from...
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Bilingual education, a jobs program for
children in grade school doesn’t work after
program to benefit poor and minority
hasn’t worked. Chapter 1, the federal
Lyndon Johnson’s Great Society programs,
liberal education programs have
proven especially disastrous. All of our
national problems were blamed on
education. We were not properly
“investing” in our children. Liberals
dreamed up the following failed programs:
open classrooms, whole math, new math,
whole language, bilingual education, child-
centered education, outcome-based
ducation, cooperative learning, and using
teachers as “facilitators.” Head Start, one of
Lyndon Johnson’s Great Society programs,
has cost $35 billion since 1965 and served
15 million preschoolers, but studies show it
hasn’t worked. Chapter 1, the federal
program to benefit poor and minority
children in grade school doesn’t work after
40 years and more than $130 billion.
Bilingual education, a jobs program for
teachers, actually harmed students by
delaying their learning of English.

The budget of the federal Department of
Education increased from $14 billion in
1979 to $43 billion in 2001, all without
educating a single child. Meanwhile,
students became less and less capable.
Billions of taxpayer dollars and 40 years
later, we are producing citizens who can
scarcely read a newspaper or balance a
checkbook—and who hate their ancestors.
Yet in 2000 Al Gore proposed spending an
additional $176 billion over ten years and
hiring 100,000 new teachers.

As David Horowitz so clearly explains
in his book Left Illusions: an Intellectual
Odyssey, being an American means
accepting a social contract, a commitment
to democracy and individual freedom. But
liberalism is a plan of “morally sanctioned
steal” that aims only to divide up what
others have created. The liberal utopian
vision of “social justice” is a vision of
nowhere. Liberalism’s evil deeds and
indigents and crimes of the past century are evidence of
the impotence and irrelevance of good
intentions that, as so carefully documented
by Mona Charan, only lead to broken eggs,
without omelet to show for them.

Jerome C. Arnett, Jr., M.D.
Elkins, WV

The Truth About Hillary, by Edward Klein,
336 pp, hardback, $24.95, ISBN

The subtitle of this book promises to tell
us “What She Knew, When She Knew It,
and How Far She’ll Go to Become
President.”

Edward Klein’s answer to the last
question is that Hillary Rodham Clinton
will do anything in order to become
President. The other two questions refer to
her knowledge of her husband’s philander-
ing. They are answered also—the pithy
version being that she knew everything, and
knew it early on.

Klein’s main claim to our attention lies
with his generally “liberal” political
orientation. His prior nonfiction all
concerned the Kennedys, especially
Jacqueline. Although he did use some harsh
words, he was on the whole sympathetic to
the Kennedy family. The same cannot be
said for his view of Hillary.

The book divides her life into a
“prequel,” the earlier years, the White
House years, her candidacy for the Senate,
and her hoped-for road back to the White
House. Klein recounts many incidents,
alighting on the peaks and sliding into the
troughs of her life. A comprehensive
treatment of any of the many fixes in which
she has entangled herself, and then,
Houdini-like, escaped without conse-
quences, lies outside the scope of this
book. But Klein offers many compelling
quotations, apologizing that some are
anonymous because the sources fear
“Hillary’s power to exact retribution.”
Richard Nixon, now beyond her powers in
the grave, is quoted as saying, after
meeting her, “Hillary is ice-cold…. Hillary
inspires fear!”

She is described as power-hungry,
detached from her husband’s infidelities
(though an enabler of his wrongdoing),
insane, soulless, duplicitous, and
lacking in the ability to discern right from
wrong. Additionally, she is said to be
paranoid and obsessed with privacy. She
believes herself to be entitled to power.
With a sense of infallibility, she never has
any self-doubts about re-molding Amer-
icans and their society.

Some who did go on the record had
zingers. Bradford DeLong, Deputy
Assistant Secretary of the Treasury during
the first Clinton Administration, said: “My
two cents’ worth … is that Hillary Rodham
Clinton needs to be kept very far away from
the White House for the rest of her life.”

Her relationship with Bill Clinton, his
power during his Administrations, and her
thirst for power in general, absorb most of
the author’s attention. In their marriage she
sought power; and he sought a politically
savvy, tough taskmaster to discipline him in
his own quest for power. She is said to have
signed off on all appointments by her
husband’s White House, and to have
insisted on her own choices for some.
Evidence abounds of her pervasive
influence. The Paula Jones/Monica
Lewinsky connections serve as metaphors
for a theme that runs through the book:
Clinton’s sordid sex life, and Hillary’s role
in it. Klein covers that in some detail. There
is more about lesbianism than you probably
wanted to know, including something
termed “political lesbianism,” which tells
men they are superfluous.

