



THE HAMMERS  
Siv Lier

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Over three million years ago, our ancestors used hammer stones to break other rocks into tools for cutting and killing. Today, we have a wide variety of specialised hammers, but despite their differences, most still consist of a head mounted on a handle, just like the hammer dating back more than 30.000 years, when we placed a stick on the hammer stone to increase force and comfort. The hammer is the oldest known tool and has always been part of human life. It illustrates how our desire to simplify tasks and shape environments manifests as designed objects. The hammer, perfectly fitting the hand, unites human and design, body with object. Yet I wonder, do we really know and appreciate the hammer, or do we take it for granted? This book explores the intimate and entangled relationship between humans and designed objects, represented by the hammer. To deepen my understanding of the hammer, I have explored it through various practices and used a wide range of techniques and materials, including (experimental) drawing, laser-cutting, ceramic works, and bricolage. I have also shared my process with others, inviting participation through exhibitions, workshops, and collections. I have engaged in conversations with and about hammers. I have built hammers, tied and taped myself to them, danced around with them, and even shared a bed with one. In this book, you will meet hammers that have a story to tell as well as hammers that do not (yet) exist. You will meet strange, broken, and useless hammers, as well as human hammers and hammer humans. I welcome you into my world of hammers.

Siv Lier,  
Bergen, September 2025

PS     Each photo is numbered, and you can read details, stories, or fun facts about it on the last pages of the book.



*What stories can a hammer tell?*

THE SUBJECTIVE HAMMERS

Hammers are everywhere and come in many types, each designed for a specific task. But do we see them for what they truly are, beyond their practical use and how they serve us? Just as you and I need to be validated as the person we are, and not just as humans in general, what if hammers want that too? Could this shift in perspective help us appreciate them more? The Subjective Hammers is a collection of hammers I have found, bought, or borrowed. Some look like hammers but may be difficult to use for hammering. Others might not look like hammers but can be used as such. Some challenge what hammering truly means. Each one carries a personal story, and you are welcome to learn about them through the words of their owners.





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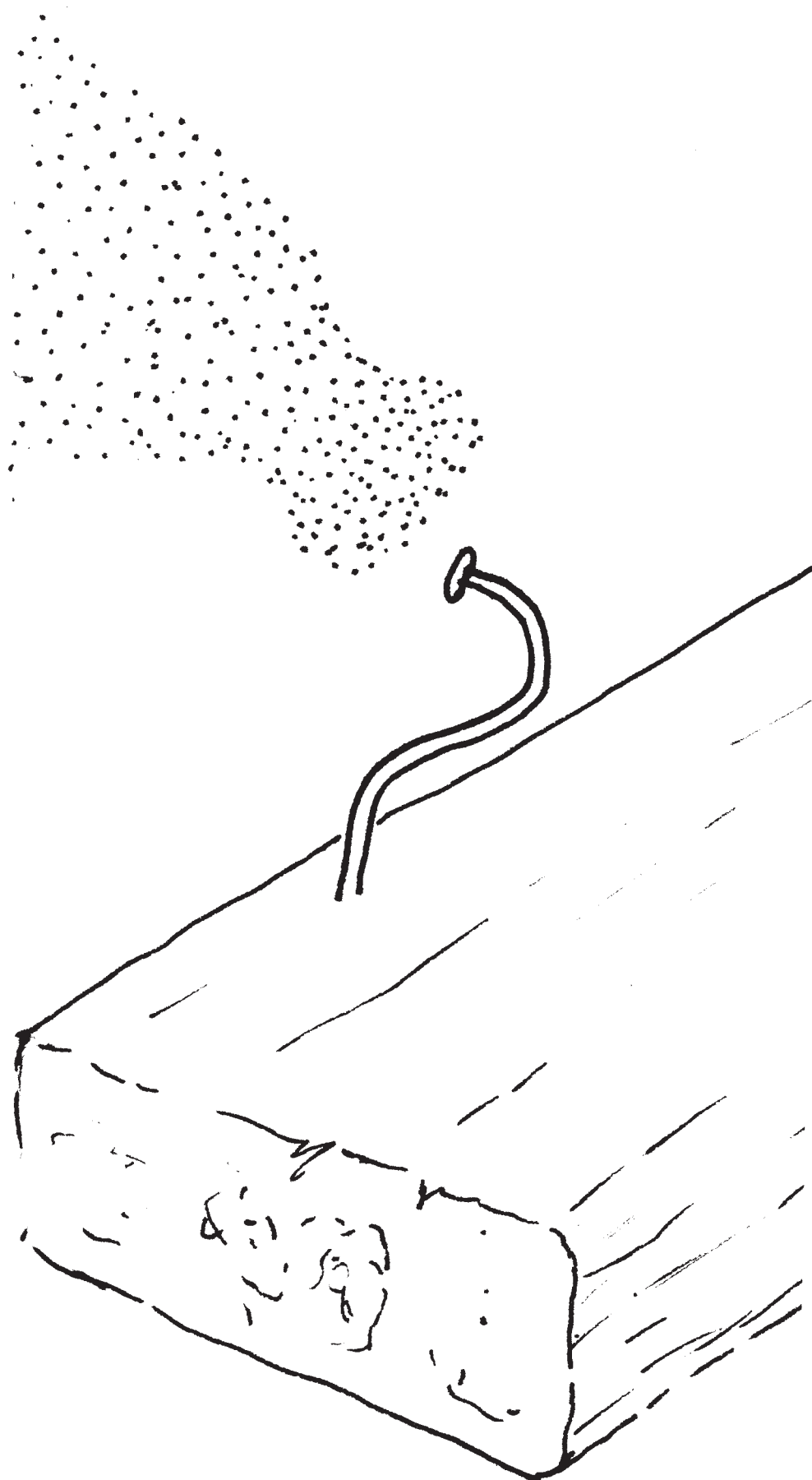


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I am quietly mourning the loss of, and hoping for the return of, an “inherited” hammer. This hammer was part of a toolbox that had once been my grandfather’s. The hammer was the one tool from the strange “archive” that I chose to make regular use of, especially in the process of installing exhibitions. In fact, this is how it was mislaid, volunteering it for use in hanging a student show. I am hopeful it will come back to me.

*I stillhet sørger jeg over tapet av, og håper på gjenforening med, en arvet hammer. Denne hammeren var en del av en verktøykasse som en gang hadde vært min bestefars. Hammeren var det ene verktøyet fra det merkelige “arkivet” som jeg valgte å bruke regelmessig, spesielt i prosessen med å installere utstillinger. Faktisk er det slik den forsvant, da jeg lånte den ut til studenter som skulle montere en utstilling. Jeg håper den vil komme tilbake til meg.*

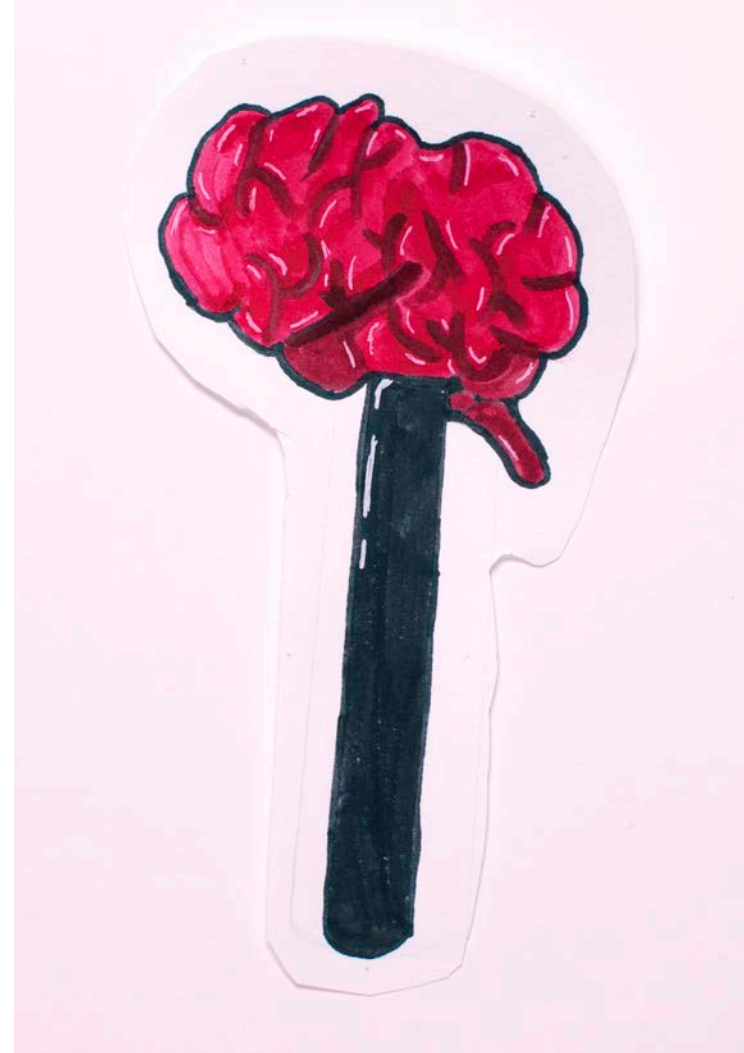
What sort of hammer do you have in your life,  
and what is your relationship with it?



What kind of hammers is the world in need of?

THE HAMMERS THAT  
DO NOT (YET) EXIST

The judge’s hammer, the carpenter’s hammer, the sledgehammer, the bone hammer used in surgery, and the hammer for tenderising meat – there are so many different and specialised types of hammers in the world! But what kinds of hammers do not yet exist? During my 2021 exhibition, I organised a workshop where visitors were invited to design hammers they wished existed in the world and write about them. I supplied leftover and waste materials along with basic tools and observed a collection of hammers grow in real time during the exhibition. You are welcome to meet those hammers now.







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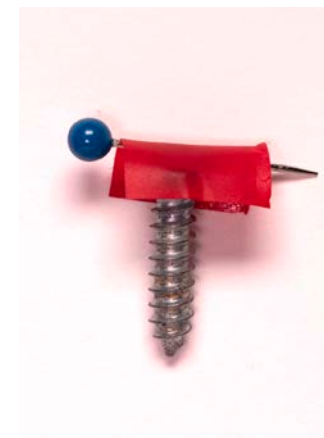
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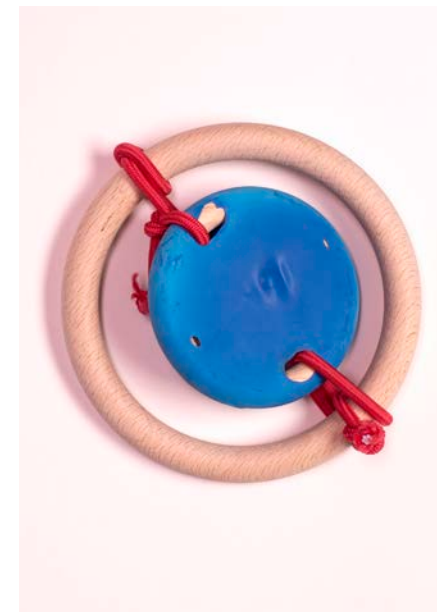


Bylant  
hammer













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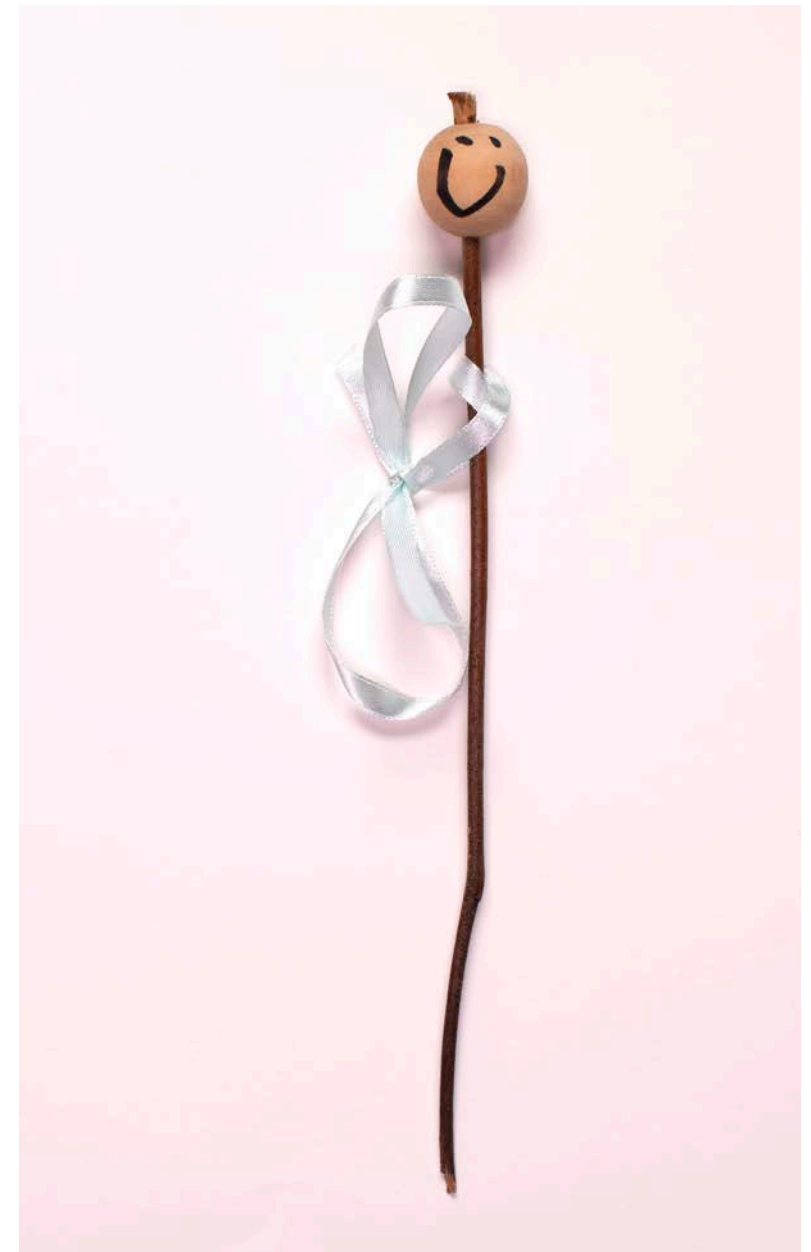


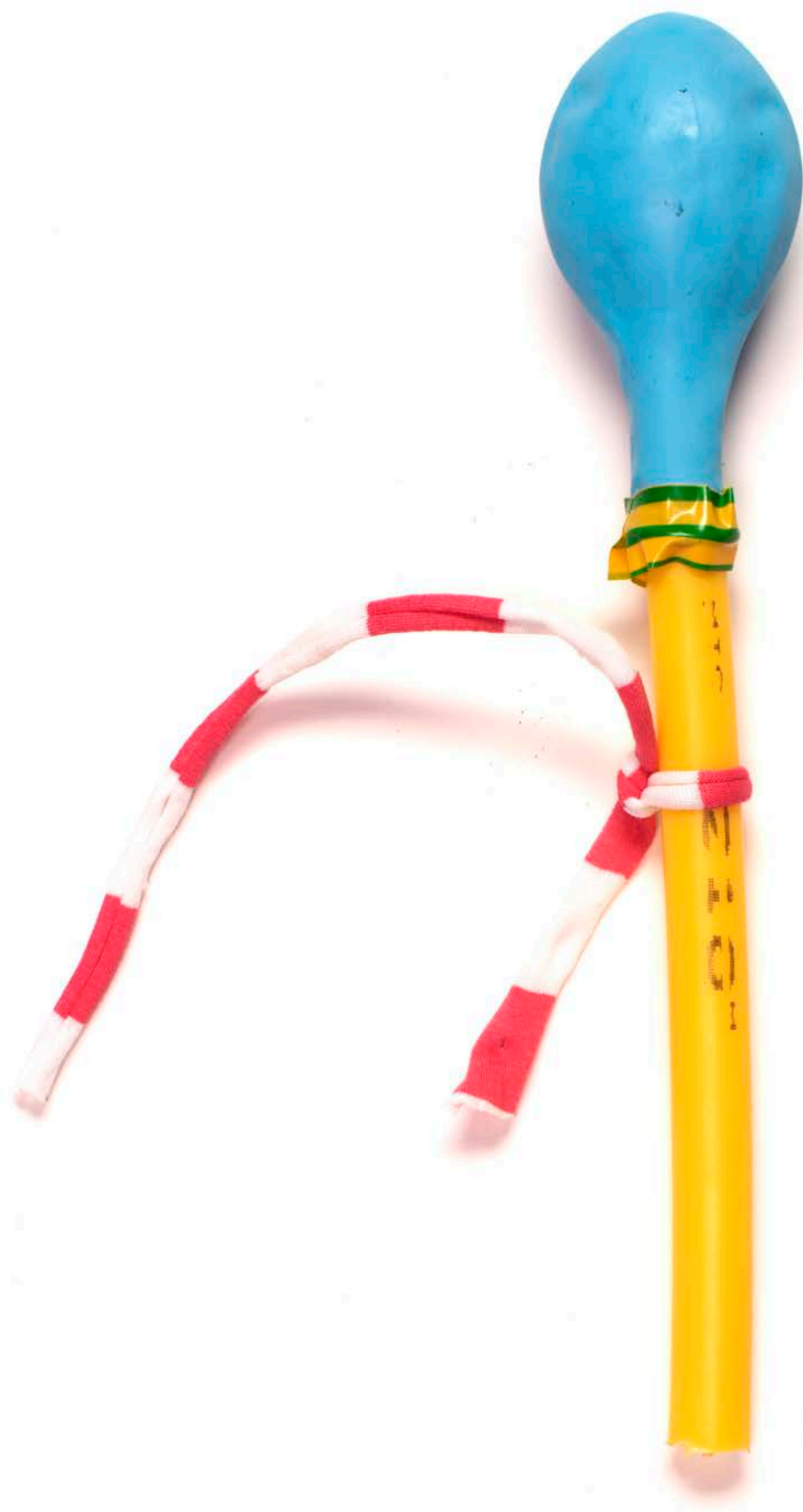
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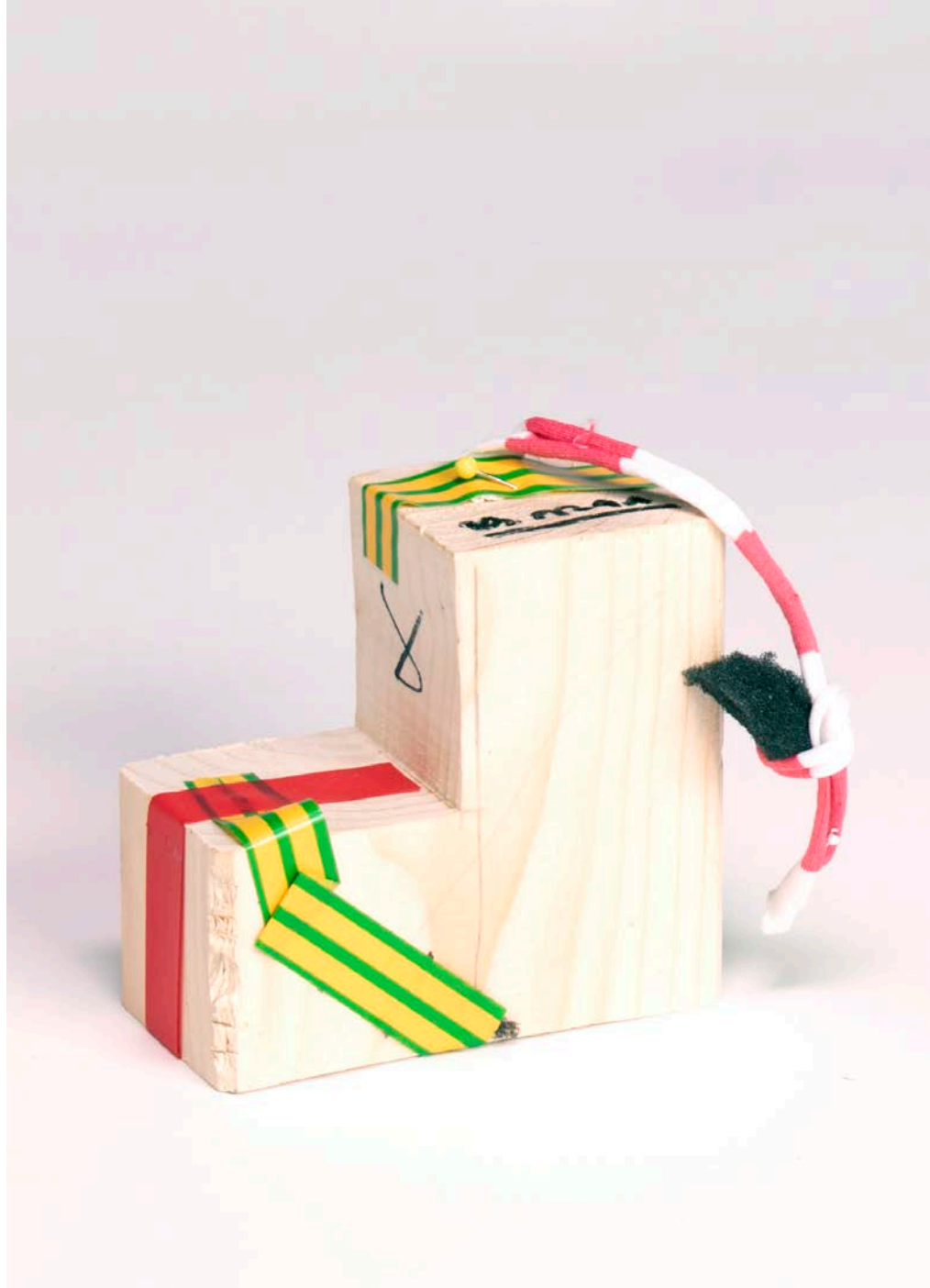
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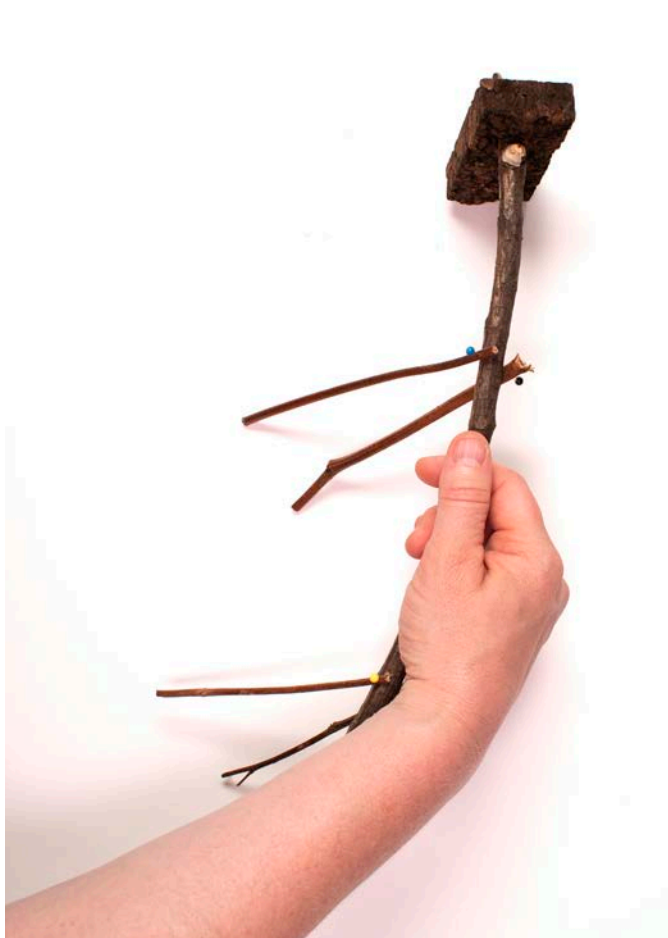


