



the common S E N S E

ANN HAMILTON

Commissioned by
Henry Art Gallery Seattle, Washington

ANN HAMILTON

the common SENSE

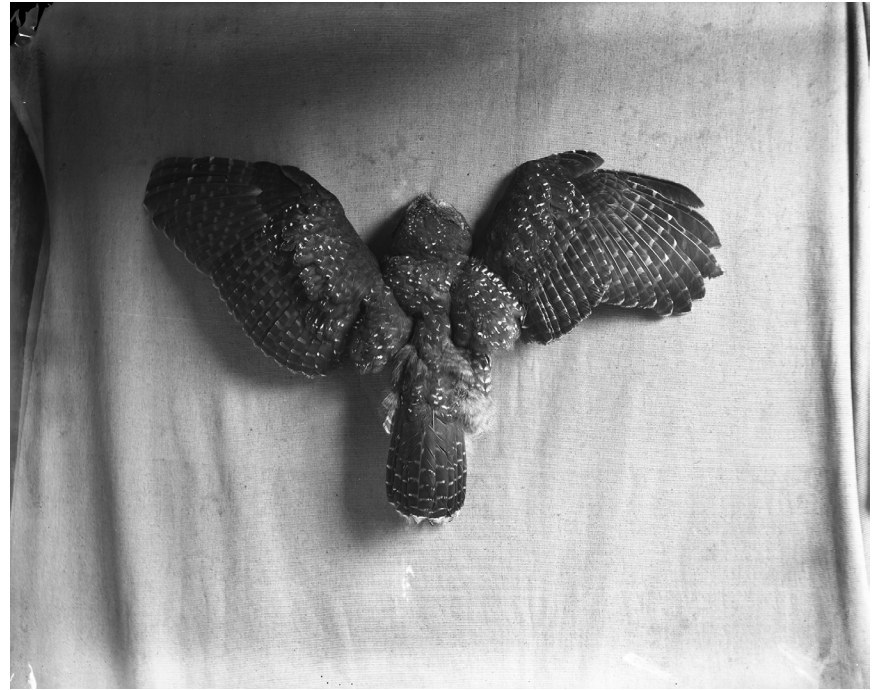
the common SENSE was a museum-wide exhibition of commissioned works by artist Ann Hamilton at Henry Art Gallery in Seattle, Washington. For *the common SENSE*, Hamilton conceived of the Henry as a hub connecting to the University of Washington's collections and academic programs.

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 SENSE*, the project shifted with some elements depleting and others accumulating. Periodically, the galleries were animated by reading and singing.

Henry Art Gallery, Seattle, Washington

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 SENSE* is "an address to the finitude and threatened extinctions we share across species—a lacrimosa, an elegy, for a future being lost."



Viretta Chambers Denny, *Stuffed owl, from front and back*, University of Washington Libraries, Special Collections, 1896

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 hand 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 hand 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 hand to hand.

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

O N E E V E R Y O N E 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.*

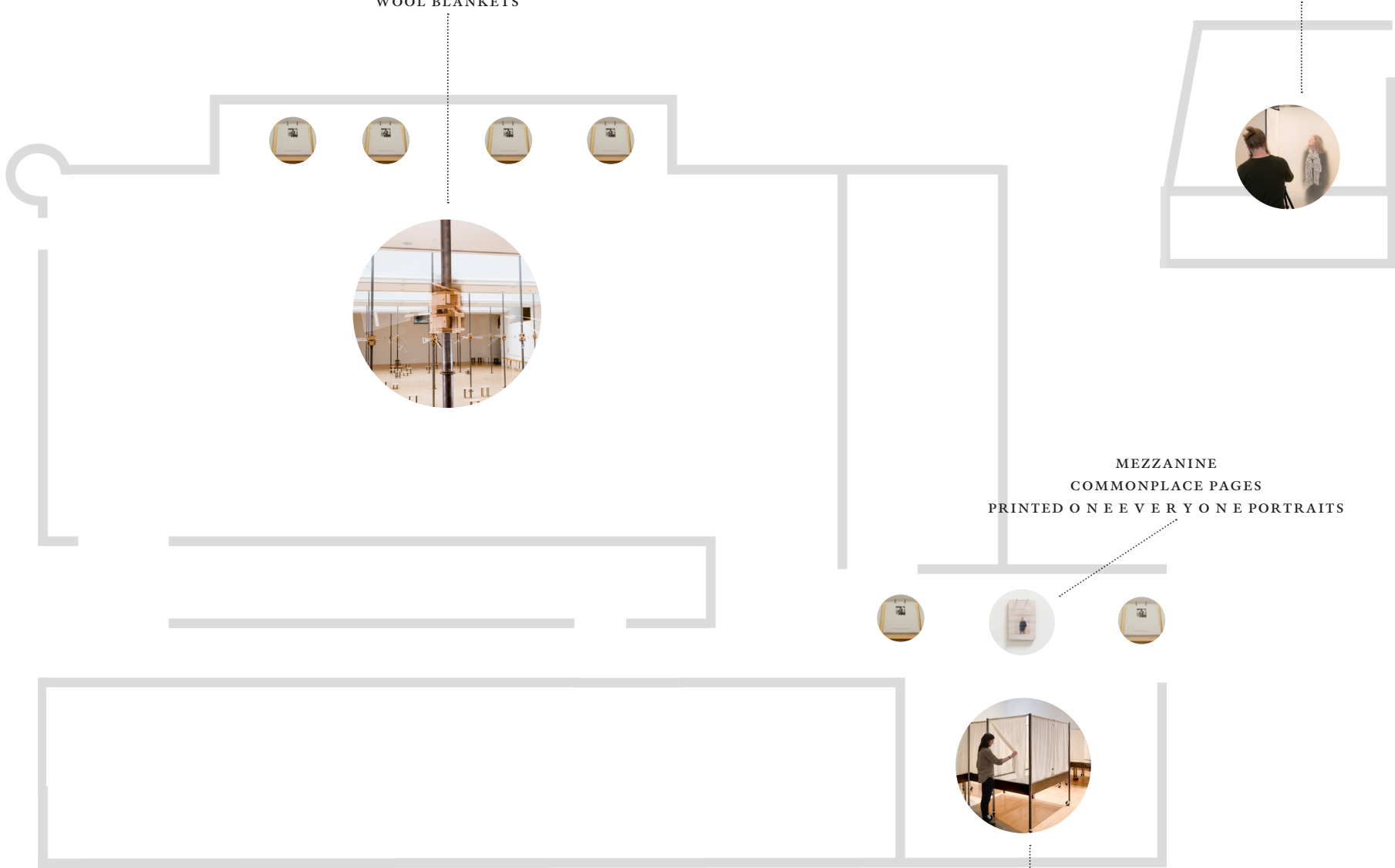
***Clothing Made From Animal Skin are selections from the Henry Art Gallery's collection.*

