

“FROM BASRA TO BREXIT”.

HOW TO LOSE THE “WAR OF THE ARTS OF PEACE” UNDER THE LIFESPACE-DESIGN LEADERSHIP OF FENLAND TECH.

“FARE L’ISOLA”.

The best Universities pride themselves on practising what the monks of Naples call “*fare l’isola*”. This was described to me in the year before their terrible earthquake of 1980, as “buying up all the properties in a city-block, retiring inside, locking the door and singing Hail Mary’s”. This was surely the motive when some monks left Oxford, which has a half-reasonable climate, and re-located to the fens of Cambridge which, during the winter at least has one that is both damp and swept by Arctic winds from the North Sea. Oxford was too ‘central’, too comfortable and too involved in the ‘affairs of State’ to allow the monks that calm and isolation necessary to the pursuit of the *vita contemplativa*. Yet it is Cambridge now that has more money than Oxford. The Daily Telegraph claims that if one removes Oxford and Edinburgh from the balance then the financial endowments of Cambridge are more than double all of the other British universities combined.

ARCHITECTURE HAS NEVER, EVER, BEEN ‘THEORISED’ IN BRITAIN.

The rise of these fenland cloisters to the richest and most ‘successful’ British University is paralleled by the elevation of Cambridge’s Department of Architecture. Yet Cambridge’s Department is not the most chronologically ‘original’ in Britain. The study of the Medium that L.B. Alberti described, in the mid 15C as “the paradigmatic medium of civilisation”, was, until the 20C dawned on these islands, the province of wealthy amateurs. Alberti was the writer of the first theory that extended into several ‘books’ since the founding of the Roman Empire. There has never been an equivalent British Theorist. Such written theories that there are, in the 9,000-year history of this Medium, have been, like the Medium itself, all imported from ‘overseas’. Not that any of them have proved capable of translation into the circumstances of the 20C. They have all failed to prevent the contemporary collapse and continuing desuetude of this medium and its profession.

AN OCCASIONAL AFFAIR FOR AMATEURS: “LOVERS OF ARCHITECTURE”.

My own alma mater, the Bedford Square Architectural Association began, in 1847, as evening conversations between study-groups of articulated pupils. Cambridge began, in 1912, as an offshoot of Archaeology. The AA remains a private school, unconnected to any other institution. It is very much more costly than any other and sees its role as promoting the Avant Garde and training Geniuses in the sense described by Braque when he said of Picasso: “He was a good painter. Now he is only a Genius”. A half-century ago, the few Graduates from Cambridge who wished to enter the Profession rather than remain, as did James Mason, to remain Amateur “came down” to

Bedford Square for two years to learn their trade. Now few Brits can afford to attend at all. 'Genius', may be the AA's aim but few hit the mark!

THE RISE AND RISE OF CAMBRIDGE

The Cambridge Department is consistently judged, by various league tables, to be the best in Britain. It was from Cambridge, in the 1950s and '60s that British Architectural Education was transformed from a craft-based study based in Art Schools and Polytechnics into a full-time course housed in the many New University Foundations of the early 1960s (not so much "red brick" as precast concrete). Cambridge is the model to which British schools aspire. Its continuing role in this position is supported by the Senate of Cambridge even after that body voted to determine and close it as recently as 2004. The continuing tolerance of their Department's uselessness to the study and development of the "paradigmatic medium" allows it to escape the radical reform that this University, itself, should, because of its dominating position, both lead and inspire.

OXFORD FOR POLITICS.

Oxford, on the contrary, is unusual amongst British Universities in never having had any Faculty at all in this subject. This is mysterious when one considers the primacy of Oxford in breeding politicians, and even British Prime Ministers, and the long history of the espousal of Architecture to Governance. Octavian Caesar, while founding the transition between the Republic and the Empire, went out of his way to decree that its Architecture should be modelled on that of Periclean Athens. Hellenic 'Classicism' was already Neo-Classicism some 2000 years ago. Yet, as everyone knows, this Architecture was developed to serve the numerous and varied political projects of Hellenic politics, amongst which we may find that of 'Athenian Democracy'.

