**Verbatim**

“What we need in American education is not for the arts to look more like the academics ... but for the academics to look more like the arts. We need programs that pay much more attention to the imaginative, to the playful, to the stimulation of curiosity, to the pursuit of unanswered questions, to the opportunity to work to the edge of inexperience. We need schools that promote risk-taking of an intellectual kind and in which meaning matters.”

—Elliott Eisner, the Lee Jacks Professor of Education and professor of art at Stanford University, delivering the second of the 2006–07 Chancellor’s Lectures Sept. 24, titled “What Do the Arts Teach?”

**Dance: An Irish Dance Equation**

For some, the connection between math, music and dance is found in their shared structure of numbers and rhythms. At Vanderbilt the connection between the three could be said to alumnus Wendy Windsor-Hashiguchi, B ’87. A math major during her undergraduate days, Windsor-Hashiguchi is a numbers cruncher by day and teacher of Irish dance by night. She has taught Irish step, set and social dances with the Vanderbilt Dance Group since the late ’90s. A few years ago she founded her own school, the Scott-Ellis School of Irish Dance (www.scott-ellis.com), and she plays hammer dulcimer with The Jump Gypsies, an Irish band she and her husband, Franko Hashiguchi, co-founded. One might assume that someone so immersed in Irish music and dance has been involved with it since childhood, but that’s not the case with Windsor-Hashiguchi. “I didn’t do Irish dance until I was 30 years old and pregnant with my first child,” she says. A gymnast and member of a drum and bugle corps in high school (“I played flag, she says), she became intrigued with Irish dance after seeing a dancer perform with the legendary Irish band The Chieftains not long after she finished her undergraduate work at Vanderbilt. Enthusiastic, but finding no teachers in Nashville, she tried the closest thing she could find: Scottish Highland dancing. “I started really late. I mean 22 back then was ancient to be starting Highland. I was competing in the ‘12 and over’ category,” she laughs, “but I kept doing it because I wanted to do it, and I wanted to do it well. And I competed up to champion-ship level, though I did not win any championships.”

When her husband pointed her to classes in Irish dance at the Augusta Heritage Center in West Virginia, she was finally on her way. She became a certified (pronounced kay-lee) teacher, or one who teaches Irish social dances, in 2000 and received her full certification as a TCRG—Taighde Chomhgharcha Gaileach (Gaelic Commission Dancing Teacher)—through the Irish Dance Commission in Dublin several years later by passing a rigorous weekend-long exam in four parts: written, music, teaching and dance. “I think they do it like that so that you really have to want it or you wouldn’t subject yourself to it. I could teach Irish dance no matter what my certification was, but if I want my students to be eligible to compete at a feis [pronounced fesh], which is an Irish dance competition, I need to be fully certified.”

At Vanderbilt, Windsor-Hashiguchi teaches mostly college students and some staff, but at her studio in nearby Franklin she has taught kids as young as 3. One of her adult students won the adult championship at the TCRG in Washington, D.C. In addition to her work as a human resource specialist at Hospital Corporation of America and teaching Irish dance at Vanderbilt, at her Franklin, Tenn., studio, and in Franklin, Ky., she’s now learning button accordion to go along with her hammer dulcimer work for The Jump Gypsies. She encourages all her dance students to play music as well as dance. “I think being a musician makes you a better dancer and being a dancer makes you a better musician, because they’re really two sides of the same coin,” she says. “But given my druthers, I’d rather be dancing.”

—Bonnie Avant Ertelt

**Dance: An Irish Dance Equation**

**Music:**

Jon Hendricks and LHR Redux bring jazz to the Great Performances at Vanderbilt Series on Feb. 14 at 8 p.m. in Ingram Hall. A vocal innovator, Hendricks has been dubbed the “Father of Vocalese and James Joyce of live.”

**Theatre:**

Vanderbilt University Theatre presents The Playboy of the Western World, John M. Synge’s rustic, irreverent commentary on Irish rural life at the turn of the 20th century, Feb. 16–24 at Neely Auditorium.

**Visual Arts:**


**Comedy:**

Lain York, director of Zeitgeist in Nashville, sits before a group of eager artists, parents of artists and art enthusiasts who have come to the Vanderbilt Kennedy Center (VKC) to hear about his experiences as a painter, to discuss marketing, and to brainstorm about the possibilities that could arise from creating a community of artists with special needs in Nashville.