****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.*

NORTH GALLERY (LEVEL 1)
A FIELD OF BULLROARERS
AIR
COMMONPLACE PAGES
WOOL BLANKETS

ENTRANCE (LEVEL 2)
PHOTO BOOTH
COMMONPLACE PAGES
LOGBOOKS & READERS

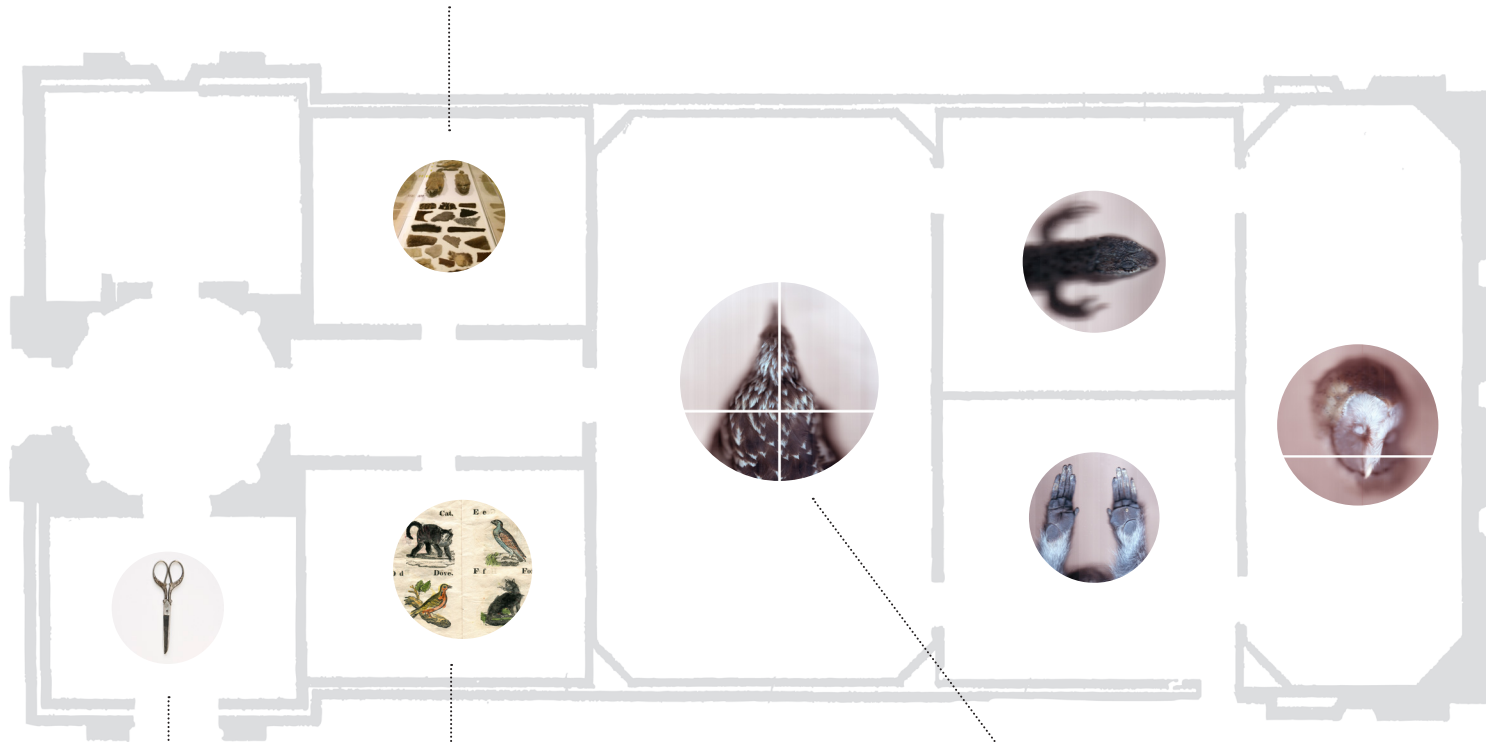


MEZZANINE
COMMONPLACE PAGES
PRINTED ONE EVERYONE PORTRAITS



EAST GALLERY (LEVEL 1)
CLOTHING MADE FROM ANIMAL SKIN
CARTS, CURTAINED

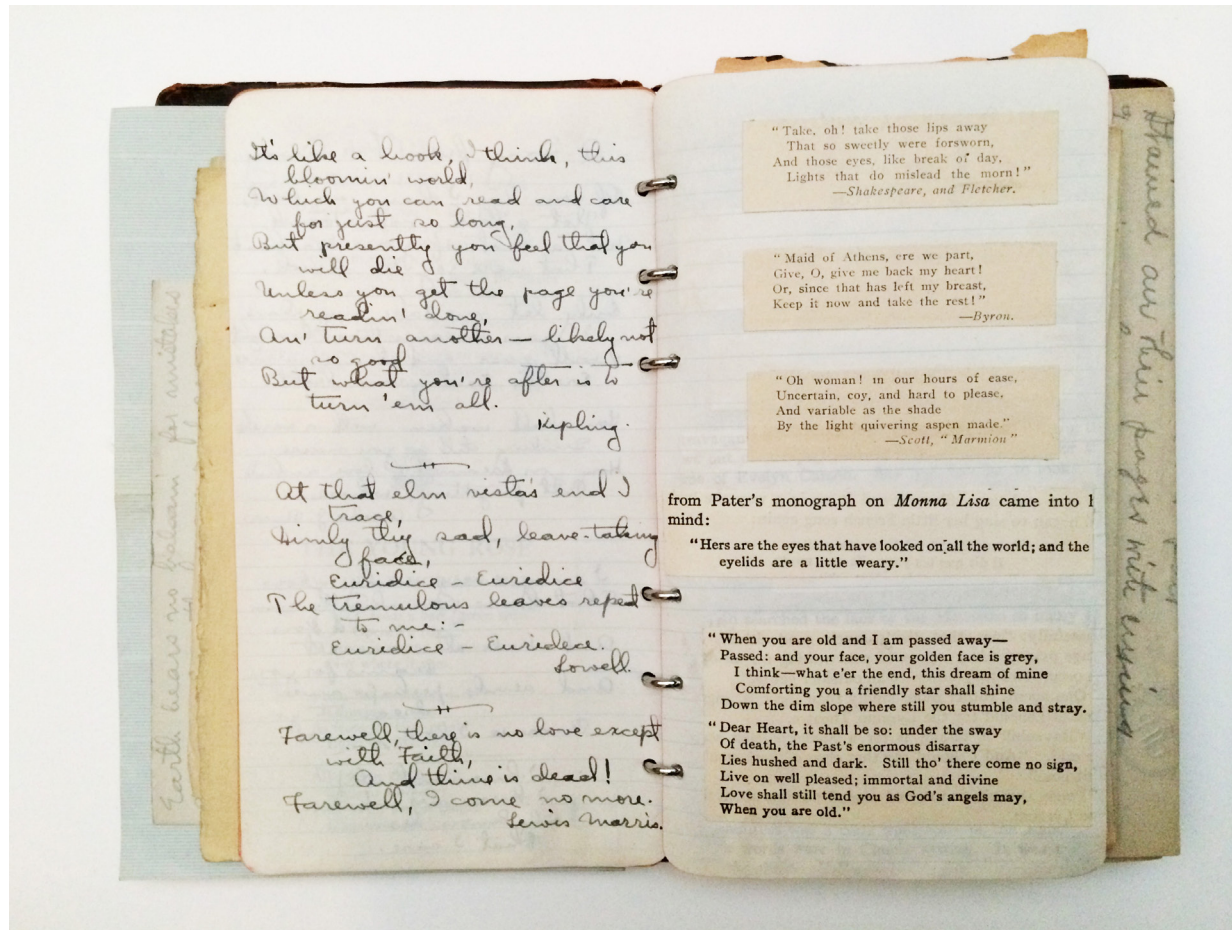
GALLERY 2 (LEVEL 2)
ANIMAL SPECIMENS
FUR & TEXTILE SWATCHES



GALLERY 1 (LEVEL 2)
ABC PRIMERS
PHOTOGRAPHS
PUZZLE
ANIMAL LITERATURE & ENCYCLOPEDIA

GALLERY A (LEVEL 2)
COMMONPLACE COLLECTION
SCISSORS

NORTH GALLERIES (LEVEL 2)
NEWSPRINT PADS
IMAGES OF ANIMAL FEET & UNDERBELLIES



It's like a book, I think, this
bloomin' world,
which you can read and care
for just as long,
But presently you feel that you
will die
Unless you get the page you're
readin' done,
An' turn another — lib'ly not
so good
But what you're after is to
turn 'em all.
Kipling.

At that elm vista's end I
trace,
simly thy sad, leave-taking
of face,
Euridice — Euridice
The tremulous leaves repeat
to me: —
Euridice — Euridice.
Lowell.

Farewell, there is no love except
with Faith,
And thine is dead!
Farewell, I come no more.
Lewis Morris.

"Take, oh! take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, like break o' day,
Lights that do mislead the morn!"
—Shakespeare, and Fletcher.

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, O, give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now and take the rest!"
—Byron.

"Oh woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made."
—Scott, "Marmion"

from Pater's monograph on *Monna Lisa* came into my mind:

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

"When you are old and I am passed away—
Passed: and your face, your golden face is grey,
I think—what e'er the end, this dream of mine
Comforting you a friendly star shall shine
Down the dim slope where still you stumble and stray.

"Dear Heart, it shall be so: under the sway
Of death, the Past's enormous disarray
Lies hushed and dark. Still tho' there come no sign,
Live on well pleased; immortal and divine
Love shall still tend you as God's angels may,
When you are old."

Dorothy Stimson Bullitt, *Commonplace Book*, University of Washington Libraries, Special Collections, 20th century

COMMONPLACE COLLECTIONS

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 SENSE*, 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.

