

## Notes on "The Fountainhead" by Ayn Rand

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### Opening Statement

In my opinion, Ayn Rand is America's greatest cynic. But, I am not using the modern sense of that word which signifies an acidic pessimism about everything. Cynicism was, quite possibly, the birthplace of philosophy. The early cynics were people who examined the state of society and its norms, and reflected the absurdities they discovered back at the leaders of their time. Ayn Rand fits this mold perfectly.

This book, "The Fountainhead," is not an easy read. And, it is purposefully hard. Rand is the last person who would willingly throw pearls before swine. And, I don't think she would approve of our group covering her book. She means to make her point clear to individuals, not groups. If you are not the right type of person, she doesn't expect you to understand any of this. She would expect the wrong people to read her book and take sides against her protagonist and attack her philosophy using the same words as her antagonist.

Does Rand exaggerate her points? Is her novel nothing more than a tedious exercise in hyperbole? Are the people who agree with her philosophy all delusional conspiracy advocates? I'll leave you to answer these questions for yourself. Why? Because, Ayn Rand would want you to do the work for yourself. The last thing she would want is for anyone to be led to adopt her philosophy on another's authority.

Should we care what Ayn Rand thinks? More importantly, is her philosophy compatible with Freemasonry? The answer to this last question depends on the individual asking the question. Rand herself is not the type to join any group. Her protagonist, her ideal, states that nothing of excellence is ever created by a collective mind. And, I am certain that she would consider our fraternity to be a hide-out for "second-handers," her term for men who live like parasites on the effort of others. But, our mantle is the task of supporting one another toward self-improvement and the actualization of our full potential and, where that action exists, we do conform to her highest principles. And this is especially true when we are not stepping in to build the temple for our brothers, but supporting them in their own efforts.

Of course, it would be naïve to ignore Rand's contempt for charity. Rand seems oblivious to the concept of "voluntary obligation," and charity in any other sense but that of social obligation is meaningless. Rand's individualism is one of jungle law. Her characters that support families are always tortured by their parental obligation. Children are always ungrateful "second-handers." Summarizing, Rand seems unsympathetic to the idea that a self-actualized person might choose to voluntarily take upon himself a binding obligation of any sort.

One final point. Much is said about Ayn Rand being an atheist. She goes out of her way to make most of her main characters non-believers. Rand, herself, stated that she did not believe in God. So, it is not a point that can be denied. But, the female lead characters in all of her books have the same attitude about ideal men. Each of them do their utmost to destroy anyone who would present themselves as virtuous, or perfect. Rand's female leads are frequently considered autobiographical and they typically share her personal philosophy. And what do her female leads want so desperately? They want for that perfect man to exist. They want someone to hold power over the creative faculty, they essentially all worship the greatest builder around. And in the fountainhead, her perfect man is even an Architect!

## Objectivism

The following points come from AynRand.Org:

1. "Wishing won't make it so"
  - a. Ayn Rand's philosophy, Objectivism, begins by embracing the basic fact that existence exists. Reality is, and in the quest to live we must discover reality's nature and learn to act successfully in it.
  - b. To exist is to be something, to possess a specific identity. This is the Law of Identity: A is A. Facts are facts, independent of any consciousness. No amount of passionate wishing, desperate longing or hopeful pleading can alter the facts. Nor will ignoring or evading the facts erase them: the facts remain, immutable.
  - c. In Rand's philosophy, reality is not to be rewritten or escaped, but, solemnly and proudly, faced. One of her favorite sayings is Francis Bacon's: "Nature, to be commanded, must be obeyed."
  - d. Reality — that which exists — has no alternatives, no competitors, nothing "transcending" it. To embrace existence is to reject all notions of the supernatural and the mystical, including God.
2. "You can't eat your cake and have it, too"
  - a. The essential advice of Rand's philosophy is: embrace reason as an absolute. This means: choose to face the facts at all times, in all areas, whether at work or at home, in business or in love — and no matter what conclusion logically ensues, whether pleasant or unpleasant.
  - b. The purpose of epistemology is to help teach us how to reason: how to think conceptually, how to properly define our terms, how to form and apply principles.
  - c. Reason doesn't work automatically. We have to choose to activate our minds, to set them in motion, to direct them to the task of understanding the facts, and to actively perform the steps that such understanding requires. Our basic choice in life is "to think or not."
  - d. To choose to follow reason, Rand argues, is to reject emotions, faith or any form of authoritarianism as guides in life.
3. "Man is an end in himself"
  - a. Why does man need morality?
  - b. The typical answer is that we must learn to deny our own interests and happiness in order to serve God or other people — and morality will teach us to do this.
  - c. Rand's answer is radically different. The purpose of morality, she argues, is to teach us what is in our self-interest, what produces happiness.
  - d. "Man has," she observes, "no automatic code of survival. . . . His senses do not tell him automatically what is good for him or evil, what will benefit his life or endanger it, what goals he should pursue and what means will achieve them, what values his life depends on, what course of action it requires."
  - e. This is what the science of ethics studies — and what Objectivism offers. "Man must choose his actions, values and goals," she summarizes, "by the standard of that which is proper to man — in order to achieve, maintain, fulfill and enjoy that ultimate value, that end in itself, which is his own life."

4. "GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH!"

- a. The ideal social system, Rand holds, is laissez-faire capitalism. Economically, this means not today's mixture of freedom and government controls but "a complete separation of state and economics, in the same way and for the same reasons as the separation of state and church."
- b. Rand's advocacy of laissez-faire capitalism is a consequence of her deeper philosophical views. An individual who eagerly faces reality, who embraces his own rational mind as an absolute, and who makes his own life his highest moral purpose will demand his freedom. He will demand the freedom to think and speak, to earn property and associate and trade, and to pursue his own happiness.
- c. Laissez-faire capitalism, Rand argues, is the system of individual rights. In such a system the government has only one function, albeit a vital one: to protect the rights of each individual by placing the retaliatory use of physical force under objective control.

## Themes of “The Fountainhead”

- Cynicism and the Great Person Theory of History. Great people create things too good for the average man.
  - “Look at it. A sublime achievement, isn’t it? A heroic achievement. Think of the thousands who worked to create this and of the millions who profit by it. And it is said that but for the spirit of a dozen men, here and there down the ages, but for a dozen men—less, perhaps—none of this would have been possible. And that might be true. If so, there are—again—two possible attitudes to take. We can say that these twelve were great benefactors, that we are all fed by the overflow of the magnificent wealth of their spirit, and that we are glad to accept it in gratitude and brotherhood. Or, we can say that by the splendor of their achievement which we can neither equal nor keep, these twelve have shown us what we are, that we do not want the free gifts of their grandeur, that a cave by an oozing swamp and a fire of sticks rubbed together are preferable to skyscrapers and neon lights—if the cave and the sticks are the limit of our own creative capacities. Of the two attitudes, Dominique, which would you call the truly humanitarian one? Because, you see, I’m a humanitarian.”
- Don’t cast Pearls before swine attitude
  - “you cast your pearls without a pork-chop to show for it”
  - “It does not matter that only a few in each generation will grasp and achieve the full reality of man’s proper stature — and that the rest will betray it. It is those few that move the world and give life its meaning — and it is those few that I have always sought to address. The rest are no concern of mine; it is not me or The Fountainhead that they will betray: it is their own souls.”
- Confidence
  - After all of our recent lessons on self-reliance and liberty, here we have someone who dares people to live confidently. Not to do so leads to the end where a man is unsure if he has lived a good life. To Rand, letting someone else take decisions for you is not living with confidence.
- Dominance
  - The non-heroic characters, without inner drive, are all seeking a way to influence those who do. They are desperate to think that they are powerful, and can break those who are actually powerful or great. They achieve this by twisting the rules of society to their advantage. It is a philosophy of destruction in opposition to the philosophy of creation.
- Selfishness
  - People who live as mirrors, trying to please others, hoping that the approval of others will make them feel happy, make them feel important
  - People who don’t care about anyone but themselves and their own passion
  - In the ancient argument “will living a virtuous life lead to happiness,” Ayn Rand seems to say “absolutely not,” unless you let her redefine virtue first. To her, selfishness is a virtue.
- Freedom
  - True freedom is being untouched and invulnerable to coercion, and unwilling to compromise. Not innocence, just focus on what is important to that person.

## Summary of the Plot

### Part 1 – Peter Keating

- Roark is expelled from Stanton
- Peter is hired with the prestigious firm of Francon and Heyer
- Peter steals the job of the lead Draftsman at his firm
- Toohey buys Peter's respect and loyalty with a positive review
- Peter learns he is dating the niece of Ellsworth Toohey, a noted architectural columnist
- Roark goes to work for Henry Cameron (but Cameron soon goes out of business)
- Peter arranges to have the lead Architect leave his firm and assume his role
- Roark helps Peter create his first real assignment
- Roark goes to work for Peter at Francon and Heyer as a draftsman
- Guy Francon fires Roark
- Roark goes to work for John Erik Snyte as his "modernist"
- Peter fights to break Catherine's attention away from her Uncle Toohey
- Peter meets Dominique
- Roark is fired by Snyte when he modifies a drawing in front of Austen Heller
- Roark builds the Heller House and Service Station
- Catherine freaks out about nothing... a premonition. Wants to get married that night to Peter.
- Roark gets rejected by many people, no matter how sensible his sales pitch
- Roark gets mired up in the Sanborn residence and spends his commission fixing it
- Roark helps Peter cheat and win the Cosmo-Slotnic building competition
- Dominique rejects Peter's proposal, warning him she would marry him only to punish herself
- Peter essentially kills Heyer, Francon's partner of his Architectural firm
- Peter is made a partner in the new Firm, Francon and Keating
- Roark is turned down by the Manhattan Bank Company and has to close his office

### Part 2 – Ellsworth Toohey

- Roark goes to work in the quarry owned by Guy Francon, and is spotted by Dominique
- Dominique lures Roark to her house to fix a fireplace she purposefully damaged
- Dominique is raped by Roark
- Roark is granted the Enright house job and returns to New York City
- Peter wins the Cosmo Slotnick building competition
- Toohey reviews Peter's design and praises him to the heavens
- Stephen Mallory tries shoots at Ellsworth Toohey and is basically pardoned by Toohey
- Dominique sees the drawings for the Enright House
- Peter is made chairman of the Council of American Builders by Toohey
- Toohey shows some of his radical nature at the first meeting of the CAB
- Roark attends a party at Kiki Holcolmb's and runs into Dominique
- Toohey and Dominique square off at the party
- Dominique convinces Joel Sutton to drop Roark as his architect of choice
- Dominique sleeps with Roark, telling him she will do it again each time she hurts him

- Dominique sets out to destroy Roark professionally while sleeping with him personally
- Dominique admits that she and Toohey are allies
- Roark builds Enright House
- Dominique continues to drive commissions away from Roark, giving them to Peter Keating
- Peter tries to thank Dominique, and regrets it
- Ellsworth's back story
- Roark gets commissions for Norris House and Cord Building
- Roark wins commission of Aquitania hotel with the help of Kent Lansing
- Dominique tells Toohey that Roark is beating him
- Toohey tricks Roark into building the Temple of the Human Spirit for Hopton Stoddard
- Toohey tells Dominique that he gave the Stoddard job to Roark
- Toohey essentially tells Peter to marry Dominique, if he could manage it
- Roark commissions a naked statue of Dominique for his temple
- Dominique tells Toohey about the statue and that she let Roark know Toohey's role in the temple
- The Aquitania project fails due to money concerns, and is named the "unfinished symphony"
- Roark is sued concerning the Temple
- Toohey explains his victory over Roark to Dominique
- Dominique testifies at trial, cryptically endorsing Roark saying the Temple is too good for men
- Peter promises to marry Catherine but marries Dominique instead
- Toohey buys the statue of Dominique and gives it to Gail Wynand

### Part 3 – Gail Wynand

- Gail Wynand's Back story
- Dominique destroys Peter with a mirroring of his own desires
- Toohey tells Peter that Dominique can meet with Wynand to get Stoneridge
- Dominique meets with Wynand and he agrees to take her on a trip for two months for the contract.
- Wynand tortures Peter at dinner revealing the deal
- Wynand shows Dominique his private gallery
- Wynand reveals the meaning of the name of his yacht
- Wynand and Dominique talk frankly and he proposes to her. She accepts.
- Wynand buys off Peter.
- Roark is working in Ohio
- Toohey scrambles to adjust his plans against Wynand
- Dominique visits Roark on her way to marry Gail Wynand
- Dominique offers to stay in Ohio if Roark will give up Architecture. He refuses.
- Toohey embraces the simplicity of modern architecture.
- Peter struggles to build Stoneridge
- Guy Francon retires and Peter takes Neil Dumont as his partner
- Dominique gets her divorce granted in Reno
- Gail and Dominique have a large wedding in a hotel. Dominique wears black.
- Toohey uses the scandal to plant seeds about Gail Wynand, and is buying stock in the Banner
- Wynand selfishly keeps Dominique in his penthouse like a piece of art

- Dominique takes Wynand to see the play "No Skin Off Your Nose"
- Dominique and Gail realize that they are very much alike.
- Dominique tries to get Gail to fire Toohey.

