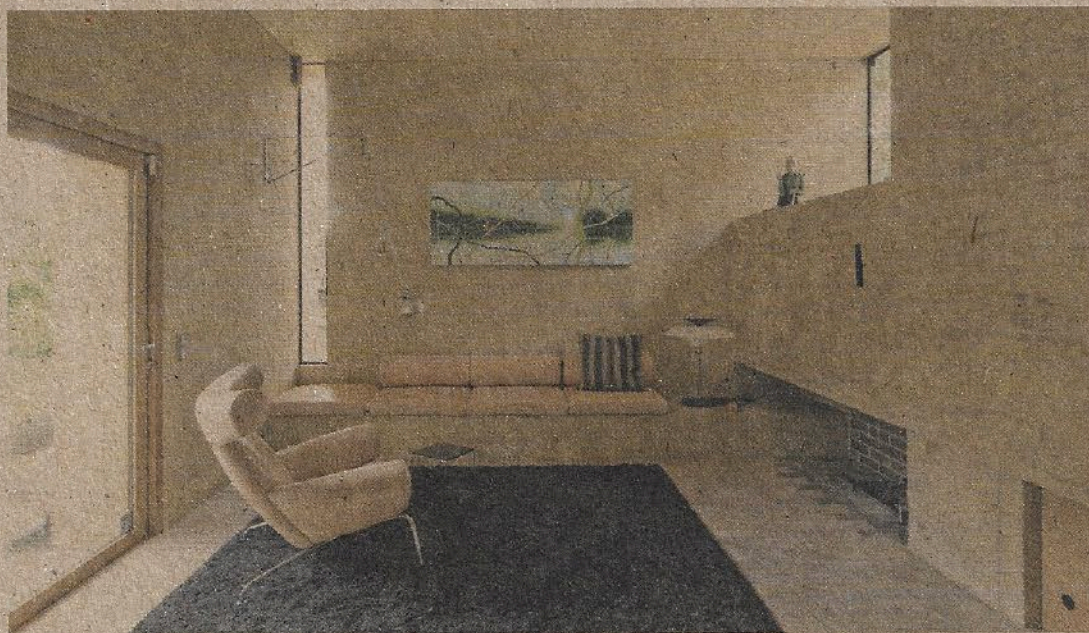


PROJECTS

# House Bøe Møller/Weekend house Straume

ARCHITECT

Knut Hjeltnes sivilarkitekter MNAL AS



asBUILT 18

PROJECT

# House Bøe Møller/Weekend house Straume

ARCHITECT

Knut Hjeltnes sivilarkitekter MNAL AS

ESSAY BY

Nicola Flora

EDITOR

Jan Olay Jensen

OSLO, 2017

**xpax**

## asBUILT books:

- asBUILT #1 2010 Pålsvu Hydro Power Station - manthey kula
- asBUILT #2 2010 House Kollström/Ostberg - Knut Hjeltnes Sivilarkitekter
- asBUILT #3 2010 Østfold University College - Reinulf Ramstad Arkitekter
- asBUILT #4 2011 V-House - Spacegroup
- asBUILT #5 2011 Farm House - Jurnund/Vignæs Architects
- asBUILT #6 2011 Two Summer Houses - Arne Henriksen Arkitekter
- asBUILT #7 2012 Asker Mortuary and Crematorium - Carl-Viggo Holmebakk Arkitektkontor
- asBUILT #8 2012 Lanternen - Atelier Oslo + AWP
- asBUILT #9 2012 The Statoil Reception Centre - Haga & Grov AS
- asBUILT #10 Classic 2014 Villa Schreiner - Sverre Fehn
- asBUILT #11 Classic 2014 Villa Engen - Are Vesterlid
- asBUILT #12 2014 Summer House Storfjord - Jensen & Skodvin Arkitektkontor
- asBUILT #13 2016 Marienlyst Park - Lund Hagem Arkitekter
- asBUILT #14 2016 The Teachers Union Conference Centre - Element Arkitekter
- asBUILT #15 2016 Sorum Farm - Are Vesterlid
- asBUILT #16 2017 Vestfold Crematorium - PUSHAK AS
- asBUILT #17 2017 Military training facility - Longva arkitekter
- asBUILT #18 2017 House Boe Møller / Weekend house Straume - Knut Hjeltnes Sivilarkitekter

