

SPORTSMEN IN DOUBT

by

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A Young Turk

You're not who I'd expect would knock down all my doors
Sneaking through the Sorbonne in summer clothes
The tea is bitter and the crescent's hanging low
Upstream the students used to come in fours

You're in the water
I'm drinking soda
The green pathway to the
Courtroom where my father's waiting
The bloodied press that prints his paper

You're in the water
I'm drinking soda
The green pathway to the
Courtroom where my father's waiting
The bloodied press that prints his paper

You're all I ever wanted knocking on my door
Sneaking through the Sorbonne in summer clothes



We are in our late twenties, it is July and we study human rights at a law school in Paris. Our father is the editor-in-chief of a secular, pro-democracy Turkish newspaper. He is in solitary confinement, awaiting trial on charges that connect him to various terrorist groups. Following the failed 2016 military coup, a widespread government crackdown on the Turkish media has led to the imprisonment of over 200 journalists. In March of the same year, the European Union made a deal to outsource their refugee crisis to Recep Tayyip Erdogan: asylum-seekers arriving in Greece will now be sent to Turkey, which will receive 6 billion euro in exchange.

A classmate brings us a night-time visit and a can of Coca-Cola. We go swimming in the Seine. It was out of secret student societies that the Young Turk movement emerged in the early 20th century and they might have bathed in the Bosphorus. Supported by troops stationed in Greece and Macedonia, they led a revolution against the absolute rule of Sultan Abdul Hamid II, envisioning a multi-party democracy and initiating a program to reform and modernize the Ottoman Empire. After a major split in the movement, the Young Turk government entered World War I and were responsible for the systematic genocide of its Armenian citizens. As a punishment for the slaughter and sacrilegious destruction of Troy, located in modern-day Anatolia, the angry gods scattered the homebound Greek fleet with storms, inaugurating the 10-

year journey of ever-resourceful Odysseus, the archetype of the refugee in the Mediterranean.

Labour 16

Text me when you're a wife
And your kid's up
My battery's so fucking charged
I'm turbo boost up

Hiding in a happy house
When it's bright out
Sweating in the skai couch
With the blinds down

Trees talk when I walk
On to my day job
Labour's always very calm
With these markets

Handpicking fresh fruits
From Cuzco fork truck
And my garments are
Always spun by you



Talk slows down
In your history trunk
Groping around



Do you want a sweet domestic life? Do you pick your avocados in an artisanal fashion? Is there a revolutionary subject in the 21st century? Does fake leather provide the same sensational thrill as real leather? Is theory a guide or a deterrent for action? Is the past charged with the here-and-now, always demanding redemption, or is it a ball and chain on a sinking ship in a wine-dark sea?

Parks and Recreation

I'm not the only one who goes to the park at night

Go to the park



Parks have historically been associated with leisure, prostitution, crime, the Garden of Eden, dogs, fountains, kiosks, picnics, suspicious individuals, the need for nature in urban areas and nighttime wanderings. Louis Aragon writes: "Tout le bizarre de l'homme, et ce qu'il y a en lui de vagabond, et d'égaré, sans doute pourrait-il tenir dans ces deux syllabes: **jardin** [...] Une image des loisirs se couche dans les gazons, au pied des arbres. On dirait que l'homme s'y retrouve son mirage de jets d'eau et de petits graviers dans le paradis légendaire qu'il n'a point oublié entièrement. [...] Les jardins, ce soir, dressent leurs grandes plantes brunes qui semblent au sein des villes des campements de nomades. [...] Ils reflètent fidèlement les vastes contrées sentimentales où se meuvent les rêves sauvages des citadins."

