

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT is the only industry in which employees get more money—and raises and bonuses—for doing absolutely terrible jobs.

The American people have spent several hundreds of billions of dollars on our intelligence agencies over the last ten years, yet none of them ever hinted at, much less warned us, about the attacks of September 11.

We receive more accurate information from the television newscasts than we do from the CIA and other intelligence agencies. In fact, intelligence expert and author James Bamford said that the National Security Agency “found out about the attack by watching CNN!” (The NSA is the same agency for which we built a plush, \$320-million state-of-the-art building a few years ago—at a cost of \$320 per square foot. Then, again, *Congressional Quarterly* recently reported that we are giving the CIA a multi-billion-dollar increase—somewhere between \$35 and \$40 billion—for the new fiscal year.)

Our intelligence agencies have too many “experts” who want to stay in their vice-offices and write reports that almost no one sees and that do no good whatsoever. Late last year, *Insight Magazine* quoted one CIA veteran as saying that agents “don’t live in the grungy, smelly fly-infested environments of the locals; they don’t go to mosques and smoke-filled mud houses where the populations live; and almost no one in the CIA has language fluency, cultural experience and ethnic background allowing them to blend in.”

One morning, a national TV program reported that the CIA would be on the “hot seat” in front of the Intelligence Committee that day. As a congressman, however, I know that no critics of the CIA are allowed by the leadership of either party to sit on that committee.

The cover of the June 10 *Newsweek* proclaimed, “Exclusive—The 9/11 Terrorists The CIA Should Have Caught,” and the accompanying article claimed that the FBI was guilty of “clear failure to connect various vague clues that might have put them on the trail of the terrorists.”

U.S. News & World Report highlighted “FBI Foul-Ups.” Then the House passed a supplemental bill giving the Bureau \$112 million more than the \$4.27

billion already budgeted for 2002.

Ronald Kessler, who recently published a book about the FBI, wrote a column for the *Washington Post* on June 15, arguing that we should double the size of the Bureau, which already has 27,000 employees. Our Founding Fathers would be shocked by the magnitude of this federal police force—and even more so by the fact that, in addition to the FBI, almost every agency and department of the federal government now has its own police force. Joseph Califano, a Cabinet member and top advisor to the last three Democratic presidents, wrote in the *Post* last December that, because of our concerns about terrorism, we “are missing an even more troubling danger: the extraordinary increase in federal police personnel and power.” He was referring to the federalizing of screeners at airports, something that he said goes very much against our tradition of leaving most law enforcement to local authorities.

I am in my 14th year in Congress. I have seen some pretty surprising things in that time, but even I could not believe the shocking rate of expansion of the new Transportation Security Administration (TSA). There were fewer than 28,000 screeners at U.S. airports before September 11. TSA officials told us before the passage of the Aviation Security Bill that they would need 33,000. Immediately after passage, they upped the figure to 40,000. Then, only seven months later, the TSA decided that it would need 72,000 employees, including approximately 3,500 “shoe bin runners.”

Secretary John Magaw, according to one senior appropriator, has already hired 140 of his old buddies from the Secret Service for the TSA at salaries of up to \$150,000—and they are allowed to continue drawing their full government pensions.

The Immigration and Naturalization Service recently sent visas to two of the dead September 11 hijackers. To excuse this embarrassment, they claimed that the INS is underfunded and needs better computers. (This is an agency to which Congress has given a 250-percent budget increase in the last eight years, about ten times the rate of inflation.) I am a low-tech person living in a high-tech world, but I am told that, since the technology is moving so fast, new computers are obso-

lete the day they are taken out of the box. I can tell you with certainty that, thanks to the deep pockets of the federal government, federal employees have better, more expensive technologies than almost any private businesses. Still, it is impossible to satisfy the government’s appetite for money or land.

Sadly, almost every department or agency of the federal government is attempting to profit from the tragedies of September 11 by increasing its size, its power, and, especially, its funding.

—Rep. John J. Duncan, Jr.

ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY, for all their essential powerlessness in worldly terms, are never as inconsequential as might be supposed. How about those great English accents, for instance? How elegantly the archbishop of the hour undertakes to speak for and to an Anglican Communion increasingly disunited in theological outlook, joined by habit and custom as much as anything else: not fully Protestant; not popish enough to become Roman (especially in the sex-scandal era); tolerant; tasteful; influential out of proportion to actual numbers. And how assiduously an archbishop’s words get reported, not least in an almost-faithless England. It matters—up to a point, at least—who holds the job.

