the common S E N S E

ANN HAMILTON

Commissioned by
Henry Art Gallery  Seattle, Washington
Ann Hamilton

*the common S E N S E*

*the common S E N S E* was a museum-wide exhibition of commissioned works by artist Ann Hamilton at Henry Art Gallery in Seattle, Washington. For *the common S E N S E*, Hamilton conceived of the Henry as a hub connecting to the University of Washington's collections and academic programs.

As a Visiting Fellow, she conducted research in the Burke Museum of Natural History and Culture, the University Libraries Special Collections, and the Henry's holdings of costumes, textiles, and photographs. The material elements of the exhibition were drawn from these collections. Images of animals specimens; bestiaries and children's ABC primers; fur, feather, and gut garments were stitched together with sound, voice, printed texts, and the movement of air in a building newly opened to light.

Time was also a material of the exhibition. Over the six-month duration of *the common S E N S E*, the project shifted with some elements depleting and others accumulating. Periodically, the galleries were animated by reading and singing.

Aristotle wrote in *Historia Animalum* and *De Anima* that “touch” is the sense common to all animal species. In this project, touch is not only physical contact but a form of intellectual and emotional recognition. The exhibition was full of images and skins of animals: once alive, they touched and were touched in return by the world they inhabited. For Hamilton *the common S E N S E* is “an address to the finitude and threatened extinctions we share across species—a lacrimosa, an elegy, for a future being lost.”

Henry Art Gallery, Seattle, Washington
The Museum is an institution of sight, a house of looking and seeing, a place where we behold with our eyes. We may be stirred, moved or touched by what we see but we rarely touch the thing seen.

I lament this distance.

We stroke a pet, reach to draw a curtain and feel the fineness of the cotton, touch the band of another person. We sleep between sheets, stay warm inside silk underwear and wool coats; cloth is the constant tactile companion to our body, is the band that is always touching.

Cloth covers nakedness—makes us social. Its surround is an early architecture and its origins are animal: the fleece of sheep, the skin of bear, the spun thread of a silkworm.

Each extension of a hand or paw is toward contact. Contact with the ground, the air; to someone or something outside the self and from this extension one is always touched in return—that is touch’s reciprocal condition and exchange. When we touch we go from being observers to being included; things seen become things felt.

In silence or in speech, reading and being read to are other forms of touch. The words of poets and writers stir us. When this happens we may be compelled to note, copy, or underline and often to share that touch—by passing the book from hand to hand, by reading out loud, or by sharing the page. The distance between author and reader, and reader and reader diminishes as the capacity of words to compel recognition travels from contact to contact, screen to screen, and perhaps from band to band.

This project is a series of invitations. It begins—or ends—with the image of a camera draped in cloth; with it, an invitation to be photographed. Your images will become material in the project. This is the project’s first exchange.

Then, there is an invitation to take fragments of readings, poems, texts, and to submit your own.

In the South Gallery, there is an invitation to listen and feel the air generated by a field of twenty mechanized bullroarers inspired by ancient instruments used from Greece to Australia to call or signal over great distance.

In the North galleries, there is an invitation to pull down from the walls segments of birds, mammals, and amphibians.

An exhibition is a form of exchange; like a conversation, it is organic, changed by each person who enters and whose acts of giving and taking will become the public life of the project.

-Ann Hamilton
LIST OF ELEMENTS

ONE EVERY ONE PORTRAITS
SCISSORS
COMMONPLACE COLLECTIONS
ABC PRIMERS, PHOTOGRAPHS & PUZZLE*
ANIMAL LITERATURE & ENCYCLOPEDIA
CARTS, CURTAINED
CLOTHING MADE FROM ANIMAL SKIN**
READERS, SCRIBES, VOCALISTS
MUSICAL SCORE
WOOL BLANKETS
NEWSPRINT PADS
IMAGES OF ANIMAL FEET & UNDERBELLIES***
A FIELD OF BULLROARERS****
AIR
A BOOK

