

EDITORIAL

Editorial comment is usually inspired by the topical but - partially because of this magazine's annoyingly spasmodic appearances - let's talk of something more general.

This is the spring time of the year: Spring, the season of vigor and growth, of nature's constantly renewed push; Spring, the season of feiseanna, of traditional performances of song and music, oratory and design, drama and dance, executed with the ideal of a perfection based on long-established standards.

Where is the life - the growth and vigor - in Irish culture in America? nothing Irish, or American, but distinctly partaking of both? We realize the political contributions. . .but it is through art that all of man, every man, is reached. There are some American names with touches of the blas - Ned O Gorman, one of the young, good and avant-garde poets, and Edwin O'Connor with his acute view of first and second generation problems. There's Frank O'Connor, an Irishman in America - in Brooklyn, don't-you-know - and there are some "foreigners" with a view of us here, like Morton Wishengrad who wrote The Rope Dancers. One good professional Irish acting group centers in New York with sometimes-success. And the Clancy Brothers are extolling drinking and rebellion (aris!) to San Franciscans and Blue Angels. A verse on each, and you'd have ONE broadsheet ballad! Proportionately, there is very little contributed from the Irish community in America.

Useless it is to demand or, worse, merely hope that people be creative. "Make me a poem!" and even the fledgling bard flees. But appreciation, stimulation, encouragement - these are concepts meaningful in shaping the climate in which an artist works. "No man is an island;" and without his cultural climate, the aspiring artist is beat, rootless, because he lacks the traditional ties with which his craft (whatever it may be) must begin.