THE IMPORTANCE OF IMPORTING

None of this, however, was of foundational importance to the governance of Britain. It goes without saying that every sort of 'Architecture' built on the island had, at its inception, been an import from its point of origin. Even the 'Gothic' that remains the island's "state style" was a clearly 'political' device invented by the French as they fought against the power of Islam. The Abbe Suger's 12C prescriptions were for a sort of architecture that could be saturated with (Christian) symbolism and mediated, as far as possible, by colours and lights that sparkled like Jewels. And we think that Las Vegas canonised neon. Even its 'pointed arches' (which were absent from Suger's specifications), were copied, some centuries earlier, from the Islamic Architecture found by the French Crusaders in the Levant.

A FORBIDDEN HISTORY.

The first such 'pointed Arches' are found in early Buddhist Architecture of India. I was encouraged by Dame Elisabeth Esteve-Coll when she was Director of the V&A Museum to propose, in 1995, an exhibition tracing the British State Style to its historic origins. It was discouraged by others as

being too “politically sensitive”. My firm were informed, when requested to provide a design to reconstruct the Banqueting Hall out of the cinders of a blackened Windsor Castle, that “its style should be Gothic”. It was in the Palace of Westminster, in the Chancellor’s newly wall-papered office (designs by A.W. Pugin), at a ceremony attended by the late Baroness Thatcher, that it was proposed that: “A week-end (in Pugin’s restored house at Margate), would restore one’s British Blood”. Gothic is not, on this island, a merely passive subject for ‘historical rumination’. It supports the State, is an elixir to cardiac energy and a continuing seduction to vampires.

‘STYLING’ THE ANTI-STATE.

The early-19C revival of this long-abandoned ‘style’ was equally political. Charles Barry’s composition that won the competition to re-build the Palace of Westminster after the fire of 1837 was proposed to be clothed in either Roman Classical or French Gothic. Disraeli and his movement for a “New Britain” chose, for the Palace from which would be governed the greatest empire the globe had ever seen: the style of 18C rustic retreats in which to enjoy ‘Gothic (horror?) Romances’. Disraeli’s purpose was to demonstrate the island Empire’s disapproval of a ‘Classical’ Architecture associated with the Neo-Grec Republicanism of the French Revolution. Gothic was judged to better suit the anti-republican dynastic monarchies re-imposed on every European state by the policy of Metternich after the defeat of Napoleon.

None of this, either is ever admitted by any institution of Architectural education in Britain. It is too ‘politically delicate’ a subject. The style of ‘Transalpine Gothic’, when it is compared to the ‘Cisalpine Classical’ is normally justified by its “structural rationalism”. Which piece of native positivist flummery brings us nicely back to Cambridge and the higher reaches of the island’s Architectural metaphysics.

THE PRICE OF RENTING THE ‘EXISTENZMINIMUM’.

The Cambridge Faculty was in decline during the decade after the end of WWII and the 1945 Labour landslide that put so many Socialist MPs into Gothic Westminster that their majority, their mere majority, exceeded the entire tally of the Opposition. The project of the Elected Representatives of this extraordinary opportunity for change, this huge democratic impetus which would never again be repeated, became the erasure of the past in order to create a better future. The manifest and published official way to effect of this worthy ambition were the exclusion of all qualities save those of physics. As was revealed to us in 1955 at our first meeting with the intelligent and cultivated ‘Headmaster’ of our Central London Polytechnic Department of Architecture: “Architecture is no longer a literary subject”.

“NO METAPHYSICS PLEASE - WE’RE 1940’S WELFARE LABOUR”.