EVENTS

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON CHORALE DIRECTED BY GISELLE WYERS
A SILENT READING WITH JOSHUA BECKMAN
BULL ROARCHESTRA WITH STUART DEMPSTER

... THAT LANGUAGE IS SHAPED AIR ... BY JUAN PAMPIN WITH THE SEATTLE CHAMBER PLAYERS

*ABC Primers, Photographs & Puzzle are from Special Collections at University of Washington Libraries.
**Clothing Made From Animal Skin are selections from the Henry Art Gallery's collection.
***Images of Animal Feet & Underbellies are scans of specimens from the Burke Museum of Natural History and Culture.
****A Field of Bullroarers was designed by Jerry Garcia and Phil Turner of Olson Kundig Architects.
"Take, oh! take these lips away
That so many more have worn.
And these eyes, like break of day,
Lighten that six thousandth zone!"
—Shakespeare, and Fletcher.

"Maid of Athens, use me well,
Long, o, give me back my heart!
O, where is the hand of heft,
Keep it now and take the rest!"
—Pope.

"Oh woman! is our hour of ease,
Under my eye, and hand to please.
And tremble as the shade
By the light quartering upon earth.
—Colley, "Morning."

from Pater's monograph on Monica Lisa came into mind:

"Here are the eyes that have looked on all the world; and the
eyebrows are a little weary."

"When you are old and I am passed away—
Passed, and your face, your golden face is gray,
I think—what s'w the end, this dream of mine
Comforting you a friendly star shall shine
Down the long days where will you ramble and stray.
Dear Heart, it shall be so: under the way
Of death, the Past's enormous charity
Lies bowed and closed.
Still she's there come or go,
Live or well pleased, immortal and divine
Love shall still lead you as God's angels may,
When you are old."
Commonplacing was once a common verb that referred to the process of reading, copying out, and managing selections from one’s books. The practice has its origins in antiquity in the idea of loci communes, or “common places,” under which ideas or arguments could be collected for use in different situations. A commonplace book is a model for organizing and arranging the collected excerpts of a reader and reflects idiosyncratic interests and practices of an individual’s organization of knowledge.

As you moved through the common S E N S E, there were shelves stacked with newsprint pages printed with short passages of text that have been submitted to the project’s online tumblr site: readers-reading-readers.tumblr.com. The website collected literary fragments related to touching and being touched. These text fragments, contributed by many individuals, were a guide and an accompaniment to the exhibition.
Readers Reading Readers
— A Commonplace

Part of the common S E N S E, an exhibition by Ann Hamilton, on view at Henry Art Gallery, from
October 11, 2014 - April 26, 2015

...the modesty of the night

A hand cupped the heel of a woman who wished to climb a tree to see the stars more clearly. The men laughed in their tumblers. They all went swimming again with just the modesty of the night. An arm touched a face. A foot touched a stomach. They could have almost drowned or fallen in love and their lives would have been totally changed during any one of those evenings.

— Michael Zavatski. *Reading in the Family*. Translated by Sally

...we will all go

Feeling very much out of sorts herself, Jo hurried into the parlor to find Beth sobbing over Pip, the canary, who lay dead in the cage with his little claws pathetically extended, as if imploring the food for want of which he had died.

"It's all my fault — I forgot him — there isn't a seed or a drop left. Oh, Pip! Oh, Pip! How could I be so cruel to you?" cried Beth, taking the poor thing in her hands, and trying to restore him.

Jo pressed into his half-open eye, felt his little heart, and finding him stiff and cold, shook her head, and offered her domino-box for a coffin.

"Put him in the oven, and maybe he will get warm and revive," said Amy hopefully.

"He's been starved, and he shan't be baked, now he's dead. I'll make him a shroud, and he shall be.

...an isolating trap

American men, in an attempt to avoid any possible hint of committing unwonted sexual touch, are foregoing gentle platonic touch in their lives. I'll call it touch isolation. Homophobic social stigma, the long-standing challenges of rampant sexual abuse, and a society steeped in a generations old puritanical mistrust of physical pleasure have created an isolating trap in which American men can go for days or weeks at a time without touching another human being. The implications of touch isolation for men’s health and happiness are huge.