The man who will hold the job for possibly the next 18 years (until age 70) is Rowan Douglas Williams, shaggy, white-bearded archbishop of Wales, scholar, author, left-wing commentator on public affairs. Williams received the nod from Prime Minister Tony Blair in July. A tide of speculation instantly engulfed the event. Might Williams split the communion? Would he, please, finally split the rotten thing in order that serious Anglicans could get on to serious religion?

There is, naturally, no knowing in matters touching the divine. It would be silly to project the outcome of a Williams archbishopric, though, Heaven help us, many are projecting it now. All one knows is what one knows. And what is that in Williams’ case?

His left-wing politics stand out most flagrantly. Let’s just say that Williams would never have been Maggie Thatcher’s choice. (As it happened, Thatcher’s pick for archbishop, a brow ex-tank com-

mander named Robert Runcie, disappointed her when he proved less keen on capitalism and the Falklands war than she had hoped.) Williams, a brainy man, has made a number of, frankly, brainless remarks suggesting that the United States should counter terror with measures short of military force. Lately, he has been ululating about the prospective evil of attacking Saddam Hussein without first obtaining the concurrence, God save the mark, of the United Nations.

It is true that opposition to military “adventurism” wins him some admirers on the right—including, I venture, readers of this magazine. Even so, look at it this way: At a time of moral disintegration, and with Christianity shrinking in England almost to the vanishing point (England—the home of Wesley, Cranmer, Chesterton, and Lewis!), it seems precarious for a spiritual leader to expend precious breath critiquing military policy.

Oh, yes, ummm-hmmm—Christianity equals peace. The peace of the grave, maybe. Christians who sit waiting for Williams-like moral inspiration to seize the leadership of Al Qaeda and Hamas, and of the Baghdad Baathists, are waiting for their own mass funerals.

There is a bit more to the matter. Williams’ published views on theology—he has, to date, written or edited 14 learned tomes—bespeak a mind fond of nuance. There is nothing inherently wrong with nuance. Maybe the world needs more of it. On the other hand, what the world truly appears to need more of is clarity: more, not less, of the stark encounters with secularity in which, as we say in Texas, Christians tell others how the cow ate the cabbage.

Williams seems not quite the man for this task. Love of scholarship gets in the way. Oh, look—another distinction! Let us hold it to the light, watch its colors change! Look, world!

The Williams *Weltanschauung* (if we truly know enough to call it that) works thus with respect to sexuality and feminism—which are sometimes the same topic, examined from different angles. If, as Williams says, he is pro-life, what would be wrong with making some headlines by summoning Anglicans to a full theological view of life? Is not saving unborn life a mission on the same level as saving the lives of soldiers and civilians caught in a war zone?

Williams is a warm friend to the priesting of women—another acutely feminist issue. He would even be, he says, “en-

tirely happy with women bishops.” As it happens, the issue of women priests continues to divide Anglicans the world over. The new archbishop has served notice now of which side he is on.

On the broader topic of sexuality, Williams amiably acknowledges ordaining a candidate for the priesthood who “had a [homosexual] background but wasn’t going to push it or make a scandal of it.” Will that candidate be the last one? Unlikely. “I truly cannot imagine a better choice for the job from our point of view,” says the leader of homosexual Episcopalians, the Rev. Michael Hopkins.

These are some of the things we know about Rowan Douglas Williams. There is much we have still to learn. It would be unfair to pronounce sentence on him too early in the process. Some who call themselves conservatives speak well of him; they say he will show his mettle in due course. He may. That is the possibility always to be held out. Omniscience before the fact degrades the Omniscient.

But to back away from prediction is not to ignore storm warnings, starting with the public record. The Anglican Communion is frailer in spirit than it has been in a long time. The priesting of women and the abolition of the old liturgical unity that flowed from essentially similar Books of Common Prayer saps feelings of brotherhood and sisterhood. The churches of Africa are burgeoning at the same time that the churches of white Anglicanism—England, Scotland, Wales, the United States, Canada, New Zealand—give off a sound like Matthew Arnold’s “Dover Beach” tide: a “melancholy, long, withdrawing roar.” Racial and cultural styles fail to account for all the difference. African Anglicans are poor and exuberant. White Anglicans are rich and bored. Nor are the Communion’s tribulations peculiar to the Communion.