This was to be a radical future that would be divested of all metaphysical force and meaning. Only a culture of deliberate disdain for, and suspicion of, metaphysics could have conceived of such a strategy. Its engrained-by-centuries-of-ex-Imperial-Mandarin contempt for human nature would doom it to failure, as history ultimately proved. But, back in the 1940’s, during

the Attlee regime, it was clear that the Cambridge BA in Architecture as a Liberal Arts degree, such as it rather limply was, had become politically superfluous. No one was ever going to build anything 'literate' ever again. No one was ever, under the shadow of the Atomic Bomb, ever going to live in anything remotely 'Architectural' again. Newly-stripped of the Imperial cash-flow and gouged by the new Income Taxes, the trashed bodies of large country houses, requisitioned by the Army during WWII were being dissected, demolished and sold for occasional building materials. My own firm completed, in 1985, amongst the pseudo-Gothick ruins of Wadhurst Park, the "Best", as its prizewinning advert was described: "Country House built since WWII". It appeared certain, to the bare-bulb clarity of British Labour's vision, that Architecture's ancient powers to inscribe the metaphysics of a culture, any and every culture from one part of the globe to another, had to be deliberately suppressed as the price of Welfare Socialism's entry into the New Existenzminimum.

"LOSING AN EMPIRE AND FINDING A ROLE".

I was born in Malaysia. My Father had been born in India. My Mother had been born in Argentina. We were all British, even English, yet none of us had been 'bred' in the damp, soft, vegetation of this misty, slightly salty, island. As a boy of sixteen I wanted to design aeroplanes. But, exploring all avenues, as teen-agers do, I was reading, in the microscopic Paddington W2 apartment to which my father (who had been on Mountbatten's staff) had been reduced, the fat tome of Gombrich's "History of Art". My father snatched it from my hand with the advice: "John, we have no time for Art. We have an Empire to run". The year was 1950.

Sadly for him, but not for me - too young to know the vastness of my lost patrimony - five centuries of imperial aggrandisement had already ended in 1947 with the precipitate and hurried division of India into its two 'independent' fractions. My father never adjusted. He made a new family at the age of 57, sold the family capital and disappeared into the Cheshire Cat Shrubland that surrounds London in pointless 'country houses'.

What use were the powerful political employments of any sort of 'Architecture' to this island of Imperial Retirees and unemployed Workers - newly shorn of their Imperially-protected employments by the economically subliterate ex-Imperial Mandarins of the British Socialist Establishment. As Secretary of State Acheson remarked somewhat later (December 1962): "Britain has lost an Empire and not yet found a role". Acheson also opined: "The first requirement of a Statesman is that he be dull". This was a sentiment that would have endeared him to 1950s Cambridge.

LOSING THE SCRIPT ENTIRELY.

For it was the almost-eponymous Neal Acheson, one of Britain's best living political and cultural essayists of the latter 20C, who wrote in the 'Observer; "that when he was up at Cambridge, in the 1950s, the idea was that if calm and reason reigned (colour grey), wars and famines could be planned-out of History". Then, at the end of his essay he wrote: "when I came down from Cambridge I felt the

presence of something out of sight, over my shoulder, which later turned out to be Pop".

In short what Acherson 'discovered' was that the extraordinary iconic illiteracy and incompetence of our most admired University, la creme de la intellectual creme, had so failed to invent an iconics for its new-born post-WWII Rule of Reason that all of the semantic and syntactical requirements for the ontic culture of the English Socialism that this University espoused, had had to be invented 'ex-utero' of the 'High culture' which it taught and of which it projected itself as guardian! What a constupendous cock-up! What squalid cognitive incompetence!

"ANTI-COMMUNIST ASSET"

Lecture three, of my '44 Lectures' on the 'War of the Arts of Peace' is titled "The End of Urbanity". It details the prescription by the Attlee Administration for the conversion of the most urbanised (apart from Holland), state in Europe into a downsized North American suburbia. So peculiar was this endless love affair between English Socialism and the USA (pace 'Operation Iraqi Freedom'), that the CIA, after the fractious visit, in 1956 of Bulganin and Khrushchev to Britain, denoted English Socialism, as opposed to any of its Continental variants, an "anti-communist asset".

