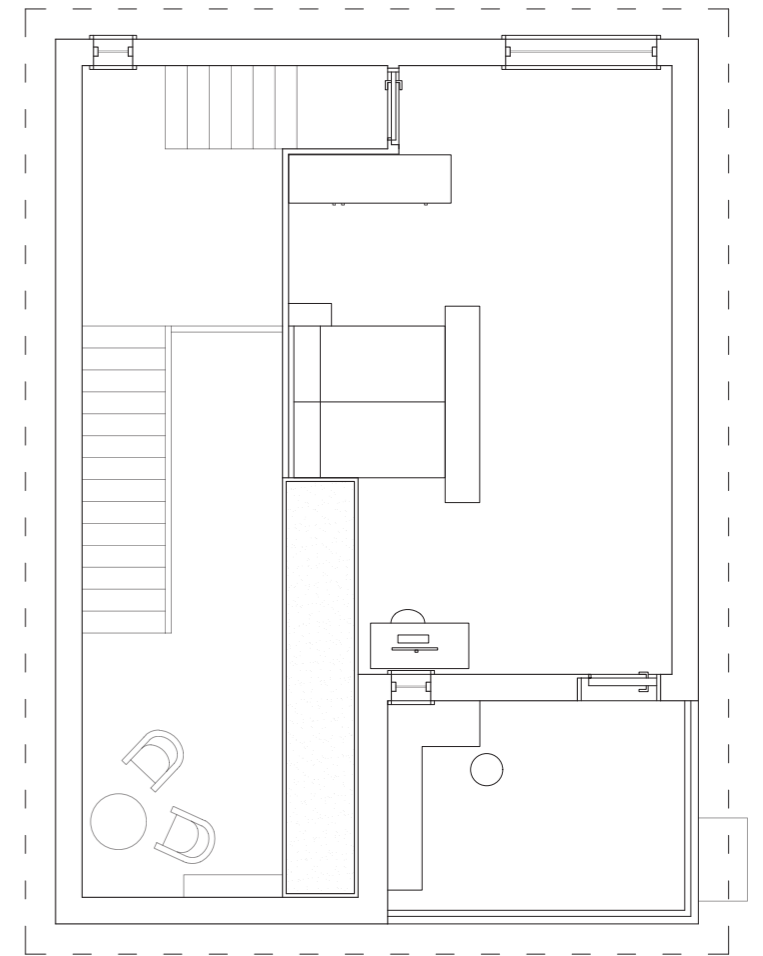
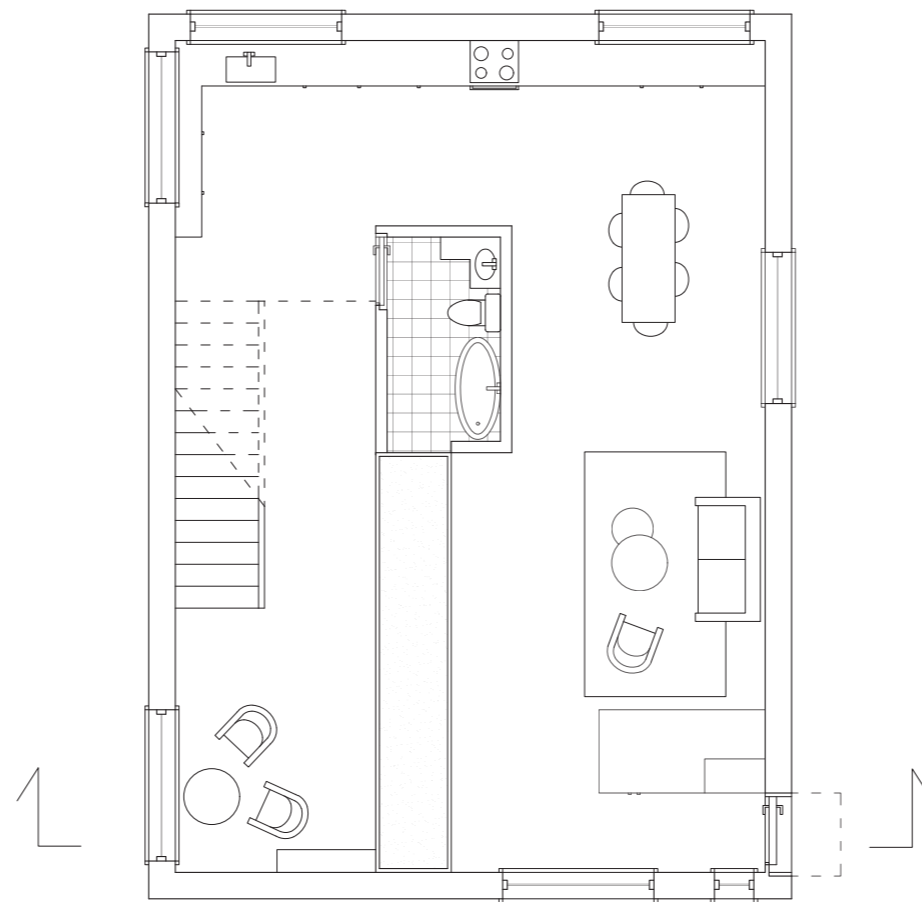
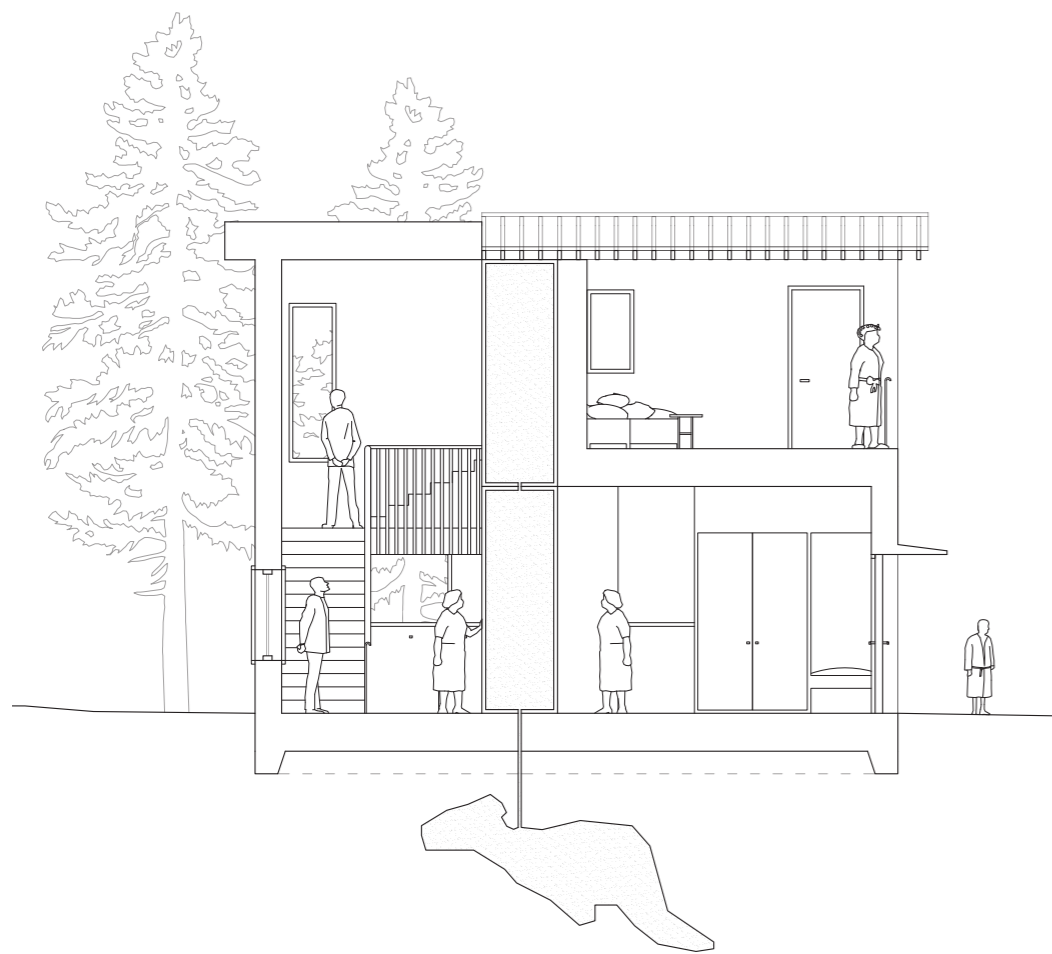


Dina P. Watten

Haharchitecture

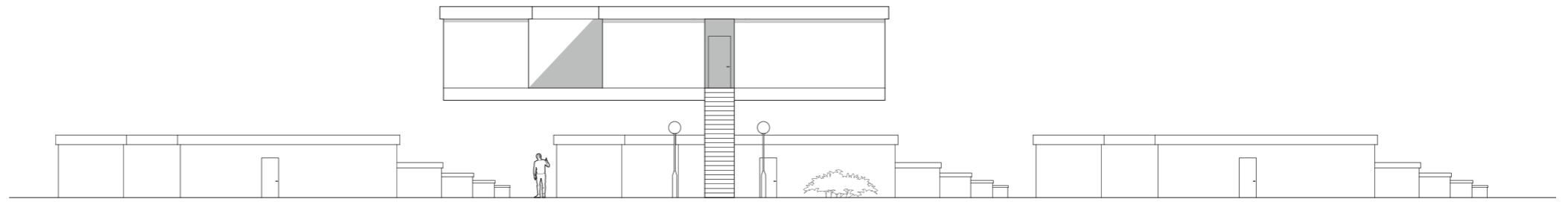
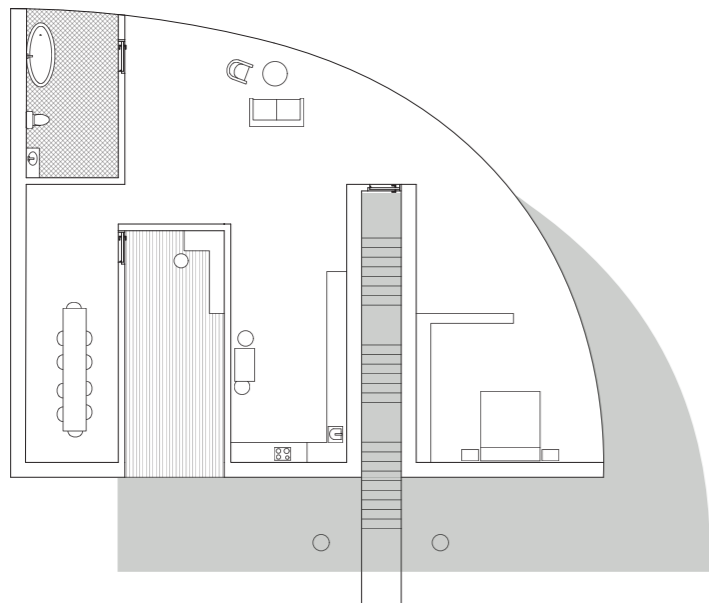
AHO Diploma

