

DOCTOR IN EDUCATIONE  
**Valeria Elizabetha Coghlan**

Adeo in teneris consuescere multum est.  
(Virg. *Georg.* 2.72)

Nec vero vati summo dissentit ille patronus lusus puerorum, Augustinus beatus, cum sapienter de veritate disserens dixit narrationes quales Aesopus et Horatius finxissent – nec non, ut videtur, Hesiodus et Ennius antiquissimi auctores saecularium litterarum – minime mendacia appellanda veracem significationem referre (*Contra Mendacium* 13.28). Quas fabulas doctiores quam ceteri ducebant non inutiles lusus acuendis puerorum ingeniis; unde fabulator ipse qui ‘festivos et delectabiles apologos commentus res salubriter ac prospicienter animadversas in mentes animosque hominum cum audiendi quadam inlecebra induit’, haud immerito sapiens audiebatur teste eruditissimo (Gell. 2.28.1). Tantum interest, docti sodales, quod pueri delectantur dum docentur, ut veniam detis, amabo, oratori vestrae exempla praeteriti temporis paulo amplius lustranti ad maiorem gloriam illustris hospitis nostrae. Nulla mora interposita, summo gaudio vobis duco VALERIAM ELIZABETHAM COGHLAN, quam iam saepe antea salutastis almam adiutricem ac fautricem studiis laboribusque, familiarem ac fidam sodalem, egregiam magistram ac collegam, omnibus denique patronam inclitam, quasi legatam Hiberniae, eius generis litterarum quo suavi varietate et duci et delectari pueri feliciter possint. Libenter equidem dixerim quomodo tanta studia maxime promoverit, permultis doctis societatibus et conditis et directis, ut illa societas libris ad usum puerorum scriptis universaliter praeposita; permultis et claris libellis librisque editis de puerilibus litteris moribusque Hibernicis, vel de orbis divisione, vel praecipue de Hibernicis scriptoribus pictoribusque librariis, ut decet peritam antiquissima arte narrationis figuratae. Cuius deinde cursum honorum diligenter laudaverim, si quid opus sit commemorari quinque fere et triginta per annos bene meritam esse de nobili Hibernicae Ecclesiae Collegio ad liberos educandos praeposito, magistram egregiam et biliothecariam primam usque ab ipso collegio condito, ducem denique et lucem iure appellatam. At quam eloquentius sit rudis cuiusdam puellae elogium! Quod si mi liceat fingere, non dubito quin exhibeat effigies heroidis impavide peregrinantis per picta regna verborum, aut bonae magae commutantis ludum in lusum. Tam benevola haec est, ut iubeat lectores laetos valere; laetabimur igitur nos, puerili innocentia quam possimus revocata, dum sonore honorandae piissimae gratulamur.

DOCTOR IN EDUCATION  
**Valerie Elizabeth Coghlan**

There is much value in acquiring  
sound principles in early years.  
(Virgil, *Georgics* 2.72)

The wisdom of the greatest Latin poet resonates with the words of St Augustine, who was a passionate advocate of children's recreation. Listen to his vindication of the stories invented by Aesop and Horace – and before them, I may add, by Hesiod and Ennius in the very beginnings of the classical literatures: 'don't call those stories lies,' he says, 'for they carry a truthful meaning' (*Against Lies* 13.28). All enlightened ancient educators spoke of 'useful pleasures' for the sharpening of young minds; and the reputation of a truly wise man was justly attached to the fabulist who, 'by inventing witty and entertaining fables, put into people's minds and hearts ideas that were wholesome and carefully considered, while at the same time he enticed their attention (Gellius, *Attic Nights* 2.28.1). —Forgive me, learned audience: the education and happiness of children are matters of such great importance that I have presumed to dwell a little on past examples to highlight the merits of the woman we honour today. Very many of us here present have been fostered and encouraged and inspired by her in our own exertions. You see her, you know her, you admire her: VALERIE ELIZABETH COGHLAN is a friend and a faithful supporter of our studies, an admired lecturer and treasured collaborator, and the vigorous Irish ambassador of that marvellous form of instruction and delight which we call Children's Literature. I should name all the ways in which our guest, with exceptional enthusiasm and expertise, has promoted this subject, from founding and presiding over learned Associations such as the International Board for Books for Young People (to name but one), to publishing widely on *Irish Children's Literature and Culture*, on *Divided Worlds*, and on *Irish Children's Writers and Illustrators* – for she has a special interest in picture books, which, as our Library Collection attests, are among the earliest and best loved long-lived formats of books for children. I should add that she has accomplished all this during a distinguished career as Lecturer and first ever Librarian (but colleagues call her 'Guiding Light') in the time-honoured Church of Ireland College of Education for nearly thirty-five years. But how much more vivid would be the picture painted by her primary intended audience! They would draw the picture of the adventurous explorer of wonder worlds of colours and words, of the good magician that turns school into fun. 'Happy Reading!' is her memorable wish from the pages of *Bookbird*: let our grateful greeting now resound with all the cheerful exuberance of a child.