HIS MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE IN THE "SUMMER OF 1947"

The means to this peculiar metamorphosis was the fat little illustrated manual, printed on glossy art paper, published by HMSO in 'Summer 1947'. Its title was "The Redevelopment of Central Areas". It prescribed various town planning concepts as well as the geometrical implements by which these administrative legalities were to be enforced. It was also notable by the entire exclusion of any lessons drawn from the 9,000-year history of Architecture and Urbanity - not to mention Ornament. This document, distributed to all Town Planning Departments, yet unknown to most professional Architects, is the foundation upon upon which the whole lifespan of late-20C Britain has been largely built. It was a deliberate, historic, iconic and ontic void. Everything previous, that is to say, if you like: "as found", was deliberately erased.

F.A.B.S.

I was once a member of a very small and exclusive Dining Club called FABS aka. the "Foreign Architectural Book Society". Edwin Lutyens had been a Member. I joined with the ambition to discover who had composed this fearsome Post-War HMSO manual. No one seemed inclined to such conversations. So, even though the eccentric Albert Richardson, amongst other Classicists, had been a member, I left. Anglo-Classicism, as with English Architecture in general, has never manifested much theoretical energy.

THE COMMON ROOM'S WEAKNESS FOR THEORY.

So it can not have been all that difficult, in 1956, given the circumstances described above, for the doctorally-decorated Dr. Leslie Martin, designer, inter alia, of the South Bank Festival Hall, to persuade the Cambridge Senate to abandon the teaching of Architecture as a three-year Liberal Arts BA and replace it with a 5-year vocational MA. And this, also was strange, as Alice might have said, for it has always been against the principles of this intellectually ambitious University to teach a merely vocational subject, and especially one that is so weak on Theory that its pedagogy is a mainly mindless ritual. It was possible, for example, during the 1940s and 1950s, to study Architecture with no more than a few passes at Ordinary Level. No 'A'-Levels at all were required. Architecture was a subject for which it was considered that one needed little in the way of brains. One's life would be spent amongst people who could sign very large cheques. Social Capital and a certain 'artistic talent' were the main qualifications for entry.

I do not demur to the fact that Cambridge despises what they describe as a 'vocational' education. The purpose of the Oxbridge College is that having 'theorised' their various media, the Dons, and even the less experienced minds, can discourse at the level of ideas, as such, without particulars as to subject. What, after all, is this, ultimately, but mathematics?

But Architecture is not only extremely old, that is to say buried in the deepest foundations of every major culture, but extremely primordial to every individual psyche of such major cultures. Almost every living exemplar of such cultures was born and raised in a building, even if it was not Architecture. These are levels of Being which are hard to raise to the levels of 'understanding' at which they can be 'theorised'.

It may be argued that this is precisely the purpose behind the wholesale abandonment, after WWII, of every technique employed by the 'traditional' Architectural design strategies. For it was precisely these, taught as a three-year degree, that Martin closed down for his five-year 'vocational mathematics' farce. It may be further argued that it was necessary to: 'clear the Past away in order to get down to the primordial bedrock of building design'. Unfortunately this bedrock was mistaken for what Mies van der Rohe called "Baukunst" (or "the Art of Building"). It was a profoundly silly trivialisation of the Medium - but only one of the many that have led to its present "Deconstruction" - the silliest episode of its ever-sillier 'Modern' history.

FROM GOOD LOOT TO "MUSEUM QUALITY" STUFF.

The Cambridge Faculty of Architecture celebrated its centenary in 2012. Its biography by Andrew Saint describes its birth as an offshoot of the study of Archaeology - a science itself an offshoot of the inveterate looting of treasures endemic to any successful Empire, and especially one as commercial as Britain's. This makes its teaching of Architecture, its uses, its principles and its designs as manifested by its 'given' global examples rather less than half of the duration of its historic existence. For during the 60 years since that fatal date the spirit of this Faculty, as with most others around the globe, has been the prisoner of the project to invent what is best termed "*Une Architecture Autre*". It has to be admitted that this also is not a

project invented on this island. This being said, however, its most famous, indeed world-famous practitioner, for Sir James Stirling was celebrated as the best that the globe could offer at his premature death in 1992, was indeed British. It is also true that Stirling's best '*Architecture Autre*' is, itself, overseas.

THE CAMBRIDGE BLUES: NOTHING BUT NUMBERS.

