Sirs

Maghull is a sprawling semi detached housing estate suburb of Liverpool. This is, of course, a form of housing unknown. unsurprisingly, anywhere else in Europe. There doesn’t seem any lessening to this seemingly inexorable sprawl, I suspect because of the fiscal and political clout possessed by the large bricklaying companies. If people think that this present frenzy of house building will subside then they are delusional. Of course if the bricklayers wish to exist on any meaningful scale, the acquisition of land is their overwhelming priority. Expand or die. The most potent weapon they can use, of course, is their vast reserves of money. Another ploy is to invent a housing crisis which seems to have worked an absolute treat. The sprawl of the estates means that ownership of a car is not any more a luxury but vital for day to day existence, the bricklayers having forgotten to include shops, offices, bars or cafes in their plans which puts more pressure on the already inadequate road system and shopping facilities.

Whilst all this house building is going on, Maghull has a thoroughly miserable social infrastructure. Its main town shopping area is a scrofulous embarrassment and is a source of some amusement to my relatives visiting from Holland and Germany, although they are quite taken with our many charity shops; a rare sight in their countries. A town of 30,000 people without a greengrocer, a hotel and with a main post office in the back of a greetings card shop and without even one restaurant worthy of the name. says it all. There are no office buildings of any consequence in the town, which would attract businesses to grow and expand and hopefully stem the exodus of the town’s depleted banking facilities.

The answer of course is to halt the abysmal urban sprawl by the construction of apartment buildings. Not the ridiculous brick built cell block monstrosities which the brickies build, but constructed using reinforced concrete as the support structure as are built everywhere else in Europe. Using brickwork is just plain silly and it exposes the English poverty of expectation when they accept such trash. There isn’t a proper apartment in the whole of Sefton. It seems only in London are proper apartment buildings constructed.

When I look at the trashy, crappy housing estates in our city’s suburbs, I feel my blood rising with absolute fury. In the last couple of years I’ve visited Lyon, Dusseldorf, Girona and Bordeaux. Not a semi detached house in sight but chic and stylish apartment buildings, shops everywhere and people in cafes, restaurants and bars. Our town and city are crapholes compared with them. And litter strewn ones at that. We truly are the architectural armpit of Europe.

Just when are we going to be free of the curse of the country’s bricklayers? I suspect they have too much money and political clout and I expect the British to be too stupid to care.

There is a publication called "Crap Towns" the 50 worst places to live in the UK. Maghull and Liverpool feature of course but, let’s be honest, the publication could run to 20 volumes, such is the awfulness of our towns and cities outside of London. I’ve not seen the Neighborhood plan but I just consider the architecture and planning of towns such as Huyton and Kirkby and presume that similar, uncivilised garbage will be the result. Your track record is not good.
I will forward copies of cuttings taken from newspaper articles over some time penned by a Clive Aslet. Like myself he holds the abilities and competence of our architects and town planners in utter contempt.

I must say say that the towns and cities of our country are, unarguably and demonstrably, architectural and social slums and we have the most dismal and wretched built environment in the whole of Europe.

Our country received the bulk of the Marshall Plan monies in the 50s and have had hundreds of billions of pounds of North sea oil revenues, and yet our country's is, compared to any country on continental Europe, an embarrassing [redacted].

As a Mechanical Engineer, I might not know an awful lot about architecture, but I can recognise incompetent trash when I see it.

John H Miller
Sirs

Whenever I doubt my belief in the dreadful awfulness of our country's built environment, I switch on the television in the afternoons and watch whichever European cycle race is taking place. At the moment it is the Tour de France. If you watch the tour passing through the towns and cities of that country and not agree that our architects are incompetent and our Town Planners couldn't plan a town even if they had a gun put to their heads, then you are blind or delusional.

If you do watch the tour you might notice the complete absence, mercifully, of semi detached housing estates. If you're really observant you might notice that the apartment buildings have things sticking out from their facade. These are called balconies. Because of bricks' structural limitations, an integral balcony is impossible, which has given rise to the comical and ridiculous Juliet balcony.

The chances of the neighbourhood plan being anything other than a passport for the brickies to continue with their barbaric, uncivilised sprawl are zero and the future of our town is brick coloured.

Let me repeat my mantra: This country has the the most dismal, wretched and embarrassing built environment, and is the architectural slum of Europe. Not even arguable, the evidence is all around us.

John H Miller
Sirs

My wife and I have just returned from having a meal at a restaurant in Ormskirk; Maghull not having one. Ormskirk has a population 5000 less than Maghull, yet it has bars restaurants coffee shops, bars, delicatessens, greengrocers and all the other retail premises associated with a civilised society. Did our Town Planners really plan the utter crap hole that is Maghull? and, if so, why are they still on the payroll? With an index linked pension?

Ormskirk is still a pleasant market town surrounded by the same semi detached nightmare, as all of the towns in our country are.

John H Miller