DOCTOR IN LITTERIS  
**Lynna Johanna Brindley**  
*Domina Commendatrix*

A numeris quibusdam mihi liceat incipere, Academici, quo aptius illustrentur res gestae feminae doctae quae, ut saepe summa ingenia, in numeris libenter versatur et sapienter. Iam in podium procedit LYNNA JOHANNA BRINDLEY, Excellentissimi Ordinis Imperii Britannici Domina Commendatrix, Societatis Artium Regiae Sodalis, praevallida Bibliothecae Britannicae Praeposita duodecim per annos ab initio aetatis novissimae. Nam quam decore anno quo vivimus studia librorum celebrentur, plane manifestum est, si modo rationem computamus annorum a quibus bibliothecae clarissimae conditae sunt. Constat enim illam Britannicam publico edicto institutam esse quadraginta abhinc annos, fere quadringentos post Museum Britannicum conditum; hanc autem longissimam aulam in Collegio nostro, trecentos abhinc annos; num ego praetermittam illam primam in Orbe, quae publicata Romae est duo de quadraginta annos ante Christum natum? Julii Caesaris ex consilio audaci, Asinii Pollionis fuit illud inventum, qui primus bibliothecam dicendo ingenia hominum rem publicam fecit (Plin. *N.H.* 35.10), qui eam aptissime locavit in Atrio Libertatis, ubi censores tueri solebant omnia iura et acta rei publicae: nonne est bibliotheca publica quasi patriae mens et memoria? Magnum quod olim Pollio historicus Romae, Londinii fecit ad universam utilitatem candidata nostra peracuta, cum vidisset iam dudum innumerabiles thesauros Bibliothecae Britannicae publicitus per simulacra simillima editos servandos esse simulque vulgandos lectoribus aetatis nostrae ut dicitur technologicae; cum insuper contenderet bibliothecas non meros libros custodiri, sed tamquam spatia amplissima studiosissimae cuiusque mentis humanae. Iam videtis quantum ei profuerit disciplina artium liberalium, quantum studia libraria feliciter exulta apud Collegium Universitatis Londiniensis. Hospes nostra, spectata auctoritate ac novitate ubicumque fuerit, Bibliothecae praefuit totique Universitati Procancellaria apud civitatem antiquam quae vocatur Laoidis; expetitur autem et consultatur et creditur a summa quaque academia Americana, ab illa insigni Capitolina ad illustrem Stanfordianam. Si tamen quaesieris quam memoriam scholae conservet gratissimam, repetentem audies ludum puerilem, ubi primo libri puellae iucunditati fuerunt, in oppido quod Cornovii Truru antiquitus appellarunt. Cornubiam vero se dicit diligere quasi patriam, cuius pulchra ora maritima perlustrare solitam esse in otiis: uti nunc huius quoque insulae ora pulcherrima perlustret! Tantum audeo, dum ualere iubeo fautricem fidelem Bibliothecae nostrae, Hibernia et Britannia insulis mutuo auxilio sustentatis, dum gratias quam maxime sonoras agimus assiduae custodi et memoriae et posteritatis.