#### Part 4 – Howard Roark

- A boy discovers Monadnock Valley.
- Story of Monadnock Valley's construction
- Roark completes the Aquitania Hotel
- Monadnock Valley's owners sold 200% of the project to investors
- Roark becomes somewhat infamous
- The other architects all collaborate on the "March of the Centuries" fair
- Roark moves into the Cord Building.
- Gail Wynand hires Howard Roark, and the Bromance begins.
- Toohey learns that Roark and Wynand are in contact, but not why
- Wynand reads up on Roark
- Wynand tries to imprison Roark, but he stays out of the trap.
- Gail shows Dominique the drawings
- Roark comes to dinner with Gail and Dominique to reveal the house
- Gail makes a dinner date with Howard, in person
- Wynand tells Toohey not to write about Roark
- The Bromance continues while building the house.
- Intellectual socialists sit and talk about their beliefs. And "We don't read Wynand" movement.
- Peter is downsizing. Toohey has distanced himself.
- Peter begs Toohey to give him the Cortlandt Homes project.
- Toohey tells Peter that Cortlandt will only go to the best economic design.
- Peter takes the project to Roark
- Roark agrees to Design Cortlandt if Peter prevents the design from being altered.
- Toohey sees the designs and praises Peter
- Gail decides to start using his paper to turn opinion the way he wants
- Gail's campaign backfires
- Gail takes Roark to Hell's Kitchen to discuss his skyscraper idea
- Peter runs into Katie (Catherine) and she is no longer the girl she was
- Gail and Howard go on a 3 month cruise, maturing the bromance. Dominique is left behind.
- On the Yacht, Roark gives the "second handers" speech
- Howard returns to find that Cortlandt is not the way it should be
- Roark enlists Dominique in a conspiracy
- Roark blows up Cordlandt
- Dominique is injured in the explosion
- Roark gets to talk to Dominique before the trial. She says the words he has wanted to hear.
- Toohey and the world attack Roark for his egoism
- Gail defends Howard with the Banner
- Toohey visits Peter, revealing himself as Peter's master and the villain of the story
- Toohey receives proof that Howard built Cordlandt and delivers it to the District Attorney
- While Alvah is out sick, Toohey publishes an article damning Roark

- Wynand fires Toohey and others starting a general strike at the Banner
- Gail tries to save the Banner through effort. Even Dominique comes to help him.
- Gail visits Roark and Roark encourages Gail not to quit, but that public opinion won't matter
- The board of directors meets and Gail gives in.
- An editorial damning Roark goes out with Gail's name on it. He didn't hold out.
- Gail walks the city and realizes he never got out of Hell's Kitchen. His power was an illusion.
- Dominique goes back to Roark, staging a robbery to get her "affair" into the papers for Gail to see.
- Gail runs the story of his own scandal in the Banner. His reputation is absolved.
- Dominique meets with Gail and explains that she knew Roark since the quarry.
- Dominique reconciles with her father
- Roark stacks the jury of his trial with hard-hearted working men and executives.
- Roark gives a long speech about creators and parasites, individualism vs collectivism
- Roark is found not-guilty
- Toohey wins his union lawsuit to be restored to his job at the banner
- Wynand brings Toohey back to the Banner 10 minutes before he closes it forever
- Toohey is employed by the Courier and sets out to take over there as well
- Roark meets Wynand to receive the commission for the Wynand building
- The book ends with Dominique joining Roark on the top of the skeleton of the new building

## Description of the Key Characters

The following quotations come from Ayn Rand's notebook:

### Howard Roark

- "The noble soul par excellence. The man as man should be. The self-sufficient, self-confident, the end of ends, the reason unto himself, the joy of living personified. Above all—the man who lives for himself, as living for oneself should be understood. And who triumphs completely. A man who is what he should be."

### Ellsworth Toohey

- "Noted economist, critic and liberal." "Noted" anything and everything. Great "humanitarian" and "man of integrity." Glorifies all forms of collectivism because he knows that only under such forms will he, as the best representative of the mass, attain prominence and distinction, impossible to him on his own merits which do not exist. The idol-crusher par excellence. Born, organic enemy of all things heroic. Has a positive genius for the commonplace. Worst of all possible rats. A man who never could be—and knows it."

### Dominique Francon

- "The woman for a man like Howard Roark. The perfect priestess."

### Peter Keating

- "The exact opposite of Howard Roark, and everything a man should not be. A perfect example of a selfless man who is a ruthless, unprincipled egotist—in the accepted meaning of the word. A tremendous vanity and greed, which lead him to sacrifice all for the sake of a "brilliant career" A mob man at heart, of the mob and for the mob. His triumph is his disaster. Left as an empty, bitter wreck, his "second-hand life" takes the form of sacrificing all for the sake of a victory which has no meaning and gives him no satisfaction. Because his means become his end. He shows that a selfless man cannot be ethical. He has no self and, therefore, cannot have any ethics. A man who never could be [man as he should be]. And doesn't know it."

### Gail Wynand

- "A man who rules the mob only as long as he says what the mob wants him to say. What happens when he tries to say what he wants. A man who could have been."

## Notable Quotations

### Howard Roark

1. **Heller and Roark:** “What is it that I like so much about the house you’re building for me, Howard?” “A house can have integrity, just like a person,” said Roark, “and just as seldom.” “In what way?” “Well, look at it. Every piece of it is there because the house needs it — and for no other reason. You see it from here as it is inside. The rooms in which you’ll live made the shape. The relation of masses was determined by the distribution of space within. The ornament was determined by the method of construction, an emphasis of the principle that makes it stand. You can see each stress, each support that meets it. Your own eyes go through a structural process when you look at the house, you can follow each step, you see it rise, you know what made it and why it stands. But you’ve seen buildings with columns that support nothing, with purposeless cornices, with pilasters, mouldings, false arches, false windows. You’ve seen buildings that look as if they contained a single large hall, they have solid columns and single, solid windows six floors high. But you enter and find six stories inside. Or buildings that contain a single hall, but with a façade cut up into floor lines, band courses, tiers of windows. Do you understand the difference? Your house is made by its own needs. Those others are made by the need to impress. The determining motive of your house is in the house. The determining motive of the other is in the audience.”
2. **Ellsworth Toohey explaining to Hopton Stoddard how to approach Roark so he will build his Temple of the Human Spirit:** “But you must be careful about approaching him. I think he will refuse to do it, at first. He will tell you that he doesn’t believe in God.” “What!” “Don’t believe him. He’s a profoundly religious man — in his own way. You can see that in his buildings.” “Oh.” “But he doesn’t belong to any established church.”
3. **Hopton Stoddard pitching Roark the opportunity to build a physical representation of his own philosophy:** “So you see, Mr. Roark, though it is to be a religious edifice, it is also more than that. You notice that we call it the Temple of the Human Spirit. We want to capture — in stone, as others capture in music — not some narrow creed, but the essence of all religion. **And what is the essence of religion? The great aspiration of the human spirit toward the highest, the noblest, the best. The human spirit as the creator and the conqueror of the ideal. The great life - giving force of the universe. The heroic human spirit.** That is your assignment, Mr. Roark.”
4. **Stephen Mallory to Howard Roark:** “You said something yesterday about a first law. A law demanding that man seek the best.... It was funny.... The unrecognized genius — that’s an old story. Have you ever thought of a much worse one — the genius recognized too well?... That a great many men are poor fools who can’t see the best — that’s nothing. One can’t get angry at that. But do you understand about the men who see it and don’t want it?” “No.” “No. You wouldn’t. I spent all night thinking about you. I didn’t sleep at all. Do you know what your secret is? It’s your terrible innocence.” Roark laughed aloud, looking at the boyish face. “No,” said Mallory, “it’s not funny. I know what I’m talking about — and you don’t. You can’t know. It’s because of that absolute health of yours. You’re so healthy that you can’t conceive of disease. You know of it. But you don’t really believe it. I do. I’m wiser than you are about some things, because I’m weaker.”
5. **Roark explains what a building should represent to Gail Wynand:** “Most people build as they live — as a matter of routine and senseless accident. But a few understand that building is a great symbol. We live in our minds, and existence is the attempt to bring that life into physical reality, to state it in gesture and form. For the man who understands this, a house he owns is a statement of his life. If he doesn’t build, when he has the means, it’s because his life has not been what he wanted.”

6. **Gail Wynand asks Roark if he likes being who he is:** "I'm going to change my mind and ask you a personal question. You said you'd answer anything." "I will." "Have you always liked being Howard Roark?" Roark smiled. The smile was amused, astonished, involuntarily contemptuous. "You've answered," said Wynand.
7. **Roark reveals more of his philosophy to Gail:** "Howard, have you ever been in love?" Roark turned to look straight at him and answer quietly: "I still am." "But when you walk through a building, what you feel is greater than that?" "Much greater, Gail." "I was thinking of people who say that happiness is impossible on earth. Look how hard they all try to find some joy in life. Look how they struggle for it. Why should any living creature exist in pain? By what conceivable right can anyone demand that a human being exist for anything but for his own joy? Every one of them wants it. Every part of him wants it. But they never find it. I wonder why. They whine and say they don't understand the meaning of life. **There's a particular kind of people that I despise. Those who seek some sort of a higher purpose or 'universal goal,' who don't know what to live for, who moan that they must 'find themselves.' You hear it all around us. That seems to be the official bromide of our century.** Every book you open. Every drooling self - confession. It seems to be the noble thing to confess. I'd think it would be the most shameful one." "Look, Gail." Roark got up, reached out, tore a thick branch off a tree, held it in both hands, one fist closed at each end; then, his wrists and knuckles tensed against the resistance, he bent the branch slowly into an arc. "Now I can make what I want of it: a bow, a spear, a cane, a railing. That's the meaning of life." "Your strength?" "Your work." He tossed the branch aside. "The material the earth offers you and what you make of it... What are you thinking of, Gail?" "The photograph on the wall of my office."
8. **Roark explains his individualism to Peter:** "Now listen to me. I've been working on the problem of low - rent housing for years. I never thought of the poor people in slums. I thought of the potentialities of our modern world. The new materials, the means, the chances to take and use. There are so many products of man's genius around us today. There are such great possibilities to exploit. To build cheaply, simply, intelligently. I've had a lot of time to study. I didn't have much to do after the Stoddard Temple. I didn't expect results. I worked because I can't look at any material without thinking: What could be done with it? And the moment I think that, I've got to do it. To find the answer, to break the thing. I've worked on it for years. I loved it. I worked because it was a problem I wanted to solve. You wish to know how to build a unit to rent for fifteen dollars a month? I'll show you how to build it for ten." Keating made an involuntary movement forward. "But first, I want you to think and tell me what made me give years to this work. Money? Fame? Charity? Altruism?" Keating shook his head slowly. "All right. You're beginning to understand. So whatever we do, don't let's talk about the poor people in the slums. They have nothing to do with it, though I wouldn't envy anyone the job of trying to explain that to fools. You see, I'm never concerned with my clients, only with their architectural requirements. I consider these as part of my building's theme and problem, as my building's material — just as I consider bricks and steel. Bricks and steel are not my motive. Neither are the clients. Both are only the means of my work."
9. **Roark feels pity for Peter:** When Keating had gone, Roark leaned against the door, closing his eyes. He was sick with pity. He had never felt this before — not when Henry Cameron collapsed in the office at his feet, not when he saw Steven Mallory sobbing on a bed before him. Those moments had been clean. But this was pity — this complete awareness of a man without worth or hope, this sense of finality, of the not to be redeemed. There was shame in this feeling — his own shame that he should have to pronounce such judgment upon a man, that he should know an emotion which contained no shred of respect. This is pity, he thought, and then he lifted his head in wonder. He thought that there must be something terribly wrong with a world in which this monstrous feeling is called a virtue.