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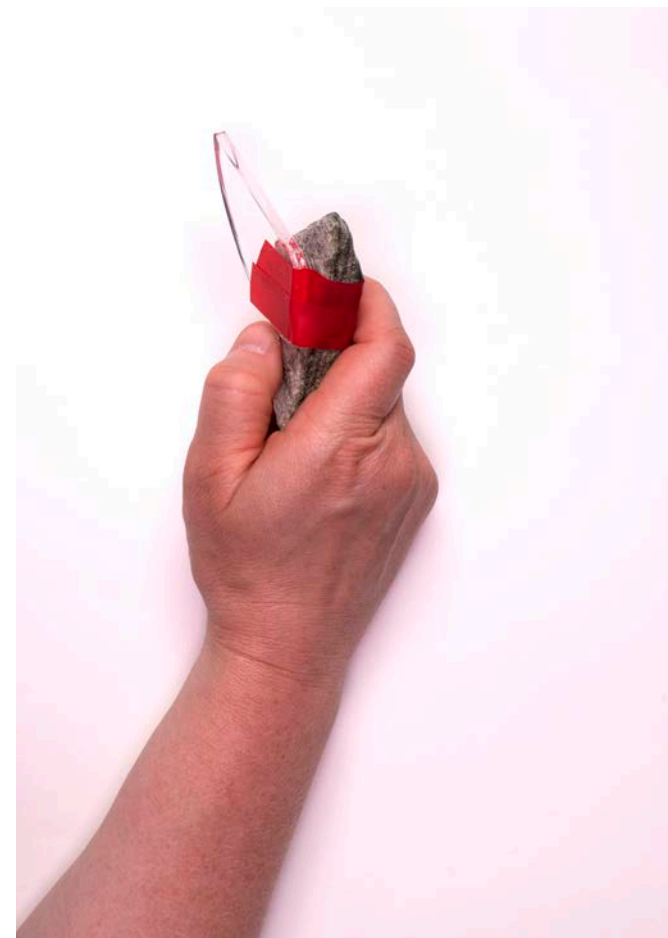




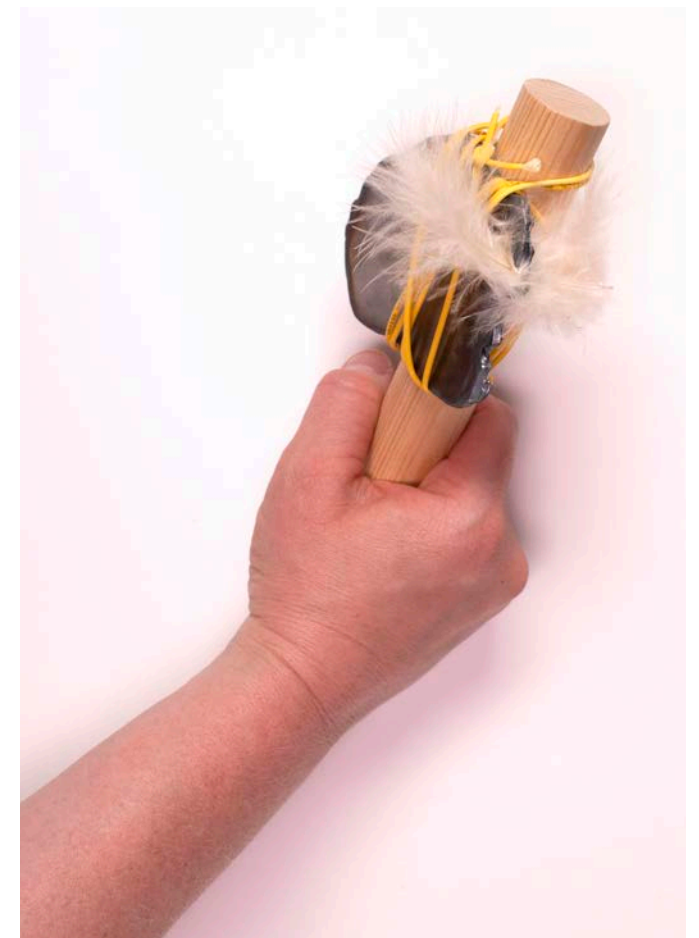
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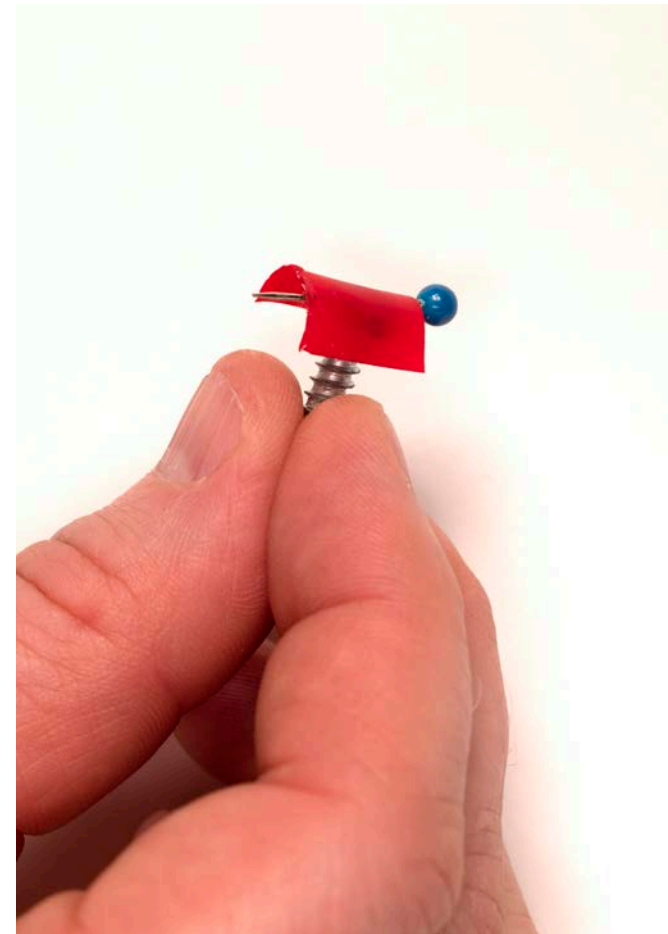
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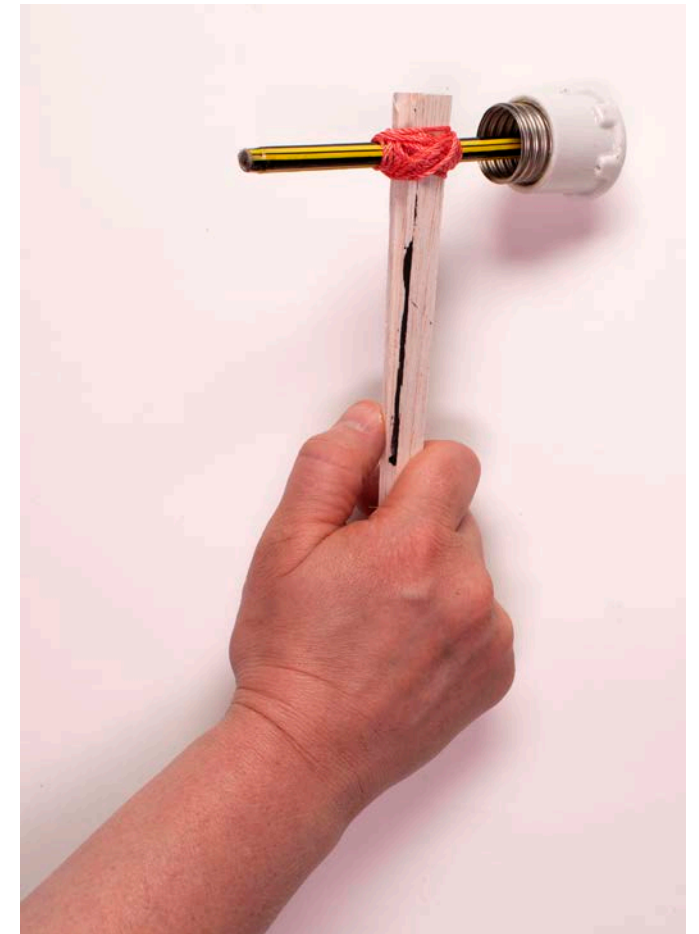
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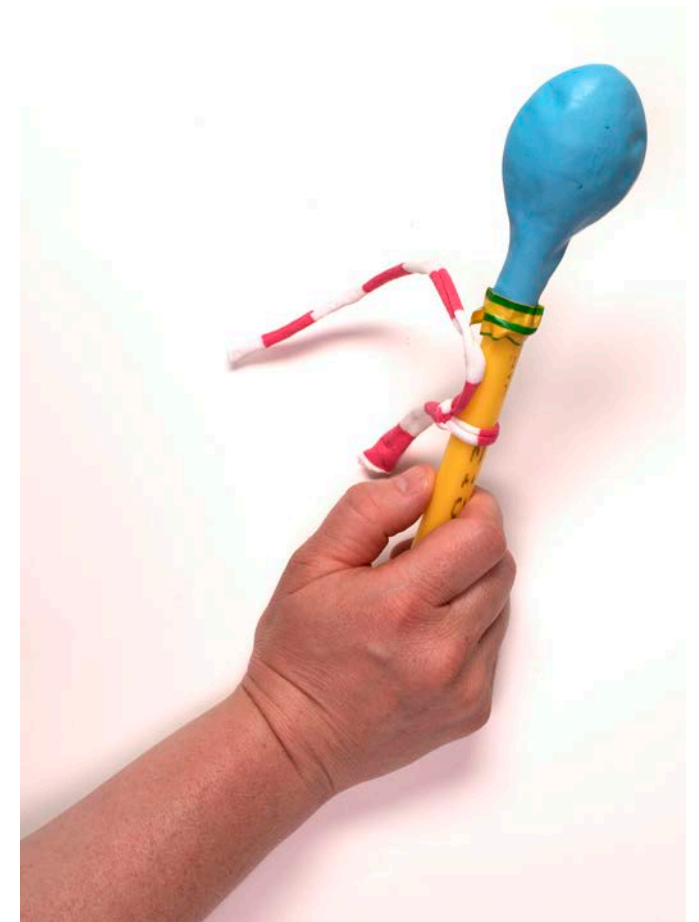
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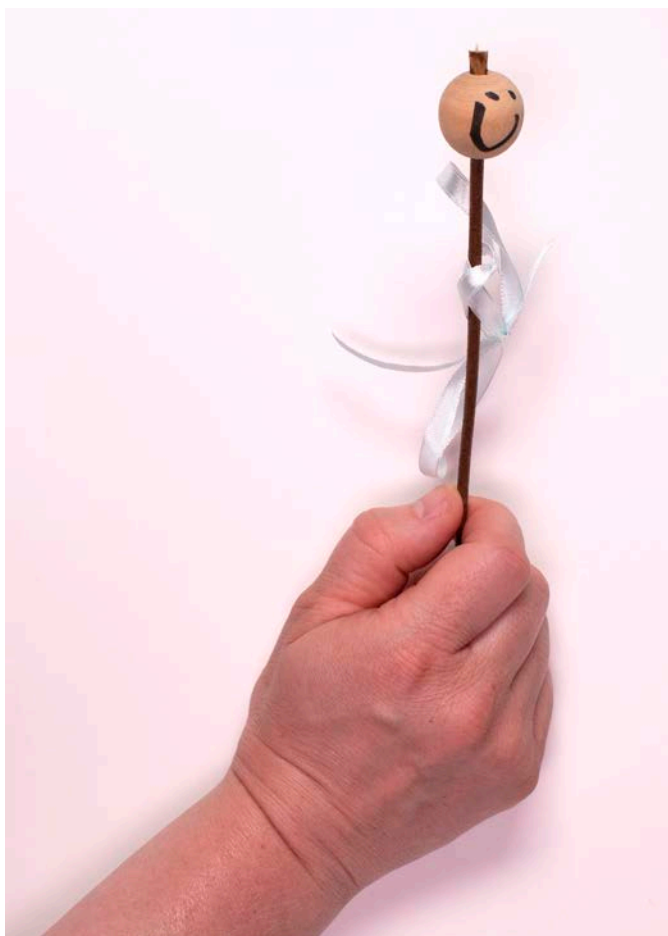
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What would the hammer of your dreams look like, and what would it be used for?



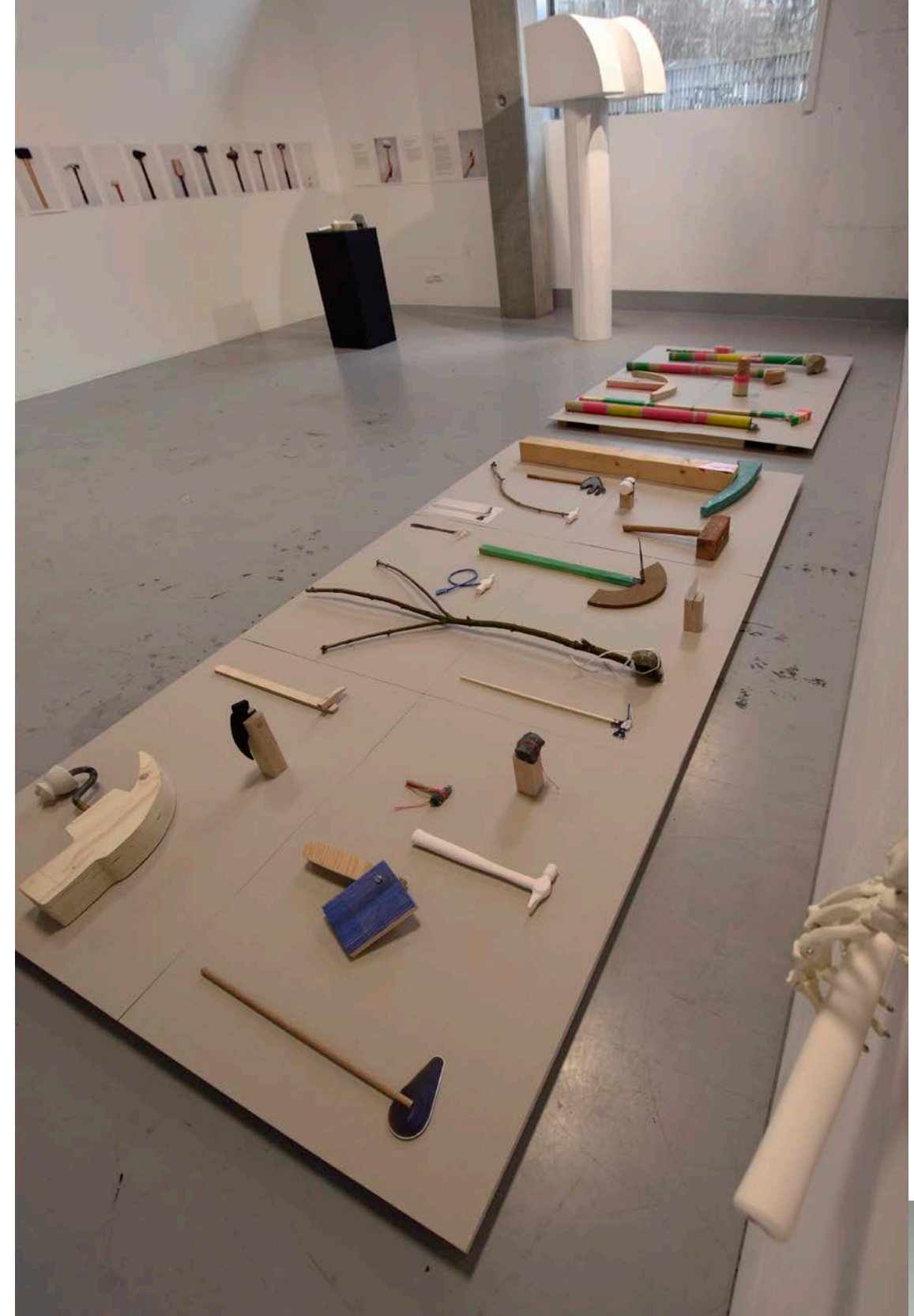
In March 2020, I held an exhibition titled *The Hammer* at the Faculty of Fine Art, Music and Design at the University of Bergen, just before the first COVID-19 lockdown. I displayed hammers I had crafted alongside my written reflections on hammers and “hammeriness”, and I invited visitors to engage in discussions about hammers and design. You’re welcome to view the process leading up to the exhibition, as well as photos from the event.















