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Writing Migration:

Lives as Ethnographic Fiction

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To the city of Bremen

For keeping the stories to live and to write…

"*We asked for workers. We got* people instead."

Max Frisch

"*No fiction, no myths, no lies, no tangled webs - this is how Irie imagined her homeland. Because* homeland *is one of the magical fantasy words like* unicorn *and* soul *and* infinity *that have now passed into language.*"

Zadie Smith, *White Teeth*

"*After the war, I went to the University of Chicago, where I was pleased to study anthropology, a science that was mostly poetry, that involved almost no math at all.*"

Kurt Vonnegut, *Palm Sunday: An Autobiographical Collage*

Table of Contents

Table of Contents 5
1. Introduction 8
Writing Migration: Personal Lives and Individual Experiences 11
Interviews: Inspiring Sources 12
Writing Migration in the Form of Short Stories 14
Ethnographic Journals 15
1. Anger and Disappointment in Migration 18
Surprise 18
Grumpy Old Man 22
Subjectivity in Social Sciences 23
Short Stories as Mirrors of Migration 25
A Story to Begin 26
"Fiction is engaged" 28
Verisimilitude 28
2. Interview With A Dead Immigrant 30
The Patient's Guitar 30
Interview with An Erectus Disconnectus 33
Missing Sentences 35
Nostalgia in Migration 36
The Story of an Illness: The end and the beginning 37
Barkzah: Living Dead 38
Barkzah as Separation 39
3. Adopted Migration 45
A Monday Ritual 45
Dark Rooms Dark Stories 49
Conspiracy Theories 52
Inevitable Optimism 54
4. Back To The Roots 56
Beyond Borders 56
The Shopping List 58
"I live in an airport" 60
Airport as a non-place 61
The vision of the airport: endless sameness 63

Passport Control: Only innocent citizens 65
Signboards as Regulators 66
5. Downfall of The Immigrant 68
A Patriot in The Flea Market 68
Interview with an *Old* Friend 70
Monsieur Ahmet et les Fleurs du Steintor 71
The First Day of Migration 72
Ordinary Places 74
An imported groom 76
Flea Market as Space 77
6. Migration as Melting Point 79
Conversations in No Man's Land 79
An Interview from My Own History 83
Innocent Lies 85
The Factory Hall: No Man's Land 86
Sense of Non Belonging 88
Migration Supper 90
7. Being on Foreign Lands 93
Notes from Prison 93
Interview with A Fellow-Man 98
Migration as Prison 100
Immigrant in Panopticon 104
Social Quarantine 105
8. God in Migration 108
Confession 108
The story of immigrant madness 111
Ethnographic Fiction 113
'I left my country for the sake of money, father' 114
Western Melancholy and The Nostalgia of *Huzun* 115
AUS-länder 118
9. The End of Sense of Belonging 120
Interview with Walking Brain 120
"Brilliantly clever" 124
A new type of Immigrant 125

On the way of an inclusive story....126
Two Turks in Café Italiano....128
Nation(alism) as an immigrant defense mechanism....128
World Citizen....131
10. A German in Turkish Context....134
Alien....134
The Stories of Two Cities....137
Interview with A Couple....140
Reversed Case of Migration....141
11. Migration Above The Fold....145
A Groom Kind [The Editor's Pen]....145
A Turkish Newspaper in Germany....147
A Column for Migration....148
Importing A Marriage Partner....149
Re-definition of power....151
Double Layer Migration....152
12. Woman in Migration....155
Ebabil....155
A Female Short Story....160
Tile-Top Coffee Table....161
Women in Migration....163
Turkish Women in German Literature....164
Migration Journey as Cosmic Journey....165
13. Interview With A Peaceful Mind....168
Unhappy People Collection....168
Interview with A Spoilsport....170
On the way of Envy....172
Bourdieu's Field....175
Literary Field: The Real Author....176
14. Concluding With Collective Personality....179
Cultural Identity of Turkish Immıgrants....180
Shifting Homes....187
Heimat as Utopia....191
Literature....193

1. Introduction

I decided to pursue a cliché in my first day in Germany; the best way to know a city is to get lost in it. It was a cloudy October afternoon in Bremen. My instincts were my guide and I began to walk through the narrow streets of Neustadt. Getting lost seemed easy at first as all the streets were lined with beautiful old houses. After half an hour, I realized that I somehow couldn't lose my sense of orientation. I didn't know where I was, but I knew exactly where the river was. The city was scattered along both sides of the river and it was almost impossible not to sense the location of my house. The first German city I had met was a well-planned one and I thought that not being able to lose myself was a good start. On the way from my house, a young woman on the other side of the road cried out to me with enthusiasm. I realized that she was trying to ask me something, and it was most probably an address or a place. My answer made me realize that getting lost was not about a geographical phenomenon: "*I can't speak Deutsch!*"

There I was, a teacher in his twenties, in a foreign city, incapable of participating in a very simple daily conversation. I felt completely lost when I left the woman behind and turned back to my loft. Earlier in the morning of that very same day, I was in Izmir. My parents had come to the airport to bid me farewell. I had left them and the sun behind to begin my migration in a cloudy atmosphere. Then came the rain to emphasize or, rather, to complete my melancholy. I remember watching the rain falling on the vertical roof of the houses with a bitter ache in my stomach.

Immigrants do not forget the first day of their new life and they know the exact date of their arrival like they know their social security number. I listened to a lot of first day stories from immigrants and I used to also narrate the beginning of my personal migration with mostly dramatic details about my feelings

The idea of this dissertation came from an assignment in a course for my master degree. The course was "Ethnographic and Qualitative Methods in Cultural Studies" and the task was to collect ethnographic materials on any subject I wished. I found it immensely boring using ethnographic methods to collect materials to conclude so called 'objective deductions'. When my professor talked about participant observation, I imagined a scientist or rather an astronaut wandering on the surface of a planet, collecting data, samples about the aliens, to broaden the scientific knowledge in his/her area. That was my prejudiced perception about the method. I

went to a Turkish tea-house in Bremen and began to observe the place. To make this observation a participant one, I ordered a tea and began to drink it.

When I came back to my house, I realized that I kept records with my subjective observations. There were also my feelings about the place, my emotions, and my own descriptions. I was not a missionary following common and predetermined patterns, but I was myself during the observation. However, the real freedom came after the observation or rather collecting process. At the end of this isolated and inevitably artificial participation, I realized that I had raw anthropological materials to play with, to reshape, to interpret, to take as initial points and to be inspired to create a fruitful and useful literary dimension to be able to transfer the collected information in sharp and efficient ways. Nonetheless, I was a candidate for an academic degree and I had to follow the traditional scientific and academic patterns to be able to produce something noteworthy in the scholarly sense. Then I began to practice the art of interview as an anthropological method for an assignment for the same master course. I had interviews with different kinds of people without any selective attitude or any kind of criteria. From those interviews, the ones held with immigrants became much more attractive. As I was also an immigrant, to ask the right questions was not a difficult task. I began to read them as if they were my own creations. I extracted the striking expressions and began to write (somehow literary) texts without taking any kind of literary genre or any academic structure into account. The result was inspiring. I had achieved a harmony of academic context and literary touch.

As an anthropologically ignorant master student, I was not aware of the fact that what I did was taking sides in an academic battle. On one side, there were the old-school anthropologists, who followed a "traditionally authoritative, realist, objectivist style" and produced representations which were fundamentally the "products of asymmetrical power relations" (James 2004: 1). And there were the reformists, led by James Clifford and George Marcus, who "explore anthropology itself as an institutionally and politically situated writing genre" (James 2004: 1).

So, ethnography uses its own dynamics and creates its own fiction with it. Clifford (1986: 6) does not ignore the fact that defining the works of ethnographers as fictions "may raise empiricist hackles." This study may also lack objectivist style and empiricist traditions as it produces fictional texts to discuss in its own structure. The word *fiction,* on the other hand, "in recent textual theory has lost its connotation of falsehood, of something merely opposed to

truth" (Clifford 1986: 6). Cultural and historical truths are reflected partially on the flexible platform of fiction. What ethnographers do, in this sense, is to produce ethnographic texts which can be called fiction "in the sense of something made or fashioned (Clifford 1986: 6). The etymology of ethnography reveals the very nature of the term: the writing (-graphy) of culture (ethno). Huang (2002: 3), in this context, defines ethnography as a hybrid genre of literature and anthropology, which "is often produced by the intertextual tactics of absorbing other texts and transforming them into an account that fulfils the ethnographer's preconceptions of a culture."

This dissertation, in this sense, is a hybrid academic study, combining the fictional aspects of literature with the culture-oriented perspectives of ethnography. Anthropological materials about the social, cultural, psychological, and real-life experiences of Turkish immigrants in Germany are collected through anthropological fieldwork methods such as interviews and participant observation. All these collections are reshaped, reformulated, recreated, and rewritten within the fictional world of literature. As a matter of fact, the academic and social scientific side of the dissertation prepared the required background, and the literary or fictional side of it dressed this background in short-stories. This dressing role of literature can be seen as fiction in the sense of something made up or something fabricated. With this role, literature may write or rather invent things that are not real. In this context, Vincent Crapanzano (1986) stands in the breach and reveals the role of ethnographer:

> *The ethnographer is a little like Hermes: a messenger who, given methodologies for uncovering the masked, the latent, the unconscious, may even obtain his message through stealth. He presents languages, cultures, and societies in all their opacity, their foreignness, their meaninglessness; then like the magician, the hermeneut, Hermes himself, he clarifies the opaque, renders the foreign familiar, and gives meaning to the meaningless. He decodes the message. He interprets.* (51)

By *uncovering the masked, the latent*, by delivering the *messages through stealth*, ethnographers produce "true fiction", but "usually at the cost of weakening the oxymoron, reducing it to the banal claim that all truths are constructed" (Clifford 1986: 6). Crapanzano's view of ethnographers presents them as magicians, promising not to lie, but never telling the whole truth by way of playing with the messages. In this context, the short stories in this study reveal the truth about the Turkish immigrants in Germany, but they do it in their own ways by using the inventing function of fiction and masking role of literature.

Writing Migration: Personal Lives and Individual Experiences

Nevertheless, this dissertation differentiates itself with some peculiarities of its own and it has its own dynamics in the field of ethnography. The ethnographer of this study and the author of its fictional parts is also a Turkish immigrant in Germany. He doesn't only observe the lives of his subjects, but he experienced the life of a Turkish immigrant in Germany himself. So, there are two faces of this study: the ethnographer is both an outsider and an insider to the subject matter. This gives the dissertation a sense of an autobiographical ethnographic manuscript as the subjective experiences in the field cannot be easily differentiated from my own real-life experiences as a Turkish immigrant in Germany. I used the necessary methods to attain the required input to be able to write about immigrants. However, each method to collect anthropologic material, and to create ethnography, has some flaws. Participant observation, for instance, involves "either close or superficial rapport with a variety of individuals and their specificity is often lost or generalized in the standard monograph which tends to present the society through the overarching authority of the named author" (Okely & Callaway 2005: VIII). For this dissertation, I had to practice some participant observation, but in most of the places I observed I had already presented myself as an authentic member. The Turkish café in Sielwall, Bremen, for instance, was the place where I used to go as a customer to see my friends, to watch football games, and to play billiard and *okey* (Rummikub), long before I began to collect materials for my dissertation. The mosque in Neustadt, Bremen was also a place that I often visited during my first years in Germany as its tea-house was the meeting of the Turkish youth in Neustadt. As my appearance was not found to be strange there, I was able to practice participant observation as a method in an authentic way. So, my immigrant identity merged with my academic attitudes as a researcher. So, it is possible to categorize this study among the experimental monographs and autobiographical works, as almost every protagonist of the short stories and the events told within them carry either direct or implied traces from my own immigrant life.

Malcolm Crick's (1982) thoughts about the task of the anthropologist while describing others can be read as an encouraging comment to write about immigrants from the eye of an immigrant anthropologist:

> *Given the anthropological task of writing about human nature, a starting point must be that our self-knowledge, the very terms in which we picture ourselves, may be very*

> *odd; of necessity the knowledge we formulate about "the other" is bound to be refracted through the knowledge we have built to define ourselves* (293).

Defining myself within the context of migration in Germany and through my own knowledge about Turkish migration is not a handicap to deal with as an anthropologist, but it is a way of fulfilling the required background for my writing task. As stated by Tamara Kohn (2005), anthropologists are the interpreters of cultures and they can observe others only through their own cultural and experimental lenses. In the case of this dissertation, the other and the self are brought together not only to arouse the subjective, creative and relative nature of the anthropologist's craft, especially apparent both in interviewing and writing, but also because it brings an inside touch to all these experiences of the immigrants.

This dissertation is not an attempt to cover Turkish migration in Germany from a wide range of perspectives, with a historical analysis supported with statistical facts and sociopolitical intense academic references. Rather, it is an effort to reflect the very personal lives of Turkish immigrants, to deal with their immigrant identities in literary forms and to bring new viewpoints to Turkish migration in Germany by using the alternative perspectives of fiction.

Literary texts in this dissertation portray the very human aspects of immigrants as social personae and, along with their individual styles; they capture the struggle in the very centre of the daily lives of migrants as foreigners in a host land. The creation of literature out of interviews and short stories written out of the collected anthropological materials are the results of a process that begins first with searching for an appropriate interviewee. It continues with an interview leading to a literarily useful encounter and then concludes with the production of a short story which provides migration-oriented content. This process is commented on and discussed analytically and critically after each literary text. These journals of the short stories give the study the required space to write about the transformation of anthropological materials into ethnographic texts.

Interviews: Inspiring Sources

More than sixty interviews were held for this dissertation. Most of the interviewees were from Bremen, but there were other interviews which took place in different cities, like Hamburg, Münster, Lübeck, Leipzig, Osnabrück, Dortmund etc. The nationalities of interviewees were mainly Turkish, but there were also interviewees from Turkey with different ethnic identities.

There were also interviewees who were German, but they found themselves places within the study because they had certain exceptional features. So, the main criterion for the interviewee was being a Turkish immigrant in Germany, but exceptions were granted if they were thought to be useful within the context. Turkish immigrants in Germany differentiate from each other not only in terms of their cultural, religious, linguistic and even national aspects, but also in terms of when they immigrated to Germany; their place in the chronology of Turkish migration to Germany makes it necessary to decide on criteria for the selection of interviewees. However, the main concern of the study was not to examine particular issues of immigrants in various contexts, but to reflect or to reveal the human experiences and immigrant emotions in the context of Turkish migration in Germany. So, the intensity of human feelings and the possibility of reflecting them in the form of literature became the priority while selecting the interviewees and while writing the short stories emerging from them.

As interviewees came from different linguistic backgrounds, three different languages were used both in the process of collecting anthropological materials and in the process of creating fiction about them. Most of the interviews were held in Turkish, but there also some interviews held in German. Some interviews were held both in Turkish and German. While some interviewees preferred to use both languages, some decided to shift from one language to another during the interview. I didn't want to interfere with the usage of language as my main concern was to make them feel comfortable while I tried to capture their most sincere moments to be able to reveal their emotions as immigrants. I wrote the short stories in Turkish. There are various reasons for this preference. As a native Turkish speaker, the only language that I can fully express myself with is Turkish. By using Turkish, I didn't want to miss the emotional descriptions of the protagonists linguistically. Also, by writing the short stories first in Turkish, I aimed to be linguistically comfortable while describing the very personal life of immigrants in an efficient way and to be able to narrate the immigrant experiences in literarily proficient style by using all my linguistic and literary capacities in my native language. Also, as most of the interviews were held in Turkish, creating a Turkish speaking protagonist from a Turkish speaking interviewee was much more practical in fictional terms.

Writing Migration in the Form of Short Stories

The short story as a literary genre fulfils the objectives of the study in many ways. Its economic structure makes it possible to narrate a number of people within the study. Therefore, stories of different interviewees are divided into separated chapters to discuss their personal migration in various contexts.

Although the interviews and what the interviewees tell within the interview determine the topic, content, and even the flow of the short stories in most cases, there are exceptional texts that are almost independent from the content of the interview. The short story named *Confession*, for instance, narrates a completely different story from what the interviewee tells during the interview. Even the protagonist has nothing in common with the interviewee. However, the interviewee is an Imam in a mosque and the interview was held in the mosque. The short story tells the story of a Muslim who visits a church to confess his sins. So, it's not the content of the interview and not the interviewee himself who gives the inspiration for the short story directly, but also other factors like the place where the interview was held or the personal associations of the author with the people and places concerned. *Imported Grooms* tells stories of changing patriarchal roles among Turkish migrant families in Germany. The content of the interview doesn't include any sentence about Turkish imported grooms in Germany. However, I used the occupation of the interviewee to be able to write what I wanted to discuss within the study. So, it was not the interview or personal characteristics of the interviewee that inspired the text, but his being a journalist that is used as the source from which to write. Nevertheless; most of the short stories are directly inspired from the interview. While the short stories like *A Patriot in The Flea Market*, *Surprise*, The *Patient's Guitar* and *Beyond Borders* tell a very particular incident from the point of view of the interviewees, short stories like *Interview with Walking Brain*, *Alien*, *No Man's Land*, *Notes From The Prison*, and *A Monday Ritual* are inspired by the content of the interviews and the personal characteristics of the interviewees, but set in completely fictional plotlines.

What an individual goes through as an immigrant, what he/she experiences in the host country, cannot be captured with the limited symbols of language. Language is a form of expression for an ethnographer, but "every ethnographer is painfully aware of the discrepancy between the richness of the lived field experience and the paucity of language used to characterize it" (Bruner 1986: 6). Short stories, in this sense, are intimate efforts of this

dissertation to overcome the boundaries of language in order to extract the human feelings, human experiences, and in this particular context, to be able to portray immigrants in a transparent form of description.

Instead of loading the study with objective and scientific references and instead of dealing with the term migration only as a concept of social science to draw a generalized picture, short stories within this dissertation put the immigrants themselves in focus and enable the study to deal with the subject matter with actor-centred research practices. These research preferences of the dissertation bestow upon the study an innovative approach, as in both linguistics and anthropology, "actor-centred research has had profound impacts on a number of longstanding theoretical issues" (Hastrup & Hervik 2005: 4). Actor-centred research makes the individuals active enactors of culture and members of a culture are seen no longer through the "fax model of internalizing culture" approach, as passive transmitters of received messages without any personal interference (Strauss & Quinn 1994). In this anthropological and academic context, each short story within the study gives individuals active roles in migration and they are described as active human agents, whose activities constitute whatever migration there is to study in an anthropological sense.

Ethnographic Journals

Because literature creation is handled as a process in this study, journals after each short story assume the role of unfolding these processes. How a particular short story has come into existence and which component of the process (interview, interviewee or an independent factor) triggered the literary text, are illustrated in the journals. In this sense, the journals cover the whole process starting from the interviews to short stories. All the authorial reflexes, literary implications, textual manoeuvres, and messages hidden between the lines are revealed, or rather, deciphered through the critical eye of the journals.

On the other hand, the journals also function as the continuation of short stories, as the narration style of the short stories is reflected in various instances within the journals. The authorial voice does not interfere in order to preserve the unity of writing style. Some journals even imitate or rather extend the literary style of the short stories. Nevertheless; it would be more reasonable to label the journals as the academic frameworks of the dissertation. They create space to discuss the short stories with reference to the works of some significant social scientists, such as Pierre Bourdieu, Michel Foucault, Homi Bhabha, Benedict Anderson etc…

Pierre Bourdieu's *habitus*, for instance, is discussed to explain the peaceful state of mind of the immigrant in the *Unhappy People Collection*. Foucault's Panopticon is adapted into the life of the protagonist in *Notes from Prison*. Marc Augé's *Non-Space* is used in *Beyond Borders* to explain the ambiguity of places in migration. Some journals, on the other hand, include religious references to deal with some associations found in the short stories. A scene in *No Man's Land* is compared with the Last Supper in Christian theology and formulated as Migration Summer. The desperate situation of the protagonist in The *Patient's Guitar* is discussed with a concept related to Islam. The term *barkzah* with all its philosophical and mystical associations is revealed and adapted into the situation of the immigrant in the short story.

There are many influential anthropologists who follow literary approaches and have shown an interest in literary theory and practices (Clifford 1986). Their literary contributions to the field make the borders between literary art and science invisible in terms of academic research. Because of the literary quality of their works, it is possible to call them both anthropologists and men of literature. Clifford, on the other hand, mentions the inadequacy of these kinds of works and he reveals the names of some anthropologists who tend to hide their literary works not to harm their places within the discipline. Being a good writer and having a high literary capacity may give an anthropologist a way to overcome these critics about the objectiveness of his/her work. However, Clifford (1986: 4) claims that the literariness of anthropology (especially of ethnography) is (or rather should be) more than a matter of good writing or distinctive style. All the processes and techniques like metaphor, figuration, setting, different kinds of narrating styles, and playing with language, provide the ethnographer a place to express his/her observations in multi -layered forms.

Literariness for the ethnographer is not only a style used solely for the fictional texts created for the sake of ethnography, but also a literary writing style preferably spread to all ethnographic texts. Clifford, in this context, claims that scientific anthropology is also an art as ethnographies have literary qualities. In addition to using scientific and factual references; "expressive, rhetorical functions are conceived as decorative or merely as ways to present an objective analysis or description more effectively" (Clifford 1986: 4). Further, "literary or rhetorical dimensions of ethnography can no longer be so easily compartmentalized" (Clifford 1986: 4). The journals within this study can be read again as extensions of short stories, as literariness is used as an ethnographic writing style both in short stories and in journals. On the other hand, this writing style is not an obligatory criterion to be followed as some chapters

include intense academic language. The journal entry about the imported groom, for instance, gives references to the academic studies and statistical facts about the changing family structures of Turkish immigrants in Germany. Furthermore, while discussing women and migration, literature about this wide topic could not be neglected. Therefore, women's literary descriptions in the short story are replaced with factual analysis about the place of women in migration, in order to supplant the limitations in my perspective as a male author.

That some parts are written in traditional academic forms inevitably results in diverging from the writing style of ethnographic genre this dissertation strives to create. Nevertheless, these exceptional parts of the dissertation contribute to a demonstration of the harmony between literariness and academic writing. This harmony emphasizes the fact that extensive use of a literary approach is not a hindrance to the creation of ethnographic texts as storytelling is a crucial task of ethnography. In order to reach the audience and to grant them access to the field; "many ethnographers compose coherent narratives that require them to engage in a process similar to that of literary narrative" (Leavy 2013: 31). Marcel Mauss (2007: 7) also claims that sociology and descriptive ethnology require a novelist to be able to evoke the life of a whole society. Kamala Visweswaran (1994: 16) states that most ethnographic writing is founded on the fiction of restoring lost voices. She also notes that ethnography is fiction and anthropology "has always experimented with literary genres of the novel and autobiography." What this dissertation aims for, in this context, is to reveal interpretive, intimate, subjective, personal migration stories by merging fiction with ethnographic writing in both literary and academic forms.

1. Anger and Disappointment in Migration

Surprise

Two days before Richard Nixon's hasty departure from the White House, two months after the disclosure that of the closest coworkers of Willy Brandt's was an East German agent, five months before a young man named Georg Forman knocked out Muhammed Ali in Zaire, two months before East Germany scored another goal against West Germany this time on football field and the military intervention of Turkey in Cyprus, a young man, who was only seventeen years old at that time, left his house on *Lindenhofstrasse* and made his way to the bar on *Pastorenweg*, where he spent most of his days. Everything was same. He was again extremely hungry. Nothing had gotten to his stomach other than one bottle of beer and a small piece of bread in the last thirty-eight hours. The smokes from the six cigarettes he smoked was lost in the emptiness of his stomach and hadn't found a way-out yet. It had been more than one year since he came to Germany, but he still hadn't gotten his work permit. He had no income other than his father's pittance. He didn't care about anything, neither the world nor homesickness. His only concern was to fill his stomach.

When he came to the bar, he realized that only a few customers were there as it was not five yet. Few customers were sitting outside at the tables to enjoy the nice weather and they had just begun to drink their first beers. He found himself a table and sat. His stomach had long given up crying for an answer and the feeling of hunger was replaced with nausea and the feeling of burning. A customer, who was sitting next to his table, was biting his hot dog and swallowing his beer with foam in his blonde moustache. All the people on earth were full and happy, as all the people on earth had their money in their pockets. If they wanted, for instance, they could go the market at the corner and they could buy fresh bread, cheese, yoghurt, and eggs and then they could go to their homes happily. Without any rush, by enjoying their food, they would make their stomach rejoice. After they finished their food, they could light up their cigarettes and with their tea ready to drink, talk about politics, the world cup, and women. It was precisely because of this that he hated all the people on earth, Germany, misery, and hunger.

In fact, the Turks in the neighbourhood knew of his situation. Some of them gave him money whenever they saw him around, others wanted to feed him or invited him to their house, to their dinner table. However, he was seventeen years old and his pride couldn't take this

charity anymore. He began to lose his hope day by day. He used to work at Greek Aristidis' grocery as an illicit worker, but last week a group of Turks busted his shop and punished him by overturning one box of plums on his head. Aristidis got angry and fired him. So, the Cyprus crisis cost him a lot.

He couldn't understand why he couldn't get a work permit. He knocked on all of the official doors a few times in spite of his non-existent German language skills. He told them, they couldn't understand. They told him, he couldn't understand. Then he came back again and again, angry and tearful. A Turk, who could speak German, pitied him and took him to the aliens department. They told him that his case had been delayed because of a fight in which he had been involved. He didn't get involved in any fight; he just broke up a fight by intervening on time. He couldn't express himself. They told him to wait. Just wait. "I am hungry". "Wait" "I want to work". "Wait". "I am seventeen years old. I could do any job". "Wait". So, he waited.

Of course, he hadn't imagined being here would be like this. He had heard that money was scattered in the streets, people changed their jobs like changing their socks, and everything was more than enough. He fell into the worst kind of misery, even worse than his situation in his village, which he had left because of poverty. His father had brought him to Germany, and left him all alone. What could he do, though? He was also a foreigner here. Wouldn't he do anything for him if he could? He wouldn't do that to his own son.

It was ten past five and the customers began to come one by one. Turks began to gather at a corner as usual. He went to them after a while. He had met all of them here in the bar. They greeted him, all of them. Beers were served and they began to drink. They talked about Cyprus. They lit up their cigarettes. They talked about home. The empty glasses were replaced with the full ones. The conversations became deeper and deeper. He was sitting next to them, but he wasn't talking. Neither Cyprus nor his homeland; He didn't care about anything. He turned away the cigarettes they offered as the endless emptiness in his stomach was not in the right condition to bear the smoke.

After three glasses of beer, a friend of his, who was only one year older than him, came into the bar. He waved a greeting and sat down. They had come to Germany almost at the same time. He had gotten his work permit right away and begun to work. They used to come together and pour out their grief to each other. However, the misery that made itself felt in the most cruel way, also made him avoid his friends. He couldn't talk about his basic needs to his

friend, with whom he shared almost everything about his life. He couldn't say "I am hungry." Maybe he was ashamed of not being able to fulfill this very basic need, but he couldn't tell them that everything they talked about was meaningless, that any kind of trouble they had was not so terrible and didn't need any immediate attention, that every joke they made was inappropriate, and that he hated them when they stood in front him so healthy and hearty.

It didn't take too long until his friend noticed his condition. "It cannot go on like this. Come to my place in one hour. I have a surprise for you." He smiled with an impish look and left the bar. He looked behind this guardian angel with the utmost admiration: The one who was the man of the world, who took care of troubles, who heard the cry of his stomach and a godsend, a walking soup kitchen. He had eaten at his house before, but the timing was not perfect like this. After his half human/half angel friend's departure he couldn't stay at the bar anymore. He walked through the street to pass the hour. He sat on the benches he found, watched the pavements full of women, he played with his young moustache, checked his hair, which he combed regularly and flattened with brilliantine in spite of everything. He cleaned his crème oxford bags gently with his hands. Every time he left a bench, he unbuttoned the upper buttons of his dark green shirts and then buttoned them again. In short, he waited and waited.

