

I am currently obsessed with two personal theories. First, it is my belief that there is no mystery left in the world. I believe that mystery, wonder-inducing and innocent in its nature, has been replaced by confusion, which breeds guilt, fear and then anger. However second, it is also my belief that there exists a remedy to this confusion, a remedy which could possibly solve all the world's problems, and that is to judge all people through the lens of a dance party.

To help you all understand my theories, imagine with me, the 10 most important people in your life. Think about how you know their worst confusions. Their biggest stresses. Their hottest guilts. Their deepest regrets. Think about how you know the unique cocktail of life that confuses each one of them. Politics, careers, love life, identity, sexuality, bank accounts, siblings, parents and friends.

Take those 10 people and form them into a small circle around you. Remember the weight of all their confusions. Now turn on your circle's favorite song. Maybe it's George Brassens or Celine Dion. Maybe it's Sean Paul. Or maybe, unfortunately, but also shamelessly, it's Ed Sheeran. As your circle starts to dance, watch how those 10 bodies that were previously riddled by confusion become, briefly and momentarily, filled with joy. Someone will be doing the twist move. Someone will be doing that weird move our parents do where they hold their nose and pretend like they're swimming. And someone else will simply be shaking their arms furiously above their head.

In that dance circle, in that joy, we find a community of confusion. A safety-net of similarity built from people momentarily overcoming. It is in that safe moment, when our unique confusions are reduced to the shared act of combating them, that empathy is born between one another. And it is dance party empathy, if pointed at all people and not just our closest 10, that I believe can solve the world's problems.

Speaking now specifically to those in my generation, my Millennials, what a confusing world it is that we inherit. A divided world between left and right. Between center and end points. Between a military industrial complex and the terrorism it creates. Between environmental degradation and economic competition. Between trying to conform to society and knowing that for an average student in this room, it will take over 20 years just to save enough for a downpayment on a house. We inherit a world divided between understanding what we are and contemplating what we could be.

But I am resided in the minds of my generation and our capacity for empathy. Before coming to Sciences Po I published poetry for a living. For three years I founded and ran a literature magazine created to give a platform for young people not supported by the traditional publishing industry. In three years I published over 300 writers from 30 countries and I was lucky enough to hear the voices of such a range of young people. Left wing young people and right wing young people. Absurdist young people and anarchist young people. Young people who had a lot to say. And what they said was confused. But the confusion in those poems and stories was built on a foundation of empathy. When I wonder why those young people helped me and my magazine survive for three years, I can only imagine it was due to the mutual-understanding that magazine promoted. And so, when I decided to stop publishing

and come to Sciences Po, I was happy to find more young people, confused young people, open to supporting, learning from and being affected by their peers.

When the Sciences Po administration asked me to write this speech, I was, again, confused. At first I wanted to write about what we studied. Maybe even why we studied. But all I could think about was this one class party at Lily's house in the beginning of our second semester. I remember being excited because the whole class was going to be there. I remember having a few drinks and sitting on the couch and I remember being really happy. Because by that point I felt like I really knew everyone in the room. These were kids who I had talked about romance and dating with. Who I had talked about friendship with. These were kids I had debated urban governance with and fought with about the environmental impact of air conditioning. These were kids who, if we listen to the generations FROM WHICH we inherit the world, come from enemy countries, believe enemy political ideologies and have enemy moral codes. And yet, these were kids who were just like me, confused about what to do with their lives and how best to enter the world.

I remember looking around while some people danced and some people talked. And then I remember, I think it was Matylde, walking over to the laptop, stopping someone else's song halfway, putting on Beyonce's 'Crazy Right Now' and every single person at the party getting up to dance. And I remember thinking how wild it was knowing every single person in the party was young, stressed and confused about different things. I remember finding it even more wild, that no matter how different we were, in our shared confusion we were all similar. And I remember thinking that in the shared presence of confusion, a similarity capable of empathy when viewed from the center of a dance circle...within that similarity, resides our generation's ultimate opportunity for improvement.

To my fellow graduates, congratulations on your achievement and to you, an empathic good luck for whatever is to come.