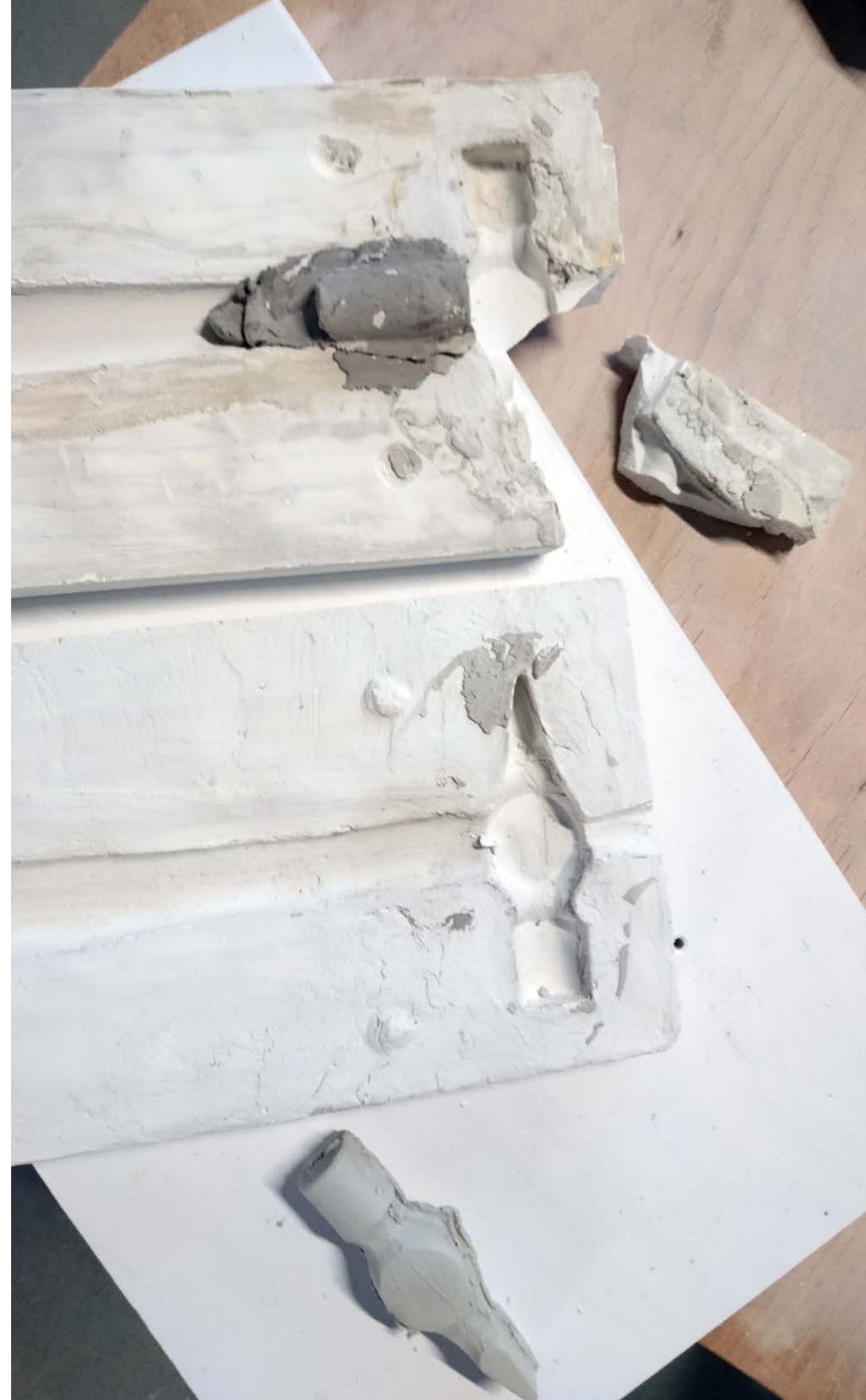








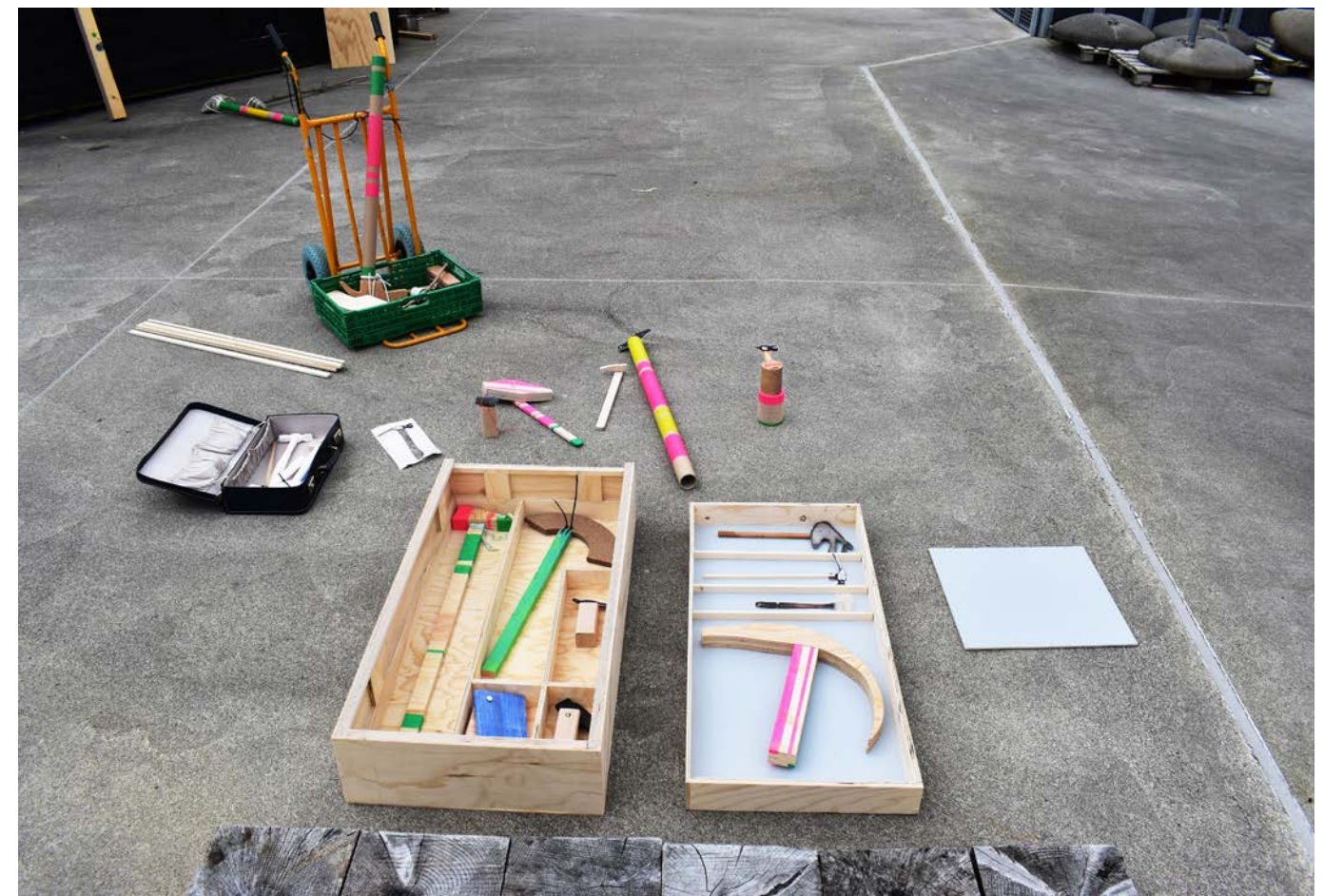












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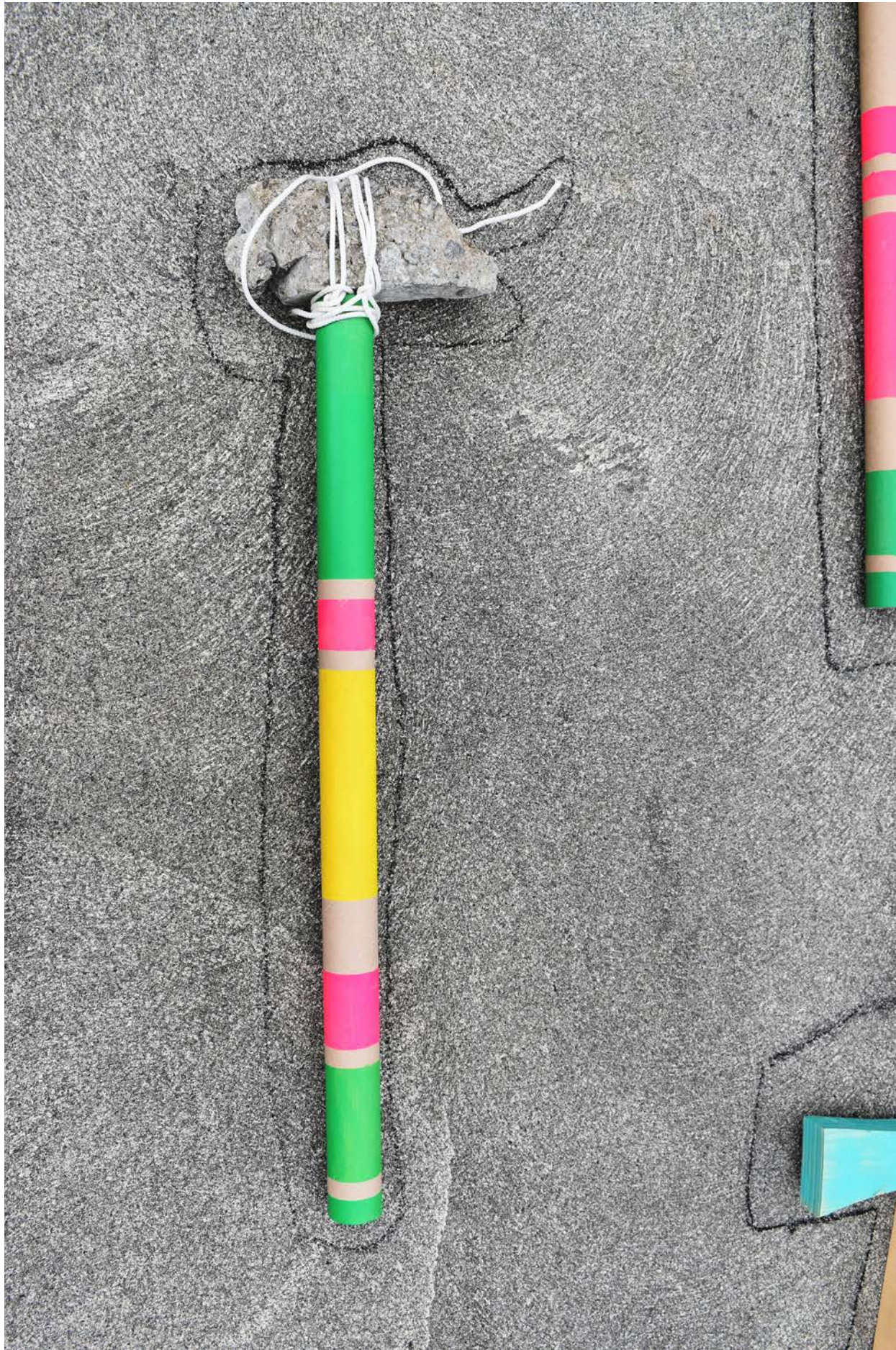
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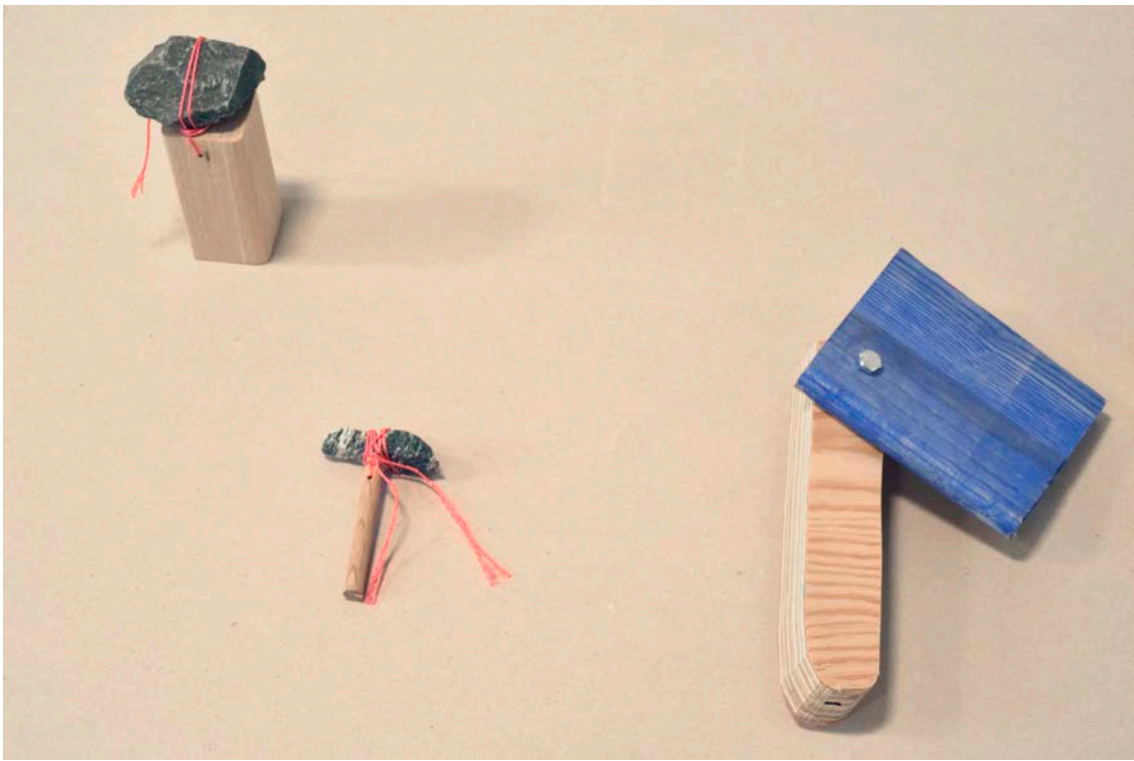








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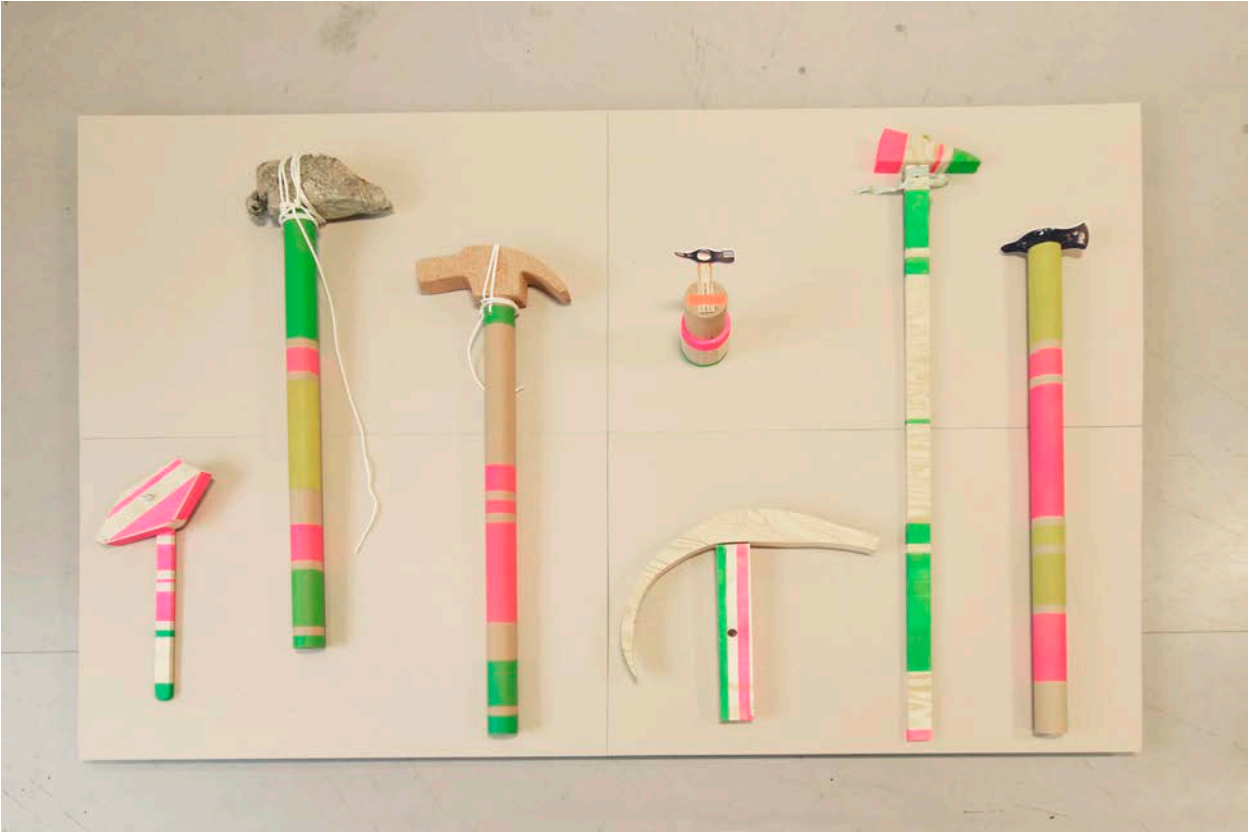


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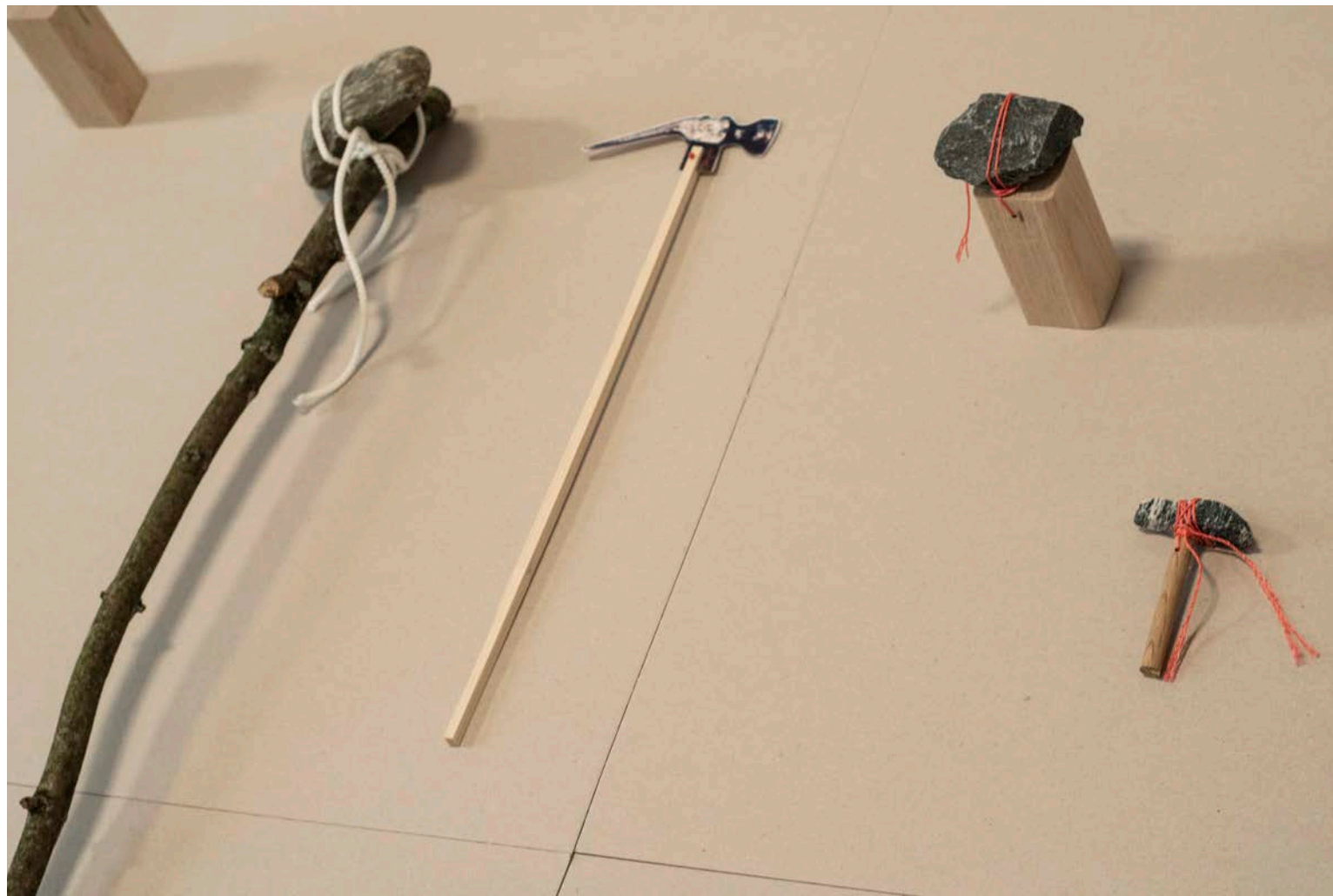
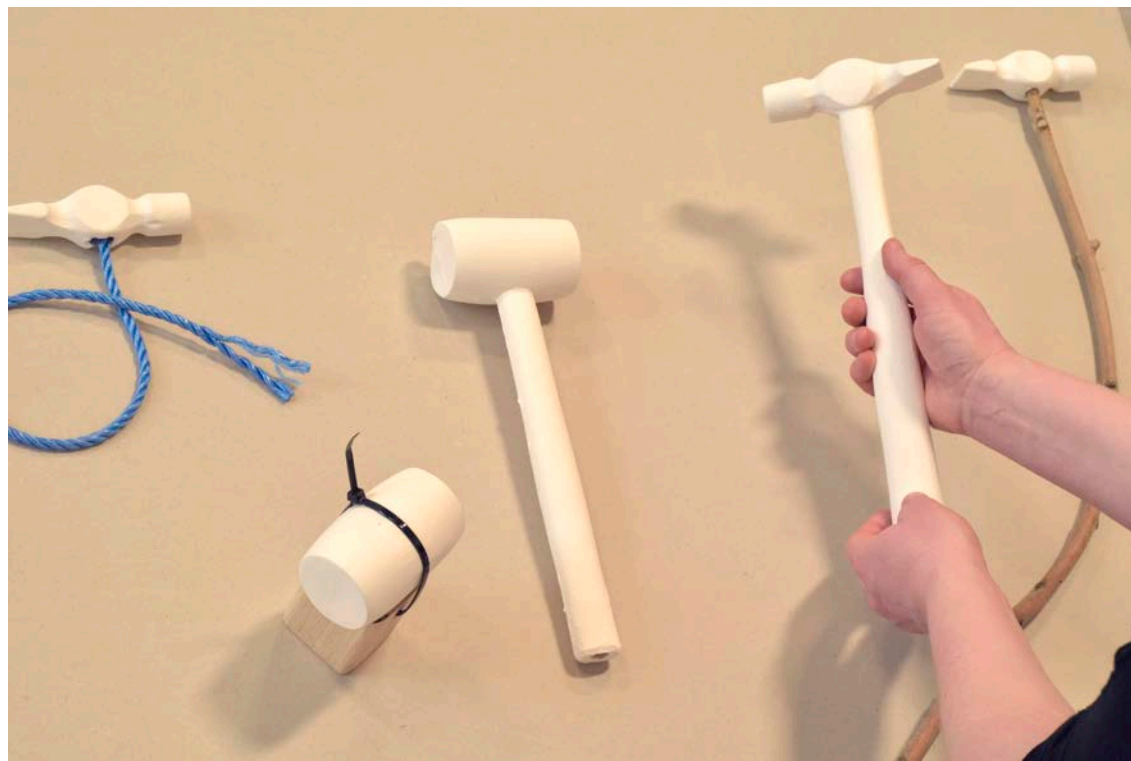












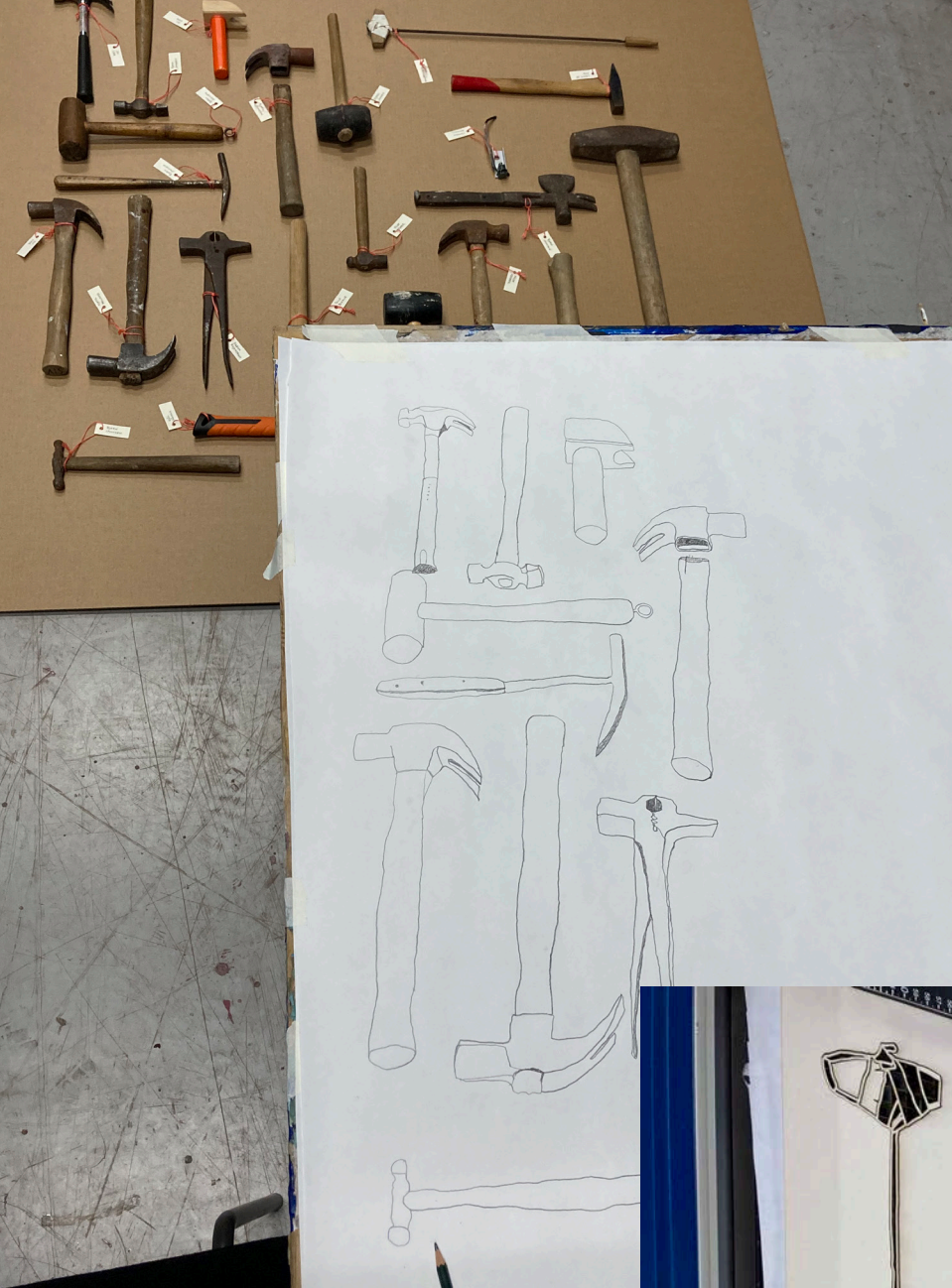




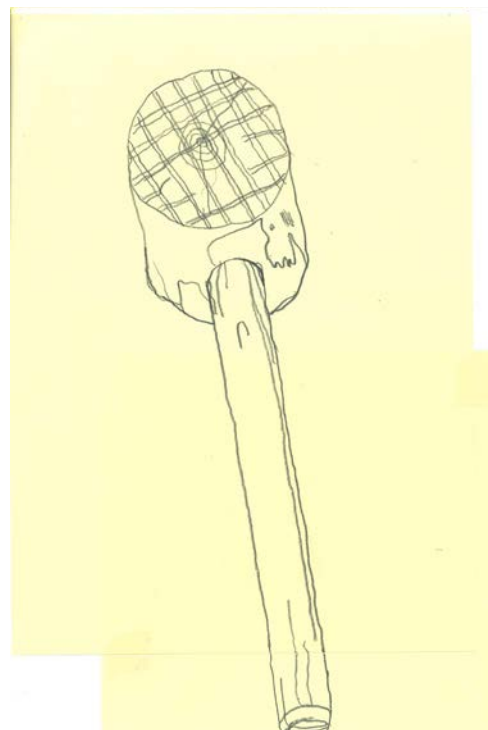


In April 2021, I organised a second exhibition focused on hammers. It was titled *Where Do I End, and You Begin? (Entangled with hammers)* and was held at the Faculty of Fine Art, Music and Design at the University of Bergen. Once again, I invited visitors to engage in discussions about hammers and design, and this time I also asked them to craft their own hammers. The outcome of the workshop is the collection called *The Hammers that do not yet exist*. I invite you to view images from the process and experiments leading up to the exhibition, as well as photographs from the event.