Juju Jubelpark

If I dropped off, I'm paying it no mind
Yeah my baby thinks I'm alright now
Better keep me on her right side
Chained like the pearls on her arm

3"x 3" visa in my new passport
And she walks around in U.N. clothes
Still sitting on the same train though
Yeah she's my luck and my charm

My luck and my
She's my luck and my charm
My luck and my
She's my luck and my charm

Past the Tuna God in the darkened nook
We were hexed by Montezuma's coat
Saw a picture from a comic book
Then the rainclouds covered the park

With my paddle and my white vest
With her outside I am at my best
When we dress she wins the contest
Yeah she's my luck and my charm

My luck and my
She's my luck and my charm
My luck and my
She's my luck and my charm_



When we travel through BXL by train, we are greeted by a holy trinity of stations. From the disorienting, premature signs of 'Midi' with its lovely sleek platforms we glide into that claustrophobic Doric temple of 'Central' and note its stately clocks before emerging out into the dim light of 'Nord', where the sun is always setting and one can find half-empty Fanta cans meticulously balanced on concrete ledges. To reach the Jubelpark one must walk 34 minutes from 'Bruxelles Central' or take a local train to the stations 'Merode' (at the front of the park) or 'Schuman' (at the back). The park was built by King Leopold II of Belgium, renowned colonizer and mass-murderer, to commemorate 50 years of Belgian independence. The Jubelpark is one of the few open spaces in Brussels and its various attractions lend themselves particularly well to imaginative enchantment. Indeed, according to the Oxford

English Dictionary and wikipedia.com juju is: (1) A style of music popular among the Yoruba in Nigeria and characterized by the use of guitars and variable-pitch drums (2) (a) a spiritual belief system incorporating objects, such as amulets, and spells used in religious practice, as part of witchcraft in West Africa (b) (i) an object superstitiously revered by certain West African peoples and used as a charm or fetish (ii) the power associated with a juju (iii) a taboo effected by a juju. Juju objects include, among other things, juju love-charms that bind two individuals in passionate, unconditional and mysterious mutual affection. From the medieval tradition of courtly love to the modern rituals of Valentine's Day, couples have long used seemingly insignificant material objects (like a handkerchief at a jousting tournament, a lock fixed to an iron bridge, a ring, a carved bracelet, a teddy bear or an antique statuette of a poodle) as heavily loaded tokens of that which can't be articulated verbally and can hardly be put into written words.

Night Scene

Laying in your car
I had a feeling with a halo

Lifted off the backseat
To a night scene
Out of sight
Out of sight



As Marguerite Porete teaches us, the rapturous mystical experience of union with the divine must be preceded by a violent “hacking and hewing” away at the created will “to widen the place in which Love” can enter. Only after this annihilation of the self through the power of radical, disinterested love does the soul enter a state of being an unknowing ‘nothing’ and does God – who, as Meister Eckhart teaches us, is “the divine Nothing” – find a space to reflect himself in. To become God, then, one must follow Meister Eckhart advice and “Pray to God to make me free of God.”

The Happy Valley Sect

Not another fucking beautiful day

Lately I'm feeling down
With my chest I followed you to the station
Shoot away, look I'm lost without you

On the French Riviera
Leave me hanging
In the Happy Valley
Leave me hanging

Just a bad day, today

I don't want to see you die without me



On 25 March 1927, the countess Alice de Janzé shot her lover Raymond Vincent de Trafford in a Paris train station before shooting herself in the stomach. After Raymond informed her that he was putting an end to their affair because his Catholic family disapproved of their wedding plans, the two went to a sporting equipment store where Raymond bought several rifles and Alice purchased a gold-mounted pistol. She loaded the weapon in the station washroom. As the two kissed farewell in a first-class compartment, Alice drew her gun and fired a bullet into Raymond's abdomen, puncturing his lung. In her court statement, Alice explained:

"The whistle of London Express blew, and I realized that he was going away from Paris – and from me forever – I suddenly changed my mind and resolved to take him away with me into the Great Beyond. Slowly – very slowly – I loosened my grip around his neck, placed the revolver between our two bodies, and, as the train started, fired twice – into his chest and my own body."

In 1932, Raymond and Alice were finally wedded, though their marriage would only last three months. On 30 September 1941, two days after turning 42, Alice killed herself on a Kenyan farmhouse after a long history of failed suicide attempts. She was found dead from a self-inflicted gunshot wound, fired from the same gold-plated pistol she had used at the Gare du Nord fourteen years earlier.

