Foreword
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Where to start when discussing enclosure, the ways in which in/justices are embedded in the discipline of architecture and mediated by its processes and objects? Well we have to celebrate that this is a topic of discussion at all. It certainly would not have been on the agenda when I contributed as a student to the first edition of *Scroope* back in the day, although I felt injustice here every day of my life as a woman student from a state school and a women's college, though I had no ability to articulate this feeling, experiencing it instead as a constant feeling of oppression — enclosure if you will.

My first thought when approaching the subject of disenclosure has to be the enclosure of land previously owned by the commons. This copy of *Scroope* is wonderfully international in scope — disenclosure being so closely aligned with the decolonisation agenda — so I focus briefly on disenclosure in the local context, that of England, a specialist in the annexing of land that nobody had the right to own and where there is no Right to Roam. Here most land is still owned by the aristocracy, often paid for by the blood of slaves, passed down through men through rules of male primogeniture. Here we are disenfranchised from the natural environment through the presence of the 'Private, No Trespassing' signs that permeate our countryside and through the hostility of agribusinesses and the new phenomena of 'fortress farms' — surely this generation will be judged by its treatment, not only of the land, but also of our so-called 'live stock'.

This constraint on space, in cities as well as countryside, constrains our bodies. Our homes are getting smaller and less affordable. We have no time to live well. Our diets are limited by the supply chains of global agglomerates. Local authorities have no funds to maintain green spaces and facilities for young people in particular are closed or under threat while prisons are bulging. If autonomy is an essential element of wellbeing then it is no surprise that there is an epidemic of dis-ease in our bodies and our minds — what Jay Griffiths calls 'the privatisation of the

mind'.[1] The journey of scientific knowledge was predicated on an enclosure of thinking, ruling out much that was inexplicable, bodily, and often female.

In architecture, as in many fields, the profession was formed around an enclosure of its knowledge base — arguably not so much based on what it knew — more that it knew who it wanted to exclude from the field. The 'professionalisation' of architecture and the protection of its title through an extended education excludes the amateur and the self-taught from the field. But all this is changing — the opening up of UK architecture to new formats and the slow diversification of its demographic being one manifestation of this.

In the building of walls and gated communities architects have long been complicit in the segregating of communities. In many ways it is what we do. At the same time these walls protect, conserve, and sometimes delight. It always comes back to ethical practice, not taking the job because somebody else would do it anyway or — what I often hear — 'we have mouths to feed in the practice'. As I argue in my book *Why Architects Matter* it is better to lose jobs, to acknowledge the failure of the profession, than to keep talented and highly trained young architects working on miserable, unsustainable buildings that can only harm communities and people. To be a professional is to work to an ethical code of conduct, so why do we condone unethical practice everywhere?

We need a disenclosure of the profession. A collective acknowledgement of how we got here. I take heart in the idea of disenclosure as an upswelling, a bursting through the borders, a delighted leap over fences, a dance of joy and a laughter at the archaic structures that have brought us to this place.

1 Jay Griffiths, *Kith: The Riddle of the Childscape* (Penguin, 2013).