Intro: Frank Clancy, March 12, 1992

You have made a good decision by coming here today to hear Francis Michael Clancy render the fifth annual Sebastian Dangerfield talk. Ribald, rollicking, raunchy, revealing, rich, riveting, reminiscent, riddling, rapturous—every essence of fire and jism the Celtic consciousness can create leap from the caustic comical, cornucopic wit of Frank Clancy. Students say "When you hear Mr. Clancy talk about Irish literature, not only do you want to read it, you can't help yourself. You have to read it. It's a mystical thing."

Just listen now -- the king of acers, the leprechaun of mock, the prince of blarney, the plow and harp of Irishness, the Sinn of Feins speaks. His subject is drawn from a culture that excels like no other in our time in its production of a literature -- Joyce, Shaw, Behan, Yeats, O'Casey, Synge -- unmatched elsewhere in the western world. That's a safe hyperbole, I believe. But our speaker today is not safe. Neither are you.

Welcome my good friend, Frank Clancy.