© Pax Forlag, 2017

Print: Print Best OÜ

Printed in Estonia

ISBN 978-82-530-4041-7

asBUILT editors:  
Karl Otto Ebbesen  
Jan Olav Jensen  
Mari Lending  
Dagfinn Sagen  
Børre Skodvin

Series design:  
Dagfinn Sagen

Book designed by: Audun Wold Andersen

asBUILT is supported by:  
Fritt Ord and Arts Council Norway

# Content

Knut Hjeltnes' domesticity, Nicola Flora .....	6
House Bøe Møller .....	18
Project facts .....	20
Photos .....	22
Working drawings .....	70
Brick layers .....	240
Masonry tender description .....	242
Building with brick, Knut Hjeltnes .....	248
Weekend house Straume .....	258
Project facts .....	260
Photos .....	262
Working drawings .....	312
Building on a tiny island, Knut Hjeltnes .....	466
On the office .....	476
Photo credits .....	478

# THE DOMESTICITY OF KNUT HJELTNES

by Nicola Flora

## **A Shell on the Rock: The Straume House**

Not far from the coast, on a small rock one and a half meters above sea level, surrounded by relentless wind, screeching seagulls, and waves, sits the Straume House. As we approach with a small motor boat a summer day in 2017, the natural light rapidly changes due to the presence of clouds that rhythmically yield space to an intensely blue sky. The photographer must move quickly to capture the right moment. However, our eyes, our bodies, do not need to do so. We can enjoy the sudden passage from one moment, when everything looks as if it were in black and white, to the next, when the sun suddenly makes the green on the islet shine while exalting the deep blue sea that, as a closed and protected shell, surrounds this little holiday home. As we approach, the exterior looks like a closed and compact skin and seems to vibrate between light and shade. The sun makes the Kebony wood coating of the house, colored silver due to oxidation, part of the rock on which it rests, a fragment perfectly inserted in the beautiful scenery of this stretch of the southwest Norwegian coast.

Upon our landing, we meet Knut Hjeltnes. As soon as we arrive on the island, the house looks increasingly as a kind of primordial ark resting upside down on the rock. The architect opens the doors on the southern side, tying them to the rock with a lock bolt and some steel rods to ensure a suitable resistance to gusts of wind. The photographer, showing a contagious happiness, starts moving in and out of the house. As happens to those who travel by boat, everyone knows what to do. A few words and smiles exchanged while maneuvering about each other communicate the happiness of being together in a special place where we feel the protection of the steel and wooden structure that breathes, repairs, and protects. Hjeltnes tells us that last winter, on a stormy day, the house – with the owners present – “had received its baptism”: it had faced and withstood the fury of the sea and the wind. I touch the iron painted in a grey-green and the outer skin of the wood, which shows its transformation from oxidation and salt. It is very different from the inner part of the open door, which has a soft color very close to the one of freshly-worked wood. I can still feel the raging of the sea vibrating on its surface, the effort to resist it, and the victory of this solid shelter.

I had run through my notes from a year ago when presenting this house in an exhibition at the University of Naples, only aided by some photos and drawings, and realizing again how drawings and pictures don't capture the soul and flavor of architecture. While I move on the rock, walking up the concrete ramp that leads to the platform where boats dock, the wind demonstrates who is the strongest. I watch the architect's gestures, trying to figure out how he uses the space that he designed and to grasp the secrets of its beauty. I thought I knew this house quite well, yet now I realize I had studied it under the Mediterranean sun. I understood the shapes, the logics of the structure, but not its meaning. There can be no true knowledge of architecture without the active and simultaneous participation of the senses in the presence of the accomplished work. I move around it, looking for a place to sit down, and discover relationships and elements that plans and sections cannot explain. Drawings are essential, yet the direct experience is much stronger. Outside the wind blows harder. In 1992, a hurricane swept away the warehouse that was situated here, and I cannot imagine how strong this force must have been. Thus, to conceive this work has been a radical challenge: going back to a place where nature had destroyed a man-made object. Last winter, however, during a storm, the owners stayed calm inside the house, inside the double shell.