The conditions for recovery, given God’s omnipotence, are ever heartening, ever fruitful. I just can’t tell how much longer the varied voices of recovery will include those cultivated, oh-so-English accents the Anglican world has loved so long. Loved too long and too well, it may prove.

—William Murchison

TO ARM PILOTS or not to arm—that is, apparently, an even more important question than the debate over whether or

not we should allow unions, seniority rules, and affirmative action to hamstring every new effort to preserve national security. George Bush wants a free hand with the unions, but his administration doesn’t want airline pilots to be armed. Why? Pilots have another job to do. But so do most people who carry a gun. Even policemen spend very little time shooting criminals or defending themselves.

The pilots themselves, for the most part, would like to be armed—and who can blame them? These are men—most of them former military officers—who are trusted everyday to fly planes worth millions of dollars and to guarantee the safety of hundreds of passengers. Who better to trust with a firearm?

The simple answer is that the government does not want anyone to be able to defend himself. This is not because of any sinister plot; it is in the nature of bureaucracy to assume that people are helpless (and more than a little depraved). As a man and a Texan, President Bush probably likes both guns and the people who like guns, but as a public official, he cannot escape the prejudice (shared by the big-city police chiefs and sheriffs, who are now, for the most part, bureaucrats rather than lawmen) that the people are cattle: They are helpless as individuals, but, *en masse*, they are all too likely to stampede and cause destruction.

As everyone with at least half a brain knows, guns have never been a root cause of American violence. The Wild West, as historian Roger D. McGrath has shown, was peaceful in comparison with big Eastern cities, both then and now. The problem is deracinated people, divorced from community, kinfolk, and religion. Americans, for the most part, are not a violent people. If certain ethnic minorities are excluded from crime statistics, the United States is hardly more violent than Scotland.

The Balkans has become proverbial for violence, and yet, before the breakup of Yugoslavia, a visitor was safer in Belgrade or Sarajevo than he was in Des Moines. Traveling several times in Montenegro, I have watched, in the Podgorica airport, as tall, rough-looking Montenegrins in business suits surrendered their firearms before going through the metal detectors. The guns were stored on the plane and returned to their owners when they arrived at the Belgrade airport. One evening, I saw enough guns in the airport to have staged a coup in Panama, but since Montenegrins typically do not

shoot for no reason, this is nothing to worry about, so long as you have not double-crossed someone in a smuggling deal, seduced his wife, or killed his cousin.

Even the wildest Montenegrin has a Christian respect for innocent life. This is what divides them from Muslims, in and out of the Balkans, and from the American officials who wage war on civilians rather than send troops into battle. Last month in Saudi Arabia, several high-school girls, trying to escape from a burning building but lacking the proper headgear that indicates their subhuman status, were forced back in by Saudi police to die a horrible death. These Saudis are apparently would rather kill their women than treat them as human beings. These are the people we are not allowed to prevent from entering the United States or to profile ethnically as potential terrorists.

But if profiling were allowed, who would do it, and who would stop the Islamic terrorists at the border? Agents of the same government that bombed the Serbs, inflicted two million civilian casualties in Iraq through an economic blockade, and is now planning to give the Iraqis a second dose of ultimate revenge?

Christians are truly caught between a rock and a hard place. We wish only to be allowed to defend ourselves and our way of life, but we are being threatened by determined Christian-hating enemies in the Muslim world and by an increasingly dangerous Christian-hating regime that wants us to inform on one another, turn in our guns, and let them refuse to defend us in planes, trains, and automobiles. Since resistance, as the aliens say, is futile, the only sane response is to make the best of life where you live it and to prepare mentally for the much worse times to come.

—Thomas Fleming

VLADIMIR PUTIN's strained performance at a June 25 Kremlin press conference—timed to precede his departure for a G-8 summit in Canada—has led many Russian observers to reassess the popular image of the Russian president as a “strong hand” who had whipped the oligarchs into line and restored order in the long-suffering “Land of the Firebird.”