Oslo 2020



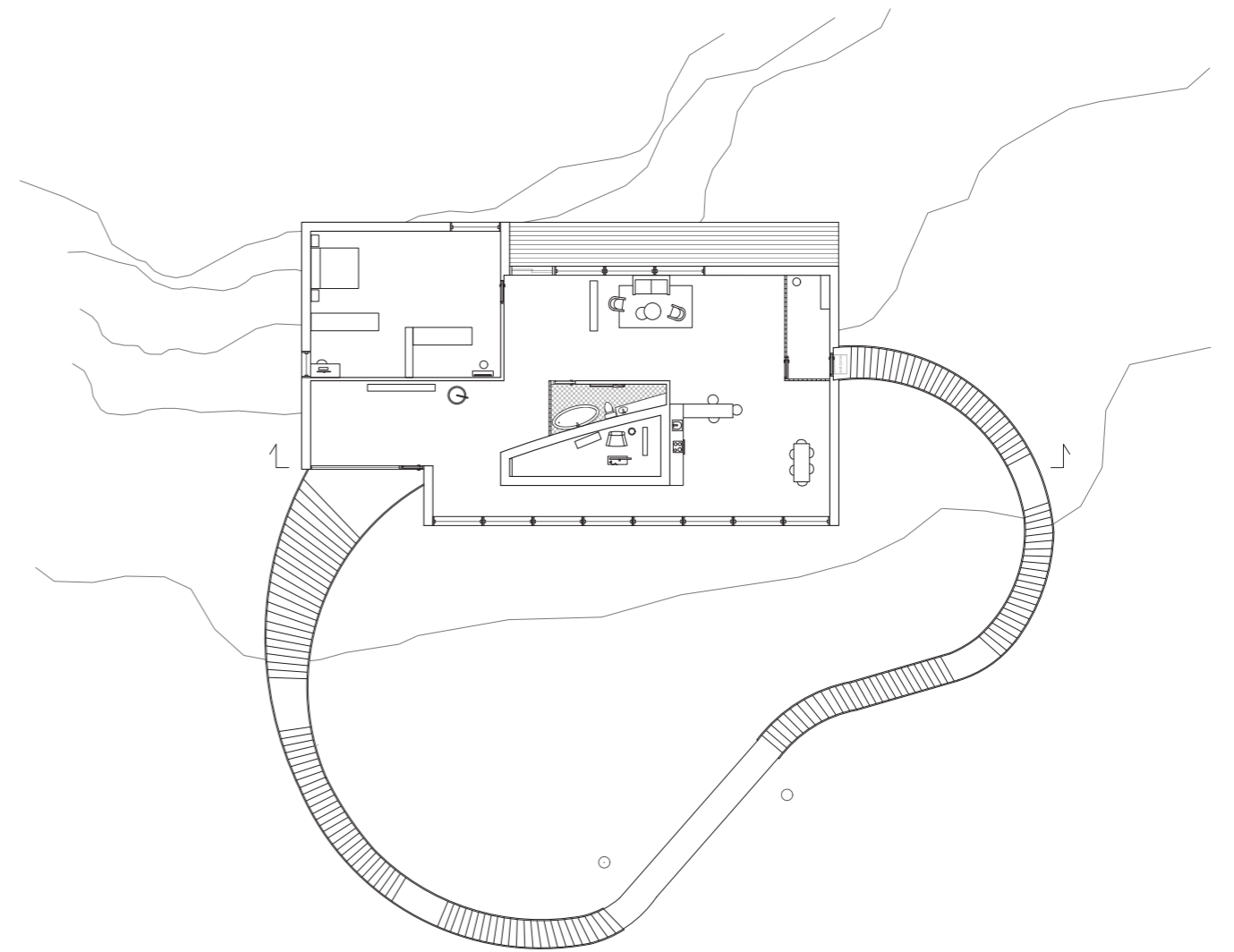
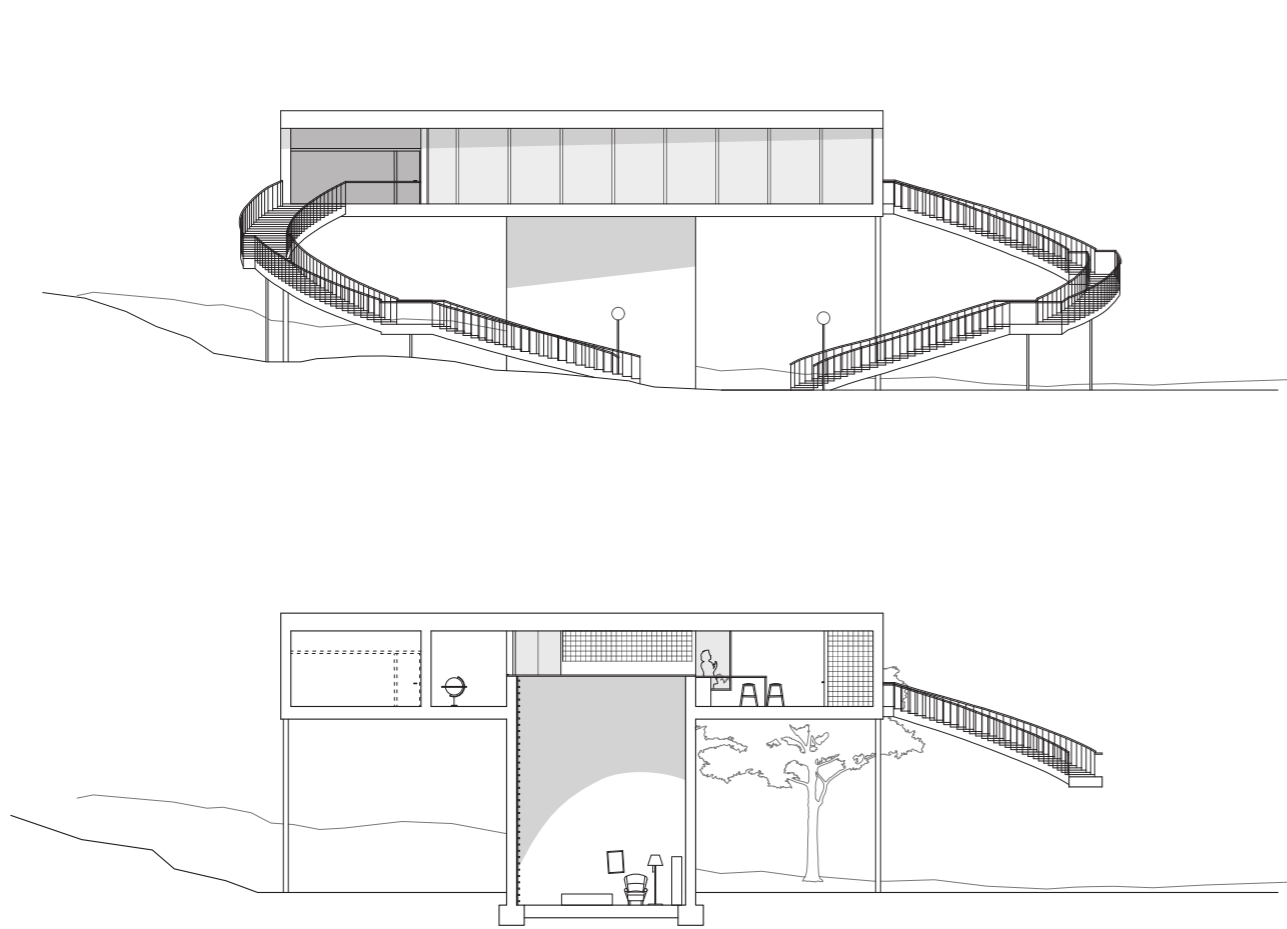
House with Ant colony

A house was once built on top of a giant ant colony. The ants crawled all over the construction site, and finally the owner - who built the house for his parents who suffered greatly from dementia - understood that the ants had nowhere else to go, they were a part of this house, and had always been. So he made a strong glass wall in the centre of the house, where the ants could regain their lost territory above ground, and in addition gained a unique point of orientation throughout the house for his parents, who could sometimes get lost.



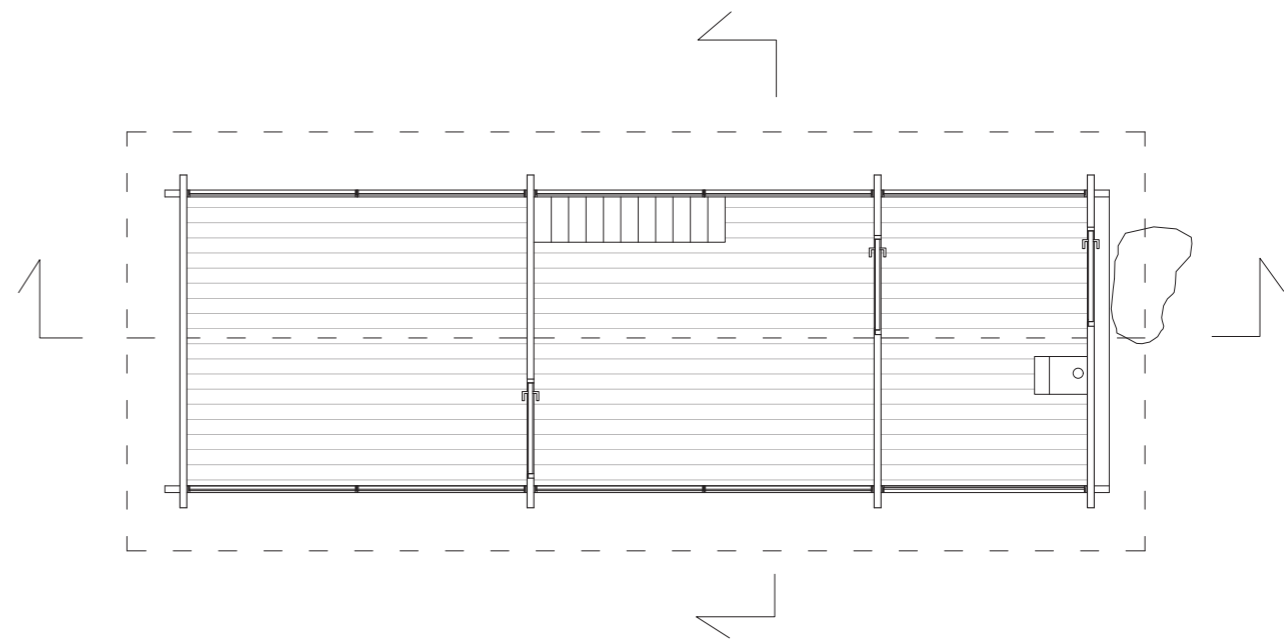
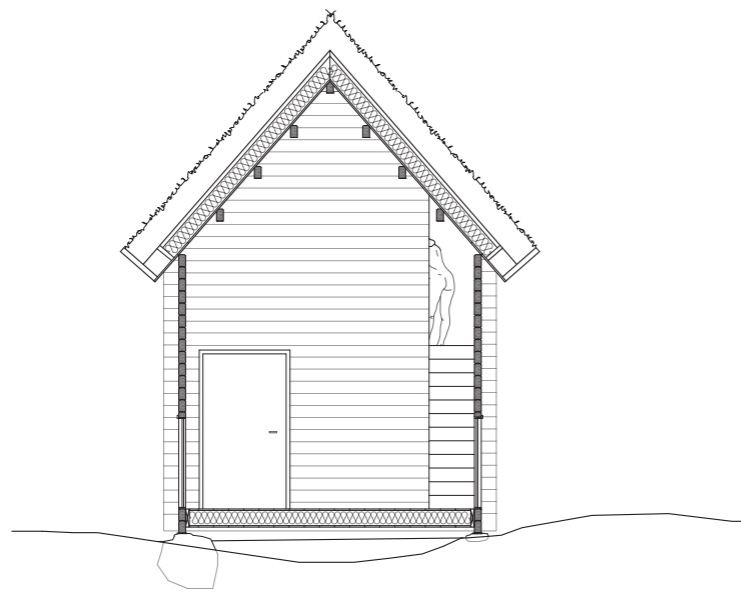
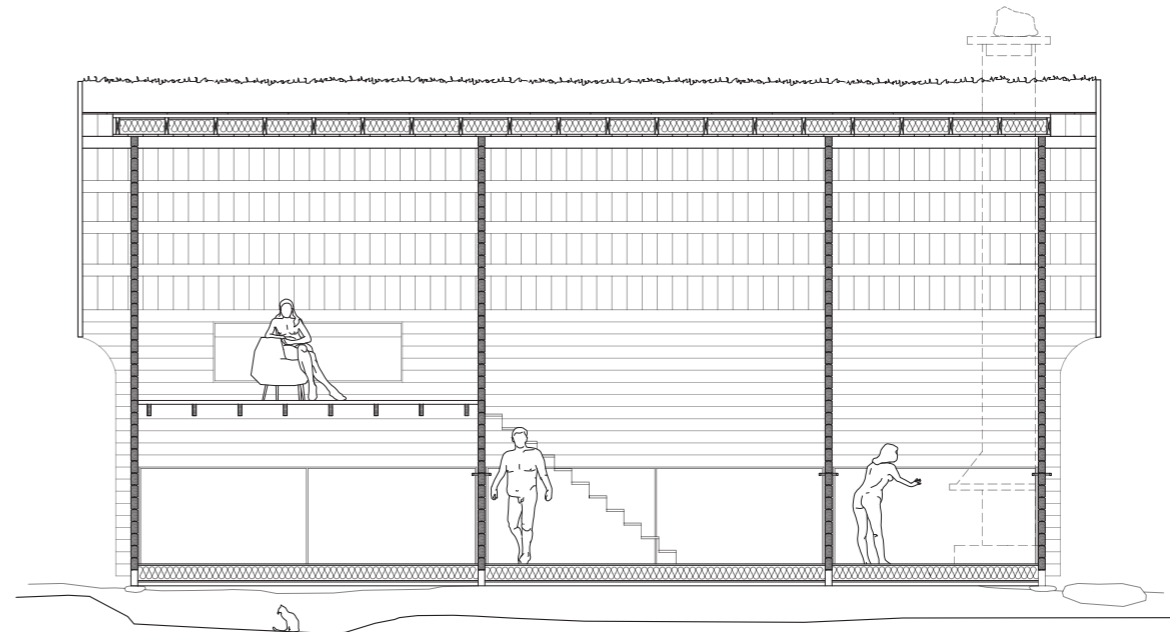
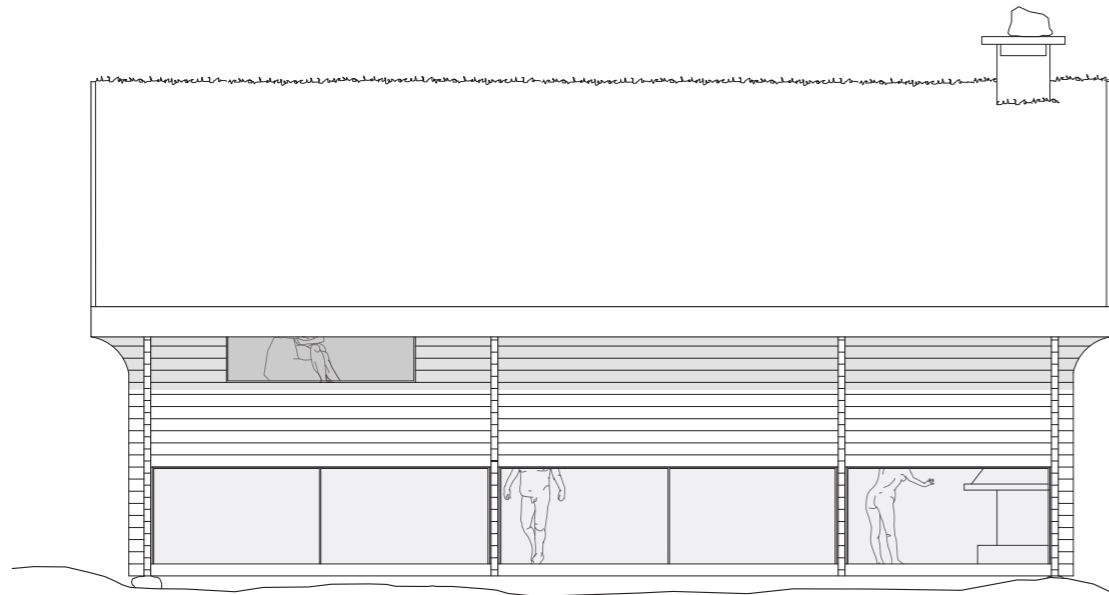
House of Ambition