Gentle platonic touch is central to the early development of infants. It continues to play an important role throughout men and women's lives. In terms of our development, health and emotional well being, its absence is frightening.

...the process of transformation

I was a small child, crouching over a swampy pond, watching tadpoles. Enormous, soon to become frogs, they swarmed around the bank. Through the thin membrane covering their distended bellies, the tangle of intestines was clearly visible. Heavy with the process of transformation, sluggish, they provoked one to reach for them. Pulled out onto shore with a stick, touched carelessly, the swollen bellies burst. The contents leaked out in a confusion of knots. Soon they were beset by flies. I sat there, my heart beating fast, shaken by what had happened. The destruction of self life and the boundless mystery of the content of softness. It was just the same as confronting a broken stem with sap flowing out, provoked by an inexplicable inner process, a force

...summarizing

The reader is the writer's friend. The writer is the reader's friend. They must be friends.
These fragments I have shored against my ruins.

T.S. Eliot (The Waste Land, 1922)
We imitate the sounds of animals — the “moo moo” of a cow; the “whoof whoof” of a dog — are learned along side “mama” and “papa.” And though language differentiates the human species from other animals, the images and sounds of animals are our first ABC’s, our first spoken words.

In time sound becomes letter becomes word becomes sentence, paragraph and book. It is through language that we reach back across language’s divide to touch and be touched by our contact with animals.
The Death and Burial of Cock Robin,
University of Washington Libraries, Special Collections, 1876

In Memory of Poor Cock 1876
Death and Burial of Cock Robin, University of Washington Libraries, Special Collections, 1870

Who'll be chief mourner? I said the Dove, For I mourn for my love.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Flounder</th>
<th>Fox hound</th>
<th>Gold finch</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gold fish</td>
<td>Her ring</td>
<td>Greyhound</td>
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<td>Hedge hog</td>
<td>Her on</td>
<td>Ibex</td>
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<td>Jackal</td>
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<td>Llama</td>
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<th>Mar mot</th>
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<td>Musk rat</td>
<td>Os trich</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ot ter</td>
<td>Par rot</td>
<td>Pigeon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Par tridge</td>
<td>Pea cock</td>
<td>Pengu in</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pheas ant</td>
<td>Poin ter</td>
<td>Rab bit</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rac coon</td>
<td>Rein deer</td>
<td>Rob in</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
AND ADAM GAVE NAMES TO ALL CATTLE, AND TO THE FOWL OF THE AIR, AND TO EVERY BEAST OF THE FIELD.
Hail to thee, blithe Spirit,
Bird thou never wert,
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever...
Portrait of Inger Wengness (postcard), University of Washington Libraries, Special Collections, 1914

Collar (girl), Henry Art Gallery, 1914
The images and skins of animals filling the exhibition were once alive. They touched and were touched in return by the world they inhabited. The first clothing for protecting humans from rain and cold came from the skins of animals. Separating us from the ground and covering us from the sun, animal skins enfolded us. The fleece of sheep, the skin of bear, the thread of silkworm’s spinnings—they were our first architecture, our first bed, our first covering.
Muff (woman), Henry Art Gallery, John Dutton Wright Collection, 1910s-1930s

Coat, evening (woman), Henry Art Gallery, John Dutton Wright Collection, 1927
Coat, evening (woman's), Henry Art Gallery, John Dutton Wright Collection, 1927
Photos: Mark Woods
O’Neil & Kidder, *Untitled portrait (carte de visite)*, Henry Art Gallery, Joseph and Elaine Monsen Photography Collection, 1864–1867
Throughout the galleries in *the common S E N S E*, visitors encountered volunteer reader/scribes. Participants accepted an open invitation to read out loud at the pace of their hand as it transcribed segments of text from a changing selection of project books. These books included *The Peregrine* by J.A. Baker, *Death in Spring* by Mercè Rodoreda and *Aristotle: Meteorologica* translated by H.D.P. Lee.