Putin appeared relaxed and confident until he was asked a series of questions about the conspicuous public activity of his predecessor, Boris Yeltsin, who has lately made a number of public appear-

ances, voicing opinions that have often contradicted the Putin administration's official line. Most Kremlin watchers believe Yeltsin is reminding Putin to whom he owes his post—and that, as one observer put it, “there are other fish in the sea.” The still-influential “family” or “Yeltsin clan”—the former president and the group of relatives, political operatives, gangsters, oligarchs, and media magnates who surround him—could always choose to back someone else in the 2004 presidential elections. Thus, according to this theory, Putin—who has, from time to time, attempted to assert his independence from the family—was being warned.

At this point in the news conference, Putin stumbled. He attempted to gloss over the apparent contradictions between the Kremlin's official line and Yeltsin's views, particularly on the prospective union with Belarus. Though Putin claimed to be his own man, he added that he always listened to the opinions of the “Father of Russian Democracy” and stressed the continuity between the Yeltsin presidency and his own. When asked to point out one issue that he has decided in direct opposition to Yeltsin's wishes, Putin lamely mentioned the revival of the Soviet anthem's melody: “It's clear that if Boris Yeltsin were president we would not have restored such symbols of the state as the tune of the Soviet national anthem.” The reaction in the Russian media was immediate: Putin had strengthened the case of critics who had long seen the ex-KGB officer as a front man for the Yeltsin team, passing up yet another opportunity to assert himself and put the “family” in its place.

Nevertheless, the biggest recent blow to Putin's tough-guy image came in May, during the inter-clan battle for control of the management (and, thus, the “financial flows”) of the largely state-owned Slavneft oil company. Prime Minister Mikhail Kasyanov, long seen as the family's creature, used every political and administrative lever at his disposal to place a family man in the Slavneft presidency, blocking out rival clans and embarrassing Putin, who has attempted to convince President Bush and potential Western investors that he has cleaned up official corruption and forced the oligarchs to play by the rules. Putin said nothing about the scandal, which reached the point of armed confrontation at the Slavneft headquarters on the very day of his Moscow summit with Bush. The family secured its position at Slavneft with

Kasyanov's help, despite constant claims from Putin that the time of insider deals and favoritism was over. So much for keeping the clans “equidistant” from the Kremlin throne, not to mention away from the state budget trough.

The latest round of Russian political machinations has implications for Washington. Yeltsin's warnings to Putin, for example, should serve as a warning to the Bush White House as well: First, in view of the deep corruption of the Russian governing class, Bush should squelch any future Kremlin attempts to solicit financial aid from the West (remembering that Yeltsin himself said of the now-infamous disappearing 1998 IMF loan, “Lord knows where that went!”). Second, in view of Putin's vulnerability, the White House should not base its Russia policy on Bush's personal relations with the Russian president. If Putin doesn't behave himself according to the family's lights, he could be removed, forcing Bush to look for a new “best friend”—and, possibly, negating the largely informal and vague agreements he has made with Putin. Bush's predecessors hung on to their personal attachments to both Mikhail Gorbachev and Boris Yeltsin far too long, losing opportunities to establish contacts with up-and-coming leaders and throwing good money after bad down the emerging oligarchy's financial drain. Bush and company should keep their collective eye on the strategic ball: Mr. Bush can cooperate with the Russian leadership on matters of strategic importance (arms reduction, resisting the expansion of militant Islam, sales of Russian oil and gas to the United States) without either liking or trusting the current occupant of the Kremlin.

—Denis Petrov

“**HATE CRIMES**” legislation and discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation were the topics of the June 12 edition of C-SPAN's *Washington Journal*, which featured a debate between Kenneth Connor of the Family Research Council and Elizabeth Birch of the Human Rights Campaign, “America's largest gay and lesbian organization.”

Connor criticized the federal intrusiveness that would result from expanding antidiscrimination law to include homosexuals. He argued that the federal government has no business dictating employment criteria to proprietors. Birch asserted that this meant Connor ulti-

mately wanted to repeal Title VII of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, which he denied. To the contrary: Connor claimed that Title VII's classes are legitimate but that adding sexual orientation would be wrong because homosexuality is a behavior.