Leslie Martin overcame the inbuilt resistance of the Senate to 'vocational subjects' by promising to securely found Architecture as a theoretically rich and intellectually challenging discipline. Martin's master-stroke was to promise that Cambridge's own 'silver bullet' magic would be the means to this conceptual reconfiguration. What else could this be but Mathematics, the medium in which the Monks of the Fens have established such a mastery that hugely wealthy donors, like Gates of Microsoft, line up every day to buy a way-in, for themselves, to access Cambridge's *mathesis universalis*? It has been mathematics, originally the most abstruse of the contemplations essayed by the retreat from Oxford, that has empowered the most lucrative cash gusher in Britain's intellectual history. How could the Senate deny the learned Doctor M?

LE TRAHISON DES CLERCS.

Thus it was that ten years later, in 1961, an eponymous 'Martin Centre' was spun-off from the newly-focussed Faculty to devote its increasingly numerous 'researchers' to the assimilation of the human lifespace to the joys of computation. Books were published under the leadership of its Chairman, Professor Lionel March, which showed how the wall, door and window footprints (aka. 'floorplans'), of celebrated Architectural monuments could be rotated, flipped and generally fooled-around-with by the various devices invented by recent mathematics. The Architectural Facade proved less accommodating to these puerile games. No attempt at all was made to 'redesign' the original of the Architectural Medium itself, namely the 'Scripted, painted, decorated and ornamented Interior'. But one could expect no more from an enterprise so patently devoted to the political trivialisation and cognitive denaturation of the Architectural medium.

ACHERSON'S "CAPITAL OF FUNK".

It is interesting to reflect on how close were the the intellectual universes of Welfare Labour and the Democrats of the USA. If we work backwards from their virtual synthesis at the birth of New Labour and forwards from Attlee's Welfare Labour 1947 prescription that the UK become a mini USA, we can easily understand how it was that Cambridge accepted, so easily, the complete erasure of the whole culture of Architecture, 'as found' (to use a term topical to the 1950s), and its re-constitution as a value-free positivism for hutching-up the Masses. It was, speaking ontically as well as ethically, a squalid exercise of pure funk, not to speak of an even purer intellectual incompetence. Why did Cambridge have to accept that Welfare Socialism meant adopting the anti-imperial blank-wall "protest" aesthetics of the micro-states of Holland, Bohemia and Catalonia? Why did Cambridge have to

cast itself in the “Little Englander” role? What is even more ghastly is that this wretched Department has chosen to remain wallowing in this pusillanimous gruel even when my Firm built, right opposite its windows, a huge monument (a conversion of the City Hospital into the CU Business School), with its own richly-decorated ‘Giant’ (Robot) Order with its own Robot Entablature. Needless to say that this monster (in the sense of *monstrare* - to show), was refused a prize by my own Professional Institute (RIBA) and then voted, by the whole of Cambridge Town (can one presume Gown), their “best Building of the Decade”).

A DOSE OF THAT NASTY (BREXIT) TONIC!

‘Brexit’ is a wake-up call to these little Welfare Bunnies. Most of Europe is PROVINCIAL compared to Britain - with or without her Empire. Europe is NOT WHAT IT WAS. The 19C in Europe, with its ending in Le Stile Pompier and painters as ghastly as Gustave Moreau, was bad enough. Europe in the 20C was even worse - with certain Parisian exceptions that flowered better in the USA. This is why all these boys from Holland, and so on, in black tee-shirts and mechanically-balded faces have been piling into London. They want to GET AWAY FROM EUROPE. London is the most cosmopolitan city on the globe and the dogged architectural cowardice and incompetence of Cambridge, as Britain’s leading Architectural Faculty, has ensured that the English have lost control of London’s Architectural Culture and Politics.

RESEARCH AND YOU SHALL NOT FIND.