His friend's house was in *Depot*, across from the tram station. He rang the bell of the basement floor flat. "Come on in. I was waiting for you. I prepared everything." That everything was prepared made him happy. The narrow corridor at the entrance was like a tunnel into darkness. He followed the owner of the house like a shadow and they reached the room. It was lighter inside the room. A small bed at the corner. In the middle of the room, there was something that couldn't possibly be a coffee table, but couldn't pass as a table either. It was smaller than a table and bigger than a coffee table, something like an intermediate (transitional) form. It was almost a wheeled table. A chair. A small window that endowed light into the room. A dark wood cupboard next to the bed and a Kenwood pick-up player just next to the cupboard on the floor. The smell of fresh bread and cheese was coming from the kitchen, but the surface of the almost-table was still empty. While the host was lying on the bed, he pointed to the chair indicating for the guest to sit down. "Where have you been? You haven't been around for a while. What about the job? Did you get your work permit?" He told him that he couldn't get it and he was still waiting.

The sun was not going down and the evening was not coming. The daylight was still dominant outside. His friend was not leaving his bed and he was not bringing the surprise.

After a long silence, the man on the bed smiled, “Let’s not make you wait anymore and experience the surprise.” He opened the cupboard. It was highly tidy. He took a box out with any rush and put it on the bed. “When I saw you looking that wretched, I couldn’t stand it. I thought I should do something. I thought I should do something to change things.”

He took at a record out of the box and showed it excitedly to his guest, who was sitting on his chair without making the slightest move. “Look, brother. This is my surprise, the last record of Hakkı Bulut. Let’s listen to it and make the troubles fade away.”

He placed the record inside the pick-up cautiously. The little bachelor room filled with the sound of the music:

“No hope

No hope

Neither from today nor from tomorrow

No hope

As long as there are ones who live blindly with seeing eyes

No hope

As long as they don’t see that they are being smashed

What kind of a world is that?

They call evil dignity

The oppressed ones don’t wake up

Wake up brother wake up”

His friend was lying on his bed and looking with smiling eyes. Hakkı Bulut was crying with his full stomach. “What a performance!” said the one on the bed.

There was no hope from the bread in the kitchen. He smiled when a voice from his stomach began to accompany the music. Maybe to be able to share the joy of his friend or maybe to be able to build up his courage to ask about the bread in the kitchen, he approved of his friend’s comments, “He has a damn good voice.”

Grumpy Old Man

Everything began with a phone call. A friend of mine called me on a Sunday evening and said "I heard that you are looking for stories. I think you may find the story of my father-in-law interesting." I was very grateful and accepted the offer immediately. Two weeks later I was on my way to meet the father-in-law. I was exactly thirty-four minutes late. The old man and his son-in-law welcomed me in the garden of a newly-built house. It was a typical middle-class triplex, which is a sign of a financially settled life among Turkish immigrants. "How obvious that you are Turkish," said the old man with a mockery that he did not need to keep for himself. "Only Turks show up so late to appointments," he explained, while we were walking to the house. To make him believe that I was sorry, I lowered my head. Tea was already waiting for my arrival as I could see from the empty glasses that were lying on the coffee table. After a short introduction and revealing my intentions and expectations, I switched on my voice recorder. His answer and enthusiasm to the first question indicated that he had been prepared for the interview. If I see an Interviewee who is mentally prepared for the Interview, my job becomes easier in many ways. This kind of Interviewee opens the new gates without my pushing as he/she answers even my simplest questions in a detailed way, with fruitful responses. "I have been silent for years. Now, it is my turn. I will speak loud." he said with the utmost motivation. Like all the interviews which are held with the first generation, the story began with the first arrival to Germany. A deduction that I arrived from the interviews with the first generation was that their first arrival offered many possible experiences that could be covered by the term *culture shock*. This may be the result of their positioning as the pioneers of the Turkish immigrant history in Germany. I remember the question Ward asks in his *The Psychology of Culture Shock*, "When do immigrants become members of established ethnocultural groups in culturally plural societies?''(2005: 192). Berry's answer to that question explains the rich content of my interviews with the first generation. Berry (1990) claims that first generation settlers should be described as migrants; second or later generation descendants of these settlers are more appropriately referred to as members of ethnocultural groups. So I was holding an interview with an original.

While he was telling his stories, possible scenes were passing through my head. He was using a fluent language and giving amusing details which made his stories much more attractive to write about. With all the emotions of a man from the Black Sea, he used an exaggerated style. He even warned me about his possible word choices, "Be ready! I will swear, curse and I will

not hold myself back!". I told him that he could say whatever he wanted to say. This freedom that I gave him was not a sign of my sincere personality, as much as an opportunity to use this freedom for my own benefit. In some interviews I can immediately sense that the Interviewee will offer me a story, and this one was one of them. I did not know what I could write, but I knew that I could write something. When he began to tell the story of the first chapter of his life in Germany, the atmosphere of the interview changed. Instead of a storyteller using humorous language, he turned into a man who favours a rather dramatic tone. He gave lots of names and places with intimate details. As a nineteen year old young man he had been rather enthusiastic, and as an old man he was still holding a grudge against his internal portraits of that time. There was no place for forgiveness in his descriptions. He was swearing, cursing as if all these people were standing in front of us and he were screaming out all of his bad memories at these ghosts. I was more than glad about this anger explosion and had no intention of an anger management intervention to calm the ambience. Every scene he described gave me an idea to write: the evil bosses, the loneliness with its most intense taste, lost souls in single rooms, an insensitive father, poverty, hopelessness etc. But I needed to wait until he told me a memory about his struggle against hunger. I suddenly captured the feeling of completeness that comes after finishing a poem or finding a lost text that you were looking for. I turned to my friend who was sitting next to me throughout the interview, except when he was filling the empty tea glasses, and smiled happily, "I found my story".

Subjectivity in Social Sciences

In both literature and in sociological research, the difficulties that the first Turkish generation in Germany experienced are the central issue. Before I began this project, I was not doubtful about the fact that this first migrant generation could offer many narratives. After each interview with a member of this generation, this foresight has been confirmed. However, it has been necessary in this project to overcome the problem of repetition and the inclusion of diversity as the stories of the first generation are contextually similar. As expected, the opening of the interview implied no exception. It was a migration that occurred under the shadow of poverty and ignorance and the main motivation was to overcome financial troubles. Without any doubt, only the personality of the interviewee can offer the many perspectives necessary to write a story. Different individuals bring different perceptions to the same subject. This changeability may bring the study closer to a neglected topic of sociological inquiry, namely subjectivity. The effort of the study tries to highlight the goals

formulated by pioneers such as Weber, who saw sociology as centrally concerned with understanding human subjectivity. It may be relevant, in this context, to refer Weber's definition of sociology: 'Sociology is a science which attempts the interpretive understanding of social action (Weber 1978: 4). All human behavior is included in 'action' as the acting individual attaches a subjective meaning to it. In 'action' is included all human behavior when and in so far as the acting individual attaches a subjective meaning to it.' Ellis and Flaherty (1992) complain about this neglect of today's sociological tendencies and ask why so little attention has been given to subjectivity. Katz (1988) explains this avoidance by claiming that many sociologists feel repelled or threatened by the unruly content of subjective experiences. They keep away from the investigation of subjectivity in the same way that individuals are hesitant in the face of unpleasant or potentially dangerous activities. Ellis and Flaherty (1992) state that subjectivity can be both unpleasant and dangerous:

"unpleasant because emotional, cognitive, and physical experiences frequently concern events that, in spite of their importance, are deemed inappropriate topics for polite society (including that of sociologists). Subjectivity, in this case, can be dangerous as it contradicts the rational world view on which mainstream sociology is premised." (1) had no doubts that this first migrant generation could offer many narratives. After each interview with a member of this generation, this foresight has been further reinforced. However, it has been necessary in this project to overcome the problem of repetition and the inclusion of diversity, as the stories of the first generation are contextually similar. As expected, the opening of the interview was no exception. It was a migration that occurred under the shadow of poverty and ignorance and the main motivation was to overcome financial troubles. Without any doubt, only the personality of the interviewee can offer the many perspectives necessary to write a story. Different individuals bring different perceptions to the same subject. This changeability may bring the study closer to a neglected topic of sociological inquiry, namely subjectivity. The study tries to highlight the goals formulated by pioneers such as Weber, who saw sociology as centrally concerned with understanding human subjectivity. It may be relevant, in this context, to refer to Weber's definition of sociology: "Sociology is a science which attempts the interpretive understanding of social action (Weber 1978: 4). All human behaviour is included in 'action' as the acting individual attaches a subjective meaning to it. In 'action' is included all human behavior when and in so far as the acting individual attaches a subjective meaning to it." Ellis and Flaherty (1992) complain about this neglect of today's sociological tendencies and ask why so little attention has been given to subjectivity. Katz (1988) explains

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Short Stories as Mirrors of Migration

While researching migration as a sociological term, this study, one the one hand, challenges the rational reflexes of sociology by putting subjectivity forward and by using subjective discourses as standing points. On the other hand, it uses the flexible zone of anthropology and the fictional content of literature, playing with the subjective comments of immigrants. In spite of the diversity and the range of individual experiences, and the reflections of the Interviewees, the stories are written by the same author and the uniqueness of each interviewee is limited by the authorial eye and the empathic capability of the author. At the beginning of the project I intended to perceive the stories as mirrors to reflect the lives of Turkish immigrants in Germany. As an author I put myself in the role of a mirror holder. However, the comments of the author and the fictional autonomy of the literature caused a reinterpretation of the content of the interviews. This conflict may be read through Lacan's mirror stage concept. For Lacan, (2005: 2) the psychosexual development of a child is composed of three stages. At the first level, the infant is unable to realize that the external world is something apart from his fragmented body that is marked by nothing but a mix of feelings and perceptions. This stage corresponds to what Lacan terms as *The Real*, which is simply defined as the materiality of existence beyond language (Lacan 2005:3). Since the child's development proceeds towards the acquisition of language in Lacan's configuration, this stage specifies the closest unity with *The Real* which will subsequently loosen in later stages.

The second phase, known as the mirror stage, refers to the child's misrecognition of himself as a perfect whole, while indeed remaining fragmented (Lacan 2005: 2). This misrecognition is constitutive in the sense that through the child's projection of himself as other, which is self-alienating, an effectual as well as persistent contrast is created between the fragmented reality and the integrated imaginary, causing mixed feelings for the infant caught between hatred (this image is better than me) and love (I want to be like that). (Lacan 2005: 200)

An adaptation of Lacan's mirror stage concept to the role of short stories for the immigrants may provide an argumentative base to discuss the possible functions of the short stories and their perceptions from the point of view of the immigrants themselves. This adaptation roughly offers a useful analogy in which the short stories of the immigrants take the role of the mirrors and the immigrants, not only through reading their stories, but also simply by existing with their fictional reflections, take the role of the infants standing in front of the mirror. As stated above, the infant faces *The Real*, but the immigrants are reflected at a fictional level. However, the immigrants, like infants, exist in the mirror as a whole, although they present their immigrant lives mostly through historically (or biographically) fragmented parts. This particular short story, for instance, provides a fictional wholeness by portraying only a day from the interviewee's fragmented narrations and/or by gathering his immigrant life in the scenes of a unity.

In this context, it seems functional to write a memory which represents the difficulties that the interviewee experienced during the time of arrival and the first chapter of his immigrant life, instead of a story that covers the content of the interview. This extracted memory which is in many ways unique, helps the study to overcome the reappearance of similar descriptions and maybe similar protagonists.

A Story to Begin

The cultural, psychological and physical shock that the interviewee in this particular memory experienced can be examined under the concept of *Culture Shock*. However, the main theme of this recollection is the disappointment, which the immigrant experiences so intensely. The story does not describe his first encounter with Germany, but the disappointment that he deals with after he encountered the new land. So, the story not only covers *Culture Shock* as a main

theme, but it also handles the posttraumatic reflections of a migrant's first time in a new world. For this reason, this story can be considered the continuation or a following episode to stories like *A Patriot in Flea Market* and *Ebabil.*

In the sense of literary satisfaction, this story fulfils expectations. The theoretical frames, in which some of the stories are covered sometimes limit creativity. This concern prevents the literary manoeuvre that enriches the content of the stories. Some stories are born into a theoretical frame and they offer related terms and concepts to discuss. However, these kinds of stories could be humble in respect to content and literary aesthetic. Some stories, on the other hand, are literarily amusing, but challenging to discuss in migration-related terms. This contradiction follows me throughout the study. In this story, though, the balance between literary beauty and theoretical abundance is achieved. It not only offers the required background to tell a contextually and literarily satisfactory story, but it also includes some references to concepts like *Culture Shock* and *Language* in order to take a closer analytical look.

The story *Surprise* maintains an almost exact resemblance with the interviewee and the protagonist, as the personal characteristics of the interviewee is reflected in the emotions and reactions of the protagonist throughout the story. The protagonist of the story is aggressive, angry, and, like the interviewee in the Interview, lives his emotions intensively in his inner world.

As the story takes place in the seventies, to make my story more attractive, I chose the year 1974 as one of the most interesting years of the seventies. I needed to do research about the time. I watched some movies from this particular year like *Angst Essen Seele auf* and *Eıne von uns Beiden* to collect images of the time, to have an idea about how people looked, how they dressed and so forth. The world was in political tumult at that time and there were some crucial incidents that could be incorporated into the story. However, the psychological and physical circumstances of the protagonist arose completely independent from those incidents that made up the history. The story declares that no matter what changes appear, what events take place in the world, each person focuses on his/her personal matters, problems and history. This is precisely what this study aims at by collecting stories: to highlight the human-made details of migration, to cover the subject from the level of personal perceptions.

“Fiction is engaged”

In his guiding book *Fiction As Research Practice*, Patricia Leavy (2013) explains that there are topics that can be difficult to approach in nonfiction writing or lecture formats because they are intimate and are highly politicized. In this sense, the fictional format offers to handle some complex issues in a way that it touches and processes the questions, “in all their nuances and to invite diverse readers into the text in a pleasurable way” (Leavy 2013: 20).

How Leavy approaches the function of fiction can be taken as a point of origin for this study as it explains the role of the short stories to approach the very intimate lives of immigrants. With this affective function of fiction, short stories in this study draw us in, giving us access to the worlds of immigrants in which we meet their personal lives and through which we may be able to develop empathy.

What the character in the shırt story *Surprise* experiences as an immigrant is reflected in its most intimate forms through the engaging role of fiction. The reader is engaged with the difficulties the protagonist struggles with, the emotional break downs he experiences, and the loneliness he goes through. So, the reader is granted an imaginary entry into what is otherwise either inaccessible or plain and formal when written in nonfiction format.

Leavy (2013: 20) states that using fiction as a social research practice is a natural extension of what many researchers and writers have long been doing. The works of the researchers and of the fiction writers are not as different as it is assumed. Banks (2008: 155-156) claims that “the zone between the practices of fiction writers and non-fiction writers is blurry” as “fiction is more or less fictional.” What this short story demonstrates, in this sense, makes this zone more ambiguous as the short story tells a memory of a real person. It combines the fictional elements with the nonfictional ones and creates a fiction based work of research. How this short story is presented makes the real life marks of the short story more distinctive. It is possible to read within the extracts of the interviews and also in the discussion, how the real life materials are transformed into a fictional form, via detailed explanation.

Verisimilitude

Fiction in social sciences is applied to reach verisimilitude. Leavy (2013: 21) explains the term verisimilitude as “the creation of a realistic, authentic, and life-like portrayal.” In this

sense, this creation refers to the goal of both ethnography and fiction. Fiction practiced in social sciences becomes an efficient way to obtain verisimilitude. Social researchers as well as quantitative researchers use fiction to build believable representations of real-life experiences.

The short story *Surprise* is an outcome of recording facts and creating fantasies. The material comes from real –life and genuine human experiences. It is not different from qualitative researchers who shape every aspects of their investigations, "imbuing it with meaning and marking it with their fingerprint" (Leavy 2013: 21). This particular short story speaks of loneliness in a foreign land and the difficulties of migration in an art-based research form and gives the study a chance to use the unique capabilities of fiction to make the study publicly accessible to a wide range of readers. If social research is a process of knowledge-building and meaning-making and if it is a way of "accessing, expressing, and negotiating "truths" and effectively communicating those truths to relevant audiences" (Leavy 2013: 21),then the short stories of this study also have the role of accessing and communicating "truths" about Turkish migration in Germany effectively.

2. Interview With A Dead Immigrant

The Patient's Guitar

The light of the sun in the very last hours of the day viably reached the third floor of the newly built hospital room in the north campus through the leaves of red oak, cars parked along the road and people taking their light steps on the pavement trying to catch the sense of the beautiful day with a fresh air. The patient who lay on his bed in tranquillity, was neither aware that it was June, nor that the summer sun behaved in such a propitious manner. It had been exactly six months since his body was paralyzed. Not only was time locked in, but the place he lived was cemented into his body. He had been lying on the same bed very close to the same window with the same view. On a winter night, they had brought him there. The spring had passed without his notice. Now it was summer. His eyes touched on the room's ceiling dyed with the red of the sun. A librarian, lying on another bed in the same room, was munching noisily on a cucumber. When the pain in his rheumatic left leg was not bearable any more, they had brought him here. Thanks to different visitors every day, his bed was surrounded with different kinds of flowers. The man with a fine nose, red cheeks and, once upon a time, curly and wispy hair on his head, could not make sense of what people found pleasing, and the influx of visitors.

His doctor gave him a piece of good news, that he was responding to the treatment and that he would soon recover. But still, he was not able to move his fingers. His fingers were awaiting a miracle. He believed that if he were able to move his fingers a little bit, he would be able to use his body. He looked at his hands lying on the bed. His long nails did not compliment the white bed sheet. In the past, he had also had long nails, but very clean and well-kept.

A woman on the small TV screen acted out a scene very similar to a court house in which she was claiming that she was abused. The so-called judge was asking her where she was when the event occurred. A nurse entered the room in a hurry. She said; "Dinner time!" and sat down on the chair very close to the bed. "How are you today?" she asked, and then she answered herself: "You look better today, let's take a sip of our soup first, OK?". He started to sip of the unsalted soup presented with a spoon. He looked at the green-eyed nurse. She must have been in her thirties. She was a beautiful woman. There was a white token on her short hair matching the white clothes she wore. In the past, he might have had a good chance

of making friends with such a beautiful woman. In the distant past, the very old days. His senseless eyes were anchored in the distance. He was one of the eye-catching guys in the neighbourhood, running around with his guitar slung on his back in the 1970's Istanbul. People still heard the rumours about the legendary neighbourhood where the police were not permitted, and a beloved was waiting. It was a privilege for him to know that everyone in November smelled like smoke and frogs, and in June they smelled of earth and sweat.

At the time when political segregation was playing out on the national stage, he was dreaming of a new world that he had not discovered yet with his guitar on his back. He would drink *raki* in the bars whenever he dropped by Galata Tower. Very far from the disturbing crowd full of indecent imitations of Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald, he believed in a dream of a city more peaceful and beautiful than Istanbul where he could create his own music. It was another kind of world where he would not be labelled a leftist just because of his guitar and he would not be expected to always play leftist melodies.

With the energy and intoxication of his youth and his music against 'the system' he was subjected to, he could pass by the house of his beloved in the neighbourhood called *Hürriyet* (liberty) when it required genuine courage to hang out there. At the time when high school had recently been finished and the university years were awaiting in the near future, he was able to make his future plans with the money sent from Germany by his father. He would start studying drama and his course work, perhaps play his guitar in a bar in Beyoglu during his university years. He would be travelling to Spain whose melody he admired, and enrich his music style with various musicians from different countries. He was going to live in peace and happiness in a city where he had no financial problems and could create his art without any hesitation. He had the most brilliant fingers in the night school he was admitted to. His teacher was suggesting that it was a must for him to go on with his education in drama and dance. Such a talent should not have been wasted in his view; "You" she said, "the most brilliant student that I have, you will be the one teaching here after me".

On such a summer night, with his hands full of slugs, he called his father from a telephone box in Taksim. After inquiring after his father's health, his father started to talk about homesickness. He talked about loneliness. It had been fifty years since his mother had left home. Since his father also went to Germany, he was dependent on his aunt. "If only you would come here…" said his father. "You can get yourself enrolled at a university. Neither you nor I would have to live alone then." The suggestion made by his father was like an

invitation letter, and a chance to escape from the mass of confusion that was Istanbul and to reach peace and happiness. What an easy escape for him! He was able to back away from Istanbul, the slushy streets of his neighbourhood, Hürriyet, the bars of Beyoglu, that smell of sin, the gracious shadow of Galata Tower, his foes among the youth of the city, his friends and his neighbourhood beloved. After that call in the phone box in Taksim, it has been thirty-five years that he has been lying on the bed just like a corpse, very far from the mass confusion of Istanbul. "Apparently now I am a visitor to my death," so he thought most of the time. He left a marriage that drove him towards his death and a half-finished education behind, an experience that is reminiscent of the thirty years concerned. Last weekend, one of his intimate friends let him know that his wife left him. He looked at the face of his intimate friend without showing any reaction. None of his children visited him for a long time, too.

Did the illness make him that way or was his leaving Istanbul and coming to Germany his original sin? He couldn't know that, but he knew that the illness had fallen into the middle of his life and divided it into two with sharp lines: Everything before he was imprisoned in this bed, everything that he had lived, turned into faint memories, pale photographs left from a wastefully consumed life. He could only remember, but not collect new memories. His life taught him loneliness…and his illness taught him the sense of helplessness.

As the darkness of the night was approaching, a program about how to make a pale yellow cheese made of sheep's milk appeared on the TV. The retired librarian with a fine nose and red cheeks was basking in the taste of the sleep. The door of the room was opened silently. A brunette young man in his twenties entered the room. He sat down silently on the chair very near the bed with his freshly shaved face, ironed white coat and bright coloured linen trousers. "Hi! Daddy" he whispered. He involuntarily wanted to give a reaction to these words of his son, but his helpless body was too cemented to shake off the entropy and move. The son sensed the hopeless endeavour his father was contemplating of. "Don't feel disturbed please, you seem good. Excuse me, I could not come by recently. You already know the condition I am in." Then a long silence prevailed in the air. They never had an intimate relationship. There was a sense of alienation and surprise in the hospital room as if the son and the father had met after many years of separation. Then he took the children's chair, turned it towards his father and sat down. Then he raised the guitar pointing it out to his father: "Yesterday I found it in the attic. It is yours. These are the ornaments that you carved yourself." Then the son smiled vaguely. "You will play it again after you recover. I talked with the doctor. You are getting better and better with every passing day. Look. I am leaving it here for you."

He did not stay long. Then he stood up. “I don’t want to disturb you. I will come again later on. Good evening.”

His son got out of the room leaving the smell of his cologne. He watched the empty chair facing him for a short while. The Spanish guitar he’d bought when he was a university student was backed on the wall and looking at him. He looked at his fingers on the bed-sheet. He slightly moved his forefinger, then another movement.

As the sun was leaving the windows of the hospital and the darkness of the night was relieving the day light of its duty, in another circle, familiar, yet unclear melodies started to come to his ears. A guitar was being played from an unknown place. He knew that no one would notice, but he wanted to smile at the lightness these new sounds brought.

Interview with An Erectus Disconnectus

The café called *Deutscher-Türkische Kulturverein* in Sielwall, Bremen is a paradise for my study as the clients of the café consist of many types of immigrant characters. I often go to this smoky place to meet my friends and to watch football games. Eventually I became a regular guest at the café as I moved to Sielwall and rented a flat not far away. I came to be known there as ‘the interviewer’.

Since I began to search for candidates of heroes for my short stories, I observed the people around me with an obsessively critical discrimination. The ones who may have stories for me to write about were privileged in my anthropologically pragmatic world view.

It was a winter evening when I saw him for the first time in the café.[1] He seemed tired, hopeless and bored as the other guests of the café often were, but, exceptionally, he had an ancient nobility in his face. It was inevitable for me to imagine the possible stories from this appearance and to hope to awaken the potential protagonist sleeping inside him. Hunting for an interesting story, I approached and greeted him. Then I introduced myself and made my usual prelude to introduce my intentions in courteous language. I talked about my project and

[1] İt is problematic to call these places cafés. If we look at the signboards, they are *Deutscher-Türkische Kulturverein*. However, it is not a secret that these places have no real claim to contributing to the cultural communication and interaction between the German and Turkish societies. They are, on the other hand, not cafés in European sense. The place where I conducted this interview has two signboards. One was *Deutscher-Türkische Kulturverein* and the other was Café Sielwall. So, calling the place a café is legitimate ıf we take signboards to be true.

asked if he would agree to an interview with me. He didn't hesitate and accepted my offer immediately.

We met in the café. He was extremely excited about the meeting. I could see in his eyes that the interview was not a forced labor for him. He offered to take me to his home as he thought the café was not a proper place for serious work . After a few minutes we were standing in front of a white building. "This is where I live," he said and opened the external door. It was a surprise for me as the building was a rest home.

In Turkish culture the word "rest home" implies mostly uncomfortable associations like pity, desolation, desertedness, and disconsolation. There is a common perception that only the ones who are not wanted by their children live in rest homes. In spite of all these cultural associations and codifications, this time I was really pleased with where I was as the building could offer me many miserable, but with regard to content satisfying, short stories. As soon as I entered the building I began to think about how to reflect on and analyze the rest home in terms of its migration associations.

The building smelled like a hospital: medicines and sterilized silence. We took the lift and on the third floor it opened into a dark corridor. At the end of the corridor he opened a door and said "This is my room." The door opened to the opposite pole of the overall atmosphere of the building. An unbearable stench, the combination of sweat, alcohol, cigarettes, and oblivion, welcomed us. Chaos ruled the place. There were dirty clothes, empty beer bottles, old books, and scrap paper everywhere.

Two old blankets, an old black leather sofa, two wooden chairs and a messy desk were also companying the chaos of the room. While he was collecting the socks on the sofa, he was apologizing for the untidiness of the room. I said it was ok and continued to observe the room: a computer, which was possibly from 90s, a wardrobe, whose trap door was half open, three guitars which were backed against the wall. I sat on the sofa and saw the Quran lying on the desk. Suddenly, I found myself in a mysterious atmosphere. I knew that I was in the middle of the scene of a story with the empty beer bottles, the dusty and rusty guitars, and the Quran with a red hardcover. All these details announced to me the good news that I was in the right place to write about the solitude of immigrant life. His yellowed teeth, gray hair, his glasses which gave him an intellectual appearance, suggested to me a portrait of loneliness in dark foreign lands. The only thing I needed was to listen to his story and decide on the details.

Before the interview started, I had already begun to think about possible scenarios that I could write.

The first literary work that came into my mind while I was observing the room was Oguz Atay's novel, *Erectus Disconnectus*. In his postmodern novel, Atay (2007) describes the disappointments of the Turkish bourgeoisie who possess some literary and artistic skills. The room and the old man in the room reminded me of the protagonist in Atay's novel. With my prejudices I diagnosed the case: I was dealing with an *erectus disconnectus*.

Missing Sentences

During the interview, İbrahim avoided giving clear and detailed answers about his privacy. While reading the transcript, I realized that most of the sentences about his problems and difficulties of his migrant life were either missing or ambiguous. He didn't want to give the details about the dark side of his life. While talking about the divorce with his wife, he couldn't speak openly as he was trying to pass over the subject and his speech made no sense:

> *İbrahim: It is not the same, of course. After the birth of the children, I mean, I don't know, I mean the ideal. You find an escape, the Germans chasing you, they minimize you, then you find a place, you go there, then bum, they minimize you this time hundred percent.* (267-274)

In terms of the content, he wasn't able to follow a chronological sequence. He wasn't fully recovered from the illness that kept him for one year in hospital. His enthusiasm for the interview vanished gradually with my questions. He was trying to be polite, but at the same time it was obvious that he didn't want to talk about his failures in life. I was trying to go down to his personal life, as I was curious about the story of how he ended up in a rest home. He preferred to give short answers when it came to these topics:

> *I: Well, the thing is like this: I was hospitalized; it is psychological of course, like a shock or something like that. And then I stayed in hospital for one year.*
>
> *S: One year?*
>
> *I: Yeah, one year. After this one year*
>
> *S: Was it 2006?*
>
> *(...)*

I: What was the year? I came here five years ago. It must be 2005. After I entered the hospital, my wife sued for a divorce. I mean it was strange, weird. No need to mention that.

He thought that all these things about his past life were not the topics of this interview. Although I had explained my goals before the interview, what he wanted to talk about was only his efforts as a musician. Somehow he managed to relate all the answers to his musical projects. However, his illness and the fact that he spent a whole year in hospital caught my attention. He wasn't fully recovered as he still has problems with his speech and his memory. While he was talking about Istanbul, his ex-wife or his former life as a student in Hamburg, he wasn't able to talk about a specific memory as a whole, but always partially as scenes. Most of his sentences made no sense, as either he wasn't able to finish them or he couldn't keep his thoughts together.

