

EU-TOPIA

Being young in Europe

What concerns do the European youth have and is there a common European identity among young people?

Searching for the Taurus...written by Feryat Sannuroglu

(E)Utopian sentiment arises when truthfully trying to think of a unotopian united Europe. The youths' concern lies in the heart of forgetfulness; forgetful of reminiscing our talents and of being aware of how to ignite them in the face of future unemployment-fears and academic competition from the Far East. Consequently it is becoming an "I-top-ya"-merit-oriented world region of supposed union where young people try to compete with others and are tagged with one more page of ambition than the book of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" counts. Young people in Europe may be surrounded by the same horizon at all cardinal points, but are not awaited by the same "horizon". We forget that no one can take the other's place. Actually we don't need to go voyage to the wide world, we have a lot of world in Europe here but if we cannot get along with young people other than European our desire and longings for the other than European are for nothing. What is it we can do with all the worlds given to us on this small piece of continent? Also, listlessness through too much mobility

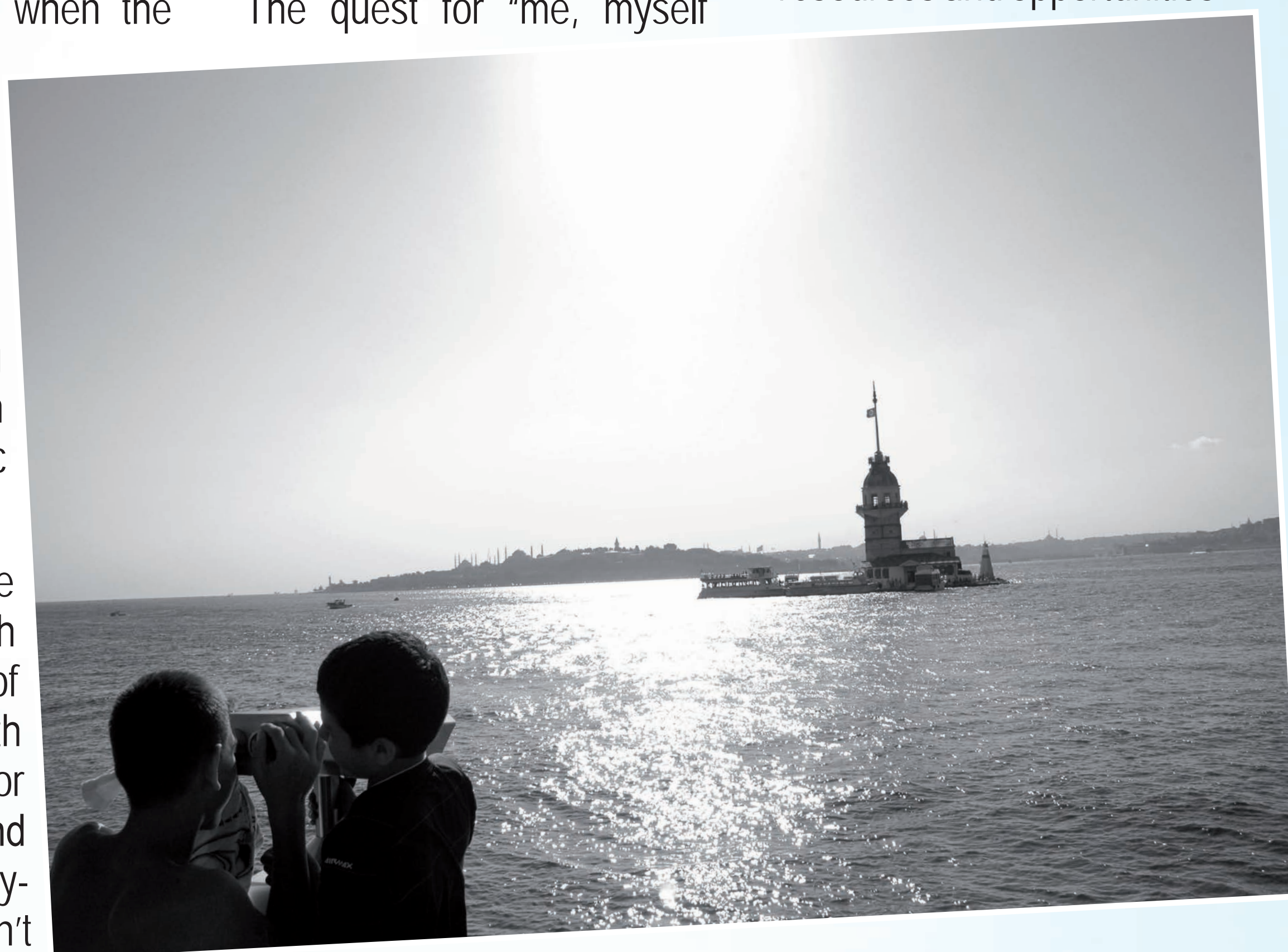
marks our generation and handcuffs the lightening we were blessed with when "frontières et barrières de l'Europe" disappeared at night. The vanishing borders gave us the chance to find a great "I" in the long run but our seek for (a common) identity grew even more when the potential place of our presence was deprived of its shape for the sake of an identity that reaches for the world by touching the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Ocean.