DOCTOR IN LETTERS  
**Dame Lynne Janie Brindley**

Our next distinguished guest is a remarkable woman who, as is often the case with superior minds, delights in numbers just as she delights in ideas. With numbers, then, allow me to begin my brief address on the historic achievements of Dame LYNNE JANIE BRINDLEY, DBE, FRSA, the far-sighted Chief Executive of the British Library from the dawn of the new millennium until last summer. No year would be more appropriate than this to honour a lifetime devoted to the world of books: it is exactly 40 years since the British Library Act and nearly 260 years from the foundation of the Library's former home, the British Museum; and this same year, in which we celebrate the tercentenary of our own Old Library Building, marks the foundation of Europe's first public library, in the City of Rome, 2050 years ago. It was a radical plan (no wonder the idea goes back to Julius Caesar) 'to make the works of genius the property of the public' (Pliny, *Natural History* 35.10), and it was eminently appropriate to locate the collection in the 'Hall of Freedom', where all state records, statutes and laws were preserved: a Public Library is the conscience of the Nation. That was the vision and great achievement of the Roman historian Asinius Pollio; a no less powerful vision of public sector leadership has guided this woman in her launching of the national library of the United Kingdom, with its acclaimed 150 million collection items, into the open dimension of digital dissemination and preservation, online learning and knowledge economy. 'Libraries', she says, 'are not just a print world, they are virtual spaces as well.' We recognise in these words her passion for the Humanities—she boasts a BA in Arts from the University of Reading, before her MA in Library and Information Studies in University College London). She has travelled widely and made a difference in all places wishing to learn from her transforming zeal. The University of Leeds has been proud to call her University Librarian, Pro-Vice-Chancellor, and Visiting Professor of Knowledge Management. Her expertise in knowledge management and information systems is sought by world-class institutions on the other side of the Atlantic, from the Library of Congress to Stanford University. But if you ask her what institution has a special place in her memory, she will talk fondly of her first experience of libraries in Truro High School. Cornwall, she says, is her spiritual home, where she still enjoys walking by the sea. May she enjoy the beauty of the coastlines of this green island too! This is our wish, as we thank this loyal supporter of our own Library as one of the reciprocal links between Ireland and the United Kingdom, and as we acclaim this visionary Keeper of the world's cultural memory.

DOCTOR IN LITTERIS  
**Samuel Shepard**

At iam cadunt umbrae, iam dulcibus arvis relictis incerti ut exules errant per rura pastores; hinc videant dulcis aquae salientem rivum, hinc flumina sicca; hoc tantum maerorem minuit, cum certant numeris nectere verba, harundine modulari. 'Carmina descripsi et modulans alterna notavi,' inquit pastor ille antiquus (Virg. *Ecl.* 5.13), ut solacio sit cordi Musa agrestis; haud aliter hic, dum solus per solitudines vastas vagatur, sua tympana tristia caedere procul auditur. Nam musicus est SAMUEL SHEPARD, poeta arte omni in numeris peritissimus; modos aptat vocibus anxiis et admodum fractis, procul a vero aberrantibus simulque prope instantibus: quas fictas esse, minime credas. *Nescio quo die*, inquit, 'nescio quae uocula modulationem modumque referrens repente se tollit ad auras. Quo fit? Nescio.' Miraculum tamen fit, saepe et pernumero, quotiens hic vir ardens infremuit. Equum enim freno moderatur sicut numeris versus, neque celerem arto compescit, nisi ut perscrutetur quiddam inexploratum e solitudine ultima—solitudine, inquam, animi humani. Quid reperti? Nulla est patria invenienda, ut olim ab ingenti Aenea, Hesperiiis finibus; frustra quaeritur qui fuisset, qui esset futurus, puer quem atra dies (sinite utar verbis vatis antiquioris) funere mersit acerbo; nec illi saucii amore umquam desinent ineptire. Ubique sunt exules frustra iactati et laniati omnique spe destituti; atrocium plena sunt omnia. Aegre feret fabulator hic acerrimus et lepidissimus, tragica Camena recusata, Calliope ipsa fugata—quid mirum? Nondum spoliatus sideribus aether, cum alii heroas caelicolasque canebant; carmine soluto, tamquam humili genere, hic fingere solet obstupefactos inania petentes deserta frustra vagari. Quam saepe et opportune ad hoc simulacris moventibus usust, sive patriam historiam Italico magistro narraverit, sive homini immemori subvenerit erranti per spatia ἀδύνατα! Quam saepe ipse, histrio (quo fit?) versipellis induit personam nunc gravem nunc hilarem, nunc asperam nunc mitem, spectatoribus undique varieque admirantibus. Idem qui quinquaginta abhinc fere annos Novi Eboraci in scaenam primum venit poeta, cum armentarius perurbanus, callida iunctura, festiviter cluebat, nuper theatrum nationale Hibernicum decoravit suis recentioribus ludis de crudeli quodam calcitrone, nec non de cursibus lunae. Nec id quidem mirum civibus Samuelis alterius illustris, quem ipse nusquam se vidisse et convenisse maxime dolet; Quianam? Unde illa dicta indicta? Unde Silentium persona scaenica indutum? In eius fabellis nuperrime editis legitur illud Samuelis Dubliniensis: 'Hoc erravi, mihi fabulas appetere, cum sit una aetas satis superque.' Prius quam ille rogaverit, rogatum repetit hic: 'Putasne unam hominem ducere aetatem?' Nolite, sodales, responsum festinare, nam re vera portentum est tanti scriptoris vis, tanti viri vita et vires. Tonitru igitur, non plausu, nunc resonet aula.