Nostalgia in Migration

Among the interviewees I have dealt with, Ibrahim has a significant place in terms of remembering the past and making life in migration an anti-reflection of the good old days. Migration has the role of de-territorialisation in migrants' identities as they are left between two places (Tilley 2006: 13). It is also a process of dislocation and relocation, whereby migrants might still maintain an emotional bond with their place of origin (King 1995:7). It may be due to perspectives such as these that there has been a long preoccupation with issues of homesickness or so-called nostalgia, in the context of migration. Ibrahim's case goes beyond living between two places, as with a gloomy obedience he accepts the fact that the old days and his old city are dead and they will never come back. He remembers them as fragmented parts of a lost dream:

I: I mean, in our time it was good, to friends, I mean it was an extremely rich neighborhood, it was poor, but a rich environment. You know it is normal. Also, it had its mafia. There was everything. I mean, the biggest mafia was in our neighborhood, the biggest, one of the biggest in the world at that time. Think about it like that. Thirty years passed, I mean as a basis, there were our girlfriends, our fiancés, either married or engaged. After one year we left, after a very good life, we came here.

He is talking about his past, but he remembers them as sketches, which do not constitute a meaningful entity. How he expresses his feelings about the past is merely wandering rather

than speaking. In this context, nostalgia is not how Rousseau, Goethe, and Wordsworth interpret the term, namely "the restorative, nurturing potential of memory for the threatened individual" (Walder 2011: 2) or sentimentality for the past, for a period or place with pleasant associations, but rather an attempt to remember a pleasant dream, whose details are accepted as fading away:

> *I: Those days we used to go to listen to jazz. We used to go to, well, where was it, I don't remember now…*
>
> *S: To Beyoglu?*
>
> *İ: To Beyoglu, well, you know it, there is a tower when you go down, what was the name of the tower, well…*
>
> *S: Galata? Are you talking about Galata Tower?*
>
> *I: Yes, Galata Tower. Well, there were jazz concerts there, at those times.*

The Story of an Illness: The end and the beginning

Before I asked Ibrahim for an interview, I didn't know that he lived in a rest home. When I saw his home, I decided to write about it. A short story about an immigrant living in a rest home could have given me the required material to fictionalize and to analyze. However, during the interview, I realized that he never fully recovered from his illness and that the illness was a turning point for him. After he crashed psychologically, he was hospitalized and stayed there for one year. During this time, he lost his wife, a great deal of money, his speaking ability, his muscle function, and his hope. So, instead of the rest home, the illness became the focus for me. By using the illness as a metaphor, I wanted to open a new place for migration in the study. The psychological problems an immigrant can experience may be deepened with a physical dysfunction and with the introduction of this new level, migration might be handled from a useful position.

The room of my interview partner gave me a mystical impression when I first entered.. In spite of the chaotic and airless condition of the place, the details like an antique lamp on the desk, the red covered Quran lying with empty cigarette boxes, and the old books on the floor gave one hope of encountering a spiritually complex character. However, the mystical expectations gave way to a man suffering from an illness who had lost all sense of chronology

and order. His state of mind was shattered like his life story. The stench was not coming from the socks on the leather sofa, or the cheap brown cigarettes, but from the death of his *joie de vivre*. Besides, the fact that he didn't want to talk about this period of his life attracted me as an author and I wanted to describe his world from the perspective of his illness.

After the interview, I listened to the record many times and I lost my sense of reality. The only times he made coherent sense was in the parts where he talked about his music. Other than that, I had the illusion that I had done an interview with a ghost or a half-dead person. So, I created, in the short story, someone who could not speak at all. A paralyzed patient observing his environment from his bed becomes the protagonist of my short story. With this paralyzed protagonist, I challenged myself to see the world from a limited perspective and to enter the project's migration discussions from a new dimension.

After I finished the short story, I realized that it offered me some metaphors to deal with. Like the airport in the story of *Beyond Borders*, a hospital can be discussed as a non-place and a place in which immigrants' in need of care and a broken sense of belonging are rehabilitated. Also, the patient lying motionless on his bed can be related to some religious and philosophical terms to discuss migration in an interdisciplinary context.

Barkzah: Living Dead

In *The Patient's Guitar*, the protagonist is imprisoned in a hospital bed as he is paralyzed as a result of a psychological and neurotic break-down. He can neither move his body, nor can he speak. The greater part of the story is told from his limited perspective. Migration, in this short story, is contextualized within the sterilized conditions of a hospital with immobility. The hospital bed reminded me of being jammed in and incapable of leaving a particular place. Through the imprisoning role of the hospital bed, the immigrants' ambiguous life, living somewhere between home and abroad, gains a new context to be dealt with. After searching for some terms to adapt into the discussion of *the Patient's Guitar*, an Islamic term like *barkzah* seemed to have a conceptual flexibility to interpret the content of the short story in terms of migration related associations.

In the Quran (23:100)[2] the *barkzah* is the intermediate state between death and the final judgment. In the canonical tradition, the notion of the intermediate state between death and the final judgement is linked with the grave and all the punishment in it. The grave is the intermediate state in which "the dead person lingers from the time of his death until the time of resurrection" (Bashier 2004:77). So, it is either a prison or a waiting lounge for the dead, waiting for the judgment of their worldly life.

The short story has direct links to the concept of *barkzah*. The protagonist is very well aware of the fact that he lives in a place where he lies like a corpse and he is imprisoned somewhere far from his home:

> *After that call in the phone box in Taksim, it has been thirty-five years that he has been lying on the bed just like a corpse, very far from the mass confusion of Istanbul. "Apparently now I am a visitor to my death," so he thought most of the time. He left a marriage that drove him towards his death and a half-finished education behind, an experience that is reminiscent of the thirty years concerned.*

Considering the hospital as the graveyard and the hospital bed as the grave of the immigrant in the short story, give the analysis of the study a practical image to interpret the immigrant in space, one where he is stuck between his past (his home, Istanbul) and his uncertain future. *Barkzah* becomes his hospital bed in his migrant life as he is not capable of moving in, or rather, leaving the place he has been sent to.

Barkzah as Separation

Barzakh is mentioned three times in Qur'an, in which it is called as a barrier between two bodies or situations. In this sense, the *barzakh* is a limit that separates two entities and it prevents them from mixing with each other. So, the term shares the common conception of the limit as "its main characteristic, namely, it is being an extremity either in the form of absolute beginning or in the form of absolute end" (Bashier 2004:75). The three Qurânic verses in which Barkzah is mentioned are the following:

> "In falsehood will they be until, when death comes to one of them, he says: "O my Lord! Send me back (to life)—in order that I may work righteousness in the things I

[2] "In order that I may work righteousness in the things I neglected." "By no means! It is but a word he says." Before them is a Partition (Barkzah) till the Day they are raised up.

neglected"—"By no means! It is but a word he says"—Before them is a partition [*barzakh*] till the day they are raised up" (Q 23: 99–100).

"And it is He who has released [simultaneously] the two seas, one fresh and sweet and one salty and bitter, and He placed between them a barrier and prohibiting partition." (Q 25:53)

"He has let free the two bodies of flowing water, meeting together: Between them is a barrier [*barzakh*] which they do not transgress" (Q 55:19–20).[3]

The philosophical and mystical *barzakh* interpretations of Ibn Arabi[4] play a crucial role in this discussion. His exegesis of the subject broadens the *barzakh* verses of the Quran and gives us a flexible concept that can be adapted for a migration context. These verses had a significant impact on Ibn Arabi's mystical theory of barzakh. He provides, for instance, his own version of verse 55:

> He has let free the Two Seas, meeting together: between them there is a barzakh, which they do not transgress. Then which of the favors of your Lord will you deny? Will you deny the Sea that He attached to Himself and concealed from the Entities (*a>yan*), or the Sea that he detached from Himself and named Worlds (*akwan*), or the barzakh upon which the All-Merciful (*al-Ra˙man*) sat? Then which of the favors of your Lord will you deny? He extracts from the Sea of Eternity pearls and from the Ever-lasting Sea He extracts coral. Then which of the favors of your Lord will you deny? . . . Soon shall We settle your affairs, O you Two Worlds. Then which of the favors of your Lord will you deny? Were the Qur'an to be consulted, no two would differ; no two adversaries would emerge with an argument. (Bashier 2004: 76)

Here the *barzakh* is presented as the separation of two seas (or two things). However, it is not just a separation line, but also a place upon which the All-Merciful sits. So, it may be

[3] English translations of the verses can be found at quran.com.

[4] One of the best known and most controversial of Muslim thinkers, Ibn 'Arabi was born in Islamic Spain in 1165. He eventually settled in Damascus, where he taught and wrote for twenty years until his death in 1240. His intellectual radiance quickly spread throughout the Islamic world, from Black Africa and the Balkans to Indonesia and China. (for more detailed information about his life see Addas 1993) Despite the fact that reformers and modernists have been targeting him since the nineteenth century as an emblem for every shortcoming of traditional Islamic society, in recent years his influence has been making a comeback. Largely dismissed as incoherent by the early Orientalists, he has been regarded with much more respect by recent scholarship. (Chittick 2002:51)

described as a place which functions as a separation. Akkach (2005: 100) translates *barzakh* as isthmus and interprets these verses as portraying "an image of integral domains, symbolized by the 'two seas' that are related, yet at the same time separated, by the third intermediary domain, the isthmus." These two domains come together with a unitive- parting function together, but they are not mixed together.

The separating function of the *barzakh* is also reflected within the short story. Although which component takes over the role of the *barzakh* in the story is not stated clearly, the illness is emphasized as the separator:

> *Did the illness make him that way or was his leaving Istanbul and coming to Germany his original sin? He couldn't know that, but he knew that the illness had fallen into the middle of his life and divided it into two sharp lines. Everything before he was imprisoned in this bed, everything that he had lived turned into faint memories, pale photographs left from a wastefully consumed life. He could only remember, but not collect new ones. His life taught him loneliness…and his illness made him learn the sense of helplessness.*

The illness becomes his *barzakh* and separates his life from his past. Before the illness imprisoned him in his personal *barzakh*, he lived in Istanbul in a district called Liberty Quarter. He was a young musician with ambitions and dreamed about his probable bright future. As he is dead and lying in his grave, he is not capable of collecting new memories like the living do. His *barzakh* becomes his punishment.

In the *barzakh*, the dead person may see his deeds in a perfect form if he was able to obey the Law, whereas the opposite happens if the person neglected his duties.[5] In the story *Confession*, the immigrant protagonist introduces himself as a sinner because of leaving his homeland:

[5] In Q7: 156, it is emphasized that God's mercy is for those who do right, and practice regular charity, those who believe in his signs. His punishment is also visited upon the ones who follow the opposite path and who associate others with him.

‘’ *I indulged in sins, father…I left my country for the sake of money, a deadly sin, indeed. I came to the land of Jesus but not for Jesus - for myself. I cannot carry the burden of this sin anymore.*”

Similarly, in The Patient’s Guitar, the protagonist considers his migration to be a suicidal act and declares it the biggest mistake he has ever made. He is being punished in the *barzakh* as he wasted his life on earth.

According to the tradition, the sinner feels a pressure on his chest in his *barzakh*. The grave may become large or narrow according to the (positive or negative) acts of the person. Consequently, if a righteous person lies dead in the same grave, by the side of a sinful one, the same grave would become both large and narrow (Bashier 2004: 79). This *barzakh* scene is also represented in the story as there being two patients in the hospital room. The protagonist envies his roommate, as he has many visitors:

A librarian, lying on another bed in the same room, was munching noisily on a cucumber. When the pain on his rheumatic left leg was not bearable any more, they brought him here. Thanks to different visitors every day, his bed was surrounded with different kinds of flowers. The man with a fine nose, red cheeks and, once upon a time, curly and a wispy hairs on his head could not make sense of what people find please and why the influx of visitors.

The librarian symbolizes the righteous person in the *barzakh*, whose grave is larger than the immigrant’s grave, as the immigrant left his home and died in foreign lands. The grave of the librarian is visited by his family and friends as he had a virtuous life and people remember him positively after his death.

The scene where his son visits the protagonist outpictures a typical grave visit and completes the background needed to interpret the short story in terms of its association with the *barzakh* associations. The son comes and talks to his father, but the father doesn’t answer as he is neither capable of performing speech, nor a gesture, to make it a conversation. After the son pays his visit, he leaves the dead person with himself

In a broader sense, the act of migration becomes the act of dying, as the immigrant changes his/her world and goes into another one, similar to one near death who says farewell to this world and goes to another one. So, the land of immigration becomes the *barzakh* of the immigrant as it - like the function of barkzah - separates his life and constitutes a new life different from his/her old one. Like a dead person in her/his grave, he/she remembers his/her past life and yearns for the times he/she has lost.

When the protagonist thinks "Apparently now I am a visitor to my death", he emphasizes the life changing factor of migration. Migration, in this sense, radically transforms life into a new genre. Similarly, my interview partner also expresses this transforming aspect of migration and mourns the losses caused by dying, or rather by migration:

> *Ibrahim: By coming from Istanbul, I mean, you come to death. Now you live in Germany. Look, you would be frightened to death if I recounted what I have lost.*

However, this death of the immigrant is close to the bridging function of the *barzakh*, as the marks of the past life and the present intermingle in such a way that the immigrant is rewarded or punished with two reflected images. Akkach (2005) explains that as one perceives the borderline between light and shadow; the *barzakh* delimits the extent of the two neighboring domains, and prevents each of them from being qualified with the qualities of the other, acting as a common horizon which reflects the realities of both bordering worlds. These neighboring domains are almost seen in the narratives of all of my interview partners throughout the research, as they carry both their homelands' or rather their previous lives' qualities and they also express the features of immigration. Their former identity is fractured or divided and they gain an immigrant identity, which reflects the two worlds and which is peculiar to the *barzakh*. My interview partner for this short story is not different from the others, as with his guitar he tries to combine Turkish tones with western ones. In this regard, he tries to play the tones of his personal *barkzah*.

The cultural shock an immigrant experiences in his new life is analogous to the death of a human being in Islamic tradition. When a person dies, he/she is faced with two angels and questioned about his/her religion and the basic faith-related issues like who they consider Muhammad to be. According to the canonical tradition, the dead person is also asked who his/her God is. While the unbelievers cannot answer the question, the believers give clear

answers. The immigrant in his newly entered world is also faced with not faith-related, but identity-related questions like, “Where do you come from?” or competence-related ones like, “Can you speak German?” The ones who cannot speak the language of the *barzakh* are punished with exclusion and disconnection.

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3. Adopted Migration

A Monday Ritual

What might be the cause of that unbearable headache? Maybe thirteen bottles of beer drunk last night. Well, maybe I smoked more than enough. Scratching the itchy skin under my hair. I have a gut-rot. Breathing in a seamless Monday morning. Is it really the morning? What time is it? 09:53. What is that? The numbers are 17 in all. This is the end of the world and the beginning of the new world. It is evident that I did not resurrect. Hence, I must have died.

A door to a quite different world is opened just as I take my first step out of the room. Mom is in the kitchen. She is, as always, running around in her industrious way/nature that can make anyone feel uneasy. The smell of pastry coming from the hearth. Plates for the breakfast are settled. The teapot whistles and lets me know that the tea is ready. A settled table stands at the centre of the sitting room. The breakfast prepared as a ceremonial ritual does not charm me. Soft white cheese, pastry with spinach, apricot, sour cherry marmalades… None of these charm me. I go into the kitchen, and take the coke remnant from last night and down it in one go. Hence, I finish my breakfast. Mom is watching me in silence. I know that her heart is broken. The breakfast prepared with care and entrancement is once again not appreciated by her son. I pass by mom and leave the kitchen, as if a small naughty child passing before the worshipping devout Muslim.

I am aware that I am really in need of taking a shower. Should I really take a shower every morning? Why? Who creates such rules? What would happen if everyone took a shower every morning? Where did I read about this? If the Chinese people had the habit to take shower every morning just like Americans do, there would be a catastrophic problem of fresh water. When did these Europeans become as such? Long ago, princesses never experienced water after baptism, and believed that taking a shower was hazardous to one's health. I changed my mind. I won't take a shower.

Mom sees me out the door with prayers. People are already awake and indulging in performing the roles constructed for them. Unaware of the fact that their fates are under the control of an omnipresent power, they are stuck to their lives like a leech. These people are just like the parasites that do not know how far they can go. Some call this omnipresent power

Allah. But I call it a program designed by mischievous people. Before you ask me the question, let me give you the answer for it: Yes, I believe that extra-terrestrial beings exist. I have faith in the numbers. Numbers are the lighthouses of my way. No, it never means that I am a man of science with a rational mind. I just believe that the numbers that we come across in our daily lives are secret codes and signs peculiar for us. I don't know who sends them, who designs them, as such. Perhaps there is an Allah whose existence is proved through such ornaments at the final stage. Perhaps, it is the codes sent to the chosen subjects among us by the saviors. Who are these saviors? I don't know. I just hope that they exist in one way or another. It is evident that we need to be saved. A world, in which massacre of innocents is continuously performed, the scales of justice are not sensitive any more, and in which wealth exists parallel to prevailing poverty, can only be a place in need of being secured.

There is no one in the bus-stop. The whiteness of winter is entwined with the city. It is the second day of the forty-third week of the year. Four, three and two. Nine is the number of success and contentment. The sour taste in my mouth is not really very much like the taste of success. It is not yet the time to check my clock. I don't check the time very often. I check it when the time is up. Or else, I cannot catch the signs. I light my cigar. I take in a deep breath.

It is depleted very soon. The bus approaches the bus stop with a hullabaloo. I find an empty spot and get seated. Already, exhausted people fill the bus. They exist everywhere. In banks, markets, offices, parks and bars. Streets are full of dead people. The city is under the invasion of dead people. The 'order' produces living dead, and creates a world where zombies feed on the meadow, grow up and are sacrificed in the slaughter-house. Poor people. Unaware of everything, they give birth to babies in a fictitious world.

The bus is moving slowly on the road that I know by heart. On the way to the office, there are nine banks, eleven food and sundries, thirty-three traffic lamps, five hairdressers, eight markets, six pharmacies. And that bus, moving among the numbers and signs, takes me to the office. Everything that I will come across today has something to do with these numbers and signs. If I can decipher it, I can handle this secret information at hand. Eight months ago, using the same bus on the same road, I realized that one of the food and sundries was closed and a book-store was opened in the same place. It meant that the whole formula in my mind is ready to change since the number of food and sundries was eleven and the bookstores were three. On the same day, I was informed that there would be a two hundred euro decrease in my salary. My cigar burned my new jacket, one of my ex-girlfriends that I had not seen for

many years came by my office, although temporarily, my chronic stomach-ache left me, and the ticket checkers visited the bus twice on the same day, maybe to catch me red-handed.

The doctor says that all of these are the games that my mind plays and I am a slave of the obsessions of my mind. But I cannot find another explanation for such chained events having a propensity to change with only minor displacements. Everything should have a meaning. And God should exist. The doctor told me that I was looking for God in an utterly wrong place. God should not be as secret as you think Him to be. I think mine is the disability to think, simply.

When I arrived, I was "welcomed" by a crowd of clients just as is the case every morning. I was late again. I apologized to each client with a posie smile on my face. When I got rid of the first crowd of the day, I got out of the door and lit my cigarette.

My dad tells me that I would own a home if I did not spend any money on cigarettes. Which of them told me this? Probably the one living in Bremen. The other one does not speak much. More truthfully, he does not talk with me much, and looks at my face rarely. He would not grumble. Because he already smokes two packets of cigarettes a day. Really, why doesn't he look at my face? Because of the shame. It must have caused a kind of shame to make his aunt adopt a seven year old child. Maybe he behaves as if I did not exist. It must be annoying for him to give his child up for adoption.

How did these things come to my mind? I ruined the pleasure of the second cigarette of the day. What a happy day. 8 September 1991. It is the date that I came to Germany. If we calculate the word September according to abjad writing system, it corresponds to ninety-nine. The date that divides my life, memories, sentiments and identity into two, cannot be divided into two. Ninety-nine. It means long life in the Chinese culture. Eternality. Sensibility. I have been multiplied, like data produced from a printer. I die continuously but am never exhausted. According to Islamic thought, it is the number of names attributed to Allah, 99. Do the manifestations of these names touch my fate? Perhaps the 100^{th} name that is lost or forgotten will find me. I don't remember whether I saw it in a movie or read it in a book. There was a mention of Allah's 100^{th} ame. Oh! I am never the one who will find it anyway.

Then I go into the store again. Many things are waiting to be done: the maintenance of the computers, the data entry for the new-coming laptops, putting them on the display cabinet,

and the ordering of new products. An endless day. And another customer. A woman with gentle beauty brings in a laptop with a stain from coffee spilled all over it. Poor woman with a completely desperate look. It is evident that she is in utter sorrow. People corroborate everything in their lives with their computers, and when their computers are broken, so are their lives. So, actually what I do is to save people's lives. I see her out with considerate words. I tell her that the patient will recover soon. We need to unclench it. We need to check the organs inside it.

What did my mother say? Which one? The one living in Turkey. "We sent him to make him feel at ease. At least I was going to live in Alamanya." Life is too weird to comprehend thoroughly. The child, whose life was expected to go through uneasiness, stayed with them in Turkey and is now driving a brand-new car, while the other one "posted" to Germany works more than 10 hours a day and takes 1kg of pills every day.

Three young people come into the store and wake me up. Some weird behaviour. Nervous talking. One of them comes closer and asks the prices of something. The remaining two hung out inside the store. Everything goes on under my nose. They give the last greeting and leave the store. I check the store with a reflexively. One laptop is missing on the shelf. One of a small size. I go out of the store just after them. They are right on the street ahead of me. I chase after them. They enter a cross street. My steps get faster and faster. One of them realizes I am there. They do not speed their steps up. They do not try to escape. They stop suddenly, waiting for me. Look! I did not expect that. I face them and stop there. They look me up and down patiently. "Give me back what you stole," I say. No hesitation in my voice. I am nerveless too. The one who asked me the prices in the store says: "It must be very valuable". He must be the chief of the bandit gang, or the spokesman. He has an effective tone of voice. "Everything that is stolen is valuable," I reply. A good answer. I appreciate myself for it. They do not seem to be affected by it. The tubby one reacts immediately. He seems to be nimble fingered. A movement against me. A light pain. A beautiful warmth. Why didn't I realize that there was a knife in his hand. Am I really stabbed now? It's like a scene from a movie. I fall onto the road in silence. Speedy steps, leaving me there. What was the thing my father said? Which dad? The one in Bremen. "You have a crazy sense of heroism; you can never stay away from trouble".

He also said that "You attract trouble like a magnet". No! It was my mom living in Turkey who said that, not my dad in Bremen, when I broke my arm falling from the tree in the village

of my childhood. My body is becoming paralyzed. I closed my eyes tightly. Who would cry most if I died? Mothers and fathers. What time is it? I cannot feel my arm. I open my eyes slightly and see that I am just in front of a house with a garden. I look at the door number of the house. 96. The ones who attacked me were 3 persons. That is 99 in totality. A smile is worn on my face. Hence I will not die today. Maybe I will die and resurrect in another place. I cannot know. No, no… I actually know well. I don't like those Mondays.

Dark Rooms Dark Stories

Probably the best part of the story is that while even living my own life, becoming wholly absorbed by the routineness of daily life, the stories follow me like shadows or like a marriage which has not lost its excitement, always full of surprises. This time my broken-down laptop dragged me to the story. When I entered a computer repair service shop in my neighbourhood, a young man welcomed me with a smile showing his entire toot and confused me greatly, as I was not sure if this welcome was sincere or artificial. This non-identifiable smile was not enough to understand whether Berkan was the right addressee for me. However, after I handed over my laptop, we got into small talk and then I realized that with Berkan there was more than his puzzling smile. Standing before me was a migrant who had unorthodox views and was of a different kind, one that I had not met before. He was about things that were so strange that I had the illusion that I was in the middle of a film scene. He was talking about aliens, parallel universes, the concept of time, secret powers that rule the world as if these were ordinary political issues or even daily life matters. By telling him that I wanted to meet him and get to know him better, I exposed my intentions. My new friend who liked talking accepted this request immediately.

Yet I was not able to do the interview for three weeks. He postponed the meeting every time by saying that he had no time, but he could not escape from my insistence and finally, one day after he closed his shop, I persuaded him to meet me at a very late hour. It was almost midnight as he had been working in his repair shop, which looked like a computer graveyard all night. In spite of all his exhaustion, he welcomed me warmly and took me inside from the backdoor. He was working on a computer, whose internal organs were lying on the table piece by piece.

Before we sat around a table whose bottom was full with computer pieces, empty little boxes, computer magazines, biscuit packages etc. I was faced with a person who had gone through

many unfortunate experiences and eventually had lost his hope and confidence in the world. When he was a little child, he had been adopted by his aunt and brought to Germany. I found the psychology of being left by own family to be worth an analysis.

What individuals experience in their personal lives becomes more dominant than the concept of being an immigrant? Is my story a migration story or does it simply tell Berkan's psychology of being left, which is the result of him being given away as an adopted child? Being a migrant seems just a detail, which makes his situation a bit more difficult. Therefore, I hesitated to put this story into the study, but just because it handles the migration as a detail I decided to add this story, as this particular approach makes it distinctive.

During the interview I decided to tell the story of a person who is obsessed with conspiracy theories and believed that we lived in a world that was ruled by mystical powers and secret organizations. So, I shaped the content of the interview according to these views. We talked about 9/11, superhuman creatures, subliminal pornographic cartoons that manipulate children, religion and suspicions.

The more he talked, the more I realized that his mind was occupied with exaggerated questioning and suspicions. It was great fun talking with him about those topics. However, throughout the interview my guilty conscience never left me as the content of the interview was going away from migration. I did not ask many questions about Germany as I had seen him as a Turk made in Germany. I had already put him into a pattern shaped with my prejudices. What are these prejudices? In my childhood, Atari games were the most sought-after toys for most children, but each child coming from Germany to Turkey for the summer holidays already had these games. Berkan suddenly became the symbol of these childhood memories. It was a story that began with Atari games, grew with computer games and ended in a computer shop. In that dark room, I was faced with the dramatic end of the *Almanci* children, whom I admired in all my childhood. "You had your toys, but look how you are now…" my evil inner child was saying. Then I realized that as a late passenger I was also on the same ship. I was both different from them and also one of them. I had to silence my selfish voices and, at least for now, ignore the fact that all the stories were eventually about me.

The interview was over and I switched off the voice recorder. 'Is that 32:38?' Berkan asked. He was asking the length of time. 'It is 32:41' I said and asked him how he could possibly make such a close guess. 'I am also obsessed with numbers,' he said, as if he was talking

about his hobbies. I had found my story after I switched off my voice recorder. My protagonist was going to be an immigrant who had an obsessive relationship with numbers. I would explain his strange situation with numbers.

Before I started to write, I read some articles about numerology. Then I watched the movie 'Number 23' starring by Jim Carrey. The movie tells the story of a man who had an obsessive relationship with the number 23. While watching the movie, I watched a scene again and again. I noted a quotation from that scene:

> *Walter Sparrow: .... I once read that the only philosophical question that matters is whether or not to commit suicide. I guess that makes me a philosopher. You can say it was my inheritance. After my mother's death, my father couldn't cope. He didn't leave a note... just a number. That number followed me from foster home to foster home till college when I met her: Laura Tollins. I thought she'd help me forget my father's number. It was a mistake to think I could escape it. I loved her. And I thought she loved me. Until my father's number returned to haunt me. That fucking number... When I circled every 23rd letter of her note... it became clear. The number had gone after me…*

It seemed reasonable to handle the obsessive control of numbers on the human mind in Berkan's story as well. In the interview, I interacted with a personality that lived with conspiracy theories. It was a personality, which was not satisfied with simple explanations and which was trying to expose the points ignored by the rest of the world simply by uncovering the mysteries. This part of the interview helped me to feed the story with the content of the interview:

> *„Berkan: And that means another race - actually this fits to my own idea - when they come here - it is said that four hundred years ago - these gods of Sumerians, called Annunaki come here from another planet to search for gold, because their atmosphere needs gold. And they come and see that there are humans here. But do you know how they do that? Their people don't want to work; they get really tired in mines etc.*
>
> *Sevgi: Who are they exactly?*
>
> *Berkan: Another race. Let's say aliens. And they come to the world, because there is so much gold here. At that time there are monkeys here more than anything; Neandertals, Kromans etc. but Homo sapiens as humans do not exist. Homo sapiens*

are…actually there is a gap in evolution. But there is no gap. It is so ridiculous. In fact, Darwin's work is Satan's work. No doubt about that. When they come, they see that their people don't want to work. Monkeys are idiots, they don't do any work. They themselves are really clever. In the end, they mix genes. The strange thing is that there is a stone that is made out of a legume. What is it called? Testi. They form this new gene and mix in this testi. Then there arises a partially hairy creature. They call it Adam: the first human being.