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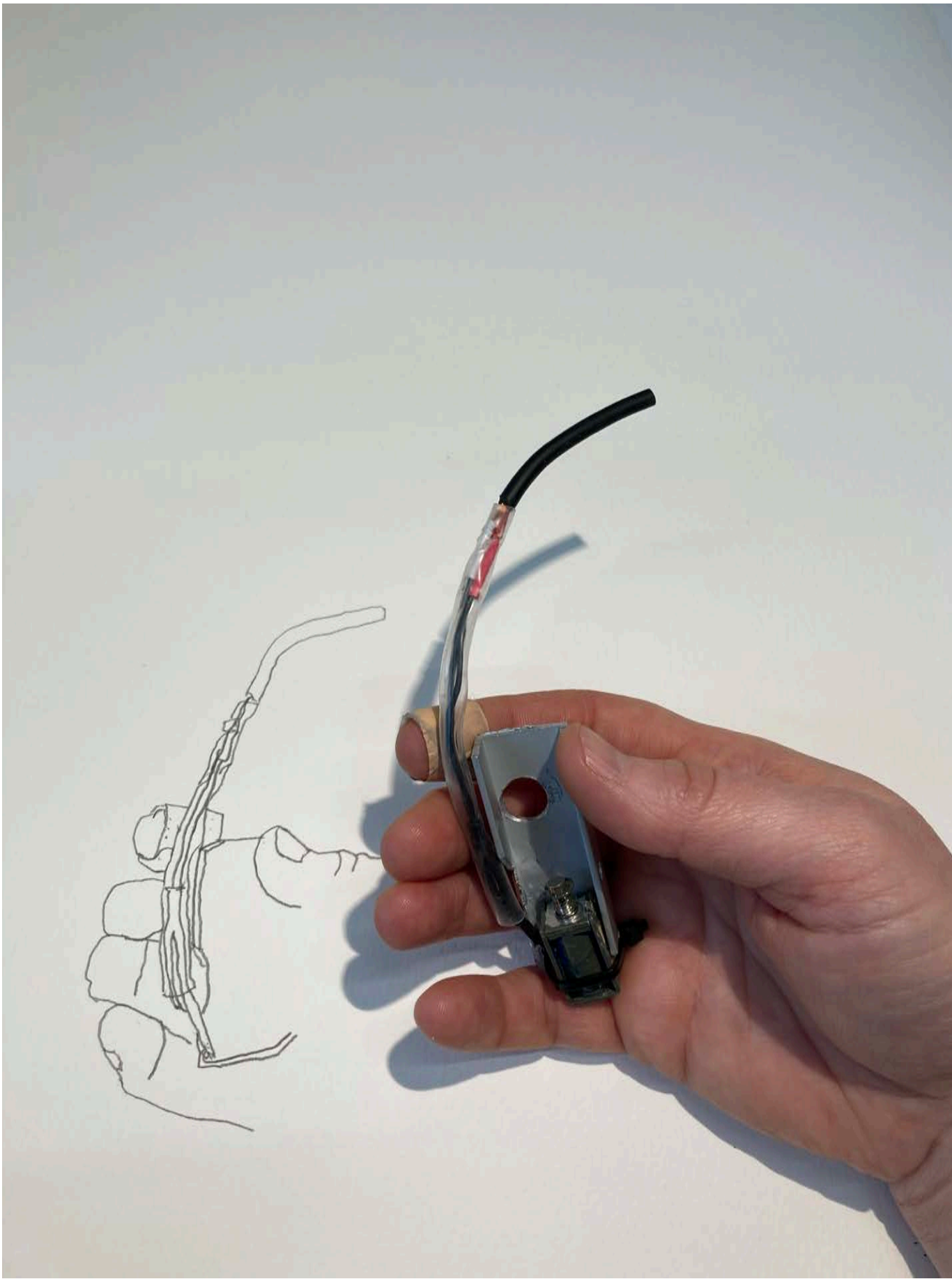
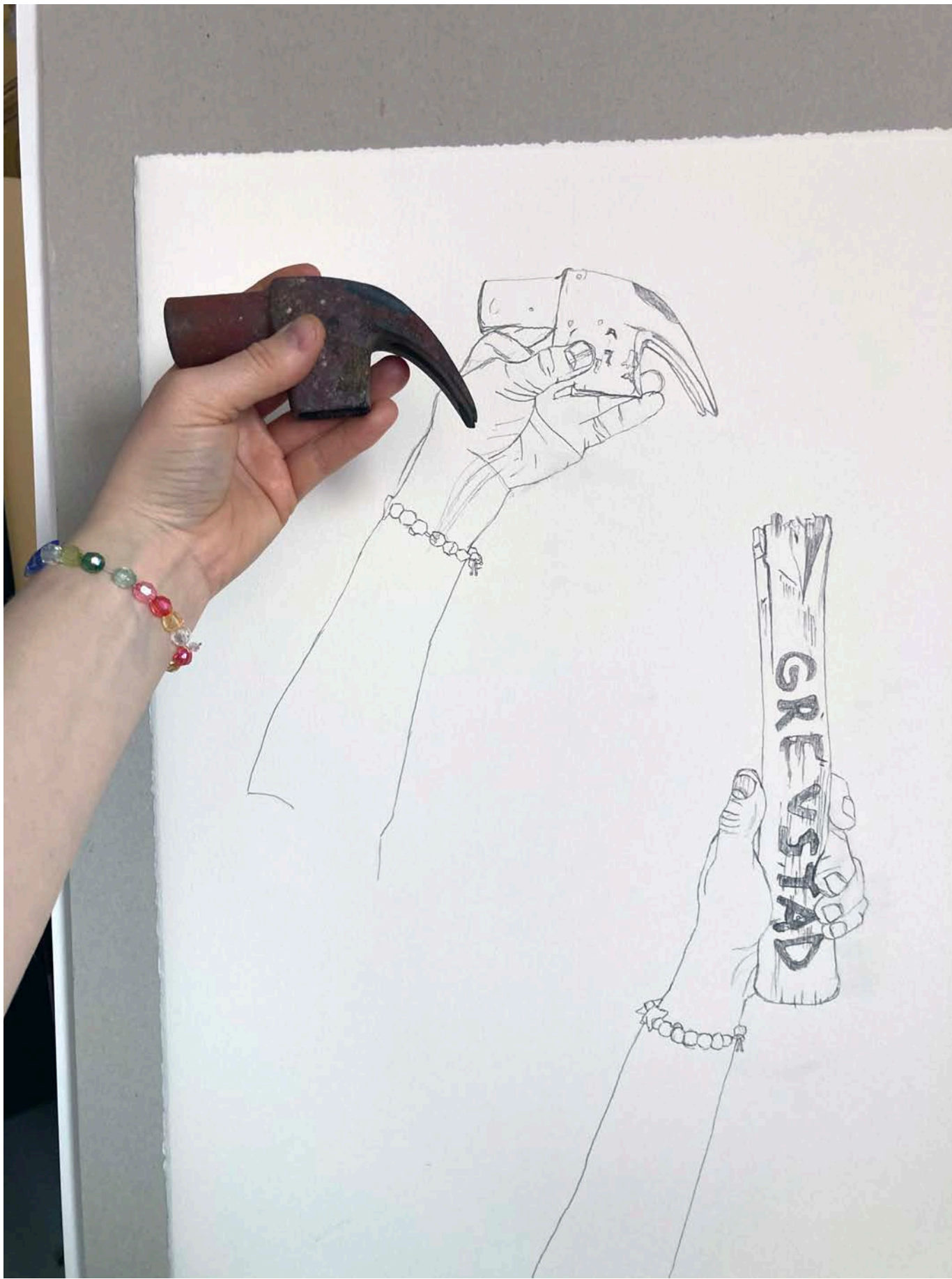


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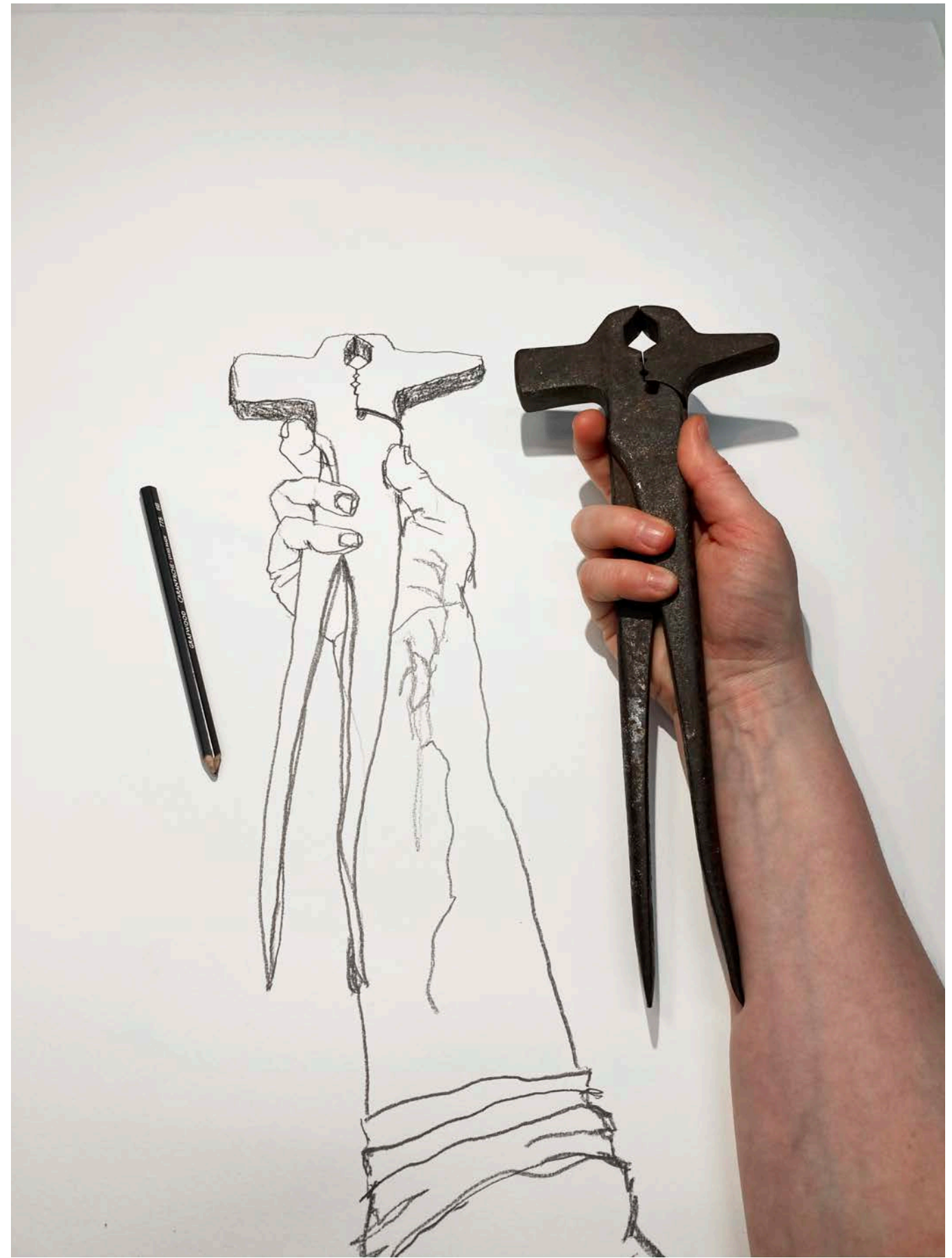
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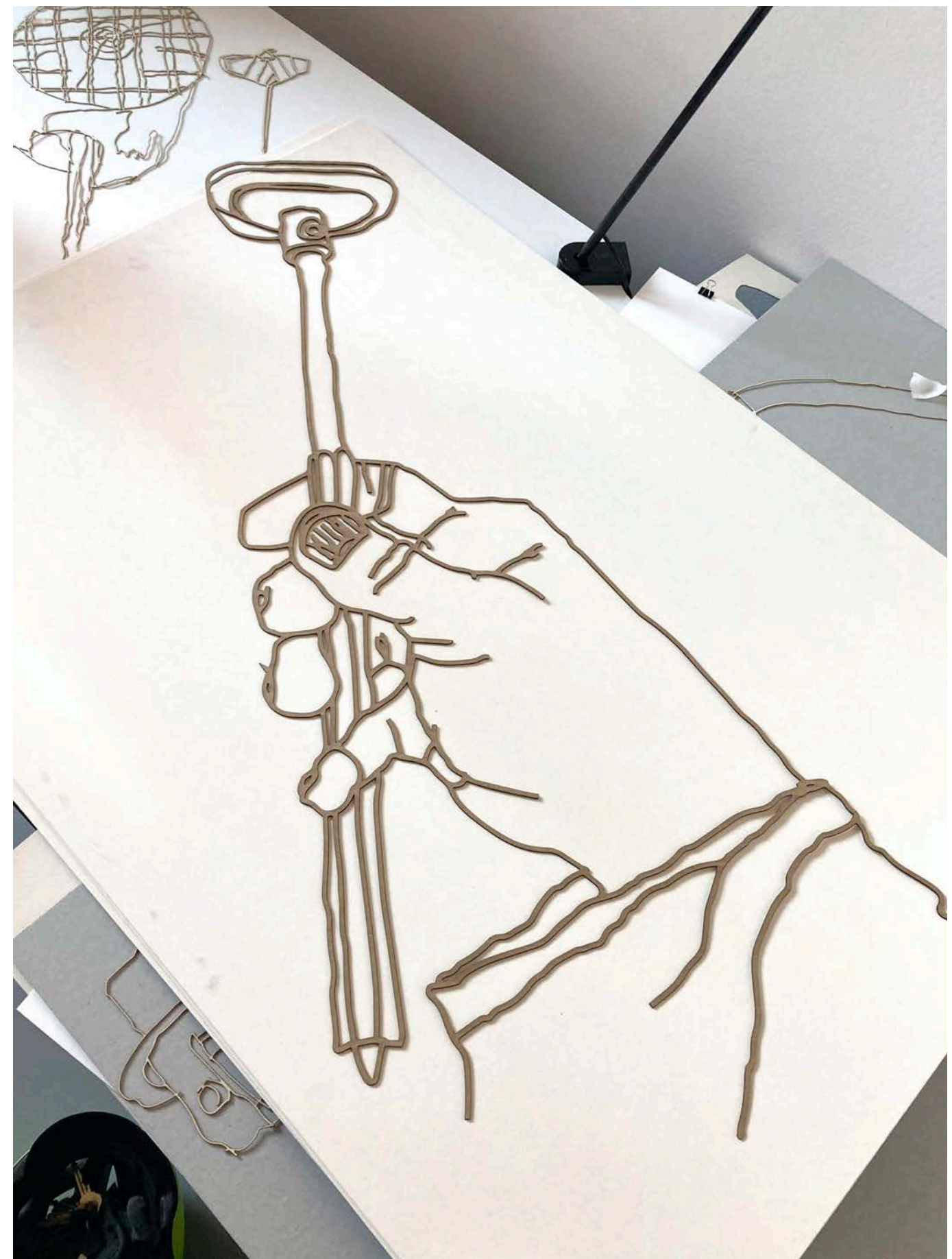
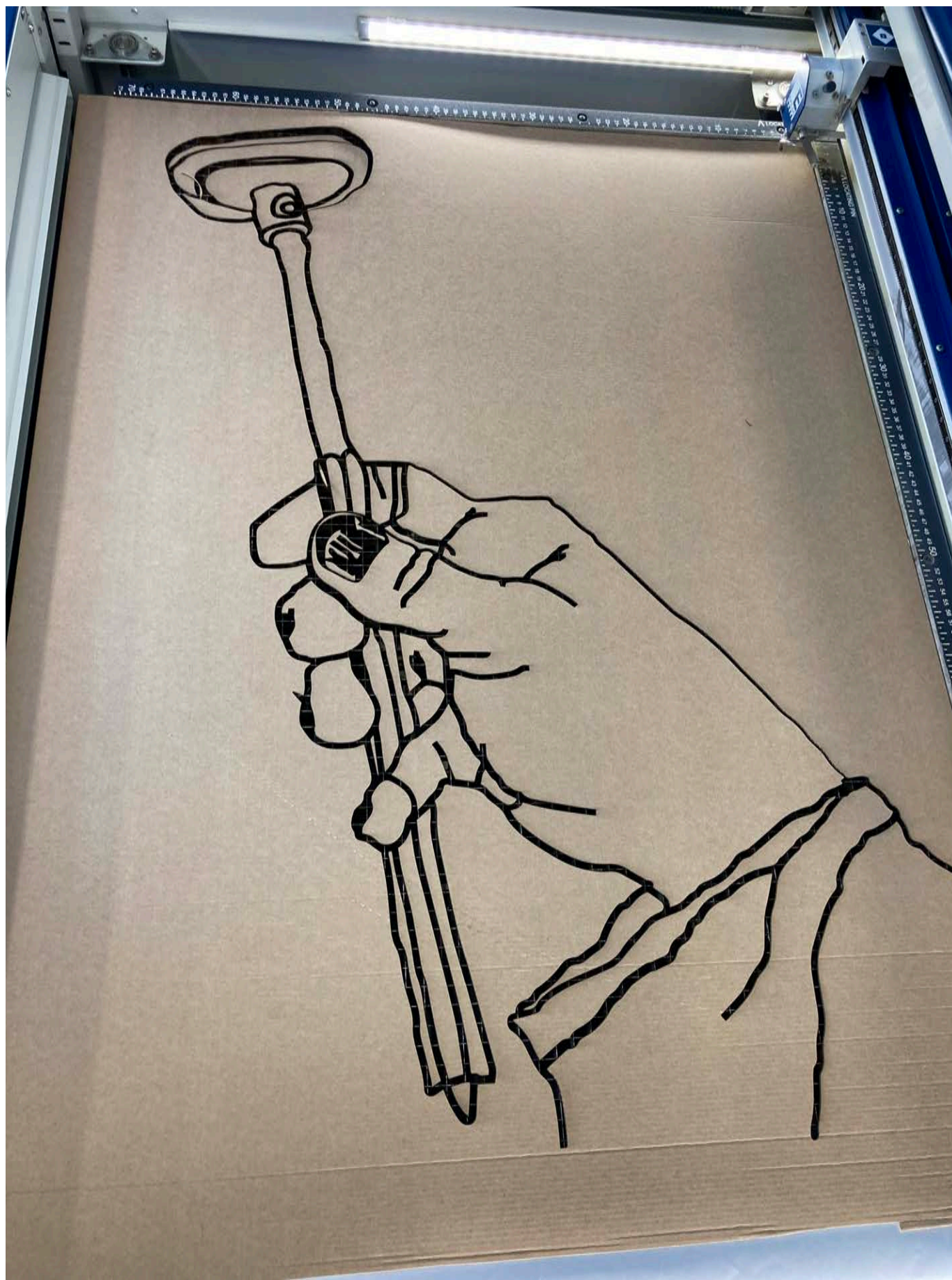




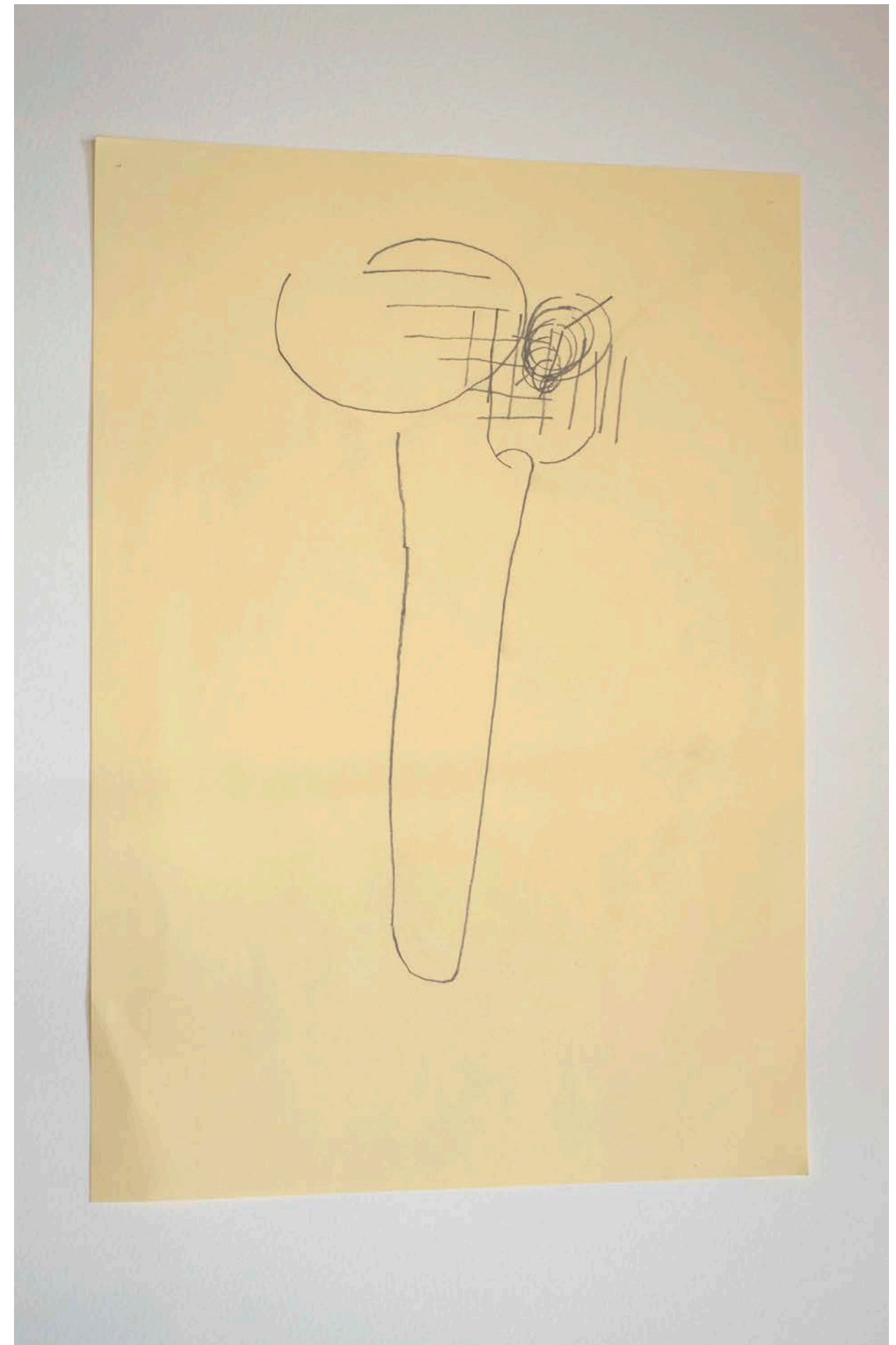
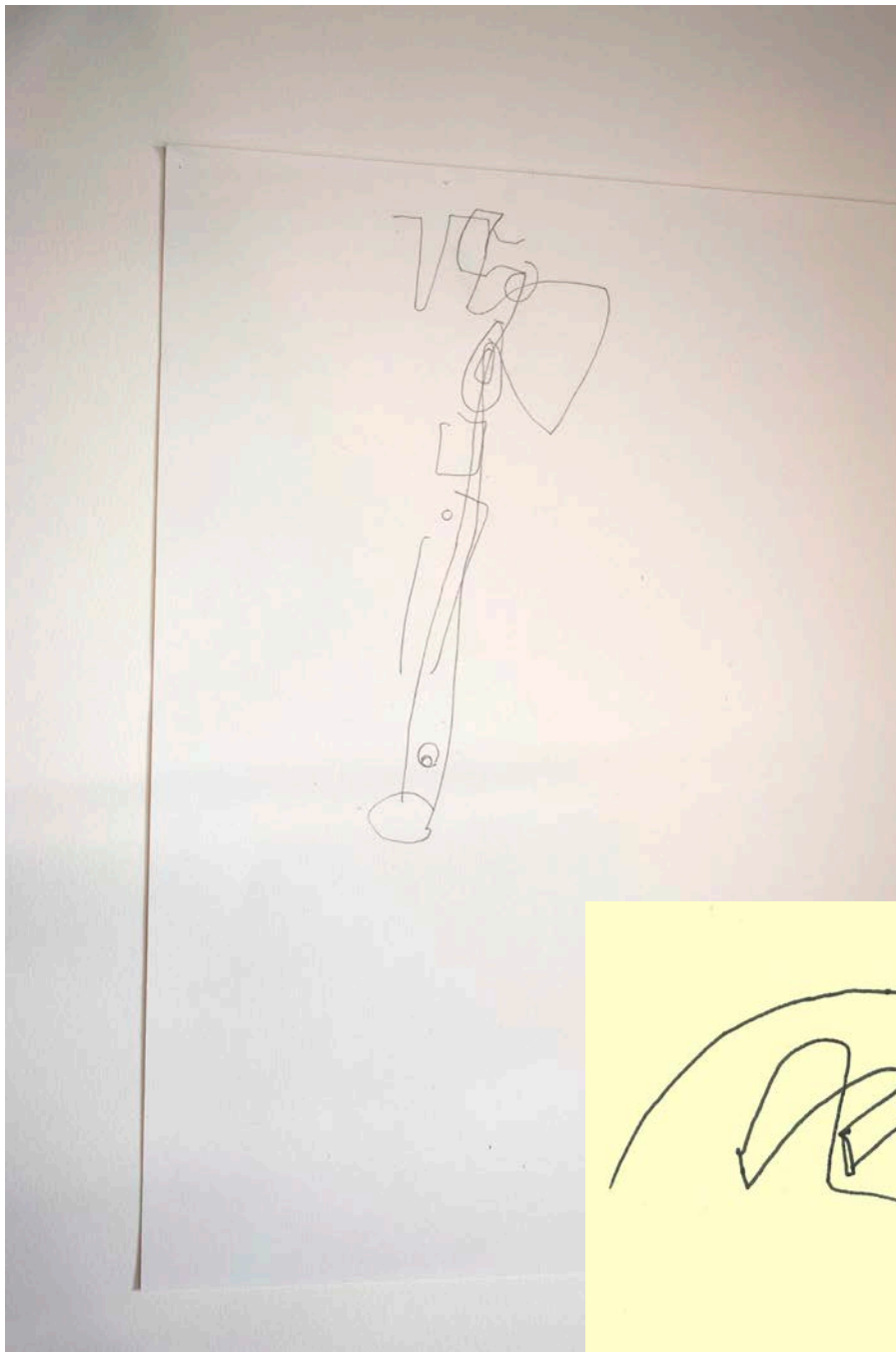




