

MAGISTER IN ARTIBUS

Josephus Veselsky

Istropolis Graeco nomine appellabatur urbs quae longe ante Christum natum Celtae Danuvium transducti antiquitus condiderunt apud limen Romanum; nunc ei nomen est Bratislavae, Urbi rei publicae Slovacensis. Ibi mense Octobri fere centum (mirabile auditu) abhinc annos lucem simul videre primus candidatus noster et libertas patriae suae pulcherrimae. Dum commemoratur libertas patriae vestrae, Academici, maximo gaudio praesento vobis virum egregium, quem fato profugum Hibernia laeta libenter accepit: JOSEPHUM VESELSKY, civem fidelem utriusque patriae, iam militem intrepidum, athletam acerrimum et magistrum ludorum mirabilem, nuper discipulum huius Collegii vetustissimum et aetate et auctoritate. Audite, quaeso, quae et quanta potuerit virtus candidati. Cum adulescens vidit moenia patria diruta simulque aciem immanem Germanorum in urbem inrumpere, latebras impervias petivit ut fautoribus fortibus libertatis se consociaret. Audaciter militavit, magno impetu hostium repulso, cum interim saevirent horrida bella per orbem terrarum caede parentum fratrisque iniquissima. Pro meritis aureo emblemate eum decoraverunt cives rei publicae Slovacensis. Hostibus ubique per orbem debellatis, patriam tamen rebus novissimis turbatam fugit; libertatem enim et securitatem petebat sibi uxori que Catarinae carissimae. Feliciter evenit: in insula nostra factus est cives, pater optimus, mercator honestate fulgidus. Virtutem vero eius praecipuam non licet omittere: athletam fuisse a pueritia peritissimum eo ludo recentiori quem quidam pingpong dicunt, tuxtax ego dicere ausim antiquo sermone comico usurpato – sed utinam de ictibus pilae lusoriae Plautus dixisset, non de verberibus tergo datis servo miserrimo! Hoc genus ludorum decet, ut constat, acutissimum ingenium, singulari acie praeditum et celeritate, quo, ne dubitetis, praestat vir noster, iam princeps et magister ludorum in patria antiqua, iure eques adscriptus Ordini Duplicis Crucis Candidae. Cum de societate athletarum Hibernica optime meritus esset viginti per annos, praeses societatis ipsius creatus est a sodalibus admirantibus. Quod sin satis est ad testandam ludi utilitatem, sin parum pateat quantum et menti et animae prosit, quiddam certius liceat adducam. Six abhinc annos solacio mortis uxoris carissimae exercitia academica suscepit, quae olim crudelitas belli inviderat adulescenti. Qua in aula pater laetatus est nomine laudato filiae Catarinae minoris, avus deinde Stephani et Nicholai, ipse discipulus diligentissimus artium liberalium idemque Magister in Artibus nunc celebretur plausu vivacissimo. Nam “Παιδεία δὲ τῶν ἐν ἡμῖν μόνον ἐστὶν ἀθάνατον καὶ θεῖον” ut voluit Academicus doctus, “μόνος γὰρ ὁ νοῦς παλαιούμενος ἀνηβᾷ, καὶ ὁ χρόνος τᾶλλα πάντ’ ἀφαιρῶν τῷ γήρα προστίθησι τὴν ἐπιστήμην” (Plut. *De liberis educandis* 5e). Viro huic sapienti et venerabili salutem plurimam dicimus.

