

• Capitalism: the Unknown Ideal

• Ayn Rand

by Lee Pilby

Capitalism: the Unknown Ideal
by Ayn Rand .95¢

Capitalism: The Unknown Ideal is the newest book by the philosopher-novelist Ayn Rand. It could be considered the "manifesto" of capitalism. But unlike its famous predecessor it does not declare that its objective "can be attained only by the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions". It can be realized instead **only** through an intellectual battle — simply by the full knowledge of what capitalism is.

The unique approach of the book is signalled in the title by the use of the words "unknown" and "ideal". "Unknown" because what Ayn Rand is advocating is not the **re-establishment** of capitalism, but its **discovery**. "Ideal" because unlike any of the previous advocates of capitalism, her defense does not rest on its being the most efficient mechanism for providing mankind's necessities and comforts, nor on the utilitarian concept of the "greatest good for the greatest number", but on it being a moral ideal applicable to every man.

It is conceded, sometimes even by the socialists, that capitalism is superior in the "material realm", but since morality and practicality conflict, we must choose the moral course. What Ayn Rand has written is a defense of capitalism on moral grounds — as the only system



Novelist-philosopher Ayn Rand

appropriate to a moral human being and as the only moral politico-economic system in history.

Since capitalism has traditionally been advocated by "conserv-

atives" who rest their case on religion, it is often assumed that this is an essential component of its defense. This is disputed by Ayn Rand who opens her article

"Requiem to Man" with the following:

In advocating capitalism, I have said and stressed for years that capitalism is incompatible with altruism and mysticism. Those who chose to doubt that the issue is "either-or" have now heard it from the highest authority of the opposite side: Pope Paul VI.

What follows is a brilliant — and devastating — point by point analysis of the papal encyclical "Populorum Progressio", as a condemnation of capitalism for the very attributes which make it conducive to human liberty and well-being.

The underlying theme of the various essays is that the basic premises of capitalism were never explicitly identified by its advocates. Without this identification they were never able to entirely reject the utterly opposite moral base of their opposition. Holding these contradictions, capitalism's advocates were no match for those who held the same moral premises, but were more consistent about them. To finish off the job, historians smeared, disguised and attempted to obliterate the most miraculous event of human history with scorn, sneers, and outright misrepresentation.

Naturally, there are some who, even knowing capitalism's nature, would not like it. But this book will interest anyone who has never been satisfied with the idea that the "practical" has to

clash with the "moral", that the good of one man has to be bought with the sacrifice of another, that there is no alternative to being a sucker — or a parasite.

The articles range from answers to the typical objections to capitalism regarding the early effects of the Industrial Revolution, the tendency to "oligopolies", and a discussion of the need for war not by countries where individual freedom (including economic freedom) is respected, but only in statist countries — to the implications of the view of such profoundly anti-capitalist theorists as Eric Fromm, that Man is "the freak of the universe".

Needless to say to the readers of her novels, Ayn Rand does **not** consider man the "freak" of the universe, nor that harmony among men is impossible. She writes at the end of an essay entitled "Theory and Practice":

If capitalism had never existed, any honest humanitarian should have been struggling to invent it. But when you see men struggling to evade its existence, to misinterpret its nature, and to destroy its last remnants you may be sure that whatever their motives, love for man is not one of them.

If the above statement intrigues you, **Capitalism: The Unknown Ideal** is the explanation "why".

(Signet paperback available at the York University Bookstore)

• Crisis at the Victory Burlesk

• Robert Fulford

Crisis at the Victory Burlesk
by Robert Fulford, Oxford
University Press, \$5.95

by Linda Bohnen

Robert Fulford has a problem. Deep down inside he thinks he was born in the wrong place — Toronto — at the wrong time — 1932.

I say this after reading *Crisis at the Victory Burlesk*, a collection of columns Fulford wrote in the '60's for the Toronto Star and various Canadian magazines. It is a very good collection. There

is something for everybody: columns on music, art and books, columns on people and politics. And of course, Fulford writes very well. He can make the machinations of the Board of Broadcasting Governors interesting and pop art half-way intelligible. He writes gently, clearly, dispassionately. He may be Canada's best columnist.

But his problem. It all revolves around what Fulford calls Cancult. Cancult is "the right thing for the wrong reason." It is buying a painting by a Canadian artist because the artist is Canadian and not because you like the painting. Can-

cult implies nationalism is more important than art. Moreover, it has a price: anti-Americanism.

And not only is Fulford vehemently opposed to Cancult (which is rather like being against motherhood these days), but he is ardently pro-American. His first heroes were American jazz musicians. The novelists he first "took seriously", the artists who have "meant the most" to him are all Americans. In fact, he writes, "If you define a man by the cultural climate in which he lives, then I am an American."

So pro-American is he that the closest he comes to accepting

that the American edifice is crumbling is a desperate, "But can my kind of America endure? For the first time, I now take seriously that it cannot."

Sometimes Fulford even sounds anti-Canadian, as in a bitter address to pro-Canadians in which he says that from foreign aid to social welfare Canada is inferior to the U.S. He liked Expo, but still found it in him to describe an imaginary Expo 70 called Man and the Truth. (In Canada's pavilion illiterate, half-starved Eskimos are flown in fresh from the north to stand trial for crimes they didn't know existed.)

(It isn't very often Fulford is as biting as that. He's a very reasonable fellow. Doesn't get excited.)

What, then, makes Robert Fulford Canadian? He says it's the fact that while he shares America's culture he doesn't have to share its problems. Well, Robert, it's more than that. If it wasn't, you wouldn't be writing about the Bi-and-Bi Commission. Or about the CBC. Or "the mood of our politics."

You'd be down in the States making twice the bread, far removed from the parochialisms of Cancult.

Thank God you're not.

• Byline: Ernest Hemingway

• William White

By-line: Ernest Hemingway
edited by William White, \$1.25
by Linda Bohnen

By-Line: Ernest Hemingway
has been published as a Bantam paperback and for a lot of ob-

vious and a few not-so-obvious reasons it's well worth the \$1.25. The book is a collection of articles Hemingway wrote for the Toronto Star, Esquire and assorted other journals between 1920 and 1956.

Hemingway students will be interested in the pieces on bullfighting in Spain, marlin-fishing off Cuba and the Spanish Civil War — subjects that of course evolved to form the background for many of the novels.

But I was struck by something

entirely different: how fresh Hemingway's journalistic style still seems and how present-day columnists have borrowed from him. I'm thinking in particular of Jimmy Breslin. Now I know bull-

fighting and African safaris are not exactly Breslin's scene. Nevertheless, there is the same attempt to relate what is happening to the little man, the same humanization of the important figure, the same unself-conscious subjectivity. More technically, there is the same deliberate juxtaposition of long sentence against short and the same trick of burying the writer's identity in the anonymous "reporter."

And I was struck again by Hemingway as a humourist. For someone so preoccupied with the tragic, he could be pretty darn funny.