10. **Roark reflects that he thinks that selflessness is the root of all evil:** “What have you been thinking about, these past weeks?” “The principle behind the dean who fired me from Stanton.” “What principle?” “The thing that is destroying the world. The thing you were talking about. Actual selflessness.”
11. **Roark explains the concept of a “second hander” to Gail:** Look at Peter Keating.” “You look at him. I hate his guts.” “I’ve looked at him — at what’s left of him — and it’s helped me to understand. He’s paying the price and wondering for what sin and telling himself that he’s been too selfish. In what act or thought of his has there ever been a self? What was his aim in life? Greatness — in other people’s eyes. Fame, admiration, envy — all that which comes from others. Others dictated his convictions, which he did not hold, but he was satisfied that others believed he held them. Others were his motive power and his prime concern. He didn’t want to be great, but to be thought great. He didn’t want to build, but to be admired as a builder. He borrowed from others in order to make an impression on others. There’s your actual selflessness. It’s his ego that he’s betrayed and given up. But everybody calls him selfish.” “That’s the pattern most people follow.” “Yes! And isn’t that the root of every despicable action? Not selfishness, but precisely the absence of a self. Look at them. **The man who cheats and lies, but preserves a respectable front. He knows himself to be dishonest, but others think he’s honest and he derives his self-respect from that, second-hand. The man who takes credit for an achievement which is not his own. He knows himself to be mediocre, but he’s great in the eyes of others.** The frustrated wretch who professes love for the inferior and clings to those less endowed, in order to establish his own superiority by comparison. The man whose sole aim is to make money. Now I don’t see anything evil in a desire to make money. But money is only a means to some end. If a man wants it for a personal purpose — to invest in his industry, to create, to study, to travel, to enjoy luxury — he’s completely moral. But the men who place money first go much beyond that. Personal luxury is a limited endeavor. What they want is ostentation: to show, to stun, to entertain, to impress others. They’re second-handers. Look at our so - called cultural endeavors. A lecturer who spouts some borrowed rehash of nothing at all that means nothing at all to him — and the people who listen and don’t give a damn, but sit there in order to tell their friends that they have attended a lecture by a famous name. All second-handers.” “If I were Ellsworth Toohey, I’d say: aren’t you making out a case against selfishness? Aren’t they all acting on a selfish motive — to be noticed, liked, admired?” “— by others. At the price of their own self - respect. In the realm of greatest importance — the realm of values, of judgment, of spirit, of thought — they place others above self, in the exact manner which altruism demands. A truly selfish man cannot be affected by the approval of others. He doesn’t need it.”
12. **Roark redefines “selfishness” with Gail:** **“Listen to what is being preached today. Look at everyone around us. You’ve wondered why they suffer, why they seek happiness and never find it. If any man stopped and asked himself whether he’s ever held a truly personal desire, he’d find the answer. He’d see that all his wishes, his efforts, his dreams, his ambitions are motivated by other men. He’s not really struggling even for material wealth, but for the second-hander’s delusion — prestige.** A stamp of approval, not his own. He can find no joy in the struggle and no joy when he has succeeded. He can’t say about a single thing: ‘This is what I wanted because I wanted it, not because it made my neighbors gape at me.’ Then he wonders why he’s unhappy. Every form of happiness is private. Our greatest moments are personal, self - motivated, not to be touched. The things which are sacred or precious to us are the things we withdraw from promiscuous sharing. But now we are taught to throw everything within us into public light and common pawing. To seek joy in meeting halls. We haven’t even got a word for the quality I mean — for the self - sufficiency of man’s spirit. It’s difficult to call it selfishness or egotism, the words have been perverted, they’ve come to mean Peter Keating. Gail, I think the only cardinal evil on earth is that of placing your prime concern within other men. I’ve always demanded a certain

quality in the people I liked. I've always recognized it at once — and it's the only quality I respect in men. I chose my friends by that. Now I know what it is. A self - sufficient ego. Nothing else matters."

13. **Roark's motto: "I could die for you. But I couldn't and wouldn't live for you."**
14. **Roark reflects that he left out one important version of a "second hander" when talking with Gail:** "I haven't mentioned to him the worst second-hander of all — the man who goes after power.
15. **Roark admits that Peter and men like him are his fault:** "It's I who've destroyed you, Peter. From the beginning. By helping you. There are matters in which one must not ask for help nor give it. I shouldn't have done your projects at Stanton. I shouldn't have done the Cosmo - Slotnick Building. Nor Cortlandt. I loaded you with more than you could carry. It's like an electric current too strong for the circuit. It blows the fuse. Now we'll both pay for it. It will be hard on you, but it will be harder on me."
16. **Howard picks a jury of doers, sympathetic men:** People had whispered that it was a tough - looking jury. There were two executives of industrial concerns, two engineers, a mathematician, a truck driver, a bricklayer, an electrician, a gardener and three factory workers. The impaneling of the jury had taken some time. Roark had challenged many talesmen. He had picked these twelve. The prosecutor had agreed, telling himself that this was what happened when an amateur undertook to handle his own defense; a lawyer would have chosen the gentlest types, those most likely to respond to an appeal for mercy; Roark had chosen the hardest faces.
17. **Howard Roark's Speech (part 1):** "Thousands of years ago, the first man discovered how to make fire. He was probably burned at the stake he had taught his brothers to light. He was considered an evildoer who had dealt with a demon mankind dreaded. But thereafter men had fire to keep them warm, to cook their food, to light their caves. He had left them a gift they had not conceived and he had lifted darkness off the earth. Centuries later, the first man invented the wheel. He was probably torn on the rack he had taught his brothers to build. He was considered a transgressor who ventured into forbidden territory. But thereafter, men could travel past any horizon. He had left them a gift they had not conceived and he had opened the roads of the world. That man, the unsubmissive and first, stands in the opening chapter of every legend mankind has recorded about its beginning. Prometheus was chained to a rock and torn by vultures — because he had stolen the fire of the gods. Adam was condemned to suffer — because he had eaten the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Whatever the legend, somewhere in the shadows of its memory mankind knew that its glory began with one and that that one paid for his courage. **Throughout the centuries there were men who took first steps down new roads armed with nothing but their own vision. Their goals differed, but they all had this in common: that the step was first, the road new, the vision unborrowed, and the response they received — hatred. The great creators — the thinkers, the artists, the scientists, the inventors — stood alone against the men of their time. Every great new thought was opposed.** Every great new invention was denounced. The first motor was considered foolish. The airplane was considered impossible. The power loom was considered vicious. Anesthesia was considered sinful. But the men of unborrowed vision went ahead. They fought, they suffered and they paid. But they won. No creator was prompted by a desire to serve his brothers, for his brothers rejected the gift he offered and that gift destroyed the slothful routine of their lives. His truth was his only motive. His own truth, and his own work to achieve it in his own way. A symphony, a book, an engine, a philosophy, an airplane or a building — that was his goal and his life. Not those who heard, read, operated, believed, flew or inhabited the thing he had created. The creation, not its users. The creation, not the benefits others derived from it. The creation which gave form to his truth. He held his truth above all things and against all men. His vision, his strength, his courage came from his own spirit. A man's spirit, however, is his self. That entity which is his consciousness. To think, to feel, to judge, to act are functions of the ego.

18. **Howard Roark's Speech (part 2):** **"The creators were not selfless. It is the whole secret of their power — that it was self - sufficient, self - motivated, self - generated. A first cause, a fount of energy, a life force, a Prime Mover.** The creator served nothing and no one. He lived for himself. And only by living for himself was he able to achieve the things which are the glory of mankind. Such is the nature of achievement."
19. **Howard Roark's Speech (part 3):** "Man cannot survive except through his mind. He comes on earth unarmed. His brain is his only weapon. Animals obtain food by force. Man has no claws, no fangs, no horns, no great strength of muscle. He must plant his food or hunt it. To plant, he needs a process of thought. To hunt, he needs weapons, and to make weapons — a process of thought. From this simplest necessity to the highest religious abstraction, from the wheel to the skyscraper, everything we are and everything we have comes from a single attribute of man — the function of his reasoning mind."
20. **Howard Roark's Speech (part 4):** "But the mind is an attribute of the individual. There is no such thing as a collective brain. There is no such thing as a collective thought. **An agreement reached by a group of men is only a compromise or an average drawn upon many individual thoughts. It is a secondary consequence. The primary act — the process of reason — must be performed by each man alone.** We can divide a meal among many men. We cannot digest it in a collective stomach. No man can use his lungs to breathe for another man. No man can use his brain to think for another. All the functions of body and spirit are private. They cannot be shared or transferred."
21. **Howard Roark's Speech (part 5):** **"Nothing is given to man on earth. Everything he needs has to be produced. And here man faces his basic alternative: he can survive in only one of two ways — by the independent work of his own mind or as a parasite fed by the minds of others.** The creator originates. The parasite borrows. The creator faces nature alone. The parasite faces nature through an intermediary. The creator's concern is the conquest of nature. The parasite's concern is the conquest of men. The creator lives for his work. He needs no other men. His primary goal is within himself. The parasite lives second - hand. He needs others. Others become his prime motive. The basic need of the creator is independence. The reasoning mind cannot work under any form of compulsion. It cannot be curbed, sacrificed or subordinated to any consideration whatsoever. It demands total independence in function and in motive. To a creator, all relations with men are secondary. The basic need of the second-hander is to secure his ties with men in order to be fed. He places relations first. He declares that man exists in order to serve others. He preaches altruism."
22. **Howard Roark's Speech (part 6):** "The man who attempts to live for others is a dependent. He is a parasite in motive and makes parasites of those he serves. The relationship produces nothing but mutual corruption. It is impossible in concept. The nearest approach to it in reality — the man who lives to serve others — is the slave. If physical slavery is repulsive, how much more repulsive is the concept of servility of the spirit? The conquered slave has a vestige of honor. He has the merit of having resisted and of considering his condition evil. But the man who enslaves himself voluntarily in the name of love is the basest of creatures. He degrades the dignity of man and he degrades the conception of love. But this is the essence of altruism."
23. **Howard Roark's Speech (part 7):** "Men have been taught that the highest virtue is not to achieve, but to give. Yet one cannot give that which has not been created. Creation comes before distribution — or there will be nothing to distribute. The need of the creator comes before the need of any possible beneficiary. **Yet we are taught to admire the second-hander who dispenses gifts he has not produced above the man who made the gifts possible. We praise an act of charity. We shrug at an act of achievement.**"
24. **Howard Roark's Speech (part 8):** "Men have been taught that it is a virtue to agree with others. But the creator is the man who disagrees. **Men have been taught that it is a virtue to swim with**

- the current. But the creator is the man who goes against the current.** Men have been taught that it is a virtue to stand together. But the creator is the man who stands alone.”
25. **Howard Roark’s Speech (part 9):** “Men have been taught that the ego is the synonym of evil, and selflessness the ideal of virtue. But the creator is the egotist in the absolute sense, and the selfless man is the one who does not think, feel, judge or act. These are functions of the self. Here the basic reversal is most deadly. **The issue has been perverted and man has been left no alternative — and no freedom. As poles of good and evil, he was offered two conceptions: egotism and altruism. Egotism was held to mean the sacrifice of others to self. Altruism — the sacrifice of self to others. This tied man irrevocably to other men and left him nothing but a choice of pain: his own pain borne for the sake of others or pain inflicted upon others for the sake of self. When it was added that man must find joy in self - immolation, the trap was closed. Man was forced to accept masochism as his ideal — under the threat that sadism was his only alternative. This was the greatest fraud ever perpetrated on mankind.** This was the device by which dependence and suffering were perpetuated as fundamentals of life.”
  26. **Howard Roark’s Speech (part 10):** “**The choice is not self - sacrifice or domination. The choice is independence or dependence. The code of the creator or the code of the second-hander. This is the basic issue. It rests upon the alternative of life or death. The code of the creator is built on the needs of the reasoning mind which allows man to survive. The code of the second-hander is built on the needs of a mind incapable of survival. All that which proceeds from man’s independent ego is good. All that which proceeds from man’s dependence upon men is evil.**”
  27. **Howard Roark’s Speech (part 11):** “The egotist in the absolute sense is not the man who sacrifices others. He is the man who stands above the need of using others in any manner. He does not function through them. He is not concerned with them in any primary matter. Not in his aim, not in his motive, not in his thinking, not in his desires, not in the source of his energy. He does not exist for any other man — and he asks no other man to exist for him. This is the only form of brotherhood and mutual respect possible between men.”
  28. **Howard Roark’s Speech (part 12):** “**Degrees of ability vary, but the basic principle remains the same: the degree of a man’s independence, initiative and personal love for his work determines his talent as a worker and his worth as a man. Independence is the only gauge of human virtue and value. What a man is and makes of himself; not what he has or hasn’t done for others. There is no substitute for personal dignity. There is no standard of personal dignity except independence.**”
  29. **Howard Roark’s Speech (part 13):** “Rulers of men are not egotists. They create nothing. They exist entirely through the persons of others. Their goal is in their subjects, in the activity of enslaving. They are as dependent as the beggar, the social worker and the bandit. The form of dependence does not matter. But men were taught to regard second-handers — tyrants, emperors, dictators — as exponents of egotism. By this fraud they were made to destroy the ego, themselves and others. The purpose of the fraud was to destroy the creators. Or to harness them. Which is a synonym.”
  30. **Howard Roark’s Speech (part 14):** “From the beginning of history, the two antagonists have stood face to face: the creator and the second-hander. When the first creator invented the wheel, the first second-hander responded. He invented altruism.”
  31. **Howard Roark’s Speech (part 15):** “**The creator — denied, opposed, persecuted, exploited — went on, moved forward and carried all humanity along on his energy. The second-hander contributed nothing to the process except the impediments. The contest has another name: the individual against the collective.**”
  32. **Howard Roark’s Speech (part 16):** “The ‘common good’ of a collective — a race, a class, a state — was the claim and justification of every tyranny ever established over men. **Every major horror of history was committed in the name of an altruistic motive. Has any act of selfishness ever equaled**