The Martin Centre never has to run the gauntlet of an ‘untrained’ student eager to be taught ‘Architecture’. The ‘Martin Land Use Centre’ does no teaching. Its income is derived from computing various notions affixed to the vast and unresisting canvas of the human lifespaces. Over two million gifted pounds have recently been expended establishing the alarming fact that the distribution of buildings in height or spatial configuration, that is whether in villages, towns or cities, has very much less impact on their consumption of energy than the lifestyles of their inhabitants. In short that the culture of a population matters more than the machinery of their accommodation. Yet how could Cambridge deal with this extraordinary truth when its Faculty of Architecture is “founded on mathematics”.

CHEW TEN TIMES BEFORE SWALLOWING.

One is reminded of the Blairite Socialism of the Millennium when it was decreed that “Beauty” in Architecture was, like everything else, to be reduced to a judgment on a scale of one to ten. It could then, after a suitable weighting, be computed alongside “capability to manage a contract” and “willingness to work in a team” and all the other qualities that decent, amiable, well-meaning welfare pen-pushers pursue. Curiously, my firm of JOA were weighted highly on the pragmatics but rated only so-so on ‘design’. This was because we used too much of the forbidden ‘Architecture’. Then, when Blairism was revealed, by the 2007 bankruptcies, as yet another aping of the USA, in this case Clifton’s attempt to mortgage the feckless poor into middle class ways, and Welfare Socialism finally collapsed under Corbyn, the ‘Observer’ advised that “all Outram’s buildings should be “listed” (as

national treasures). It is English Socialism's contempt and ignorance of the role of Urbanity, Architecture and Ornament that has ruined this island's politics, and Cambridge is its *fons et origo*.

NEMESIS: TRIAL BY SIGNS OF LIFE.

Dame Alison Richards, when she was ruling Cambridge as its Vice Chancellor, threatened the Architectural Faculty with complete termination and closure. The Vice-Chancellor condemned it as "dull and uninteresting", aka. lacking in any common interest or signs of life. Perhaps her previous charge, when she was Provost of Yale, had encouraged her to expect too much. For the students of Architecture of that university had tried to burn their faculty down. They failed because its Architect, Paul Rudolph, had poured so much concrete into its hopelessly staggered floors (before smashing the lot around with pneumatic jack-hammers), that it just refused to combust!

There were the usual protestations, demonstrations and articles in the Polite Press. The result was worse than the status quo ante. The undergraduate studios were pushed out of the high ceilinged classical rooms of Scroope Terrace into a freshly-built industrial saw-toothed plywood shed at the 'bottom of the garden' and replaced by the throngs of professionally useless (but well-funded) 'researchers' of the mathematically-fettered Martin Centre. With hindsight it is pity that V-C Alison Richards did not pursue her policy of closure to its full implementation. Cambridge continues to attract the brightest students of my medium and continues to waste their youthful ardour with its laboured intellectual frauds.

A QUARTER-CENTURY OF PROUD (BUT MATHEMATICAL) INFANTILITY.

It is impossible not to employ this word for it was at the very time that Dr. Martin was seducing the unworldly logicians of Cambridge (those unsighted positivists whom Acherson identified as midwifing the ex-utero birth of Pop Art), that the main ambition of Post WWII Architectural theory was the invention of an universal Architectural semantics. This was a 'difficult' project that was too easily diverted into the trivial deceptions of Post Modernism. The final 'decoding' of the syntax and semantic of Architecture was an ambition that recognised, After Hiroshima and Belsen, the inhuman brutality as well as the political ineffectiveness of the bare bulb and white wall technocratic positivism that I found etching grey tracing paper with 2H pencils in 1979 when I came up to Cambridge as Dalibor Vesely's "practitioner" and tutorial assistant. It manifested a disgustingly 'innocent' insularity, farcically arrogant now that God was no longer an (Oxbridge) Englishman. The Cambridge Faculty, remains, until it is drastically re-programmed, no place to study the realpolitik subjects of the Arts of Peace.

REFRESHING THE PARTS CAMBRIDGE DOES NOT REACH.