MASTER OF ARTS

Josef Veselsky

Hundreds of years before the Christian era, a Celtic tribe settled on the banks of a great river and founded a town which came to be known in Greco-Roman antiquity as Istropolis, 'the Danube city'. We now call it Bratislava, capital city of the Republic of Slovakia. That was the birthplace of our first distinguished guest, JOSEF VESELSKY; the date was October 1918, the exact time of Czechoslovakia's proclamation of independence. Life's mysterious ways brought him over to Ireland, where he has lived for over sixty years. In him we salute a veteran and faithful citizen of his native and adopted country alike; a sportsman of exceptional leadership; and, at the age of 97, the most senior student in our University. His is an incredible story of courage and perseverance. As a young man he witnessed the German invasion of his country and joined the Czech Underground Movement in the Carpathian Mountains. He battled through the horrors of the Second World War and suffered the tragic loss of his parents and brother at Auschwitz; his brave opposition to the German Army earned him the Slovak National Uprising Medal. In the aftermath of the Czech coup d'état of 1948, he sought a new home and found it in Ireland, where he established a successful jewellery business and raised a splendid family with his wife Kathy. From a very young age he had a passion: table tennis. What sport could be better suited to a mind endowed with clear and strategic thinking, with exceptional abilities of concentration and precision? Captain of the Czechoslovak team in his youth, in recognition of his achievements he was conferred with the title of Commander of the Order of White Double Cross, the highest recognition of the Republic of Slovakia. Our country saw him captain the Irish Table Tennis Team for over twenty years, until he was appointed Life President of the Irish Table Tennis Association, whose members revere him as a legend. Table tennis players often say that the game clears and sharpens the mind: we see a living proof before us today. When he lost his beloved wife of 64 years in 2010, he returned to education, interrupted in his wartime youth. Our University, where his daughter Kate and grandsons Stephen and Nicholas had obtained their degrees, is proud to have him as a keen extramural student in Histories and Humanities. An old master once wrote that "learning, of all things in this world, is alone immortal and divine," and continued: "for the mind alone grows young with increase of years, and time, which takes away all things else, but adds wisdom to old age" (Plutarch, *On Education*, 5e). To our newly crowned Master in Arts go our applauses and warmest wishes.

DOCTOR IN SCIENTIIS

Petrus Ware Higgs

Fiat lux.
(Gen. 1:3)

Lux ut celebraretur per orbem terrarum iam voluere, ut scitis, viri docti Concilii Nationum Confederatarum; exacto iam anno, quinto autem die a solstitio aestivo et decet et libet summis honoribus ad nos accipere lumen philosophiae naturalis clarissimum in temporibus nostris. Summo gaudio ad vos duco PETRUM WARE HIGGS, philosophum naturalem bene meritum de Universitate Edinensi, socium Comitatus Honoris, sodalem Societatis Regiae, ab Academia Suetica ornatum laurea insigni. Vir hic fortissimus rerum naturae principiis strenue indagatis, arcanis perscrutatis acerrima acie, aditum tandem invenit in secreta materiae — quomodo, inquam, corpuscula gignantur, quomodo ponderibus suis acquisitis in motus varios concitentur, a quo denique principio fiat vel potius orta sit summa rerum. Materiae principia talia praedixit, academici, qualia nuper invenere acceleratores potentes (ut dicimus sermone novo) apud doctos Genevenses: unde rerum primordium inventum, quasi semen primum, a viro sapiente atque audaci nomen suum sine iniuria traxit, id est particula Petri minuta. Pulchre se fecisse ait lepidus; rectius dicas portentifice. At mirabilius quiddam etiam liceat adicere laudationi, quod fortasse nesciant plerique. Priusquam factus est vir sapientissimus aetatis nostrae, priusquam decoratus discipulus optimus Universitatis Londiniensis, ad quaerenda primordia rerum ducebatur puer in ludo grammatici, cuius tabulae gratulatoriae adscriptum legebatur nomen eius alumni qui comite philosopho Vindobonensi paulo antea decoraverat Academia Suetica (hoccine quoque praedixerat puer?): cuius nomen erat (ne dubitetis) Pauli illius patris ἀντι-materiae. Quam arcana summa rerum! Qua vi incognita spiritus hominum ad unum colliguntur! Vir hic doctus et fortissimus perdignus est qui admittatur in concilium sapientium qui principia et causas rerum perlustraverint et perlucide illustraverint; ex quibus una vox etiam nunc nos vocat e tenebris ad lucem verae doctrinae (Lucr. II.62–66):

Nunc age, quo motu genitalia materiai
corpora res varias gignant genitasque resolvant
et qua vi facere id cogantur quaeque sit ollis
reddita mobilitas magnum per inane meandi,
expediam: tu te dictis praebere memento.

DOCTOR IN SCIENCE

Peter Ware Higgs

Let there be light.