the carnage perpetrated by disciples of altruism? Does the fault lie in men's hypocrisy or in the nature of the principle? The most dreadful butchers were the most sincere. They believed in the perfect society reached through the guillotine and the firing squad. Nobody questioned their right to murder since they were murdering for an altruistic purpose. It was accepted that man must be sacrificed for other men. Actors change, but the course of the tragedy remains the same. A humanitarian who starts with declarations of love for mankind and ends with a sea of blood. It goes on and will go on so long as men believe that an action is good if it is unselfish. That permits the altruist to act and forces his victims to bear it. The leaders of collectivist movements ask nothing for themselves. But observe the results."

33. **Howard Roark's Speech (part 17):** "Now observe the results of a society built on the principle of individualism. This, our country. The noblest country in the history of men. The country of greatest achievement, greatest prosperity, greatest freedom. This country was not based on selfless service, sacrifice, renunciation or any precept of altruism. It was based on a man's right to the pursuit of happiness. His own happiness. Not anyone else's. A private, personal, selfish motive. Look at the results. Look into your own conscience."
34. **Howard Roark's Speech (part 18):** "It is an ancient conflict. Men have come close to the truth, but it was destroyed each time and one civilization fell after another. Civilization is the progress toward a society of privacy. The savage's whole existence is public, ruled by the laws of his tribe. Civilization is the process of setting man free from men."
35. **Howard Roark's Speech (part 19):** "Now, in our age, collectivism, the rule of the second-hander and second-rater, the ancient monster, has broken loose and is running amuck. It has brought men to a level of intellectual indecency never equaled on earth. It has reached a scale of horror without precedent. It has poisoned every mind. It has swallowed most of Europe. It is engulfing our country. I am an architect. I know what is to come by the principle on which it is built. We are approaching a world in which I cannot permit myself to live."
36. **Howard Roark's Speech (part 20):** "I came here to say that I do not recognize anyone's right to one minute of my life. Nor to any part of my energy. Nor to any achievement of mine. No matter who makes the claim, how large their number or how great their need. I wished to come here and say that I am a man who does not exist for others. It had to be said. **The world is perishing from an orgy of self-sacrificing. I wished to come here and say that the integrity of a man's creative work is of greater importance than any charitable endeavor. Those of you who do not understand this are the men who're destroying the world. I wished to come here and state my terms. I do not care to exist on any others. I recognize no obligations toward men except one: to respect their freedom and to take no part in a slave society.** To my country, I wish to give the ten years which I will spend in jail if my country exists no longer. I will spend them in memory and in gratitude for what my country has been. It will be my act of loyalty, my refusal to live or work in what has taken its place."
37. **Wynand rewards Roark in the end, granting him the commission to build his skyscraper:** "If you consider the behavior of the world at present and the disaster toward which it is moving you might find the undertaking preposterous. The age of the skyscraper is gone. This is the age of the housing project. Which is always a prelude to the age of the cave. But you are not afraid of a gesture against the whole world. This will be the last skyscraper ever built in New York. It is proper that it should be so. The last achievement of man on earth before mankind destroys itself." "Mankind will never destroy itself, Mr. Wynand. Nor should it think of itself as destroyed. Not so long as it does things such as this." "As what?" "As the Wynand Building."

## Peter Keating

1. **After Peter has Married Dominique, and he has everything he ever wanted:** **He stared into the fire. That was what made a man happy — to sit looking dreamily into a fire, at his own hearth, in his own home; that's what he had always heard and read. He stared at the flames, unblinking, to force himself into a complete obedience to an established truth. Just one more minute of it and I will feel happy, he thought, concentrating. Nothing happened.**
2. **Peter reflects on his success:** He thought of how convincingly he could describe this scene to friends and make them envy the fullness of his contentment. Why couldn't he convince himself? He had everything he'd ever wanted. He had wanted superiority — and for the last year he had been the undisputed leader of his profession. He had wanted fame — and he had five thick albums of clippings. He had wanted wealth — and he had enough to insure luxury for the rest of his life. He had everything anyone ever wanted. How many people struggled and suffered to achieve what he had achieved? How many dreamed and bled and died for this, without reaching it?
3. **Dominique bluntly defines Peter to his face:** "You're beginning to see, aren't you, Peter? Shall I make it clearer? You never wanted me to be real. You never wanted anyone to be. But you didn't want me to show it. You wanted an act to help your act — a beautiful, complicated act, all twists, trimmings and words. All words. You didn't like what I said about Vincent Knowlton. You liked it when I said the same thing under cover of virtuous sentiments. You didn't want me to believe. You only wanted me to convince you that I believed. My real soul, Peter? It's real only when it's independent — you've discovered that, haven't you? It's real only when it chooses curtains and desserts — you're right about that — curtains, desserts and religions, Peter, and the shapes of buildings. But you've never wanted that. **You wanted a mirror. People want nothing but mirrors around them. To reflect them while they're reflecting too. You know, like the senseless infinity you get from two mirrors facing each other across a narrow passage. Usually in the more vulgar kind of hotels. Reflections of reflections and echoes of echoes. No beginning and no end. No center and no purpose.** I gave you what you wanted. I became what you are, what your friends are, what most of humanity is so busy being — only without the trimmings. I didn't go around spouting book reviews to hide my emptiness of judgment — I said I had no judgment. I didn't borrow designs to hide my creative impotence — I created nothing. I didn't say that equality is a noble conception and unity the chief goal of mankind — I just agreed with everybody. You call it death, Peter? That kind of death — I've imposed it on you and on everyone around us. But you - you haven't done that. People are comfortable with you, they like you, they enjoy your presence. You've spared them the blank death. Because you've imposed it — on yourself."
4. **Dominique continues to beat up Peter:** **"It's said that the worst thing one can do to a man is to kill his self - respect. But that's not true. Self - respect is something that can't be killed. The worst thing is to kill a man's pretense at it."**
5. **Gail Wynand rebukes Peter after essentially buying Peter's wife:** "Things like... like this aren't being done..." "That's not what you mean at all, Mr. Keating. You mean, they're being done all the time, but not talked about." "I didn't think..." "You thought it before you came here. You didn't mind. I grant you I'm behaving abominably. I'm breaking all the rules of charity. It's extremely cruel to be honest." "Please, Mr. Wynand, let's... drop it. I don't know what... I'm supposed to do." "That's simple. You're supposed to slap my face." Keating giggled. "You were supposed to do that several minutes ago."

6. **Peter begs Roark to help him with the Cortlandt project:** He spoke slowly and without pity: "Howard, I'm a parasite. I've been a parasite all my life. You designed my best projects at Stanton. You designed the first house I ever built. You designed the Cosmo-Slotnick Building. **I have fed on you and on all the men like you who lived before we were born. The men who designed the Parthenon, the Gothic cathedrals, the first skyscrapers. If they hadn't existed, I wouldn't have known how to put stone on stone. In the whole of my life, I haven't added a new doorknob to what men have done before me. I have taken that which was not mine and given nothing in return. I had nothing to give.** This is not an act, Howard, and I'm very conscious of what I'm saying. And I came here to ask you to save me again. If you wish to throw me out, do it now."
7. **Roark praises Peter for grasping an important concept:** "You'll get everything society can give a man. You'll keep all the money. You'll take any fame or honor anyone might want to grant. You'll accept such gratitude as the tenants might feel. And I — I'll take what nobody can give a man, except himself. I will have built Cortlandt." "You're getting more than I am, Howard." "Peter!" The voice was triumphant. "You understand that?" "Yes...." Roark leaned back against a table, and laughed softly; it was the happiest sound Keating had ever heard. "This will work, Peter. It will work. It will be all right. You've done something wonderful. You haven't spoiled everything by thanking me."
8. Ellsworth throws Peter away when he is done with him: "Don't go, Ellsworth." Toohey stood over him, and laughed softly. "That's the answer, Peter. That's my proof. You know me for what I am, you know what I've done to you, you have no illusions of virtue left. But you can't leave me and you'll never be able to leave me. You've obeyed me in the name of ideals. You'll go on obeying me without ideals. Because that's all you're good for now.... Good night, Peter."

## Dominique Francon

1. **Peter Keating and Dominique:** "Dominique, will you marry me?" He knew he had to say it now; if he let himself think of her, he would never say it; what he felt for her did not matter any longer; he could not let it stand between him and his future; and what he felt for her was growing into hatred. "You're not serious?" she asked. He turned to her. He spoke rapidly, easily; he was lying now, and so he was sure of himself and it was not difficult: "I love you, Dominique. I'm crazy about you. Give me a chance. If there's no one else, why not? You'll learn to love me — because I understand you. I'll be patient. I'll make you happy." She shuddered suddenly, and then she laughed. She laughed simply, completely; he saw the pale foam of her dress trembling; she stood straight, her head thrown back, like a string shaking with the vibrations of a blinding insult to him; an insult, because her laughter was not bitter or mocking, but quite simply gay. Then it stopped. She stood looking at him. She said earnestly: "Peter, if I ever want to punish myself for something terrible, if I ever want to punish myself disgustingly — I'll marry you." She added: "Consider it a promise."
2. **Ellsworth Toohey and Dominique discussing Roark's beautiful design drawings for the Enright house printed in the Banner:** He let the paper drop back on the desk. "As independent as an insult, isn't it?" he said. **"You know, Ellsworth, I think the man who designed this should have committed suicide. A man who can conceive a thing as beautiful as this should never allow it to be erected. He should not want it to exist. But he will let it be built, so that women will hang diapers on his terraces, so that men will spit on his stairways and draw dirty pictures on his walls. He's given it to them and he's made it part of them, part of everything.** He shouldn't have offered it for men like you to look at. For men like you to talk about. He's defiled his own work by the first word you'll

utter about it. He's made himself worse than you are. You'll be committing only a mean little indecency, but he's committed a sacrilege. A man who knows what he must have known to produce this should not have been able to remain alive." "Going to write a piece about this?" he asked. "No. That would be repeating his crime." "And talking to me about it?" She looked at him. He was smiling pleasantly. "Yes of course," she said, "that's part of the same crime also."