What unites the European youth is the absence of things. The youth has a good sense for what it cannot find in Europe. Everything they don't have makes them have one thing in common: everything they don't have. That is everything that they do not hold in their hands but longing does and raises it towards the skies in order to blow it away high to let it become an aspiration. It is the longing for the exotique and untouched; It is a quest for the sand that falls into our rucksack when zipping it after having swum at the beach and taking the next bus for the favelas

where kids with three beautiful forenames wait for us to teach them a new language. These kids dream of going to Europe one day and regardless of how much common focus we put on these adolescents we do not see that they dream of developing themselves in Europa and to come back stronger in order to help and maybe rescue their folks.

The quest for "me, myself

we are destined to be and already have been since the beginning of times. It especially concerns young people in Europe because they have mental and material space, freedom and resources, to get stuck in plans. Adolescents growing up in environments of struggle do not. So the question is "How can we take advantage of freedom, resources and opportunities



and I" constrains a lot of young people, seeking the individual corners of one's so-called "unlimited" heart and soul makes us forget that we can never fully find ourselves because every experience and person we face lets us give away a part of us, a part into that moment of share. The only process that comes along when being on the quest for identity and liberation is the process of creation, there is no finding possible but steady creating of what

as the Europeans who we are?" People without many perspectives will achieve greatness when given some resources and opportunities because they see a blink of a few elevating paths towards success. Hence I, we, they, shall pass something to those people who have a straight one-way line of keeping going, shall show that giving what I, we, they were gifted with as a gift to people makes them truly gifted and gives significance and true value to what my

gift's gift actually is about. Europe is a treasure, is more than a treasure, is the ground of an ocean from which we can pick up pearls and stories of forgotten cities and pass them to transatlantic cities where shells await us and our pearls. Wouldn't it be impolite to bring back experiences

the Bosphorus which gives us a sent of promise for discovery of life and "unbordered" lands on the other side of it; in Asia and the Far East. We forget that the taxi that took us there departed in Europe and will go back to that side of the bridge after having us dropped. Plenty of European

the other side of the street who perhaps is more intelligent than you but is the one who cannot wave because his hands are fully loaded with work. During my Erasmus stay in Constantinople where I could see the sunrise in a brightening glass of tea while sitting next to a Cameroonian

girl from France and an Australian boy with Italian origin I never crossed the word "European" referring to a group of people. People in Europe or from Europe are everywhere and so relating to "European" I rather speak of "people in Europe". Accordingly I don't know whom to include when trying to think of a European identity; is it the National Park's director's cousin in Kenya

who is French and thinks of France and of enjoying its cuisine while reading a book of Descartes with the one hand, in the other a baguette, secretly excited of going to a Chopin concert afterwards at night when visiting Lyon? Or is it the European, French sociology student who dreams of living and working with Sudanese refugees in Nairobi until one day dying there with gratitude for the endless embrace of the spacious savannah, and a reserved site in the wide for giving his life? I think dreams and desires touch Europe either in their departure or at their arrival and since this is very diffuse all there is left for touching points is the space between the sea- and airways to different continents, i.e. identity between the lines. The words "Europe" and "identity" begin with the same letters "E" and "i", be it in English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, German or Italian. But when it comes to seeing the world intonation becomes an invocation of various tones

sounding like "Eu te vejo" "Yo te veo" "Je te vois" "I see you", never knowing what the other phrase expresses although it is the same message. What many search for might be the common identity of feeling one which is solely through the variety and difference of things, meaning that as long as there is variation it has not reached its borders, because as soon as something is repeated it shows that a new second unit of it starts again similarly autonomously within new border (in this case outside Europe).

The youths in Greece who today suffer from misery and hopelessness are, no matter how bad their situation might be, the successors of those who once spoke out words from ancient Greek prayers in mythological glimpse, which I imagine to sound somehow like this: Zeus, the father of Gods, carried a Phoenician king's and queen's daughter, with the name Europa, through the deepest parts, the highs and lows, of the Ocean; he carried her on and on regardless of the heavy Taurus he was. We can carry our youth with the help of the white Taurus into all parts of the world. It will not be a beautiful Europa we can bear on our backs when crossing rivers and lakes of cross-cultural hope but the entire arsenal we can acquire in form of valuable education and empathic multicultural sensibility. Only then it will be the Taurus standing at the shore at looking down to the once utopian pictures in the water; screaming "Utopia (of unity), I-top-ya!"

Maybe we forget to dream of ourselves and of where our European lands' path can takes us without leaving our heritage but by taking it to where we go. I want to go.



and memories from islands surrounded by Pacific waters and not take something from our historical European "I", in order not to let the people there remain alone again when we'll be gone. We can leave them something from our youthfulness' discoveries and achievements in our lands in Europe that will remain there forever and thus give us eternal youth by engraving it there.

I wish we would have gone beyond songs sang and rapped by abandoned youths in the banlieux like "Problèmes d'adultes" (by Sexion D'Assaut) and truly doused into our parents' times when the formerly bordered land of "unbordered" opportunities was all they sought. We see opportunities in the night lights that arise over the bridge of

youth are unfortunately not conscious of the privileges they gained at the very second of their birth just for seeing the light of the world in the geography of Europe; a continent whose cultural richness and historical glance lives forth as knowledge, manner and heritage between the pipe-rituals of East- and West African tribes, in Asian backyards, between the chalk and the blackboard, between the blood pressure measurer and the blood pressure of people in other time zones. We are not bearing the blood of the past, as many are still concerned by the jacket of past war-guilt but the potential the world is waiting for to hold in hands. The world is expecting a lot from Europe...

In Istanbul one drop of awareness and consciousness of one's luck (resources) can put you onto a whole other sphere of lifestyle, becoming an elite-student or business man, waving over to the rubbish man on