An endless field of flat-roofed bungalows, once the symbol of domestic prosperity and victory over sinful diversity. Yet, the thought of individuality has reached one of bungalows, number 404 to be exact, and after years of ground-focused community among the ranks, it strains its entrance-stairs, lifting its body to impressive altitudes (for a bungalow), and takes on the mantle of a short high-rise.



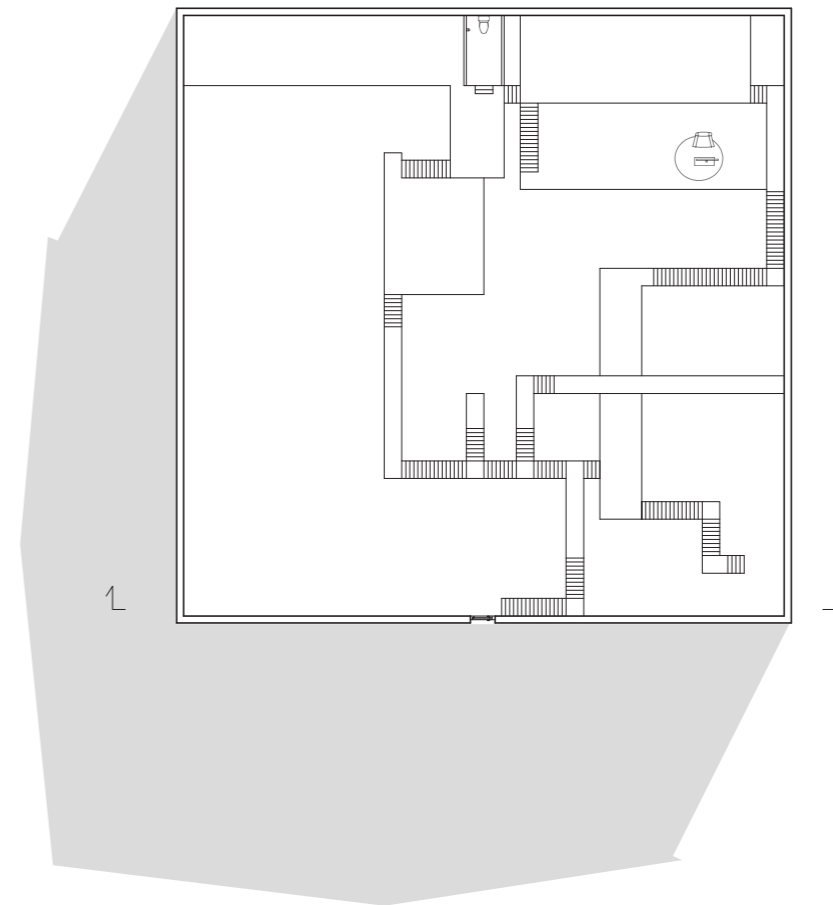
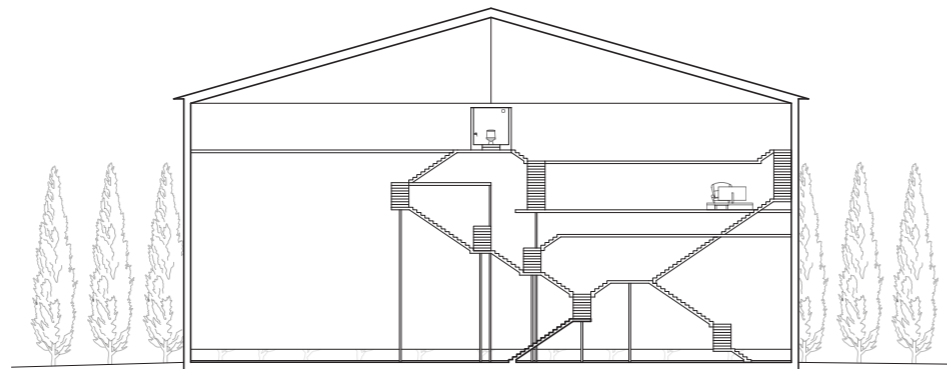
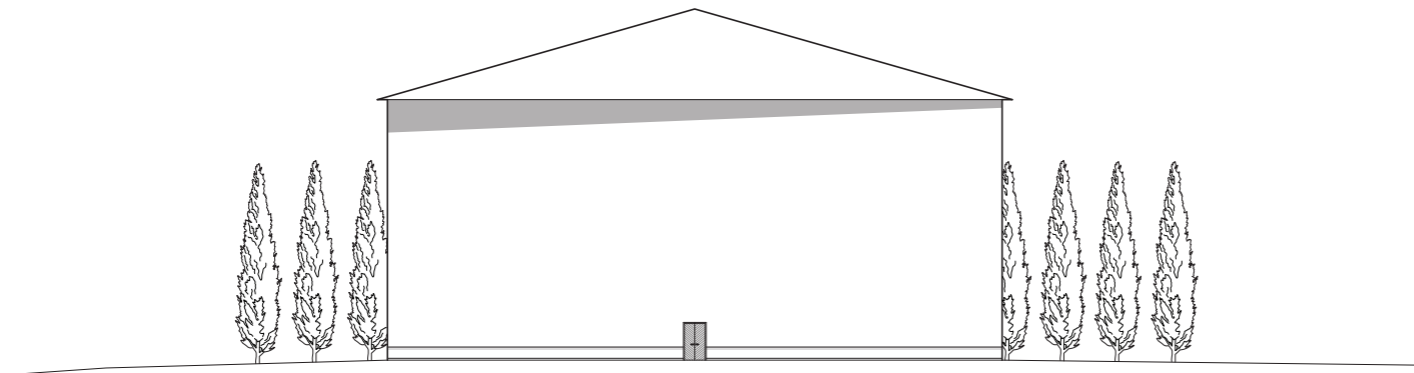
House of Postponing

Led Zeppelin once made a song called Stairway to Heaven. Why not make a point of stairways to houses, both in and out. It should take a while to enter and exit a house, and it should also be tiring in a way. It helps the mind acclimating to the new situation. Once inside, there is a general tension, an atmosphere of unnerving anticipation, and for some reason you can't sit still. Maybe if you get the chance to climb down into the bunker, you can get some peace?