3. **Dominique to Peter Keating:** **"You — Peter, you're everything I despise in the world and I don't want to remember how much I despise it. If I let myself remember — I'll return to it. This is not an insult to you, Peter. Try to understand that. You're not the worst of the world. You're its best. That's what's frightening. If I ever come back to you — don't let me come. I'm saying this now because I can, but if I come back to you, you won't be able to stop me, and now is the only time when I can warn you."**
4. **Dominique to Roark after she takes away one of his commissions:** **"I'm going to pray that you can't be destroyed — I tell you this, too — even though I believe in nothing and have nothing to pray to.** But I will fight to block every step you take. I will fight to tear every chance you want away from you. I will hurt you through the only thing that can hurt you — through your work. I will fight to starve you, to strangle you on the things you won't be able to reach. I have done it to you today — and that is why I shall sleep with you tonight."
5. **Roark and Dominique discuss their differing viewpoints:** "I'm not capable of suffering completely. I never have. It goes only down to a certain point and then it stops. As long as there is that untouched point, it's not really pain. You mustn't look like that." "Where does it stop?" "Where I can think of nothing and feel nothing except that I designed that temple. I built it. Nothing else can seem very important." **"You shouldn't have built it. You shouldn't have delivered it to the sort of thing they're doing."** "That doesn't matter. Not even that they'll destroy it. Only that it had existed." She shook her head. "Do you see what I was saving you from when I took commissions away from you?... To give them no right to do this to you.... No right to live in a building of yours... No right to touch you... not in any way...."
6. **Dominique's testimony in the first trial against Howard Roark:** **"Howard Roark built a temple to the human spirit. He saw man as strong, proud, clean, wise and fearless. He saw man as a heroic being. And he built a temple to that. A temple is a place where man is to experience exaltation. He thought that exaltation comes from the consciousness of being guiltless, of seeing the truth and achieving it, of living up to one's highest possibility, of knowing no shame and having no cause for shame, of being able to stand naked in full sunlight. He thought that exaltation means joy and that joy is man's birthright. He thought that a place built as a setting for man is a sacred place. That is what Howard Roark thought of man and of exaltation.** But Ellsworth Toohey said that this temple was a monument to a profound hatred of humanity. Ellsworth Toohey said that the essence of exaltation was to be scared out of your wits, to fall down and to grovel. Ellsworth Toohey said that man's highest act was to realize his own worthlessness and to beg forgiveness. Ellsworth Toohey said it was depraved not to take for granted that man is something which needs to be forgiven. Ellsworth Toohey saw that this building was of man and of the earth — and Ellsworth Toohey said that this building had its belly in the mud. To glorify man, said Ellsworth Toohey, was to glorify the gross pleasures of the flesh, for the realm of the spirit is beyond the grasp of man. To enter that realm, said Ellsworth Toohey, man must come as a beggar, on his knees. Ellsworth Toohey is a lover of mankind." "Miss Francon, we are not really discussing Mr. Toohey, so if you will confine yourself to..." "I do not condemn Ellsworth Toohey. I condemn Howard Roark. A building, they say, must be part of its site. In what kind of world did Roark build his temple? For what kind of men? Look around you. Can you see a shrine becoming sacred by serving as a setting for Mr. Hopton Stoddard? For Mr. Ralston Holcombe? For Mr. Peter Keating? When you look at them all, do you hate Ellsworth Toohey — or do you damn Howard Roark for the unspeakable indignity which

he did commit? **Ellsworth Toohey is right, that temple is a sacrilege, though not in the sense he meant. I think Mr. Toohey knows that, however. When you see a man casting pearls without getting even a pork chop in return — it is not against the swine that you feel indignation. It is against the man who valued his pearls so little that he was willing to fling them into the muck and to let them become the occasion for a whole concert of grunting, transcribed by the court stenographer.**” “Miss Francon, I hardly think that this line of testimony is relevant or admissible...”

“The witness must be allowed to testify,” the judge declared unexpectedly. He had been bored and he liked to watch Dominique’s figure. Besides, he knew that the audience was enjoying it, in the sheer excitement of scandal, even though their sympathies were with Hopton Stoddard. “Your Honor, some misunderstanding seems to have occurred,” said the attorney. “Miss Francon, for whom are you testifying? For Mr. Roark or Mr. Stoddard?” “For Mr. Stoddard, of course. I am stating the reasons why Mr. Stoddard should win this case. I have sworn to tell the truth.”

“Proceed,” said the judge. “All the witnesses have told the truth. But not the whole truth. I am merely filling in the omissions. They spoke of a threat and of hatred. They were right. The Stoddard Temple is a threat to many things. If it were allowed to exist, nobody would dare to look at himself in the mirror. And that is a cruel thing to do to men. Ask anything of men. Ask them to achieve wealth, fame, love, brutality, murder, self - sacrifice. But don’t ask them to achieve self - respect. They will hate your soul. Well, they know best. They must have their reasons. They won’t say, of course, that they hate you. They will say that you hate them. It’s near enough, I suppose. They know the emotion involved. Such are men as they are. So what is the use of being a martyr to the impossible? What is the use of building for a world that does not exist?” “Your Honor, I don’t see what possible bearing this can have on...” “I am proving your case for you. I am proving why you must go with Ellsworth Toohey, as you will anyway. The Stoddard Temple must be destroyed. Not to save men from it, but to save it from men. What’s the difference, however? Mr. Stoddard wins. I am in full agreement with everything that’s being done here, except for one point. I didn’t think we should be allowed to get away with that point. **Let us destroy, but don’t let us pretend that we are committing an act of virtue. Let us say that we are moles and we object to mountain peaks. Or, perhaps, that we are lemmings, the animals who cannot help swimming out to self-destruction.** I realize fully that at this moment I am as futile as Howard Roark. This is my Stoddard Temple — my first and my last.” She inclined her head to the judge. “That is all, Your Honor.”

7. **Dominique tries to Bribe Roark into quitting:** “Roark, try to understand, please try to understand. I can’t bear to see what they’re doing to you, what they’re going to do. It’s too great — you and building and what you feel about it. You can’t go on like that for long. It won’t last. They won’t let you. You’re moving to some terrible kind of disaster. It can’t end any other way. Give it up. Take some meaningless job — like the quarry. We’ll live here. We’ll have little and we’ll give nothing. We’ll live only for what we are and for what we know.”
8. **Roark rebukes Dominique for continuing to let others define her happiness:** “Until — when, Roark?” His hand moved over the streets. “Until you stop hating all this, stop being afraid of it, learn not to notice it.”
9. **Dominique has her epiphany:** “If they convict you — if they lock you in jail or put you in a chain gang — if they smear your name in every filthy headline — if they never let you design another building — if they never let me see you again — it will not matter. Not too much. Only down to a certain point.” “That’s what I’ve waited to hear for seven years, Dominique.”

1. **Ellsworth speaking at the first meeting of the Council of American Builders:** “You have been conditioned to think of yourselves merely as breadwinners with no higher purpose than to earn your fees and the means of your own existence. Isn’t it time, my friends, to pause and to redefine your position in society? **Of all the crafts, yours is the most important. Important, not in the amount of money you might make, not in the degree of artistic skill you might exhibit, but in the service you render to your fellow men. You are those who provide mankind’s shelter. Remember this and then look at our cities, at our slums, to realize the gigantic task awaiting you. But to meet this challenge you must be armed with a broader vision of yourselves and of your work. You are not hired lackeys of the rich. You are crusaders in the cause of the underprivileged and the unsheltered. Not by what we are shall we be judged, but by those we serve.** Let us stand united in this spirit. Let us — in all matters — be faithful to this new, broader, higher perspective. Let us organize — well, my friends, shall I say — a nobler dream?”
2. **Ellsworth to Dominique viewing New York City:** “**Look at it. A sublime achievement, isn’t it? A heroic achievement. Think of the thousands who worked to create this and of the millions who profit by it. And it is said that but for the spirit of a dozen men, here and there down the ages, but for a dozen men — less, perhaps — none of this would have been possible. And that might be true. If so, there are — again — two possible attitudes to take. We can say that these twelve were great benefactors, that we are all fed by the overflow of the magnificent wealth of their spirit, and that we are glad to accept it in gratitude and brotherhood. Or, we can say that by the splendor of their achievement which we can neither equal nor keep, these twelve have shown us what we are, that we do not want the free gifts of their grandeur, that a cave by an oozing swamp and a fire of sticks rubbed together are preferable to skyscrapers and neon lights — if the cave and the sticks are the limit of our own creative capacities. Of the two attitudes, Dominique, which would you call the truly humanitarian one? Because, you see, I’m a humanitarian.**”
3. **Gordon L. Prescott, echoing Toohey’s philosophy:** “And thus the intrinsic significance of our craft lies in the philosophical fact that we deal in nothing. We create emptiness through which certain physical bodies are to move — we shall designate them for convenience as humans. By emptiness I mean what is commonly known as rooms. Thus it is only the crass layman who thinks that we put up stone walls. We do nothing of the kind. We put up emptiness, as I have proved. This leads us to a corollary of astronomical importance: to the unconditional acceptance of the premise that ‘absence’ is superior to ‘presence.’ That is, to the acceptance of non - acceptance. I shall state this in simpler terms — for the sake of clarity: ‘nothing’ is superior to ‘something.’ Thus it is clear that the architect is more than a bricklayer - since the fact of bricks is a secondary illusion anyway. The architect is a metaphysical priest dealing in basic essentials, who has the courage to face the primal conception of reality as nonreality — since there is nothing and he creates nothingness. If this sounds like a contradiction, it is not a proof of bad logic, but of a higher logic, the dialectics of all life and art. Should you wish to make the inevitable deductions from this basic conception, you may come to conclusions of vast sociological importance. You may see that a beautiful woman is inferior to a non - beautiful one, that the literate is inferior to the illiterate, that the rich is inferior to the poor, and the able to the incompetent. The architect is the concrete illustration of a cosmic paradox. Let us be modest in the vast pride of this realization. Everything else is twaddle.”
4. **Ellsworth to Peter Keating:** “**Kindness, Peter,” said the voice softly, “kindness. That is the first commandment, perhaps the only one.** That is why I had to pan that new play, in my column yesterday. That play lacked essential kindness. **We must be kind, Peter, to everybody around us. We must accept and forgive — there is so much to be forgiven in each one of us. If you learn to love everything, the humblest, the least, the meanest, then the meanest in you will be loved. Then we’ll find the sense of universal equality, the great peace of brotherhood, a new world, Peter, a beautiful new world....”**

5. Stephen Mallory to Howard Roark: Days later, sitting on the window sill in Roark's room, looking out at the street, Mallory said suddenly: "Howard, do you remember what I told you about the beast I'm afraid of? I know nothing about Ellsworth Toohey. I had never seen him before I shot at him. I had only read what he writes. Howard, I shot at him because I think he knows everything about that beast."
6. **Ellsworth explaining to Dominique how his plot against Roark succeeded:** "My God, but I must be a failure! I never thought of myself as such a poor teacher. That you should have learned so little in two years of close association with me! It's really discouraging. Since you are the most intelligent woman I know, the fault must be mine. Well, let's see, you did learn one thing: that I don't waste my time. Quite correct. I don't. Right, my dear, everything will be forgotten by next Christmas. And that, you see, will be the achievement. You can fight a live issue. You can't fight a dead one. Dead issues, like all dead things, don't just vanish, but leave some decomposing matter behind. A most unpleasant thing to carry on your name. Mr. Hopton Stoddard will be thoroughly forgotten. The Temple will be forgotten. The lawsuit will be forgotten. But here's what will remain: 'Howard Roark? Why, how could you trust a man like that? He's an enemy of religion. He's completely immoral. First thing you know, he'll gyp you on your construction costs.' 'Roark? He's no good — why, a client had to sue him because he made such a botch of a building.' 'Roark? Roark? Wait a moment, isn't that the guy who got into all the papers over some sort of mess? Now what was it? Some rotten kind of scandal, the owner of the building — I think the place was a disorderly house — anyway the owner had to sue him. You don't want to get involved with a notorious character like that. What for, when there are so many decent architects to choose from?' Fight that, my dear. Tell me a way to fight it. Particularly when you have no weapons except your genius, which is not a weapon but a great liability."
7. **Ellsworth continues about his victory over Roark, and explains how Dominique is also his victim:** **"Don't you find it interesting to see a huge, complicated piece of machinery, such as our society, all levers and belts and interlocking gears, the kind that looks as if one would need an army to operate it — and you find that by pressing your little finger against one spot, the one vital spot, the center of all its gravity, you can make the thing crumble into a worthless heap of scrap iron?"** It can be done, my dear. But it takes a long time. It takes centuries. I have the advantage of many experts who came before me. I think I shall be the last and the successful one of the line, because — though not abler than they were — I see more clearly what we're after. However, that's abstraction. Speaking of concrete reality, don't you find anything amusing in my little experiment? I do. For instance, do you notice that all the wrong people are on the wrong sides? Mr. Alvah Scarret, the college professors, the newspaper editors, the respectable mothers and the Chambers of Commerce should have come flying to the defense of Howard Roark — if they value their own lives. But they didn't. They are upholding Hopton Stoddard. On the other hand I heard that some screwy bunch of cafeteria radicals called 'The New League of Proletarian Art' tried to enlist in support of Howard Roark — they said he was a victim of capitalism — when they should have known that Hopton Stoddard is their champion. Roark, by the way, had the good sense to decline. He understands. You do. I do. Not many others. Oh, well. Scrap iron has its uses." She turned to leave the room. "Dominique, you're not going?" He sounded hurt. "You won't say anything? Not anything at all?" "No." "Dominique, you're letting me down. And how I waited for you! I'm a very self-sufficient person, as a rule, but I do need an audience once in a while. You're the only person with whom I can be myself. I suppose it's because you have such contempt for me that nothing I say can make any difference. You see, I know that, but I don't care. Also, the methods I use on other people would never work on you. Strangely enough, only my honesty will. **Hell, what's the use of accomplishing a skillful piece of work if nobody knows that you've accomplished it? Had you been your old self, you'd tell me, at this point, that that is the psychology of a murderer who's**

committed the perfect crime and then confesses because he can't bear the idea that nobody knows it's a perfect crime. And I'd answer that you're right. I want an audience. That's the trouble with victims — they don't even know they're victims, which is as it should be, but it does become monotonous and takes half the fun away. You're such a rare treat — a victim who can appreciate the artistry of its own execution.... For God's sake, Dominique, are you leaving when I'm practically begging you to remain?" She put her hand on the doorknob. He shrugged and settled back in his chair. "All right," he said.