DOCTOR IN LETTERS  
Sam Shepard

A country landscape in twilight. Away from any familiar frontier. Shadows over the dancing streams of sweet waters, 'til rivers run dry. Words and a tune are all that remain to the broken-hearted. 'Verses I have carved, and marked with musical rhythm'. It's the old poet's shepherd's song (Virgil, *Eclogues* 5.13). The melancholic pipe of an exile there—here, the haunting drums of a lonesome genius, the unmistakable rhythm of 'crushing aloneness'. Nothing else is secure, stable or even solid in the world of SAM SHEPARD. A remote world, and yet so dangerously close; a theatrical landscape, and yet so vividly real. On a *Day out of Days*, 'Some tone comes up. Some rhythm or other. Some tune. Sometimes, pure silence and my heart sings. Just like that it can happen.' The miracle is renewed again and again, every time this restless writer goes out horse riding. He won't stop until he's reached some new corner in the wasteland of the human heart. He searches it, and finds no home in *True West* (isn't that 'fatherland' just as conflictual as Virgil's Rome?), no identity for the *Buried Child*, no escape for the *Fool for Love*. It's a world of the Homeless and the *Heartless*. Their voices strike chords of resentment and anger, regret and remorse, isolation and frustration; but their Maker's ruthless realism and irresistible irony strips them of truly tragic tones. He rewrites epic too—epic, you know, is about who you are and where you belong; epic was, 'long before the stars were torn down'. Now's the time of shattered dreams and purposeless quests, of provocative anti-heroes and evocative non-places, which cinema amplifies and rarefies. He knows that. His are the scripts for the ever-disturbing magic *Zabrinskie Point* and *Paris Texas*. His are the bitter-sweet features of countless film characters (where does he find the time?), we all have a favourite one (I won't tell you mine). He is about to celebrate his fiftieth year as a playwright, since his New York debut as 'the cowboy poet of off-Broadway'. He chose our own Abbey Theatre to premier his recent plays *Kicking a Dead Horse* and *Ages of the Moon*: an immense privilege but no surprise to Samuel's country. Not meeting Beckett is his greatest literary regret, he says. But he *has*. How else could he speak the unspeakable? Where have we seen that character, Silence, before? He prints Beckett on the front page of his new short stories: 'That's the mistake I made... to have wanted a story for myself, whereas life alone is enough.' This man has gone even further: 'How many lives do you think a man can live?' Watch your answer, my friends; you ain't seen it all yet. Don't just give him applause: a marvel calls for a *Thunder*.

DOCTOR IN UTROQUE JURE  
**Christina Buckley**

Era, lacrimas mitte ac potius quod  
ad hanc rem opus est porro prospice:  
patiamurne an narremus quoipiam?