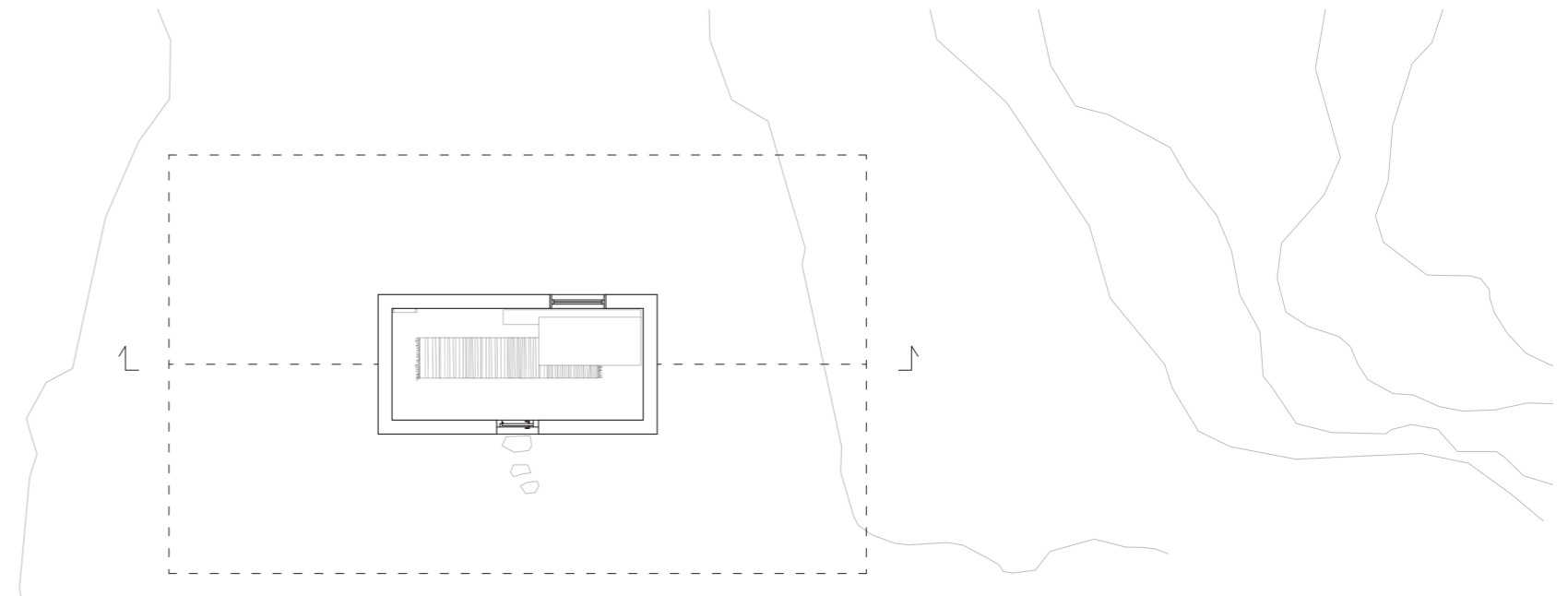
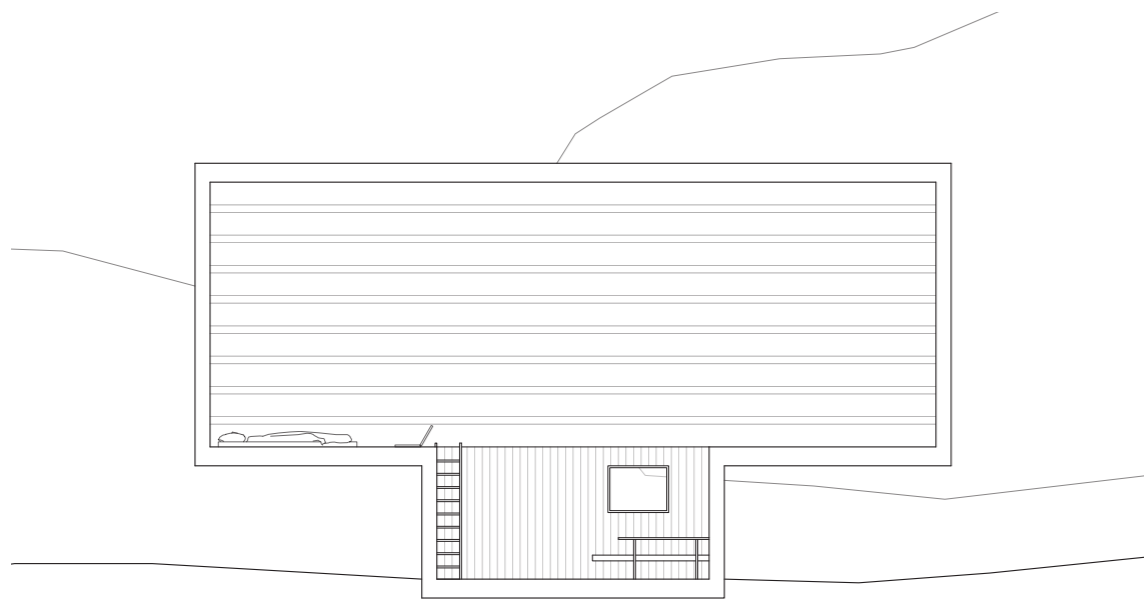
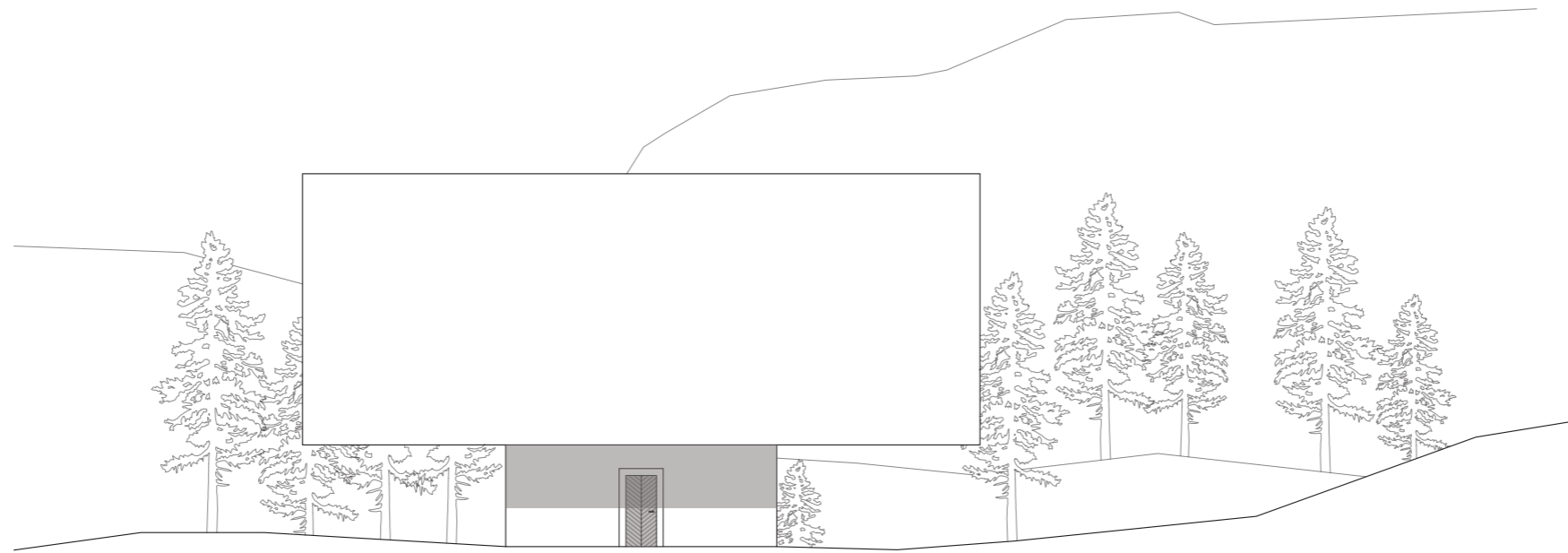
Cabin of Nudity

A cabin in the snow, a thick lumber construction with windows along the walls, showing the naked torso and lower body of the inhabitants, but not the heads - giving a sense of display as well as anonymity.



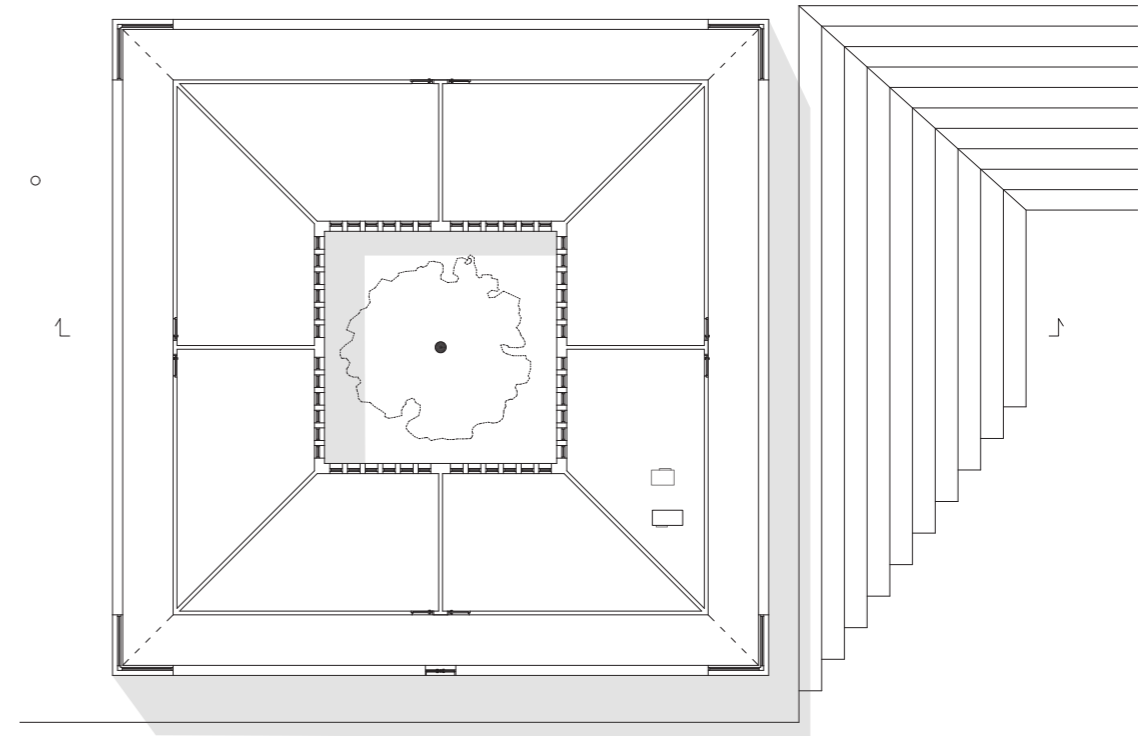
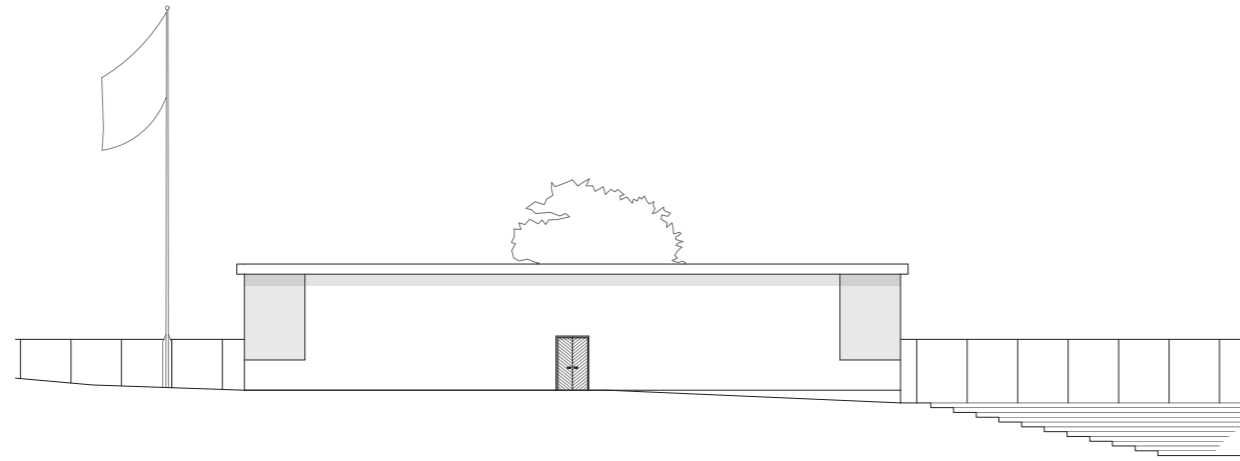
Palace of Privacy

Ah, the luxury of privacy! These days, to be left alone is considered suspicious and impractical, and this has given rise to a unique building in town built by a person with gastric challenges. She quickly discovered the sanctity of the humble toilet, and decided to make a house devoted to this. Here, the world outside can never get in. The entire space is filled with staircases for exercise and the only other room is where the occupant spends most of the time, in complete privacy.