This creation theory was a bit strange for me. I had read those kinds of texts before, but I had never met someone who was passionately committed himself to a mythos like that. Berkan was radically different from the immigrants that I had interviewed before. But I had the intention to interpret and relate his story with his being an adopted migrant child. So, I could somehow contextualize his eccentric tales in terms of migration discourse. While listening to his story again and again, I realized that I was extremely amazed with his answers and explanations. In some points, I even stated clearly that I was confused.

Conspiracy Theories

In the process of the creation of the story, I decided not to incorporate Berkan into the story as he is. He told me that he danced cheerfully at home when he heard about 9/11. I was not so surprised about that. I had met people who thought like that before. But these kinds of people were the members of radical religious groups. However, Berkan had a problematic relationship with religion. He had openly expressed his views about religion in the interview. It was not difficult to notice that he was confused with different beliefs. While he declared that United States were ruled by the Satan, he said that the religious systems that accepted the existence of Satan were all problematic.

It may be relevant to refer to the book of Tim Melley (2000), *Empire of Conspiracy: The Culture of Paranoia in Postwar America*, as Melley tries to explain the reasons why people seek conspiracy theories to understand the world around them. It may be explanatory for Berkan's situation as not only during the interview, but also after the interview every time I visited him, he came up with a new theory to explain a specific social or political subject. Melley (2000) claims that conspiracy thinking is caused by a combination of two factors, "when someone 1) holds strongly individualistic values and 2) lacks a sense of control." While discussing Melley's claim, Ilan Shrira (2008) expresses that the first factor is about

people "who care deeply about an individual's right to make their own choices and direct their own lives without interference or obligations to a larger system."

Berkan has his own radical individualistic views towards the world, but, in my opinion, the second factor indicated by Melley explains the situation of Berkan and his having these radical or rather bizarre individualistic values. In his article about conspiracy theories, Shrira (2008) maintains that combinations of this individualism "in values with a sense of powerlessness in one's own life, leads to agency panic." Melley defines this kind of panic as "intense anxiety about an apparent loss of autonomy to outside forces or regulators." Berkan has the feeling of losing his autonomy as he has been given away by his own family. Being adopted and being the unwanted child takes the feeling of belonging from him. So, his belonging problem is different from the other immigrants that I encountered. It is not related with living in a foreign culture, but it is related with perceiving the whole world as a foreign concept. He surely blames his own family for this adoption, but instead of explaining his own misery with his family or with his restricted individual environment, accusing a larger frame is much more comfortable and easier. He is not miserable because he is an unwanted child or lives as an immigrant or because he is unsuccessful in his life (he could not finish high school and the computer service was closed six months after the interview), but he is trapped with all humanity in a Satanic planet. There is no way out of here and we are all manipulated puppets.

Nevertheless; I was trying to understand the psychology of this twenty seven year old man, who was given away by his family to his aunt in Germany. While people were complaining about having left their homelands, he was fighting with the feeling of being left in *Ausland*. The loneliness that he found in his inner world pushed him to the arms of alcohol, drugs, and mystical tales. Everything had an explanation and these explanations were seen only by the chosen ones.

The protagonist in the story might be an annoying, disagreeable, and antipathetic character. I did not see Berkan as a totally annoying person, but I cannot say that I found him completely healthy in mind. Then again the protagonist in the story *Monday* has a more naïve character than Berkan. I am certain that the reader sees him as a victim because his blood is shed or perhaps he is killed - as it is not clear whether he is dead or still alive- at the end of the story. Trying to give the impression of him as a victim was an intentional choice as I could not abandon the tendency to see him not as a person who has radical or crazy thoughts, but as an immigrant child who had been given away when he was nine. The possible reason for this

choice was that I was of the opinion that every story about him should have been related to this adoption. Another reason was maybe the necessity of describing him as an immigrant. The part that interested me or that should have interested me was his immigrant identity. I was stuck on his being an adopted migrant child, much like the protagonist in the story who was obsessed with numbers. The content of his theories become irrelevant for me or perhaps they only established the fictional outline to shape my character.

Inevitable Optimism

When I listened to the interview with Berkan and read his story, I realized that I approached everyone that I interviewed with optimism. I am not certain about the disadvantages of this approach to the study. That my interlocutor is an immigrant causes me to switch on some positive prejudices. Although my positioning as both insider and outsider allows me to work with the common concerns about lack of objectivity or neutrality in the contemporary social sciences, this study endows me new perspectives and new understandings thanks to the shifting positions as insider and outsider.

While writing about the ethnographers, who write about their own cultural environment, Clifford (1995) claimed that being an insider is not a disadvantage, but an advantage:

> „Their accounts are empowered and restricted in unique ways. The diverse post- and neo-colonial rules for ethnographic practice do not necessarily encourage "better" cultural accounts. The criteria for judging a good account have-never been settled and are changing." (3)

In this context; while studying the Turkish immigrants in Germany and making the very subjective aspects of them visible, -in contrast to the ones who observe this community from outside-it is possible to develop innovative viewpoints with an insider gaze as a researcher who is also a member of this community.

Another function of the stories is to expose the emotional secrets of Turkish immigrants, which have not been touched on in an academic context. The transcript of Berkan's interview reveals many of his secrets and maybe catches him in the most unprotected situation. The fictional Berkan in the story of *A Monday Ritual* is, on the other hand, a more reasonable character. While pouring the interior world of Berken into these pages, the Berkan in the story is my way of apologizing to him. His absurd ideas as an interviewee is softened and he are

presented as a victim of a problematic childhood and migration. The reader does not forget the hero that dies. Whatever he does, they forgive him.

4. Back To The Roots

Beyond Borders

I just want to grab them from the arms and ask: "Where are you going? What is your problem? What all this rush?" But nobody knows each other here. Everybody is a stranger to everyone else. Faces are strange. Names, phrases are strange. Clothes, views, and words are strange. Some are tired, some fancy, some children, some rich, some young: The parade of human race. How come everybody knows where they should go? Colors flow, lives flow, lights and luggage flow. What are they carrying in those suitcases? Are they signs of lives left behind? In spite of all these unending movements are they trying to give the message with these suitcases that in some place they have their wardrobes in which their winter and summer clothes are places with great care? That they have locked drawers in which they keep their love letters that they have bed on which they find peace? That they have houses whose keys they carry along with them and which they belong to and which don't move and which are extremely stable? Lost souls are everywhere. The ones who feel lost raise their head. And then come the gurus (loadstars) of modern times, those who dedicate themselves to the regulation of the globe, those miraculous creatures which help us position ourselves in the universe, namely signboards. There are no borders here. Everybody is nobody here. Everybody is equal as everybody is a stranger.

I forget where I am. This feeling of loss has no importance, though. This is an airport after all. I just sit. I have neither power nor will to stand up. People flow in front of me. Digital signboards attack my eyes with their shiny colorful lights. So, I sit with spongelike drunkenness in the shape of a stack. The only thing I need to do is just stand up and go to the passport control. Am I questioning my intentions here? I found myself here out of blue. Am I thinking about this sudden escape? No, I don't do anything. I just sit on this holey metal bank. A little cold comes into my body from the beneath, but it evaporates immediately in the fire inside me. Questions in my mind, problems, dilemmas. All these burdens, although I haven't brought anything with me.

"I regret that I got married to you," verbally tortures my heart. "Don't pretend that you are the most honest one. I took my share. I didn't steal anything." Slander whips my soul. "I told you.

You regret it like a dog now. I told you that that Arab girl couldn't be your bride. Well, you didn't listen. Don't complain about it now." Slaps from my closest ones out of revenge.

I fall flat on the ground at my company that I built with great hopes because my partner tripped me up. The woman that I got married to in spite of all objections, turned her back on me. That my family is sadistically pleased with this situation. not being confined to anywhere…The falling of my walls over my transitory existence, crying of my sons giving me headaches for the first time in my life, Bremen streets entrapped into darkness, alienation of all my friends in Germany. I cannot breathe again. I should take a deep breath. I am trying to remember why I am or, rather, to make it reasonable. I couldn't stay there. 'I must go,' I said. But where? Why Istanbul? Why Turkey? I don't even come here for holidays. It has been years since I last went to my hometown Kayseri. Why is my escape to here?

I should stop asking questions. I stand up in spite of the resistance from my body. I feel dead tired. I am shuffling and not knowing where to go. Then I see people, passports in their hands and stupid happiness on their faces. I am waiting for the passport control. Childish rush everywhere. Am I the only one who doesn't know that we are waiting in front of the Paradise gate? Am I the only one whose sins are heavier than his goods? Questions begin again.

Then an old woman approaches. She looks directly into my eyes and smiles. I don't know her. She pities me, obviously. She understands me. I want to hug her and cry. She still looks sweetly. "Why did you get ahead of me, my son? You should be ashamed of yourself. We are all waiting here." Then she doesn't look that sweet anymore. She gets ahead of me swiftly and I don't want to hug her and cry anymore.

"What have you achieved, so far? You made me unhappy, you dropped out of university, you messed with your business life." Knowing that you are defeated is something, but hearing it from someone else is something else. And you taste an epic fail when you hear it from your wife. I hit the roads as a man who hasn't achieved anything at all. Like a gipsy, who doesn't belong anywhere, but I am deprived of the freedom of a gipsy. My defeats follow me like a shadow; The ones that I disappointed are monkeys on my back, and I feel the shame of running away like a coward. But I am safe here. Everybody is running away and there is no land here where someone can plant his flag.

It is my turn. I approach the glass cabinet. Inside sits a mustached police officer. I am surprised. I thought mustached police officers were extinct. I pass my passport. He looks first

at the passport and then at me, above his black moustache. A dead sound comes. He stamps the passport. He is smiling while handing the passport over. His voice is a bit softer for a man with moustache: "Welcome to your homeland, young man." I cannot give a response. I throw myself on another bank as soon as I get beyond the border. A tension lingers in my nostrils, salty tears waiting in my eyes, the urge to cry. What did you do moustache man? I sit there for a while. I don't how long, but eventually I stand up and go to the exit. People in a rush again. I walk in front of the crowd, who are waiting for the arrivals. Not caring about the fact that nobody comes to get me, I get myself out of the airport. Heavy traffic, yellow taxis and May sun. After a long time, I feel an unknown relief. I smile and I welcome.

The Shopping List

Most of my interviews find me in the very middle of my daily routines. Whenever I look for an interview in an ambitious way, I cannot find anything to feed my hunger; but whenever I follow my ordinary migrant life, I run into potential protagonists. Maybe I should completely leave my ethnographic duties and just live my life and wait for natural encounters. It would be more authentic and real-life based. Nonetheless, I look out at my environment like an impatient hunter. I am very aware of the fact that I usually identify my interview searching mood with the hunter archetype, but I realize that this identification explains my situation from various perspectives.

The eye of a hunter is different from the others, as he sees what ordinary wanderers do not see and his views searching always his hunt are target-oriented. His ears are sensitive and they do not miss even barely audible voices. He focuses on his targets and he knows that blood will be spilt. When I am in a human crowd, I often look around carefully to catch the possible stories. A close friend of mine, seeing me in an activity for migrant children, once asked me if I was in a quest of stories again. "You look different while looking for a story," he added. Yet I cannot help myself. I look at the faces of people constantly and weigh them with my own weight: "Is ıt possible to write a story about this face? Is this particular face carrying a story worth telling?" At the beginning of my research, I had many misreadings. Many faces gave me interviews which lacked inspiration. In the course of time, I became a real story hunter and when I see a face I can see a face that holds promises, I can see the potential protagonist.

I saw him one evening chatting with the owner of the supermarket in my neighborhood while I was shopping. There was nothing unusual to call my attention, but what made me curious

was how he talked. I don't really remember what he was talking about. He was talking so fast that it was really difficult to follow. With his excitement he was able to attract everyone's attention, though. I observed them from a reasonable distance for a while. I put the parsley bunch in my bag and finished my shopping list. I took all my courage in both hands and approached to them. I had met the owner of the supermarket before. We had played football several times with some Turkish people from Neustadt. I greeted them first, and then used my most effective civilized manner, my smile. I introduced myself and gave my hand. When he responded to my act of friendship with a similar smile, I was relieved. Most probably, the owner of the supermarket had already realized my intention as I had mentioned to him my project with a hope of profitable contacts. I contacted all the shop-owners in my neighborhood with a prejudice that the tradesmen in a community are the ones who have a large human web because of the nature of their occupation and that they have the ability to feel the pulse of a society. They can say at least something about everybody in the neighborhood.

The owner of the Supermarket, who, now I can say without any doubt, realized my sneaky plans, introduced me to my new friend. He told him that I collected stories for my study. Then he turned to me and asked, "Why don't you interview Oktay?" I wanted to give him a sincere hug. When Oktay began to look at me with curious eyes, I started to explain my project. I asked him if it was possible to interview him. I was not able to hide my excitement as the story teller inside me became impatient. "Are you ready to share your intimate secrets with me?" I asked with an unnecessary sincerity. Then I immediately realized this hasty sincerity and added, politely, that I was interested in his story. Without any hesitation, he accepted my request. It was obvious that he liked to talk and I realized that I loved people who liked to talk.

One week later, he was sitting in my study room. It was the first interview at my home. When I learned that he lived in the neighborhood, I invited him to my house. Maybe it would have been better to meet in a neutral zone, but if I wanted to possess his sincerity, I would have to receive him in my most sincere place, my study room. The language of the interview was German. His Turkish was also perfect, but I listened to his German with an utmost admiration. Most possibly my German sounded ridiculous as I was overwhelmed with his fluency. It was a successful interview in terms of the context and the ideas it gave. How does a successful interview come out? Mostly the atmosphere of the interview, the context of the interview and

how the interviewee presents his/her stories determines the efficiency of an interview and this interview did also have a certain prevailing mood.

This man, who had married a Moroccan, had hardly any connection to his homeland Turkey, and was successful at his job, was talking about being foreign. As in the story of *Surprise,* a memory of the interviewee determined the topic of the short story. The memory, which was a personal turning point, was a fascinating story, and it offered the necessary theoretical and literary context to work with.

"I live in an airport"

The story became very short. Before I started to write, I decided to keep it short to have an intense and effective narration. When the short stories are notably short, there are some difficulties to overcome. An effective and maybe touching end becomes essential to obtain integrity. Also, when the short story is that short, the technical details of writing a short story come into the picture. A perfect short story must be centralized around one predominating incident which may be supported by various minor incidents or, in this case, minor mental, psychological, emotional etc. conditions of the protagonist, to make the main incident more effective. March-Russell (2009) explains that this incident must intimately concern one central character- and other supporting characters, perhaps. The story must move with a certain degree of directness- that is, there must be a thorough exclusion of such detail as is needless. This central situation, episode, or incident constitutes, in its working out, the plot; For the plot must not only have a crisis growing out of a tie-up or crossroads or complication, but the very essence of the plot will consist in the resolution, untying or dénouement of the complication.

In this sense, it was challenging to shorten the short story, to omit the less necessary parts (or, rather, sentences and words) to create a solid text. But, within the story a certain degree of directness is achieved. The place, however, is full of distractions as describing an airport means describing a clash of completely different colors and lives.

ın the end, the short story became truly, very short. When short stories are written in such a short form, some disadvantages should be taken into consideration. The necessity of a moving end or a strong formulation becomes inevitable, as there are no long details and descriptions which can cover the flaws in the outline of the story. So, there are many references to the

short story within the discussion of the story, as there is no wastefulness in the story and each part is necessary to display the message.

Oktay used a phrase during the interview to explain his in-betweenness, "I live in an airport." He felt that he didn't fully belong to Germany, but it was hard for him to say that he was able to live in Turkey. He said that all his belongings were always ready to pack. I am not sure what triggered me to write this story. Maybe Oktay's airport phrase gave me the idea, or the fact that he works for a plane company and works in the plane construction industry inspired me subconsciously. Despite this ambiguity, it is clear: This story is about being in an airport, waiting behind the border.

Airport as a non-place

Analyzing the interrelated connection between place and identity, Rose (1995: 88) refers to the geographer's usage of the term 'sense of place' by stating that places are significant because they are the focus of personal feelings and that place is something created by people, both as individuals and in groups. The impact of place on identity becomes inevitable with these geographical approaches, as a place filled with experiences and personal feelings cannot escape from the influence of identity and vice versa. As a matter of fact, "identity is how we make sense of ourselves" Rose states (1995:88), and geographers, anthropologists and sociologists, among others, argue that the meaning transferred to a particular place is so strong that it begins to play a crucial role in the process of identity construction.

However, "How does a transient place take a part in people's identities or what happens when an identity is lost in a transient place?" is the question that this short story seeks potential answers for. It also further problematizes the ambiguity of this encounter.

The protagonist is dealing with his personal problems and has nowhere to go or, rather, has no exact destination for his journey and stands in the middle of a transient place, an airport.

Marc Augé (1995) begins his book, *Introduction to an Anthropology of Supermodernity*, with a story of a traveler and about the mobility he experiences in an airport:

> "He was enjoying the feeling of freedom imparted by having got rid of his luggage and at the same time, more intimately, by the certainty that, now that he was 'sorted out', his identity registered, his boarding pass in his pocket, he had nothing to do but wait for the sequence of events… these crowded places where thousands of individual

> itineraries converged for a moment, unaware of one another, that there survived something of the uncertain charm of the waste lands, the yards and building sites, the station platforms and waiting rooms where travelers break step, of all the chance meeting places where fugitive feelings occur of the possibility of continuing adventure…" (2-3)

"Beyond Border" questions this uncertainness Augé describes and emphasizes the strangeness an airport may cause:

> *I just want to grab them from the arms and ask: "Where are you going? What is your problem? What all this rush?" But nobody knows each other here. Everybody is a stranger to everyone else. Faces are strange. Names, phrases are strange. Clothes, views, and words are strange. Some are tired, some fancy, some children, some rich, some young: The parade of human race.*

This description gives the overall picture of an airport, where mobility is experienced in an intense way. Even waiting rooms are the pit stops of oncoming action. There is no stable belonging or passengers have no historical root-connection to the airports as they are the gateways to other places and people pass by the airports.

Augé (1995) knows the term place in terms of its strict connections with identity. He claims that if a place can be defined as relational, historical and concerned with identity, then a space which cannot be defined as relational, or historical, or concerned with identity will be a non-place. The transient spots and temporary abodes rise as the productions of supermodernity. So, this story 'Beyond Borders' opens a new discussion platform for the study to analyze a *Gastarbeiter* in a transient place which contains many more perspectives and views to reflect the mobility that exists in the nature of migration.

The protagonist is astonished by the movements of the airport and tries to give meaning to the pageantry of transient scenes:

> *Colors flow, lives flow, lights and luggage flow. What are they carrying in those suitcases? Are they signs of lives left behind? In spite of all these unending movements are they trying to give the message with these suitcases that in some place they have their wardrobes in which their winter and summer clothes are places with great care? That they have locked drawers in which they keep their love letters that they have bed*

on which they find peace? That they have houses whose keys they carry along with them and which they belong to and which don't move and which are extremely stable?

This description points out the flawed nature of supermodern places like 'airports' as places in which human beings simply pass by and carry identifying marks as a sign that they do not belong there and that they do not identify themselves with the place. One way in which identity is connected to a particular place is by a feeling that you belong to that place. It's a place in which "you feel comfortable, or at home, because part of how you define yourself is symbolized by certain qualities of that place" (Rose 1995: 89). The protagonist experiences a sense of dislocation, as he has lost his past life and he doesn't feel any sociocultural connection to his destination. He stands in the middle of the airport as an alien because "to be human is to live in a world that is filled with significant places: to be human is to have to know your place" (Relph 1976: 1). The suitcases are those certain qualities of airports that give one the message of belonging in the space. However, suitcases also carry the belongings of a stable home, a place with which one is connected with all his/her personal stories. In "Beyond Borders," the airport is described as a "non-place" which cannot be defined as relational, or historical, or connected with identity.

The vision of the airport: endless sameness

Rayner (cited in Gottdiener 2001) captures the standard vision of airports when he writes:

> "As airports become cyberized and malled up, the downtown cities they serve become increasingly redundant to the business traveler. Travel will be reduced to an essence of inoffensive white space: the airport, the airplane, the airport, the airplane. The airport again..." (59).

This endless sameness is also mentioned in the short story in that the monotony of airports contributes to the sense of loss on the part of the protagonist:

> *I forget where I am. This feeling of loss has no importance, though. It has no importance, though. This is an airport after all.*

Various authors define the airport differently to highlight the distinctive qualities of the airport as a space. While Rosler (1998) and Brambilla (1999) label airports as "transitory space", Castells (1996) sees it as part of the "space of flows." Augé's description as "non-

place", however, comprehends these labels and leaves permanent marks on the depiction of the airport in the social sciences.

The concept of "non-place" follows this chapter of the study from the beginning, as it all starts in a supermarket and the staging of the short story is in an airport. Augé (1995) makes the point clear that non-places arise not only in the form of airports, but other travelling spaces such as railway stations, and hotel lobbies, as well as other spaces like highway service stations and supermarkets, which also display the qualities of non-places.

It may be reasonable to discuss immigrants experiencing identity crises in the concept of non-place as the concept refers the lack of belonging and stability. It can be read –not so much as the antithesis of "home", but as homelessness. In this context, the protagonist sees the world from this placeless space by saying, "Lost people are everywhere." He continues to encourage himself in this solitude by reminding himself of his detachment:

> *Slaps from my closest ones out of revenge…I fall flat on the ground at my company that I built with great hopes because my partner tripped me up. The woman that I got married to in spite of all objections, turned her back on me. That my family is sadistically pleased with this situation. not being confined to anywhere…The falling of my walls over my transitory existence, crying of my sons giving me headaches for the first time in my life, Bremen streets entrapped into darkness, alienation of all my friends in Germany.*

To discuss the airport in a migration-based context, Castells' definition of the airport as a *space of flows*, maintains a constructive base. The endless sameness turns into an endless mobility and this mobility indicates the movement in migration's nature. So, the immigrant becomes a passenger in an airport, not stable, flowing from one place to another carrying (at least in most cases) his/her cultural identity like the suitcase of a passenger. Similarly, the tendency of some authors to consider airports in a nomadic context, also contributes to the migration-based reading of airports as anthropological (non-)places. Airport departure lounges are considered temporary camps where people stay for a while before the next move. (Sklair 1998; Brambilla 1999; Makimito and Manners 1997; Iyer 2000)

Passport Control: Only innocent citizens

The identity crisis, the protagonist experiences, comes into resolution when it comes to passport control. As stated above, identity is how we make sense of ourselves, but there he stands as a person who becomes estranged from himself. The meanings given to a place may be so strong that they become a central part of the identity of the people experiencing them. However, he doesn't feel any identification with the place whose border is several steps ahead of him:

> *I am trying to remember why I am or, rather, to make it reasonable. I couldn't stay there. 'I must go,' I said. But where? Why Istanbul? Why Turkey? I don't even come here for holidays. It has been years since I last went to my hometown Kayseri. Why is my escape to here?*

As soon as the passport is checked, the passenger is freed from the weight of the burden of ambiguity. Being in an airport means being between the borders. Passport controls are the gateways from this in-betweenness to certainty. The relief of the protagonist after he passed the control can be explained with the end of his ambiguity. However, this relief can also be analyzed through the lense of identity crisis as, contrary to other passengers on the line, he is not happy with his situation: "Am I the only one who doesn't know that we are standing in front of the gate of paradise?'

If identity is a place in which you feel comfortable, or at home, because part of how you define yourself is symbolized by certain qualities of that place, then it may be said that home is waiting for him beyond borders. The policeman's statement "Welcome to your homeland, young man" serves as the disclosure of his feelings for home or rather the content of his suitcase. His sense of non-belonging leaves him for that particular moment and he finds a place for himself in a non-place. The interviewee also explains his confusion and what he felt after the policeman's greeting with an utmost enthusiasm:

> *Ich war völlig verstört. Ich weiß es wie heute. Habe ich mich in die Ecke gesetzt und ıch habe meine Tränen Gärung. Ich musste irgendwie umdrehen dass die Leute mich nicht sehen. Meine Augen waren vollgelaufen. Irgendwann habe ich angefangen zu*

heulen… Ich habe dieser Satz immer wieder wiederholt. „Vatanına hoşgeldin genç.[6]*“ Zwei Stunden lang. “Vatanına hoşgedin*

Signboards as Regulators

While driving down the motorways, wandering through the supermarket or waiting in an airport lounge, we face the non-places of supermodernity. Augé (1995: 96) makes explicit that these places have the peculiarity that they are defined partly by the words and texts they offer us. Instructions, prohibitions and information are delivered through the texts. Sometimes these are couched in more or less "explicit and codified ideograms or in ordinary languages" (Augé 1995: 96). In *Beyond Borders*, the protagonist refers to these codified texts in his non-place:

> *The ones who feel lost raise their head. And then come the gurus (loadstars) of modern times, those who dedicate themselves to the regulation of the globe, those miraculous creatures which help us position ourselves in the universe, namely signboards. There are no borders here. Everybody is nobody here. Everybody is equal as everybody is a stranger.*

The interaction is maintained through these texts and verbal communication becomes unnecessary. Mostly, it is possible to see a crowd of passengers in front of the departure/arrivals signboard trying to match their tickets with the information on the signboards. These electronic texts regulate their directions, their time and their exit from non-place. Everybody is equally obedient to them.

Nonetheless; within the story, the signboards are the emphasizers of his solitude. Their cold lights remind him of his lack of intimacy. Here the signboards are not sufficient to find his path, as he is an immigrant, who has no sense of place. He has failed in his immigration life and has no place where he can turn to. Yet the airport could be the right place for him because with its signboards, regulations, instructions and common rules, it creates a shared identity. It endows one with temporary identities and temporary roles. Augé (1995: 101) states that the relative anonymity that goes with this temporary identity can even be felt as liberation by people who, for a time, have only to keep in line, go where they are told, and check their appearance.

[6] Welcome to your homeland young man.

Non-place binds its user with a contract of which they are reminded when necessary. The trollies of a supermarket are used within some rules. You know that if your speed is beyond limit you are warned with red lights or photographed with thunder lights, and you have to show your identity card, passport, boarding card when you are asked. In a supermarket you have to show your identity card while using your credit card. Your registration number is recorded while passing the counter of a motorway; you pass through X-ray cabins in airport to prove that you are harmless and innocent. The user of a non-place is required to be presented as an innocent individual. The welcome of the police officer in the story can be also read through a consciousness of requirements that non-places impose. The protagonist fulfills the procedures and proves his innocence. So, he is welcomed to his homeland.

5. Downfall of The Immigrant

A Patriot in The Flea Market

"Have you been feeling cold? "asked the old man. "It is Germany. You will get used to it. When the fall comes, it means that the season is actually winter". "No I haven't felt cold" he said silently. He did feel a little cold. They were waiting, standing without any action. Two days ago, he was in a city where the light of the sun was clear. People were looking at the blue sky with their coats on. Now he came to a city where everyone was looking down at the grey pavements.

His life had changed in such a way in the last six months that he was driven about from one place to the other. Now he's fallen into this place, like a leaf: a flea market in Bremen. A bar full of old plugs stands just before him; a dirty kettle, a saddle, a pump, some cookery books, a green rainproof jacket, a wooden buck mount, two plastic chairs, sandwich toaster, and PC monitors. He picked them all up in the streets last night.

A man who ruled the people, scaring thousands of people with a glance, a weapon on his belt and stripes on his shoulder, with a power whose limits were unknown to him…was trying to sell the objects collected last night in the flea market now. What a wonderful downfall. "Live for you honor and die for your honor." He knew these words by heart from the time when he was in the academy. "You are the real owners of these lands." He had committed these words to his memory. However, he left the lands he owned like an escape from the heart of darkness, as if having committed a mortal sin.

"Don't get embarrassed, be ashamed. This is Germany. They don't ask what you're doing. A job is a job - it is enough," said the old man while setting his table. The old man must have felt the anxiety he was in. Not only a feeling of anxiety, indeed but the moment he is in, the city, and the bazaar founded on the parking ground of a supermarket. He had the feeling that he was watching himself out of a frosted window. And the people, whose language was Chinese to him, who purchased the objects collected from the streets, were the studio audience of the moment.