8. **Uncle Ellsworth counseling his young niece Catherine:** "You mean, I must want to be unhappy?" "No. You must stop wanting anything. You must forget how important Miss Catherine Halsey is. Because, you see, she isn't. **Men are important only in relation to other men, in their usefulness, in the service they render. Unless you understand that completely, you can expect nothing but one form of misery or another.** Why make such a cosmic tragedy out of the fact that you've found yourself feeling cruel toward people? So what? It's just growing pains. One can't jump from a state of animal brutality into a state of spiritual living without certain transitions. And some of them may seem evil. A beautiful woman is usually a gawky adolescent first. All growth demands destruction. You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs. You must be willing to suffer, to be cruel, to be dishonest, to be unclean — anything, my dear, anything to kill the most stubborn of roots, the ego. And only when it is dead, when you care no longer, when you have lost your identity and forgotten the name of your soul — only then will you know the kind of happiness I spoke about, and the gates of spiritual grandeur will fall open before you."
9. **Ellsworth concluding his counseling session with Catherine:** "**Now you see how difficult it is to discuss these things when our entire language is the language of individualism, with all its terms and superstitions. 'Identity' — it's an illusion, you know. But you can't build a new house out of crumbling old bricks. You can't expect to understand me completely through the medium of present - day conceptions. We are poisoned by the superstition of the ego. We cannot know what will be right or wrong in a selfless society, nor what we'll feel, nor in what manner. We must destroy the ego first. That is why the mind is so unreliable. We must not think. We must believe. Believe, Katie, even if your mind objects. Don't think. Believe. Trust your heart, not your brain. Don't think. Feel. Believe.**"
10. **Toohey preaches to the choir, his fellow intellectuals:** "THE BASIC TROUBLE WITH THE MODERN WORLD," SAID ELLSWORTH Toohey, "is the intellectual fallacy that freedom and compulsion are opposites. To solve the gigantic problems crushing the world today, we must clarify our mental confusion. We must acquire a philosophical perspective. In essence, freedom and compulsion are one. Let me give you a simple illustration. Traffic lights restrain your freedom to cross a street whenever you wish. But this restraint gives you the freedom from being run over by a truck. If you were assigned to a job and prohibited from leaving it, it would restrain the freedom of your career. But it would give you freedom from the fear of unemployment. Whenever a new compulsion is imposed upon us, we automatically gain a new freedom. The two are inseparable. **Only by accepting total compulsion can we achieve total freedom.**
11. **Mitchell Layton and Homer Slottern echo Toohey's philosophy:** "There ought to be a law to make everybody study the mystical secrets of the ages," said Mitchell Layton. "It's all been written out in the pyramids in Egypt." "That's true, Mitch," Homer Slottern agreed. "There's a lot to be said for mysticism. On the one hand. On the other hand, dialectic materialism..." "It's not a contradiction," Mitchell Layton drawled contemptuously. "The world of the future will combine both." "As a matter of fact," said Ellsworth Toohey, "the two are superficially varied manifestations of the same thing. Of the same intention."
12. **Jessica Pratt echoes Toohey's philosophy:** "**All I know is, unselfishness is the only moral principle," said Jessica Pratt, "the noblest principle and a sacred duty and much more important than**

**freedom. Unselfishness is the only way to happiness. I would have everybody who refused to be unselfish shot. To put them out of their misery. They can't be happy anyway."**

13. **Mitchell Layton echoes Toohey's philosophy:** "Something's got to be done about the masses," Mitchell Layton declared. "They've got to be led. They don't know what's good for them. What I mean is, I can't understand why people of culture and position like us understand the great ideal of collectivism so well and are willing to sacrifice our personal advantages, while the working man who has everything to gain from it remains so stupidly indifferent. I can't understand why the workers in this country have so little sympathy with collectivism."
14. **Toohey explains his method to an uncomprehending Peter Keating:** **"If you want something to grow, you don't nurture each seed separately. You just spread a certain fertilizer. Nature will do the rest. I believe you think I'm the only one responsible. But I'm not. Goodness, no. I'm just one figure out of many, one lever in a very vast movement. Very vast and very ancient.**
15. **Ellsworth throws another nugget at Peter even though he can't understand:** "My dear Peter, people go by so many erroneous assumptions. For instance, that old one — divide and conquer. Well, it has its applications. But it remained for our century to discover a much more potent formula. Unite and rule."
16. **Toohey reveals why Howard Roark is so dangerous to his plans:** "I believe we're all equal and interchangeable. A position you hold today can be held by anybody and everybody tomorrow. Equalitarian rotation. Haven't I always preached that to you? Why do you suppose I chose you? Why did I put you where you were? To protect the field from men who would become irreplaceable. To leave a chance for the Gus Webbs of this world. Why do you suppose I fought against — for instance — Howard Roark?"
17. **Peter Keating admits that he doesn't understand Ellsworth, and Toohey reveals that he can outright reveal his plans without anyone understanding him:** **"Ellsworth, I don't know what you're talking about." "But of course you don't. That's my advantage. I say these things publicly every single day — and nobody knows what I'm talking about."**
18. **Toohey says the thing that Peter fears the most, without Peter taking it seriously:** "The inexplicable is always terrifying. But it wouldn't be so frightening if you stopped to ask yourself whether there's ever been any reason why you should have been at the top.... Oh, come, Peter, smile, I'm only kidding. One loses everything when one loses one's sense of humor."
19. **Toohey writes his final article about Howard Roark:** "Here, in a microcosm, we can observe the evil that has crushed our poor planet from the day of its birth in cosmic ooze. One man's Ego against all the concepts of mercy, humanity and brotherhood. One man destroying the future home of the disinherited. One man condemning thousands to the horror of the slums, to filth, disease and death. When an awakening society, with a new sense of humanitarian duty, made a mighty effort to rescue the underprivileged, when the best talents of society united to create a decent home for them — the egotism of one man blew the achievement of others to pieces. And for what? For some vague matter of personal vanity, for some empty conceit. I regret that the laws of our state allow nothing more than a prison sentence for this crime. That man should forfeit his life. Society needs the right to rid itself of men such as Howard Roark." Thus spoke Ellsworth M. Toohey in the pages of the New Frontiers.
20. **Toohey laments that he has no one who can appreciate his victory:** "There are occasions, Alvah, when the issues at stake are not the ostensible facts at all. And the public reaction seems out of all proportion, but isn't. You shouldn't be so glum about it. I'm surprised at you. You should be thanking your stars. You see, this is what I meant by waiting for the right moment. The right moment always comes. Damned if I expected it to be handed to me on a platter like that, though. Cheer up, Alvah. This is where we take over." "Take over what?" "The Wynand papers." "You're crazy, Ellsworth. Like all of them. You're crazy. What do you mean? Gail holds fifty - one per cent

of..." "Alvah, I love you. You're wonderful, Alvah. I love you, but I wish to God you weren't such a God-damn fool, so I could talk to you! I wish I could talk to somebody."

21. **Toohy admits his real desire to control Howard Roark to Peter Keating:** "Why do you want to kill Howard?" "I don't want to kill him. I want him in jail. You understand? In jail. In a cell. Behind bars. Locked, stopped, strapped — and alive. He'll get up when they tell him to. He'll eat what they give him. He'll move when he's told to move and stop when he's told. He'll walk to the jute mill, when he's told, and he'll work as he's told. They'll push him, if he doesn't move fast enough, and they'll slap his face when they feel like it, and they'll beat him with rubber hose if he doesn't obey. And he'll obey. He'll take orders. He'll take orders!"
22. **Toohy admires the contract between Roark and Peter Keating:** "I didn't expect you to have it in writing like that, with his signature. So that's what he's done for you — and this is what you do in return.... No, I take back the insults, Peter. You had to do it. Who are you to reverse the laws of history? Do you know what this paper is? The impossible perfect, the dream of the centuries, the aim of all of mankind's great schools of thought. You harnessed him. You made him work for you. You took his achievement, his reward, his money, his glory, his name. We only thought and wrote about it. You gave a practical demonstration. Every philosopher from Plato up should thank you. Here it is, the philosopher's stone — for turning gold into lead. I should be pleased, but I guess I'm human and I can't help it, I'm not pleased, I'm just sick. The others, Plato and all the rest, they really thought it would turn lead into gold. I knew the truth from the first. I've been honest with myself, Peter, and that's the hardest form of honesty. The one you all run from at any price. And right now I don't blame you, it is the hardest one, Peter."
23. **Ellsworth reveals his lust for power:** "You make me sick," said Toohy. "God, how you make me sick, all you hypocritical sentimentalists! You go along with me, you spout what I teach you, you profit by it — but you haven't the grace to admit to yourself what you're doing. You turn green when you see the truth. I suppose that's in the nature of your natures and that's precisely my chief weapon — but God! I get tired of it. I must allow myself a moment free of you. That's what I have to put on an act for all my life — for mean little mediocrities like you. To protect your sensibilities, your posturings, your conscience and the peace of the mind you haven't got. That's the price I pay for what I want — but at least I know that I've got to pay it. And I have no illusions about the price or the purchase." "What do you... want... Ellsworth?" "Power, Petey."
24. **Ellsworth Toohy's great speech (part 1):** "You. The world. It's only a matter of discovering the lever. If you learn how to rule one single man's soul, you can get the rest of mankind. It's the soul, Peter, the soul. Not whips or swords or fire or guns. That's why the Caesars, the Attilas, the Napoleons were fools and did not last. We will. The soul, Peter, is that which can't be ruled. It must be broken. Drive a wedge in, get your fingers on it — and the man is yours. You won't need a whip — he'll bring it to you and ask to be whipped. Set him in reverse — and his own mechanism will do your work for you. Use him against himself. Want to know how it's done? See if I ever lied to you. See if you haven't heard all this for years, but didn't want to hear, and the fault is yours, not mine. There are many ways. Here's one. **Make man feel small.** Make him feel guilty. Kill his aspiration and his integrity. That's difficult. The worst among you gropes for an ideal in his own twisted way. **Kill integrity by internal corruption.** Use it against itself. Direct it toward a goal destructive of all integrity. Preach selflessness. Tell man that he must live for others. Tell men that altruism is the ideal. Not a single one of them has ever achieved it and not a single one ever will. His every living instinct screams against it. But don't you see what you accomplish? Man realizes that he's incapable of what he's accepted as the noblest virtue — and it gives him a sense of guilt, of sin, of his own basic unworthiness. Since the supreme ideal is beyond his grasp, he gives up eventually all ideals, all aspiration, all sense of his personal value. He feels himself obliged to preach what he can't practice. But one can't be good halfway or honest approximately. To preserve one's