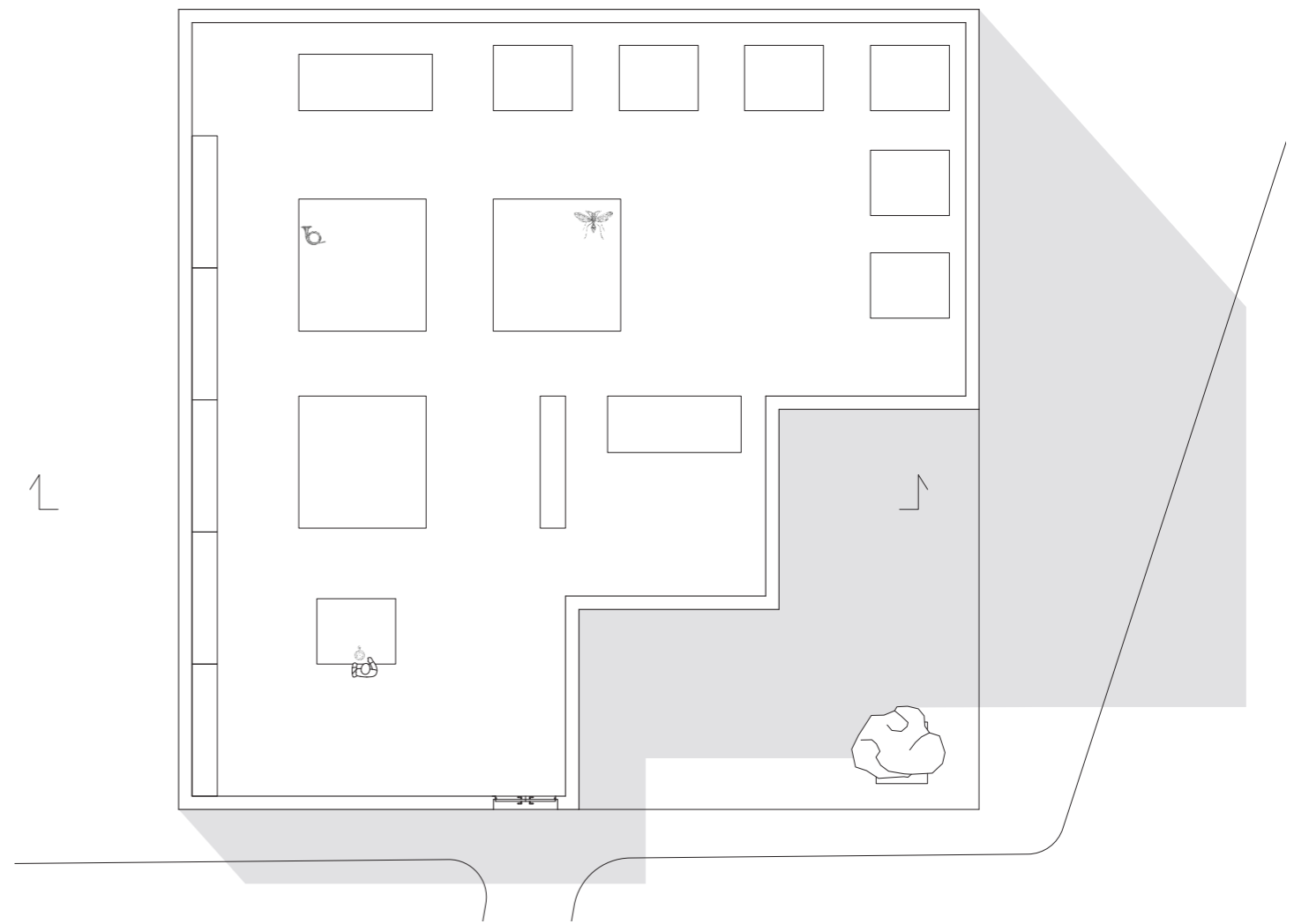
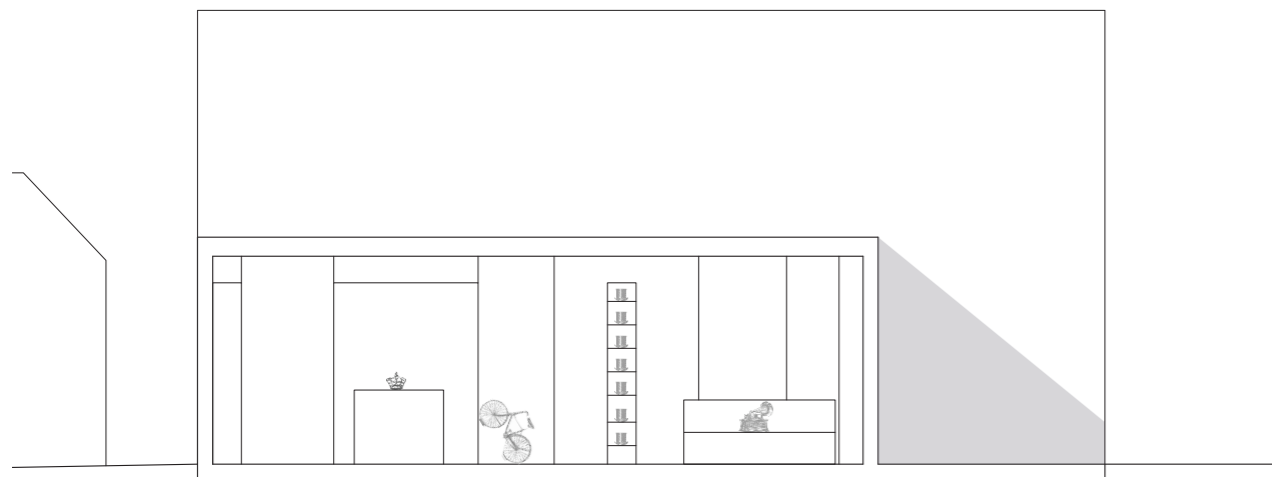
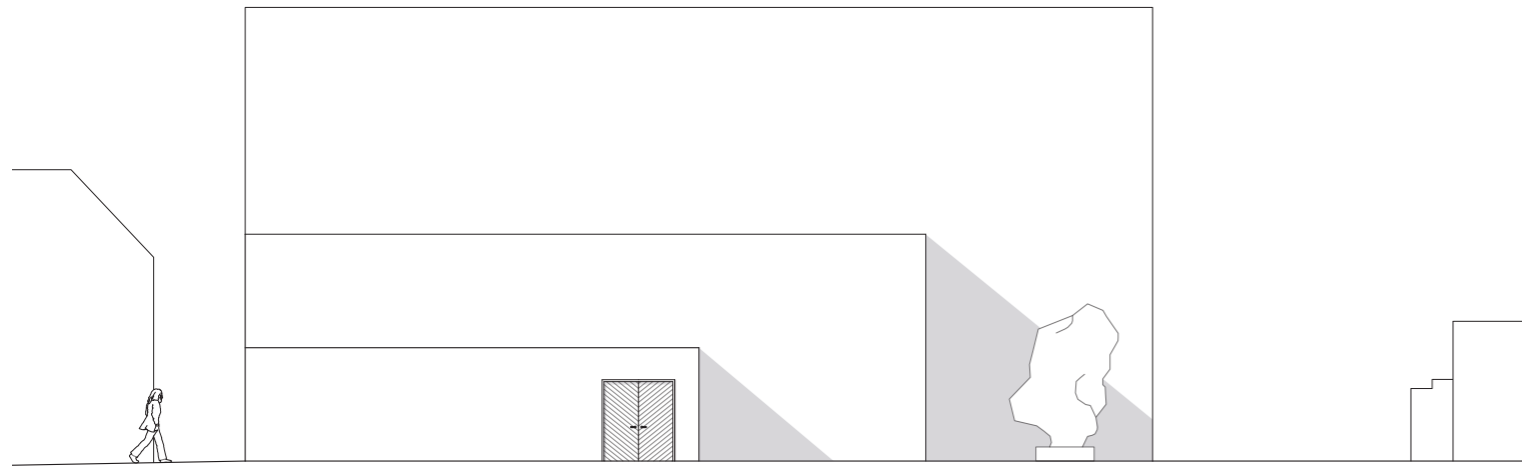
Cabin of Envy

This might be a typically Norwegian example, but the list simply wouldn't be complete without it. A cabin inherited through generations of mountain climbers or coastal huggers, with emphasis on vernacular conviction, is what everyone in the town should want. It is the pinnacle of nostalgia, and the greatest manifestation of a pious virtue in modern times, even with extensions, wifi and heated floors. It's all about the pretence of escapism. Sitting alone on a windy hill, overlooking the town, the cabin knows how special it is. Being distinctly separated from the other buildings, yet visible in the distance for all of them, the cabin alone creates a link between man and nature, facilitating the prime condition of contemporary life – the ecstasy of arriving on Friday afternoon, looking forward to a week-end of self indulgence, and the equal relief of leaving on Sunday, in a hurry to get some quality sofa time with Netflix before bed.



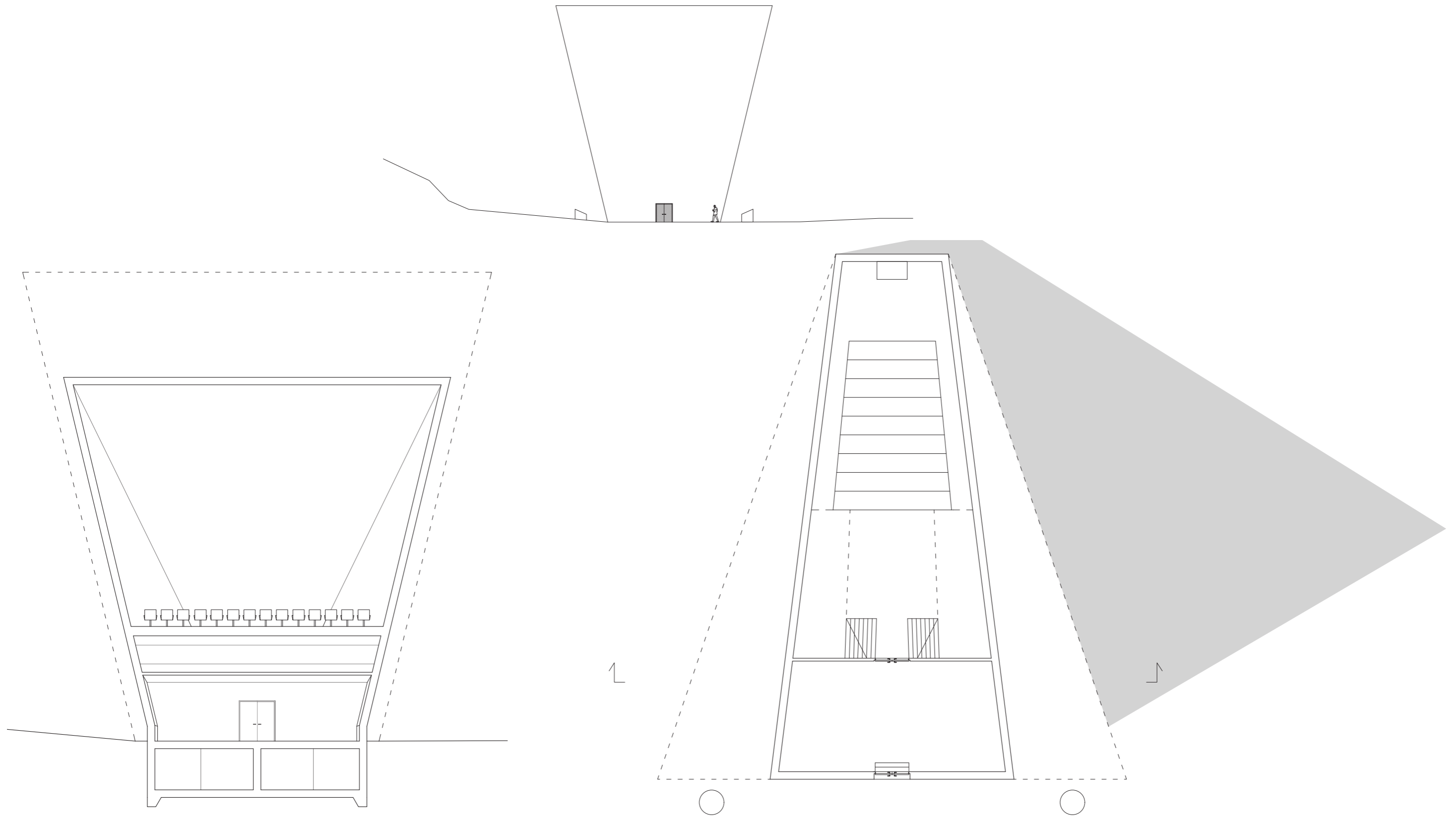
School of Repetition

The building where you send your kids on a regular basis, in the vague hopes that someday they might be as good as you almost where. Thus, the cycle of learning - unlearning keeps rolling. The school is big, plain, grey and made to evoke feelings of terror, shame, disgust, and pre-sexual curiosity leading to yet more shame. The location is central due to the parents complaining about lack of fresh air in the classroom never doing them any harm. The school as an institution was originally meant to bring a sense of academic pride to the town, and offer recruitment to the lofty elite in the Church or the Bank, but after years of dedicated cheating and bullying, the students turned to more suitable work in the Courthouse or the Hotel, like their parents. Not that there is anything wrong with that!