While I move between the outer shell – which is now open to its full capacities – and the wooden and glass box that encompasses the first floor with the living, dining and kitchen area, I understand that though the wind is not overly strong, I have to move carefully. There are no railings or other protections on the western side of the house. As on a boat, a participatory and respectful behavior is required. Nature enriches this architecture by respectfully meeting the wind, the sea, and the sun.

To reach the house one must cross a platform running from north to south, made of raw concrete so that shoes have a better grip on it. One passes the eastern side, and at the end there is a small green area that has been recovered thanks to the retaining wall in natural cement without railings or other protections.

Although there seems to be no wind, the moment we try to open the first large hinged door, a sturdy frame of steel and wood, the door becomes a sail and two of us must carefully close it and anchor it to the ground with the steel post. Then we open the second door and the other two doors on the southern side and enter a small space containing a customized table with blue-and-green steel feet and a circular top covered with a soft, yolk-colored rubber, welcoming us into the physical and psychological protection offered by its architecture.

We are in the body of the house, protected. We sit down and enjoy the sun from the east, later from the south. This first element unveils the strategy of this living machine: how to live surrounded by such powerful nature. In the morning at breakfast and until lunch, one can enjoy the warmth of the sun without being attacked by the fierce winds. The western background of this den is occupied by a cubic volume, made of a thick steel sheet, finished with the same grey-green color used for the frame. It supports a sink and a worktop in stainless steel, designed to be used for breakfast and lunch to prepare caught fish. The cube contains a small bathroom and a small laundry. We encounter this second volume as soon as we enter the door to the inner space of the ground floor. This area is protected from the wind by the outer shell. The main structure of the house is made of IPE frames finished with the same color that blends with the oxidized, outside wood and the rock supporting the outer shell. Arranged horizontally and tilted a few degrees in section, the boards leave a gap of an inch, thereby breaking the wind that by passing through it fades in intensity until it becomes tolerable for the glazed wall covering the perimeter of the living space. Besides the four doors that create some sort of optical telescopes from the breakfast den towards the east and south – towards the ocean – the other panels opening on the three levels of the house are sliding doors.

The wood of the outer shell is different from the one of the inner volume, the actual domestic space. The full opening of the external doors allows us to see the bright surface of the internal wood, which, protected from the oxidation of salt and ice, creates a contrast with the silver-grey of the external wood shell.

A regular feature reoccurs throughout Hjeltnes's domestic architecture and can be considered as a personal poetic statement. In most of his domestic architecture, the neutral and plain outer shell does everything to avoid turning the new building into a spectacle.<sup>1</sup> On the contrary, it corresponds to the warm and soft throbbing of the internal life of the house, only to be caught through small glimpses that exhibit the internal heat or rather be experienced in full by living and moving through the space.

Besides the steel volume of the bathroom-laundry, there is a small door marked by a step made of a granite monolith, one of the four accesses designed to move from the rough and natural concrete of the outdoor platform to the inside of this small though articulated holiday home. However, as soon as I set foot on the silver-grey step, a moment before entering, I am exposed to an unexpected effect created by the full-height glass floor that defines the entire first floor of the house. The natural outside from which we are coming is doubled through its mirrored image in the glass. The natural view – the partial vision that we experienced while sitting at the table in the den through the visual telescopes of the open doors – is unexpectedly enriching the sensory experience.<sup>2</sup> It is a multiple view of the natural exterior, of the reflected nature, overlapping with small glimpses of the inner space we are entering and that we still perceive behind the reflection.

I walk in by two steps and perceive the inner surface of the concrete floor – smooth and fresh – which contrasts with the roughness of the concrete of the outer deck, but also with the porosity of the granite staircase. On the right side, a staircase entirely made of wood strips, each two by ten centimeters, is suspended from the upper volume. This object is a true constructive gem with a strong sensory impact, capable of separating space while creating a light and functional structure that vibrates under both natural and artificial light. The stair leads to the guest section on the upper floor. Running from south to north, the iron volume on the right contains a technical room enclosed by a sealed watertight hatch, a bookcase overlooking the dining area and – opposite the kitchen – a refrigerator and freezer. The dining space that now opens is simply composed of a table made of a smooth, wood board supported by a pair of feet made of thick green-blue steel plates in the form of two stylized butterflies.