Why am I telling you these things? The military office to which I dedicated the first years of my youth, my twenties, and my thirties kicked me out. No repayment, no warranties.

At the table, I listened to the edict given by the high generals. “Due to the fact that you were involved in reactionary activities, the decision has been made that you will be expelled from the military without honor…” I just left my weapon, ranks and identity card in the room, and came to the flea market. I fell, dreaming, back into the mornings in which an old man with a yellow jacket carefully look at the kettle with a broken cable, and the mornings when five hundred soldiers were waiting with respect and fear for my greeting.

“What about Germany? You’re persona non-grata here. Please, go see it. Let’s go to Germany. Let’s restart over from the very beginning,” Did his wife say such a thing?? Or, “I don’t want to bring my children up in this country” Is that what she said? Whatever… Now he was in the lands where his wife was born. The lands where his wife was born and the lands he was totally unfamiliar with.

He was only sixteen when admitted into military college. The hot blood of youth, runs, lives without any surprise and without evenly planned moments. It is all boots, green uniforms and ballots, shaved fierce faces all for the real owners and protectors of the state.

17 years in total. Operations, conflicts. As a soldier he was the real owner of the state and he was killing and being killed for it. He was stripped of everything he possessed. And now here a man with an unshaved face was standing with his father-in-law who sold the stones of the Berlin Wall when he came to Germany as it was torn down. The father-in-law came to Germany to make money and did everything to deserve it. He scanned the old man from foot to the head. This father-in-law with heartache, diabetes and eleven houses just in Bremen was haggling with a Russian costumer to the end to give him a two Euros discount on the sandwich toaster.

He was an expert on organizing and planning. He got advanced education on leadership. He spoke Russian and French. And also he knew not to fear anything visible to him. But now he was feeling like a child in this serene autumn day, far away from the things he possessed. There were shivers, darkness and streaming images without any sense. People were, as though, confronting him with an unfamiliar language.

This severe evolution set even the most intimate realities on fire. The relationship he has with anything turns out to be a strange one. Once, there was a clear image of home in which everything was placed. Captain was the leader of the house, and his wife was the care-taker. Now he felt as if he were a football player on an away game. He was isolated from his wife

too. “The holiday is over,” said his wife this morning. Yes, she said: “Holiday.” But the sufferings of past months were still on his shoulders. He was expelled from the sphere, the only environment whose dynamics he knew by heart, and he had looked for a job from door to door for months. But no one dared to employ a person who was persona non-grata in the military. He could not even answer the question of intimate friends asking the situation he was in. It was difficult to him to say that he was expelled from the military due to his beliefs. His wife perceived these hard times as if it were going on a holiday? Maybe she just made a joke A thoughtless joke.

There was a little rain. “Son! Do not dream too much! Let’s prepare and not get wet,” said the old man. They started to load the objects on the car. The old man took the green raincoat from the table and put it on. The bazaar was empty now. He lightly touched the shoulder of the captain. “You will get used to it. Don’t worry - you will.” It was the first time that the garlic breath of the old man did not disturb him. He would get used to it anyway.

The slowly driven cars on the wet road attracted his attention. “They are going too slow” he murmured. “30 km is the limit here. You cannot go over it. Learn this, commander. This is Germany,” the old man said with a smile on his face. He would learn it anyway. The smell of garlic disturbed him. He opened the window. A man who is thought to be presenting the news was speaking without taking a breath, on the radio. He murmured: “If this is the way it is in Germany, we will learn it in any case.”

Interview with an *Old* Friend

During my university years in Bremen, I had many different student jobs in many different places. During the first year of my university study, I started to work at a Turkish grocery store at the very heart of the city. The first time I went into to the grocery was as a client. My German course was not far from the store and during the breaks I used to go to the store to have coffee. The owner of the shop was a Turkish man with an optimistic smile and perpetually tired blue eyes. He was really interested in my conversations efforts. It was my first year as an immigrant and to be able to talk with a person, with a sense of humor similar to mine, was priceless at that period of my life. We became really close in a very short time and his shop turned into my usual stop when I wanted to have a good time. He was an imported groom like me and we used to share similar issues both in our private life and in the society we lives in. We were not only immigrants in Germany, but also aliens in our own

family crisis. After I got my working permit, I started to work at the grocery store and he became my boss for two years.

However, his story was much more drastic than mine, as he was a high-ranking soldier in the Turkish military. So, his experiences as an immigrant and as an imported groom in Germany included elements that could be told in a dramatic way.

When I started my study and began to look for interview partners, he was the first person that came into my mind. Like in the old days, I went to the grocery. He was behind the counter serving his mostly German customers with his assuring smile. Next to the counter there was the glass case, which looked extremely tasty as usual. Six different olives, ten different sorts of cheeses, stuffed grape leaves, lentil balls, bulgur salad, dried tomatoes in oil, different kinds of sea food, pickles, and salads with colorful vegetables… these were the tastes I was familiar with. There is a kitchen behind this little shop, where I used to prepare tzatziki, bulgur salad, and wash the dishes. Everybody treated me well here and I realized that I missed my times here in this Turkish shop when I had dreams and hopes about my near future.

Monsieur Ahmet et les Fleurs du Steintor

While he was trying to welcome the customer crowd with his smile, he was giving me the signals to wait. There I was again, this time not as a student-worker, but as a story hunter, who was chasing his own past. I used to work there with a refugee, who came from Dagestan and had worked as an engineer at a factory in Moscow. All those memories from this shop and all those extraordinary customers. Each of them might have been a vivid character from a movie or a novel written with postmodern narrative techniques. The Greek woman, who owned the Greek restaurant at the corner and always gave me the impression of being a femme fatale with her mystic eyes and loud laughs; a German cook, who knew world politics very well, spent his summer holidays on a tiny Greek island, where electricity didn't exist and the only transportation vehicles were donkeys; a women from Kosovo, whose husband was an alcoholic and used to beat her occasionally, an alcoholic and drug addict economics professor, who always corrected my German assignments and used to drink twelve giant glasses of beer without getting drunk; an old blind Turkish man, who used to come every Tuesday to sell fresh mints, dill, parsley and onions from his own garden; an old Kurdish Alevi, who used to read me his poems from his red covered notebook and wait for my appreciation while explaining his already crystal clear verses; an charismatic Iranian charismatic, who used to

come with his young wife and checked with her for appreciation and approval after each product he bought; a Croatian man, who used to focus on buying Balkan tea and *Minas* Coffee, and avoided buying anything else, although he used to eye the grapes and pears all the time; an Afghan girl, who used to come every evening around 17:45, buy bread and leave the shop in the planet's sweetest slow-motion; a young Chinese woman, who was married to an old English man and owned a café in the neighborhood; an Armenian woman, who was extremely dark due to her exaggerated solarium visits and her daughter, who used to buy Turkish art chewing-gum with all her coins; a vegetarian German teacher, who used to ask halal bonbons without gelatin; all the silent German customers; all the Turkish customers who liked to bargain… The store dominated a period of my life with its multicultural atmosphere and moving ambiance.

I could tell the story of this store. When I first thought about talking to Ahmet for the study; I had a story in my mind like Eric-Emmanuel Schmitt's novel *Mr. Ibrahim and the Flowers of Koran*. Ahmet, the owner of the store, would have been my Turk at the corner. However, during the interview Ahmet talked about his first day in Germany. So, I didn't want to miss the chance of telling the story of his psychologically dramatic migration premiere..

The First Day of Migration

It was another interview in which I knew the interview partner before the interview. There are some disadvantages in interviewing a friend whose story is already known to the interviewer. This acquaintance includes the danger of turning the interview into a formality. All the questions asked become the lines of a performance, which is nothing more than an imitation of the reality. I experienced these difficulties when I started the interview. Ahmet answered the first questions with a smile to implying that I already knew the answers. However, I didn't give up and kept my seriousness. After a while; the interview got its own rhythm and began to serve as possible stories.

His migration cause was different from the other interviewees of the study. He didn't come to Germany to make his life financially or socially better. His migration was forced by ideological (or rather political) factors. He was discharged from the army and lost his rank and social position in his own society. While serving his country as a high-ranking officer, he became an unwanted person. He left his country and came to Germany, where he became an ordinary immigrant. The most effective parts of the interview were the parts where he talked

about this radical change in his life. The social and psychological outcomes of his dishonorable discharge from the army are practiced and lived in the land of migration:

> *But, I mean, you are a person with a high-rank in Turkey. There are two hundred officers under your command, then again thousands of soldiers, lots of firearms, guns with modern technology, everything is under your command. You have your private jeep, your official car with your chauffer; you haven't even picked up a piece of trash from the ground. Then you came here and began to collect trash from the bins. You take products from bulky waste and you sell them at rug fairs at the weekends. I mean, of course, it is like falling from the top to the ground.*

Typical immigrant experiences, which make the beginning of the life in the host country difficult to deal with, are felt more drastically in this immigrant story. So, I began to work for a short story that reflected this corporal's downfall.. He rested on his first day in Germany, but he started to work in the next day. So, his new life-style was activated on his second day in Germany. During the interview, I realized the potential of this second day and asked questions about it. It must have been extremely difficult for him. So, his feelings about that time could be worth remembering:

> *M: Yes, but let's talk about the next day. When you first came to the flea market, that part impressed me a bit. I mean, at that moment, when you stood behind the counter, your mood, your psychology; I know it from myself when I used to work at Mercedes, when I used to work as cleaner there. I used to ruminate with a mop in my hand like what am I doing here. That psychology is known to me, also. You go to the flea market early in the morning, you wait behind the things you probably didn't buy, but collected from the streets. You try to sell them. And this man was a commander a year ago. That's something interesting.*

After I read the transcript of the interview, I realized that I had begun to build my short story during the interview. These statements of mine can be read not only to get the interviewee's comments about the topic, but also as as an effort towards justification and to persuade myself of the potential of this topic. Also, there was a place, which I could play with. The rug store could offer me a rich metaphoric background to enliven the details of my short story. Also, rug store as a place could provide useful analogical materials to discuss afterwards.

Ordinary Places

Writing about common and ordinary places, which are known to everyone even in all of their familiar details, can be read as in conflict with traditional ethnographic writings. When ethnography was first established, ethnographers tended to go culturally different and out-of-the-way, bounded places to do their field research, as their goal was to invent or rather introduce the cultural differences of other people. In today's ethnography, "as ideas of which places might appropriately be considered the field have shifted, so too have techniques for field work and modes of representation" (Narayan 2012: 26). So, ethnographers now work on the familiar and the metropolitan, in schools, supermarkets, airports, companies, shopping centers, skyscrapers, and more. This study, in this context, is a part of this turn in today's ethnography. Although the interviews are recorded in common places like tea-houses, cafés etc.,,, the stories of some interviewees carry us to different places like hospitals, airports, prisons and more. *A Patriot in the Flea Market* presents another place from the everyday life of a city. The Flea Market becomes the focal metaphor of this chapter as places are one of the solid forms of the feelings an author needs to describe. By giving the details about a particular place, an author builds the physical, cultural ambiance to reveal the psychological and individual situations of the story and its characters.

What are the associations with a flea market ? Minal Sarosh (2011) gives an image of a flea market in her poem, 'Flea Market':

Under a motley umbrella of awnings,
green tarpaulin, or even an old bed sheet,
sits the flea market on its haunches,
like a dusty weary traveler waiting
for the next bus, the next century.

Flea Market refers to the old and the past, for the poet, in these lines. She uses 'old' and 'dust' as adjectives to define the goods and to make an analogy. Associating the flea market with a dusty traveler is also descriptive of the Bremen immigrant flea market. He travels to a new one by leaving his old life and stands in the market with old goods waiting for a new beginning. The detailed descriptions of the objects waiting to be sold on the bar, emphasize the feeling of time-wornness:

A flea market in Bremen. A bar full of old plugs stands just before him. A dirty kettle, a saddle, a pump, some cookery books, a green rainproof jacket, a wooden buck mount, two plastic chairs, sandwich toaster, and PC monitors.

The former life of the fresh immigrant, like the goods he is trying to sell, is obsolete. He lies himself down on a "migration stall and waits for the outcome of his new life. He is like old valuable furniture looking out at the crowd in flea market. The time when he was valued as a soldier is gone and now he is *waiting for the next bus, the next century* as an immigrant on the liminal threshold. He feels himself as absolutely foreign as a flea market that contains all the components to emphasize this drastic change in his life:

17 years in total. Operations, conflicts. As a soldier he was the real owner of the state and he was killing and being killed for it. He was stripped of everything he possessed. And now here a man with an unshaved face was standing with his father-in-law who sold the stones of the Berlin Wall when he came to Germany as it was torn down. The father-in-law came to Germany to make money and did everything to deserve it. He scanned the old man from foot to the head. This father-in-law with heartache, diabetes and eleven houses just in Bremen was haggling with a Russian costumer to the end to give him a two Euros discount on the sandwich toaster.

Everything and everyone around him in the flea market [and in migration] is ambiguous; As he doesn't understand when the people around him talk, he doesn't understand the social interaction in flea market. The father-in-law- on the other hand, stands there as an upgraded version of him as he is able to understand the language in the flea market and he has the self-confidence to deal with the flea market [and with Germany]. His very existence in the story is what underlines his alienation. The story begins with his father-in-law's statement about Germany to highlight the ex-soldier's bewilderment and his passive existence behind the bar:

It is Germany. You will get used to it. When the fall comes, it means that the season is actually winter.

A two day old immigrant is not very well aware of the fact that this is actually is Germany. As a man who lost his social identity, places have secondary importance. So, Germany is not a country for him, but a place where he begins to complete his sentence. The new language, the Russian customer who bargains for the toaster, all the German customers, the father-in-law, and the materials on the bar are the details of his nightmare.

An imported groom

He is the kind of groom that *From the Editor's Pen* analyses in the previous chapter. His traditional husband role loses its function as he is not the glorious commander and the powerful husband anymore. He becomes an imported husband as he leaves his country and moves to the land of his wife. In Turkey, he had the superior position knowing the social dynamics, cultural norms of the society, and the language of the country, better than his wife. He had imported his wife from Germany and they lived in Turkey, where he was the traditional husband, who protects and earns the bread. However, with his migration from Turkey to Germany, this traditional mentality is turned upside down:

> *This severe evolution has set even the most intimates realities on fire. The relationship he has with anything becomes bizarre. Once, there was a clear image of home in which everything was in its. The captain was the leader of the house, and his wife was the care-taker. Now he felt as if he were a football player on an away game. He was isolated from his wife, too. "The holiday is over," said his wife this morning. Yes, she said: "Holiday." But the sufferings of past months were still on his shoulder.*

His alienation is not limited to his strange position in the flea market, but even his wife has become a stranger to him. The clear image of home has become blurred and the captain has lost his authority over his battalion. Migration shook the patriarchal structure of his family and his wife has become "the one who already knows the country where the couple settled (Gonzales-Ferrer 2006). This new role for him and his wife gives him the feeling of loneliness and he loses his concept of home. However, the protagonist of *A Patriot in the Flea Market* differs from the other immigrant protagonist of the study. As he lost his social position in his homeland before the migration, and as his sense of belonging is confused with his discharge from the army, his concept of home and homeland is complicated. Migration, on the other hand, doesn't give him a new sense of home, but intensifies his isolation and loneliness. The host country welcomes him with a flea market, where he becomes surrounded with a completely unfamiliar setting. So; the new immigrant, the fresh imported groom, experiences the side-effects of migration in the most intense (vivid) way.

Flea Market as Space

Descriptions about the Flea Market in the story are based on my observations about the flea markets in Bremen. I visited three different flea markets in Bremen in two Sundays before I started to write the short story. During my participant observation, I came out with unexpected but functional outcomes, rather than what I had intended to collect. These visits gave me vivid details about flea markets to enrich the descriptions of the story. However, the overall ambiance of flea markets and its colorful diversity in terms of the cultural backgrounds of the flea market's inhabitants, bestowed upon me sociocultural perspectives to write about.

Flea Markets in Bremen are the spaces where alternative enunciations of multiculturalism are constructed. I came back with a long list of salesman from many different cultural belongings: *a Bulgarian woman who sells synthetic flowers, an Iraqi couple who sell second-hand books, Turkish people who sell Dutch bicycles, German students who sell platters, Kurdish men who wait for their customers among their wooden furniture, Russian families who sell jeans and jackets* etc. Also the customers, or rather the ones who walk through the narrow streets of the flea market, almost create an image from a United Nations assembly. However, flea markets in Bremen are neither immigrant dominated places, nor are they all together German. . They have their own dynamics and atmosphere. This particular dynamic reminds me of Homi Bhabha's hybridity, in which a third place emerges. Bhabha's explanations of the variety of cultural meeting points may give offer a perspective for understanding the dynamics of flea markets in Bremen. Bhabha "locates it [hybridity] in another example of trialectical thirding-as-Othering" (Soja 1996: 140) and introduces the notion of hybridity, which is located at the margins:

> *all forms of cultures are continually in a process of hybridity. But for me the importance of hybridity is not to be able to trace two original moments from which the third emerges, rather hybridity to me is the "third space" which enables other positions to emerge. This third space displaces the histories that constitute it, and sets up new structures of authority, new political initiatives, which are inadequately understood through received wisdom…The process of cultural hybridity gives rise to something different, something new and unrecognizable, a new area of negotiation of meaning and representation (Bhabha 1990: 211).*

Flea markets in Bremen with their multicultural structures epitomize hybridity. These kinds of places to which people -without any conflicts with the countries and societies they live in- bring their own cultures' components and create their own representations. In the case of Bremen flea markets, immigrants from Eastern cultures reconstruct the bazaar culture of their own home country and a third place emerges via this combination with the host and other cultures. So, immigrants find themselves in a sociocultural appearance, which is close to their own. It is, however, not a simple act of cultural harmony, "based not upon the exoticism of multiculturalism or the diversity of cultures, but on the inscription and articulation of culture's hybridity" (Soja1996: 141).

While immigrants in flea markets find themselves in a social place where their identities as immigrants become ambiguous, as they have the chance to participate in the structures of authority by having their own initiative as members of an organization, Germans, on the other hand, attend to the Sunday activities of their own cultural tradition.

6. Migration as Melting Point

Conversations in No Man's Land

The only bearable things in those endless nights were the conversations with him. We used to work as cleaners in that huge factory at weekends. We used to clean the places shown us, walk with cloths, mats –we called them mobs-, smelly cleaning agents in our hands, among the huge robots, car skeletons, iron tunnels, and oily trash racks. They were the times when everything used to go wrong for me. There was either something missing in my life or nothing was complete. It was like in the song:

There is something missing in my life.

Why this often far-away look?

There is something missing in my life,

The sky sometimes fills in my lungs.

In fact, I knew exactly what was missing in my life. I was living a marriage that I didn't belong to on lands where I couldn't express myself. I gave up on happiness. I had an irrelevant job and, strangely enough, I spent my weekends at that factory. I was told that that was how it should have been and I thought that I lived life as it was meant to be. I used to live just to work.

I don't remember exactly when I first saw him. I think it was during a break in the canteen. He used to sit at a corner and eat his food, mostly by himself. He didn't butt in on anybody. It was obvious that he was new around there. But I knew him thoroughly in a November night. A Saturday night. Everybody was told what to do and only two of us were left. Each foreman had his men. They used to work under his command every weekend. It was really important for the workers. It was a big advantage no to have any surprise and to have foreknowledge of the jobs they were supposed to do. Besides, workers made themselves likable to their foremen in time and some of their laziness was ignored. So, it was important there to be someone's man. Everybody was Turkish (or at least came from Turkey) and here the details were determinant. The ones who were close or distant relatives, the ones who were fellow townsmen, were somehow privileged. I was nobody's man and every week I used to clean different places. These were mostly the places which nobody wanted to clean. That night I

realized that he was also nobody's man. Foremen had chosen everybody except us. He looked above his dirty glasses and said "This might not be a good sign." "Absolutely not," I said approvingly. Then a bellied, curly black haired foreman approached, who looked like one of the villains in a Turkish movies. He reminded me of a typical scene in one of those movies. I got the impression that he had just eaten voraciously devoured a fatty chicken with bare hands and then combed his hair with the same greasy fingers. "Follow me," he said with a voice that supported my impression. And we did. I remembered us passing a scary orange robot. Then we turned left by an ugly car which would be sold for an immense sum of money after it was completed. We passed through a narrow gate and reached a hidden square. "Clean here. I will come in one hour," said the foreman and left us with the square alone.

We took first the brushes in hand and began to clean the dust, oil marks and all kinds of rubbish from the slippery floor. Only the sound of the brushes was heard. I don't remember how long we stayed quiet like that, but at some point I saw that he left cleaning and was looking at me. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Are they called mobs? I mean what we use here?". "Yes." He laughed while leaning on the handle of the brush, "You know what mob means in English?" "No, I don't". "Crowd of idle onlookers. Ordinary people" I smiled. "It snaps into place like clockwork". "Indeed."

After half an hour we were done with the brushes and took the mobs. It was a small square and it was highly possible that it would be finished in less than one hour. "Let's finish it quickly so, we can make ten minutes break before we start to do the next place," I offered. We started to wipe the floor swiftly. Not long after, the whole square was completely finished. We were finished earlier than the foreman's calculation. We passed the rest of fifteen minutes by doing active recreation. So, we went to a corner where no one could see us when he first came to the square and began to pretend to be sweeping the already wiped floor. After a while, he was looking at me again. It was his habit when he wanted to say something. Instead of calling out or starting to speak, he waited until I realized his look. "Movie" he said joyfully. "What movie?". "The Kite Runner." "I didn't watch it? ^Was it a good one?" "Are you kidding?! Wait, what was he saying? Oh, yes. *The Mullahs want to rule our souls…and the Communists tell us we don't have any*. Like it?" he was looking at me with a childish joy. He went on talking about the movie when he saw that I smiled. Then he looked at me with an impish smile. "You are a Communist, aren't you?" he asked. I told him that I was not a Communist in the way he thought. Then we talked about the cinema in Soviet Russia. We

talked about cinema and propaganda. He talked about the movies that were used for Communist propaganda.

The foreman was late, but it didn't concern us. We were happy with our chat. "Movie" I screamed loudly. "Say it!" he said cheerfully.

- My Father and My Son
- I watched it. Did you cry like a woman?
- Why? Is crying something peculiar to women?
- I cried like a woman
- Oh, you are looking for someone to share your crime
- Maybe
- Ok. I confess. I cried, too.
- You say confession. Then you see it as a crime
- Not a crime, but there was a scene where I couldn't stop myself
- Which scene?
- Give him a room, dad. He has nowhere to go
- Intense!

Then we talked about our cities. He talked about the Aegean and I told him about the Mediterranean. We talked about our fathers. I learned that he came from a religious family. I didn't care what kind of a worldview he had. The foreman had brought us here and this small little square of floor, which was hidden behind the ugly cars and robots, became our no man's land. It was not important who we were. These two people, who couldn't be friends in another place, in another time, fell into a comforting conversation in the middle of the night on a dirty floor that smelled of cleaning agent and metal.

The foreman wasn't coming and the break time was approaching. "Movie," said the religious one. "Say it," said the one, who was Communist, but not the way the religious one thought. "Guentanamera" "What's this?" " *Loneliness is the worst kind of hunger*." Then we talked about loneliness. We accepted the fact that we both were lonely.

We went upstairs to the canteen when the break came. The tired workers had already placed themselves at the tables and they were chewing the food that they had brought from their homes. We sat at a table. I realized while peeling my orange that we were a group of four at the table: a Turkish nationalist, an orthodox Muslim, an Alevi with Arab origin, and me, a

Socialist. Although these four could be together in a joke, they sat in that factory canteen and were talking about whether they would go to Turkey in the summer. Maybe we were being funny. I don't know. All the jokes that we made, funny stories that we told, and the usual complaints came to an end when the foreman arrived to announce that the break was over. He didn't have to say anything. Workers began to leave their tables.

When the break was over, we went back to the same square of the floor and began to wait for the foreman. He didn't come again. We gave up pretending to work. We just leaned our back to the wall and sat on the cold floor. "How did you become communist?" he asked as if he wanted to ask how I committed this sin. I told him about the injustice, cruelty, elephants and grasses[7] in the world. "Somehow I needed to show that I am against all of these, and so I chose this path". "I see. Your ideology, your dreams are your religion. That's how you fulfill the emptiness caused by your not believing in God". "I don't say I don't believe in God, but I don't believe in the sense that you understand." He burst into loud laughter, "You are good at making yourself incomprehensible - a mystical style. I got you."

Hours were passing, the foreman wasn't coming, and we were going on to talk about people, books, music, and our homes we left behind. I hadn't smiled so much for months. It was the slight intoxication of a person who had escaped from the noises, and muggy, dirty air of the city and come into a pine forest. A computer programmer and a history teacher were swinging their lead at a factory corner with cloth at their hands and in their overalls. "Do you think we are swinging the lead? Are we avoiding work?" asked the history teacher. "No" I said. "We did our first assignment and waiting for the next one."

"Movie" he shouted in good conscience. "Name one!" "In Bruges. Quote: *Maybe that's what hell is: the entire rest of eternity spent in this fuckin' city*."

Less than an hour was left for the end of the work. We were talking about Germany. I told him that I couldn't put up with people anymore, "I can't do what I wanted to do. My life is like Chinese rice. No salt, no taste." "I think their rice is not that bad. What can't you do, for example? What is missing?" "That I don't know. Something is missing, though. I can't do my music. I don't have time for anything. I guess I am just a worker."

Then came a long silence. We were just sitting and staring at the robot in glass room. We were forgotten in this little square. It was a nice night, a good night to share words, thoughts,

[7] It is a reference to a commonly used saying in Turkish: "Grasses are trampled while elephants fight."

feelings, and troubles. “I know what you mean” said my friend (who lives in a cinematic world) probably just to break the silence. ” Your soul becomes very attached. Everything loses its meaning. Things are not ok with Turks. Everybody is strange. Maybe it’s the state of being far away. Everything is not alright with the Germans, either. We are like the unexpected guests. We are like rain, coming suddenly and making everywhere muddy…” We are not complete. There is something missing with us.”

When the time came, we picked up all the materials and apparatus and went to the store. Everybody used to come together there, everything was returned and finally worker’s checks were given. We returned the mats, brushes, buckets, and all the cleaning agents. While we were sitting at a corner and waiting for our checks, the foreman saw us. He ran up to us with a horrible face. “Damn! I forgot you!” he whispered. “Why didn’t you come to me? Did you clean that place the whole night?” Even his dirty beard couldn’t hide his red face. “We waited. You didn’t come” said the history teacher. “But do not worry. We did a good job. Everywhere is clean there. Anyhow, we had time till morning” I said. He went away with the same horrible expression. We looked cheerfully behind him. We took our checks and began to walk towards the exit. “My dear teacher, is that money haram[8]?” he asked smiling. “Don’t worry dear communist. It is halal to the last dime,” said my friend. Cold weather welcomed us outside. The sun was about to rise. “Wow, we are really tired” he said while lighting his cigarette. I smiled while taking a deep breath from my cigarette. The workers of the morning shift were walking towards the gate of the factory. “We are always tired, master, always tired” I said. Then I realized that my butt was aching because of the long hours sitting.

An Interview from My Own History

During the first years of my life in Germany I worked in a car factory as cleaning staff. It was a sort of student job that I used to do on the weekends. All the employees of the cleaning staff were foreigners and most of them were Turkish. There was even a saying among the Turks in Bremen, “There is nobody who is a Turkish student that has not stopped by this factory.” As a Turkish student, I also spent some time there. When I look back, I recall those days with a bitter happiness. It was hard to work there as it started in the evening and went on till the dawn. I remember that when I came back home, I spat out dust and mud all day long.

[8] Haram: An Arabic word meaning forbidden by religion. It is commonly used in Turkish to refer to undeserved money. The Word halal, on the other hand, is the antonym of halal. It means permissible or lawful. In this context, it refers to lawfully deserved money.

Everybody or rather every group had a foreman there and being a foreman in that factory was not different from being the owner of the factory. We, the workers were supposed to do whatever they asked us to do and however they wanted. They used to appear stealthily for sudden checks and they would even send the workers away whose working rhythm did not please them. It is difficult to say that there was a comfortable working atmosphere in this huge factory.