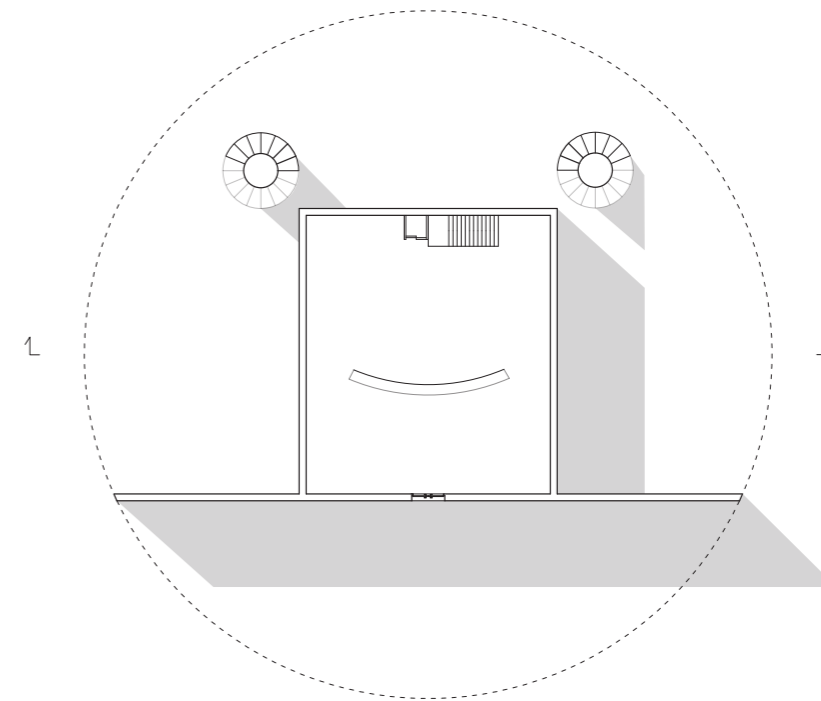
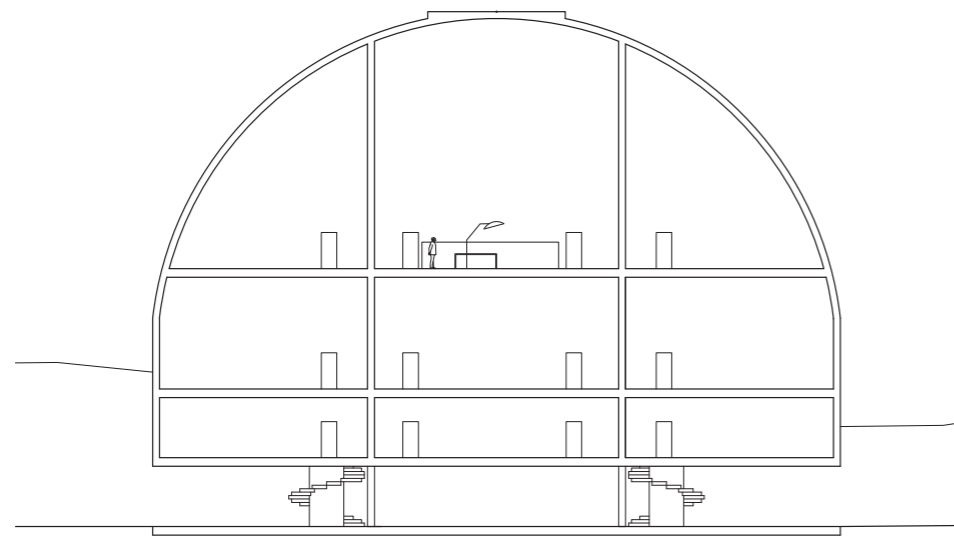
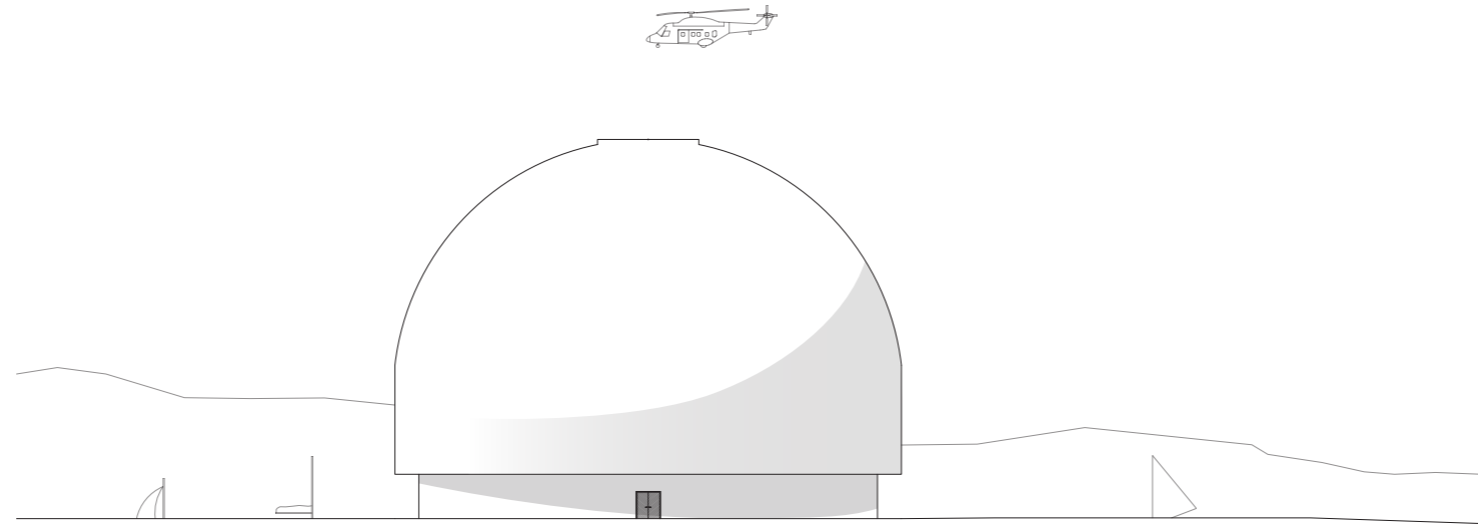
Museum of Bad Conscience

One of the least used buildings in the town, at the end of the street, is the museum. It was built in the event that people should be hit by a pandemic with no chance of escaping, and maybe consider entering the one building in town they had never seen, before they die. It contains anything that strange people left behind in the ground before the town came, and might have been of interests to a few if the system of voluntary visiting was discarded. The years have not been kind to the museum, and the neglected staff has gradually merged with exhibition displays in their own way. Yet, the presence of the building has given the people in town an unfamiliar feeling of discomfort and stress - something that seems to grow more and more as the years pass. Maybe sending the kids with their grandparents would help? Or turning it into a casino?



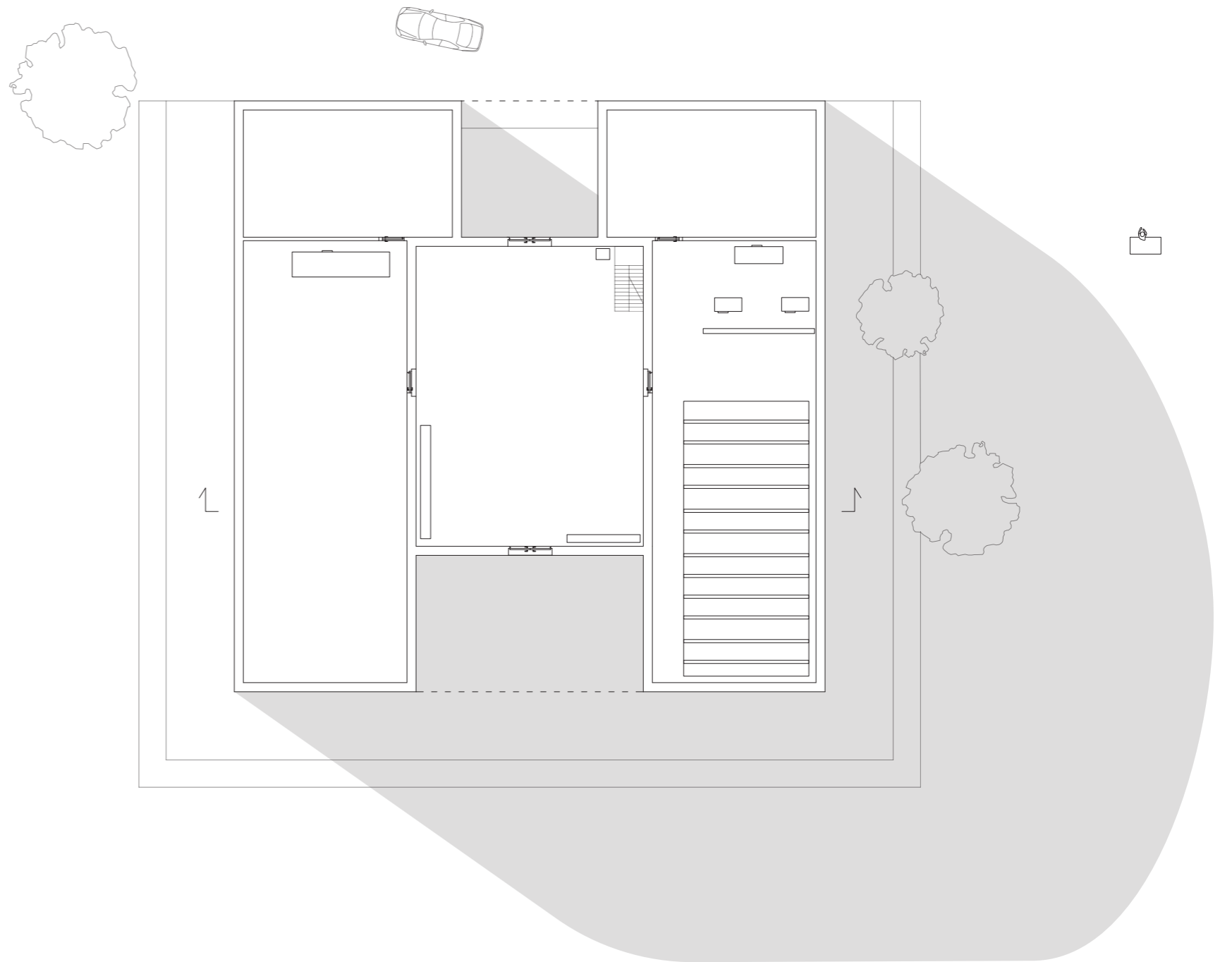
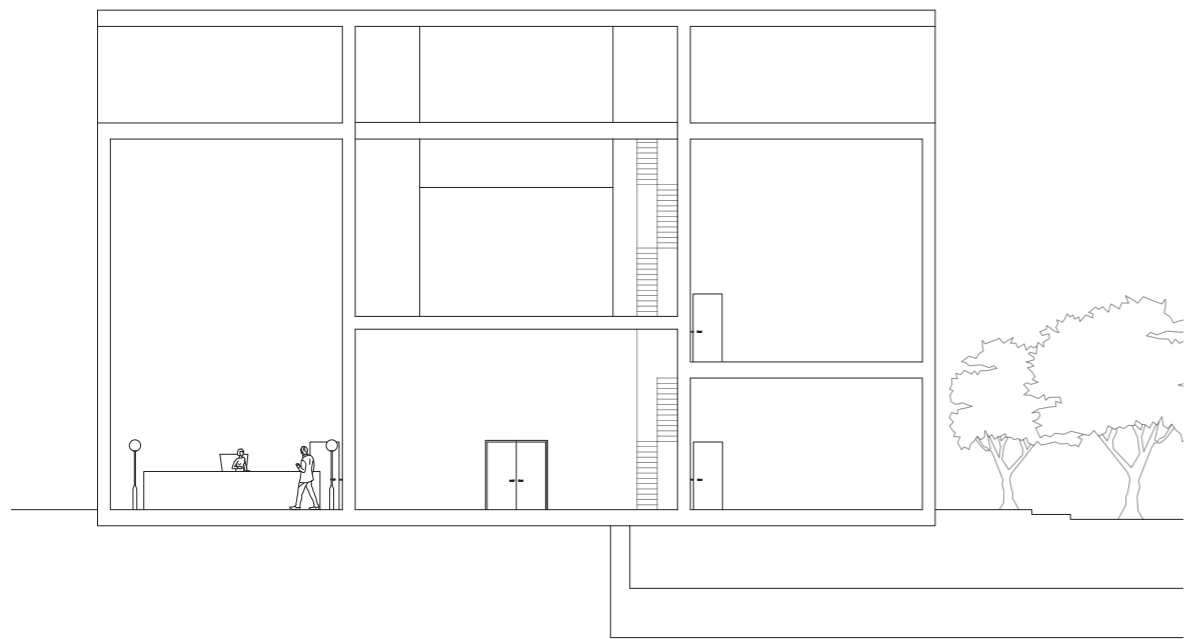
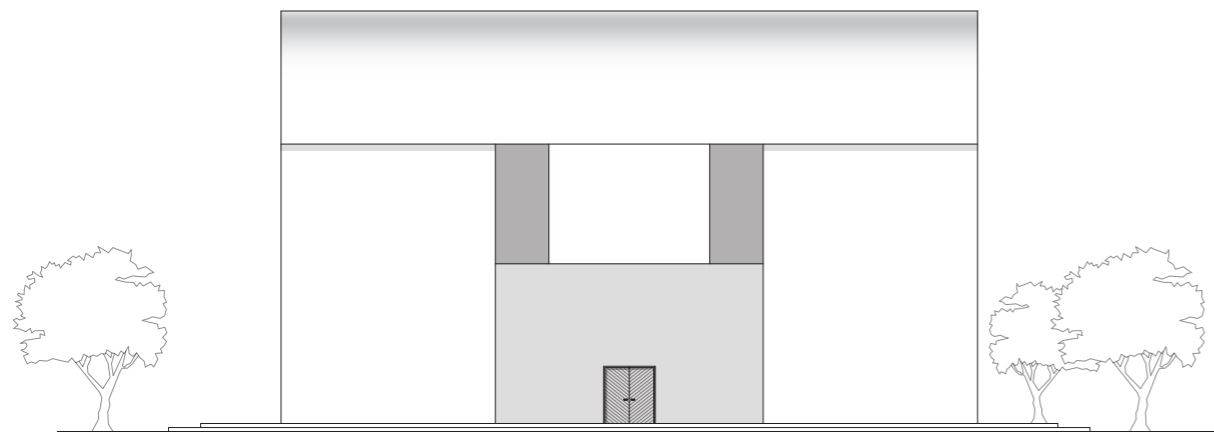
Theatre of Self Esteem

The place to go for a boost of confidence is at the theatre of self esteem. Everybody is somebody here. To be seen, and to be a spectator are both two sides of the same show, and as the show must go on, so too does the building itself, seemingly. The large facade covers a space that narrows inward, giving the perspective of a much longer building. The stage area is actually quite modest, which again points to the buildings true nature - a large, impressive front, hiding a small space of actuality.



