

dead Landon that: "The pride of blood is a most important and beneficial influence." In a world speedily becoming homogenized, it is vital that we retain some vestige of exclusivity, so that when seen in retrospect by some future Santayana, "Our distinction and glory, as well as our sorrow, will have lain in being something in particular, and in knowing what it is." The landscape is real and substantial, more than just a pretty picture. We own it, because our ancestors have fertilized it, and we become aware of the need for its preservation; our country is real, a long saga of discrete, diverse threads blending and yet retaining their distinctiveness; we are venerable, and valuable in our own right; and the whole world becomes clearer and more colorful all at once.

Derrick Turner is a freelance writer in London.

Letter From Moscow

by Lawrence A. Uzzell

Reform From Within



Across Serpukhvskaia Street from my apartment is a vintage Soviet-style "Palace of Culture," its blank concrete walls topped by an immense neon sign. Ten years ago it offered lectures on class consciousness to factory workers; now it houses a discotheque, which plays American rock music until 6 A.M. Ten years ago an order from the district party committee would have served as a de facto antinoise ordinance. Now my neighbors and I just use earplugs. The Russian language does not have a word for "privacy," and the average Russian still does not expect to have much control over his environment. The country is still a place of ubiquitous loudspeakers, which are now available to people who call themselves "biznesmeny" but who actually have more in common with Beltway bandits or Tammany Hall. The inherently collectivist tendencies of rock music fit rather well into this setting: Russia has subjected me to as much compulsory rock-listening—on Aeroflot, in Metro stations, even at the exclusive Menatep Bank—as my college

Help Us Fight To Save Our Southern Heritage!

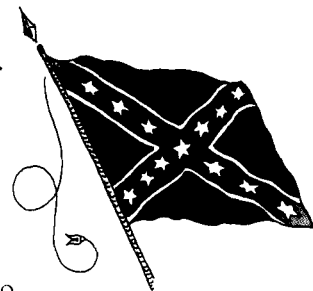
"Civil Rights" groups have launched a campaign to eliminate ALL symbols of Confederate history and heritage, including the removal of all Confederate monuments from public property!

If you're ready to fight back, then Join A Winning Team!

The Heritage Preservation Association

HPA is a nonprofit, national membership organization that utilizes educational, legal and political resources to protect Southern symbols, Southern culture, and Southern civil rights.

- **In Georgia** we educated voters and lobbied the General Assembly. We defeated an anti-flag boycott and a liberal governor to help save the Georgia flag. We endorsed and helped elect several pro-flag state senators and state representatives.
- **In Virginia** we defeated attempts to censor the movie "Gettysburg," helped save the state song and are fighting to return the Confederate flag to the Danville Confederate Museum. We endorsed and helped elect a city council member who supports our efforts.
- **In South Carolina** we lobbied the General Assembly to defeat an anti-flag compromise and we successfully opposed two lawsuits that would have removed the Confederate flag from the State House. We lobbied and helped save General Wade Hampton Boulevard from being renamed Martin Luther King Boulevard.
- **In North Carolina** we are seeking legal action against various school systems that discriminate against children who wear or display Confederate symbols.



Annual Membership of \$39.95 includes a bi-monthly newsletter, special membership discounts and access to HERITAGE-BBS, a nationwide computer system. Mention this ad and save 10% (VISA, Mastercard, AMEX)

To join by phone or request more information, call

800-TO-DIXIE

HPA • P.O. Box 98209 • Atlanta, GA 30359
(404) 928-2714 • Fax (404) 928-2719

dormitory did in the 1960's.

Anti-Russian bigots are wrong when they claim that Russia was always a lawless state, an "Oriental despotism" having nothing in common with the West. In its deepest roots Russia is of course Western, an heir with us to Athens and Jerusalem. The Kremlin is not the Hindu pantheon. The 19th century saw the emergence here of an independent judiciary and trial by jury. But the Bolsheviks spent generations destroying the culture of lawfulness, and it will probably take generations to restore it. My neighbors rely on earplugs because they know that even if the city Duma were to enact an antinoise ordinance, enforcement would still be a matter of connections and bribery.