(Genesis 1:3)

This time last year, members of the University, we gathered to celebrate the International Year of Light. Today, four days from the glorious Summer Solstice, I am profoundly honoured to bring you a man who has become synonymous with the enlightening power of science: PETER WARE HIGGS, Professor Emeritus of Physics at the University of Edinburgh, Companion of Honour, F.R.S., and Nobel Prize Laureate. This theoretical physicist has unlocked the secret behind the interaction of forces in the universe; he has lent his name to the invisible field of energy through which subatomic elements move and acquire mass; he predicted a reality that experiment would eventually prove, at the Large Hadron Collider in Geneva in July 2012. 'I invented a nice model', he says of his phenomenal theory. The fundamental particle that gives substance to the prime building blocks of matter is universally known as the 'Higgs Boson'. His fascination with particle physics predates his doctoral training at the University of London and his lifelong commitment to the subject. As a schoolboy he was struck by a name on the honours board of his grammar school in Bristol: it was the name of Paul Dirac, the father of the modern theory of antimatter, who shared the Nobel Prize in Physics with Erwin Schrödinger in 1933. Did that boy predict that similar honours would be bestowed on him exactly eighty years later? Such mysteries surround the interaction between universal forces. This extraordinary scientist is fully deserving of the highest place among those who, across the millennia, have looked deeply into the nature and causes of things, and set milestones in the human journey from darkness to light:

Come now, I will unfold by what movement the creative bodies of matter
Beget diverse things, and break up those that are begotten,
By what force they are constrained to do this,
And what velocity is appointed them for moving through the mighty void:
Remember to give your mind to my words.

(Lucretius, *On Nature*, 2.62–66)

DOCTOR IN LITTERIS

Jacobus Patricius Donleavy

“Quid ego agam quid non, paucis dicam. Nemini nulla re commodabo nisi placeat, non domi, non patria, non religione; sed aetatem agam et artem quam maxime potuero libere lubentissime ...”

“Hoc die mensis Junii ante meridiem, Minax portam Trinitatis ingressus pulverulentis scalis succussis ascendit aediculam tertiam...” iam scitis, sodales: ruina sequitur. Nempe? Ruinamne fuisse putatis, cum res gestas ab audacissima mente fictas oculis haurirent lectores innumeri? Hoc loco corpusculum illud malacum crevit moleculis undique micantibus, hoc zingiberi cognomen festivum ei datum est, hoc (vae verecundis) tenebrae eum longius tenuere — fama tamen patris facundi imperitura. Ad vos duco JACOBUM PATRICIUM DONLEAVY, virum probissime doctum et doctissime improbum, versutum arte scriptoria et pictoria, nec non piscatorem agricolamque, quem America et Hibernia una genuit praeditum audacia et acerrima eloquentia. Oriundus Novi Eboraci civitatis Dublinium venit adulescentulus ut philosophiam naturalem coleretur in Collegio nostro; sed prohibuit ingenium immansuetum. Mansuit tamen Michael (quo novo nomine clarius exhiberetur singularis eius praestantia) in aedícula trigesima octava, ubi primum pictura descripsit imagines quas recentissimas miratus est (peream, si mentior) Johannes ille artifex Hibernicus. Contemplanti lineas audaces coloribus sapienter suffusis in tabulis mordaciter adscriptis videtur eum uno calamo usum et pingere et scribere. Quid enim, quod diligit eiusdem litterae adsiduitatem, ut auribus percipiatur lepos sermonis lususque fabularum? Quis est vestrum quin meminit fabulam de Balthasar beatissima belua, de Samuelis solstitio substristi, de diris diebus Darii domini desultoris? Quotiens vos blandiverunt mores malacae moleculae? Si autem ad graviora vertam vultis, respondite mihi: quid praecipuum scriptoris nostri placet etiam magistris morosis? – Quod nunc ‘ego’ nunc ‘ille’ narrat. – Recte. Nam sequitur vices mentis mirae suae, quae (ipso teste) una complectitur quae sentit et quae vix subsentit. – Qua sagacia personas fabularum introspicit mihi par esse videtur Jacobo summo auctore. – Iterum recte. Nam illius nomini huius addiderunt albo recentiori litterarum optimarum lectores benevoli. Praeterea, illius effigies, immo ipsa vestigia (testem habeo Jacobum sive Stephanum) servat huius ingens villa lacustris. Ibi maiorem partem aetatis suae degit, deditus utrique suae arti incessanter septuaginta fere annos. Quare pol non nisi nuperrime docti (ut sese dicunt) palma litteraria eum decoraraverint dum quaero, iam ad exordium venio. De viro qui ausus est denuntiare quaedam falsa nuntiari (nefas!) Dei sub numine, teste Sanctissima Trinitate declaro haec vera nuntiari: “Hoc die mensis Junii post meridiem, hic Michael portam Trinitatis ingressus splendentibus scalis ascendit podium in theatro publico...”: sequitur triumphum.