This space is enclosed on one side by the library created in the iron volume and on the other side by the second staircase, which rises from the opposite side and leads to the owners' rooms and a private media room for projecting movies and listening to music. Here, in the heart of the house, one can appreciate the transparencies that require the eye to be attentive, present, and curious. Through the transparency of the glass running over the straight and linear kitchen counter, the landscape on the eastern side of the islet opens up.

The wooden volume of the sleeping rooms is covered with pine plywood. Beyond the staircase there is a sofa that, as is often the case in Hjeltne's houses, is built in as an integral part of the house. This sofa is a strategic point in the interior: here the author gives us the possibility to view and understand both the structural parts of the home and the very reason all this has been done.



We understand the fundamental importance of the external steel structure, visible beyond the glass that protects from the wind and that climbs up the double-sided roof profile – just like all the small wooden houses surrounding this stretch of coastline – and finishes on the outside with slate shingles. Clearly visible is the support they offer through a shelf, halfway up, to the wooden beam that carries the upper floor. The latter, starting from the iron supports of the outer pillars, protrudes inside the house while remaining visible all the way up to the other end. The panels that cover the wooden volumes are fixed by retractable nails, visible from where I am sitting in the sofa, that show how the secondary structures develop despite the panel that covers them. Every constructive and structural figure is exalted: the tectonic value of architecture becomes a figurative solution, a true stylistic figure of Lewerentzian memory.<sup>3</sup> The two single-ramp staircases, one for the guests and one for the owners, are attached to the primary structural system of the upper floor. Anyone can understand it; no constructive energy is wasted to cover, mask, or hide.

A second aspect that becomes clear is that three of the four sides of the coast surrounds us like *tableaux vivants*. From here I can observe fragments of nature that the various cuts of the house select and frame, a miracle that architecture can accomplish by displaying the natural surroundings in a conscious manner.

According to Sverre Fehn, “the poetics of steel architecture stems closely from the ancient architecture of wood architecture.”<sup>4</sup> The “poetic of the straight line,” as Fehn characterized this sensibility of Norwegian architecture, is clearly and originally expressed by Knut Hjeltnes. It is derived from the spirit of the ancient boat builders that has survived despite the figurative and constructive bulimia of the last decades. Fehn claimed that “structure is a language, a way of expressing oneself, and there should be a balance between thought and language. [...] The starting point of the design of each building should be based on a poetic construction. [...] Architecture is not just a matter of rationality, but rather an irrational idea that needs the support of a rational structure.”<sup>5</sup> Somehow these words capture the qualities of the Straume House as well.

The wooden ceiling at the height of the library is interrupted and shows a vacuum created by the double wooden beam placed at the same distance of the width of the IPE frames that make up the outer structure. This gap has the right size for a series of industrial light bulbs on very simple bulb holders. From the drawings, particularly from the beautiful cross-sectional ones, we understand that the double-cross cut determined by the two wooden staircases had been extended – with a second parallel staircase leading to the attic (a large continuous and indivisible space) – up to the roof. Here, with a double set of

satin-glazed shingles, equal to those of slate covering the whole roof, the two small extra spaces on the first floor between the bedrooms and the bathrooms are also illuminated from above. It looks like the light is coming down from two crevices.

