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The Europe I dream about – with form and content

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We live in a universe where by a definition bound in the abstraction of a celestial world time is compressed with the mind of the future merged by a supreme element characterized at the cosmic level: unity. In shaping my European dream, drawn with shades of optimism and pure hope, I started from a quote taken from the *Charter of Fundamental Rights of the European Union, Nice, December 7, 2002*: "Aware of its spiritual and moral heritage, the European Union is based on the individual and universal values of human dignity, of freedom and solidarity; it is based on the principle of democracy and the rule of law. It places the person at the centre of its action, establishing the citizenship of the Union and creating an area of freedom, security and justice. The Union shall contribute to the defence and development of these common values respecting the diversity of cultures and traditions of the peoples of Europe, as well as of the national identity of the Member States and the organization of their public powers at national, regional and local level."

The Europe of tomorrow ... an almost abstract phrase in the shadow of everyday life makes me believe that in the night of solemn principles so beautifully drawn under the colour of the pen of some personalities of the times, the idea of solidarity, freedom, dignity was lost somewhere. Unfortunately, today's Europe is under the sign of contrast. An imaginary, translucent and sometimes deceptive stripe divides the old continent into two powders: white and black. Set in a balance, the white powder is the west that gives an electrical impulse to this ancestral train of time that moves through the green veins of the Earth and transforms this continent into a cloak of dignity, prosperity, hope. On the other side of the pan is the black powder. It's the east. A non-colour. Why? The answer is simple, in this part of Europe the immaculate white is frozen in the shadow of the artistry wings of the West. Our Europe is the broken wing that waits like a summer rain soaked with ink stains, with solemn and great ideas to revive it, to raise it, to help it fly.

The split, this is the current word that outlines the true meaning of the relations that are foreshadowed on the stage of Europe. It was initially shaped as a union, with the aim of developing the power of solidarity and the idea of freedom. If we were to draw Europe today, as we see through the eyes of young, ambitious people who dream of great things, it would probably be a single country and unite under the aegis of the same blue sky of the colour of a myozotis blossom, we would all trod on the same green grass with sweet taste and French,

English, Romanian, Polish, German, Hungarian, Moldovan, Bulgarian, Swiss, Italian smell, we would laugh with the same sound and maybe it would not matter in which language we'd say a unitary "YES".

Each continent has its charm, but over the years, Europe has sheltered in its home war, peace, people from all over the world, gave birth to geniuses, and even nature left its genius imprint on the top of Mont Blanc, over the transparent waves of the Danube, which stretch unsteadily over so many borders, over the sun, which sometimes warms more the ground wet from the traces of the blood of so many heroes, who for this long coveted unity and freedom of movement spilled their sap into every piece of chernozem. The demiurge created natural boundaries for us, just to ease our union. It would be ideal for all of us to taste in unison and with a big appetite, croissants, pasta and maybe end the day with a tea at 5 o'clock.

Europe is in one word: multiculturalism. Since ancient times, numerous civilizations have settled in these places, each contributing to the evolution of this continent. Europe varies in thoughts from west to east, from north to south, but on the virtual staves of the European Union, the "Ode to joy" resounds. If we were to give voice and musical notes to the ideals that underlie this union, probably the anthem outlined on the lips of any European would be just this.

The most pressing issue of the moment is the idea of Brexit. Translated into the vision of the ordinary European, this divergence is a fierce and assertive dispute between the parents of a child in tears. Every drop on the continent's wrinkled black cheek dries it and makes it vulnerable in the eyes of the whole world. Nobody and nothing is infallible, everything is subject to error, but we, the children of Europe, are learning every day to forgive our parents, because they also showed kindness and understanding towards us when we were lost and we were looking for our way.

Is "a Europe with multiple speeds" an ideal or a form of reorganization? This is a rhetorical question. The answer is in each of us.