DOCTOR IN LETTERS

James Patrick Donleavy

"I will tell you what I will do and what I will not do.
I will not serve that in which I no longer believe, whether it
calls itself my home, my fatherland, or my church: and I will
try to express myself in some mode of life or art as freely as I
can and as wholly as I can..."

(James Joyce, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*)

"On this June morning, Dangerfield came in the front gate of Trinity and went up the dusty rickety stairs of number three..." and he was up to no good. Seriously? Generations of readers have been allured into the phantasmagorical worlds inhabited by that first reckless figment of a fearless imagination. Trinity is where *The Ginger Man* was conceived, on Thanksgiving Day of 1949, brilliant, burning, and — barely born, 1955 — banned. Instantly immortal. His maker is a living legend. Here he is: JAMES PATRICK DONLEAVY, author and artist, gentleman and bohemian, fisherman and farmer, American and Irish in blood, ink and tongue. He came to Trinity from his native New York to study Science; he found Art. His friends at Trinity renamed him 'Mike' (too many Jims and Pats in College back then, and this one was manifestly unique). In House 38 he created the very first of his paintings, exhibited still wet at 7 St. Stephen's Green under the eyes of Jack Yeats ('Well, I'll Be Damned I Can't Believe It's You'). He paints as he writes: bold sharpness of lines and diffuse softness of colour, united under sensationally suggestive titles. Alliteration epitomises and binds together the humour and the depth, the carnal and cerebral glory of his prose: who can forget *The Beastly Beatitudes of Balthazar B*, *The Saddest Summer of Samuel S*, *The Destinies of Darcy Dancer*, *Gentleman* are simply unforgettable. Admit it, how many times have you read *Meet My Maker the Mad Molecule*? The distinctive trait of his narrative — that sudden switch between first-person and third-person voice — he ascribes to an original feature of his brain: 'Being a writer is just catching your unconscious', he once said. He certainly captures the consciousness of all his characters, with striking immediacy. Like Joyce. With Joyce he shares a place in the Modern Library Top 100 Novels of the 20th century and in his lakeside home in Levington Park (Joyce's Stephen Hero was there, believe me). After nearly seventy years of uninterrupted activity, November last he received the Bob Hughes Lifetime Achievement Award for outstanding contribution to modern literature. High time, I say—and conclude. In one of his books he insisted that *Wrong Information is Being Given Out at Princeton*. You can be sure that correct information is being given out at Trinity: "On this June afternoon, Donleavy came in the front gate of Trinity and went up the shiny marble stairs of the Public Theatre..." and it's a triumph.

DOCTOR IN UTROQUE JURE

Hina Jilani

Fama a maioribus nostris accepimus et magna scriptorum auctoritate, Academici, magnanimos ultores muliebris pudoris ac dignitatis primum libertatem et consulatum instituisse. Nemo vero est nostrum quin reprobet scelera illius regis superbi qui, teste Livio in primo ab urbe condita libro (1.58.2), ‘ad dormientem Lucretiam venit sinistraque manu mulieris pectore oppresso “Tace, Lucretia,” inquit; ‘Sex. Tarquinius sum; ferrum in manu est; moriere, si emiseris vocem.”’ Nec ultra audaciam toleravit virtus Romana. Nec minus spectabant iura muliebria sapientes ad ripas felices Tigris et Euphratis, Indi et Gangis antiquitus usque ad tempora nostra, ut docet candidata nostra HINA JILANI. Patronam legum egregiam summo gaudio ad vos duco, iure peritissimam et vindicem libertatis et pacis fortissimam. Quam puellam aluit Universitas illa illustris ubi confluunt quinque flumina Indica, ea omni doctrina ac pietate munita primo sibi mulieribus iustis foedere consociavit quae essent tutelae ac praesidio muliebri virtuti; deinde suscepit patrocinium incolunitatis et libertatis ubicumque violatae sint leges in patria, nunc supremis iudiciis fortiter susceptis, tunc summis conciliis humaniter constitutis; postremo procul a patria (sed proxime, si iniurias respexeris) quaestionibus institutis voces persaepe auditaes sunt eius patrocinantis omnibus offensis et inopibus. Novo autem saeculo ineunte eam fidam legatam fecerunt custodes ipsi aequitatis per orbem terrarum, palma ornaverunt viri sapientes nationum confederatarum; nunc magistram spectant iudices et iure periti qui ad avertenda delicta convenerint in foedus iustissimum: num miremur quod eam nuper cooptaverint illi legum omnium custodes, quos dicimus seniores principes libertatis? Quorum (hoc quidem mirum est et memorabile) duo mulieres magnanimae nobis adsunt die hoc fausto ac felici. Sed animos tendite, Academici, dictis huius candidatae: unius virtutem quamvis praestantem parum prodesse humanae societati, si deficiant virtutes universae civitatis. Per leges igitur testantes huic mulieri de praestanti virtute iure gratulemur.