“I know what it is to want to pursue painting in an environment with limited prospects of sales and subsidies,” says York, who for years has served as the director of Zeitgeist, the center for people with disabilities. “I know what it is to want to have a place where people with disabilities can go and experience the joy and the therapeutic nature of making art. I know that creating art has been right there with speech and behavior therapy, with occupational therapy and education as being an important factor in my daughter’s development.”

“The advantages of creating a community of artists with special needs are many, say supporters. Not only would it provide a supportive atmosphere in which to create, share experiences, and develop stronger survival skills as artists, but it would also benefit caregivers and friends who are often given the task of marketing the art.”

One window into the world of the artist with special needs opened in the form of the Common Ground art exhibit. The exhibit, held this summer at the VKC, was the product of a series of workshops facilitated by Full Circle Art. In the workshops, participants first invited and engaged the artistic muse through drumming and movement. They then carried out the Full Circle Art mission to “communicate a shared vision of peace, love and hope” with paint brushes and canvases, ceramics and stained glass. The result was a colorful and
T H E A R T S & C U L T U R E

FALL 2006

Accolades

Frye Gaillard, BA’68, writer-in-residence at the University of South Alabama, author of 20 books, and frequent contributor to Vanderbilt Magazine, has won the prestigious Lillian Smith Award for his most recent book, Cradle of Freedom: Alabama and the Movement That Changed America (University of Alabama Press). The Lillian Smith Award recognizes authors whose work challenges all Americans on issues of social and racial justice.

Virginia Derrerryberry, BA’73, MAT’76, a noted painter and University of North Carolina–Asheville art professor, returned to Vanderbilt for a solo exhibiton at Sarratt Gallery during the month of October. The paintings for Second Nature featured complex figure scenarios in Eden-like landscapes and were begun during Derrerryberry’s 2004 residency in Avilier, France. The exhibit, held in conjunction with Derrerryberry’s award of the 2005–06 juried Southeastern College Art Conference Artist.”

Virginia Derreryberry, BA’73, MAT’76, a noted painter and University of North Carolina–Asheville art professor, returned to Vanderbilt for a solo exhibition at Sarratt Gallery during the month of October. The paintings for Second Nature featured complex figure scenarios in Eden-like landscapes and were begun during Derrerryberry’s 2004 residency in Avilier, France. The exhibit, held in conjunction with Derrerryberry’s award of the 2005–06 juried Southeastern College Art Conference Artist.

An album produced by Dale Cockrell, professor of musicology, and Butch Baldassari, adjunct associate professor of mandolin at the Blair School of Music, is the first music selection to be added to a National Endowment for the Humanities collection of works that are perceived to strengthen students’ understanding of American history and culture. Happy Land: Musical Tributes to Laura Ingalls Wilder is part of the new We the People collection from the NEH. This year’s collection has the theme of “Pursuit of Happiness,” and includes Those Happy Golden Years by Derryberry and A Wrinkle in Time by Madeleine L’Engle, Walt Whitman’s Leaves of Grass, and other classics of literature. The NEH will distribute the chosen works to 2,000 public, school and military libraries in the United States and overseas.


energetic display of common ground among the Full Circle artists and youth and adults with developmental disabilities. (View the exhibit online at kc.vanderbilt.edu/kennedy/ art/art0406.)

As the University Center for Excellence grows, there will be an increased number of workshops in the areas of education and the arts,” says Elise McMillan, the center’s associate director. “It is an exciting time, and we are honored to contribute all we can to help forge relationships for community artists with special needs.”

Music: Sound Space

Sept. 9 marked the grand opening of the Schermerhorn Symphony Center, a new, $123 million centerpiece for music performance in downtown Music City. For the more than 20 members of the Nashville Symphony who are also teachers and professors at the Blair School of Music, the occasion was the culmination of many weeks of practice for a singular opportunity to perform publicly in a brand-new space specifically designed acoustically to enhance symphonic music. Not least in the list of first-ever experiences was performing with the interim music director for the Nashville Symphony, renowned conductor Leonard Slatkin.