As a Phoenix bird, Europe is always reborn from its ashes. Europe is an amalgam of broken pieces that we could unite as in a huge puzzle only if each of us would constantly follow the route initially marked by the European Union coryphaeus.

A solid union would probably try to integrate the "dry vegetation" among the "solemn shrubs" of this community ... but unfortunately everyday pragmatism turns this statement into a surrealistic processing of an ideal. It is difficult to bring to the level of communities formed in years and years of correct mentalities, ambitions and maybe even coercion, other communities that have much to learn from their neighbours. But no one says that an

apprentice is unable to reach the level of his/her master and why not, to even surpass him. But this implies a will, determination, an attempt to respect the power of the example. But this whole process should be done quickly, because time is short, and we, the "newborn" of the union must recover everything we have not been able to put into practice so far. We have many gaps, but I think that if we were willing to learn we could be absorbed by this current.

In the Europe I dream about I would create a huge highway that covers the entire surface of the continent and no matter how foreign you are to these places you would still have the opportunity to visit all the wonders of nature that have made room in this sanctuary of civilization.

Ideal Europe would hold electric cars in its arms, so that no smoke or pollution would stain the sky and ozone. So that each incandescent ray of the ball of fire would touch the soft earth, without any trace of harm in its compearance.

I wish we could speak the same language. To share thoughts, ideas, visions more easily. Let's all stand in the shadow of the Eiffel Tower, stroll along the shores of Lake Balaton, admire the splendour of the Alps, and exchange impressions about these goals in the same language.

We would all use the same currency, respectively Euro. Freedom of movement of capital is a custom we already know, but it would be nice to speak the language of money using the same dialect.

We would write a book in which we would write down a new history, draw new historical events on the map of the future. We would link with one connection the tumultuous past of the countries that bring a wealth of stories, to the future that we would build as a unitary whole. This idea seems an axiom from a collection of mathematics, but in essence it requires only a simple equation that reveals the secret behind this mystery: Why can't there be unity?

The perfection of Europe would be rendered nowadays, precisely by the idea of security. In a world full of acts of terrorism and violent radicalization, any European seeks an oasis of quietness, peace, understanding, pure harmony. With the help of a rich imagination, we would draw a glass canvas over the continent and we would lock it with locks made of flowers, but in reality, I think the only viable solution is to build a minimal filter at the continent's borders, to try a selection of migrants, to anticipate the intentions of certain people, to intervene with norms and regulations in the field. On a closer analysis we realize that we can never know what is inside the consciousness of every human being. For this reason, I believe that this

problem, which is very current, cannot be eliminated too soon from the agenda of the European Union.

It is the young people who represent the foundation of the society. They can make a real contribution to the development of a healthy European society and to the shaping of a prosperous democratic life. They can be the bridge between the past and the future. But these ideas of this generation will always be supported by the older people, by those who have made a consistent contribution to the education of young people, by the wise people who have built a beautiful generation, who have fresh, invigorating, "young" ideas.

In conclusion, the outline of my European dream is a utopian one, and the setting of the imaginary borders is represented by a pure scenery. Nowadays the European Union is a space spread over many mentalities, ambitions, hopes. We are trying a middle path, a unitary solution to the multitude of problems that this colossus of the world faces. Europe is a pillar, an infinite column running sequences from history, troubled events from the present and the tumult of a future intifada. In the chemical composition of my dream there are some elements of strong essence: unity, written in capital letters in all documents and acts of the Union, dignity, which should break any barriers of prejudice and not least the desire of Europeans to live in a better community. Like the first step that remained eternally imprinted on the moon sand, I strongly believe that even this simple step towards evolution, towards something new, towards collaboration could mean "one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind". A powerful Europe would stand tall in the face of so many vicissitudes. So, the dream of a young woman at the beginning of her road will describe in optimistic notes the true path that a solid union should follow, and the dream of hundreds of people will not succumb under the sharp sword of the times which are sometimes so heavy.