Books

After reading books
I lost my way

But as the sky turned rosy red
I heard the children go to bed
The tree trunks mirrored in the waterway that curbed
And lilacs too, they're ringing
Like the grass when I was seven
Burning at my shoulder blades
When the sprinklers turned on

After twenty books
I lost my way

But when I passed the embassy
The fog was clinging at my knees
The people jogging past in polyester tights
And two canoes were sliding
To the ocean and its tidings
Making shadows on the high cliffs
As my flashlight turned on



It is a little-known fact that The Diplomatic Service of the Republic of Lithuania has an Honorary Consulate in Ghent, Belgium. It is located at Coupure Links 371. From the windows of this impressive 'herenhuis', the consul may, on rare evenings, observe mysterious troupes of nighttime canoeists gliding down the canal, whose bulb-like white lights remind him of the night fishers he saw off the coast of Beachy Head during his first honeymoon.

Aubrey Boccanegra

You used to call me on my cellphone

From the throne that I seat
From the TV's high street
Soundtrack of my big lack weighing heavy

Picture of your best friend getting fitter
Rolling on the floor out of envy
I'm selling views of myself moving through blue anterooms

From the throne that I seat
From the TV's high street
Soundtrack of my big lack weighing heavy

Never look ahead
The future's bad
We won't be back

Looking gloomy in tightly furnished apartments
Drinking kale shakes and dreaming of going farming
To PhD or not to that's a big question
And she's still at home and writing her thesis on Woolf's indigestion

I watched the summer fly
Behind a laptop and black blinds

My bedroom smells like dry sausage
And in the nightclub I never heard a God calling

Never look ahead
The future's bad
We won't be bad



Simon Boccanegra is an 1857 opera by the Italian composer Giuseppe Verdi to a libretto by Francesco Maria Piave. It was based on a play of the same name that takes place in 14th century Genoa. The popular ex-pirate Simon Boccanegra is chosen as the new doge by the plebeian leaders after they overthrow the aristocracy. To his despair, this coincides with the sudden death of his sweetheart Maria and the mysterious disappearance of their illegitimate child. What follows is a complicated tale in which an increasingly hardened Simon finds himself ensnared in the vicious webs of power politics. Before dying from a drawn-out poisoning by a supreme hater called Paolo, Simon rediscovers his daughter, weds her off to a critical ex-hater named Adorno,

discovers that several haters are plotting against him, wards off a coup by a rebellious hate-filled mob, executes Paolo, and is reconciled with Maria's patrician father who hates him for having a child with his daughter out of wedlock. When Simon finally passes away, he gasps with his last, poisoned breath: "nothing was the same."

Aubrey Graham, better known as 'Drake', was a Canadian child actor and popular rapper who scored several major hits including 'Hold On, We're Going Home', 'Hotline Bling' and 'Fake Love'. Perhaps more than any other artist, Aubrey embodied the paranoid hedonism of the 2012-2017 era, captured in such lines as: "Remember? Motherfuckers never loved us. I'm on my worst behavior."

Regatta

Never thought I would be sinking in a boat the size of my grandfather's car

Came all the way from the Midlands to swim in the Watersportbaan

Yeah, that's right

I'm drying all my clothes tonight



Objects for a life in the country: green Volvo, fluency in French & ancient Greek, Opinel n°08, Penguin paperbacks, 1 croquet set, 2 domino sets, St. Bernardus Abt 12, HBC point blanket, walkman, maps, sunscreen, MAGLITE® ML300L™, frisbee, Suzy wafels, King mints, K-Way, toothpicks.

The Temple

We're in a place
Where we are underneath the moon

Our ships are docking
As the night birds sing their tune

We're in a place
Where pillows cushion everyone

Free Wi-Fi in the corridors
We're trying new habits on



We're in a place
Where things are just getting started

Our signs are clear
And the bounds are still uncharted

We're in a place
Where candles light all the halls

Everything I see and feel is colorful



What do you do?

***"In April, I open my bill
In May, I sing night and day
In June, I change my tune
In July, far far I fly
In August, away I must..."***

The blue bird of the utopian impulse spreads its broken wings.