Reading out loud combines several rhythms and forms of attention: the eye reading across a horizontal line of text is the first, the voice sounding out the words the second, the hand copying selected passages onto paper the third. These joined process of reading and writing are an address to the animals—represented in images and materially present in the cultural artifacts in the project.

Over the duration of the exhibition, the reader/scribes formed an ongoing presence that gave the often silent and solitary act of reading a sociability. Although reading at different times of day and from different pages of the book, the individual readers were connected to each other through the reading and writing from a shared text. Each book and scribe log accumulated the marks of individual reader/scribes to become a physical record of the collective activity.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
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<tr>
<td>Alice A. Jones</td>
<td>Oct 15, 2014</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bessie J. Smith</td>
<td>Oct 18, 2014</td>
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<tr>
<td>Charlotte K. Williams</td>
<td>Dec 19, 2015</td>
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<tr>
<td>David M. Johnson</td>
<td>Dec 17, 2015</td>
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(Additional names and dates may be present in the table.)

The common SENSE

ANN HAMILTON

OCT 14, 2014 - APR 26, 2015
HENRY ART GALLERY

COPY NO 6
The North Galleries were filled with photographic images of mammal, bird and amphibian specimens from the Burke Museum. Bisected or divided into quarter sections, the image fragments of the animals were printed on newsprint pads and hung salon style throughout four galleries. The only parts in sharp focus are those parts of the animal that touched the surface of the flatbed scanner used to create the images. Visitors were invited to tear the top image off the pad and take it with them. The pads slowly depleted—a subtractive accumulation of actual and symbolic loss and our individual and collective consumption.
Vern C. Gorst. Two women standing behind a camera and a tripod to photograph a man holding up three geoducks on the beach, Washington State, University of Washington Libraries, Special Collections, 1929-1932
As a part of the exhibition, everyone was invited to leave an offering of their image. Portraits were captured through a semi-opaque membrane manufactured by Bayer MaterialScience LLC. The images record the experience of standing behind the film, where one can hear but cannot see. The resulting shallow depth of field is a consequence of the membrane, which focuses only the points where the body makes contact with the material—making the tactile experience visible.

Portraits accumulated over time as a living record of the individual bodies that have moved through the galleries. This accrual was a complement, and a corollary, to the depletion of animal scans that visitors were invited to take from the walls and add to their commonplace book.
Photos: Ann Hamilton Studio
Inspired by ancient instruments used from Greece to Australia to call or signal over great distance, often to gather people together, the bullroarers sound the vibration of air passing over a spinning cantilevered arm tensioned with rubber bands. They ascended, descended, and circled vertical poles that extended into the height of the newly opened skylights. Each bullroarer fell at the pace of gravity and climbed with the mechanical aid of the spinning pole and friction from skateboard wheels pressed against the pile’s surface. The duration of ascent and descent, controlled by a computer program, moved the circling arms in concert with each other or alone, its deep tonal drone evoking a buzzing hive, a flock of birds, a micro-community of individual organisms operating together.

*Hearing is how we touch at a distance.*

—Susan Stewart
Join University of Washington Associate Professor Giselle Wyers as she directs the UW Chorale in an evening of song, including various melodies and textual ideas inspired by conversations with Ann Hamilton and her exhibition the common SENSE.

Chorale members will also present short newly composed melodies, written in honor of specimens and garments on display. The Chorale will chant ancient hymns and sing folk tunes alongside the field of bullroarers, accompanied by sounds of a didgeridoo. Lastly, the Chorale will present a newly composed setting of texts from Charles Darwin's The Origin of Species, with texts organized via Ann Hamilton's concordance computer program.

Henry Art Gallery
January 23, 2015, 7:00 PM — 8:00 PM

An Evening in the Galleries with the UW Chorale

FRIDAY JAN 23
7:00PM — 9:00PM

ADMISSION:
Free with museum admission

ACCESS:
This event is public.