However, sometimes good friendships among the workers were built, probably because of the despotic methods of the foremen. While looking for interviewees for my study, I remembered one of my friends with whom I rowed in the same boat during my factory times. A short call was more than enough to persuade him to meet me in the café of a Go Cart track. He offered me the place, but I thought such a place was not a perfect one to record the interview. The place was particularly silent when we were there as there was no one using the track. So, there we were in a potentially extremely loud place, but holding a surprisingly quiet interview.

I had little in common with him as he had politically radical tendencies, but the only thing that bound us was our time together in that factory. That he was an Ultra-Communist and liked to make provocative statements while talking about the Turkish immigrants in Germany made him interesting for me to write about. He was also socially active and pursuing his ideals in life. I always envied his sincerity and fidelity to his cases. He placed the values that he believed in at the center of his life and elaborated and evaluated everything according to the criteria of these values.

Once again I was invaded by the heaps of thoughts before I went to the interview. What did I need to ask to get his pure attention? Would my prepared questions offer me a framework that I mıght later work on? What other questions did need to ask my friend whom I thought I already knew? As a matter of fact, I had a topic in my mind to write a short story on. I wanted to write about loneliness, as he appeared to be a lonely man because of his often critical and depressive views about humanity. We came across each other months ago in Vegesack, a small and forgotten town in North Bremen. He had been smoking his cigarettes and drinking his coffee in front of a kiosk. He had become really pleased when he had seen me. At that time, he had been going through difficulties due to his he divorce from his wife and had been living with an old German woman in Vegesack. His gaze was blank and he was struggled to hold his thoughts together. Therefore, writing a short story about loneliness seemed to me reasonable.

The meeting was a disappointment for me. He did not answer my questions in the way I expected as I didn't get any satisfactory material to write a short story. He made long philosophical comments, and they were maybe interesting to listen, but difficult for me as materials to process.

There were certainly some interesting points in the meeting. He did not like the Turkish folk in Germany because of their politically and ideologically passive lifestyles and he departed from his fellow countrymen because of his personal experiences. Although he felt comfortable in German society, he said "at the end of the day, I am a Turk, not one of them" and gave me a golden opportunity to start to write a story about loneliness. However, something was missing and I couldn't write the story. This interview has been kept in the file of "unwritten stories" for a long time.

Weeks later, I was talking about the interview to a friend of mine and told him how I got to know the interviewee. At that point I realized that it was worth writing. Ideologically, politically, and personally different people were able to come together and build such a sense of friendship and solidarity. It was only possible in a place where all the differences are neutralized and common points gain the preliminary position. The factory we worked in together is the meeting point of foreign workers who have different sociocultural backgrounds, as the place melts their differences and reduces them into foreign workers under the command of foreign foremen. So, the question "Why did the factory bring us together and how could we have held conversations which lasted till the dawn?" is the starting point of this short story.

Innocent Lies

After I finished the story and read it once again, I realized that I had played with my former intentions about the story. In fact, it was something I did with most of the short stories that I have written for this study. However, my authorial reflexes become highly dominant during the writing process and sometimes I may have misused the material I collected with my Anthropologist title. Would these two people know so much about the movies in real life? Would they have the intellectual background to talk about Soviet films? How Socialist would the Socialist in the story be in real life and how religious would the other one be? What is the role of the fictional aspects of the study? How do I place them within the study, and how do I change the anthropological materials within the flexible world of fiction? There are the

questions that enable me to think about the anthropological contributions of my study in terms of reflecting on the life of Turkish immigrants in Germany. Clifford also accepts this ambiguity and states that ethnographic fictions may 'raise empiricist hackles'. However, he doesn't see the word 'fiction' as lying about the materials, as he argues that the word is commonly used in recent textual theory and has lost its connotation of falsehood, of something merely opposed to truth. So, what this study claims to do is to produce ethnographic writings that can be called fictions in the sense of something made or fashioned. Vincent Crapanzano also defines the work of ethnographers as manipulation of the truth. He portrays ethnographers as tricksters, promising, like Hermes, not to lie, but never undertaking to tell the whole truth either. So, their rhetoric empowers and subverts their message.

Through the aesthetic (literary) processing of these 'lies' (or, rather, from materials extracted from interviews) the reality is scattered within the short story and it is filtered from one phrase, statement, analogy, or from the overall message of the plot. The factory metaphor in "No Man's Land" evolves itself and it is placed in the center of all the lies invented for this specific short story. All these lies are innocent lies, as they serve to aestheticize the dull content of the interviews and -specifically for this short story- they help to place the factory at the center of the discussions.

On that night, when these two immigrants came together in the forgotten hall of a giant factory, they may have talked about action movies, which had no art values at all. They may also have talked about movies that they didn't agree upon. There may have been some moments in which the Socialist immigrant launched his sarcastic views at the religious one. Or perhaps the religious immigrant had a long look at the Socialist and thought about him being tortured in hell. However, in *No Man's Land* these possibilities do not take place. Does it make this story a lie? If so, it is done with the good intention to uncover some aspect of the reality in an effective way.

The Factory Hall: No Man's Land

The title of a story usually surrenders, gives itself, by the time the story is finished. The best part of writing a story is that you read the story from the beginning once again and you give it a name as the creator of it. After the story is baptized, you sit in front of the screen and think about the new-born story and whether it accepts its name. Sometimes you know from the beginning what the title of the story is, like in the case of "The Confession" and "The Swift."

The title of this story, however, gave itself up in the middle of the writing process. When I thought about the factory, I came to the conclusion that it was a neutral place, where the cultural, political, and even personal aspects of the two protagonists faded away temporarily. So, "No Man's Land" seems to be fair in the way that it covers the neutralizing factor of the factory.

No Man's Land tells the story of two completely different Turkish immigrants, who focus on their common points and converse till the first lights of the day. As I realized that I might compare Germany with the factory, I realized that the story gives birth to a contextually useful analogy. It is possible to consider the factory in the short story as a sketch of the Turkish immigrants' communication and behavior dynamics among themselves. It is not unusual in Germany that a Kurdish nationalist and a Turkish nationalist would talk about anything, but probably not politics. They may talk about the upcoming summer holiday, if they will go to Turkey, if so where they will buy the plane tickets, how long they will stay there, and in the end they may curse the nonexistent summer of Germany as a chorus. In this sense, Germany, like the factory in *No Man's Land*, can be regarded as a neutral place. The protagonist emphasizes this function of the factory as offering a sense of private space that creates a kind of intoxicating effect that making him and his coworker forget, or rather, prefer to ignore their differences:

> *Then we talked about our cities. He talked about the Aegean and I told him about the Mediterranean. We talked about our fathers. I learned that he came from a religious family. I didn't care what kind of a worldview he had. The foreman had brought us here and this small little square of floor, which was hidden behind the ugly cars and robots, became our no man's land. It was not important who we were. These two people, who couldn't be friends in another place, in another time, fell into a comforting conversation in the middle of the night on a dirty floor that smelled of cleaning agent and metal.*

They co-create a piece of private space that is shared by two actually foreign persons and this place makes them feel at ease. That the foreman forgets them there and that they feel forgotten away from home creates a sense of isolation and with it, with the acknowledgement of the isolation, they begin to behave as if they were one person. So, the history teacher and the computer engineer, the religious Muslim and the Socialist, can talk about the movies and

enjoy each other's company because the neutrality of the space itself, absorbs their differences.

However, this absorbing function of the little meydan in the factory hall doesn't necessarily mean that they are not aware of their differences; these differences are contextually remembered, but reshaped and made ineffective with via illusory mockery and humor. The Socialist immigrant asks the religious immigrant whether their money for the night is religiously illegitimate because their work lasted only a couple of hours and the foreman forgot to give them other works for the rest of the night. He asks jokingly, but with a hidden message to say that he is very aware of the fact that his friend is different and religious. Similarly; the religious immigrant asks his friend if he is a Communist. He asks it in a direct and straightforward way so that the differences between them are declared, but at the same time the matter is trivialized.

Sense of Non Belonging

I prefer the Socialist immigrant as the narrator to be able to associate with the interviewee. The story starts with the desperate voice of the narrator. He complains about his life as he assumes that something is missing in his life:

> *I was living a marriage that I didn't belong to on lands where I couldn't express myself. I gave up on happiness. I had an irrelevant job and, strangely enough, I spent my weekends at that factory. I was told that that was how it should have been and I thought that I lived life as it was meant to be. I used to live just to work.*

The state of non-belonging is so dominant for the narrator that he gives an impression that he has neither the motivation nor the strength to change the situation. Most of the protagonists in the study experience a sense of non-belonging, but the Socialist immigrant of *No Man's Land* is entirely without of belonging. He has no relation to anywhere in Germany, just as in the factory where he works. His estrangement is marked through the conversations of two immigrants:

> *I know what you mean" said my friend (who lives in a cinematic world) probably just to break the silence. " Your soul becomes very attached. Everything loses its meaning. Things are not ok with Turks. Everybody is strange. Maybe it's the state of being far*

away. Everything is not alright with the Germans, either. We are like the unexpected guests. We are like rain, coming suddenly and making everywhere muddy…"

Sargisson (2007) summarizes the term "estrangement" as containing cognate terms related to distance and difference. The modern form of the word comes from the old French *estranger* and the Latin *extraneare*. If we look at the etymological associations of the term, it "evokes the stranger and the extraneous, the unknown and the outside" (Sargisson 2007: 394). The term also suggests colloquial implications like loss, sadness, regret and pain. If a person experiences estrangement, an affective door closes as he/she becomes estranged from the others and outside world. Through this experience; the ones who are aggrieved at the outcome of estrangement face normative, ideological, social, cultural and emotional distance. "Things are not alright with Turks" is the expression of the distance from one's own cultural society. "Things are not alright with Germans, either" is the outcome of an incapability to integrate oneself into the country of migration and its social chemistry. The character in the short story compares himself to dirty rain because he is an outsider and with his coming he thinks that he changes the place by making it worse. In this sense; "estrangement" completes itself etymologically as, like a rain shower that brings mud, he is strange, extraneous, unknown and unwanted.

That one is not satisfied with his life activities is also among the causes of estrangement (Otto & Featherman 2015). The protagonist Fatih begins to narrate his story with the lyrics of a song which says, "There is something missing in my life." Then he elaborates for the reader through the conversations with his friend:

- *I cannot do what I want. My life is like Chinese rice. No salt and no taste.*
- *I think their rice is not that bad. What is missing then?*
- *That I don't know exactly. There is something missing, though. I cannot concentrate on my music projects. I don't have any time outside of my work."*

In this context, self-estrangement reflects a "discrepancy between the individual's ideal self and his actual self" (Otto & Featherman 2015: 703). That he compares his life with Chinese rice, which –for him- has no taste, is the confession of self-estrangement as life is chronically "flat, empty and boring, void of the vitality that the individual feels should somehow be there" (Otto & Featherman 2015: 703). The self-estrangement of the individual is also significant to a Marxist perspective. When a person is not satisfied with his work, he loses his

meaningful attachment to the society he lives in. The opening of the conversation between the Socialist immigrant and the religious one begins with an emphasis on this satisfaction, or rather, it starts with tragic humor:

- Are they called mobs? I mean what we use here?
- Yes.
- You know what *mob* means in English?
- No, I don't.
- Crowd of idle onlookers. Ordinary people.
- It snaps into place like clockwork.
- Indeed

Non-belonging results in a portrait of an unwanted person. The protagonist himself explains his solitariness at the beginning of the story while explaining how the division of labor is made by the foremen. Everybody in the cleaning staff was from Turkey, but the details determine the privileges among the workers. Close relatives, distant relatives, fellow townsmen, the ones somehow acquainted with a foreman, take the easiest jobs to do. However, the protagonist knows no one and has no closeness with any of the foremen:

> "I was no one's man and every week I cleaned different places. These were the places which no one wanted to clean."

Seeing himself as an ordinary person and accepting the meaning of mob to explain his situation is a sign of his identification with the lower social class. He naturalizes the state he is in and internalizes his situation, rather than problematizing it. In this sense; quoting from the movie *In Bruges* is not coincidental as the quote explains how he sees his situation and how desperate he is about his life. He considers the migration of Turkish people to Germans as "unexpected rain", which highlights his thoughts about his place in the society he lives in.

Migration Supper

In the Gospel according to Matthew, in Chapter 26, Jesus and the disciples celebrate the Last Supper. Jesus reveals a miracle and indicates to Judas, one of his disciples, that he will betray

him. Jesus breaks bread, pours wine and declares them to be his flesh and blood. After the dinner, Jesus goes to a garden called Gethsemane. He prays in the Garden and asks God if there is a possible alternative to the impending suffering. Judas comes with Roman soldiers and a mob as Jesus is leaving the garden. In early Christianity, this meal is ritualized and becomes a feast to which each participant would bring food to the feast eaten in a common room.

Quran also talks about the food bestowed upon him while mentioning the miracles of Jesus:

> Behold! the disciples, said: "O Jesus the son of Mary! can thy Lord send down to us a table set (with viands) from heaven?" Said Jesus: "Fear Allah, if ye have faith.
>
> They said: "We only wish to eat thereof and satisfy our hearts, and to know that thou hast indeed told us the truth; and that we ourselves may be witnesses to the miracle."
>
> Said Jesus the son of Mary: "O Allah our Lord! Send us from heaven a table set (with viands), that there may be for us - for the first and the last of us - a solemn festival and a sign from thee; and provide for our sustenance, for thou art the best Sustainer (of our needs)."
>
> Allah said: "I will send it down unto you: But if any of you after that resisteth faith, I will punish him with a penalty such as I have not inflicted on any one among all the peoples." (Q 5:112-115)[9]

Reading the table scene in *Conversation's in No Man's Land* knowing the context of both Bible and Quran obtains not only an intertextual interpretation of the short story, but gives the short story a symbolic background to decipher the social functional role of migration among Turks in Germany.

Like the two protagonists of the story, who have completely different views of life but still must be able to meet in the equitable space of the factory, the table where immigrants gather during their break time, which becomes a melting pot, where all the social, cultural, and identity-related differences are neutralized or rather –at least temporarily- ignored:

> *We went upstairs to the canteen when the break came. The tired workers had already placed themselves at the tables and they were chewing the food that they had brought from their homes. We sat at a table. I realized while peeling my orange that we were a group of four at the table: a Turkish nationalist, an orthodox Muslim, an Alevi with*

[9] English translation of these verses are taken from http://www.comp.leeds.ac.uk/nora/html/5-115.html

Arab origin, and me, a Socialist. Although these four could be together in a joke, they sat in that factory canteen and were talking about whether they would go to Turkey in the summer. Maybe we were being funny. I don't know.

These identities reflect the multicultural social structure of Turkey. These differences may be seen as a hindrance to have close relations between members of different identities, but identities take a secondary position in the hierarchy of identities when they are away. At home, the Turkish regime envisages a type of citizen, one that is Turkish, white, Muslim, Sunni, and secular. All these characters from the story are "the others" of Turkish society at home. However, there is no problematizing as such, since migration bestows upon them a new identity, which makes the others secondary. In this sense, the table scene of the short story, like the one with Jesus and the disciples, a miracle has taken place and the identities that would normally be rigid in the social hierarchy of their home, are neutralized. Each participant brings his own food, but sits with a common identity of being an immigrant. They talk about their common interests without any reference to their cultural or political background. They engage in in the famous small talk topics among Turkish immigrants in Germany such going to Turkey for summer holidays or how boring and gloomy the life can be on Sundays in Germany. This underlines the fact that they are all on the same boat and that they are all immigrants from Turkey at that table, independent from their identities at home. So, the table scene is like the factory hall, which is described as *no man's land* by the protagonist of the story, and here it appears in terms of its neutralizing function.

The meal of the immigrants becomes a ritual of Turkish migration in Germany, with all its symbolic references. The foreman comes like Judas and ends their temporary companionship, but he completes the intertextual interpretation of the short story as the miracle of migration is ended by an insider, who is also an immigrant. In that moment, the table and its power disappear. Contrary to its biblical version, the story doesn't end with crucifixion, but with being forgotten by the foreman. It is a happy ending as being forgotten results in the companionship that reduces the torment of working all night long.

7. Being on Foreign Lands

Notes from Prison

I woke up again with that heavy sleepy smell reeking from my pillow, blanket, my moustache, and the walls of my cell. The sign of morning, the sun is not around again. Tea-bag, which is invented as an insult to tea, Balkan cheese, which absolutely doesn't come from Bulgaria, marmalade, that thinks it's honey, and black bread, which is incredibly tasteless like any other food considered healthy. This is my breakfast menu. But I don't complain. The more you complain, the more it becomes unbearable. I just sit and chew the bites. When my stomach sends the sign that it is full, I get up. Eating and drinking are completely physiological activities. They are purified from the feeling of indulgence, but necessary to survive. You cannot expect more from a prisoner.

I have to be at the yard at 06:30. It is 06:05 when my breakfast is finished. That means everything is in order. Tidying my bed and putting my clothes on lasts four minutes thirty seconds, brushing my teeth two minutes fifteen seconds, putting my overcoat and boots on, and checking myself in front of the mirror for the last time last three minutes eighteen seconds. That means I have fifteen minutes extra. I can use these luxurious fifteen minutes by smoking the first cigarette of the day slowly in the yard.

The weather is not that cold for the first week after Christmas. Prisoners are going out one by one. I light up my cigarette in the evening like the fake mornings of this land. I take a breath. And the life in this semi-open prison is dressed in more bearable colors. What crime brought me here is not significant. At first, like any other prisoner, I claimed that I was innocent. But I don't think about it anymore. There must be a reason for sure. Human beings tyrannize, fate does justice. Like I said, I don't think about it. Besides, there are prisoners whose situations are much worse than mine. I should thank god for that. Almost all of the prisoners will serve a life sentence here. I won't lie. I am happy when that I can pity them. During my first days in prison, an old Turkish prisoner looked at me with artificial mercy and a disturbing smile on his face and said," Son, this is a dead end. There is no turnabout here. You come here with a wooden suitcase and you live in a wooden coffin." I have been here for six years. I got only one year to go. Only one year.

It is 06:30. The buses, which will bring us to our working zones, have arrived. I get quickly onto Bus 26 to be able to sit on my favorite seat. If I can sit on the rear left seat, I have faith that my day will be a good one. These superstitions are inherited from the tales of my grand grandmother. That gruff-voiced, crippled, blind woman died at the age of ninety-eight leaving a mystical effect on the rest of my life.

I managed to sit on the rear left seat. When the bus moves, I am a lucky man with a stupid smile on his face. Nobody sits next to me in the bus. Everybody avoids each other here. Everybody tries to take shelter in seats by the window during this transfer. Prisoners avert each other's gazes. I read most of the time, but today I watch outside. Grey roads in the eternal territory of the prison, dark buildings in which prison officers work, and the sleepy-eyed prisoners, who are being transferred to their working zones. While everything is flowing past the window of the bus, I painfully remember that somewhere outside of the prison, life goes on. Somewhere far from here, perhaps where I come from and perhaps in İstanbul, happy people have just woken up to a new morning. Simit sellers stand on the corners of the streets; children are on the way to their schools, mustached fathers leave their homes after they kiss their women. While the wind is weeping everything left from the sleep, the sun is smiling courageously on the top of the red roofs. When Seagulls rise from Kadıköy towards the Bosporus, the shutters of the shops in the back streets of Eminönü are hopefully opened. Just because time freezes here, it doesn't mean that it does the same in the outside world. Let the spoiled people of the free world polish their stomach with hot sauces and marinated meat, let them swallow their Turkish coffee made on the hot sand. Let friends gather and pass the time with the most enjoyable conversations in the world. Nobody is supposed to mourn for us.

While dreaming of Paradise, the doors of the bus are opened quickly and the guards, who are responsible for the transportation, come in. They are among the most fearful guards in the prison as they come at random times. Nobody knows when they may come. I fall from Paradise very hard and face the cold face of the prison. They check the papers of the prisoners and let some of them get off the bus. The ones who stay inside the bus look at the ones with the guards both pityingly and –as they are not with them- with sadistic relief.

When the bus drops us off at the factory, it is four to eight. Everything is dreadfully on time. There is a disturbing punctuality in the entire job. We pass the big iron gates and let the devices scan our cards. Everything is recorded in these devices: what time each prisoner

enters, the factory and when they leave the working zones. It is 07:59 when the device reads my scan.

Prisoners are classified according to their previous education and their ability. A division of labor is made according to these classifications. I am an engineer. We produce energy from the corn silks that are planted in the fields of the prisons and from the manure of the cows that are fed in the farms of the prisoners. They would laugh at me back home if I would say that I produced electricity from cow shit. *Hayat işte*…That's life…

I do routine work. The guards responsible for the department bring the envelopes in which the jobs for the day are listed. I finish all of them before the lunch break. We go down to refectory at 12:30. They are offering pork and broccoli soup on the menu. I spoon up the soup with tones of bread again. After the lunch, I go out to the yard for the second cigarette of the day. I am at my work again at 13:00. The hardest part begins. As I have already finished all the assignments, I have to pretend that I am working. If you want to take root here, you need to give the impression that each job you do is the most important work in the world. How you make yourself busy or what you do as work has no importance. If you define it as "work" you are the most important man of the world. However, the most crucial part is to give this impression to the people around you. Now, I need to use my abilities for the whole afternoon. Engineer prisoners are shut down in cells which are called "offices." There they give us a chair to sit on, a table to work on, and a computer to save the work related files, with no internet connection.

The possibility of encountering a guard in the work place is very low. There is a hierarchical system among the working prisoners. Nobody trusts anybody. Everybody knows that the slightest mistake will be reported to the superior by his sidekicks. It is a bad feeling, trusting nobody. At first, everybody became my enemy. I hated them all. Then I got used to it. I understood that it was part of the game. This egocentric and selfish workplace environment enables perfect self-control. So, the expense of tens of guards to be able to control the prisoners in the work place is avoided. I have to accept that in all these years of my imprisonment, the most important thing I learned is saving. To get rid of your problems, against the increasing burden of life, for more humanitarian life conditions, and for fruitful tomorrows: *Sparen*. It is possible to see this magical word on the signboards hung everywhere in prison.

I get extremely tired as I spent the whole afternoon by pretending to do the work that I don't actually do, pretending to have just finished the works that I had already finished, and most importantly, pretending that I am getting very tired.

It is 17:04 and I am waiting for the bus that will take us to our cells. A small crowd has gathered after the other prisoners arrived. The rain begins to attack us shamelessly as if it had been waiting for us to go out. I don't care. Once upon a time, rain was associated with an aesthetic melancholy for me. Drops hitting the window, earth, the smell, stampeding people, washed pavements. Since I fell into this prison, rain has lost its meaning as if it has become an ordinary detail to complete the grayness. When my soul is stuck in boredom, despair, and detachment, it doesn't really matter that my body is getting wet. I look at the prisoners joyfully, who took shelter in the bus station as if they would melt down with the drops of the rain. An old prisoner realizes my enjoyment and "Schönes Wetter, ne?" he asks. I smile slightly instead of responding. It is a common habit here, talking about the weather to fill in the blanks. It is inevitable to talk about weather when nothing can be found to talk about, to trigger a conversation or to overcome an intense mood.

Fortunately, the bus comes and this 'filling' conversation hasn't lasted long. This time I cannot sit in the rear left seat. The sleepy-eyed prisoners turn into tired people. The sun, which doesn't tend to show his face when the winter comes, has already picked up its marbles and left. I haven't seen the sun for weeks. When I leave my cell in the morning, it has not yet come up. When I am done with the working zone and go out, the dark replaces the controversial existence of the sun.

Similar scenes: Grey tones are replaced with dark ones. Shadowy lights, silhouettes that are swallowed by the dark, emptiness wet by the rain.

I entered my cell again. The doors are shut loudly behind me. Meal time. A slurry of tomato soup and barely salty pasta. The best thing to do after the meal is to read until I fall asleep. I want to go out tonight, though. There are local pubs almost in every zone to socialize prisoners by putting them together. The visitors of the local that I usually go to are mostly Turkish prisoners. They meet here and play cards. When I enter the local, three old men with unhappy faces are playing *batak*. I send them weak greetings and I sit somewhere else. The television is on. I start to watch a Turkish TV series, in which women mostly cry and men are handsome and honest. The bald and fat prisoner, who is responsible for the local asks me what I want to drink. "Tea" I say. "I didn't mean it like that" says the woman on TV. The

handsome actor is watching the Bosphorus from the window of a magnificent house. It becomes clear from his meaningful looks that he doesn't have to speak. My tea comes. While drinking my tea, the bald and fat prisoner changes the channel. We start to watch a crappy sit-com in which the parts where the audience must laugh are dictated with laughter. The fat prisoner cheers up. He sits in front of the TV with annoying laughter. There is a Turkish newspaper on my desk, which is published by Turkish prisoners. This newspaper, which is full of strange news with awful Turkish, annoys me much more than the television, even. I finish my tea and make my way to the cell.

Across the road, two young girls are chatting really loudly under the influence of alcohol. I can understand them. When you get drınk, you enter another dimension without limits. But I don't want it. I don't have the luxury of being drunk. I have to be awake, I have to be sober. I walk slowly without caring that the rain makes its drops smaller and makes me wet in a sneaky way. While the lights of the cells are being turned off one by one, a patrol car illuminates the dark for a moment.

When I step into my cell, the rain begins to fall heavily. I hang my wet overcoat on the bar of my bunk bed. I tear off another leaf from my old-school calendar and sit on my chair to write my diary. Another day in Germany and I cannot find anything to write. "It is all same: foreignness and imprisonment" becomes my first sentence. At the end of this depressed day, in which I imagine this land as a huge prison, I feel exhausted. While putting on my pajamas, the tram passes by vibrating the glasses of my room. I put on my earphones to be able to ignore Germany, its streets, its darkness and to be able to forget the fact that I am stuck here as a lonely *Ausländer*. I begin to listen. These new voices bring peace from my ears to my heart. My eyes are full with music. Everything is becoming indistinct, slowly, like the insignificant details of a dream. Voices are coming, word are touching my heart:

I wish you were a gazelle, I was a hunter,

In deserts with my guitar shooting you,

There is no cure, there is no medicine,

With the words of my song for shooting you,

Interview with A Fellow-Man

His story is not much different from mine. We were both students at the same university when I met him and he was also trying to finish his master's thesis. Throughout the years, we built a close friendship and mostly shared the same circle of friends. At the beginning of my study, it didn't occur me interviewing him as I already knew everything about him and his life had no mystery for me. Also, I was on a search for unusual life stories and his life was not one of them.

He was also surprised when I asked him for an interview. "Why me? I don't have anything worth telling," he said. However, what triggered the idea to have an interview with him was not his extraordinary life, but his migration experiences, which are similar to mine. Also, it was a challenge for me to write something ordinary in a literary style.

We met at a café in Bremen. The café was almost deserted as it was late evening on a Tuesday in November. I didn't know what to ask other than my routine questions, as I already knew everything about him. He was telling his story with a smile in his face to emphasize the fact that all the questions were unnecessary as we both knew every detail of the answers. During the interview I realized that he was right, that he had nothing to attract me to write a story about. Everything was more than ordinary. He studied in Turkey and then came to Germany to get a master's degree. Along the way, he had some typical difficulties and had to work at irrelevant places in irrelevant conditions. The inevitable end caught him and he lost his joy of life. What he had at the end of this education migration were short-term goals. He finished the three year old master program in six years and began to work as an engineer at a bio-energy company. The company produced energy out of animal manure. It was an enough of an excuse for his friends to make fun of him: "Your shitty life ended in shit."

Before the interview I considered our friendship to be a useful resource to build a sincere closeness with the interviewee. I could ask whatever I wanted and get the intimate answers to fill-out the emotional internal world of my potential protagonist. However, after I switched on my voice recorder, this close friend of mine left the scene and instead out came an official interview partner, who spoke with utmost carefulness and saved his subjective and emotional

comments unless I didn't ask persistently.. His short answers and his troubled reactions restricted my maneuvers within the interview.