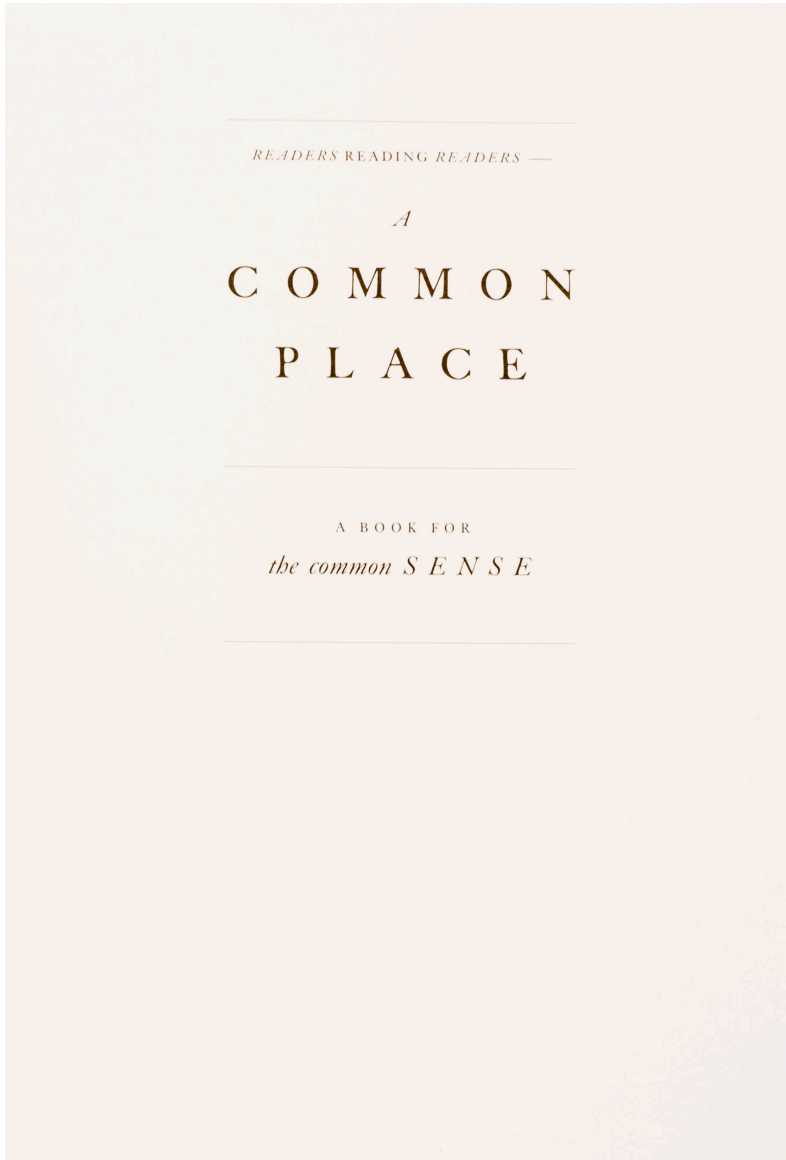


Photo: Jonathan Vanderweit



Photo: Ann Hamilton Studio



Quentin Tarantino's *Reservoir Dogs* is a film that is both a masterpiece of cinema and a work of art. It is a film that is both a masterpiece of cinema and a work of art. It is a film that is both a masterpiece of cinema and a work of art.

Women and Artisans of the University of Washington Library
Special Collections, 2013

Women and Artisans of the University of Washington Library
Special Collections, 2013



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

[on this site](#) [on touch](#) [on the exhibition](#)

...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 into 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 Ondaatje. *Running in the Family*. Translated by Sally Livingston. Toronto: McClelland & Steward, 1993. pp. 40-41.

#Hand #Touch #Touched
#submission

1 note



...we will all go

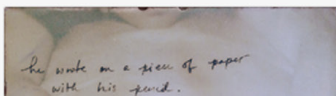
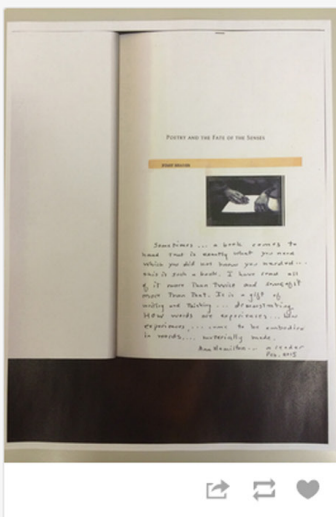
Feeling very much out of sorts herself, Jo hurried into the parlor to find Beth sobbing over Pip, the canary, who lay dead in the cage with his little claws pathetically extended, as if imploring the food for want of which he had died.

"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 peeped 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 unwanted sexual touch, are foregoing gentle platonic touch in their lives. I'll call it touch isolation. Homophobic social stigmas, 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,

...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 soft 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