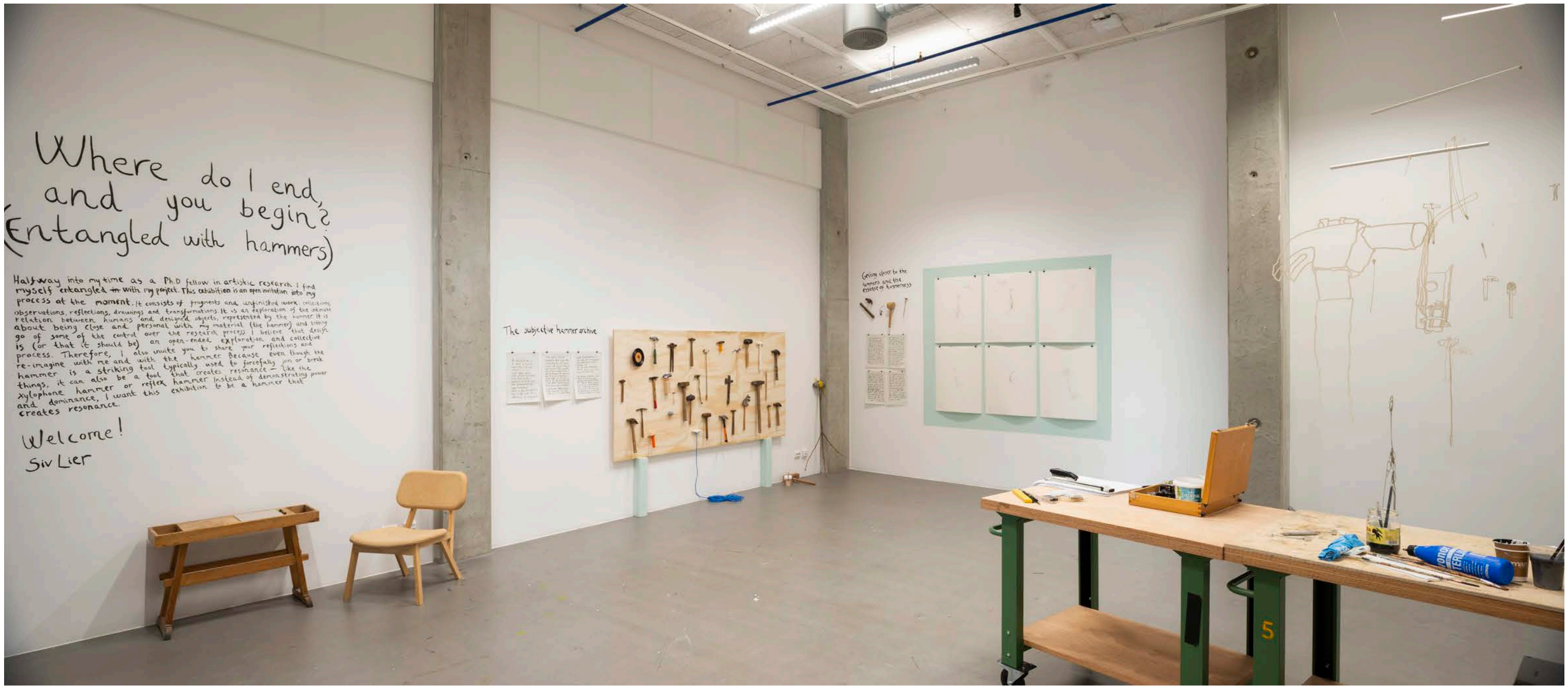














# Getting closer to the hammers and the essence of hammerness



A broken hammer, a homemade meat hammer, a reflex hammer and a 'hammer' to merge electronic and acoustic sound called a solenoid. I have selected a few of the less typical hammers from the subjective hammer archive. They all challenge what we could call 'hammerness' in different ways. For what is the essence of a hammer? What do we expect from a hammer's function, form, and meaning? What is a hammer when it is broken? And even though

the musician thinks of the solenoid as a hammer, I doubt someone does who does not know how it works. And I guess the reflex hammer is not the first kind of hammer that pops up in your mind when someone says the word hammer? And isn't there something beautiful with the irregularities and funny proportions that makes the ~~hammer~~ home-made hammer look more like a big-headed creature than a hammer?

Through drawing I get closer to perceiving what might be the essence of 'hammerness'. I want to enter a space of intimate dialogue with the hammers through letting go of some of the designer's control. Therefore, I draw ~~without~~ looking without looking at the paper. I draw with my left hand (though I am right-handed). But it is certainly not easy trying to lessen my control of

the situation, and in the end, I observe surprisingly little difference between the right-hand and left-hand drawings. What is happening here? Could it be that I, with my need to force and control the drawing situation, am in fact the real hammer? A hammer that works by forcing—rather than a hammer of the resonant kind that I want to be?



Solenoid hammer  
Left-hand drawing  
30 Jan  
February 2017



Solenoid hammer  
Right-hand drawing  
30 Jan  
February 2017



Solenoid hammer  
Drawing without looking at the paper  
30 Jan  
February 2017



Reflex hammer  
Left-hand drawing  
30 Jan  
February 2017



Solenoid  
Left-hand drawing  
30 Jan  
February 2017



Meat hammer  
Left-hand drawing  
30 Jan  
February 2017



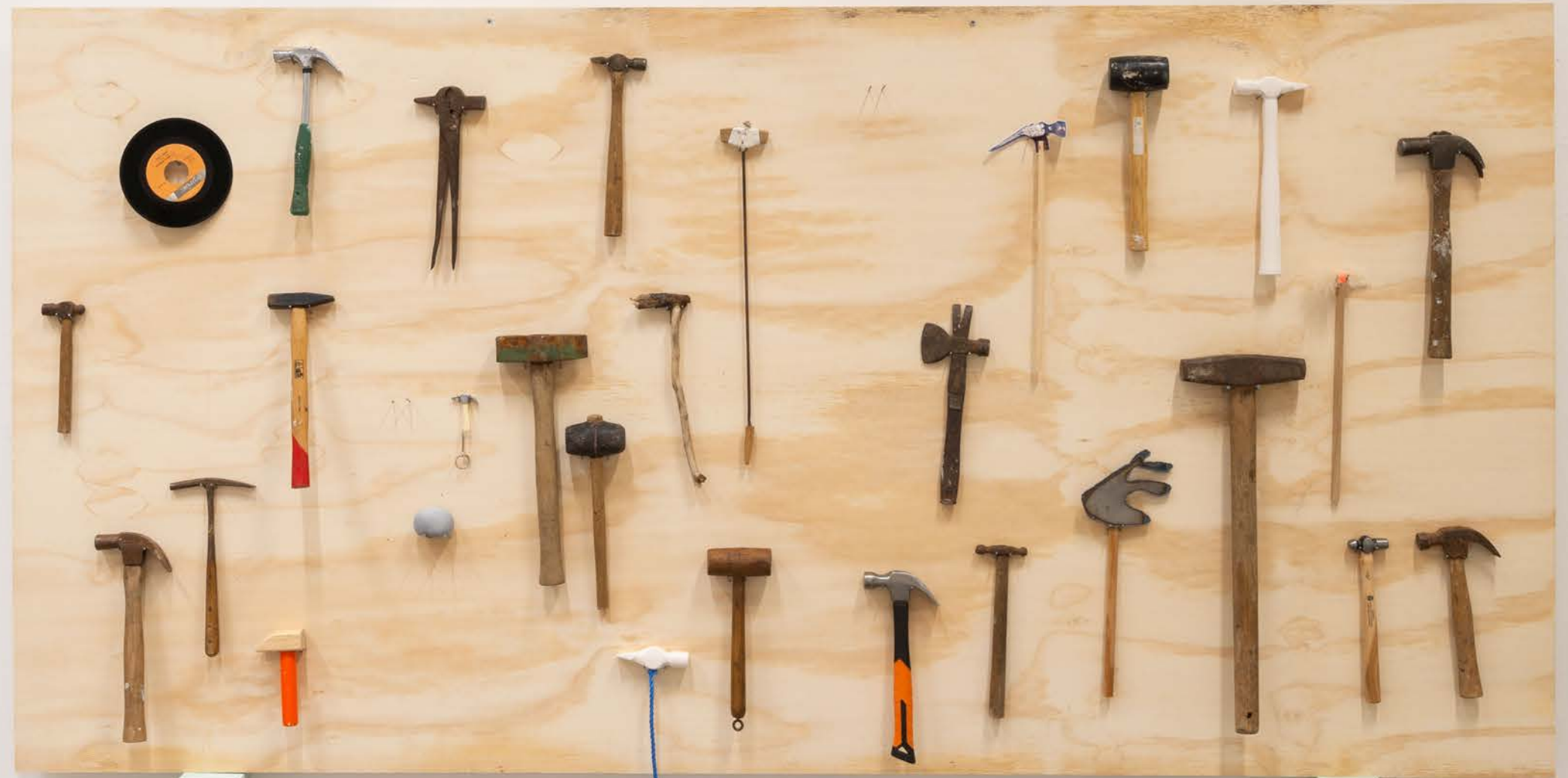
## The subjective hammer archive

A collection is a way to explore diversity within a category - in this case, ~~where~~ <sup>when</sup> does something start and stop being a hammer? What are the boundaries for hammeriness? With a few exceptions, this might look like a collection of recognizable

and quite similar hammers. But if you look closer, they are not. Underneath the surface they all hide personal stories, making each of them unique. Some look like hammers but might be difficult to use as hammers. Others might not look like hammers, but can be used as if they were. They are hammers I have found, made, or borrowed. I asked people: What hammer do you have in your life? And what do you use it for? Which

kind of relationship do you have with the hammer? And what stories can your hammer tell? You can read some of the hammer stories in the folders here in the exhibition.

The hammer collection is still growing. You are more than welcome to contribute with your take on what a hammer is by lending me your hammer, and I welcome your writing about it - very much, too. All contributors will receive a publication of the hammer archive.







## Tools as an extension of the body

Hammer, pencil, and laser cutter are all tools. The hammer and the pencil are both direct extensions of the arm. To hit something with a hammer is an act that happens in the moment as my body interacts with the tool. The way I hold the hammer, how much force I use, my attention and confidence all play parts in how the blow of the hammer turns out. In much the same way, my force,

grip, and skill while manoeuvring a pencil is reflected in the drawing on the paper. (And now, painting this text you are reading, it becomes very visual that I am a human and not a machine...) Using a laser cutter is different; I use a mouse to make a digital drawing on my computer, and this drawing is transformed into information and instructions the laser cutter needs to be able to cut. I am never in direct contact with the

laser that cuts the material. When I use a hammer, pencil or paintbrush, I can fine-tune pressure and movement and change the outcome along the way. This aspect of improvisation, nuance and being attentive in the moment does not happen with the laser cutter; I can not change its process as it cuts, unless I stop the machine and change the digital instructions file. The laser cuts perfect and precise versions of my unprecise and imperfect hand drawings.



# Make a hammer

The judge's hammer, the carpenter's hammer, the sledgehammer, the bone hammer used in plastic surgery, and the hammer for tendering meat – there are so many different and specialized hammers in the world!

But what types of hammers do not exist yet? What kinds of hammers are we in need of? What might a hammer for someone without hands look like? Or a hammer that could be used for carefully hitting last night's dream out of your subconsciousness to make you remember it? How about a hammer for checking if the egg is still

fresh (without breaking it)?  
What would the hammer of your dreams look like? And what might it be used for? I would like to know, and I therefore invite you to make that hammer:

1. Chose materials from the red table.  
2. Use tape, glue, nails, string or even a hammer (!) to join the materials.  
3. Write about your hammer.  
For example: Does it have a name? Who uses it and for what? Is it functional? If yes: in what way?  
4. Use the hammer you just made to hit the nails

needed to hang it up on the plywood board. (If your hammer is not up to the task, you can use one of the mainstream hammers from the table instead)  
5. Put your written description on the board beside your hammer.  
If you were not able to make the hammer you

wanted, you can write and draw to explain what it should look like. Put the description on the plywood board together with the other hammers. Maybe I'll make your dream hammer for you later on.



















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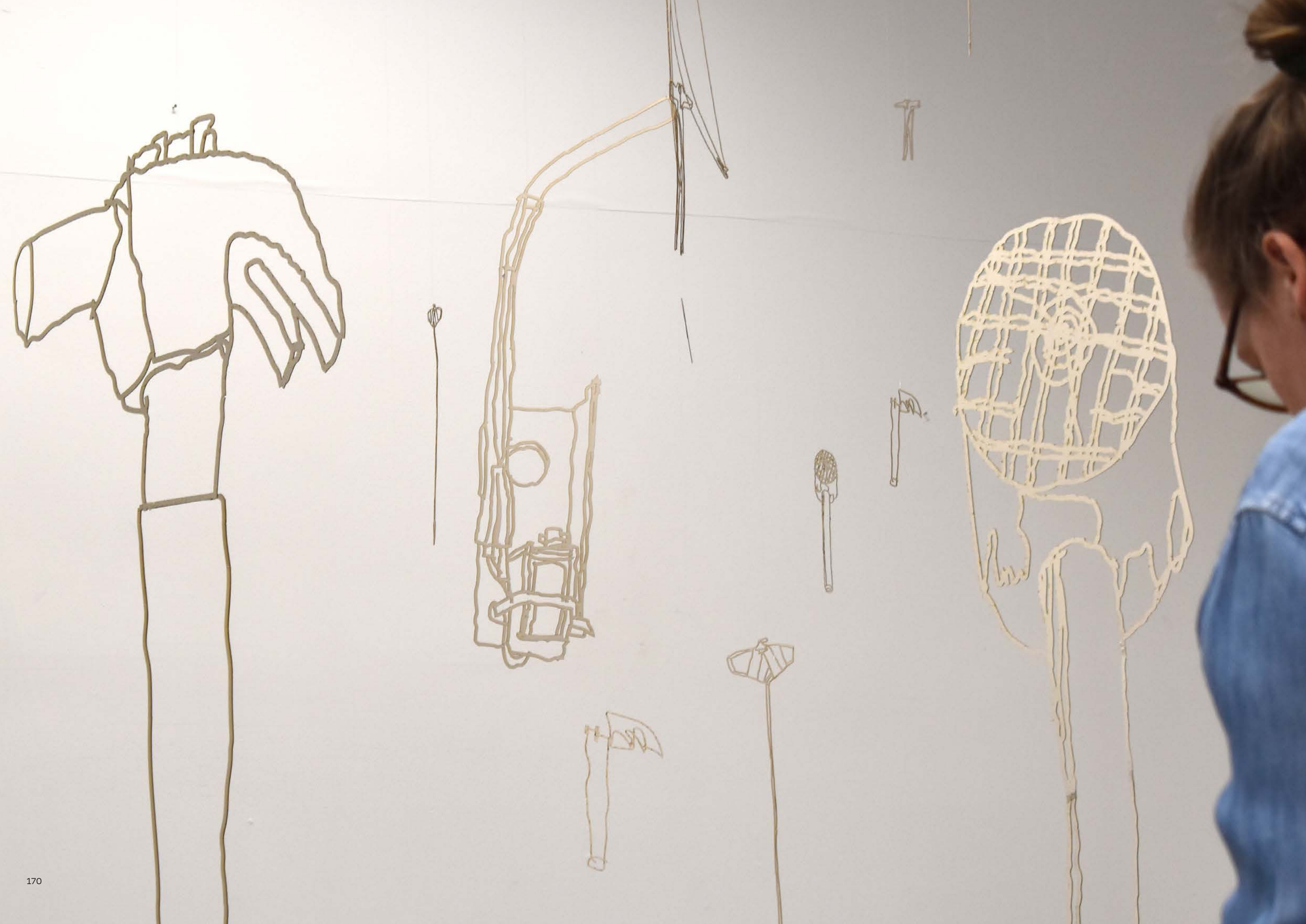


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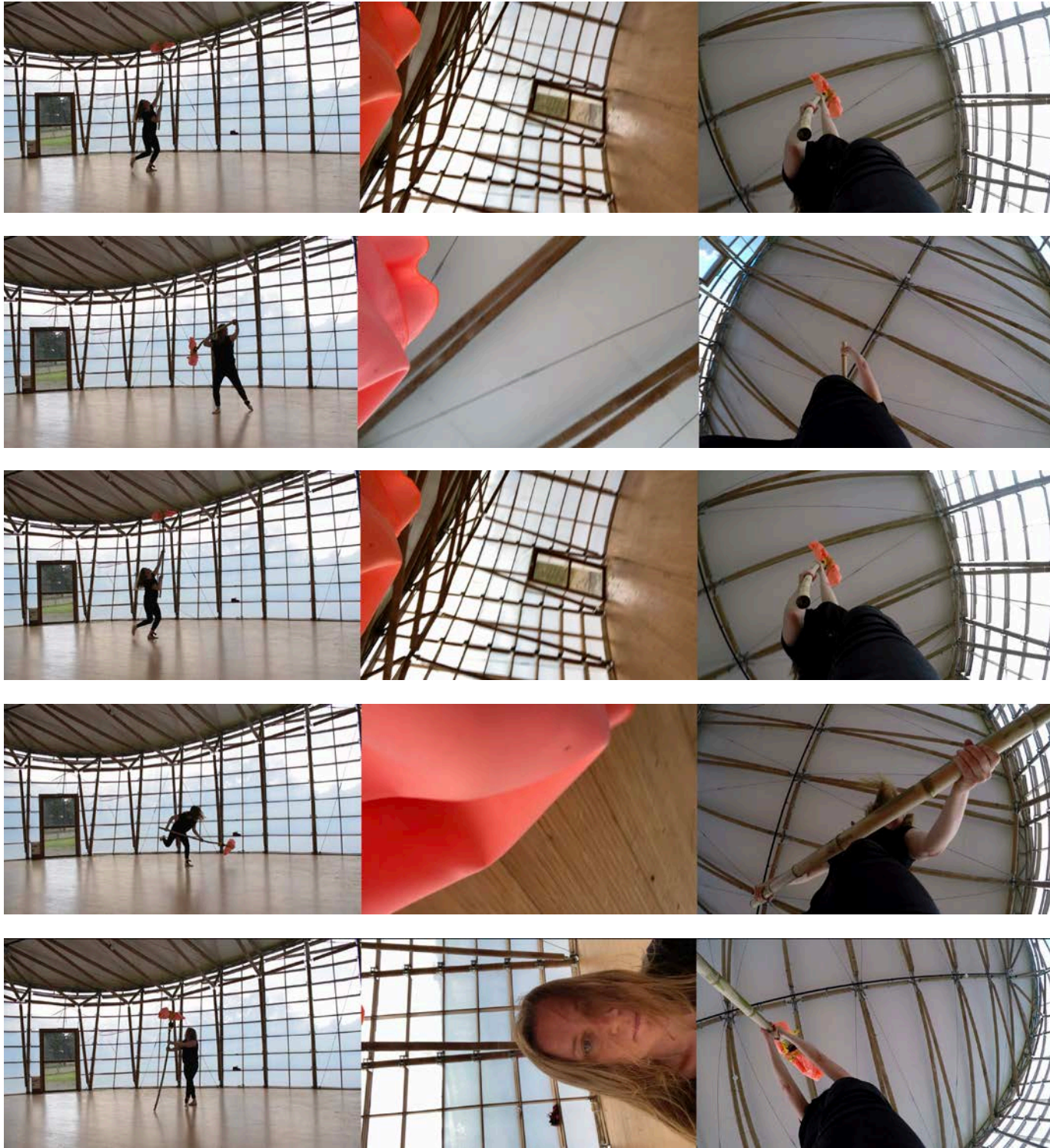
So far in this book, my focus has been on hammers. Now I invite you to the south of France, where I seek resonance with the surroundings, using the hammer as a prop. During a three-week residency at Domaine de Boisbuchet, I explored how hammers can emerge from a specific context and what happens when I use them in that same setting. There are three actors involved – me, the hammer, and the context – and practice unfolds in the meshwork between us. I did not bring any materials or tools to Boisbuchet other than my sketchbook and a GoPro camera, choosing to work solely with what I found on site. In all the experiments, I make and use hammers that relate to the context, both in terms of the materials they are made from and the way they are used. I move, dress, and behave in ways that disobey or entangle with the context, capturing my explorations through various camera perspectives simultaneously. Reflections and insights emerge during the experiments, guiding me from one to the next. Even though I was trying out different things, everything led to the realisation that I do not want to change, shape, or destroy anything. Sometimes this materialises as soft and non-hurtful hammers, other times in the way I carefully use the hammer. In some experiments, I feel strong and dominant; in others, I feel free and uninhibited. It is as if different facets of me come to life. Could the various versions of me represent different ways of being a designer?