integrity is a hard battle. Why preserve that which one knows to be corrupt already? His soul gives up its self - respect. You've got him. He'll obey. He'll be glad to obey — because he can't trust himself, he feels uncertain, he feels unclean. That's one way. Here's another. **Kill man's sense of values. Kill his capacity to recognize greatness or to achieve it.** Great men can't be ruled. We don't want any great men. Don't deny the conception of greatness. Destroy it from within. The great is the rare, the difficult, the exceptional. Set up standards of achievement open to all, to the least, to the most inept — and you stop the impetus to effort in all men, great or small. You stop all incentive to improvement, to excellence, to perfection. Laugh at Roark and hold Peter Keating as a great architect. You've destroyed architecture. Build up Lois Cook and you've destroyed literature. Hail Ike and you've destroyed the theater. Glorify Lancelot Clokey and you've destroyed the press. Don't set out to raze all shrines — you'll frighten men. **Enshrine mediocrity — and the shrines are razed.** Then there's another way. **Kill by laughter.** Laughter is an instrument of human joy. Learn to use it as a weapon of destruction. Turn it into a sneer. It's simple. Tell them to laugh at everything. Tell them that a sense of humor is an unlimited virtue. Don't let anything remain sacred in a man's soul — and his soul won't be sacred to him. **Kill reverence and you've killed the hero in man.** One doesn't reverence with a giggle. He'll obey and he'll set no limits to his obedience — anything goes — nothing is too serious. Here's another way. This is most important. **Don't allow men to be happy.** Happiness is self - contained and self - sufficient. Happy men have no time and no use for you. Happy men are free men. So kill their joy in living. Take away from them whatever is dear or important to them. Never let them have what they want. Make them feel that the mere fact of a personal desire is evil. Bring them to a state where saying 'I want' is no longer a natural right, but a shameful admission. Altruism is of great help in this. Unhappy men will come to you. They'll need you. They'll come for consolation, for support, for escape. Nature allows no vacuum. Empty man's soul — and the space is yours to fill. I don't see why you should look so shocked, Peter. This is the oldest one of all. **Look back at history. Look at any great system of ethics, from the Orient up. Didn't they all preach the sacrifice of personal joy? Under all the complications of verbiage, haven't they all had a single leitmotif: sacrifice, renunciation, self - denial? Haven't you been able to catch their theme song — 'Give up, give up, give up, give up'? Look at the moral atmosphere of today. Everything enjoyable, from cigarettes to sex to ambition to the profit motive, is considered depraved or sinful. Just prove that a thing makes men happy — and you've damned it. That's how far we've come. We've tied happiness to guilt. And we've got mankind by the throat.** Throw your first - born into a sacrificial furnace — lie on a bed of nails — go into the desert to mortify the flesh — don't dance — don't go to the movies on Sunday — don't try to get rich — don't smoke — don't drink. It's all the same line. The great line. Fools think that taboos of this nature are just nonsense. Something left over, old-fashioned. But there's always a purpose in nonsense. Don't bother to examine a folly — ask yourself only what it accomplishes. Every system of ethics that preached sacrifice grew into a world power and ruled millions of men. Of course, you must dress it up. You must tell people that they'll achieve a superior kind of happiness by giving up everything that makes them happy. You don't have to be too clear about it. Use big vague words. 'Universal Harmony' — 'Eternal Spirit' — 'Divine Purpose' — 'Nirvana' — 'Paradise' — 'Racial Supremacy' — 'The Dictatorship of the Proletariat.' Internal corruption, Peter. That's the oldest one of all. The farce has been going on for centuries and men still fall for it. Yet the test should be so simple: just listen to any prophet and if you hear him speak of sacrifice — run. Run faster than from a plague. It stands to reason that where there's sacrifice, there's someone collecting sacrificial offerings. Where there's service, there's someone being served. The man who speaks to you of sacrifice, speaks of slaves and masters. And intends to be the master. But if ever you hear a man telling you that you must be happy, that it's your natural right, that your first duty is to yourself — that will be the man who's not after your soul. That will be the man who has nothing to gain from

you. But let him come and you'll scream your empty heads off, howling that he's a selfish monster. So the racket is safe for many, many centuries. But here you might have noticed something. I said, 'It stands to reason.' Do you see? **Men have a weapon against you. Reason. So you must be very sure to take it away from them.** Cut the props from under it. But be careful. Don't deny outright. Never deny anything outright, you give your hand away. **Don't say reason is evil — though some have gone that far and with astonishing success. Just say that reason is limited. That there's something above it. What? You don't have to be too clear about it either. The field's inexhaustible. 'Instinct' — 'Feeling' — 'Revelation' — 'Divine Intuition' — 'Dialectic Materialism.'** **If you get caught at some crucial point and somebody tells you that your doctrine doesn't make sense — you're ready for him. You tell him that there's something above sense. That here he must not try to think, he must feel. He must believe. Suspend reason and you play it deuces wild. Anything goes in any manner you wish whenever you need it. You've got him. Can you rule a thinking man? We don't want any thinking men."**

25. **Ellsworth Toohey's great speech (part 2):** "You're afraid to see where it's leading. I'm not. I'll tell you. The world of the future. The world I want. A world of obedience and of unity. A world where the thought of each man will not be his own, but an attempt to guess the thought in the brain of his neighbor who'll have no thought of his own but an attempt to guess the thought of the next neighbor who'll have no thought — and so on, Peter, around the globe. Since all must agree with all. A world where no man will hold a desire for himself, but will direct all his efforts to satisfy the desires of his neighbor who'll have no desires except to satisfy the desires of the next neighbor who'll have no desires — around the globe, Peter. Since all must serve all. A world in which man will not work for so innocent an incentive as money, but for that headless monster — prestige. The approval of his fellows — their good opinion — the opinion of men who'll be allowed to hold no opinion. An octopus, all tentacles and no brain. Judgment, Peter? Not judgment, but public polls. An average drawn upon zeroes — since no individuality will be permitted. A world with its motor cut off and a single heart, pumped by hand. My hand — and the hands of a few, a very few other men like me. Those who know what makes you tick — you great, wonderful average, you who have not risen in fury when we called you the average, the little, the common, you who've liked and accepted those names. You'll sit enthroned and enshrined, you, the little people, the absolute ruler to make all past rulers squirm with envy, the absolute, the unlimited, God and Prophet and King combined. Vox populi. The average, the common, the general. **Do you know the proper antonym for Ego? Bromide, Peter.** The rule of the bromide. But even the trite has to be originated by someone at some time. We'll do the originating. Vox dei. We'll enjoy unlimited submission — from men who've learned nothing except to submit. We'll call it 'to serve.' We'll give out medals for service. You'll fall over one another in a scramble to see who can submit better and more. There will be no other distinction to seek. No other form of personal achievement. Can you see Howard Roark in the picture? No? Then don't waste time on foolish questions. Everything that can't be ruled, must go. And if freaks persist in being born occasionally, they will not survive beyond their twelfth year. When their brain begins to function, it will feel the pressure and it will explode. The pressure gauged to a vacuum. Do you know the fate of deep-sea creatures brought out to sunlight? So much for future Roarks. The rest of you will smile and obey. Have you noticed that the imbecile always smiles? Man's first frown is the first touch of God on his forehead. The touch of thought. But we'll have neither God nor thought. Only voting by smiles. Automatic levers — all saying yes... Now if you were a little more intelligent — like your ex-wife, for instance — you'd ask: What of us, the rulers? What of me, Ellsworth Monkton Toohey? And I'd say, Yes, you're right. I'll achieve no more than you will. I'll have no purpose save to keep you contented. To lie, to flatter you, to praise you, to inflate your vanity. To make speeches about the people and the common good. Peter, my poor old friend, I'm the most selfless man you've ever known. I have less independence than you,

whom I just forced to sell your soul. You've used people at least for the sake of what you could get from them for yourself, I want nothing for myself. I use people for the sake of what I can do to them. It's my only function and satisfaction. I have no private purpose. I want power. I want my world of the future. Let all live for all. Let all sacrifice and none profit. Let all suffer and none enjoy. Let progress stop. Let all stagnate. **There's equality in stagnation. All subjugated to the will of all. Universal slavery — without even the dignity of a master. Slavery to slavery. A great circle — and a total equality. The world of the future."**

26. **Ellsworth Toohey's great speech (part 3):** "Ellsworth... you're..." "Insane? Afraid to say it? There you sit and the word's written all over you, your last hope. **Insane? Look around you. Pick up any newspaper and read the headlines. Isn't it coming? Isn't it here? Every single thing I told you? Isn't Europe swallowed already and we're stumbling on to follow? Everything I said is contained in a single word — collectivism. And isn't that the god of our century? To act together. To think — together. To feel — together. To unite, to agree, to obey. To obey, to serve, to sacrifice.** Divide and conquer — first. But then — unite and rule. We've discovered that one at last. Remember the Roman Emperor who said he wished humanity had a single neck so he could cut it? People have laughed at him for centuries. But we'll have the last laugh. We've accomplished what he couldn't accomplish. We've taught men to unite. This makes one neck ready for one leash. We've found the magic word. Collectivism. Look at Europe, you fool. Can't you see past the guff and recognize the essence? One country is dedicated to the proposition that man has no rights, that the collective is all. The individual held as evil, the mass — as God. No motive and no virtue permitted — except that of service to the proletariat. That's one version. Here's another. A country dedicated to the proposition that man has no rights, that the State is all. The individual held as evil, the race — as God. No motive and no virtue permitted — except that of service to the race. Am I raving or is this the cold reality of two continents already? Watch the pincer movement. If you're sick of one version, we push you into the other. We get you coming and going. We've closed the doors. We've fixed the coin. Heads — collectivism, and tails — collectivism. Fight the doctrine which slaughters the individual with a doctrine which slaughters the individual. Give up your soul to a council — or give it up to a leader. But give it up, give it up, give it up. **My technique, Peter. Offer poison as food and poison as antidote. Go fancy on the trimmings, but hang on to the main objective.** Give the fools a choice, let them have their fun — but don't forget the only purpose you have to accomplish. Kill the individual. Kill man's soul. The rest will follow automatically. Observe the state of the world as of the present moment. Do you still think I'm crazy, Peter?"

## Gail Wynand

1. **Mr. Wynand defines the target audience of the Banner publication:** The first campaign of the Banner was an appeal for money for a charitable cause. Displayed side by side, with an equal amount of space, the Banner ran two stories: one about a struggling young scientist, starving in a garret, working on a great invention; the other about a chambermaid, the sweetheart of an executed murderer, awaiting the birth of her illegitimate child. One story was illustrated with scientific diagrams; the other — with the picture of a loose - mouth girl wearing a tragic expression and disarranged clothes. The Banner asked its readers to help both these unfortunates. It received nine dollars and forty - five cents for the young scientist; it received one thousand and seventy - seven dollars for the unwed mother. Gail Wynand called a meeting of his staff. He put down on the table the paper carrying both stories and the money collected for both funds. "Is there anyone here

who doesn't understand?" he asked. No one answered. He said: "Now you all know the kind of paper the Banner is to be."

2. **Mr. Wynand defining his mission:** "Men differ in their virtues, if any," said Gail Wynand, explaining his policy, "but they are alike in their vices." He added, looking straight into the questioner's eyes: "I am serving that which exists on this earth in greatest quantity. I am representing the majority — surely an act of virtue?"
3. **Gail continues to define his philosophy:** "If you make people perform a noble duty, it bores them," said Wynand. "If you make them indulge themselves, it shames them. But combine the two — and you've got them."
4. **Rand narrates the Banner's function:** The Banner was permitted to strain truth, taste and credibility, but not its readers' brain power. Its enormous headlines, glaring pictures and oversimplified text hit the senses and entered men's consciousness without any necessity for an intermediary process of reason, like food shot through the rectum, requiring no digestion.
5. **Dominique asks Gail why he named his yacht, "I Do":** Dominique looked at the gold letters — I Do — on the delicate white bow. "What does that name mean?" she asked. "It's an answer," said Wynand, "to people long since dead. Though perhaps they are the only immortal ones. You see, the sentence I heard most often in my childhood was 'You don't run things around here.'"
6. **Dominique is discovering that she and Gail are very similar:** "May I name another vicious bromide you've never felt?" "Which one?" "You've never felt how small you were when looking at the ocean." He laughed. "Never. Nor looking at the planets. Nor at mountain peaks. Nor at the Grand Canyon. Why should I? When I look at the ocean, I feel the greatness of man. I think of man's magnificent capacity that created this ship to conquer all that senseless space. When I look at mountain peaks, I think of tunnels and dynamite. When I look at the planets, I think of airplanes." "Yes. And that particular sense of sacred rapture men say they experience in contemplating nature — I've never received it from nature, only from..." She stopped. "From what?" "Buildings," she whispered. "Skyscrapers."
7. **After watching the miserable play, Dominique beats up Gail, showing him the true nature of the Devil he empowers with the Banner:** He was silent in the car on their way home. When they entered their drawing room, he stood waiting, ready to hear and accept anything. For a moment she felt the desire to spare him. She felt empty and very tired. She did not want to hurt him; she wanted to seek his help. Then she thought again what she had thought in the theater. She thought that this play was the creation of the Banner, this was what the Banner had forced into life, had fed, upheld, made to triumph. And it was the Banner that had begun and ended the destruction of the Stoddard Temple.... The New York Banner, November 2, 1930 — "One Small Voice" — "Sacrilege" by Ellsworth M. Toohey — "The Churches of our Childhood" by Alvah Scarret — "Are you happy, Mr. Superman?"... And now that destruction was not an event long since past — this was not a comparison between two mutually unmeasurable entities, a building and a play — it was not an accident, nor a matter of persons, of Ike, Fougler, Toohey, herself... and Roark. **It was a contest without time, a struggle of two abstractions, the thing that had created the building against the things that made the play possible — two forces, suddenly naked to her in their simple statement — two forces that had fought since the world began — and every religion had known of them — and there had always been a God and a Devil — only men had been so mistaken about the shapes of their Devil — he was not single and big, he was many and smutty and small.**
8. **Gail admits how petty he can be in the abuse of what power he has:** All the giants of the spirit whom I've broken. I don't think anybody ever realized how much I enjoyed doing it. It's a kind of lust. I'm perfectly indifferent to slugs like Ellsworth Toohey or my friend Alvah, and quite willing to leave them in peace. But just let me see a man of a slightly higher dimension — and I've got to make a sort of Toohey out of him. I've got to. It's like a sex urge."