DOCTOR IN LAWS

Hina Jilani

We have an old legend in the West, validated by the authority of illustrious historians: good governance and liberty were born with the vindication of a woman's rights. Do you remember the haughty king of ancient Rome and his final abominable act? 'Holding the woman down with his left hand on her breast, he said, "Be still, Lucretia! My sword is in my hand. Utter a sound, and you die!"' (Livy, *History of Rome* 1.58.2). The good men in Rome did not tolerate abuse of power any further. Respect for women has an even longer history in the wise lands of the East. Our first eminent candidate is a symbol of what powers lie within the law to break the chain of cruelty. I am proud to give you HINA JILANI, strenuous advocate for women's rights, eminent jurist, and indefatigable fighter for democracy and peace. An alumna of the University of the Punjab, she established Pakistan's first all-women law firm thirty-five years ago; a little later, the first free legal aid organisation in her country, which provided shelter and refuge for female victims of violence. As Advocate of the Supreme Court of Pakistan, she fought bravely for cases opposing gender-biased violence that not only saved lives, but set new standards for human rights in the entire country. She was one of the founders of the Human Rights Commission of Pakistan, and soon the range of her action reached places as distant – and yet so painfully similar in the violation of fundamental rights – as Darfur and Gaza. The turn of the millennium saw her appointed as first Special Representative of the UN Secretary-General on Human Rights Defenders and awarded the United Nations Millennium Peace Prize for Women. Her voice is heard in the Advisory Board of the Coalition for the International Criminal Court and at the International Commission of Jurists. Two years ago she joined those guardians and promoters of universal values known as The Elders. It is an historic occasion for this University to see two of The Elders, extraordinary women, honouring us with their presence today. We shall not forget this moment and its significance. 'Nobody brings about change single-handedly,' this woman reminds us, 'There are many people who are legendary, who have influenced events in the world, but behind them there is always a collective effort.' Let us not forget our responsibility, as we give this legendary woman our tribute of gratitude and admiration.