“I couldn’t be happier with the sound in the hall,” says Bobby Taylor, the symphony’s principal obist and Blair associate professor of oboe. “It allows us to play the full range of dynamics with confidence. I thought Mr. Slatkin was the perfect choice to navigate through all the gala activities for the opening of the hall— with the experienced perspective that allowed the orchestra to stay focused on the most important thing, the music.”

William Wiggins, the symphony’s principal timpanist and Blair assistant professor of percussion, echoes Taylor’s sentiments.

“It was the most rewarding experience to be able to hear my colleagues while playing—and play in an unforced manner to produce the best sound possible from my instrument,” says Wiggins. “The sound is wonderful: resonant, yet clear and clean. Everything can be heard—that’s the good news and the bad news!”

Mark Wait, dean of the Blair School of Music, serves as chairman of the Nashville Symphony’s official committee searching for a permanent music director in the wake of the death last spring of Keneth Schermerhorn, for whom the hall is named. Slatkin has agreed to serve in the interim and assist in the selection process of the permanent director.

—Cindy Stone

All Souls’ Eve

Polish Military Cemetery, Krakow

Dusk and so many flowers, lit votives, mourners who come leaning leggy baguettes on headstones with vodka shots, steaming containers of soup—some open their gifts directly on the graves. One woman, a friend, upends the local pilsner, her dead man’s pleasure, and the piss-steam hsses a hilsde spector. I me here but somewhere else my mind, racing, moves at the speed of dreams. The woman’s son climbs from my shoulders and sprints the length of cobbled graveyard wall toward some inscrutable fury, becoming all voice—like the white-bearded cantor on Rosh Hashanah.

One woman, a friend, upends the local pilsner, her dead man’s pleasure, and the piss-steam hsses a hilsde spector. I me here but somewhere else my mind, racing, moves at the speed of dreams. The woman’s son climbs from my shoulders and sprints the length of cobbled graveyard wall toward some inscrutable fury, becoming all voice—like the white-bearded cantor on Rosh Hashanah.

The honor recognizes Grant’s many contributions to the symphony through the years. When the symphony was struggling to overcome a bankruptcy in the 1980s, Grant began pairing with the symphony for a series of concerts and turned over net income to the organization, single-handedly paying off the debt, says the symphony’s president and CEO. Numerous collaborations between Grant and the Nashville Symphony have followed ever since.


—Courtney Evans

—Courtney Evans

Polish Military Cemetery, Krakow

Dusk and so many flowers, lit votives, mourners who come leaning leggy baguettes on headstones with vodka shots, steaming containers of soup—some open their gifts directly on the graves. One woman, a friend, upends the local pilsner, her dead man’s pleasure, and the piss-steam hsses a hilsde spector. I me here but somewhere else my mind, racing, moves at the speed of dreams. The woman’s son climbs from my shoulders and sprints the length of cobbled graveyard wall toward some inscrutable fury, becoming all voice—like the white-bearded cantor on Rosh Hashanah.

One woman, a friend, upends the local pilsner, her dead man’s pleasure, and the piss-steam hsses a hilsde spector. I me here but somewhere else my mind, racing, moves at the speed of dreams. The woman’s son climbs from my shoulders and sprints the length of cobbled graveyard wall toward some inscrutable fury, becoming all voice—like the white-bearded cantor on Rosh Hashanah.


—Courtney Evans

Polish Military Cemetery, Krakow

Dusk and so many flowers, lit votives, mourners who come leaning leggy baguettes on headstones with vodka shots, steaming containers of soup—some open their gifts directly on the graves. One woman, a friend, upends the local pilsner, her dead man’s pleasure, and the piss-stearn hsses a hilsde spector. I me here but somewhere else my mind, racing, moves at the speed of dreams. The woman’s son climbs from my shoulders and sprints the length of cobbled graveyard wall toward some inscrutable fury, becoming all voice—like the white-bearded cantor on Rosh Hashanah.

One woman, a friend, upends the local pilsner, her dead man’s pleasure, and the piss-stearn hsses a hilsde spector. I me here but somewhere else my mind, racing, moves at the speed of dreams. The woman’s son climbs from my shoulders and sprints the length of cobbled graveyard wall toward some inscrutable fury, becoming all voice—like the white-bearded cantor on Rosh Hashanah.