Thus, this smaller middle cut, which also links the space of the dining/living area on the ground floor to the two bedrooms and the private living room on the first floor of the Straume House, is one of the many gifts of this house. A vibration of the structure becomes an opportunity for an astonishing blade of light, with many possible meanings. Upstairs, the experience is even more intense. The vibration of the outside light through the thick wooden blades that support the light staircase is extraordinary, as is the intense and splendid effect of the Zenith light on the landing of the first floor. At the small landing of the upper floor, a full-height transparent glass shows the distance between the inner shell and the external wooden shell. This allows the visitor to comprehend, again, the constructive essence of the house: the strong metal structure rising up, the wooden beam that rests on the iron shelf lateral to the pillar. Now the house appears as a transparent pole, much different from the closed, hard, compact shell it looked like from the outside, as true “drops of splendor,” as the Italian poet-songwriter Fabrizio De André used to sing. The two spacious guest rooms with six beds and the beautiful open space of the attic that can be reached with both staircases and from which everything is seen clearly, as well as the primary structural system, the middle volume that is fragmented and disjointed from the outer side, the horizon, and the little piece of green on the rock that has been restored and thus constitutes an extra value within the overall project. Giancarlo De Carlo was right when he claimed that “the great difference lies in considering the environment, the city, the neighborhoods, the house... as artefacts, as phenomena that include the human experience. Indeed, architecture and urbanism exist not only because they are designed and have a structure, but because people can experience them. If they were not experienced, they would not exist. Their quality derives from the quality of the experience one can make of them.”<sup>6</sup>

### **Digging the Volume: The Bøe Møller House**

I arrive by car from downtown Oslo, driving along the soft hilltop streets of the city's western suburbs. The residential neighborhood of the Bøe Møller House has a twentieth-century look. I recall “the love for architecture” that Gio Ponti described in his classic 1957 treatise *Amate l'architettura*. Ponti brought his friend Arne Korsmo to Italy in 1954 with his artist wife Grete Prytz, to the 10th Architecture Triennale in Milan, at a time when Swedish, Danish, and Finnish architecture were considered the primary traditions of Nordic architecture.<sup>7</sup>

The horizontal volume is divided in three parts, all in exposed brickwork lightly coated with a yellow-pale ocher color, and two large, full-height sliding doors that correspond to the garage on the left. However, before entering, I am attracted to the details of this light barrier: a wooden door sign, near the small pedestrian gate, and on the left a Corten steel structure. I think about Carlo Scarpa and his consideration for the small changes of materials, and how much Fehn has received from this Italian master, who allowed him to acquire a personal and original style. We are welcomed by the gravel that separates us from the first threshold, a simple floor of exposed bricks – the same ones that form the whole house, both exterior and interior. We approach the long wooden bench protected by a light, oxidized, copper shelter that appears to be an extension of the cornice, which closes the entire construction at the same height.

For an Italian architect, there seems to be something Pompeian lurking here. It brings to mind the ways in which Pompeian houses used the artifice of placing the door slightly inside the house's outside wall, where every morning *clientes* would wait at the opening of the *domus* door sitting on a bench created in the wall and protected by the house's covered volume, before entering the inner space of the *atrium*, which hosted the *impluvium*, the pool for collecting rainwater.<sup>8</sup> This placement of the door was as if to say, "you are now out of my inner self, but you are already inside of me." Or as Fehn put it: "Surrounding your home with brick walls means talking every day with Moses."<sup>9</sup> As we pass another threshold, the first real volume of the building after the one of the gate looking over the garden, I recall that Knut Hjeltnes has mentioned that he considers himself as a son of Roman architecture. A small door of the garage is a frame made of interlaced wooden slats creating a simple door, built – as the sliding gate and the sliding door that closes the garage – with a design directly derived from the alignment of the bricks of the house wall. The way the door is attached to the wall is striking: the hinges of the steel door are anchored in the texture of the wall, besides the shelves of exposed concrete inside the garage that are also tucked in the texture of the wall they are "woven" into. This shows a great deal of knowledge and care merely by using simple things, things that for many other people would be silent and inexpressive. Every small occasion for constructing appears to Hjeltnes as a special moment, an opportunity to give value to the constructive plot of the work, which already from the outside begins to unfold its meaning.<sup>10</sup>