Before the interview, I had planned to talk about being a foreigner. I knew what to ask to collect the required materials to write about, but the content of the interview put some other themes forward. He told about the hope of going back home. This hope leads to a comparison between homeland and the foreign land. He comes from Istanbul, a huge metropolis, where life is much more colorful, faster, alive, and also chaotic. In comparison to life in Bremen, which is more than quiet and simple for him, living in Istanbul meant being in the middle of life itself. He didn't deny the fact that disorganized metropolis life in Istanbul ruled the city, but life in Bremen is also over-organized and monotonous for him:

> *S: You come from a city of fifteen million, which is bigger than most of the countries in Europe (...) If we consider Istanbul as your home, how did Istanbul change in your own world after you came here?*
>
> *C: ...I don't know. Maybe its traffic began to disturb me more than before. But Istanbul's gleam began to shine more. I mean it is a shiny city after all.*
>
> *S: Shiny?*
>
> *C: I mean the facilities you have there. You get bored in Bremen and you go out with your friends, but you don't find anything to do. Then you come back home and you realize that you do always the same things and you want to do something different, but you don't find anything different. That Istanbul has no option like that made it shinier for me.*

While justifying his longing for Istanbul, he only praised the daily life routines of Istanbul. He didn't give me anything valuable to write about this longing. However, the man I know as a friend liked to collect friends. He had a huge friend circle in Bremen: Germans, Pakistanis, Lebanese, Egyptians, Kurds, and Turks from completely different world-views. One day you would see him in a local, where Turkish nationalists come together, another with politically

orthodox Kurds. He goes to mosques and everybody loves him there. He also goes to a café and plays cards for hours. For a man who spins between different places and different communities, complaining about the restricted daily life activities is reasonable.. However, before the interview I had expected much more vivid Istanbul descriptions from him, as he used to talk about Istanbul all the time with the utmost enthusiasm. The voice-recorder had once again blocked intimacy and my close friend saved his well-known excitement about his longing.

Migration as Prison

This interview may have been saved in the file of unworkable interviews if I hadn't known my interview partner before. I knew that I could create a story from his life. So, I didn't give up easily and insisted on asking comparative questions. At one point I asked how he endured life in Bremen if it was so monotonous and disturbingly calm for him. This question was the turning point of the interview. His answers gave me a topic that initiated the birth of a short story:

C: That the date of going back to home was not so far kept me alive here.

S: Do you really see your life here as an act of surviving?

C: Yes… It is time consuming. A prisoner lives with the hope of going out and he tries to spend his time with the best options until he goes out. Maybe he does sports, maybe he reads more, maybe he becomes religious etc. I also live with a similar hope of going out.

S: Is it really as bad as a prison (laughs)?

C: It is bad. Not like a prison, though. It is not a prison after all (laughs).

S: It sounds like a prison for you, though.

C: It is like a semi-open prison. Well, I mean, your facilities are limited. There are lots of friends, but I don't know…You don't have any chance to choose.

At this point of the interview I became highly excited. The concept of prison was something that I could work with. I couldn't hide my excitement during the interview and expressed my

satisfaction. After I switched off the voice recorder, he was a bit anxious about the analogy. "Isn't that too much?" he asked. I tried to put his mind at ease by simply saying that it would be just a metaphorical usage.

Imprisoned in a foreign land and comparing life as a stranger with the life of a prisoner was the starting point of the short story. Before I started to write, I read Dostoevsky's *Notes from the Underground* once again. I wanted to imitate his writing style as my intention was to create a protagonist who was inclined to humiliate himself. Also, Dostoevsky's nameless protagonist carries on an isolated life and observes life around him from the outside. Especially in the first part of the story, the Russian author favors an essayist narrative form and this part is like a transcript of the society he lives in and his personal life. I tried to follow this style of Dostoevsky's and created a protagonist who lived an isolated life in a huge prison, where prisoners are occupied with different jobs. The protagonist gives details about the prison and his own life with a straight voice. The opening of the story is told with an almost mechanical voice, which avoids emotional comments. However, like the second part of *Notes from the Underground*, the short story also uses a narrative form of writing and narrates an ordinary day from a prisoner's life. So, the short story is an effort to harmonize these two narrative forms to get an overall picture of the protagonist's life in prison by exemplifying one of his working days. Also, in his *Notes from the Underground*, Dostoevsky examines society "from the standpoint of individual's frustration" (Lavrin 1969: 164). *Notes from Prison* imitates the frustration of Dostoevsky's protagonist and applies it to the frustration or, rather, complaints of an immigrant. *Notes from Prison*, in this sense, becomes the manifestation of an immigrant, who creates an illusion of being a prisoner in the surrounding society, which is foreign to him.

The opening is made up of an extremely mechanical narration by giving exact details about the time and straight descriptions about the places he goes through. The authority of prison is quasi reflected in the voice of the narrator. However, with the flow of the story, the prisoner begins to add his emotions and his personal thoughts to the narration in a distinctive way. Inspired by the expression of the interviewee, who defines his life in migration as survival, the prisoner of the story also tries to survive in prison by strictly obeying the rules and going by the book, in prison. This makes him a bit ego-centric and almost cruel about the other prisoners. As he is a short-term convicted prisoner, he counts the days he has left in prison and thinks only about survival:

> *Besides, there are prisoners whose situations are much worse than mine. I should thank god for that. Almost all of the prisoners will serve a life sentence here. I won't lie. I am happy when that I can pity them. During my first days in prison, an old Turkish prisoner looked at me with artificial mercy and a disturbing smile on his face and said," Son, this is a dead end. There is no turnabout here. You come here with a wooden suitcase and you live in a wooden coffin." I have been here for six years. I got only one year to go. Only one year.*

These selfish comments of the prisoner endanger the reader's sympathy for the protagonist. However, his straightforward sincerity gives him a chance to present himself as a person who does what he needs to do.

All the institutions in country of migration remind an immigrant that he lives in a foreign land and his foreign existence is emphasized in the structures and concepts of the local culture, which serve (in the immigrant's perception) as externalizing factors for his existence in the society. So, the protagonist perceives the world around him as an organization seeking to define his position in the society. He fictionalizes the urban, cultural and administrative units of the city he lives in as the components of his imaginary prison. In this sense migration becomes a discipline mechanism that manipulates his perceptions and his way of life. Foucault's approach towards the role of discipline in modern societies may help to decipher this functional role of migration:

> "*Discipline* may be identified neither with an institution nor with an apparatus; it is a type of power, a modality for its exercise, comprising a whole set of instruments, techniques, procedures, levels of application, targets; it is a 'physics' or an 'anatomy' of power, a technology" (Foucault 1995: 215).

How Foucault defines the function of discipline may be adapted into the disciplinary role of migration. Migration or the foreign land itself, takes over the role of identifying and the identity of an immigrant is re-defined and shaped within a whole set of instruments which are found lodged in the migration's anatomy and its alienating effect. Foucault lists the institutions of a modern society and how power reigns over the (false) apparent existence of individuals:

> "And it [power] may be taken over either by 'specialized' institutions (the penitentiaries or 'houses of correction' of the nineteenth century), or by institutions that use it as an essential instrument for a particular end (schools, hospitals), or by pre-existing authorities that find in it a means of reinforcing or reorganizing their internal mechanisms of power" (Foucault 1995: 215).

For an immigrant, the power of the country in which he/she has settled is much more evident than for the indigenous of the country. He is psychologically delicate and easily offended as he considers each administrative practice to be an attempt at questioning his very existence. It is not a coincidence that Turkish immigrants in Germany translate the term "Ausländeramt[10]" into the Turkish language as "Yabancılar Polisi" which can be translated into English as Foreigner Police. For immigrants, institutions of the state are units of control. So, Foucault's definition of authorities as a means of reinforcing the mechanism of power is much stronger for immigrants. The protagonist of "Notes from Prison" perceives the routine practices of the state as an attempt at controlling his existence. The way he sees these practices offers indications of the psychology of immigrants towards the performances of power:

> *While dreaming of Paradise, the doors of the bus are opened quickly and the guards, who are responsible for the transportation, come in. They are among the most fearful guards in the prison as they come at random times. Nobody knows when they may come. I fall from Paradise very hard and face the cold face of the prison. They check the papers of the prisoners and let some of them get off the bus. The ones who stay inside the bus look at the ones with the guards both pityingly and –as they are not with them- with sadistic relief.*

In Bremen, fare-dodging is controlled with unexpected, sudden and random controllers. They get on the public transport and as though it were a raid, they begin to ask for the tickets. This application of the local government is reflected within the prison context of the story as the inspection of the prisoners. The protagonist sees the controllers as the guards, who are responsible for the transport and the tickets of the passengers which become the documents of the prisoners. Foucault writes about the disciplinarization of the administrative apparatuses that adjust the society with discipline:

[10] Word for word translation of the Word *Ausländeramt* is Outlander Agency.

> " …apparatuses that have made discipline their principle of internal functioning, or finally by state apparatuses whose major, if not exclusive, function is to assure that discipline reigns over society as a whole [the police]" (Foucault 1995: 215).

Immigrant in Panopticon

English philosopher and social theorist Jeremy Bentham designed an institutional building called Panopticon in the late 18th century. His building is designed in a way that it gives the authority the required architectural structure to watch (or control) each inhabitant (or prisoner) of the building from only one tower. It may be practical to read Foucault's description of Panopticon to give the concrete details about this architectural composition:

> "…at the periphery, an annular building; at the center, a tower; this tower is pierced with wide windows that open onto the inner side of the ring; the peripheric building is divided into cells, each of which extends the whole width of the building; they have two windows, one on the inside, corresponding to the windows of the tower; the other, on the outside, allows the light to cross the cell from one end to the other. All that is needed, then, is to place a supervisor in a central tower and to shut up in each cell a madman, a patient, a condemned man, a worker or a schoolboy. By the effect of backlighting, one can observe from the tower, standing out precisely against the light, the small captive shadows in the cells of the periphery. They are like so many cages, so many small theatres, in which each actor is alone, perfectly individualized and constantly visible." (Foucault 1995: 200)

As the light appears behind the cells, the prisoners are reduced to silhouettes. These shadows are watched from the divine tower, which holds the power within the monument. These descriptions of Panopticon and its function through the tower provide material for a new discussion in *Notes from Prison*. In the very lonely life of the protagonist, the city he lives in becomes his own Panopticon. His migrant identity takes over the role of the tower in the story. Every detail about the city, the routines of the daily life, the gestures of the other people, and so on, remind him that he is a stranger and he doesn't belong to the natural chemistry of the city. Like the tower in Panopticon, migrant identity watches him everywhere

without any further effort. The prisoners in Panopticon are not able to escape from the gaze of the tower as the tower sees them everywhere. His immigrant identity follows him everywhere and forces him to perceive the world around him as foreign and everything around him gives him the sense of prison. Being an immigrant becomes his tower in his personal Panopticon.

Jeremy Bentham's architectural invention enables a great deal of personnel saving as the control of the prison is ensured with only one tower. The protagonist's immigrant identity makes him feel unsafe and suspicious. He is a stranger and has no luxury to trust anyone within the prison, as the life in prison is a matter of survival. In this sense, the character of the story values the life around him as a selfish act to be able to survive. This selfish way of life provides salvation like in Panopticon:

> *Nobody trusts anybody. Everybody knows that the slightest mistake will be reported to the superior by his sidekicks. It is a bad feeling, trusting nobody. At first, everybody became my enemy. I hated them all. Then I got used to it. I understood that it was part of the game. This egocentric and selfish workplace environment enables perfect self-control. So, the expense of tens of guards to be able to control the prisoners in the work place is avoided.*

The major effect of the Panopticon is reflected within the perception of the protagonist in *Notes from Prison*: The Panopticon assures a state of conscious and permanent visibility that promises the automatic functioning of power. An immigrant, who considers his life in a foreign land to be an act of survival and who perceives the world around him to be a reminder of his immigrant identity, creates his own permanent surveillance, thus making himself easy to control. The tower of immigrant identity, as the highest structure within the life of the immigrant, has the power to observe the immigrant until the farthest point of the city without any further expense from the finances of the prison.

Social Quarantine

Foucault adapts this spying monument into the mechanism of modern society to explain how power operates through the lives of individuals. It is not irrelevant, in this case, to write about quarantine and how it is practiced in a city, as the Panopticon is redolent with quarantine with its strict control mechanism:

> *"*...one can speak of the formation of a disciplinary society in this movement that stretches from the enclosed disciplines, a sort of social 'quarantine', to an indefinitely generalizable mechanism of 'panopticism.*"* (Foucault 1995: 216).

The city in the short story has some similarities with the cities quarantined because of an illness like plague. The character of *Notes from Prison* portrays the isolated life of a city, which is under strict control. The guardians are everywhere, the lights of patrol cars illuminate the evenings, and there is no exit from the city like a city under quarantine:

> "…Each street is placed under the authority of a syndic, who keeps it under surveillance; if he leaves the street, he will be condemned to death. On the appointed day, everyone is ordered to stay indoors: it is forbidden to leave on pain of death. The syndic himself comes to lock the door of each house from the outside; he takes the key with him and hands it over to the intendant of the quarter; the intendant keeps it until the end of the quarantine… If it is absolutely necessary to leave the house, it will be done in turn, avoiding any meeting. Only the intendants, syndics and guards will move about the streets …It is a segmented, immobile, frozen space. Each individual is fixed in his place. And, if he moves, he does so at the risk of his life, contagion or punishment" (Foucault 1995: 216).

The city in *Notes from Prison* conveys to the reader a sense of quarantine. The movement of each inhabitant (or the prisoner) is controlled in transport vehicles, in streets, working places etc. with syndics (or guards). The sense of quarantine is stressed with a warning of an old prisoner in the story:

> *Son, this is a dead end. There is no turnabout here. You come here with a wooden suitcase and you live in a wooden coffin.*

Each member of the society is detained permanently within the rules, norms, and legal expectations of the authority. The immigrant in the story, on the other hand, perceives all these controls as emphasize his foreignness. His descriptions about his working place strengthen the feeling of quarantine:

We pass the big iron gates and let the devices scan our cards. Everything is recorded in these devices: what time each prisoner enters, the factory and when they leave the working zones. It is 07:59 when the device reads my scan.

Although the details about the working place are used to construct the perception of prison within the story, it is possible to read them as the descriptions of a city under quarantine. Foucault's images of a city under quarantine is harsher that the city in the story. Houses are not locked, going out of the house is not something strictly restricted, and he can connect with other people. The prisoner of the story calls his house a cell, but he goes out in the evening, goes to a local meeting place, where he connects with other people. It is not a place under quarantine in the traditional sense. However, the protagonist perceives the city as a place isolated from the outside world defining the outsiders as the "free world's happy people." In other words, life in the city gives the impression of being under quarantine. His immigrant identity locks him into an isolated life, where he gets the illusion that each of his movements is controlled by authority. He perceives his foreignness like a person who is stricken with plague. So he waits until his illness is cured before leaving the city, to get rid of his life under quarantine.

8. God in Migration

Confession

- Im Namen des Vaters und des Sohnes und des Heiligen Geistes. Amen.
- Gott, der unser Herz erleuchtet, schenke dir wahre Erkenntnis deiner Sünden und Seiner Barmherzigkeit.
- Ich bereue, dass ich Böses getan und Gutes unterlassen habe. Erbarme Dich meiner, o Herr. Amen.

How do we continue, dear father? I am a stranger to this ritual, I am terribly sorry. I am circumcised. Let that be my first sin. I couldn't know where to go. Actually, I wanted to visit a doctor, but somehow I have found myself here. My ulcer has been unbearable for the last couple weeks. "It is because of stress" says my doctor. No, I didn't go to the doctor, but it is stress that triggers ulcers. I read it so on the internet.

We don't have confession back home, but I have many sins. "Who hasn't" you will definitely say. You are right. You, for instance, you dear father, how mystical you seem behind this folding screen. I guess you are also a human being. Maybe I cannot see your face, but I can touch your heart. Excuse me? I know. You find me arrogant. I am not. I read many books, though. Books bring some capabilities to some people. For example, you wear glasses and that is more than enough. Like your screen, dear father. I wear my glasses and I become mysterious. In fact, I have an extremely usual face. You see that, too.

I lit a candle for your mosque and I paid my monthly contribution. So, you have to listen to me, Hodja Efendi. On this holy Friday afternoon I take shelter in the lands of Christ in his house. I have full ablution. I am clean.

What was I saying, dear father? Yes, sins. I indulge in many sins. The candles I lit cannot reach as far as the depths of darkness in my soul. It is always dark inside. Some sunless parts of mine are rotting away bit by bit. They say man begins to rot from inside. Is that so, father? I think it is. Some mornings I can sense the smells coming from my inside. Please, do not laugh, dear father. I regularly brush my teeth. Mouth and teeth health is of the utmost importance. And being satisfied with your own self is also important. I wish I could wash my

soul, too. Or I could wash it together with my color clothes, but I don't want the blackness of my soul to ruin my favorite shirts.

I indulge in sins, father…

I left my country for the sake of money. A deadly sin, indeed. I came to the land of Jesus. But not for Jesus. For myself. I cannot carry the burden of this sin anymore. This may be the cause of my backache lately. My wife claims that this is because of my long hours sitting in front of the computer. And she wouldn't talk to me for three days if she knew that I've been here today. Being estranged from a friend or a close one for more than three days is a sin. "How dare you could go there with your poor German" she would say. Excuse her. She believes that my German is extremely horrible. "You have been here for years and you haven't learnt the articles yet," she would say again and again. She is right. I guess you can't even forgive the sin of living in Germany but not being able to speak fluent German. "Der Keks" I say. "Das Kekes," she corrects me. Do you like cake, dear father? I like it very much if it is with grapes and walnuts. My grandmother used to make it. It had a thick crust, but it had an amazing taste that made me stoned. What? Shame on you, dear father! My grandmother is not that kind of a person. She uses only grapes and walnuts.

What kind of a conflict is that, my dear Hodja? Leaving those lands, but talking about them all the time. Is that how we endure the awful pressure of the sins we indulge in on our conscience? But you don't talk that much dear Imam, do you? How can I relieve my feelings like that? Let's open the grid part way, so that I can see your blessed face. You say no? You are right. Everyone should know his place in this life. I know my place dear father. I am an Ausländer. I know where I came from. You were in inside. We came from outside. I didn't bring that much from outside. By simply saddling you with my sins, I came naked. What an unthoughtful act.

I feel bitterly sorry for this city. The poor have no sin. This city had been living cheerfully and happily for thousands years simply by feeding its own culture with its bare hands. Then we came and ruined its chemistry. It did not know what to do with us. We didn't step into its houses with our shoes and the front door of the cities became shoe graveyards. What is it if it is not visual pollution? Alas! Then we filled its streets with Döner smells, but why was the healthy Spargelsuppe not enough for us? I beg your pardon? You like döner, dear father? You are a hell of a gourmet. You rascal you. Sorry, dear father. I curse sometimes. What? You like it without onion? No no no. You cannot taste meat without onion. But you are right. If you

had eaten Döner with onion today, I cannot imagine how our situation would have been in this small confessional. You would make me sin more.

I used to work at a grocery when I was a student. A German customer showed me eggplant and "how do you eat that?" she asked. "Just peel and eat it like an apple," I said. The poor woman ate it like an apple without even peeling. I guess it was how she liked her apple. I burst into laughter, but only on the inside. "How does it taste? Did you like it?" I asked without any sign of shame. "It is kind of bitter," she said. I am thinking about the scene, right now. I cannot help laughing. Oh, yes. You have got a point. You are right, Hodja Efendi. What I did was a sin. So what? That's why I am here today. But, how on earth can you even think about eating an eggplant raw?

What was I saying? Oh, yes the city. I think he is the most innocent one. He granted us tolerance for whatever we did with the maturity of centuries. Can I tell you something, Hodja Efendi? The city paid me back far worse. Once upon a long very long ago, before I left my country for the sake of status, better position and money, I could see *huzun*[11] in a city. What a lovely feeling that is, dear father. Of course, I don't expect you to understand this, but let's imagine for a moment: there are views that bestow you the illness of writing poetry. There arepoor neighborhoods, contended tenants, ruined houses, drained wells, foggy and smoky mornings that invade the houses by coming down like ghosts, rainy and windy nights, seagull and pigeon societies hanging on the domes of Ottoman mosques, little tea-houses full with the unemployed men, crooked and extremely narrow pavements with unexpected ups and downs, old graveyards scattered through the skirts of hills, neglected parks. All of these illustrate *huzun* with a picturesque beauty and *huzun* falls on the very center of life. Then you want to sing mournful songs with touching tones. Or you want to walk and get lost in those mysterious streets. Excuse me? You say you've heard all of these descriptions before? It is not possible. I made them up here right now. If you heard or read them somewhere else before, that means I wrote them, too. I beg you, dear father! Why should I lie? In fact, what we call literature is nothing more than an eternal repetition. What can we say is truly unique?

As a result of my treachery, I mean as we left those streets, those ruined houses and tired cities, a great gaze fell upon us and took our *huzun* away. Instead, a foreign feeling called melancholy is given. Don't object immediately, dear father. These two are not same. *Huzun* binds us in our relationship with the past. *Huzun* is a feeling of music, a framework that forms

[11] Sadness or sorrow in Turkish. It is an Arabic word.

the poetry, the sharpest method to understand life. It is an eternal ghost that makes a city a city; that wanders in every street; that smokes out of every chimney, and it is like a soft light leaking from every window of the houses. How does the poet say it? "Those who enjoy *huzun* live here." What about melancholy then? It is a sticky darkness, a contagious illness that kills you slowly; it is a candle light that begins to die. This city injected melancholy into my vessels inch by inch, and he took his revenge on me in the cruelest way. Excuse me, father? What did you say? Is it racist what I am doing? What is that supposed to mean? I am sitting here and confiding my troubles and his Excellency has no intention to listen to me. No, sir! I didn't raise my voice! This is a House of God, by the way. You don't make the rules. The cassock you wear doesn't make you superior to me, Hodja Efendi. Behave yourself! Wait a second, why did you close the screen? I haven't finished yet. Hey, who am I talking to? What is going on here? Who are you people? Let go of me! Let go of my arms! Hey, you cannot throw me out. I am a servant of God, too. I have rights. Let go of me, I say. İt is time for the evening prayer. I am going to pray. "To Allah belongs the East and the West." Who you are to expel me?

The story of immigrant madness

I benefited from the teahouse of the mosque in my neighborhood. I used to go there to watch football games and to play table-tennis during the first years of my immigrant life in Germany. It was a Turkish mosque and there were different immigrant characters with various sociocultural backgrounds. I had already done two interviews there and the third one was with the Imam[12] of the mosque.

There are three essential figures in Turkish villages: the muhtar (elected village head), the imam of the mosque, and the madman of the village. I had found the Imam. The Imam of the mosque is crucial as he knows all the intimate secrets of the community. I thought it would be logical to consult the Imam of the mosque to find out the secrets of the inhabitants in my village, or rather the secrets of the Turkish immigrants in Bremen, Neustadt. Thus, I could get an overall picture of my neighborhood.

One evening I approached our bearded Imam and made him an offer for an interview. As I knew that he appreciated education and always emphasized its significance for the youth, I

[12] An **imam** is an Islamic leadership position. It is most commonly in the context of a worship leader of a mosque and Muslim community by Sunni Muslims. In this context, Imams may lead Islamic worship services, serve as community leaders, and provide religious guidance. (Nanji 2008)

did not miss the opportunity to add that it is a part of my dissertation. He accepted my offer with a respect in his eyes as I was the only one in the mosque who was following an academic path. The Imam had no idea about my deciphering or, rather, anthropological intentions.

A week later we were in a room, where the leading members of the community gathered together to talk about or to come to a decision about the problems or issues of the mosque. The Imam had the already led the night prayer and called it a day. After my first question, I immediately realized that the Imam was not using the cheerful and relaxing language, which he used while he was drinking tea or during the small talk. He was using the tones, gestures and the mood that he would normally project while he was preaching. I was disappointed as this formal language was difficult to manipulate to achieve my secret agenda of deciphering the private affairs of his community.

The more I asked, the more I realized the position of the Imam. He was not just a figure who talked about the matters of religion or led the prayers, but also he was some sort of a consultant in the community. Turkish people around the neighborhood told the intimate secrets of their private lives, which they could not share with anybody else, and they took the advice of the Imam. While talking about this benevolent duty, he was proud of himself, but showed no sign of it, as arrogance was a deadly sin. I was forcing myself to interpret his every gesture, mimic and word choice to catch a story.

It did not take long to some to the conclusion that because of his religion-centered life, he considered himself a person living outside of German society. Perhaps he was right about this perception as he was ultimately a religious (Islamic) figure in a country where Muslims were minorities. His duties pushed him automatically towards the life of minorities. How far can an imam integrate himself into German society? And again, my prejudices make my life less complicated and open me up to what is to be understood.

Nevertheless, Hodja Effendi told me inviting stories to write about. He talked about a Turkish doctor whom he helped to leave Germany. The doctor who had worked as cleaning staff for years and waited for the recognition of his degree in medicine went back to Turkey with his wife and two children through the counsel and encouragement of the Imam. ‘’ Today they have a nice house and a decent life in Istanbul,’’ said the Imam, rightfully proud.

No subject was sparked in my mind during the interview. The Hodja used such a straightforward explanation that I could neither get into his life to portray him as a fictional character, nor could I create a figure in my imagination. That evening I listened to the recording several times, but I found no inspiration to trigger a story worth telling. This bearded Imam occupied my mind for days. As the mosque affects and shapes many Turkish immigrants' life in Germany, there was always an intention to write a story about an Imam. Mosques in Germany function like a village mosque, where people have chances to socialize and feel like members of their society. Also, the Hodja figure was important as he was accessible to the community of the mosque.

After weeks I found my story: The content of the interview did not give me any topic to write about. The memories of the Imam were interesting, but I was not able to write a story which neither covers the intent of neither the interview nor one that includes an Imam figure. The part which gave me the inspiration from the interview was the fact that people went to the Imam to share their troubles. In the end, I decided to tell a story of a Muslim immigrant who goes to a church for confession.

The story is an absurd text. It is contextually absurd because it portrays a Muslim who goes to a church to make a confession. A Muslim does not go to a priest to share his/her sins, but it is a story of a hysterical man. As the story is told from the perspective of this hysteria, both the place and the interlocutor of the protagonist are ambiguous. He is both in a church and in a mosque at the same time and he both speaks to a priest and to an imam. His craziness leads the story, but not all of what he says is nonsense; He speaks with a certain consistency. However, most probably, he is speaking to himself as the reader does not hear (read) either a priest's voice or an imam's interference. It is a monologue with various illusions.

Ethnographic Fiction

Huang (2002: 4) suggests that ethnography, "a hybrid genre of literature and anthropology, is often produced by the intertextual tactics of absorbing other texts and transforming them into an account that fulfills the ethnographer's preconceptions of a culture." The story *Confession* is, on the one hand, an intertextual literary text as it absorbs Pamuk's and Tanpınar's Istanbul descriptions with references to the Bible and the Quran. On the other hand, it is an ethnographic effort as the text is designed to transform all these literary materials into writing about the social, cultural and political conflicts and problems of immigrants in Germany.

However, the literary style of the story and the elements used within the story differ from the other stories of the study as the content of the interview and the story has no direct link. Also, the stream of the protagonist's consciousness speaks in a language of hysteria, hallucinations and schizophrenia. So, the fictional sides of the story may dominate the ethnographic intentions of the text.

Margery Wolf (1992) refers to this fear of anthropologists by maintaining that if anthropologists are appalled by the idea of using literary methods to evaluate (or to process) their anthropologic materials, they are even more nervous about defining their fictional texts as ethnography or applying literary methods to their ethnographic writings. Carrithers magnifies this fear of many anthropologists: "Writers write fiction, and on our usual understanding fiction is not real, so to regard anthropologists as writers is to grant them intrinsic worth but to withdraw credence" (1990:54). This statement of Carrithers goes beyond the issue of the believability of the work of a particular anthropologist who chooses to take the risk, and expresses the threat to the discipline as a whole.

This fear is particularly valid for the story *Confession* as it not only uses the literary forms that play with reality and changes (or presents) it with some personal illusions, but also the interviewee and the protagonist have no direct link as the Imam takes part in the story only as a hallucinatory figure. However, seeing the sinner in the story as the conscious of all the interviewees in this study may give credibility to the ethnographic values of the story to overcome the fictional components that may deface the anthropologic materials within both the interview and the story itself. Nonetheless, the hazardous interference of the literary touches in connection with the ethnographic element of the stories in the study will be revisited.

'I left my country for the sake of money, father'

The protagonist explains his migration with financial motives and this move contrasts with the sacred intentions of the religious pilgrims that leave their homelands to serve their spiritual ideals. He considers himself a self-interest seeker, a profiteering being, who has no ideals in life. He discloses his situation with an honest expression:

I indulge in sins, father…

I left my country for the sake of money. A deadly sin, indeed. I came to the land of Jesus. But not for Jesus. For myself. I cannot carry the burden of this sin anymore.