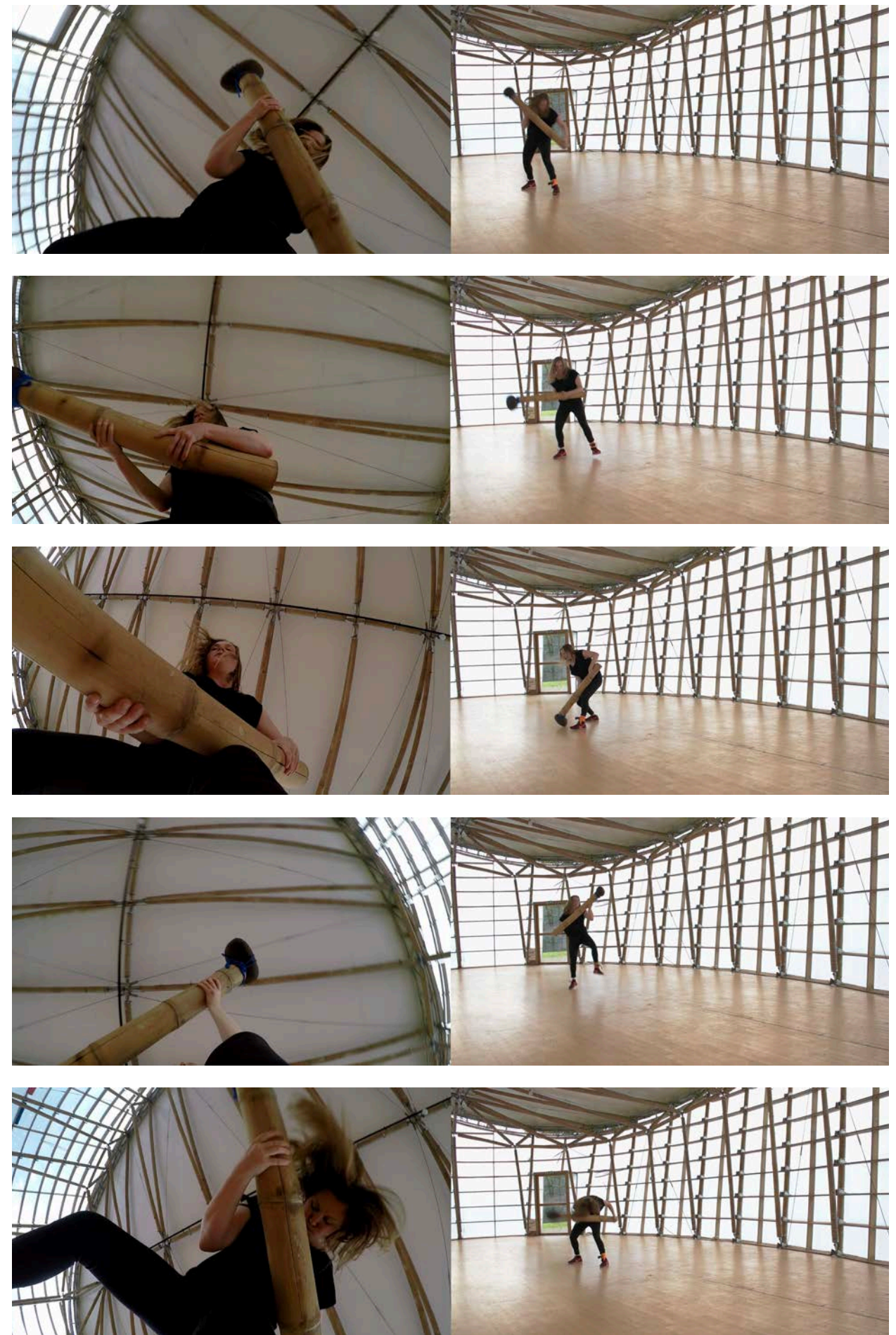




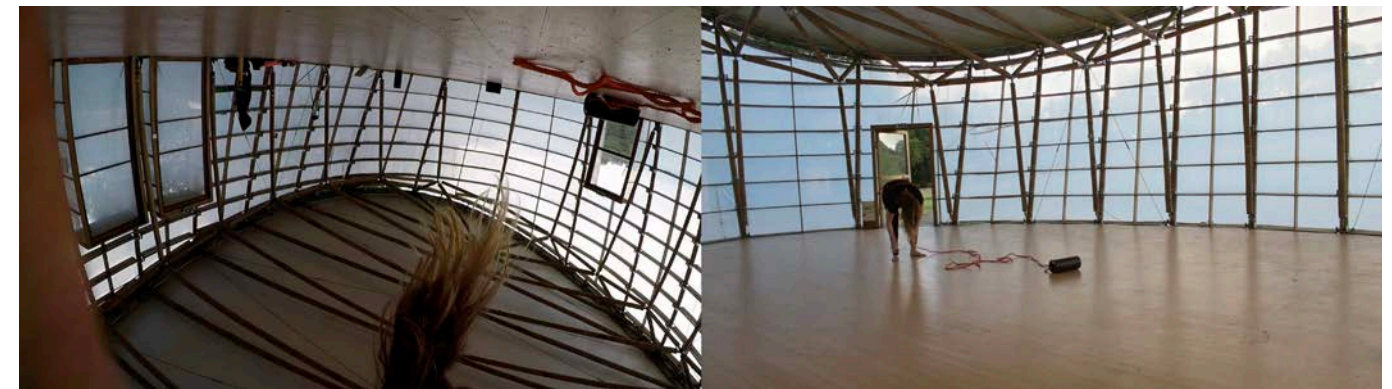
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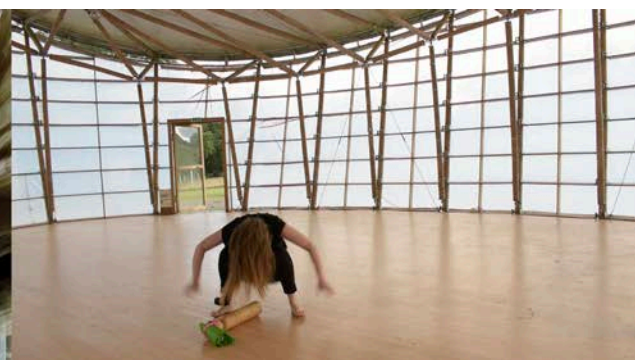
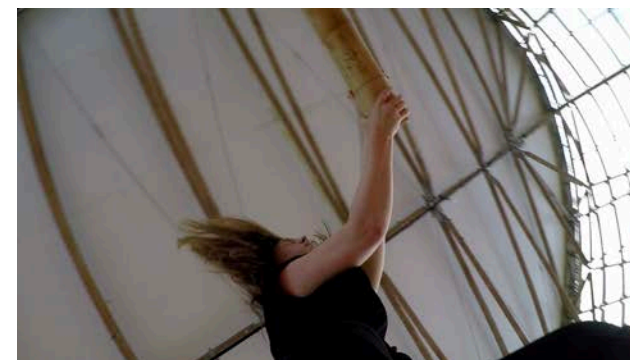
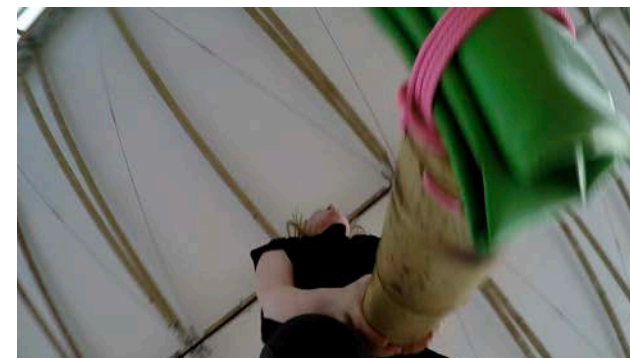




























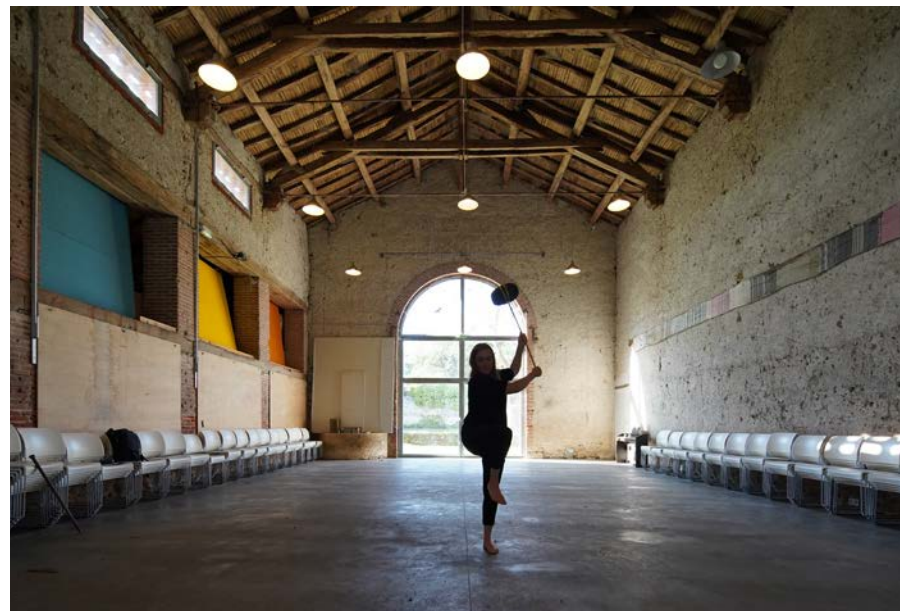




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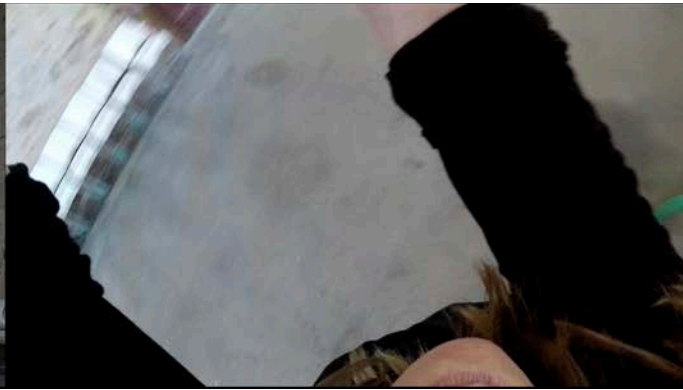
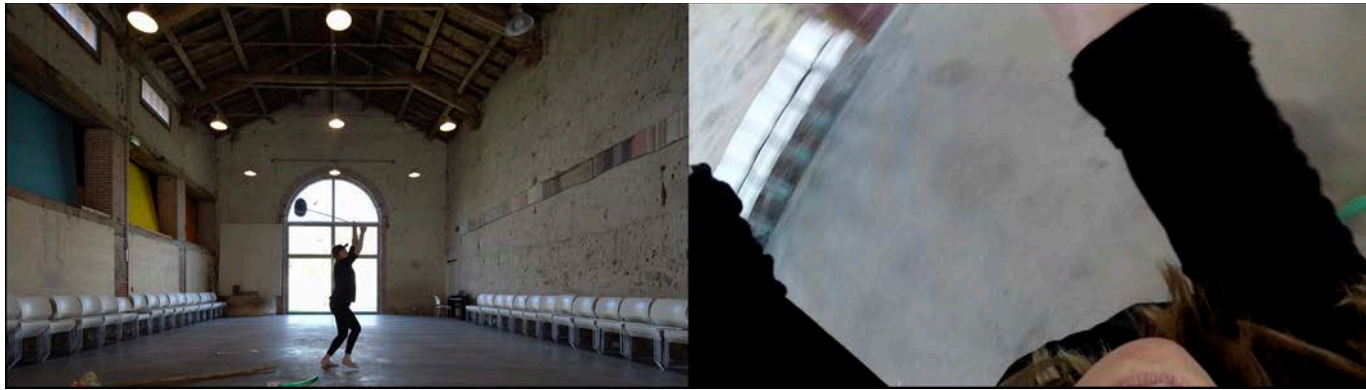


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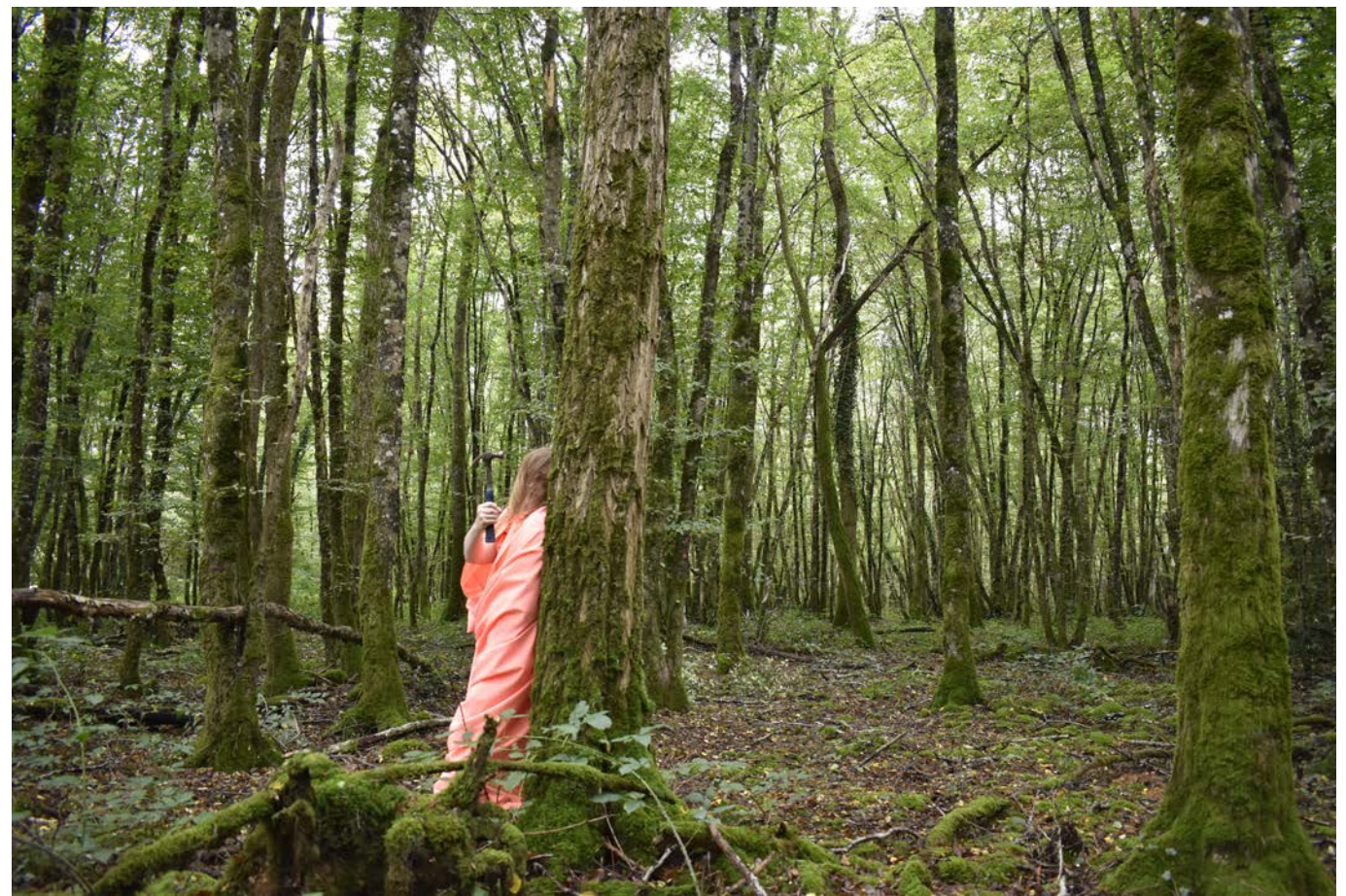








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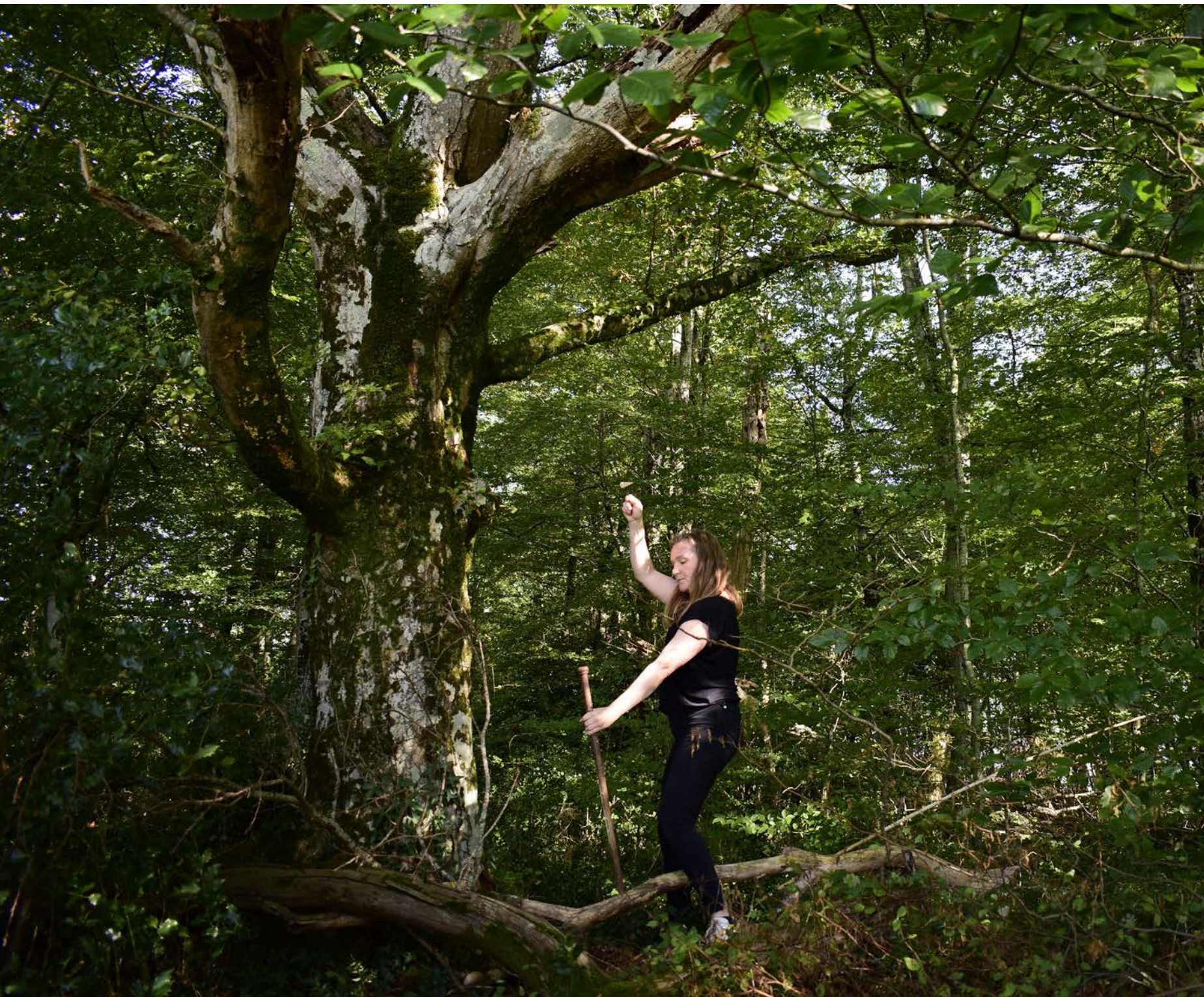
















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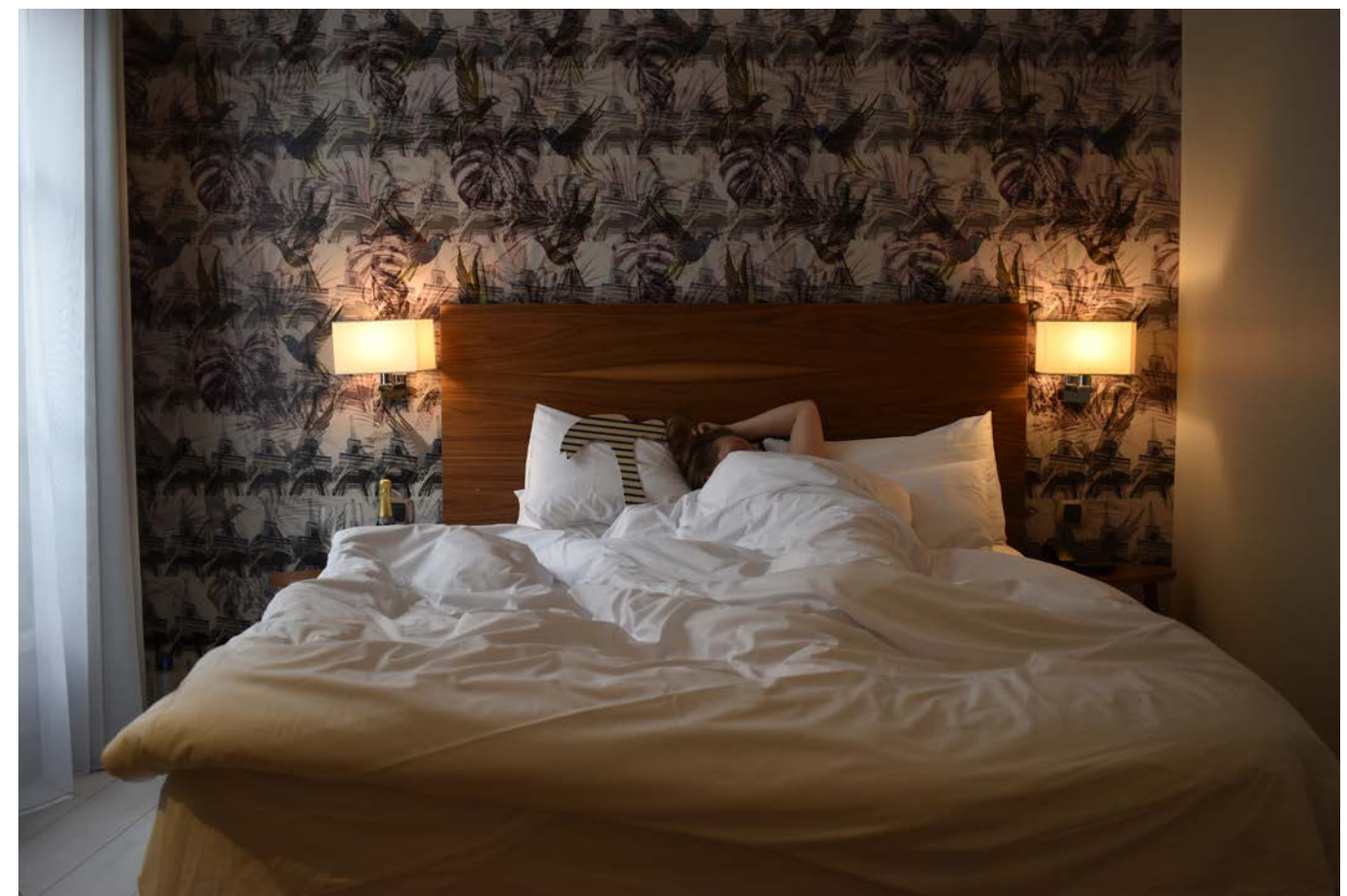


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Through exploring the “intra-action” between myself, others, the context, materials, and hammers, many strange and surprising hammers and hammerers have emerged in my artistic research process. Could the hammer be a metaphor for design? And is my exploration of different types of hammers and the way I use them in reality a search for what kind of human and designer I want to be? My experiments have led me to realise that although the hammer is a striking tool typically used to forcefully join or break things, it can also be a tool that creates resonance.