Russia's cities are still safer after dark than America's, but crime has risen as much here in just a few years as it has in New York or Washington in recent decades. Private security guards in military-style camouflage fatigues seem to be more numerous than necessary—until you realize that they play a dual role. I know of several cases in which firms such as travel agencies have experienced the following sequence: first, a mysterious visitor pressures them to pay protection money to keep their offices from being pillaged; second, they hasten to hire a security firm; third, the visitor returns, has a private chat with the new security guards, and leaves amicably—this time for good. It does not take a lot of imagination to deduce that for many of these security firms, the Russian mafia is less adversary than business partner.

One of the milestones in the transition to the rule of law was supposed to be President Yeltsin's new constitution. Yeltsin and his allies proclaimed that their victory in the constitutional referendum made up for their defeat in the simultaneous parliamentary elections. (A recount has since shown that the referendum did not in fact produce a large enough majority for ratification, but both Yeltsin and the parliament—the very existence of which depends on the constitution which many of its members opposed—have simply ignored this awkward fact.) Today the constitution is largely a dead letter. The parliament usurps the president's power of pardon, and the president usurps the parliament's power to confirm high officials. Both ignore the constitution's guarantees on freedom of the press. But

nobody appeals to the Constitutional Court: a year after the new constitution took effect, the court still does not have enough judges to function.

When their government is dysfunctional, civilized men turn more than ever to voluntary associations of the sort famously described by Tocqueville. But most men do not live in countries where, for example, the very word "charity" (*blagotvoritel'nost'*) was suppressed until the 1980's. Western groups seeking to distribute food and medicine through the Russian Orthodox Church were recently told by some of its own bishops that the church lacks the experience and networks needed to deliver humanitarian relief. Instead, the bishops advised the Western visitors to give their donations to state agencies! But in spite of such setbacks, Russians are slowly rebuilding a nonstatist culture from the bottom up.

Three blocks from the Kremlin, next to the favorite restaurant of Stalin's secret police chief Lavrenty Beria, stands the Church of Saints Cosmas and Damian—now girdled in scaffolding as repairmen make up for six decades of neglect. Orthodox services took place at this site continuously from the 14th century until 1929, when the state seized the building and suppressed the parish. Worship resumed only in May 1991, and at first only in a small room on the second floor: the nave was still occupied by a Communist Party printing press. After the August 1991 coup, the newly reborn parish could easily have expelled the printers and left them jobless. Instead, Father Aleksandr Borisov told his flock that they should let the printers stay until they could find another location in which to continue as a for-profit business.

In the tradition of the third-century Roman doctors whose names their church bears, the members of Cosmas and Damian take a special interest in the seriously ill. They have adopted a children's hospital, and consequently suffer a 1990's Russian paradox: as a specialized institution with a nationwide reputation, it now gets *less* state funding than neighborhood Moscow hospitals. Moscow is an island of prosperity compared with most of Russia, and its politicians are increasingly reluctant to help hospitals with non-Moscow patients.

When you first set foot in the Children's Clinical All-Republican Hospital,

the ratio of adults to children seems normal. But you soon learn that most of these adults are not doctors or nurses, but the mothers of patients. So many nurses have left their jobs—and so many of the mothers are from remote provinces and have no other place to stay in Moscow—that the mothers have simply moved in, becoming full-time unpaid staffers. It is increasingly the mothers who cook and serve the patients' meals, keep them entertained, and even take custody of the blood donated by volunteers responding to the Cosmas and Damian blood drive. In the rubble of statism, they are building their own community.

Cosmas and Damian also sponsor the Father Aleksandr Men Open Orthodox University, named in honor of a renowned Orthodox priest who was mysteriously murdered in 1990. In the tradition of its namesake, a convert from Judaism, the university teaches about Orthodoxy not as a privileged possession of Russians but as a universal religion. It is one of 167 private institutions of higher education born in Russia in the 1990's—an astonishing figure for a nation in a deep economic crisis and with virtually no previous tradition of independent schooling.

The healthiest institutions and personalities in Russia today are those which are the most remote from politics and power. Virtually the entire elite class still consists of people who were Communist Party members in good standing a decade ago; even the business world consists mostly of ex-apparatchiks who have learned how to convert political into financial clout. Though many of these have become sincere advocates of the free market, they are still shaped by the apparatchik legacy—obsession with economic policy, indifference to Russia's spiritual traditions, and hostility to rural and peasant life. (Hence their dislike of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn.) While today's "new Russians" are knocking at the doors of the International Monetary Fund and New York-style discotheques, Russia's real revival will be taking place elsewhere.