...Our

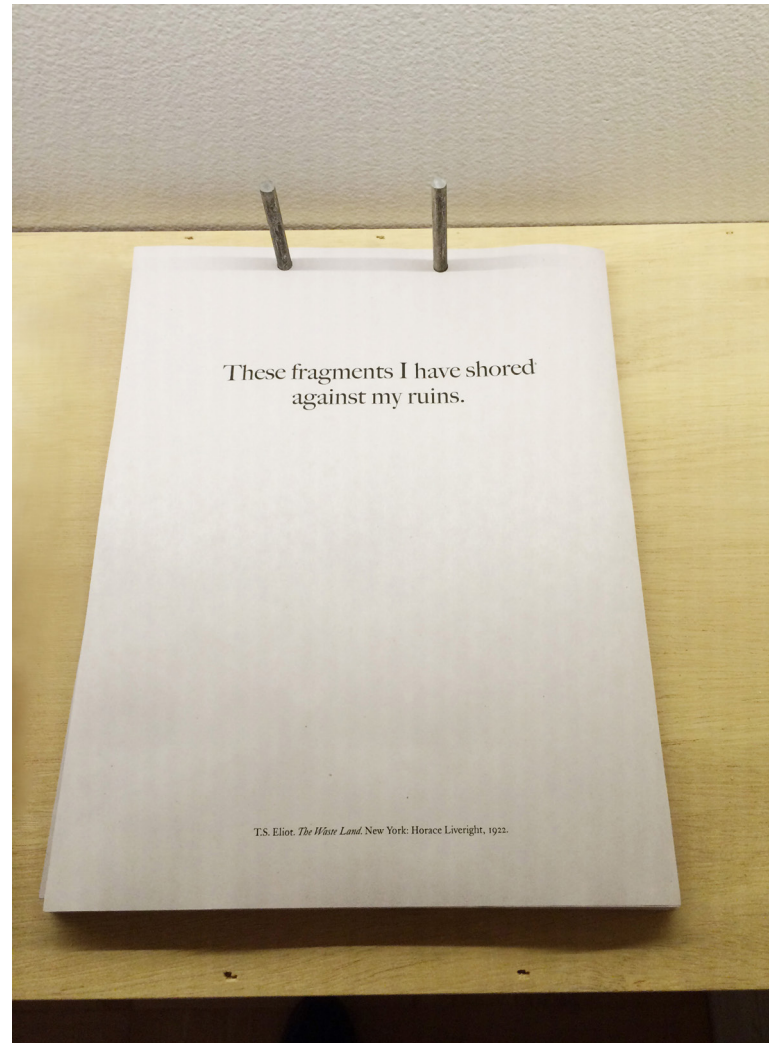
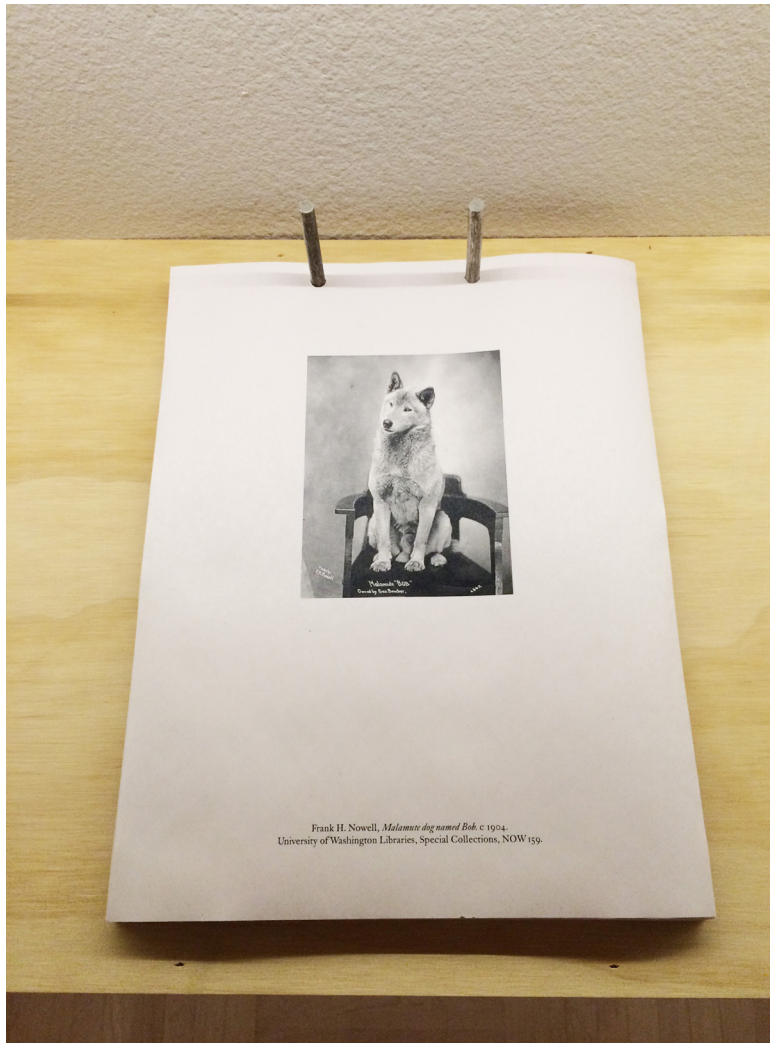
Our soul within, A their own eyes meet That, spirit tenderness

— John 167

#Touch #submission

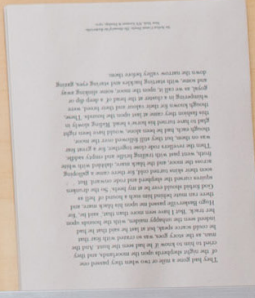
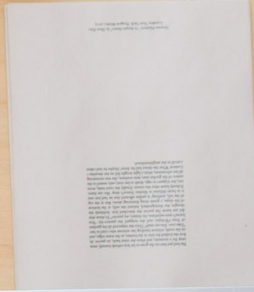
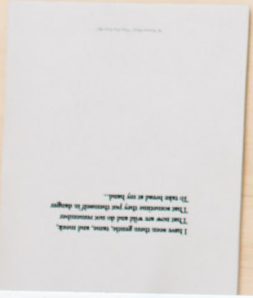
...sublimation

The sense of life in body they tear



Photos: Ann Hamilton Studio











ABC PRIMER



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.

C c Cat.



D d Dove.



E e Eagle.



F f Fox.







Photo: RJ Sánchez, Solstream Studios

DEATH AND BURIAL
OF
COCK ROBIN.
—
12 Coloured Plates.
—

Death and Burial of Cock Robin, University of Washington Libraries, Special Collections, 1870





Floun der



Fox hound



Gold finch



Gold fish



Her ring



Grey hound



Hedge hog



Her on



I bex



Jack al



Jack daw



La ma



Leop ard



Li on



Liz ard



Lob ster



Lo cust



Mag pie



Mar mot



Mas tiff



Mon key



Musk ox



Musk rat



Os trich



Ot ter



Par rot



Pi geon



Par tridge



Pea cock



Pen guin



Pheas ant



Poin ter



Rab bit



Rac coon



Rein deer



Rob in



Photo by RJ Sánchez, Solstream Studios



"AND ADAM GAVE NAMES TO ALL CATTLE, AND TO THE FOWL OF THE AIR, AND TO EVERY BEAST OF THE FIELD."