Curious if the Family Research Council has formalized this opinion, I went to its website and found an assessment by Dr. Timothy J. Dailey (<http://www.frc.org/get/01gl.cfm>) of the legislation in question: the Employment Non-Discrimination Act (ENDA). "It grants special rights to homosexuals while ignoring those of employers," he writes. "The federal government should not force private businesses to abandon their moral principles." However, Dr. Dailey also defends the current antidiscrimination framework as part of his case against ENDA: "[ENDA] is misleadingly referred to as a logical extension of Title 7 of the Civil Rights Act. While the Civil Rights Act was enacted to protect the rights of racial minorities, ENDA is aimed at providing heightened protections for a particular sexual behavior—homosexuality."

Yes, homosexuality is a behavior, unlike race, sex, etc. From a proprietary perspective, though, what does that matter? For example, say a business owner refuses to hire applicants X, Y, and Z: X, because he is homosexual; Y, because he is Hispanic; and Z, because he is Hindu.

Whether these acts of discrimination are equally judicious may be debated, but each should be within the business owner's discretion. Each is a legitimate decision as a matter of property rights, and racial or religious minorities should have no right to force employers to hire them.

The business owner's decisions may be myopic or rude, but they don't abridge freedom. Antidiscrimination laws, on the other hand, trespass upon proprietary autonomy and threaten expropriation for particular exercises thereof. Prof. Richard Epstein observes that "private property entails the right to exclude others from one's premises." Antidiscrimination laws undermine this vital entailment through an aggressive intolerance masked by a compassionate patina. The inclusion that Title VII and its progeny purport to foster is predicated upon coercion—that is, violence.

Just as the criminalization of sodomy implies a mandate to criminalize fornication, the criminalization of racial or religious discrimination implies a mandate to criminalize any form of discrimination. Tyranny is an incremental pestilence, and surrendering one attribute of freedom facilitates the destruction of freedom itself. Mr. Connor and the Family Research Council correctly argue against ENDA; it is irreconcilable with constitutional order and the rights of

ownership. They fail, however, to recognize ENDA's roots in Title VII. To oppose one and support the other is tenuous conservatism at best.

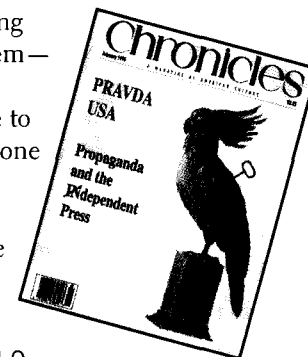
—Myles Kantor

OBITER DICTA: The editors and staff at *Chronicles* and The Rockford Institute are pleased to thank the **Charlotte and Walter Kohler Charitable Trust** for graciously underwriting this issue of your favorite magazine.

Our poetry this month is provided by **Constance Rowell Mastores** of Oakland, California. Her poems have appeared in the *Lyric, Press, Blue Unicorn, Boulevard*, and *Artweek*, among others.

Our cover and inside illustrations are provided by St. Petersburg native **Anatol Woolf**, who, in addition to freelance work, has designed sets for theaters in Russia and provided illustrations for St. Petersburg Textbook Publishers. Since coming to America in 1987, Mr. Woolf has been a frequent contributing artist to *Chronicles*, as well as to the *Washington Post*, the *Washington Times*, *Policy Review*, *National Geographic Traveler*, *Legal Times*, and *Cricket*. Mr. Woolf works with a variety of materials, from watercolors to pencil to acrylic. Further samples of his work are available on his website: www.netcom.com/~a.woolf/.

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Against the Obscurantists

It was a muggy day in late July, and I had gone to the back of the church to rest on crutches and take some pressure off my sprained ankle. Taking advantage of my condition to stand in the way of one of the church's too-few fans, I noticed a woman feeding candy to her little girls. The mother was not so young as not to know that eating in church is not permitted, but the name of the candy—"Bible Bar"—apparently was enough to excuse the lapse, as it excuses coloring books, so long as the coat of many Crayola colors belongs to Joseph. How many lapses in taste and judgment that single word "Bible" seems to justify: comic books, cartoons, and videos that are, apart from the biblical storylines, indistinguishable from what is shown on the Cartoon Network, ahistorical and un-Christian nonsense like *The Prince of Egypt*, and the bad puns and casual blasphemies that adorn the billboards of so many churches.

