

This book is not about architecture. It's about one against many. Cognitive thoughts vs. puppets, enlightened vs. uninformed. The masses of the world are controlled by the masses that are controlled by whoever tells them what the masses believe. They have been taught to believe that one person cannot make a difference, that a unified society is the answer. Told that everything they do is sin. They are led to believe that they must give up their personal desires for their neighbors. They have no goodness in them, no ability for goodness and that they must try to make up for this. They do not contest this because "one" does not matter, and therefore one cannot matter. If one were to try to buck the system, he is granted the title of a radical, a hater of progress, a hater of humanity. Most are not granted clarity long enough to get this far. Even if one were to receive clarity, he is too spineless, too cowardly, too far gone to maintain it. Maybe however, they aren't selling their souls to any particular person. They're selling them to the masses. The masses who've sold themselves to themselves. All selling themselves to an idea. That if you give up yourself, you'll find happiness. How can you be happy if you don't have yourself? These robot humans are guided by the middle men, the ones who realize the injustice of this mind slavery, but encourage it.

In The Fountainhead, Ellsworth Toohey is the ultimate middle man. Men have sold their souls through him, expecting advantages and allowing Toohey to form their opinions for them. He has designated what is appropriate for approval. Worse still, Toohey has designated the unexceptional, the bland and vastly untalented as worthy of commendation. For Peter Keating, selling his soul to another who has sold his to another who has sold his to another, is the way he lives his life. It's pitiable for Peter Keating that he has been chosen as replaceable in this way. He does not realize this, or won't. Why should he? All he desires is to be the man who has it all in society's eyes. He thinks society's standards of all are all. If everyone says this is what is right, it must be the dream. Peter Keating is not a man, he is a mannequin. He wants the prestige, the respect and the honor. In selling himself, he finds that he has this, but also discovers that happiness and contentment are not included as part of the package.

Howard Roark has himself. Were he to sell his soul, it would be the ultimate win for evil. This is not an option for him. While he is the genius needed to equalize the mediocre, his very nature is ingrained against such a thing. He does not build for people or for what they want. He builds what he wants, what they need.

Howard Roark does not run on auto-pilot. Cogito, ergo sum. He knows his energy, essence; his soul will never be wiped forever. Thus he is invincible. Howard Roark protects his soul, lives for himself. Howard Roark realizes he is invincible. Because he knows he is invincible, he does not lose this enlightenment. Those who realize this often forget it. It doesn't seem to hold enough power for them. They get scared, of social obligations, death and other's opinions, and forget their own invincibility. Our essence is never gone. Just like our bodies, our souls must go somewhere. The question I'm addressing is not where do our souls go after death, but what happens to us in life if we sell them?

Keep your soul, control yourself. Live your life. Sell your soul, be controlled. A person living for society is a shell. They become a puppet of another's discretion. This is the ultimate travesty, as your soul is the only thing you are most certainly given. Nothing in life is guaranteed. Our bodies will fail us, fate will fall short, hope luck and love will all abandon us. But our soul is always ours. It cannot be taken

unless we give it. Society does not hold one's soul quite so high. Society offers all the transient things in the life in exchange for the one eternal thing. One must rise above this and live for oneself.

Peter Keating is part of this society, sucked in its twisted circle. Howard Roark is not. He watches but continues his way. In the passage discussed, Peter Keating is granted a moment of the clarity he only experiences a handful of times. Keating realizes that with all his prestige and admiration, Roark is the one pursuing what he loves. He realizes he is a sell out and an empty figurehead. He sees how he has been living without his soul and how he should have kept it.