DOCTOR IN UTROQUE JURE

Lia Mills

“In tria tempora vita dividitur: quod fuit, quod est, quod futurum est. Ex iis quod agimus breve est, quod acturi sumus dubium, quod egimus certum.” Sic disserens de brevitate vitae Seneca philosophus discipulos exhortabatur ut praeterito tempore respecto, futuri temporis minime solliciti praesenti die se sibi vindicarent. Haec est, sodales, vita beata. Cum vero agere plerique non possimus, LIA MILLS scit pretium persolvere verum rebus in quibus vivimus, et moribus et scriptis magnifice demonstrat. Hanc mulierem praeditam singulari ingenio ac prudentia, quae iure dicitur ars vivendi, aluerunt quidem studia sollertia in scientiis et litteris humanioribus, feliciter excolta apud collegia doctorum et Dubliniensium et Bostoniensium; sed quam maiora potuit exercitatio virtutis, pietatis, memoriae! De feminis Hibernicis fabulas conserit, dilucide reddens qua virtute Alicia spectra domi servata dispellere possit, quid incerti timeat Ria, quam detinet (ut dicit poeta) extremo terra aliena solo; qua denique spe teneatur quaedam lapsa in rebus novis Hibernicis, ut voce crepitet: “Nisi memores, qui sumus?” En aspiciat, iam lapsa ad fastigia extollitur; memorem enim memoriae tradere voluerunt ludi litterarii in utraque Urbe insulae Hiberniae habiti mense Aprili, dum libertas Hiberniae undique commemoratur. Eodem hoc anno candidatam nostram scriptores sororis Universitatis Dubliniensis libenter acceperunt sodalem, hospitem gratam habent horti et ripae fluminis Liphe. Pulchrae fabellae iure dicuntur heroa carmina cordis; non aptius dixerimus vera quae de suo periculo credit libro, ut omnis vita pateat velut descripta tabella. Suaviter loquitur ore quod quondam minitabatur carcinoma (ut dicimus vi antiqui verbi mutata), omni aegritudine et corporis et animi impavide revocata; nimirum, nam “securae et quietae mentis est in omnes vitae suae partes discurrere.” Adice hoc, quod mulierem hanc fortissimam doctores scientiae dentariae in collegio nostro sibi adiunxerunt ut diligenter collegeret describeretque voces ore loquentes de illo morbo tandem debellato; ut autem memoriam traderet auxilio posteritati, quia, ut sapiens dixit, praecogitati mali mollis ictus venit. Ea auctrice et collegio nostro duce prudenti nunc praevidentur carcinomata in ore capite cervice serpentina, ut demum possint averti. Pia haec sodalicia quinque annos profuere viginti fere milibus civium rei publicae Hiberniae et, quod minime negligendum est, permultis discipulis Collegii nostri, ne opera libenter data imperiti ineant cursum artis medendi. Iam comprehenditis, sodales, virtutem ac pietatem candidatae nostrae. Cum humane et iucunde usurpat austeram sententiam viri sapientis, suaviter id monet, iam adesse tempus quod agimus: multum et largiter datum, si uti scimus; si integra libertate agimus aetatem; si denique amare, rem omnium liberrimam, maxime curamus. Tu, mulier digna maximis honoribus, nos diliges et valebis.

DOCTOR IN LAWS

Lia Mills

“Life is divided into three periods—that which has been, that which is, that which will be; of these the present time is short, the future is doubtful, the past is certain” (Seneca, *On the Shortness of Life*, 10). How many of us can claim to translate this simple truth into a true passion for life? LIA MILLS is a woman and a writer who powerfully advocates the value of embracing one’s past, acting on one’s future, and meaningfully living the present. Her wisdom comes not only from her extraordinary academic career — she boasts a BA in Radiography from UCD and a BA in Behavioral Science from Lesley College Boston, followed by a Masters’ in Women’s Studies from UCD and a Masters’ in Screenwriting from the Dun Laoghaire Institute of Art, Design and Technology — but also, and most importantly, from her experience, empathy and imagination. She writes about women, and their courage in the face of a haunting past (*Another Alice*) or a threatening future (*Nothing Simple*). “If we lose our memory, how do we know who we are?” cries the heroine of her most recent novel, set on the eve of the Easter Rising: in our year of centenary commemorations, *Fallen* was the book chosen for the unprecedented Two Cities One Book Festival held in Dublin and Belfast last April. In this special year she is the Arts Council Writer Fellow in UCD and the writer-in-residence at Farmleigh House. Her novels have been called ‘emotional epic’: there is no better way to capture the force of her autobiographical memoir. *In Your Face* is a lucid account of her direct experience of mouth cancer; unsurprisingly so, for only “the mind that is untroubled and tranquil has the power to roam into all the parts of its life.” Not an easy task, and she accomplished it masterfully. She encouraged others to imitate her, as she joined forces with our colleagues in Dental Science to gather *Word of Mouth*, voices of cancer survivors and professionals united in the fight against cancer. Her exceptional ability to communicate goes beyond the written word. The future is uncertain? Do something about it, she says — and she did. Her initiative brought about the Mouth, Head & Neck Cancer Awareness Ireland Group and inspired an invaluable Awareness Campaign, now in its fifth year, which our University is proud to champion worldwide. More than twenty thousand members of the Irish public have participated in the campaign and, as importantly, students have also enthusiastically involved themselves, broadening their undergraduate experience and empowering them as future healthcare professionals. There was no mirth in the stern philosopher of old; when this woman expresses almost identical sentiments, she does it with feeling, generosity and joy. She teaches us the most precious truth: the present happens now. Live, love, do the things that you really want to do. Be free. Be happy. Be alive.