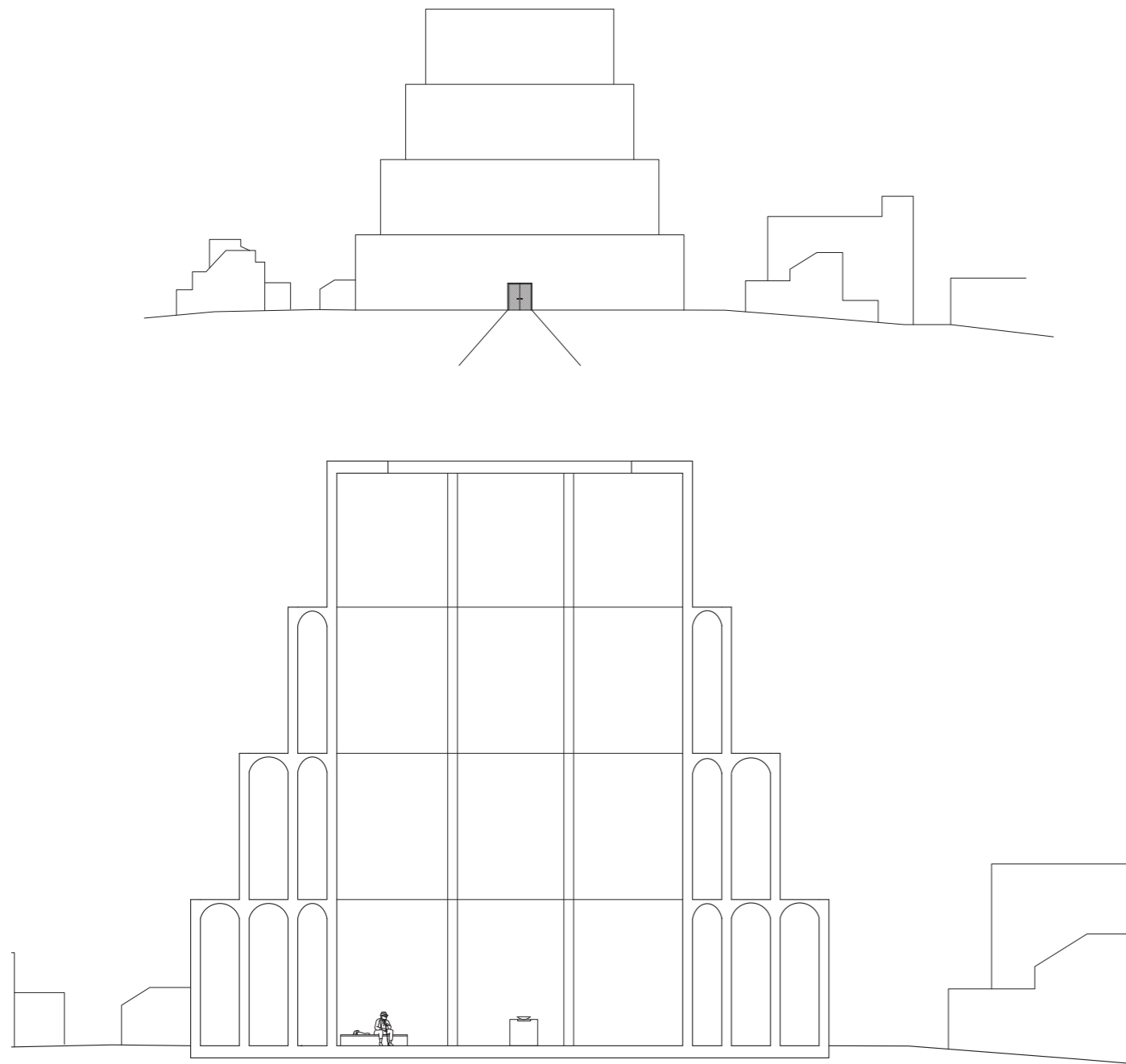
Hospital of Help

When times get rough you can always stop by the hospital. It's one of the oldest and friendliest buildings in town and actually the first building you see when you arrive by boat. One could say that the visual signal such an exposed placement gives is toward the hubristic, that it even screams: 'HERE IN THIS TOWN WE REALLY CARE ABOUT THE WELFARE OF OUR PEOPLE!'. Or maybe it gives you a warm feeling of reassuring safety and comfort. Anyway, it's unusual. The hospital offers help of most kinds, typically medical, but also financial, marital, maritime, botanical and the like. Through the years, the hospital has gradually taken more users off of other institutions in town, such as the Church, the Bank, and even the Courthouse. This seems to work well, mostly. This is also why the first floor has been lifted off ground, exposing several points of entry, either by staircase, lift, dimension portal or hell gate. To each his own, as they say.

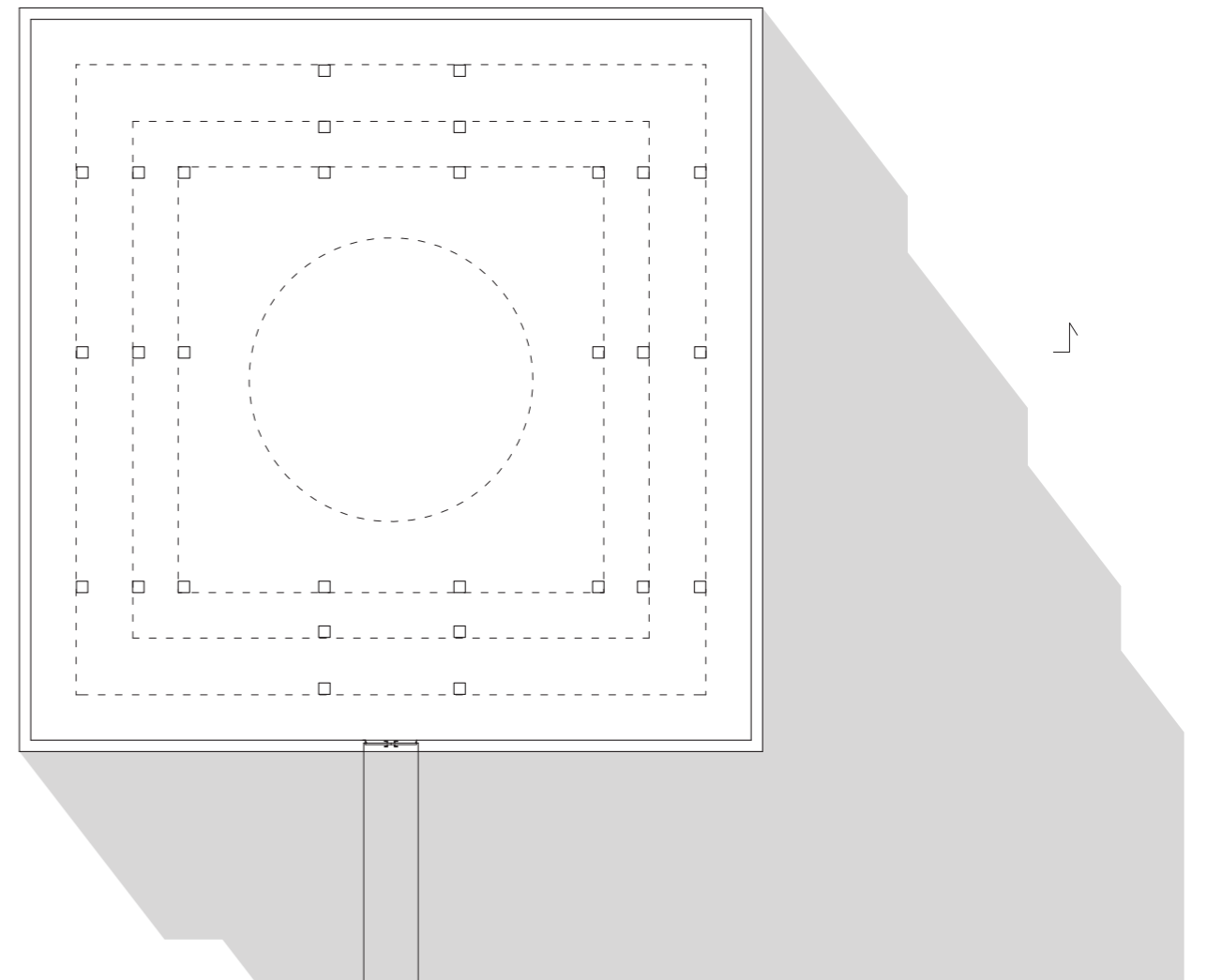


Courthouse of Crime

The courthouse can be a good place to enter if one is considering to break - or have already broken, the law. The boundaries of good and bad has always seemed fluctuating here, depending on the judge, the bribe or the weather. The laws and regulations of the town is naturally respected, but only in the sense that nature is chaotic and rarely obliging. The building is conveniently situated with roads on all sides to easily run out and drive speedily away, should the chance occur.



