

OTTO ERNRT SUTTER: **ADVERTISING FOR GOODWILL**

If a building should collapse, no matter for what reason, and if it be determined to erect it a new, whether in a new form or according to the old plan, what is the first thing to be done? It is not necessary to understand much of architecture in order to find the answer: first of all the ruins of the collapsed building must be cleared away, the site on which the new edifice is to be erected must be free of rubbish! To be sure, that is the secret! Everybody knows the answer, and would with perfect justice, consider anyone who did not know it to be remarkably lacking in brain power How is the reconstruction of European economics, so-called, proceeding? To tell the truth in a word in the most helpless and contradictory fashion possible! It is not as if plans for new and practical construction were lacking—by no means. There is no lack of these. But what has been utterly neglected up to now is the clearing away of the rubbish-heap of prejudice, mistrust and hatred left behind by the world conflagration of 1914—1918 and the years immediately following.

No wonder that the plans put into execution here and there will by no means stay of a piece! No wonder that the laboriously erected edifices always begin to slide and collapse! How can anything stand firm when the foundations are not solid beneath it?

I hope I shall not be misunderstood. The rubbish-heaps of which I speak are not visible to the naked eye. They cannot be deduced from the accountbooks of ministries of finance and tax officials, nor from the balance-sheets and profit and loss calculations of trusts and concerns. Have we not all felt clearly enough that the intellectual and moral debacle, especially in Europe, is much worse and much more oppressive than the mere economic misery!

Is it not the purest madness when nations or their governments start purely hair-splitting quarrels in a day when nothing but the spirit of mutual co-operation can find the way out of our miseries? O Europe thou art indeed a continent struck with blindness!

What is the psychological explanation of the sorry condition in which we are plunged up to our necks? To be sure, there are many causes all contributing to our misfortunes; we are all aware of them, we wake up with them in the morning, are worn out by a long day's toil and sink into an uneasy sleep, too often burdened by the spectre of privation to come. The economists, whether theoretical or practical, devote themselves whole-heartedly to their task of discovering the faults and failings which must be eliminated from the various budgets, the governments impose new burdens which must be borne, the taxpayer sighs, but he fulfils the demands of the state, as far as it be in his power—and still there is no sign of a new dawn on the horizon. The clouds pile up, dark and threatening as before.

Where lies the fault? Everyone feels that there is a fault somewhere. It is a fault that no-one