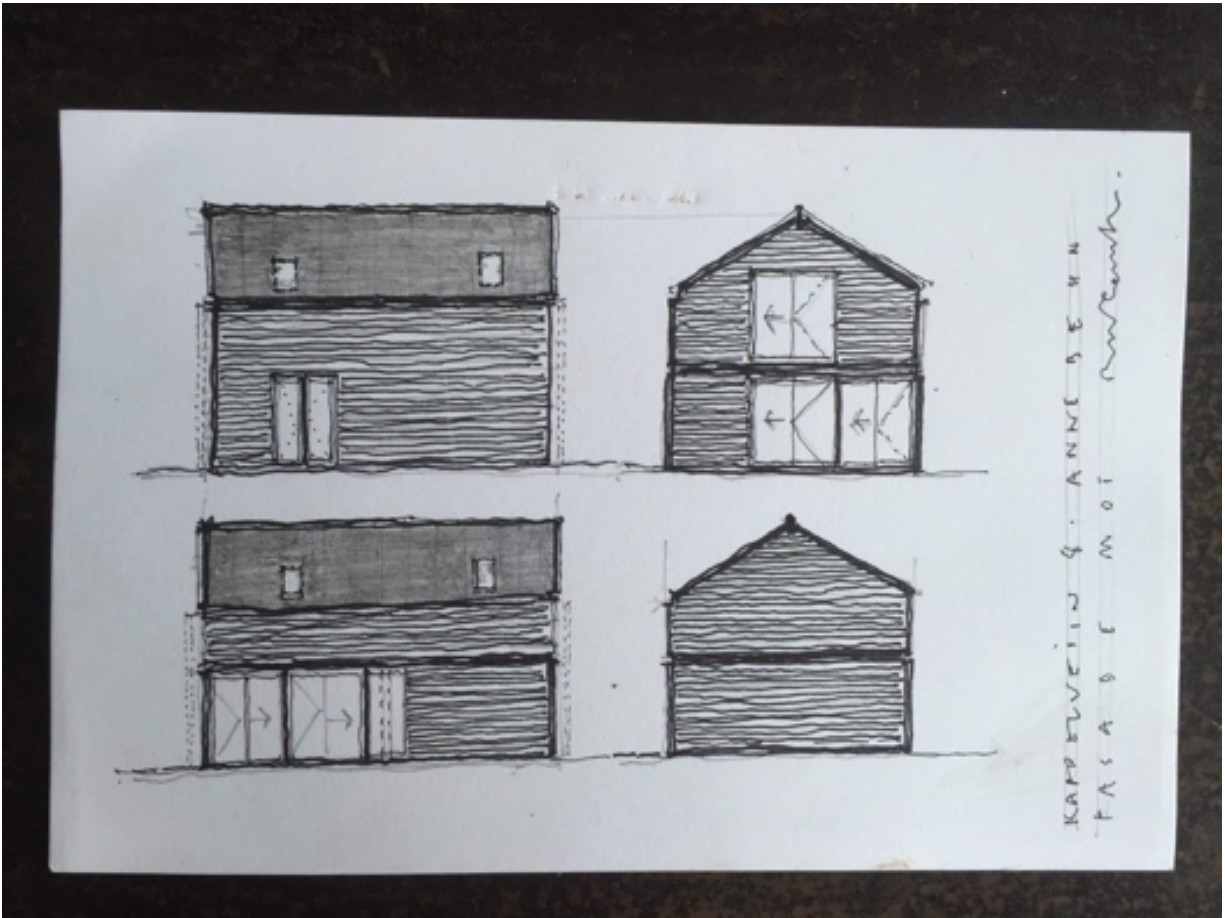


The INDEX CARD HOUSE
Son, Oslo, Norway
2016





The Red House began life as The Index Card House; drawn in spring 2015 after imagining the dilapidated red barn as viewed from the existing house on the site were to be removed and a new barn-house would be situated on the existing footprint. From the Index card, drawing more detailed drawings were made following the lines of the initial sketch in consultation with the contractor and builder. Given that Son is a fishing town in a well-respected conservation area, the idea was to nuance the red barns that exist all around, by keeping the pitched roof and use seasoned hardwood pine siding, whilst adding a zinc roof with snow-hold details, and triple glazed large fire-engine red steel window frames and front door as contemporary echoes. The interior has a dressed grey concrete floor below and a grey oak staircase and upper floor. A Finnish log burner (RAIS) complements the underfloor heating. Artwork is used throughout to accentuate the volumetrics of the house. Work began on site in May 2016 after permission was finally granted by the Vestby Commune. The slab, service-ready with underfloor heating, was down by June, and the framed building was erected and pine-faced by early September. The client moved in for Christmas 2016.

Client Anne Behn, Son, Norway - Architect Roger Connah

Contractor/Master Builder Wilson Eiendom AS



Freer Speech & Blasted Knowledge

Living the disorderly world for so long, nothing matters,
or that's how it seems as fools we gather together
thinking the unstable planet at this moment
is tricked without lifting a little finger. Freer speech,
a novel concept, an attractive idea if ever there was
one, in ignorance of the Ancients or the Stoics.
In ignorance of ignorance, our complicity in the certainty of this
hubris shows signs of unrelenting hysteria and brevity.

Now just contemplate, if our spirits were free to re-align,
and we could imagine once more not getting caught
looking the wrong way, then our audiences might just
take back the space once occupied by the intolerants,
the plunderers, the imperialists, the colonizers of a
wounded world about to re-invent the right-angle
and take us on that journey out of ourselves once more.
The sort of journey that can still fill a page

In the eternal sketchbook, only to be wiped clean
by a flick of the wrist, and some carefully chosen linen
that would - in another century - make up a linen
garment of such exquisite cut. There is a name given
to all this, a programmatic withdrawal of some rigour.
But let's not mistake this for a new fraudulence
where clarity struggles to maintain its myth. And
Remember: not everyone will be allowed an exit.

There is nothing left but to return to the Count,
follow the rules on invention, the cult of immaturity.
Proffer the reasoning that connects the most outrageous
events, people and cause, dressed down once more
as that Prejudice Project. Call then on the Lithuanian
Bishop for calm of quite a different sort,
the betrayals of innocence, a Manichean splendour.
Fall back on the Laureate, creatively writing

The creative writing that still surprises us with its
modicum of sense in the nonsense all around.
Decide whether this is unmistakably part
Of the canon that is being lost to history.
If any further doubt remains go for the Armenian,
the Syrian, the Algerian or then the Portuguese poet
of many heads. Tackle death with the Romanian and
if that be the issue, then let's have no more of

These solutions that will work for our democracy
If only the wrong people would listen. No, she said,
I don't have the sort of information you require,
I only have that blasted knowledge that's going
nowhere and everywhere. Which is how I like it, she added.
Unnecessary to tell her it's always been this way, and why,
we prepare the popcorn in lieu of any teaching
manuals and just follow the manufacturer's instructions

Freer speech and this blasted knowledge creeps
Into all the crevices we thought deprived of light
To lose a year matters less when the years are blurred
and the demagogue has scrambled the new compendium.
Then is the moment one recognizes the reverse. But the
country that stands to gain from all this blasted knowledge
and reversal will easily accept the upholstered nostalgia
when the courage to be contemporary is no longer denied.

Roger Connah 2017 (Contribution - Centenary Edition of
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