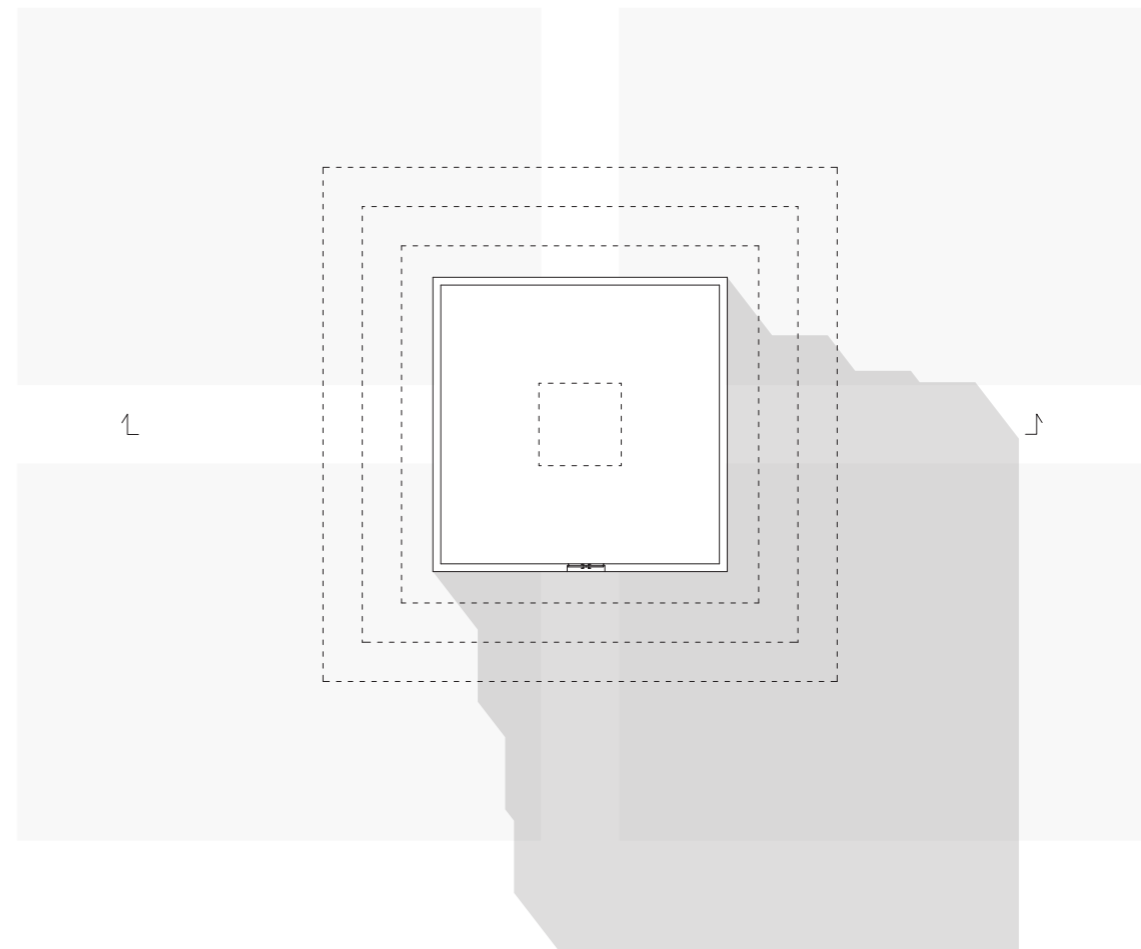
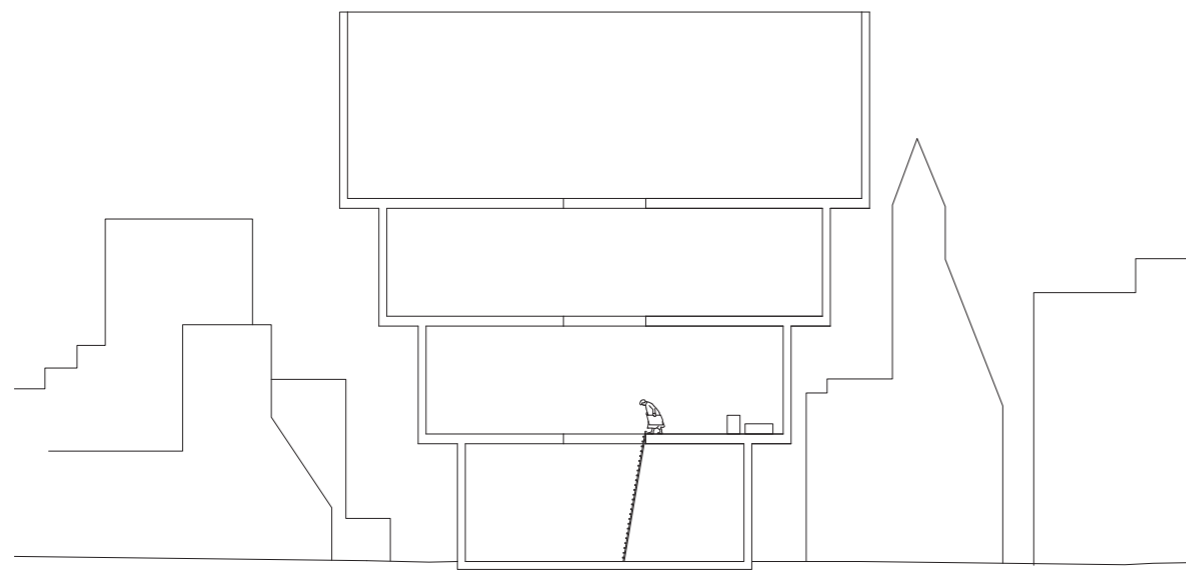
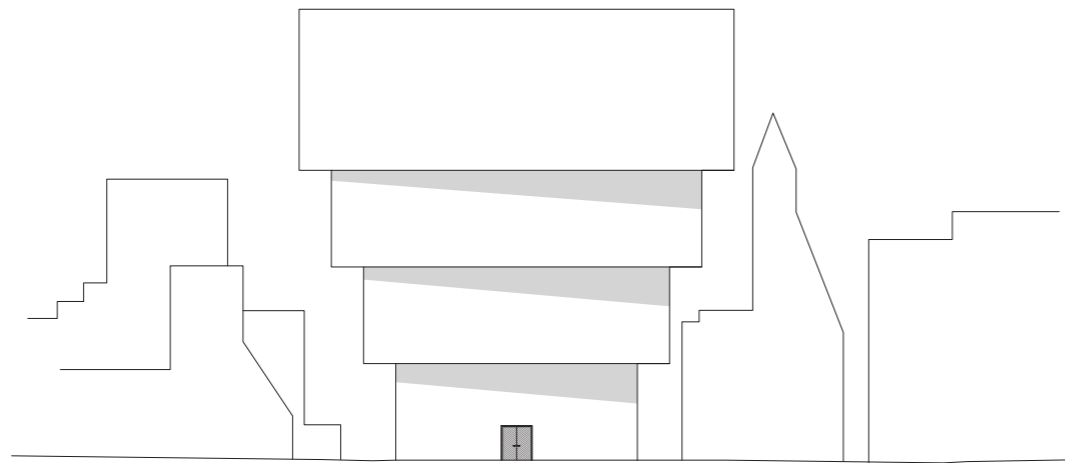
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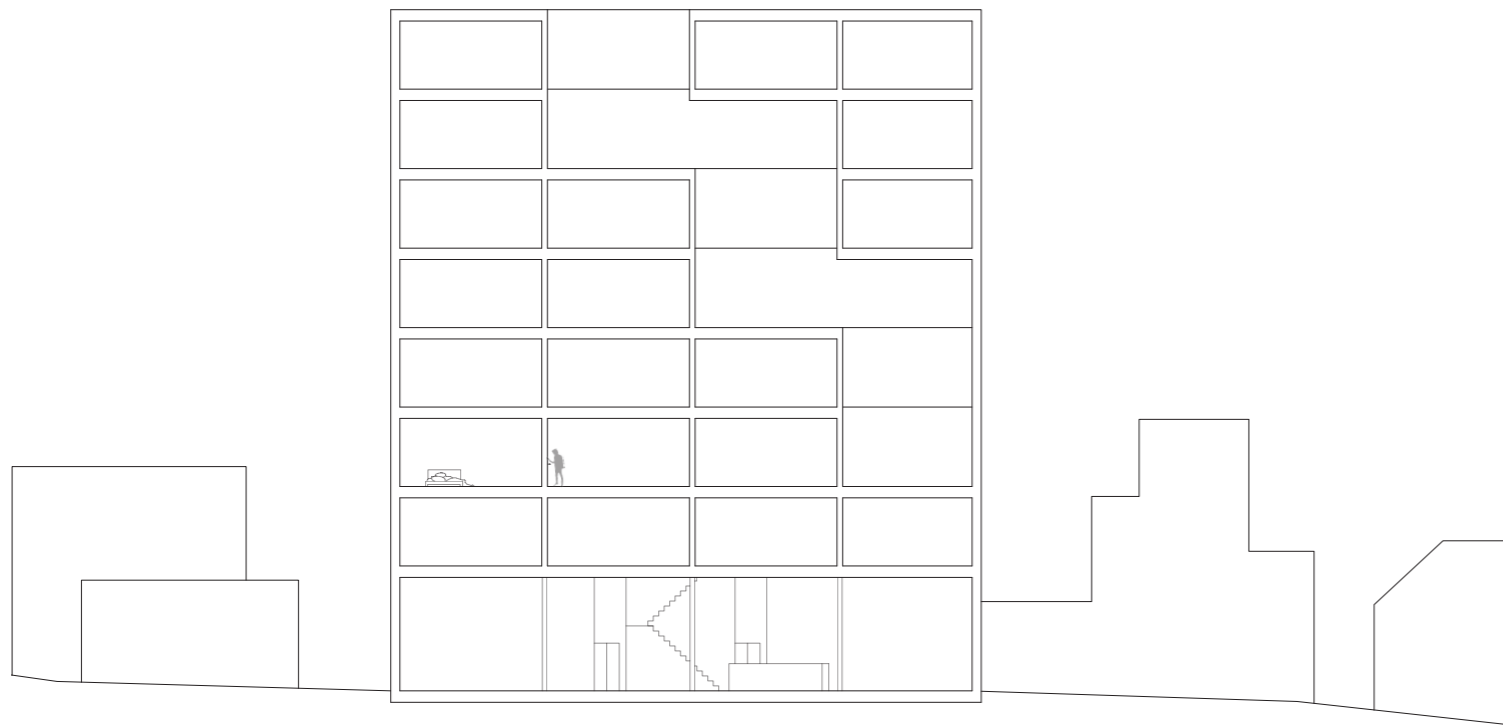
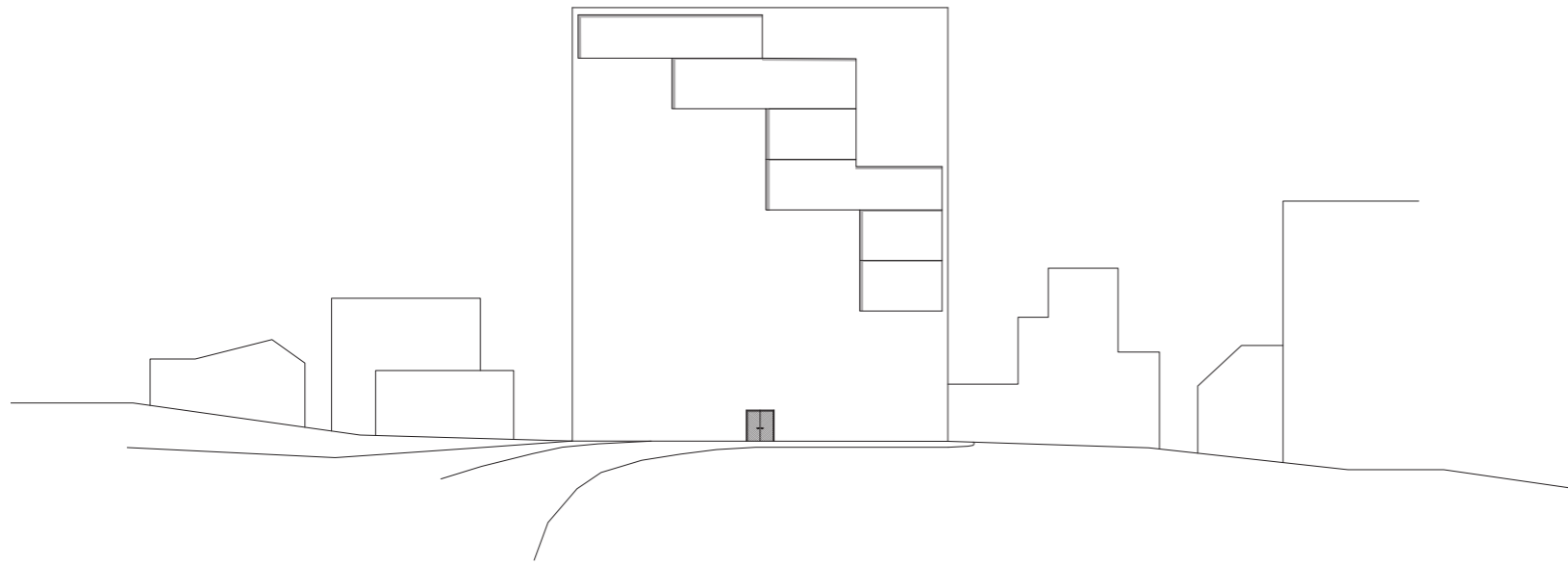
Church of Worship

This building is exactly the same as the Bank of Money, only slightly holier and turned the right way up, as a proper stepped pyramid. The entrance is in the same place, centred on the southern wall. If one should climb to the top there is a thin glazed roof with a large circular hole, so that God can come and go as she pleases. The church is not, however, exclusively the home of a deity, it is first and foremost a place of worship, be it profane, insane, narcissistic, narcotic, politically correct or otherwise. But in whichever form the worship takes, it is still a holy act - and not a thing to take lightly. The building therefore has to give the same impression of etheric presence. Suppression, silence, gravity and stillness are the preferred emotional responses almost achieved by choosing this stone block over that.



Bank of Money

This imposing yet comfortably suppressing building has a walled square foundation with an entrance in the centre of the southern wall. The next three storeys are increasingly expanding, cantilevered over its lower floor, creating a stepped pyramidal form turned upside down. Within this bank there is a perfect void, underneath an absence of roof, leaving rain and snow to dare enter at its own peril. The size is modest compared to its goal of containing all the numerical wealth in the known universe. The Bank first appeared when there was a shortage of coin, and the ones prone to lying a lot got the idea of pretending they had more coin than was factual. They then came together and built an enormous building to keep all their non-existent money safe, usually in a centralized spot of the town or village, thinking three times about the importance of location. The building was given aforementioned impressive appearance in order to successfully lure actual money out of honest people in fright of insulting its size with their presumed pettiness.



Hotel of Mischief

Someone, somewhere in time and space thought about cheating their wife or husband, and dearly wished for a specialised building to facilitate this act. A place away from the discomfort of home and familiarity, a place where discretion and pride in servitude was key. A hotel is the answer. A building containing a multitude of rooms, where the brevity of the occupation is paid for with gratitude and replied in anonymity and cleanliness. The hotel has its own way of expressing its hidden mission, (leaving it rather obvious) by dividing the upper floors into two separate stepped towers, responding to each other in a positive - negative way. Much like married life. Breakfast is served between too early and get the hell up, it's your time to drive the kids to school.