I enter from the southeastern side. To the right, partially protected by a row of blooming hedges, is a table and some chairs where one can enjoy the rising sun in the morning while having breakfast. Another striking element is the

small vertical cut on the right of the entrance door: from there one can see if anybody is about to enter. The door opens: it is a semi-transparent sliding diaphragm consisting of two sliding panels, made of thin wooden slats, kept at a distance by a thin steel cross bar that is the structure of this piece, recalling the staircase in the Straume House – deep, rich, and totally unexpected. I catch a glimpse of an atrium brightly illuminated from above. The initial views of the space become complicated: an unexpected brightness is reflected through the mirror on the wall behind the seat, which can make the wall-mounted washbasin embedded in the brickwork appear as an isolated object in a space that is actually half the size. The pale yellow of the mortar that holds the bricks, spread in a thin layer over the surface of the inner and outer walls, creates a soft and vibrant light. The light comes from a full-height glass wall, facing a narrow atrium half a meter wide, enclosed by a semi-open brick wall on the far side. Thus, a light clear screen allows the light to be reflected, brought to the bottom of the interior space, which now turns out to be the hall and a store for overcoats. Alongside the wall-to-wall window is a small lavatory, a small *caraedium*, full of air and light.

I go by the semi-transparent threshold of the two doors of wooden slats without missing the two refined, transparent eyelets on the inner glass of the entrance door that allow us to see if somebody is coming from the other side. The bricks of the interior space, which have been polished after being installed, have the same color as those of the exterior floors and of the entrance space. However, they have a completely different texture; they are somewhat shiny and are therefore able to reflect the natural light, which thus looks warm. The space gives a feeling of intensity, full of spatial depths and multiple perspectives. Above all, the feeling stems from the light: in some parts, the light is like a Zenith light, captured thanks to the covering of this wood-lined space that brings light from the southeast to the large table in front of me, while in other parts, in a sweeter way, light comes from northwest, thanks to a double, asymmetrical fold. A patch of blue sky is visible through the horizontal window overcoming the thickness of the roof.

On the left, a large sliding window opens next to a small door that can be used during winter and that leads out onto a paved exterior (forming with the inner space a totally covered square plan), from where one can reach the garden on the southwestern side through a double staircase with four steps. A wall structure limits this terrace and exemplifies another constant element in Iijeltnes's recent work: a thick board of polished concrete like the one in the interior kitchen and on the parapet of the living room. From the side looking to the garden, the worktop is equipped with a small movable steel cover that protects the sink,

which remains there also during winter. The distributive and geometric axis of the house plan entails that a walkway from the entrance door runs straight to the opposite northwest side, where the large window at the end of the parents' study room is removed from the outside view thanks to the tall trees that grow on the edge of the house. From here, one can grasp the total depth of the house and see the sequence of the highly dissimilar spaces towards the garden, at least in the part that is situated towards the southwest and open to the public. In the kitchen, light falls on the front wall and illuminates the worktop from above. The worktop is made of a single piece of polished concrete encapsulating the same brick grains that form the house. However, a low window just above the sink also provides a view from the kitchen counter to the more intimate northeastern garden, excluded from the public part of the house's life that is available from the bedrooms and the children's private living room.

The garden provides intimacy to this open space, created by two large window frames opening towards the external part of the house. Paved with irregular stones, the garden is covered by a shelter which is slightly wider compared to the one at the entrance, and is the depth of the open window. Moreover, the garden can benefit from the early morning rays from the east. How many openings and cuts determined by the structure of the house walls, the window frames, the doors and not least, the vegetation! The dining room feels like being on a veranda, as the garden, with the house slightly hidden by the thick vegetation, making everything intimate and private.

Along the median axis of the house, from southeast to northwest, I see in sequence the lowered space of the living room, treated as an exterior with a rough brick floor. Then, attracted by the outside vegetation, I find myself in the parents' study room: a parallelepiped surrounded by two bookcases (made of wooden shelves artfully embedded in the house's brick side walls) and with a desk in the middle, where there is just room enough for the husband and wife to sit by the desk, face to face, and share the same view of the garden's green wall, which is the real limit of this space. This makes it possible to be part of the unfolding flow but at the same time have the possibility of departing from it, if necessary, thanks to a sliding door hidden in the wall.