SUBJECTIVE  
HAMMERS

*was created in connection with this project because no one needs to destroy anything, and such a hammer cannot do so.*

brukte denne til, vet jeg ikke. Han hadde så mange – hoder i gummi og metall, som han retter ut bulker i messinginstrumenter med.

1 Hammeren er laget av min far som gjorde nytte av alt han fant på sine vandringer i fjellet – alt kunne brukes i hans mange prosjekter. En mer hjemmelaget hammer finnes vel knapt vil jeg tro! Den ble funnet på «verkstedet» hans i barndomshjemmet mitt som ligger på Langeneset i Arna. Han var i sitt ess når han - spesielt om lørdagene - kunne sysle med sine prosjekter på full tid med en øl på siden og Ønskediktet på radioen. Et godt barndomsminne for meg.

*The hammer was made by my father, who utilised everything he found on his hikes in the mountains— everything could be repurposed for his various projects. I believe there is hardly a more homemade hammer! It was found in his “workshop” at my childhood home in Langeneset, Arna. He was at his best, especially on Saturdays, when he could work on his projects full time, a beer beside him and Ønskediktet playing on the radio. A cherished childhood memory for me.*

2 Mjølner er hammeren guden Tor i den norrøne mytologien brukte. Den har helt spesielle egenskaper. Tor kan gjøre den liten eller stor etter behov, og den kommer alltid tilbake i Tors hånd når han har kastet den. Den er Tordengudens kraftigste våpen. Når Tors hammer blir slått i fjell vil det gniste og smelle som lyn og torden. I fjellet vil det da bli sprekker med hvitt fjell i sprekkenene. Denne strikkede Tors Hammer ble til i forbindelse med dette prosjektet fordi ingen trenger og å ødelegge noe og en slik hammer kan ikke det.

*Mjölñir is the hammer used by the god Thor in Norse mythology. It has very special properties. Thor can make it small or large as needed, and it always returns to his hand when he throws it. It is the Thunder God’s most powerful weapon. When Thor’s hammer strikes against a rock, it sparks and crackles like lightning and thunder. The rock then develops cracks with white rock visible in them. This knitted Thor’s Hammer*

3 Fra en veldedighetsbutikk i Helsinki.

*From a charity shop in Helsinki.*

4 Denne hammeren var eierens siste kjøp av hammer. Den var brukt til å banke spiker, og til å trekke spiker ut igjen om nødvendig. Spikerne som ble trukket ut ble samlet i en boks, og rettet ut igjen med hammeren ved anledning. Mange timer ble brukt til å rette spikerne gjennom årene, og det finnes fortsatt bokser med slike spiker ... Noen spiker kan stå for evig der den skal stå. Noen må trekkes ut fordi det ble feil akkurat som livet kan være. Det samme gjelder de bøyde spikerne som også forteller litt om livet etter de ble satt. Men for å gjøre klart så ble det mest rette spiker som ble igjen i treverket.

*This hammer was the owner’s last purchase of one. It was used to drive nails in and to pull them out when necessary. The nails that were removed were collected in a box and sometimes straightened again with the hammer. Many hours have been spent straightening nails over the years, and we still have boxes of such nails... Some nails can stay where they are supposed to be forever. Others must be pulled out because they went wrong, just like life can be. The same applies to the bent nails, which also tell a little about their life after being put in. But to be clear, most of the straight nails remained in the wood.*

5 + 6 Den store hammeren er funnet på loftet på småbruket vårt (lokalt kalt Lykja), et av de eldste husmannsplassene i daværende Fet kommune. Sammen med hammeren ble det funnet skomakerlester og annet utstyr etter en husmann som bodde på småbruket rundt 1900 og som senere emigrerte til USA. Vi fant også ubrente murstein (i tørr råleire), tremeier til slede osv. Den lille hammeren har tilhørt min far (1934-2019). Han var instrumentreparatør (slaginstrumenter og blåse-instrumenter). Akkurat hva han

*The large hammer was found in the attic of our small farm (locally called Lykja), one of the oldest homesteads in the then Fet municipality. Together with the hammer, shoemakers’ shoes, and other equipment were found belonging to a homesteader who lived on a small farm around 1900 and who later emigrated to the United States. We also discovered unburnt bricks (made from dry raw clay), wooden sledges, and so on. The small hammer belonged to my father (1934-2019). He was an instrument repairer (percussion and wind instruments). I don’t know exactly what he used it for. He had many of them, with heads in rubber and metal, which he used to straighten dents in brass instruments.*

7 - 9 Min far var en lager. Han var tannlege på dagtid, men etter middag og en liten lur bar det rett ned i kjelleren hvor han laget saker og ting i ymse materialer. Tre, horn, leire, gips. Det var ikke så mye vi så til han, men på den tiden var det jo mor som «kunne» dette med barn og sånn. Alle vi tre barna er utstyrt med ulike nyttige ting fra hans verksted, blant annet slike kjøttbankere som den du har lånt av meg.

*My father was a maker. He was a dentist during the day, but after dinner and a short nap, he would go straight down to the cellar where he would make things out of all kinds of materials. Wood, horn, clay, plaster. We didn’t see much of him, but back then, the mother was the one who “knew” how to deal with children and such. All three of us children are equipped with various useful things from his workshop, including meat tenderisers like the one you borrowed from me.*

10 Hammeren er mer som en slegge. Den dukket opp på hytta som jeg nylig arvet, under et lite lafta bygg som ligger på eiendommen. Det var far sin slegge. Jeg vet ikke hva han brukte den til, men tenker at det var arbeid med stein eller betong. Det lille



laftebygget står på stolper, og er åpent under. Mange gjenstander dukket opp sammen med slegga da vi kikket nærmere etter, for det meste verktøy. De lå i flere lag med visse<sup>nt</sup>, gulgrått løv imellom, noe som tydet på at de underste sakene var lagt der for flere år siden. Under huset fant vi bl.a. en lang, flott kløyvøks, og flere håndsager. Ved siden av huset lå det presenninger som dekket til mye forskjellig. Vi løftet på noe som lignet en blomsterkasse som stod opp-ned rett bak det lille huset. Under der lå det en to økser, flere plastbøtter, og rustne hermetikkbokser med rustne spiker. Far påstod hardnakket at noen hadde fjernet ting fra hytta de siste årene, han påstod han kunne se spor etter vedkommende. Beskyldningene har selvfølgelig forvoldt mye vonde følelser i familien. Nå fikk vi forklaringen, ingenting var forsvunnet, men forlagt og glemt av en gammel mann. Rundt om på tomta, dekket til av løv og gress over flere år, fant vi mange små slike små hauger, bøtter og kasser.

*The hammer is more like a sledgehammer. It appeared in the cabin I recently inherited, under a small log building on the property. It was my father's sledgehammer. I don't know what he used it for, but I think it was for working with stone or concrete. The small log building rests on posts and is open underneath. When we looked more closely, many objects appeared along with the sledgehammer. Mostly tools. They lay in several layers of withered, yellow-grey leaves, which showed that the lowest items had been there for many years. Under the house, we found, among other things, a long, beautiful splitting axe and several hand saws. Next to the house, tarpaulins covered many different objects. We lifted what appeared to be a flower box turned upside down behind the small house. Beneath it were two axes, several plastic buckets, and rusty cans with nails. Father stubbornly insisted that someone had taken items from the cabin in recent years and that he could see traces of that person. The accusations, of course, caused a lot of bad feelings within the family. Now we have the explanation: nothing had gone missing. It*

*had simply been misplaced and forgotten by an old man. We found many small piles, buckets, and boxes around the plot, which had been covered with leaves and grass for several years.*

11 —

12 - 14 Jeg kjøpte disse tre hammerne på Finn. De dukket opp da jeg søkte etter «hammer». Big Bang-hammeren er myk og behagelig å bruke, og den lager en morsom lyd når man slår med den. Jeg spurte selgeren om hun kunne fortelle meg litt om hammeren og fant ut at den hadde tilhørt hennes nå 4 år gamle datter. Hun hadde hatt den lenge og likte at den var myk og lagde lyd når hun slo med den. Den hadde gitt henne stor glede, og nå var den klar for en ny eier.

*I bought these three hammers from Finn (the Norwegian equivalent of Craigslist). They appeared when I searched for “hammer”. The Big Bang hammer is soft and pleasant to use, and it produces a fun sound when you hit it. I asked the seller if she could tell me a little about the hammer and found out that it had belonged to her now 4-year-old daughter. She'd had it for a long time and liked that it was gentle and made a sound when she struck it. It had brought her great joy, and now it was ready for a new owner.*

15 Bra greier, hammer. Her er du. Du ligner mer på en Claser'n-versjon av en dommerhammer, enn en vanlig funksjonell en. Men du er mykere, også er hammerhodet ditt overdimensjonert sammenlignet med en vanlig hammer, og det liker jeg. Problemet mitt med deg, er at jeg plukker deg opp fremfor en bedre egnet hammer. Jeg ser deg først sikkert fordi du er størst, også gidder jeg ikke lete etter en annen. Jeg tenker at du duger, at det sikkert går bra. Og av alle hammerne jeg har prøvd, så tipper jeg det er du som gjør minst vondt - men du funker jo ikke. Jeg skulle bare smelle inn en plugg, tenkte jeg. En plugg som en knagg skulle skrus inn i. Men så hentet jeg nettopp deg fra boden. Og der sto jeg og prøvde å slå inn pluggen, men det var fader meg ikke enkelt. Du er for myk. Ofte traff du veggen mye bedre enn pluggen. Du gjorde ingen skade, siden du er myk,

men du gjorde heller ikke jobben. Resultatet ble veldig mange slag, og en plugg som ikke ble slått helt inn. Kan hende jeg må ta en runde til hvis det løsner litt, og da tror jeg du skal få ligge i fred. Du har ikke gjort noe galt, men så blir jeg sur likevel. Sur for at jeg velger deg, sur for at du ikke funker så bra. Sur for at jeg ikke har giddet å sjekke hva du egentlig skal brukes til, og sur for at jeg ikke orker å lete skikkelig etter en annen hammer. Sur for at jeg ikke har system i verktøyene, og sur for at jeg ikke har gjort noe med det ennå. Samme dag som jeg brukte deg til pluggen, fortalte jeg om hvor udugelig du var til partneren min. Han kunne dele følgende: «Men den hammeren er kjempefin til å dunke med når man trenger å dunke uten å lage merke. Som når man må dunke selve platene til en kommode med et eller annet for å få dem festet sammen. Da kan vi ikke hamre på platene med en vanlig hammer heller.» Så da var det meg da, og ikke deg. Neste gang skal jeg bruke deg til bra greier, hammer. Jeg håper du ikke morkner, for jeg vil faktisk vil at du skal vare.

*Good stuff, hammer. Here you are. You look more like a cheap version of a judge's gavel than a regular functional one. But you're softer, and your hammer head is oversized compared to a regular hammer, and I like that. My problem with you is that I pick you up instead of a more suitable hammer. I probably see you first because you're the biggest, and I don't bother looking for another one. I think you're good enough that it'll probably work. And of all the hammers I've tried, I guess you're the one that hurts the least - but you don't work. I was just going to hammer in a plug, I thought. A plug I could later screw a peg into. But then I just picked you up from the shed. And there I was, trying to hammer in the plug, but it wasn't easy. You're too soft. You often hit the wall much better than the plug. You didn't do any damage because you're soft, but you didn't do the job either. The result was a lot of blows and a plug that wasn't fully driven in. If it loosens a bit, I might have to do another round, and then I think you should be left alone. You haven't done anything wrong, but I'm still angry. I'm angry that I chose you*

*and that you don't work that well. I'm angry that I haven't bothered to check what you're actually going to be used for, and that I can't bear to look properly for another hammer. I'm angry that I don't have a system in my tools and that I haven't done anything about it yet. The same day I used you for the plug, I told my partner how inept you were. He could share the following: “But that hammer is great for pounding when you need to pound without making a mark. For instance, when you must pound the boards of a dresser with something to get them fastened together. Then we can't hammer the boards with a regular hammer either.” So, then it was me and not you. Next time I'll use you for good things, hammer. I hope you don't wither because I actually want you to last.*

16 – 19 Jeg har en hammer som har tilhørt min farfar. Han var byggmester. Hammeren er gammel og slitt, har flekker av hvitmaling på og mangler en halv tann. To klinker er slått inn i enden av treskaftet for å holde hammerhodet på plass. Skaftet er pusset og godt å holde i. Elde til tross, den har stilen i behold. Gjennom mange år bygget farfar hus. Mange av dem kvadratiske med saltak og balkong. Husene hadde to fulle etasjer, pluss loft og kjeller. De fleste ble malt hvit. Mange av dem bygget han på Laksevåg, i gatene ovenfor Damsgård skole. De fleste står der fortsatt. De fleste er fortsatt hvit. Til seg selv og familien bygget han hus i Øvre Stadionsvei. Det stod ferdig i 1924 og ble barndomshjem for min far og tre søsken. En av dem arvet det og bodde der nesten livet ut. Da huset ble solgt bemerket takstmannen husets solide byggekvaliteter. På det siste bildet av farfar sitter han på trappen utenfor en hytte han bygget i Fana. På bildet er han gammel og sliten, men med stilen i behold. Omtrent som hammeren.

*I have a hammer that once belonged to my grandfather. He was a builder. The hammer is old and worn, has spots of white paint on it and is missing half a tooth. Two nails are hammered into the end of the wooden shaft to hold the hammer head in place. The shaft is polished and comfortable to hold. Despite its age, it still has its style.*

*My grandfather built many houses over the years. Many were square with a gable roof and a balcony. The houses had two full floors, plus an attic and a basement. Most were painted white. Many of them he built in Laksevåg, in the streets above Damsgård School. Most are still there. Most are still white. He built a house for himself and his family in Øvre Stadionsvei. It was completed in 1924 and became my father's and three siblings' childhood home. One of them inherited it and lived there for almost his entire life. When the house was sold, the appraiser noted its solid construction qualities. In the last photo of Grandpa, he is sitting on the steps outside a cabin he built in Fana. He appears old and tired, but still stylish, much like the hammer.*

20 Min reflekshammer. Jeg har brukt mang en hammer opp gjennom mitt 42 1/2 år lange liv. De langt fleste den slags hammertype som brukes til å f.eks. å hamre inn spiker. I den forbindelse har jeg de sterkeste minnene om min bestefars hammer på hytten på Sotra på somrene i barndommen. Min bestefar var en økonomisk forsiktig herre, oppvokst i trange kår, og bød på fine aktiviteter for oss barnebarna i den forbindelse, som for eksempel å rette ut bøyd<sup>e</sup> spikre. Han hadde en utmerket hammer til den bruk, tung og god og velegnet til formålet. Også min far har hatt hamre jeg husker godt, bl.a. en annen tung og god en med gulfarget stamme og et deilig svart gummihåndtak med godt grep. Det som har irritert meg mest har vært hamre som er for lette, som ikke gir tilstrekkelig moment når det svinges. Men, det er altså klassiske hammere. Til min kones, Sivs, hammerprosjekt har jeg hatt mest lyst til å skrive om min erfaring med medisinske hammere.. Jeg er utdannet lege og psykiater. Da jeg gikk på fjerdeåret på medisinstudiet i 2001 hadde vi det som kalles småfagsterminen: Da lærte vi om hud- og veneriske sykdommer, mikrobiologi, øre-/nese-/hals-sykdommer, øyesykdommer og nevrologi. Dette siste faget begeistret meg spesielt: Læren om nevrologi: læren om hjernen og det øvrige sentralnervesystemet, om hjerneslag, om Parkinsons sykdom, om Multippel sklerose, om

en lang rekke sjeldne syndromer og undersøkelsen av alle disse. Når det gjelder undersøkelsen av sykdommene måtte vi gå til anskaffelse av ulikt utstyr: for undersøkelser innen øre-nese-hals et pannespeil (som jeg har brukt veldig lite) og for nevrologisk undersøkelse: EN REFLEKSHAMMER. Den har jeg brukt mye! Den skjellsettende teoretiske undervisningen innen nevrologi var supplert med gruppetimer med undersøkelse av pasient, såkalte spesialvisitter. Da var professor i nevrologi til stede, 5-6 ivrige studenter og en pasient som villig stilte opp for å spørres om sin sykehistorie og undersøkes nevrologisk med det formål å komme frem til hvilken sykdom som var til stede. Hva kan en reflekshammer så avsløre? Hammeren består som regel av metall og gummi, der den gummierte delen sikter mot en muskelsene. Kanskje mest kjent fra film og komikk er patellar-senen - senen fra den store lårmuskelen som er lokalisert rett under kneskålen. Men det er også mange andre sener man kan slå på både i albueområdet, håndledd, ankel, kjeve samt under fotsålen og i magemuskulaturen. Når man slår på senen utløser det en refleks fra ryggmargen som gir aktivitet i muskelen som styrer senen, medførende en rykning. Hvis det f.eks. har funnet sted et hjerneslag kan senerefleksene på den siden av kroppen som er berørt bli sterkere, mens hvis det er en nerveskade fra ryggmargen eller i nerven ut til muskelen vil senerefleksen være svakere eller helt borte. Avhengig av hvilke senereflekser som er berørte og om de sterkere eller svakere kan en både finne ut hvor skaden sitter og få mistanke om hvilken skade som foreligger. I dagens medisin har man mange detaljerte undersøkelser som kan gi sikrere svar enn en reflekshammer, for eksempel MR-avbildning av hjernen (magnetisk resonans), men reflekshammeren er et enkelt, særdeles mobilt og tilgjengelig instrument som kan gi masse informasjon uten tilgjengelige avanserte metoder. Wikipedia forteller at de første hammerne til dette bruk ble funnet opp på sent 1800-tall. Jeg fikk utdelt en såkalt tomahawk-hammer som jeg egentlig tenkte å bidra med



i hammerprosjekter, men den fant jeg ikke igjen. Strengt tatt jeg har brukt den lite. Den er visst mest brukt i USA og har den fordelene at den er ganske flat, nesten todimensjonal med en triangulær gummibit. Grunnen til at jeg har brukt den lite er kanskje ganske lik årsaken til at jeg likte bestefars hammer i oppveksten: Tomahawk-hammeren er riktignok praktisk til oppbevaring i legefrakklommen, men den er for lett og utløser ikke refleksene godt nok. Da har jeg fra tidlig av vært mye mer begeistret for den hammeren jeg bidrar til hammerprosjektet med - en såkalt Babinski-hammer. Den er tung nok til å gi et godt moment ved svingning. Den er riktignok tyngre og mer klumpete å ha i legefrakken, men det aksepterer jeg når den er klart best til sitt bruk. Hvis den skal transporteres litt flattere kan man jo også enkelt skru av hodet. Hammeren har også en spiss på enden av skaftet som kan brukes til å undersøke den såkalte Babinski-reflekse eller plantarreflekse som utløses ved å skrape en spiss langs fotsålen: da skal tærne vanligvis gå ned – hvis de går opp er det noe som ikke er som det skal være. Så, denne hammeren er utmerket til sin bruk, den jevner ut globale ressursforskjeller innen helse og vil for alltid være en redskap som er avgjørende i min gjerning. En av mine favoritthammerer – Babinskihammeren.

*My reflex hammer. I have used many a hammer throughout my 42 1/2-year long life. Most of them are the kind of hammers used, for example, to hammer in nails. In this regard, I have the strongest memories of my grandfather's hammer at the cabin in Sotra during the summers of my childhood. My grandfather was a financially prudent man, raised in tight circumstances, and offered nice activities for us grandchildren in this regard, such as straightening bent nails. He had an excellent hammer for that purpose, heavy and good and well suited for the purpose. My father has also had hammers that I remember well, including another heavy and good one with a yellow-colored stem and a nice black rubber handle with a good grip. What has irritated me the most has been hammers that are too light, which do not provide sufficient*

*torque when swung. But those are classic hammers. For my wife, Siv's, hammer project, I have been most keen to write about my experience with medical hammers. I am a qualified doctor and psychiatrist. When I was in my fourth year of medical school in 2001, we had what is called the minor subject term. Then we learned about skin and venereal diseases, microbiology, ear/nose/throat diseases, eye diseases and neurology. This last subject particularly excited me: The study of neurology: the study of the brain and the rest of the central nervous system, about stroke, about Parkinson's disease, about Multiple Sclerosis, about a wide range of rare syndromes and the examination of all of these. When it comes to the examination of the diseases, we had to purchase different equipment: for examinations within the ear-nose-throat area, a cephalometer (which I have used very little) and for neurological examination, A REFLEX HAMMER. I have used it a lot! The landmark theoretical teaching in neurology was supplemented by group lessons with examination of patients, so-called special visits. There was a professor of neurology present, 5-6 eager students and a patient who willingly agreed to be asked about his medical history and examined neurologically with the aim of determining what disease was present. What can a reflex hammer reveal? The hammer usually consists of metal and rubber, where the rubberised part aims at a muscle tendon. Perhaps best known from films and comics is the patellar tendon - the tendon from the large thigh muscle located just below the kneecap. But there are also many other tendons that can be struck, both in the elbow area, wrist, ankle, jaw, as well as under the sole of the foot and in the abdominal muscles. When the tendon is struck, it triggers a reflex from the spinal cord that gives activity to the muscle that controls the tendon, causing a twitch. If, for example, a stroke has occurred, the tendon reflexes on the side of the body that is affected may become stronger, while if there is nerve damage from the spinal cord or in the nerve to the muscle, the tendon reflex will be weaker or completely absent. Depending on which tendon reflexes are affected and whether they are stronger or weaker, one*

*can both find out where the injury is located and suspect what kind of injury is present. In today's medicine, there are many detailed examinations that can provide more reliable answers than a reflex hammer, for example, MRI imaging of the brain (magnetic resonance), but the reflex hammer is a simple, highly mobile and accessible instrument that can provide a lot of information without the use of advanced methods. Wikipedia says that the first hammers for this purpose were invented in the late 19th century. I was given a so-called tomahawk hammer that I actually thought I would contribute to hammer projects, but I never found it again. Strictly speaking, I have not used it much. It is apparently most used in the USA and has the advantage that it is quite flat, almost two-dimensional, with a triangular piece of rubber. The reason I haven't used it much is perhaps quite similar to the reason I liked my grandfather's hammer when I was growing up: The Tomahawk hammer is indeed practical for storing in the doctor's coat pocket, but it is too light and does not trigger the reflexes well enough. From an early age, I have been much more enthusiastic about the hammer I am contributing to the hammer project with - a so-called Babinski hammer. It is heavy enough to provide a good torque when swinging. It is admittedly heavier and bulkier to keep in the doctor's coat, but I accept that when it is clearly best for its use. If it is to be transported a little flatter, the head can also be easily unscrewed. The hammer also has a tip on the end of the shaft that can be used to examine the so-called Babinski reflex or plantar reflex that is triggered by scratching the tip along the sole of the foot: then the toes should normally go down - if they go up, something is not as it should be. So, this hammer is excellent for its purpose; it evens out global resource disparities in health and will forever be a tool that is essential in my work. One of my favourite hammers – the Babinski hammer.*

21 Jeg fikk min første hammer i 2019. Man skulle trodd at jeg hadde skaffet meg det tidligere ettersom at jeg har studert design i 2 år før jeg fikk den. Grunnen for at jeg fikk den var ikke fordi jeg selv

ønsket det eller følte jeg trengte det. Det var mer et valg min far mente jeg måtte ha. Han mente det er noe alle som driver med noe som helst form for håndverk må ha. Men det morsomme med det er at den fortsatt er aldri brukt. Den har aldri slått en eneste spiker, finger eller planke. Jeg tror kanskje det kan ha noe med at andre redskaper kan erstatte hammeren. Som for eksempel skruen og drillen. Hammeren min har bare blitt et redskap som jeg føler misunner de andre redskapene jeg heller vil velge. Jeg føler også hammeren min er svak. Jeg tror ikke den vil overleve de harde slagene på grunn av materialet skaftet er laget av. Men likevel er jeg glad for at jeg har hammeren min. Det er noe med symbolikken jeg føler presenterer det jeg driver med. Håndverk.