9. **Gail shows Dominique how similar his own thinking is to hers: “Power, Dominique. The only thing I ever wanted. To know that there’s not a man living whom I can’t force to do — anything.** Anything I choose. The man I couldn’t break would destroy me. But I’ve spent years finding out how safe I am. They say I have no sense of honor, I’ve missed something in life. Well, I haven’t missed very much, have I? The thing I’ve missed — it doesn’t exist.”
10. **Dominique warns Gail about Toohey, but Gail is oblivious to Toohey’s influence:** “Gail, listen.” Her voice had an urgency she had never shown in speaking to him. “I’ve never wanted to stop Toohey. I’ve even helped him. I thought he was what the world deserved. I haven’t tried to save anything from him... or anyone. I never thought it would be the Banner — the Banner which he fits best — that I’d want to save from him.” “What on earth are you talking about?” “Gail, when I married you, I didn’t know I’d come to feel this kind of loyalty to you. It contradicts everything I’ve done, it contradicts so much more than I can tell you — it’s a sort of catastrophe for me, a turning point — don’t ask me why — it will take me years to understand — I know only that this is what I owe you. Fire Ellsworth Toohey. Get him out before it’s too late. You’ve broken many much less vicious men and much less dangerous. Fire Toohey, go after him and don’t rest until you’ve destroyed every last bit of him.” “Why? Why should you think of him just now?” “Because I know what he’s after.” “What is he after?” “Control of the Wynand papers.” He laughed aloud; it was not derision or indignation; just pure gaiety greeting the point of a silly joke. “Gail...” she said helplessly. “Oh for God’s sake, Dominique! And here I’ve always respected your judgment.” “You’ve never understood Toohey.”
11. **Gail continues to show his ignorance about Toohey’s plans: “It’s not his popularity. It’s the special nature of it. You can’t fight him on his terms. You’re only a tank — and that’s a very clean, innocent weapon. An honest weapon that goes first, out in front, and mows everything down or takes every counterblow. He’s a corrosive gas.** The kind that eats lungs out. I think there really is a secret to the core of evil and he has it. I don’t know what it is. I know how he uses it and what he’s after.” “Control of the Wynand papers?” “Control of the Wynand papers — as one of the means to an end.” “What end?” “Control of the world.” He said with patient disgust: “What is this, Dominique? What sort of gag and what for?” “I’m serious, Gail. I’m terribly serious.” “Control of the world, my dear, belongs to men like me. The Tooheys of this earth wouldn’t know how to dream about it.” “I’ll try to explain. It’s very difficult. The hardest thing to explain is the glaringly evident which everybody has decided not to see. But if you’ll listen...” “I won’t listen. You’ll forgive me, but discussing the idea of Ellsworth Toohey as a threat to me is ridiculous. Discussing it seriously is offensive.”
12. **Gail explains how much he admires Roark for being a man worthy of his art:** “I never meet the men whose work I love. The work means too much to me. I don’t want the men to spoil it. They usually do. They’re an anticlimax to their own talent. You’re not. I don’t mind talking to you. I told you this only because I want you to know that I respect very little in life, but I respect the things in my gallery, and your buildings, and man’s capacity to produce work like that. Maybe it’s the only religion I’ve ever had.”
13. **Near the beginning of the “bromance” between Gail and Roark, Gail tries to find common ground:** Did you want to scream, when you were a child, seeing nothing but fat ineptitude around you, knowing how many things could be done and done so well, but having no power to do them? Having no power to blast the empty skulls around you? Having to take orders — and that’s bad enough — but to take orders from your inferiors! Have you felt that?” “Yes.” “Did you drive the anger back inside of you, and store it, and decide to let yourself be torn to pieces if necessary, but reach the day when you’d rule those people and all people and everything around you?” “No.” “You didn’t? You let yourself forget?” “No. I hate incompetence. I think it’s probably the only thing I do hate. But it didn’t make me want to rule people. Nor to teach them anything. It made me want to do my own

work in my own way and let myself be torn to pieces if necessary.” “And you were?” “No. Not in any way that counts.” “You don’t mind looking back? At anything?” “No.”

14. **Still Trying to find commonality with Roark, Gail discovers a key difference:** “Howard, have you ever held power over a single human being?” “No. And I wouldn’t take it if it were offered to me.” “I can’t believe that.” “It was offered to me once, Gail. I refused it.” Wynand looked at him with curiosity; it was the first time that he heard effort in Roark’s voice. “Why?” “I had to.” “Out of respect for the man?” “It was a woman.” “Oh, you damn fool! Out of respect for a woman?” “Out of respect for myself.”
15. **Gail decides to intentionally use the Banner to advance his own thoughts:** “All this power I wanted, reached and never used... Now they’ll see what I can do. I’ll force them to recognize him as he should be recognized. I’ll give him the fame he deserves. **Public opinion? Public opinion is what I make it.**”
16. **Gail puts words to the “bromance”:** Roark climbed back on deck; Wynand looked at Roark’s body, at the threads of water running down the angular planes. He said: “You made a mistake on the Stoddard Temple, Howard. That statue should have been, not of Dominique, but of you.”
17. **Gail attempts to define himself in Toohey’s terms:** “I’ve been wondering lately whether he really understands what he’s advocating. Selflessness in the absolute sense? Why, that’s what I’ve been. Does he know that I’m the embodiment of his ideal? Of course, he wouldn’t approve of my motive, but motives never alter facts. If it’s true selflessness he’s after, in the philosophical sense — and Mr. Toohey is a philosopher — in a sense much beyond matters of money, why, let him look at me. I’ve never owned anything. I’ve never wanted anything. I didn’t give a damn — in the most cosmic way Toohey could ever hope for. I made myself into a barometer subject to the pressure of the whole world. The voice of his masses pushed me up and down. Of course, I collected a fortune in the process. Does that change the intrinsic reality of the picture? Suppose I gave away every penny of it. Suppose I had never wished to take any money at all, but had set out in pure altruism to serve the people. What would I have to do? Exactly what I’ve done. Give the greatest pleasure to the greatest number. Express the opinions, the desires, the tastes of the majority. The majority that voted me its approval and support freely, in the shape of a three-cent ballot dropped at the corner newsstand every morning. The Wynand papers? For thirty-one years they have represented everybody except Gail Wynand. I erased my ego out of existence in a way never achieved by any saint in a cloister. Yet people call me corrupt. Why? The saint in a cloister sacrifices only material things. It’s a small price to pay for the glory of his soul. He hoards his soul and gives up the world. But I — I took automobiles, silk pyjamas, a penthouse, and gave the world my soul in exchange. Who’s sacrificed more - if sacrifice is the test of virtue? Who’s the actual saint?”
18. **Gail is still in denial about his own influence:** “All right, it was contemptible — the whole career of the Banner. But this will vindicate everything. Dominique, I know you’ve never been able to understand why I’ve felt no shame in my past. Why I love the Banner. Now you’ll see the answer. Power. I hold a power I’ve never tested. Now you’ll see the test. They’ll think what I want them to think. They’ll do as I say. Because it is my city and I do run things around here. Howard, by the time you come to trial, I’ll have them all twisted in such a way there won’t be a jury who’ll dare convict you.”
19. **Toohey destroys Gail’s illusion of power:** “I came to take my leave of absence, Mr. Wynand,” said Toohey. His face was composed; it expressed no gloating; the face of an artist who knew that overdoing was defeat and achieved the supreme of offensiveness by remaining normal.” And to tell you that I’ll be back. On this job, on this column, in this building. In the interval you will have seen the nature of the mistake you’ve made. Do forgive me, I know this is in utterly bad taste, but I’ve waited for it for thirteen years and I think I can permit myself five minutes as a reward. So you were a possessive man, Mr. Wynand, and you loved your sense of property? Did you ever stop to

think what it rested upon? Did you stop to secure the foundations? No, because you were a practical man. Practical men deal in bank accounts, real estate, advertising contracts and gilt - edged securities. They leave to the impractical intellectuals, like me, the amusements of putting the gilt edges through a chemical analysis to learn a few things about the nature and the source of gold. They hang on to Kream - O Pudding, and leave us such trivia as the theater, the movies, the radio, the schools, the book reviews and the criticism of architecture. Just a sop to keep us quiet if we care to waste our time playing with the inconsequential of life, while you're making money. Money is power. Is it, Mr. Wynand? So you were after power, Mr. Wynand? Power over men? You poor amateur! You never discovered the nature of your own ambition or you'd have known that you weren't fit for it. You couldn't use the methods required and you wouldn't want the results. You've never been enough of a scoundrel. I don't mind handing you that, because I don't know which is worse: to be a great scoundrel or a gigantic fool. That's why I'll be back. And when I am, I'll run this paper." Wynand said quietly: "When you are. Now get out of here."

20. **Gail admits that his efforts to help Roark have failed:** "Howard, the Banner is not helping you. It's ruining you." It had taken him eight weeks to prepare himself to say that. "Of course," said Roark. "What of it?" Wynand would not advance into the room. "Gail, it doesn't matter, as far as I'm concerned. I'm not counting on public opinion, one way or the other." "You want me to give in?" "I want you to hold out if it takes everything you own."
21. **Gail laments his fall from power (part 1):** "Howard, the Banner is not helping you. It's ruining you." It had taken him eight weeks to prepare himself to say that. "Of course," said Roark. "What of it?" Wynand would not advance into the room. "Gail, it doesn't matter, as far as I'm concerned. I'm not counting on public opinion, one way or the other." "You want me to give in?" "I want you to hold out if it takes everything you own."
22. **Gail laments his fall from power (part 2):** I never got out. I surrendered to the grocery man — to the deck hands on the ferryboat — to the owner of the poolroom. You don't run things around here. You don't run things around here. You've never run things anywhere, Gail Wynand. You've only added yourself to the things they ran. Then he looked up, across the city, to the shapes of the great skyscrapers. He saw a string of lights rising unsupported in black space, a glowing pinnacle anchored to nothing, a small, brilliant square hanging detached in the sky. He knew the famous buildings to which these belonged, he could reconstruct their forms in space. He thought, you're my judges and witnesses. You rise, unhindered, above the sagging roofs. You shoot your gracious tension to the stars, out of the slack, the tired, the accidental. The eyes one mile out on the ocean will see none of this and none of this will matter, but you will be the presence and the city. As down the centuries, a few men stand in lonely rectitude that we may look and say, there is a human race behind us. One can't escape from you; the streets change, but one looks up and there you stand, unchanged. You have seen me walking through the streets tonight. You have seen all my steps and all my years. It's you that I've betrayed. For I was born to be one of you.
23. **Gail laments his fall from power (part 3):** "I released them all. I made every one of those who destroyed me. There is a beast on earth, dammed safely by its own impotence. I broke the dam. They would have remained helpless. They can produce nothing. I gave them the weapon. I gave them my strength, my energy, my living power. I created a great voice and let them dictate the words. The woman who threw the beet leaves in my face had a right to do it. I made it possible for her. Anything may be betrayed, anyone may be forgiven. But not those who lack the courage of their own greatness. Alvah Scarret can be forgiven. He had nothing to betray. Mitchell Layton can be forgiven. But not I. I was not born to be a second-hander."