I had to experience the house to imagine that reflection on the floor, an entirely new and warm space, and to see the reflection of the light on the water of the outside tub located at the end of the planimetric enclosure of the northeast prospect that separates the two children's rooms and the study room from the kitchen-laundry complex. It is all duplicated in the water of the children's shower bath through the low window that separates the inside from the outside

and eventually makes them one single element. Everything is progressing in tune with the nature that is visible from the inside; the light is moving, defining the atmosphere of the house when the summer sun moves along the southwest side and passes for a few minutes through the vertical cut (one brick-length wide) at the bottom of the living room, coming in obliquely and tightly from the bottom to the top, close to the wall that separates it from the terrace and makes it vibrate while exalting the texture underneath the subtly colored plaster. I had to be there, to understand the thrill of seeing, from the master bedroom, a cut in the wall one and a half brick-lengths wide. In situ, one perceives the outside towards the southwest and the low volume of the upper part of the living room fireplace without being seen by someone who could have been in the living room or in the garden.

There is no true knowledge of architecture without experiencing it from the inside. It doesn't matter how long architects devote themselves to its casing. The meaning of architecture lies in the sensorial life it activates from the inside, since the real meaning and value of architecture is there in the very "inside" that we have gained by separating it from what was formerly an "outside" and that has been transformed into a place where people live. People are the ultimate goal of architecture, which is, and remains, a wonderful medium.

"Our hope is that our actions may contain a poetic dimension," Knut Hjeltnes stated in the catalogue accompanying an exhibition of his work at the School of Architecture in Naples in April 2016. These words sound as a syncopated poem. They suggest a delicate, intense, and poetical "scientific autobiography," as Aldo Rossi named his most intimate book, *Autobiografia scientifica* (1990), in which he described the contradictions he experienced when trying to make objective one's personal view on architecture.

NOTES:

- 1 Giancarlo De Carlo's musings on the modesty of good architects correspond to a significant feature of Hjeltnes's work: "Which merit – and which interest – could there be in being modest if you are not outrageously ambitious? If you don't aim at changing fragments of the world that will improve people's lives? You could also say that only if you have great ambitions you can be modest because you are aware of the knowledge and the energy that is needed to realize them." Giancarlo De Carlo, "Modesty in Architecture," in Livio Sichirollo (ed.), *Giancarlo De Carlo: Gli spiriti dell'architettura* (Rome: Editori Riuniti, 1992), 61–62.
- 2 John Berger, *About Looking* (London: Writers and Readers, 1980).
- 3 See for instance, Nicola Flora, Gennaro Postiglione, and Paolo Giardiello (eds), *Sigurd Lewerentz* (New York: Phaidon Press, 2013).
- 4 My encounter with Norwegian architecture started with a small book we presented to the Italian public, including some houses, the Hamar Museum and the Glacier Museum. See Nicola Flora, Paolo Giardiello, Renata Guadalupi, Gennaro Postiglione, and Sandro Raffle (eds), *Sverre Fehn: Architetto del paese dalle ombre lunghe* (Naples: Fratelli Fiorentino, 1993).
- 5 Sverre Fehn, in Marja-Riitta Norri and Maija Kärkkäinen (eds), *The Poetry of the Straight Line*, volume 2 in the series, "Five Masters of the North" (Helsinki: Museum of Finnish Architecture, 1992), 45.
- 6 Giancarlo De Carlo, "L'architetto e il potere," in Sichirollo, *Giancarlo De Carlo*, 13.
- 7 In 1954 official relationships in architecture and design were formalized thanks to Ponti who awarded these two great Norwegian architects and designers with the gold medal for the best national presentation and privileging them over the more acclaimed national contexts of Finland, Sweden and Denmark. See Nicola Flora and Gennaro Postiglione, "Strategies for Living between Heaven and Earth," *AREA* 116 (May–June 2011), <https://www.area-arch.it/en/strategies-for-living-between-heaven-and-earth/>.
- 8 See Nicola Flora, *Pompei: Modelli interpretativi dell'abitare, dalla domus urbana alla villa extraurbana* (Syracuse: LetteraVentidue, 2015).
- 9 Sverre Fehn, "How Our Dimensions Are Born," in Norri and Kärkkäinen, *The Poetry of the Straight Line*, 249.