Scripture, Natural History & Zoology (Guide to Wooden Puzzle), University of Washington Libraries, Special Collections, 1840





Photo: RJ Sánchez, Solstream Studios



Walter B. Beals Album on Roald Amundsen, University of Washington Libraries, Special Collections, 1906/1929



Photo: RJ Sánchez, Solstream Studios





Photo: RJ Sánchez, Solstream Studios

-2-

SINGING FROM A SKYLARK.
SHELLEY.

To a Skylark.

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, (singest.
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever



Portrait of Inger Wangness (postcard), University of Washington Libraries, Special Collections, 1914



Collar (girl's), Henry Art Gallery, 1914

CLOTHING MADE FROM ANIMALS

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's), Henry Art Gallery, John Dutton Wright Collection, 1910s-1930s



Coat, evening (woman's), Henry Art Gallery, John Dutton Wright Collection, 1927



Coat, evening (woman's), Henry Art Gallery, John Dutton Wright Collection, 1927





Photo: RJ Sánchez, Solstream Studios







Photo: Mark Woods



Photos: Mark Woods





O'Neil & Kidder, *Untitled portrait (carte de visite)*, Henry Art Gallery, Joseph and Elaine Monsen Photography Collection, 1864-1867

READERS/SCRIBES

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.



the common SENSE

ANN HAMILTON

OCT 11, 2014 - APR 26, 2015
HENRY ART GALLERY

COPY NO. 6

the common SENSE

	NAME	DATE
A	a Timea Tibanyi	a Oct 11 th 2014
	e Travis A Sharp	e Oct 11, 2014
	i Same Miller	i Oct 11, 2014
O	o A M	o Oct 15, 2014
	u Min Kyung Seo	u Oct 18, 2014
	a Ginny Trethewey	a Oct 19, 2014
B	e Eileen Starper	e Oct 30 th 2014
	i James Siang	i Nov 6 th 2014
	o Yuel Pan	o Nov 13 th 2014
C	u Tracy Gregory	u JAN. 8 th 2015
	a Melissa Hickenbottom	a Feb. 13, 2015
	e Angeles Elliott	e Feb 13, 2015
D	i Rebecca Albiani	i Feb 19, 2015
	o Erin Elise Burns	o Feb 25, 2015
	u Linda Watts	u Feb 28, 2015
E	a Dave Sander	a Mar 12, 2015
	e Anne Jaworski	e 3/20/15
	i Haley Thering Ha	i April 10, 2015
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THE PERSEPHONE

give it ache and throb. A second crow flew up, and the hawk stopped calling. When both crows settled at him, he flew at once to an overhanging wire, where they left him alone.

He looked down at the stubble field in front of him, dumpy but watchful. Gradually he became more alert and intent, restlessly crouching and shifting his feet on the wire to feathery scuffs and brown ripples. He darted lightly about like a plater with a hammer, and flew to a distant tree to the field, some back to the same place an hour later, and again cast it. He came back to the same place an hour later, and again cast it. He came back to the same place an hour later, and again cast it. He came back to the same place an hour later, and again cast it.

The hawk turned his back to the rain, half spread his wings, and began to feed. For two or three minutes his head stayed down, moving slightly from side to side, as he plucked feathers from the regularly, up and down, as he skewered flesh with his beak and pointed his head sharply upward. Each time his head came up he looked quickly to left and right before descending again to his food. After ten minutes, this up and

down motion became slower, and the pauses between each gulp grew longer. But drowsy feeding went on for fifteen minutes more.

When the hawk was full, and his hunger apparently satisfied, I went carefully across the soaking wet grass towards him. He flew at once, carrying the remains of his prey, and was soon hidden in the blinding rain. He begins to know me, but he will not share his kill.

October 20th. The prairie hovered above the river meadows, large and shining in dark zoob of starlings, facing the strong south wind and the freshness of the morning sun. He circled higher, then stooped languidly down, revolving as he fell, his golden feet flashing through sunlight. He tumbled headlong, corkscrewing like a lapwing, scattering starlings. Five minutes later he lifted into air again, circling, gliding, diving up to brightness, like a fish cleaving up through warm blue water, far from the falling nets of the starlings.

A thousand feet high, he poised and drifted, looking down at the small green fields beneath him. His body shone down at the golden with sunlight, speckled with brown like the scales of a trout. The undersides of his wings were silvery; the secondaries were shaded with a horsehoe pattern of blackish bars, curving inward from the carpal joint to the axillaries. He rocked slowly onto the northern sky. He lengthened his circles, slowly out onto the northern sky. He lengthened his circles, slowly out onto the northern sky. He lengthened his circles, slowly out onto the northern sky.

Journal of M. L. G. T. 10/20/14 12:15 pm

9-10 Many hedges have been cut down. Most that still stand are Hawthorn, blackberry, and elm. Elm is tall, in a row, but very old, and cork-scrubbing like a lapwing, scattering starlings. Five minutes later he lifted into air again, circling, gliding, diving up to brightness, like a fish cleaving up through warm blue water, far from the falling nets of the starlings.

9-10 I came later to the love of a bird. Ten years I saw him only as a robin at the edge of a wood, simple station not possible for us. Their lives quiet and warm to reach. They have to be seen, they are old birds we have finished growing.

9-12 For ten years I have been looking upward for that cloud-biting archer who shops the crossbow through the air. The eye becomes

impossible for hawks. It clicks towards him with ecstatic yawn, but the hawk's eye swings to the shadow of the birding horizon.

9-13 I have had myself worn down to complete. Be many things from the best of the shade I fear to earn to year, hard of all.

9-14 The hawk dropped lightly upon the four wing yellowed together, then flew heavily to the center of the field, dashing a deal towards his feet. It had been searching for food, and it had found it. The bird that does not always see the first to the terror, seeks out the odd, of the sick, and the best.

Photo: Mark Woods



Photos: Ann Hamilton Studio



Photo: Jonathan Vanderweit



Louis Pierre Rousseau, *Untitled (baby gorilla)*, Henry Art Gallery, 1855

NEWSPRINT PADS
IMAGES OF ANIMAL FEET & UNDERBELLIES

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.