Christian faith is no guarantee of good taste, sound logic, or common sense—it is not supposed to be—and the Scriptures, suitably misread, have been used to justify polygyny and sexual license, liturgical dancing and grape juice for communion, both capitalism and socialism, going to church on Saturday or not celebrating Christmas, and all of the cults whose members spend their time not on prayer and good works but on calculating the exact date of the end of the world.

Matthew Arnold was altogether too smug when he declared that a man who knew only the Bible knew not even that one book, but he did have a point. The Bible provides the essentials for man's understanding of what he must do to be saved, but it is not a textbook on mathematics or philosophy, much less an encyclopedia of all that has been known. Without some grounding in the principles of Greek philosophy, Christians may be led, on the basis of proof-texts, into the most destructive heresies. The heresies of Arians and Monophysites were refuted only partly by Scripture and tradition. Time after time, St. Athanasius relies on fundamental logical rules and on the Greek understanding of being. It is all very well for an educated and logical scholar like Luther to rely, as he believed,

solely on Scripture, but Luther was made aware in his own lifetime of the dangers that uneducated people run when they set off on a biblical pilgrimage without the compass of reason and the map of tradition.

The Scriptures will be an important part of any program of Christian education, but how they are to be studied is an important question that has been answered in different ways. St. Augustine several times addresses the problem of interpreting the Bible, and while some may shy away from his preference for allegorical interpretation, we can do no better than to adopt his guiding principle: If an interpretation strengthens us in our commitment to carrying out the two Great Commandments, then it is, at least, whole some if not accurate—and *vice versa*.

Augustine toyed with the idea of a strictly Christian curriculum, but the only period during which ancient Christian parents were willing to deny their children the fruits of classical education was during Julian the Apostate's brief reign, when he forbade Christians to teach or study pagan literature and philosophy. When the emperor died, the project faded away, though it has echoes in Augustine and Cassiodorus and even in John Henry Newman's discussion of a Catholic curriculum in England. The only educational choice, in Augustine's time and ours, has been between the classical curriculum and barbarism.

There is a difference between a curriculum and a book or even a set of books. The Bible, studied with care and under supervision, may be the only book an uneducated Christian *needs*, but it cannot be the sole basis of a Christian education that is fitting people either for a useful career or for a civilized life; and if the Book will not suffice, how much more deficient are other books, no matter how great or how many? The collapse of classical education inspired many well-intentioned movements in the humanities, but most of them are mere lists of books. If the purpose of the old curriculum was to produce men like Cicero and Augustine and Burke—good men skilled in speaking and writing—what is the object of a Great Books curriculum?

"Well, obviously, to read great books,"

a professor at one of the St. Johns Colleges might reply, "and, in reading them, to be exposed to what Arnold described as the best that has been thought and said."

"And . . . ?" We persist until we reach the conclusion that the Five Foot Shelf or some other equally arbitrary set of books will mysteriously make us better persons leading richer lives.

This pious wish demands too much suspension of disbelief. The old curriculum aimed at training the mind and the tongue by teaching correct Latin and Greek and by holding up classical models for imitation. No one would claim that the speeches of Lysias teach the student anything more important than a few principles of Attic law or the conventions of Greek rhetoric, but Lysias was a valuable tool in teaching Attic Greek. The classical curriculum was a rigorous form of mental training and discipline in difficult formal languages that served as mental calisthenics; Great Books programs—for the most part—are amateur sports that teach students to be proud of their ability to talk of books they cannot read in the original language.

The test of any such program is the amount of Greek, Latin, and modern languages they require—and I do not mean simply on paper. Some Great Books programs require several years of Greek, but one of my students—a very bright refugee from a Great Books school where she had taken two years of Greek—still did not know a complete paradigm of a simple verb. She might as well have gone to a seminary, where future ministers of the Gospel learn to use a dictionary to find the Greek words with which they will pepper their early sermons.

Another major problem with these reading programs is the eclectic selection of texts. One Catholic college of deservedly high reputation, after exposing its students to two years of the classics in translation, turns them loose—without the guidance provided by lectures—on Bacon and Montaigne, Hobbes, Locke, and Rousseau, Spinoza, Kant, Freud, and Jung. These same students, if they were not so busy sipping the poisonous inanities of Marx and Freud, might learn more Latin than is included in Whee-