The most sordid episode in this sorry 2004-5 history was the insistence by the Senate, that while every peripheral (and preferably Positivist), subject would be funded (and an infinitude of these from Air-Conditioning to Spatial Neuroscience can be called to the bar of the Design of the Human

Lifespace), no one was going to be paid to teach 'Architectural Design' - as such! The Senate had twigged (for they are not entirely without intellectual penetration), that there WAS no Theory of Architecture (as such!). So Architectural DESIGN, from the crisis in 2004 onwards, has had to be 'taught' by young bloods up from London and paid for 'externally' by the Building Industry and the Profession!

These rising young metropolitans would impart what can be described, intellectually, as nothing more than the latest fashions created by the 'Starchitects' like Frank Gehry, Rem Koolhaas and the late Zaha Hadid. Gehry, after all, chooses between the little models knocked up by assemblies of freshly-qualified young devotees by the immortal accolade of "That looks really dumb". With Deconstruction the 'real' inventions are these little models that sit, like milliners hat-blocks, on high shelves in the studio. The 1:1 scale buildings are rather less 'pure' assemblies derived, by 3-D scanning, from their calculatedly subliterate originals. The Public lives today, as Rem Koolhaas correctly observes, and especially in the realms of the 'highest' Architectural ambitions, in an "Age of Trash".

SLOWLY DYING - LIKE THE PROFESSION AND THE MEDIUM IT 'LEADS'.

Perhaps needless to say, also, is the curious fact that so distanced has this Department become from the truths of History that NOTHING of this furious and most public episode is described in the 'official' history published by the otherwise excellent Historian Andrew Saint on the Cambridge Department of Architecture's web-site. The Faculty never had to fight for its life and as the price of survival, never had to abandon a big piece of its departmental real-estate and shrink its studio space. In short it never had to undergo the contempt of the Science and Engineering backbone of Cambridge's muscle and come away weaker even than it was.

DR. FAUSTUS PULLS IT OFF.

There can be no escaping the fact that this espousal of 'mathematics', back in the 1950s, was firstly a trick which, if pulled-off, could not fail to impress the ruling powers of Cambridge University itself. Secondly it was a trick that succeeded in getting some financial steam pumped into a Faculty dying, during the Attlee Administration, from the uselessness of the 9,000 years of Architecture, city-Planning and Ornament, all as-found, to the native notions of Welfare Socialism. Both of these tactics might have been of little importance. One always has to cut one's cloth to the measure at hand. But the third trick was far, far more serious.

UNTIL HE FINDS HE HAS NO SOUL.

For this was to deliberately deny the Governance of the Island the power that Urbanity, Architecture and Ornament had always provided to its Employers. This was the crippling handicap imposed by the wretchedly pusillanimous and Architecturally subliterate post-WWII Spirit of Cambridge upon English Socialism. This calculated ignorance was the incapacity that lies behind the slowly accumulating series of misfortunes that afflict, with mounting severity, the Island State.

How could the 'Anglosphere' ever have hoped to 'pacify' aka. "Change the Regimes" of Iraq and Afghanistan without the most radical and powerful, politically-motivated, lifespace-design strategies? What was the British Army expected to do after occupying Basra? Bankrupt of large ideas as to how to overcome the sectarian tribalism of the Middle East, the island's army found itself ignominiously ejected by the urban guerrilla combat of civilian irregulars. Basra saw the ruin of the island's previous high reputation for "counter insurgency".

Today, the island's reputation for calm and political maturity lies in equal ruin as its component tribalisms career towards the division of 'Great Britain into ancient ethnicities of no real meaning. Yet how can any Rationally-Ordered State hope to create a unifying culture without the aid of the media of Urbanity, Architecture and scripted Decoration, or signifying Ornament? Without these aids, in which to reify its spirit, its component parts merely regress into their previously tribal animations - as has happened in the Middle East, in spite of the expenditure of some three trillion dollars - and is now happening on these islands themselves.

But of these three media, the Arts of Peace, or as they were termed in 15C Italy, the Paradigmatic Media of Civilisation, with their ancient and proven capabilities, this island's governors, after six decades of futile self-denial, remain, totally, pathetically and disreputably ignorant.

THE END OF "LOOKING AT A HALF-CENTURY OF LIFESPACE-DESIGN THEORY FROM CAMBRIDGE.