*I got my first hammer in 2019. One would think I would have gotten it earlier since I had already studied design for 2 years when I got it. The reason I got it wasn't because I wanted it or felt I needed it. It was more of a choice by my father. He thought I had to have one. He thought it was something everyone who does any craft must have. But the funny thing about it is that it has never been used. It has never hit a single nail, finger or plank. Maybe it has something to do with the fact that other tools can replace the hammer. Like the screw and the drill, for example. My hammer has just become a tool that I feel envies the other tools I would rather choose. I also feel my hammer is weak. I don't think it will survive the hard blows because of the material the handle is made of. But still, I'm glad I have my hammer. There's something about the symbolism that represents what I do. Craft.*

22 + 23 Einar vet egentlig lite om hammerens opprinnelse. Den dukket opp blant verktøy og utstyr fra den gang eiendommen hans ble drevet som småbruk. Faren tok flere kurs for å lære seg nyttige håndverk, og Einar tror han kan ha laget hammeren som et slags «svennestykke». Den bærer jo tydelig preg av å være mer eller mindre håndlaget, og den har nok og vært i bruk som et nyttig multiverktøy. Kanskje hadde Einars far den med seg når han var ute og

satte opp hesjer, reparerte gjerder og alt annet en småbonde trengte verktøy til. Einar selv har ikke brukt hammeren, men det kommer han kanskje til å gjøre når han får den tilbake. Eller kanskje han lar den komme på utstilling i heimen, for nå blir den jo berømt.

*Einar doesn't know much about the origin of the hammer. It appeared among the tools and equipment when his property was run as a small farm. His father took several courses to learn practical crafts, and Einar thinks he may have made the hammer as a kind of "journeyman's piece". It clearly bears the mark of being more or less handmade and has probably been used as a useful multi-tool. Perhaps Einar's father took it with him while putting up hedges, repairing fences and everything else a small farmer needed tools for. Einar hasn't used the hammer himself, but he might when he gets it back. Or maybe he'll put it on display at home because now it's becoming famous.*

24 — En solenoid er for meg definitivt en hammer. Denne solenoiden er det knyttet mange ulike følelser til – nysgjerrighet, oppdagelseslyst og undring, men også dyp frustrasjon, maktesløshet og utmattelse. Solenoider finnes det uendelig mange av i ulike varianter, men akkurat denne ble bruk på det mest ekstreme jeg har vært med på som utøver og kunstner, og jeg ble faktisk fysisk syk av utmattelse i etterkant av første visningen vi gjorde. Teknologien denne representerer har også vært en essensiell del av min kunstneriske utvikling. Det har åpnet seg nye mulighetsrom der møtet mellom elektronisk og akustisk lyd har materialisert seg. Solenoiden er et verktøy jeg kan bruke for å traktere instrumenter og objekter på en måte som ikke er mulig med hendene og kroppen. En protese? Den må aktiveres med strøm, og med riktig grensesnitt kan jeg da få til svært hurtige presise slag i et tempo og med en presisjon som ikke er menneskelig mulig. Det åpner opp en helt ny verden av lyder og teksturer på akustiske instrumenter og objekter, og bryter også ned

hegemoniet elektronisk musikk har hatt på finmasket og mekanisk rytmeravspilling.

*For me, a solenoid is definitely a hammer. This solenoid is associated with many emotions – curiosity, desire for discovery and wonder, but also deep frustration, powerlessness and exhaustion. There are an infinite number of solenoids in other variations. This particular one was used in the most extreme way I have ever been involved as a performer and artist. I actually became physically ill from exhaustion after the first screening we did. The technology it represents has also been essential to my artistic development. New possibilities have opened where electronic and acoustic sound meet and materialise. The solenoid is a tool I can use to manipulate instruments and objects in a way that is not possible with my hands and body. A prosthesis? It must be activated with electricity, and with the right interface, I can then achieve very fast, precise strokes at a pace and with a precision that is not humanly possible. It opens up a whole new world of sounds and textures on acoustic instruments and objects and also breaks down the hegemony electronic music has had on fine-grained and mechanical rhythm playback.*

Visit Research Catalogue to listen to the sound of the Solenoid Hammer ↵



26 Jeg vet ikke hvor du kommer fra eller hvordan du havnet hos meg. Det er noe ufarlig og lekent med deg. Jeg har prøvd å bruke deg til å slå inn småstifter i veggen en gang jeg skulle henge opp et bilde og ikke fant en bedre egnet hammer i farten. Det dugde du ikke så godt til, men du er likevel en av favoritthammerne mine. Hånden min virker så stor når jeg holder deg, og du får meg til å føle meg både sterk og snill.

*I don't know where you come from or how you ended up with me. There's something harmless and playful about you. I tried using you to*



*hammer small pins into the wall once when I was going to hang a picture and couldn’t find a better hammer on the fly. You weren’t very good at it, but you’re still one of my favourite hammers. My hand feels so big when I hold you, and you make me feel both strong and kind.*

27 + 28           Min kollega flytter inn på et kontor der det ligger flere etterlatte ting. Blant pensler, bøker, limpistoler, tusjer og ringpermer ligger to hammere. «Er det plass til disse i hammersamlingen din?», spør hun meg. «Ja, så klart! Velkommen skal de være!» Kjære hammere, hvem er dere? Hva har dere blitt brukt til? Er det ingen som eier dere og vil savne dere nå som jeg har annektert dere inn i mitt prosjekt?

*My colleague moved into an office where several items had been left behind. Among the brushes, books, glue guns, markers, and ring binders, there are three hammers. “Is there room for these in your hammer collection?” she asks me. “Yes, of course! They’re welcome!” Dear hammers, who are you? What have you been used for? Doesn’t anyone own you, and will miss you now that I’ve annexed you into my project?*

29       Rustent hode og et håndtak i tre som ligger godt i hånden min. Du kom inn i livet mitt da jeg flyttet hjemmefra. Pappa mente det var viktig at jeg hadde min egen hammer og gav deg til meg. Jeg bruker deg innimellom, men tenker ikke så mye på deg.

*Rusty head and a wooden handle that fits well in my hand. You came into my life when I moved away from home. My father thought it was important that I own a hammer and gave you to me. I use you occasionally, but I don’t think about you much.*

30       —  
31       —  
32       —  
33       —  
34       —

35       En stein kan også være en hammer.  
  
*A stone can also be a hammer.*

36 + 37           En hammer for alle anledninger (bare ikke hamring). Jeg er ikke sikker på hvor den kom fra, men jeg mistenker at den kom fra min ikke så praktisk orienterte storesøster, og at det var en julegave til kona. Hammeren er grei på den måten at den passer i blyant-og penneholderen på kjøkkenet og kan stå der uten å falle ut (så vidt). Hammeren kommer først og fremst i sving når jeg trenger en liten skrutrekker og det hule hammergrepet organiserer forskjellige skrutrekkere på en ryddig måte. Som hammer har den vært i operasjon en håndfull ganger i forbindelse med hending av bilder, men jeg angrer alltid siden hammerhodet er lite og glatt pga. dekorativ folie. Skrutrekkerne er heller ikke særlig gode, men jeg vet hvor jeg har de om ikke annet (jeg slipper å gå ned i boden og lete). Som gjenstand representerer den kompromiss på alle mulige måter. Følelsesmessig er den et sted mellom irriterende og mildt tilfredsstillende.

*A hammer for all occasions (just not hammering). I’m not sure where it came from, but I suspect it came from my not-so-practical older sister and was a Christmas present for my wife. The hammer is handy in that it fits in the pencil and pen holder in the kitchen without falling out (just barely). The hammer primarily comes into play when I need a small screwdriver, as the large hammer grip neatly organizes various screwdrivers. It has been operating as a hammer a handful of times in connection with hanging pictures, but I always regret it since the hammer head is small and smooth due to the decorative foil. The screwdrivers are also not very good, but at least I know where I have them (I don’t have to go down to the storeroom and look). As an object, it represents compromise in every possible way. Emotionally, it is somewhere between annoying and mildly satisfying.*

38 + 39           Hammere funnet i et svensk familiehjem.  
  
*Hammers from a Swedish family home.*

40       Her er en låt for deg: *Sledgehammer* av Peter Gabriel. En av de aller ypperste låtene om hammeren. Men forsvinnende få slegger i videoen. Skjerpings, Peter!  
  
*Here’s a song for you: Sledgehammer by Peter Gabriel. One of the greatest songs about the hammer. But there are very few sledgehammers in the video. Sharpen up, Peter!*

41       —

42       Under oppussing av et hus fra 50-tallet fant vi rundt 10 000 spiker som denne inne i veggene. Det viste seg at husene ble bygget ett og ett i løpet av en veldig lang dugnad etter andre verdenskrig, og ikke av snekkere. Men hva slags forskrudde hammere kan de ha brukt?

*While renovating a house from the 1950s, we found about 10,000 nails like this one inside the walls. It turned out that the homes were built one by one during a very long “dugnad” after World War II, and not by carpenters. But what kind of messed-up hammers did they use?*

43       I am quietly mourning the loss of, and hoping for the return of, an “inherited” hammer. This hammer was part of a toolbox that had once been my grandfather’s. The hammer was the one tool from the strange “archive” that I chose to make regular use of, especially in the process of installing exhibitions. In fact, this is how it was mislaid, volunteering it for use in hanging a student show. I am hopeful it will come back to me.

*I stillhet sørger jeg over tapet av, og håper på gjenforening med, en arvet hammer. Denne hammeren var en del av en verktøykasse som en gang hadde vært min bestefars. Hammeren var det ene verktøyet fra det merkelige “arkivet” som jeg valgte å bruke regelmessig, spesielt i prosessen med å installere utstillinger. Faktisk er det slik den forsvant, da jeg lånte den ut til studenter som skulle montere en utstilling. Jeg håper den vil komme tilbake til meg.*

HAMMERS  
THAT  
DO  
NOT  
(YET)  
EXIST

44       Vågn op hammer. Til at vække sovende partnere.

*Wake up hammer. To wake up sleeping partners.*

45       En uttrykksfull, men ikke-aggressiv hammer.

*An expressive but non-aggressive hammer.*

46       Denne hammeren kan brukes til massasje, og til å vaske med. Jeg kaller den «Vaskemassasjen».

*This hammer can be used for massage and washing. I call it the “Washing Massage.”*

47       Den runde hammeren. Hvis man slår på noen med den glade siden så blir de glade, men hvis du slår de med den sure siden så blir de sur.

*The Round Hammer. If you hit someone with the happy side, they will become happy, but if you hit them with the sad side, they’ll become sad.*

48       Hjernehammeren. Hammeren jeg har tegnet får gjenstander til å bli levende. Du kan slå hammeren på en stol for eksempel, kan stolen gå, løpe og snakke. Hammeren er laget av plast, men har samme funksjoner som en vanlig hjerne. Det finnes bare en hjernehammer i hele verden. Inni hjernehammerhodet ligger det en liten boks, med ledninger og skruer som gjør at den funker som en hjerne. Hvis du er en veldig ensom person, som trenger en venn eller en å snakke med, kan du bare bruke hammeren til å gjøre en gjenstand levende som du kan snakke med. Kanskje det ville sett rart ut, men du kan slå hammeren på en bamse sånn at det ser litt mer normalt ut. Hjernehammeren funker bare i nødsituasjoner, fordi hvis den alltid hadde funket hadde alt bare vært fullstendig kaos. Hvis du lur

på ting som skjer verden rundt, så kan du spørre hjernehammeren om forskjellige spørsmål og den har svar på det meste.

*The Brain Hammer. The hammer I have drawn makes objects come alive. If you hit the hammer on a chair, for example, the chair can walk, run, and talk. The hammer is made of plastic but has the same functions as a normal brain. So far, only one brain hammer exists in the whole world. Inside the brain hammer head there is a small box, with wires and screws that make it work like a brain. If you are a very lonely person who needs a friend or someone to talk to, you can simply use the hammer to make an object come alive, so that you can talk to it. Maybe it would look strange, but you can hit the hammer on a teddy bear to make it look a bit more normal. The brain hammer only works in emergency situations because if it had always worked, it would be complete chaos. If you are curious about things happening around the world, you can ask the brain hammer different questions, and it can answer most of them.*

49       Instruksjon for Buehammeren.

*Instructions for the Arch-hammer.*

50       Buehammer for buede spikere.

*Arch-hammer for arched nails.*

51       Endre din mening hammeren. Å konstruere – dekonstruere – konstruere. Forsiktig, gjennomtenkt, intuitivt, logisk.

*The Change-Your-Mind hammer. To construct – deconstruct – construct. Careful, thoughtful, intuitive, logical.*

52       Hammerhund. *Hammer-dog.*

53       Dette er en bankehammer. Den brukes kun til å banke dinosaurer med. Alle typer dinoer.

*This is a knocking hammer. It is only used to knock dinosaurs — all types of dinos.*

54       Dette er en alt-mulig-hammer. Som til og med kan brukes til å slå på dinoer.

*This is an all-purpose hammer. Which can even be used to hit dinos.*

55       Haihammer. Den kan brukes til å pigge haiene. Og banke bak på dem.

*Shark Hammer. It can be used to spike the sharks. And hit them on the back.*

56       Den lille hammer. *The tiny hammer.*

57       Blyanthammer. *Pencil hammer.*

58       *The word «pencil hammer» is written (in Norwegian) with the hammer.*

59       Selvstående felleshammer. *Self-standing community hammer.*

60       Megahammer. Til å sette opp telt og banke kjøtt.

*Mega hammer. For setting up tents and pounding meat.*

61       Jeg vil slå men ikke skade. Jeg vil hamre mykt inn. Jeg vil bruke tid på hamringen så det blir mykt tilslutt. Denne hammeren er designet for å ikke fungere. Jeg ville å fjerne dens funksjon å faktisk kunne hamre med den.

*I want to hit but not hurt. I want to hammer softly. I want to spend time hammering so that it becomes soft in the end. This hammer is designed not to work. I wanted to remove its function of actually being able to hammer.*

62       Denne hammeren er designet for å ikke fungere. Jeg har egentlig aldri brukt en hammer, så jeg ønsket å designe en som representerer funksjonen en hammer kan gi meg. Det store spørsmålet er: Hvor lang tid vil det tar for denne hammeren å slå inn en spiker?



		<i>This hammer is designed not to work. I have never really used a hammer, so I wanted to design one that represents the function a hammer can provide for me. The big question is: How long does it take for this hammer to hammer down a nail?</i>	<i>dead plants and nature back to life. This could be the answer to the climate crisis.</i>	mostly from leftovers, waste, or found materials. Photo from the exhibition. Photo: Nora Adwan.
63	Bergenshammeren. Tar etter sine omgivelser. (Klossen i kork skulle vært en brostein).		69Høvdinghammer. Chief's hammer.	109Experimenting with scale.
			70Veiviseren. Denne hammeren viser deg veien til forskjellige steder.	110From the exhibition. Photo: Nora Adwan.
	<i>Bergenshammeren. Takes after its urroundings. (The cork block should have been a cobblestone).</i>		<i>The Pathfinder. This hammer shows you the way to different places.</i>	111Family and friends visiting the exhibition.
64	—		71Smilehammer. Slå på noen (men ikke hardt) så smiler de.	112 - 113Exhibition planning.
65	Forskningshammeren. Do No Harm.		<i>Smile hammer. Hit someone (but not hard) and they'll smile.</i>	114Photo: Nora Adwan.
	<i>The research hammer. Do No Harm.</i>		72Lufthammer. Kan styre luft, sprute ut luft.	115—
66	Vannhammeren. Kan være svar på tørke og tørst. Ett slag og vann vil renne ut.		<i>Air hammer. Can control air, squirt air.</i>	116 - 121Making porcelain hammers.
	<i>The Water Hammer. It could be the answer to drought and thirst. One blow and water will flow.</i>		73Kosehammer. Cuddle hammer.	122I see hammers everywhere :)
67	Å lese historiene til de andre hammerne minnet meg på broren min og spretterten han hadde. Hammeren min er inspirert av den spretterten. Du bruker hånden til å skape moment på samme måte som med en tradisjonell hammer, men i stedet for å følge bevegelsen med hånden, så slipper du bare. La oss bare ignorere det åpenbart upraktiske.		74—	123Discussing hammers with a colleague in the metal workshop.
	<i>Reading the stories of the other hammers reminded me of my brother and the slingshot he had. My hammer is inspired by that slingshot. You use your hand to create momentum in the same way as a traditional hammer, but instead of following through, you just release. Let's just ignore the obvious impracticality.</i>		75—	124—
68	Naturens hammer. Denne hammeren kan beskytte og redde utrydningstruede dyr og gjøre døde planter og natur levende. Dette kan kanskje være svaret på klimakrisen.		76Tog av grener. Går rundt kroppen din. Etterlater frø av glede. Nå vil ikke tanketoget føle seg alene. For hammeren den gror.	125 - 130Creating storage boxes for hammers and pondering: Should the boxes be shaped to fit the hammers, or should the hammers be shaped to fit the boxes? How many different boxes would I need to make to accommodate the specific needs and comfort of each individual hammer?
			<i>Train of Branches. Goes around your body. Leaves seeds of joy. Now the train of thought wouldn't feel alone. For the hammer it grows.</i>	131 - 134From the exhibition. Photo: Nora Adwan.
			77Family portrait of hammers that do not (yet) exist.	135—
			78 - 103Hammers with a hand.	136 - 140From the exhibition. Photo: Nora Adwan.
			104 - 106Family portraits of hammers that do not (yet) exist.	141 + 142Making hammers and preparing for the exhibition.
				201EXHIBITION AND PROCESS
			2020EXHIBITION AND PROCESS	143 - 147Drawing hammers. Testing what happens when my imperfect hand drawings are transformed into computer-generated images and then laser-cut in cardboard.
	<i>Nature's Hammer. That hammer can protect and save endangered animals and bring</i>	107— 108Hammers I have made,		

148	Drawing one of the hammers from the collection of subjective hammers. Drawing with my right hand while holding it in my left hand. Noticing all the details and imperfections of the hammer.	
149 - 151	Drawing hammers from the collection of subjective hammers. Drawing with my left hand while holding the hammers in my right hand. It isn't easy since I usually draw and write with my right hand.	
152 + 153	The “positive” and “negative” of a laser-cut hand drawing of me holding one of the subjective hammers.	
154 - 156	Drawing while not looking at the paper, only at the hammer I am drawing.	
157 - 160	Exhibition at the Faculty of Fine Art, Music and Design, University of Bergen, in April 2021. Photo: Bjarte Bjørkum.	
161 - 166	Hammers that do not (yet) exist are emerging during the exhibition from the leftover materials I provided.	
167	The creator of the Pencil Hammer is using it as a writing tool.	
168 — 169 — 170 —		THE HUMAN HAMMERS
171	I made a hammer from bamboo and fabric to ensure I do not cause any damage when I use it inside the bamboo pavilion.	
172 – 176	I attach a camera to the head of the hammer, wear a GoPro on my body (chest, ankle, head, knee), and set up a camera on a tripod to record the entire room. The different cameras capture various perspectives of the same situation, shifting the focus from solely the human to also include the perspectives of the context and the hammer. I remove my shoes	

	to improve contact with the floor and start moving around the room with the hammer. The lightness and length of the hammer make my movements long and slow. The pictures are screenshots from the video experiments from the perspectives of the GoPro on my angle, the head of the hammer and the camera filming the room.	a bamboo handle and a straw head. With one camera on a tripod, one attached to the hammer's head, and a GoPro camera on my chest, I step into the forest. Like an explorer.
201	The pictures are screenshots from the video experiments capturing three perspectives on the same situation simultaneously.	
202 – 206	Dancing about with a bamboo and cork hammer in what used to be a barn but is now used for workshops. Photo: Samir Nicolas Saddi.	
207 – 210	A GoPro camera attached to my head captures my movements. The pictures are screenshots from the video experiments. Photo: Samir Nicolas Saddi / Siv Lier.	
211	The Japanese Guesthouse was built in Japan in 1863, then dismantled and reconstructed in Boisbuchet in 2008. It appears out of place and makes me think of appropriation and colonialism, which is why I enter the house with the most French I can imagine: baguettes and a hammer painted with the typical white and blue stripes of a Breton sweater.	
212 – 221	A striped version of myself moves cautiously through the interiors of the Japanese house, wielding a Breton sweater-striped hammer and a baguette hammer.	
222 – 226	I explore how I can contrast with the peaceful, minimalist space through a chaotic, vibrant, and free-spirited presence. I set my camera on a tripod and took a series of photos of myself while dancing and jumping around with hammers, ropes, and fabric. I am defying the Japanese guest house's invitation to behave quietly within the harmonious interior.	
227 – 231	I lower the camera's shutter speed and become a ghost, or even a poltergeist, which is a spirit that causes knocking or beating. Is there a deeper meaning in my moving about with hammers, becoming a poltergeist in a house built without nails? I sense that something outside my control has been set in motion.	



232 - 236 I enter the woods on the Boisbuchet property with a pink, braided plastic hammer and move through the lush green environment. The hammer offers a colourful contrast, while I almost blend into the woods with my green outfit. I gently strike the tree trunks, careful not to damage the delicate hammer.

237 —  
238 —

239 – 241 A «power» version of me emerges when I tape two carpenter’s hammers to my hands. I become Siv Hammer-hands, a version of myself I find quite uncomfortable to look at.

243 – 246 I wrap myself in pink fabric and use a carpenter’s hammer on the trees. The trees are covered in moss, making my hammering quite harmless.

247 – 251 Screenshots from the video experiments in the woods. Camera perspectives from my ankle and from the camera set on a tripod.

252 Some of the many hammers I made during the residency, along with an enormous nail I encountered on site.

253 – 259 Photos from the process of making hammers.

260 - 262 A hammer on wheels is permitted to park outside the castle.

263 + 264 —  
265 —

266 + 267 Testing the impotent hammer

268 Tiny hammer and huge nail

269 —  
270 —  
271 —  
272 —

273 + 274 Presenting the practices I carried out during the residency to the other residents on the final day.

275 – 279 I take with me the most French of all the hammers I made during my residency on a (romantic) trip to Paris. We hang out in the Parc de Luxembourg, along the Seine, and spend an entire day in bed talking and drinking champagne. The perfect way to end my explorations of and with the hammers :)







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← Read more about Siv's PhD  
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