(Ter. *Ad.* 330-1)

Ne timeatis, Academici prudentes: infanda tacebo, quae satis erat semel audire. Iam voce impavida hospes haec nostra omnia narravit—an fallor? Ne fortissima quidem omnia dicere posset, nisi vellet dolore debilitari et funditus frangi. Nefas enim immane, quod pravissimi ausi naturalem hilaritem in maerorem mutare, puerorum puro pectore violato, inhibitis lacrimis vel profusis per maestum silentium. At hodie non funere, non crimine opust; nunc decet gaudium et triumphus. Ecce audacem quae saevissimum hostem – tacitum, dico, terrorem – potuit debellare. Ecce almam quae pueros concussos pavore et tamquam captivos somnii cuiusdam horrendi (ut verbum vitem ‘incubum’ propter obscenam significationem) dulci risu et materno amplexu consolari potuit. Matrem tandem agnoscite CHRISTINAM BUCKLEY, cuius pietas admirabilis monstra in miracula re vera mutavit. Somnium tandem miramini, Hibernico verbo appellatum, quo illa compatientibus dedit portum et refugium, nidum et domum. Cui Lar est haec, et magnanima mater familias. Sub eius praesidium miseri confugiunt, eius cura ac caritate vix vivi revirescunt, vix homines omnino recreantur. Ni mirum, quod eius pietatem eximiam nuper decorarunt cunctae Europae nationes. Ni mirum, quod optima femina, diutissime veritate quaesita, iustitia petita, iniuria vindicata, iure ornata est summis laudibus hac in re publica. Hoc, inquam, est mirum (nec fallit eam peritam litteris humanioribus, feliciter excultis apud Universitatem Hibernicam Nationalem), quod a viro trahebant Latini virtutem, quam Graeci et ἀνδρείαν et ἀρετήν. Fallaciter, ut mihi videtur scrutanti huius feminae imperterritum animum, fiduciam ac patientiam in tanta ruina. ‘Primum mihi gratiae verbis amplissimis aguntur, quod virtute, consilio, providentia mea res publica maxumis periculis sit liberata’ (Cic. *Cat.* 3.14). Quae laudes viri illius antiqui si haec femina usurpare vellet, usurparet iure; muliebri tamen modestia arguit suam providentiam probitatem rectius dici; suum consilium, curam; suam virtutem, matris ardorem; sibi praemio optimo esse pueros dulce ridentes.

DOCTOR IN LAWS  
**Christine Buckley**

Dear lady, forbear weeping, and rather consider  
What must be done for the future in this matter.  
Should we submit to it, or should we tell someone?

(Terence, *Brothers*, 330-1)

Fear not, wise friends: I shall not relate a story that is too painful to hear more than once. The fearless voice of this woman has told it all—no, not all, for ‘You couldn’t possibly tell it all,’ she says, ‘because in doing so, I don’t think I would ever recover.’ It is an unspeakable crime, when a pure heart, when natural cheerfulness is crushed to silent, terrorised tears—the tears of innocent, inviolable children. We are here at this time not to condemn, but to celebrate. It is a triumph over silence, fear and anguish. It takes but a mother’s loving smile and warm embrace to dissolve the horror of a child’s nightmare. CHRISTINE BUCKLEY is that mother. She has gone further, transforming the nightmare into a Dream. ‘Aislinn’ is that dream. The Aislinn Centre gives education and support to the survivors of unimaginable suffering; but first and foremost, Aislinn is a home. Its co-founder and director is, first and foremost, a mother. She welcomes, listens and comforts. She has restored dignity and life itself to victims of institutional abuse, whose dignity had been denied and life seemed lost forever. Her selfless devotion has been recently rewarded with the title of European Volunteer of the Year. Her relentless quest for truth and justice, over a period of a quarter of a century, has rightly earned the praise of the highest authority in the State. Throughout her Classical education, which earned her a BA from University College Dublin, she will have been amused by the notion that the Latin word for ‘valour’ and ‘virtue’ – one word! – was etymologically related to the word for ‘man’. Nonsense. Here is an endlessly enduring and exemplarily courageous woman, who could rightfully appropriate the claim of that proud statesman: ‘a vote of thanks to me is passed in the most honourable words, because the state has been delivered from the greatest dangers by my valour and wisdom, and prudence’ (Cicero, *Catilinarians* 3.14). But she will not make that claim. ‘I was not prudent,’ she would object, ‘I was just honest; I was not wise, just thoughtful; as for my valour, what mother does not have it?’ And the daily joy of a child’s revived smile is enough reward for her.