

That Sweetly Smiling Leveller, And Engineer Of Human Souls, Najat Belkacem

[Here.](#)

The basis of intelligent education of the young is based on the conviction that the more educated rightly possess the authority to decide what should be taught to the uneducated. And this the social engineer Najat Belkacem, so baselessly sure of herself, rejects, as part of her war on soi-disant intellectual elitism that, of course, makes for inequality. Students are not equally gifted, and to make schools into extensions of the dreary social engineering that requires, at all costs, Equality – it never happens and never can happen, but that's another matter – and to make decisions as to the curriculum on the basis of this, or that, fostering “equality” rather than being judged on other, more appropriate, criteria – this is beyond Moroccan-born Belkacem, who shows no gratitude for having been raised in the superior civilization of France, but behaves as if she is uninterested in France and wants only to make sure that the particular object of her solicitude, Muslims living in France, will feel themselves protected from subjects inimical to them – such as Medieval Christianity and the French Enlightenment – while the French students will not only find it harder, or possibly even impossible, to study the history of their own country, and their own civilisation, and will also be deprived of the possibility of studying Latin and Greek, subjects that are a natural part of the study of Western language, Western literatures, Western philosophy, Western history, but not of Islam. And finally, she would like to force French students to study Islam and its history, but that study will have to be of a sanitized Islam, and a sanitized history of Islamic conquest, for how else would any teacher in France dare to

present it, given what Muslim students might do?

Najat Belkacem is expressing an attitude not uncommon today, one that has been expressed most memorably long before, by concolorous Caliban:

	You taught me language; and my profit on't Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you...
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