ACCESSIBILITY:
Henry Art Gallery is accessible to all visitors. Please notify the staff of any special needs or concerns when planning to attend this event.
Incantation to Remember
Inspired by Ann Hamilton's the common S E N S E
Music by Giselle Wyers
Text by Ann Hamilton

Be silent, and remember
we re-member the beau-ty
we re-member the deer
Be silent, and remember
we re-member the fal-con
we re-member the mean-est
we re-member the touch of the ground

we re-member the glance of the air
we re-member the bi-sos
we re-member the stag
we re-member the stall-ion
we re-member the lamb

Incantation may continue for as long as you like, using the above rhythms and notes or others that inspire.
Insert texts that respond to the materials and images in the exhibit, and relate to them directly or by association.

the thickness of fur
re-member what is past

re-member what is lost
the lives that once
were.
It Filled My Heart With Love

to be sung as a round, commissioned by the Henry Art Gallery for Ann Hamilton's exhibition The Common Sense

Music by Giselle Wyers
Text by Stevie Smith

* Denotes beginning of next voice part. The round may begin or end at any asterisk.
Acts of reading connect the spaces and objects of *the common S E N S E*. The often solitary and silent act of reading is both a social and aural address to something that was once alive.

This collaboration between Ann Hamilton and Joshua Beckman focuses on silent reading as shared experience. Working with Beckman’s meticulously collected text fragments that reference the lives, songs, and calls of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century birds, Hamilton created video fragments to be projected on the walls of the lower level gallery housing the field of bullroarers. Please join us and be part of this immersive and performative one-night event.
"It is not every day one has an opportunity to perform in response to the nearly 20 mechanical bull roarsers. Bull Roarchestra is commissioned by Henry Art Gallery for Ann Hamilton's installation of these bull roarsers as part of the Henry's Ann Hamilton: the common S E N S E exhibition. I have formed a small bull roarchestra to respond to the atmosphere and sounds, and interact with the bull roarer installation. The title Bull Roarchestra is inspired by John Cage's Roaratorio.

The Bull Roarchestra instrumentation includes stellar Seattle locals on bass drums, hand bullroarers, conchs, didjeridus, kelp horn, trombones, small instruments, bells, and toys. Even the floor of the Lower Level Gallery may be explored sonically.

The audience is invited to experience, through quiet, meditative movement and attentive listening, the sound of the installation and live performers as sounds echo through surrounding areas."
—Stuart Dempster

Sylvia Wolf, Director, Henry Art Gallery
Nina Bozicnik, Assistant Curator
Emily Zimmerman, Associate Curator of Programs
Emily Schmierer, Exhibitions, Collections, and Programs Assistant
Henry Art Gallery  
March 20, 2015, 7:00 PM — 8:00 PM

... that language is shaped air ... A performance by Juan Pampin with the Seattle Chamber Players

When the Seattle Chamber Players approached Juan Pampin for a commission, he proposed a site-specific composition inspired by the common S E N S E. In ... that language is shaped air ... Pampin establishes a dialogue with the mechatronic bullroarers on view at the Henry. The piece features the SCP members Paul Taub (flutes), Laura DeLuca (clarinets), Mikhail Shmidt (violin), David Sabee (cello) plus UW School of Music faculty Stuart Dempster (trombone), Richard Karpen (piano), Ted Poor (percussion), and Cuong Vu (trumpet).
PROJECT CREDITS

the common S E N S E
Ann Hamilton
Commissioned by Henry Art Gallery, Seattle, Washington
October 11, 2014 - April 26, 2015

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University of Washington Libraries Special Collections
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Anca Szilagyi, Writer

Choral Composition
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Gallery Singers
University of Washington Chorale, directed by Giselle Wyers
With special thanks to University of Washington School of Music

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Jerry Garcia, Olson Kundig Architects
Phil Turner, Olson Kundig Architects

Bullroarer Programming
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Rachael Anderson, Studio Assistant

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Eric A. Hegg, Studio portrait of a donkey, Dawson, Yukon Territory, University of Washington Libraries, Special Collections, 1899