

Preeminent President Faust, distinguished deans, peerless professors, faithful families, and sagacious students: greetings to you all. I am honored to address you in Tercentenary Theater, to celebrate the graduation and achievements of the Harvard Class of 2018. Today I speak to you about a book, a book that brought many of us under its spell when we were very young, a most excellent book whose author made a speech in this very theater ten years ago today. I speak, of course, about Harry Potter.

Harvard University, as many of you have no doubt already observed, is not so different from the Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Were we not just as astounded as Harry when we received our acceptance letters, delivered not by owl but -- incredibly -- upon the wings of email? Have we not spent our nights brewing potions in the Science Center, as though in the Dungeons? Did we not often greet the dawn among the bookshelves of the Restricted Section -- that is to say, Lamont Library? We have played Quidditch with the greatest zeal, both at Intramurals and, no less valiantly, in fiercely-fought battles against the School-That-Must-Not-Be-Named.

Moreover, we have learned many and wondrous things. The students at Hogwarts honed spells and curses, the magical arts. We too have filled our heads, with the subjects of a liberal arts curriculum: literature, physics, government, biology. We have also learned magic at Harvard, a kind of magic practiced by the students and professors at Hogwarts. This is Transfiguration, the art of turning one thing into something else. Relying on our newfound knowledge, as if upon magic wands, we can transform cells into tissues and translate English into Python, speaking to snakes, as did Harry himself. We have even transfigured Harvard during our time as students here, through our passion for asking difficult questions and our hard

work. Sometimes Harvard has also changed of its own accord, like the Shifting Staircases at Hogwarts: hail and farewell, Greenhouse Café!

Most magical is the transfiguration that has been worked upon us. The forms both of our bodies and of our minds have changed. The northeastern winds have toughened us, and the student life we led has altered our customs: only by using Time-Turners could we ever catch up on our lost sleep. Most of all, through the power of words, rather than spells, serious discussions with professors and conversations with peers have transformed our opinions. As Harry, Ron, and Hermione know well, we can learn as much by speaking with our friends in the Great Hall -- Annenberg, that is -- as by spending hours on our studies! As foretold by the prophecies (Dean Khurana, that is), it has truly been a Transformative Experience to study at Harvard.

And at last we have transformed into alumni. Whatever house the Sorting Hat assigned to us on Housing Day, whatever animals we sport on our robes -- lions, fish, or boars -- this University has been, and will be, our home. Wherever we go next, by broomstick or by automobile, the gates of the Yard will always be open for us. As the author herself once said, "Hogwarts will always be there to welcome you home." Now farewell, my classmates, and let us go and work our magic!

Praeses Faust praestantissima, decani dignissimi, professores probissimi, familiae fidissimae, discipuli doctissimi: salvete omnes. Magno mihi honori est apud vos Tercentenario in Theatro haec verba facere, ut promotionem resque gestas cohortis anni bismillesimi decimi octavi Universitatis Harvardianae concelebremus. De libro quodam vobis hodie loquor, de libro qui multos nostrum admodum adulescentes fascinavit, de libro egregio cuius scriptor, abhinc annos decem, hoc ipso die, hoc eodem in theatro orationem habuit. Loquor profecto de Harrio illo Pottero.

Universitatem Harvardianam enim plerique vestrum sine dubio iam notavisti haud multum distare a Schola Artium Magicarum et Fascinationis, Porciverrucis. Nonne mirati sumus tamquam Harrius cum litteras non ululis vectas sed, mirabile dictu, alis epistulae electronicae accepissemus? Nonne in Aedificio Scientiae, velut in Carceribus, potiones decoquentes ad multam noctem lucubravimus? Nonne in scriniis Anguli Interdicti (id est, Bibliotheca Lamont) usque ad lucem saepissime vigilavimus? Ludum Scopafollem maxima cum alacritate lusimus, et intra muros et, viribus nullo modo deficientibus, in certaminibus acriter pugnatis contra Scholam-Quam-Non-Fas-Est-Nominare.

Multa et mira praeterea didicimus. Discipuli Porciverrucenses se magicis in artibus -- incantationibus et devotionibus -- exercitati sunt. Nos autem capita complevimus disciplinis artium liberalium et scientiarum -- litteris, physica, politica, biologia. Artem quasi magicam quoque didicimus, quo genere magiae utuntur et discipuli et professores Porciverrucenses. Haec est scilicet Transfiguratio, ars aliquid in aliud mutandi. Praeceptis freti recentibus, magicis tamquam virgis, possumus cellulas in textus permutare ac linguam Anglicam in linguam Pythonicam vertere, serpisermocinantes sicut Harrius ipse. Universitatem etiam ipsam mutavimus discipuli, difficillima rogandi amore et industria nostra. Sua sponte quoque aliquando

mutata est, velut Scalae Variae apud Porciverrucas: in perpetuum ave atque vale, Taberna Specularis!

Maxime miranda est transfiguratio quae nos affecit. Mutatae sunt formae non solum corporum nostrorum sed etiam animorum. Aquilones nos corroboraverunt. Propter vitam scholasticam, mores a pristino statu iam differunt: tantummodo Temporimutatoribus usi somnum, quo caruimus, recipere possimus. Verbis tandem, non virgis, sententias nostras commutaverunt dialogi cum professoribus et sermones cum collegiis. Compertum habent Harrius, Ronaldus, Hermioneque fieri nos posse doctiores tam in Aula Magna (id est, Annenberg) cum amicis colloquendo quam in studiis versando! Ut praedictum est oraculo -- decanum Khurana dico -- apud hanc universitatem studere re vera est "Experientia Transformativa."

Alumni tandem facti sumus. Quamcumque domum Petasus Dilectens Die Domiciliorum nobis constituit, quaecumque animalia in vestibus gerimus -- leones, pisces, vel apros -- tota Universitas domus nostra fuit et erit. Ubicumque vel scopis vel autoraedis posthac ibimus, portae huius campi semper patebunt. Ut dixit scriptor ipsa, "vos domum advenientes semper accipient Porciverrucae." Iam valet, condiscipuli mei, et magiam nostram efficiamus!