

AN INVITATION TO PARTICIPATE in the 2017-2018

“CAMERA LUCIDA” of the “WAR OF THE ARTS OF PEACE”

Dear Potential Participant,

September 2016.

Post-Brexit Britain seems to me a promising moment to launch an Internet course proposing the idea that it is the seventy years of a TOTAL TABOO ON ARCHITECTURE ‘as found’, during its 9,000-year history, that has prevented Anglo-America from heading-off its recently somewhat unexpected disasters aka. the three-trillion-dollar cock-up in the Middle East, the Brits Exiting History, Donald Trump promising much the same and Turkey, our only Muslim Democracy, abandoning ‘constitutionality’ for Islamic Despotism.

I mean what is going on? No one seems to know. The military are brilliant. The Anglospheric “Arts of Peace” a subliterate, self-serving, incompetent POLITICAL DISASTER: both at home and abroad.

When one conquers a country (in three weeks), like Iraq, which had the second biggest military in the M.E. one is supposed to DO something with it - not PROVE that one is entirely void of ‘big ideas’. When a large fraction of one’s own citizens do not share in the ethos of the keyboard-tapping exam-passers that have governed the West since WWII then one must DO something about them - or they, too, will get fed-up and TURN NASTY.

The intelligent faces of the key-tappers show on the internet as puzzled, surprised and even fearful. Britain was doing great business as the Atlantic Hong Kong, floating on Oriental Capital. The island was a revolving door through which young men and women, from countries with a ‘serious’ history, entered our furiously fructifying Academies and learned, in nice posh English, how to design a world that was a soft, meaningless carpet of Tat (Rem Koolhaas calls it “Trash”), spiced, if necessary, with the island speciality of Punk. There was no need for them to speak good English as the Academies taught that nothing made sense anyway.

The command of the language was shown to be useful later-on by the Music Hall of Lifespace-Design Professors who demonstrated how to become a Star Performer. One had to spout the right sort of gibberish in the right sort of way. Encouragingly, most of the most fluent Performers were not English anyway. They showed what a non-native-speaker could do. London was the place to learn these tricks and even a great place to get paid to perform them.

There was no need to acquire any carnally integrated skills, such as hand-drawing and model-making, as both drawings and models were 'printed' by mindless machines. The island Academies taught how to become a Genius in the sense that Braque meant when he remarked of Picasso (perhaps unreasonably): "He was a good painter. Now he is only a Genius".

These thousands of young men and women, thoroughly corrupted by our imperishably imperialist anti-metaphysical ethic, returned happily through the "revolving door" through which already poured the next eager cohort. They spread-out, all over the world, carrying their conversion to the pleasures of being trashed. Or would it be the pleasures of trashing 'Being'? The revolving door was a turbine, powered by the press of these easily-corrupted adolescents, that supported the charlatanry and fraud of our Design superstructure.

Now Brexit has jammed the door. It no longer turns. The mirage of the Great British Way no longer shimmers. The Academies are panicked. The Internet is full of pictures of 'Workshops' where artificially-balding youths in black Tee-shirts confer with older ladies in the high-static-shock hairstyle. All appear grim. All protest at their dependence on the revolving-door people. Not only as to quantity, but as to quality, for they admit that the Entrants have practical skills in which the native Islanders are no longer capable.

Sadly, although I half-know half of them, my sympathy for their fate is ENTIRELY ABSENT. I regard Brexit as THEIR FAULT - their fault entirely. I voted Remain. I too stepped out on June 24 into a country that I felt was no longer mine. What myopia led the key-tappers to follow the Welfare-Socialist Mandarins who founded our counter-literate lifespacedesign culture? How else to explain why the 52% who hate the key-tappers became so desperate as to vote Britain out of any economic or political functionality AT ALL? The black-tee-shirted key-tappers know how much the 52% hate them. The British Establishment normally ignore 'Designers'. But if it was ever understood that their brain-dead cult of subliteracy caused the dessication of the City of London's cash cow...then Ouch!

My advice to them is to follow the V&A's Martin Roth. I met him in 2012 down at the house I designed for one of the most generous FOREIGN donors to the Museum. He revolved 'in' by puffing British Punk and now he is revolving 'out'. I am in my 83rd year. Its too late for me leave. Besides, unlike him, I know how to puff the "War of the Arts of Peace" - even when victory seems remote.

Yet is it really? That is the fascinating question.

The ANSWER as is becoming increasingly clear, at least in the sphere that I understand - after sixty years working in it - that there are two routes open to the Brexiteers.

One is to imagine that the island is 'Ground-Hogged-Day' at the moment Sir Francis Drake founded Virginia, aka. the time that the Empire was just beginning (rather than so recently and catastrophically ended!). This route leads, not to global power and wealth, but to poverty and enslavement to the great powers that have arisen, one by one, in the wake of our Empire's globalising force - as it was finally spent in WWII.

The other route lies in striking out into a future in which Britain becomes the first culture to show how its parts can be demonstratively 'local' while welcoming the globalisation that we, on this island, set in motion with our Empire. We can show the globe how to do this in ways that are already proven. The main impediment is that these ways are absolutely resisted by the liberal-minded, socially avant-garde key-tappers. It is their deliberate refusal to modernise the "paradigmatic medium of civilisation" that has conjured Farage, Le Pen and Trump into being.

It was as recently as 2012 that two new graduates from London's best academy of Industrial Design, the Royal College of Art, learned that I had been a student of architecture in the 1950s. Their final thesis had been a sofa ingeniously, if unattractively, assembled from industrial trash - mainly foamed plastic. Starry-eyed they gazed upon my ancient face: "But Mr. Outram", they exclaimed: "That was the Golden Age".

Sometimes one is lost for words. But this is what I mean by "nihilistic illiteracy". If the Brexiteers want to survive the Gadarene swerve that they have imposed on themselves and this island's history, this very British Labour 1945 cult of nihilism has to be swept away, root and branch, starting at the top - which means its fount and origin in Cambridge University. Brexit is the doom of the pseudo-socialist mathematical monoculture spawned by "Fenland Tech". The solution to the challenge of Brexit has been standing, for twenty years, dead opposite Cambridge's Estates Office and Department of Architecture. Not only have they learned nothing from the Judge Institute but Estates have done their best to erase its symbolic surface-scripting. If Brexit is to be anything more than ignominious poverty and enslavement, both of these Institutions need a complete, drastic and thorough reconstruction.

I look forward to showing you how to take advantage of Brexit.