Lawrence A. Uzzell is vice president and director of the Moscow office of the Jamestown Foundation, a foreign policy research institute based in Washington, D.C.

ETHICS

Peddlers of Virtue

by Theodore Pappas

The recent controversy involving Olympic diving star Greg Louganis highlights more than the moral degeneracy of the latest poster boy for AIDS. When Louganis hit his head on the diving board and bled into the pool at the 1988 Olympics, the only honorable and morally just thing for him to do was to notify all concerned that he was HIV-positive. Instead, he chose to think only of himself, to save himself the embarrassment of revealing his dark secret, and to hide the truth about his medical state from both his fellow competitors and the doctor who treated his bloody wound without the protection of gloves.

The party line on this story, from the Establishment press, the medical community, and the Olympic hierarchy, was as predictable as the Speedo queen's sexual orientation. High and low did Olympic minions search for a rule that would have required Louganis to disclose his affliction, and having found none all sighed in collective relief and declared triumphantly: "He did nothing wrong." In fact, not only did "he do nothing wrong," but for jeopardizing the lives of dozens of people he became a man of "courage" and "conviction," the successor to Magic Johnson as the latest athlete to become a national hero as a result of acquiring a sexually transmitted disease.

Of course, what Louganis's many defenders actually mean by "he did nothing wrong" is that "he broke no law," and in the difference between the two—namely, in the deliberate distortion of the two, in the ascendancy of illicit as the barometer of iniquity—lies a story about the state of contemporary ethics.

Once upon a time man was not the

measure of all things, and morality, virtue, and acceptable behavior were judged by standards that transcended the ephemera of time and circumstance. Recent history, however, teaches a different lesson, and if we have learned nothing else from the general knavery of our leadership class, from the rogues and scoundrels of United Way and the NAACP, from the "public servants" who brought us ABSCAM, Contragate, Whitewater, and the endless Bimbogates of the current administration, it is that contemporary ethics are grounded in the here and now, in secular law. In assessing both public and private conduct today, the foremost concern is no longer whether the deed or intent was right or wrong, ignoble or just, but whether the behavior in question was strictly illegal or in violation of a bureaucratic code or organizational statute. As influence-peddler Michael Deaver explained in exculpation of his actions, what he did may have been unethical, but at least it wasn't illegal.

In healthier days, we turned to parents and clergy, literature and liturgy, for help in maneuvering with dignity through that labyrinth of temptation called everyday life. Whether Christian or pagan, we realized that a person's behavior had more to do with his character than with his collection of sheep skins, and that we could not buy better morals from a peddler of virtue—whether Sophist, college professor, or "ethics facilitator"—as we do fruit and vegetables at a country market. But the notion that moral turpitude might be tied more to character development than the forces of environment, education, or economics is not only irrelevant in our post-Christian age, but irreverent: it delegitimizes the entire multimillion-dollar industry that our crisis in conscience has spawned. Law schools, medical schools, and business schools are today replete with required classes in ethics, and municipal governments, local school boards, federal agencies, and corporations now routinely have paid ethicists on staff or hold periodic seminars conducted by "ethics specialists." As the gurus of fad diets and gut-busters

well know, only reform and redemption sell better than sin.

Among the most nationally famous of these professional Elmer Ganttrys are Charles "Chuck" Colson and Jeb Stuart Magruder, now both ordained ministers. Though few people question the sincerity of these gentlemen's ministries, it is nevertheless a telling sign of the times when for moral guidance we now turn to the bunglers of Watergate. But it may well be the checkered pasts of such "experts" that prove most instructive. For they remind us of the question posed by Juvenal—*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*—about who will watch the

THE MARTIN
LUTHER KING, JR.,
PLAGIARISM STORY
Edited by
THEODORE PAPPAS



A publication of The Rockford Institute. 107 pages (paper). Only \$10 (shipping and handling charge included).

TO ORDER BY CREDIT CARD, CALL:

1-800-383-0680

OR SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER (MADE PAYABLE TO THE ROCKFORD INSTITUTE)

TO:

KING BOOK,
934 NORTH MAIN STREET,
ROCKFORD, IL 61103
(Discounts available for bulk orders.)