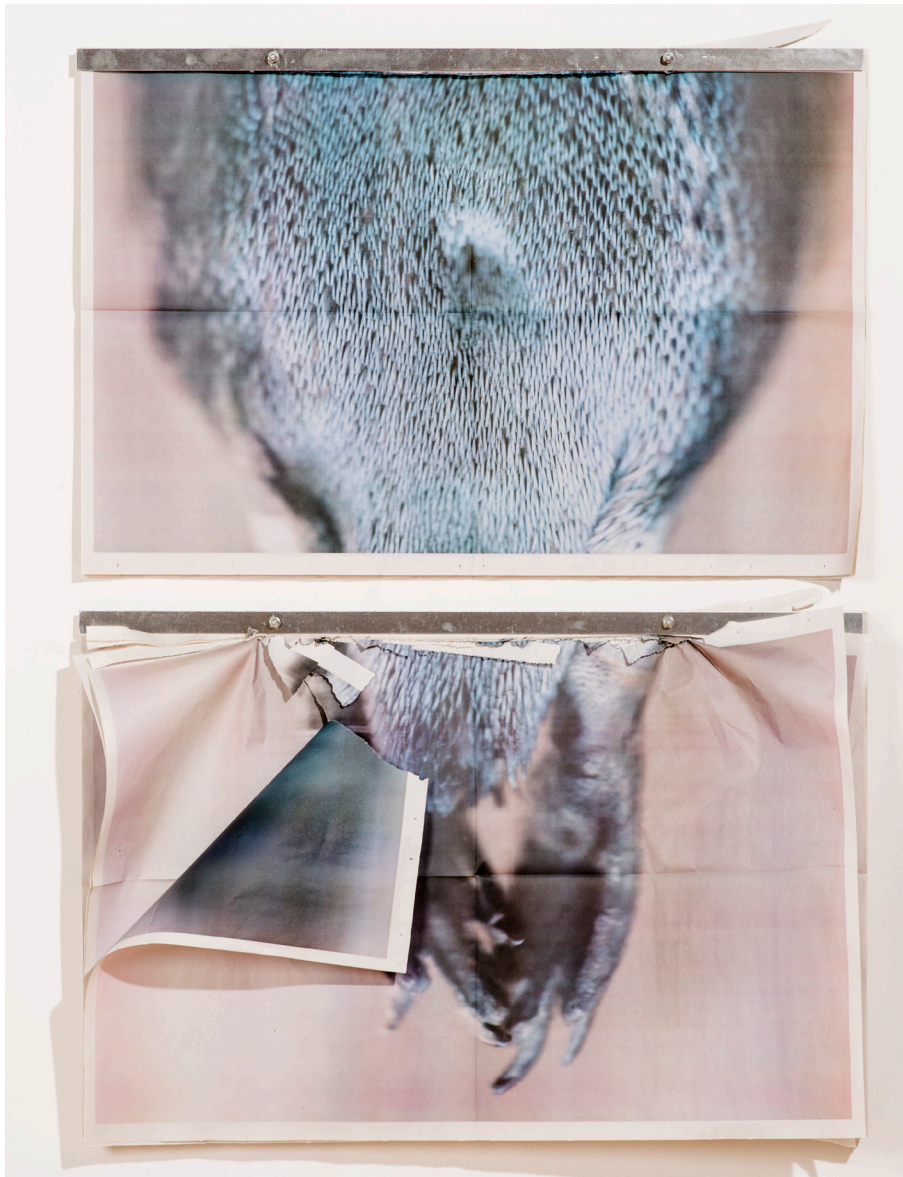


Photo: Jonathan Vanderweit



Photo: Jonathan Vanderweit





Photos: Jonathan Vanderweit





de common SENSE

THE HARTON

Common sense is a quality of mind that enables a person to think about a problem and reach a correct conclusion, usually by means of simple reasoning.



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

O N E E V E R Y O N E
P O R T R A I T S

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.





Photo : Mark Woods





Photos: Ann Hamilton Studio



Photos: Ann Hamilton Studio



Photo: Robert Wade

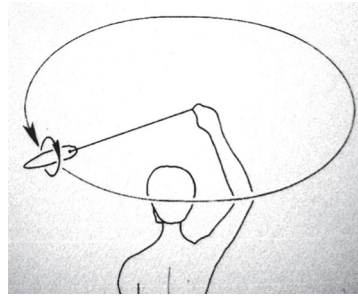


Photos: Ann Hamilton Studio





A FIELD OF BULLROARERS



Hearing is how we touch at a distance.

—Susan Stewart

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 pole'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.