Klein covers Hillary’s apologetics for
Black Panther murderers, her cattle futures
windfall, the gratuitous accusations of
the White House Travel Office, the death of
Vincent Foster and possible reasons for
him to commit suicide, the looting of the
White House, and her vaunted over-
reaching attempt at a government takeover
of all medical care in America. Most of the
material is treated in other books. Dick
Morris has the advantage of having known
both Clintons for at least 20 years, and
writes insightfully and incisively, with a
snazzy style. Barbara Olson and R.
Emmett Tyrrell wrote earlier, more
analytical, denser books on the same
subjects: her power hunger and amoral ruthlessness. Klein’s book piles on some detail, and lets us know that she has shocked him out of his fluffier previous works. Even the leftists fear her.

If you want to refresh your knowledge of the scandals of Hillary’s life, you should also read Barbara Olson’s Hell To Pay (at least the last two chapters) and R. Emmett Tyrrell’s Madame Hillary: The Dark Road to the White House. It is the least you can do for yourself and your country.

Tamzin Rosenwasser
Venice, FL


In his latest medical thriller, Robin Cook delves into the dark side of human nature and the emerging technologies of the human genome project, medical economics, and medical malpractice. Marker is not a good book to read when one is about to undergo surgery.

Entering the world of two New York City medical examiners, the reader learns many of the gory details in the everyday life of a forensic pathologist. Young, pretty Laurie Montgomery, M.D., seems to be a misfit in the basement morgue of a large city hospital, where her inquisitive mind delves below the obvious causes of death of the bodies she examines.

Laurie attempts to tie together several mysterious deaths in otherwise healthy young patients who had undergone recent surgery, and finds there are those who would prefer that she stop searching so hard for the truth. She becomes a model of unusual persistence, in contrast to those people who are too busy in their own small worlds to see the big picture. After she learns that she is carrying a genetic marker for breast cancer, she also becomes a potential victim.

Another young pathologist, Dr. Jack Stapleton, is attracted to Laurie, but too self-absorbed to make a permanent commitment to her. But he finds he must take on Laurie’s cause, as the two race against time to prevent further tragedy.

As usual, Robin Cook makes us think, and shows that we are vulnerable to those who might want to use medical technology for nefarious ends. But this time, he announces a reversal of previously held positions.

In the past, Dr. Cook believed that medical insurance should be reserved for catastrophic illness and for those who are the most economically vulnerable. He thus felt that most medical transactions should be made between the patient and the physician. This arrangement, leaving out the third party, causes both the doctor and the patient to “value the encounter more, which invariably leads to more time, more attention to potentially important detail, and higher level of compliance—all of which invariably results in a better outcome and a more rewarding experience.”

Now, in light of the new medical information resulting from the genome project, Cook argues that our nation ought to move to a “government sponsored, obviously non-profit, tax-supported, single-payer plan. Only then will we be able to pool risk for the entire country, as well as decide rationally how much we should spend on healthcare in general.”

Robin Cook’s logic breaks down in the light of history, for the atrocities of the 20th century ought to make us take pause before entrusting the welfare of the masses to the hands of the few. Who would be entrusted with the awesome responsibility of “deciding rationally” how much to spend on healthcare—and, ultimately, who would live or die?

Read Marker, and enter into the world of medical intrigue. But come to your own conclusions, and critically analyze those of Robin Cook.

Alieta Eck, M.D.
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The darling of the literary elite when she unloads all the sordid details on Charlotte to Student Health, Dr. Alieta Eck, immediately dismisses the thought of sending Charlotte to Student Health, Dr. Alieta Eck, immediately dismisses the thought of sending Charlotte off to the student health center, perhaps to get some Zoloft. Depression—rather than “sex, drinking, and sports,” the only part of the book that she seems to understand—is the root problem. This reviewer even thinks that the book has a “deus ex machina Happy Ending.”

After being deflowered in an utterly revolting and humiliating way at the out-of-town fraternity “formal,” set for some reason in Washington, D.C., Charlotte is indeed in a deep clinical depression. Wolfe’s portrayal of this state is worth the price of the book. But fortunately, the book’s prototype nerd, Adam Gellin, immediately dismisses the thought of delivering Charlotte to Student Health when she unloads all the sordid details on him. Instead, he pulls her through the crisis with a devoted act of unrequited love.

The villain of the book is not Hoyt Thorpe, the alpha male, the coolest senior in the coolest fraternity, who ultimately gets what he deserves. Hoyt epitomizes the rawest defects in human nature. Fraternities haven’t really changed much, as many reviewers observe. What apparently escapes them is the difference in the university itself,
which formerly tried to direct and control the baser drives and to set a higher behavioral standard. The post-modern university has thrown away its moral compass, negating the very legitimacy of Charlotte’s question (“isn’t it immoral?”). It permits, even facilitates, the up-ending of cultural standards. The upper classes imitate the language and dress of the underclass, just as depicted so brilliantly by British psychiatrist Anthony Daniels (Theodore Dalrymple) in *Life at the Bottom*.

The real villain is Victor Ransome Starling, whose biographical sketch from “The Dictionary of Nobel Laureates” begins the book. By removing the amygdala from cats, Starling had induced “a state of sexual arousal hypermanic in the extreme.” Then, after viewing the bizarre actions of the amygdalectomized cats, the “control” cats manifested identical behavior.

“Starling had discovered that a strong social or ‘cultural’ atmosphere, even as abnormal as this one, could in time overwhelm the genetically determined responses of perfectly healthy, normal animals.”

Dupont’s milieu—with coed dorms (and coed bathrooms), expectations of promiscuous and consequence-free “experimentation,” and omnipresent lasciviousness in dress and behavior—resembles such an experimental setup. There is no escape. Roommates are routinely “sexified” from their own beds in the middle of the night. The library is a place to cruise for dates. But the most dangerous trap is the classroom.

Hoyt Thorpe deceives Charlotte, takes advantage of her, and dumps her without remorse. But she might have resisted—or at least recovered—had Victor Ransom Starling not first raped her mind. The gross encounter between the Governor of California and a coed, witnessed by Hoyt at the beginning of the story and obsessed over by Adam, seems an apt if crude metaphor for the university’s spiritual assault on the younger generation.

Initially, Charlotte sees through the pseudo-intellectual claptrap that passes for intelligent discourse among such persons as the self-styled Millennial Mutants. She asks down-to-earth questions: “You went—people go all the way to Africa just to look good?” Then Charlotte gets high on the “life of the mind” in the charismatic Professor Starling’s class on neuroscience, where she is, for a time, a prodigy. Summoned to the Dupont Center for Neuroscience—the shining 21st century Xanadu of Science—she thrills at sitting “not three feet from him in the presence of … the Future!” The chapter entitled “The Lifeguard” is a virtuoso account of how a master psychologist can exploit and manipulate the unsophisticated mind—using terror and kindness, sarcasm and wit, conceit and finery and flattery.

Starling dissects Charlotte’s first term paper, on the assigned subject of assessing the theory of evolution with regard to the conventional requirements of the scientific method. Evolution is a key concept in Starling’s course, even though Darwin, of course, admittedly knew nothing about neuroscience. Having actually read The Origin of Species, Charlotte knows that Darwin viewed the origin of life as a hopeless inquiry. Darwin bows to the Creator—in Starling’s view, probably because he wasn’t progressive enough to conceive of being an atheist. Darwin’s fundamental contribution is that he “obliterated the cardinal distinction between man and the beasts of the field.”

Indeed, as Starling acknowledges, evolution is an “special case.” No other scientific theory “merits consideration unless you can provide a set of contradictions, which, if true, would prove it wrong.”

“‘Ms.—Miz—‘Simmons,’ said Mr. Starling, ‘…Did you by any chance think the assignment was to disprove the theory of evolution in 15 to 20 pages?’” She agrees that it would be presumptuous even to try. He claims that that aspect of her paper didn’t interest him because after all, people had been trying to undermine the theory for almost a century and a half. But she wouldn’t try such a nervy feat again, not after this interview. She has assimilated Starling’s view—almost.

Her sense of self—“I am Charlotte Simmons”—could not long survive the concept that everybody else was merely a “conscious little rock.” Hoyt Thorpe, she concludes, is no more responsible for his predatory behavior than a cougar could be. Appropriately, the book’s ending reminded the *Washington Post*’s reviewer of Winston Smith’s acquiescence to spiritual suicide in Orwell’s 1984.

While espousing evolutionary assumptions, the university simultaneously accepts radical feminist ideology, which collides with a fundamental biologic reality—that boys are different from girls—and that these differences are right and necessary. Women need men to protect them (Charlotte fell for Hoyt because he fought for her at the “tailgate”). Men need women to civilize them (and that is why Jojo, the only white basketball starter, pursued Charlotte).

In the not-so-happy ending, Charlotte is Jojo’s girlfriend, helping him to achieve his potential as a basketball hero for a season. Passing by her in the stands, Professor Starling smiles at her “in that way.” She takes it to mean, “Don’t worry, I hold nothing against you for squandering your gifts.” But could it be a smile of triumph, as he looks forward to conquering the next pretty, innocent brunette with a Southern accent?

The Ghost in the Machine isn’t quite dead. Charlotte knows that she needs to hold that honest conversation with her soul, just as Momma said. But it’s impossible to do it while believing that the “soul” should always be placed inside quotation marks.

The book makes much of Socrates drinking the hemlock for corrupting the youth of Athens. And what would be a just fate for the likes of Professor Starling?

While calling the book a “sermon” and a “polemic,” the *Washington Post* reviewer, like most others, admits that he still couldn’t put it down.

Physicians who care for the students or alumni of places like Dupont need to read this book. And parents about to entrust their son or daughter to an American university, especially a prestigious one far from home, also need to read it. Twice.

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