Photo: Mark Woods





Photo: Jonathan Vanderweit





Photo: Mark Woods



Photo: Jonathan Vanderweit

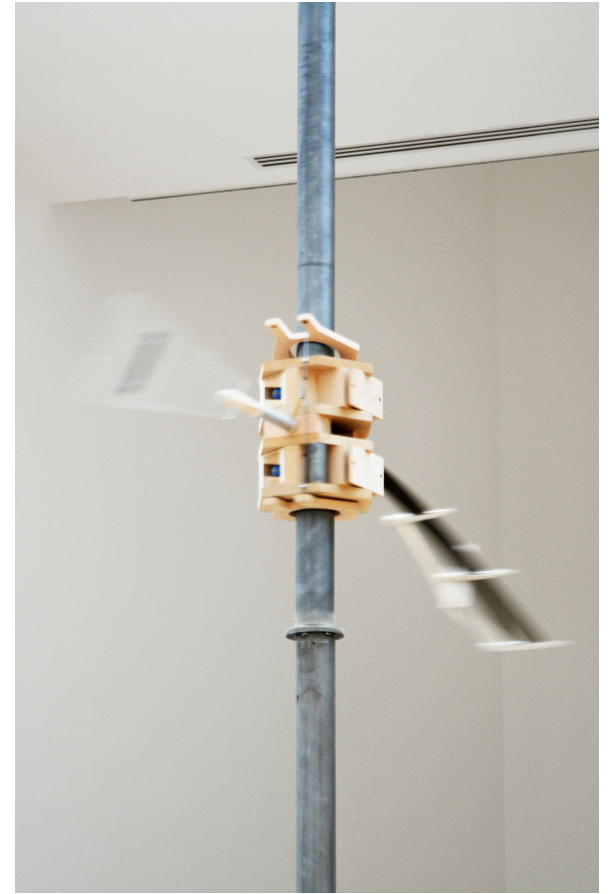


Photo: Mark Woods



Photo: RJ Sánchez, Solstream Studios



Photo: Jonathan Vanderweilt



Photo: Mark Woods



Photos: Mark Woods



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*.

FRIDAY JAN 23
7:00PM — 9:00PM

An Evening
in the
Galleries
with the
UW Chorale

Henry

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

An Evening in the Galleries with the UW Chorale

Join University of Washington Associate Professor Giselle Wyers as she directs the UW Chorale in an evening of various harmonized incantations and melodies that she composed inspired by textual ideas and 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.

ADMISSION
Free with museum admission

ADD TO CALENDAR
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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.



Photo: Jonathan Vanderweit

Incantation to Remember

Inspired by Ann Hamilton's the common S E N S E

Music by
Giselle Wyers
Text by Ann Hamilton

$\text{♩} = 66$
in "a minor" or any key you wish

we re-mem-ber the bea-ver *Be silent, and remember* we re-mem-ber the deer

Be silent, and remember we re-mem-ber the fal-con

we re-mem-ber the mouse re-mem-ber the touch of the ground

re-mem-ber the glance of the air

we re-mem-ber the bi-son we re-mem-ber the frog

we re-mem-ber the stal-lion we re-mem-ber the lamb

re-mem-ber the ga-thering of wea-ther re-

mem-ber the mo-tion of wings the brush of a tail

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

©2014

2

Incantation to Remember

52 the thick-ness of fur re-mem-ber what is passed

59 re-mem-ber what is lost the lives that once

67 were



Incantation to Remember (harmonized)

S.1
Remember the breath of a tall
Remember the breath of a tall
Remember the breath of a tall

S.2
Remember the breath of a tall
Remember the breath of a tall
Remember the breath of a tall

Photo: Jonathan Vanderweit



Photos: Jonathan Vanderweit



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 S E N S E

Music by Giselle Wyers

Text by Stevie Smith

$\text{♩} = 69$

Soprano

In his fur the a - ni-mal rode, and in his fur he strove. In his

5

S

fur the a - ni-mal rode, and in his fur he strove. And oh! it filled my

10

S

heart with love, it filled my heartwith love, and oh! it filled my heart with love, it

15

S

filled my heart with love.

* Denotes beginning of next voice part. The round may begin or end at any asterisk.



Photo: Jonathan Vanderweit

Henry Art Gallery
March 26, 2015, 7:00 PM — 8:00 PM

A Silent Reading with Ann Hamilton and Joshua Beckman

Acts of reading connect the spaces and objects of *the common SENSE*. 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.

ARTISTS

[Ann Hamilton](#)

ADMISSION

FREE with museum admission

ADD TO CALENDAR

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ACCESS

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ACCESSIBILITY

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Photo: Jonathan Vanderweit

**BULL ROARCHESTRA with
STUART DEMPSTER**

THURS, FEBRUARY 20, 7:00 PM

LOWER LEVEL GALLERY

20 FEBRUARY 2015, 7:00PM

Stuart Dempster (b. 1936)

Bull Roarchestra (2015) for a minimum of four performersStuart Dempster with Greg Campbell, Paul Kikuchi,
Susie Kozawa, and Greg Powers (bios on overleaf).*Bull Roarchestra*

“It is not every day one has an opportunity to perform in response to the nearly 20 mechanical bull roarers. *Bull Roarchestra* is commissioned by Henry Art Gallery for Ann Hamilton’s installation of these bull roarers 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

THANKS GO TO ANN
HAMILTON, AND
HENRY ART GALLERY
WITH SPECIAL
RECOGNITION TO:

Sylvia Wolf, Director, Henry Art Gallery

Nina Bozichnik, Assistant Curator

Emily Zimmerman, Associate Curator of Programs

Emily Schmierer, Exhibitions, Collections, and Programs Assistant



Photo: Jonathan Vanderweit

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 SENSE*. 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).

ADMISSION

Free with museum admission

ADD TO CALENDAR

[Add to Google Calendar →](#)

PROGRAM PARTNERS

[Seattle Chamber Players](#)

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.



Photos: Jonathan Vanderweit

PROJECT CREDITS

the common SENSE

Ann Hamilton

Comissioned by Henry Art Gallery, Seattle, Washington

October 11, 2014 - April 26, 2015

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Burke Museum of Natural History and Culture Collections

Sven D. Haakanson, Curator of Native American Anthropology
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Justin McCarthy, Ethnology Outreach Coordinator

University of Washington Libraries Special Collections

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Wesley Nelson, Rare Books Specialist

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Amaranth C. Borsuk, Assistant Professor, Culture, Literature, and the Arts/
IAS, University of Washington Bothell
Anca Szilagyi, Writer

Choral Composition

Giselle Wyers, Associate Professor of Choral Studies and Voice, University of Washington

Gallery Singers

University of Washington Chorale, directed by Giselle Wyers
With special thanks to University of Washington School of Music

Bullroarer Design

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

Bullroarer Programming

Robert Twomey, Graduate, Digital Art and Experimental Media, University of Washington
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Eric A. Hegg, *Studio portrait of a donkey, Dawson, Yukon Territory*, University of Washington Libraries, Special Collections, 1899