Throughout the story, the feeling of inferiority is reflected in various ways. He insults his existence with cruel language and shows himself to be like a criminal who faces his conscience:

They say man begins to rot from inside. Is that so, father? I think it is. Some mornings I can sense the smells coming from my inside. Please, do not laugh, dear father. I regularly brush my teeth. Mouth and teeth health is of the utmost importance. And being satisfied with your own self is also important. I wish I could wash my soul, too.

I remember an old man who rejected my interview offer by simply saying that he came to Germany just to feed his stomach and he had nothing interesting to tell. In this sense, the story *Confession* opens up the psychological dilemma of immigrants and reveals their potential inferiorities. With the statement, ''I wish I could wash my soul'' he reveals the fact that migration and being an immigrant destroy his naivety and he is not innocent anymore as he has the delusion that he betrays his identity and his belonging by leaving his homeland for material goods.

Western Melancholy and The Nostalgia of *Huzun*

While describing his city, Istanbul, Orhan Pamuk emphasizes the conflict the city goes through. This conflict between the new (or the modern) and the old reveals the fact that the contemporary city is "uniquely anxious, caught between nostalgia for the past and uncertainty about the future" (Pamuk 2005: 157). The Turkish immigrants in Germany are (in)famous in their homeland for their stubbornness in clinging to their old lifestyle. The first wave of immigrants froze time and kept the old style of their homeland with outdated clothing and ways of perceiving the world. Even during the 90s, it was possible to see *Almancis* carrying hats with feathers or suits from 60s and 70s.

The effect of nostalgia is not covered as strong as in the story *The Patient's Guitar*. However, there are references to Pamuk's descriptions of old Istanbul and its ruined neighborhoods which arise as signs of a cultural and historical defeat. These ruins, for the inhabitants of Istanbul, are the reminders of the fact that "the present day is so poor and confused compared

to old good days and that it can never dream of being in wealth and power like it used to be" (Pamuk 2005: 89). These descriptions in the story feed the feeling of nostalgia and homesickness by comparing two similar terms, namely melancholy and *huzun*.[13] The protagonist claims that these two are completely different feelings and he explains them with a provocative comparison between a European and a Turkish city.

Both Avicenna[14] and al Kindi[15], a 9th-century Islamic philosopher, define *huzun* as an illness, which is a result of the loss of loved ones and the disappointment arising out of expectations. The sinner in the story confesses his loss of identity, the feeling of belonging, and his disappointments. He praises the feeling of *huzun* as it symbolizes what he left behind with all its cultural associations. However, what he experiences in Germany is not *huzun* as it has culture has been taken from him as a punishment. He left his home and he is punished with a foreign state of mind, namely melancholy:

> *As a result of my treachery, I mean as we left those streets, those ruined houses and tired cities, a great gaze fell upon us and took our huzun away. Instead, a foreign feeling called melancholy is given. Don't object immediately, dear father. These two are not same. Huzun binds us in our relationship with the past.*

[13] The protagonist refers to the term *huzun* (huzn in Arabic) as an Eastern state of mind equivalent to the state of being melancholic. However, melancholy is a new word both for Islamic world and for Turkish literature and also when studying Turkish literature or referring to an Islamic context, melancholy sounds far too Western and fails to encompass the Eastern kind of suffering. In his semi-biographical book *Istanbul: Memories and the City*, Pamuk uses *huzun* with all of its historical and cultural background to describe the ruins of his city and its desperate people. Also Ahmet Hamdi Tanpinar, known as James Joyce of Turkish Literature, also focuses on the reminders of the past and the poor neighborhoods of Istanbul. The melancholy (or *huzun* in this sense) is created through the ruins of an empire, which all represents the good old times and reflect the pains and sorrows a nation had to undergo. Both Pamuk and Tanpınar follow the traditional definition of *huzun* in Islamic context, as according to Avicenna, *huzun* was associated with the loss and death of a loved one (Ibn-i Sina 2009: 717). The argument that feelings are universal may sound contradictory in this approach. But, as stated by Sayar (2006:24), there are significant differences between different cultures in terms of the personal experiences of sorrow, grief, anger, and their social organization and outcome. All of these practical differences are inevitably conveyed with different cultural and linguistic backgrounds. The provocative discourse of the protagonist in the story refers to this peculiar meaning of *huzun*.

[14] Avicenna (Ibn Sina) born in c. 980 is a Persian philosopher, polymath, and jurist. He wrote almost 500 works on philosophy and medicine. He is the most significant representative of the Islamic Golden Age. (For further information see: Goodman E. L. Avicenna. London: Routledge 1992)

[15] All-Kindi was an Arab nobleman and physician, patron of translations from Greek into Arabic and ardent advocate of openness to truth, regardless of its source. Born in c. 800 A.D., he was the first philosopher in Arabic tradition. He displayed great range of interests and wrote on philosophical and theological topics and also on medicine and astrology. (For further information see: Adamson P. Great Medieval Thinkers: Al-Kindi. New York: Oxford University Press 2007)

By comparing the city he left behind with the city he lives in, he not only questions or reveals his belonging, but also he exposes his fragmented inner world. On the one hand, he does not accuse the city he lives in, but he declares its innocence:

> *I feel bitterly sorry for this city. The poor have no sin. This city had been living cheerfully and happily for thousands years simply by feeding its own culture with its bare hands.*

On the other hand, he plays with the clichés mockingly and tries to unburden the so called 'distortions' that the incomers caused:

> *Then we came and ruined its chemistry. It did not know what to do with us. We didn't step into its houses with our shoes and the front door of the cities became shoe graveyards. What is it if it is not visual pollution? Alas! Then we filled its streets with Döner smells, but why was the healthy Spargelsuppe not enough for us?*

The protagonist's deadly sin is that he left his homeland for the sake of material goods. So he praises *huzun* as a feeling which is particular to his own culture, in order to mourn for what he lost with a precise vocabulary. His descriptions of a city under the dominance of this feeling are also the detailed extensions of his confessions:

> *Once upon a long very long ago, before I left my country for the sake of status, better position and money, I could see huzun in a city. What a lovely feeling that is, dear father. Of course, I don't expect you to understand this, but let's imagine for a moment: there are views that bestow you the illness of writing poetry. Poor neighborhoods, contended tenants, ruined houses, drained wells, foggy and smoky mornings that invade the houses by coming down like ghosts, rainy and windy nights (…) All of these illustrate huzun with a picturesque beauty and huzun falls on the very center of life.*

Here the sinner glamourizes his city to give the impression that his old life was not that miserable and he was not indeed that desperate to leave his homeland. This part of the story reveals an observation of mine during my interviews and my experiences in Germany. Many Turkish immigrants tend to praise their pre-migration life. This tendency can be seen as a way to complain about their troubles in the host country or to persuade themselves that they are not desperate and they always have a better alternative for their life and a narrative to change the reason of their migration from obligation to preference.

AUS-länder

The sinner in the story is caught between nostalgia and uncertainty about his place in the society. There is a feeling of inferiority that feeds his displeasure in German society, but also there is a potential self-confidence to be able to question his controversial position in this same society:

> *But you don't talk that much dear Imam, do you? How can I relieve my feelings like that? Let's open the grid part way, so that I can see your blessed face. You say no? You are right. Everyone should know his place in this life. I know my place dear father. I am an Ausländer. I know where I came from. You were in inside. We came from outside. I didn't bring that much from outside. By simply saddling you with my sins, I came naked. What an unthoughtful act.*

Yet again, as a Muslim he is there in a church in front of a priest and talking about his life. He does not feel that he belongs to German society but cries about his identity crisis in an institution of this society. This may be read as reflection of his sociocultural conflicts. Then again; using the term *Ausländer*[16] in a cynical tone implies the problematic social positioning of immigrants in German society. Cruz (2011) criticizes the usage of the term in the context of integration and migration as the term also has ethnocentric and disintegrating meanings. In the term *Ausländer* the description of the foreigner is is accented towards his or her minority legal status and socially problematic position. The term emphasizes the perception of *Nichtdazugehören* (being the odd one out) and the state of the *Ausgegrenzt* (Excluded ones). In immigration-based countries like Australia, Canada and USA, the term 'immigrant' is used or preferred.

Cruz (2011) analyzes the term syntactically and claims that within this term the *aus* is emphasized reminding us of the negative word connotations in German language:

[16] The homepage www.auslaender-statistik.de is cautious about the usage of the term Ausländer: '' Der Begriff "Ausländerin" bzw. "Ausländer" wird in dieser Webseite im juristischen Sinn verwendet.''. However, the definition of the term arouses the utmost regard: '' Ausländer sind also diejenigen Personen, die nicht Deutsche sind… Ausländer werden zwar häufig als "Mitbürger" bezeichnet, doch sind sie keine deutschen Staatsbürger; sie besitzen keine deutsche Staatsbürgerschaft, verfügen also nicht über diejenigen Rechte und Pflichten, die sich aus der deutschen Staatsangehörigkeit ergeben.

> *Der Begriff „Ausländer“ jedoch ist durch Wortzusammenhänge wie „Ausgang“, „Ausstoß“, „Ausfuhr“, „Auslass“, „Ausliefern“, „Ausmaß“, „Ausreise“ usw. negativ behaftet. Integration fängt schon bei der Artikulierung an.*

The protagonist in *Confession* refers to this problematic structure of the term and how it labels the positions in German society by saying, ‘I am an *Ausländer.* I know my place. I come from outside’’. However, the story ends with objection and rebellion. He comes to an institution which is culturally foreign to him and tries to earn a place there, but he fails to be accept as part of the place and eventually he is forced to leave the building. But he rejects this forced displacement with an intertextual crying out and declares his right to exist in the society: ’*To Allah belong the East and the West. Who you are to expel me?’*

9. The End of Sense of Belonging

Interview with Walking Brain

I would see him after many years. We spent adolescence together. At that time life got into line in front of us. Neither struggle to make a living, nor despair and hopelessness had brought us to our knees. We were saving the world from a small city in Central Anatolia. Like the poets says: We were a thousand horsemen happy like children, because we were both children and Turks. We marched up and down on the streets with our gang, we used to beat the ones who were not Turks, who were not one of us, who supposedly didn't like us, who were rich bastards, whose appearance we didn't like, who looked into our eyes with shame.

He was different from the rest of us. We used to live with our parents in our own homes. His father was *Almancı* and he used to live in a dormitory. But still he was the poorest and the loneliest one. Maybe that's why he was the most fractious and the most powerful one. He used to read all the books that we found boring and then explain them to us in the way we could understand. He was also the smartest one. Not only among us, but he was also the smartest one in the school, in the whole city. What was his nickname? *Walking Brain*. We were the naughtiest group in the naughtiest class of the school. Our teachers and our parents warned us all the time: "Don't be like him. He can save himself; you will lose in the end." We didn't listen to them.

After years and years, he saved himself and we lost in the end. Life threw all of us somewhere, but he played with life. After our school, he went to the best high school, from there to the best university. He travelled around the world. He lived in the best countries. We stayed in that small city in Central Anatolia, just as he left us. I began to work with my father after school. Then I came to Germany following after a girl I fell in love with. I learned from the internet that he was also in Germany and not far from my city. After some messaging and chatting, "Let's meet brother, catch up a bit" he offered. Here I am. Waiting for him in this café. But he is not late. I came early.

It is an Italian café which isn't my taste, which plays awfully slow music, whose chairs are outmoded, and in which serves a not particularly beautiful, brunette Italian woman in her thirties. It is crowded inside. Extremely old and stubbornly fit old Germans are in the majority. - time killers who sits for hours with a cup of coffee. While watching them, the door

is opened and my friend comes in. He recognizes me immediately. I stand up. He smiles. I smile back. We hug. “How are you my brother?” asks he and sits. Neither these smiles, hugs nor his addressing me as “brother” change anything. The distance between us reveals itself from the very first moment.

“Have you been waiting very long?” he asks while taking his jacket off. I assure him that I haven’t waited long. “What are you doing? Tell me. Have you had a drink?” My still tall, still brunette and still thick haired friend takes control immediately. It becomes clear that he will manage all of the conversation, all of the meeting. So, I talk. I have been in Germany for ten years, so I have been married for ten years, I have two children and both of them are boys, that they kiss his hands, and that I work at a sausage factory. Coffees come. Then he starts. He explains that he has been in Germany for eight years, that he did his master’s, his PhD, and that he works as a project manager in an international company.

Old Germans drink their coffee more slowly and the music disturbs me more. My old friend explains himself: That he has been married for four years and he has a daughter. “God bless her!” I say. “Is your wife from our city?” “No, she is not,” he answers. He adds, while looking directly into my eyes, “From the East. She is Kurdish.” I don’t hear any hesitation in his voice. He doesn’t care about what I think. He just says it. Maybe he is proud of it. He takes a sip from his coffee. This well-dressed handsome man is not my childhood friend anymore.

He doesn’t realize this. He doesn’t feel his transformation. He asks spitefully: “Are you still a nationalist?” I want to feel the mockery in his voice. No, he asks it seriously. I cannot find any sign that he despises me. “Yeah, sure” I answer. My voice comes out so clear and loud for the first time. I want to make him understand that this is what it should be. He doesn’t understand anything. “Those times are so past for me,” he says as if he talks about an old sin. “You have all my respect. You stay faithful to your case,” he adds. Is he teasing me? Or else does he confess his regret to his betrayal? I am confused.

”When people see different places and meet different people, they change” he says. “What do you mean?” I want to ask, but I put it away. He doesn’t: “After seeing all these countries, after meeting all kinds of people, you realize that everything is just illusion. The concept of homeland, identities, belongings. Everything. I mean all of them are taught and dictated to us afterwards. They are chains hung around our necks. Although nobody is different from anyone else, we are classified. You were born there. So, you are Turkish. And you were born

there. So, you are German. They define us and our place on the world with artificial classifications. I don't want to define myself according to these borders dictated to me."

I haven't heard this kind of nonsense before, ornamented with contradictory arguments. I cannot help smiling. "What are you then?" I ask in an ironic tone. His arguments cannot be taken seriously, but he is good at making his talk attractive again. Some things don't change. He gives an answer, which doesn't fit with the mystery of his content: "I am a human being."

It is only four o'clock, but complete darkness falls outside. A yellowish light in the café gives the place a cheaper ambiance. The elders leave their seats one by one, but he keeps talking: "They imprison people in fictional state borders and they force each individual to live with the inflexible identities of their countries. There is an Iranian engineer in our company, for instance. He is probably much more successful than me, he is much more qualified. Even so, he cannot reach some particular positions within the company. Because his definition as an individual cannot be separated from the country he was born in. "You are a Persian," they say and everything about him becomes quasi clear."

I cannot stand it anymore: "But most people are proud of the land they belong to. They don't see it as fetters of iron. Besides the roots of a person, the land he was born in, the culture he owns, and the nation he feels attached to maintain the required input to be able to place oneself in this world. In a way, these backgrounds prevent him from being lost."

That I come with counter arguments makes him extremely pleased. He takes a glance at his expensive watch on his arms. So it is then. When a person reaches a state of comfort financially, he can talk nonsense about the life and make ridiculous deductions. Without any financial difficulty, it seems that one has the luxury of philosophy about millennial human orders.

There he is again: "One can be proud about the features that he acquired later, by laboring, with efforts, with his own will power. Otherwise, he has no right to be proud about his features that he had already by the time he was born. What did you do to be a Turk? After what effort were you able to be a Turk? You already had this characteristic when you were born. It was an automatic label. You could have been an Italian. You could be born in Nepal."

I become slightly annoyed. What if they are not acquired afterwards? I think man has the right to be proud about the land he was born in. But I decide to remain silent. When I don't give an answer, a long silence comes for the first time. That bothers me. For as long as I have known,

I always break these kinds of silences. Is it a sign of weakness? Lack of self-confidence? I don't know about it:

"Germany made me more nationalist. Obviously, it changed you in an opposite way. I guess it is because you don't feel like a second-class person here. You are successful, after all,"

My old friend moves his chair slightly with his adorable smile: "On the contrary, I also feel second-class here. How successful you are has no importance. You are always a Turk in their eyes and you will always stay so. They can't get rid of the labels I just mentioned and they judge us with the prejudices they have against the lands we come from. That disturbed me a lot at first. I wanted to escape from here as soon as possible. I have seen countries, which are not like it is here. I mean at least for Turks it is different in some places. But in the end, their attitudes and prejudices shook my views about life radically. You see, I realized that I had similar attitudes towards people in my own country. I remembered the people that I hadn't taken seriously just because they talked with a Kurdish accent. Then I redefined my existence inevitably."

We haven't got that much time. He wrote that he would be able to spare one hour from his precious time. Talking to him makes me feel better, although what he says is absolute nonsense. I feel a little bit relieved. I look at his face genuinely for the first time for the sake of the good old days: "How can you put up with life here?" I ask. My old friend looks back at me in the same way. He takes a deep breath. He is playing with the coffee handle: "I see myself as a professional football player. Where I get transferred to, I do my job and I live in the city of my team. I don't create roots. When the time comes, I may leave here. Well, if I sign with a new team…"

I like his answer. I cannot help smiling. Then we talk about the old days. Our fights, friendships, our dreams. He asks about our friends. I tell him. Then come the last coffees. The Italian music in the Italian café doesn't end. The not particularly beautiful, brunette waitress asks if we have any other wishes. We say that we don't have any other wishes and declare the time of farewell.

"Does it make you a happier person that you know all these things, walking brain?" I ask. I don't ask it to put him in a tight spot. I am really curious about the answer. My old friend smiles again. He likes the question I asked: "You were always a smart man. You haven't changed a bit. Your analytical intelligence, your way of argumentation is still the same" he

says first. Maybe, he thinks that I am trying to put him in a tight spot. He takes a big sip from his last coffee and begins to talk in whispers: "No, it didn't make me a happier person. Maybe it made me more peaceful. Besides, it is not important. The biggest illusion of this century is to makes us believe that the only purpose of life is happiness. When you see the truth, happiness loses its priority. I am looking for the truth. On this search, happiness is just distraction."

When the meeting is over, I get more furious at Germany. I cannot forgive it for changing my friend in this way. While heading towards my car, I kill my poor, fractious, but patriotic friend in my own world. I bury him today in the Italian café, whose chairs are outmoded and where awfully slow music is played.

"Brilliantly clever"

After a couple of unsuccessful interviews, I was complaining everywhere and begging for interesting stories to listen to. A friend of mine must have felt pity one me as he called me one evening and said, "I have got great news for you. You may want to talk to my friend Ümit for your project." I was looking for immigrants with self-confidence. I had had some stories with immigrants who experienced difficulties in life and lacked the social skills to make themselves visible in the society. My project needed some perspectives and I needed to find those who were socially enterprising and who could show me another face of Germany. As I met many immigrants who were talking about their immigrant life in a depressive mood, positive people who were able to overcome the handicaps of being immigrants and who moved on with new lifestyles could give me new topics to write on and new discussions to deal with. My friend told me that he was brilliantly clever, worked in a highly respectable company as a manager and for a business trip he was going to be in Bremen for a few days. I became curious because about the introductory sentence. What did he mean by that? He was brilliantly clever? I happened to know some very clever people in my life. Most of them had nothing to say about themselves. They talked about anything but themselves. As an anthropologist, I needed to find ways to make him talk about himself. I asked my friend if he liked talking. He answered with an excitement that gave me the relief I needed, "Oh, he is a chatty person. You can ask him anything you want. He likes telling stories." I got his contact details from my friend and called him immediately. After I introduced myself, he saluted me with a cold voice and told me he would be in Bremen for the next three days and if I had time, the following day would be perfect for him to meet. I said I had time. Although I had no

reason to be so, I was disappointed with his distant communication style. I thought that another ineffective interview was waiting for me.

We met in the campus of *Hochschule Bremen* as his hotel was somewhere in the vicinity of the campus. He came with his brother which made me a little bit nervous as a third person could hinder sincere communication. We sat in the cafeteria of the university. It was early in the evening and there were few students around. I introduced myself, talked about my project and explained what I wanted from him. He asked many questions about my thesis, about myself and tried to understand what he should talk about.

A new type of Immigrant

It was one of the most interesting interviews I have ever had. Talking to him was entertaining because of his many thought-provoking theories about identity, homeland, nationality, and life itself. It was a very extended conversation beginning from his early life. It was not unnecessary as his early childhood started with a fracture within the family. As his father practiced polygamy his mother was the second wife of his father and the father was living with his first wife in Germany, while he was living with his mother in a Central Anatolian. This remarkable start shaped his life-story. When he was 12 years old, he left his home and began to live in dormitories. He claims that this early leave shaped his views towards life:

"Sevgi: …Then you don't have the concept of home?

Ümit: Absolutely not.

S: That you had lived in dormitories for years may have caused the lack of this concept.

Ü: Indeed. That I changed schools and cities every three or four years caused that. It was nomadism. I haven't lived in the same city for twenty or thirty years."

While he was talking about the crucial scenes of his story, I found the opportunity to ask about his identity. He gave me the most interesting immigrant answers. I became really excited during the interview as I had the feeling that he was giving me a story to discuss some main concepts from a different perspective. He was also criticizing social roles in Germany and how migration shapes German society.

Unlike the other immigrants I have interviewed, Ümit considers it profitable to experience being an immigrant in Germany. While criticizing the social dynamics of German society, he appreciates the personal acquisitions he has had:

> *"Germany gave me many things. Even to be able to engage in self-criticism, to ask the question of why, are huge gains. Why? Why do you exclude me my friend?"*

He places Germany and what he went through as a Turkish immigrant in this society as a mirror to explore his place in the world. He explains, then, this new place awareness with sharp language:

> "You need to understand that you should not be in the mood of a man saving the world, that you are not different from a bug in this world."

That he liked to philosophize about life and his identity turned the interview into something that was not a task that I should have put up with like in case of some interviews, but an entertaining discussion. I was able to let the provocative ideas make me uneasy, to let force me to reconsider my own place in the society that I live in and the world that labels us with different background stories. As I indulged myself with the pleasure that the interview bestowed upon me, I sometimes forgot to manipulate the conversation according in favor of the project. In some cases, I gratified the discussion and made interventions beside the point, but in the end I got what I needed.

On the way of an inclusive story

Throughout the interview, I knew for certain that the content of the interview would serve for many short story topics. However, it is highly problematic to extract a short story which covers the content of the interview in an inclusive way. Some of the short stories of the project demonstrate a scene to reflect the feelings, ideas, and the state of mind of the interviewee. Some, on the other hand, create a completely independent platform to deal with the issues intended to be discussed. The interview with the imam of a mosque, for instance, resulted in the confession of a hysteric, paranoid and hallucinating immigrant visiting a priest in a church. Another interview with a homeless immigrant created a story which narrates the interview to repeat or rather to reformulate the life story of the interviewee in a literary voice. I could follow the same technique for this interview, as the topics we discussed within the interview maintained a rich discourse to enrich the discussions for the short story. However,

the philosophical and political transformation of Ümit gave me the idea of making him face his past. To that end, his expressions about his past inspired me to set the scene for the short story:

> *"I was a fascist man in the past. Inside I mean. I did not like the Kurdish people. Then, I ended up married a Kurdish woman."*

I wanted to somehow handle this radical change of Ümit. I could either write a long story and gradually make him change as various incidents happened to him; or I could create a story which included the old Ümit and the present Ümit at the same time. For that Ümit had given me the hint by telling a period of his teenage times:

> *I was hanging out with nationalist groups. We were walking around the neighborhood, around the streets and fighting with different ones.*

This quote gave me the idea of calling someone from his past and making him face those years of his life. This person, an old friend of his, would provide a story to emphasize his personal transformation. At this point, I thought a café would be a resourceful setting to tell the story as cafés offer many details for description and its artificial ambiance could provide me the flexibility that I needed to manipulate the intimacy between the two old friends. It may not be a coincidence that I chose an Italian café for the meeting spot for these two friends as I usually go to an Italian café in Bremen with my laptop and write my thesis while watching the retired inhabitants of Neustadt. So, I included of my own immigrant life once again.

I didn't want to narrate the story from the interviewee's perspective, but from that of his nationalist friend to challenge myself to articulate a common Anatolian Turkish immigrant in Germany. I have come across various kinds of nationalists during my interviews. I softened some of them and did not present their political stand-points as I wanted to emphasize their immigrant characters. So, the story teller of "Interview with Walking[17] Brain" portrays the common points of these nationalist discourses.

[17] With *Walking* I tried to impersonate and emphasize his cleverness. As Ümit, the interviewee has been successful for all his life; I wanted to give the same impression to the fictional character. *Walking* also indicates his being immigrant and being on the way. Both the interviewee and the fictional character don't feel stable as they don't feel they belong anywhere. They are always on the move and they keep walking.

Two Turks in Café Italiano

The story consists of a long conversation. They meet at a café and talk about the old days. That the story is narrated from the perspective of his old friend allows for a demonstration of his transformation:

> *…This smartly dressed man is not my friend that I knew years ago anymore…He doesn't notice that. He doesn't sense the mutation he has had. He insists on asking his blunt questions…*

Their common point is not that they are teenagers from Central Anatolia and they don't make the claim to save the world, but they are two Turkish immigrants in Germany. However, the story puts their differences on the table and the Italian café becomes a no man's land for these two Turkish immigrants.

The simple literary structure of the story, the long dialogues about being immigrant in Germany and two different political comments on identity make the short story a proper text to have the required discourses to discuss. *Interview with Walking Brain* may be read as the story of my interview with Ümit, but the character in the story lacks the modesty of Ümit. While Ümit talked about his ideas in a relaxed state, far from exaggerations and arrogance, the character in the Italian café somehow has a disturbing style. The narrator manipulates the perception of him and with his sharp comments takes sympathy away:

> *That I come with counter arguments makes him extremely pleased. He takes a glance at his expensive watch on his arms. So it is then. When a person reaches a state of comfort financially, he can talk nonsense about the life and make ridiculous deductions. Without any financial difficulty, it seems that one has the luxury of philosophy about millennial human orders.*

Nation(alism) as an immigrant defense mechanism

While reading the exegesis of Benedict Anderson on *Imagined Communities,* I experienced a sense of déjà vu as Ümit was rephrasing Anderson, most probably consciously, from his arguments on nation, nationality and sense of community. In an anthropologist spirit, Anderson (2006: 6) proposes the following definitions of the nation: "it is an imagined political community- and imagined as inherently limited and inherently sovereign."

In *Interview with Walking Brain*, a similar comment comes from the engineer. He denies the concept of nation and labels it an acquired imaginary imposed upon people to categorize them:

> *"Although nobody is different from each other, we are classified. You were born there. So, you are Turkish. And you here. So, you are German. They define us and our place on earth with artificial classifications. I don't accept these definitions. I don't want to define myself within these categories, within the borders dictated to me."*

Anderson (2006: 6) mentions this imagined classifications and explains that it is imagined because the members of even the smallest nation will never know most of their fellow-members, meet them or even hear of them, yet in the minds of each lives the image of their communion.

The portrait of an immigrant within a discourse of nationlessness and nation as imaginary bring different topics to engage with. I have had some interviewees who had some problematic relationship with the concept of nation. Bülent, for instance, was a homeless person with no sense of belonging to any place, living on the street. However, he had nothing to say about these concepts as he was busy with his survival. Fatih, the character of the story *No Man's Land* was also a hotheaded anti-nationalist as he was a devoted communist. Ümit is different from Fatih in that he doesn't defend any political posture. So, Ümit is the first interviewee, who has spoken about the concepts directly in his own realistic way. The function of migration in terms of national feeling among immigrants must, of necessity, be discussed in a new context with the story of *Interview with Walking Brain*. It is a common tendency among Turkish immigrants in Germany to reinforce their Turkish identity as a defensive mechanism to be able to resist their inferior status in the society.

The two Turkish immigrants in *Interview with Walking Brain* also apply the defense mechanisms stated above. The narrator of the story, one the one hand, symbolizes the superpatriotic side of the Turkish migration in Germany. Although he tries to stay calm, he protests the heterodox ideas of his friend. His inside voice mocks his old friend's arguments, but when he speaks he expresses his own ideas with reasonable objections:

> *"But most people are proud of the land they belong to. They don't see it as fetters of iron. Besides the roots of a person, the land he was born in, the culture he owns, and*

the nation he feels attached to maintain the required input to be able to place oneself in this world. In a way, these backgrounds prevent him from being lost"

The character gives a crucial role to the concept of nation and sublimates it as the attachment people need to be able to know themselves. Anthony D. Smith's gives the nation a similar function and defines it as a shared system of values which gives its members a sense of unity. According to him, the nation is "a named human population sharing an historic territory, common myths and historical memories, a mass, public culture, a common economy and common legal rights and duties for all members" (Smith 1991: 14).

How this function of nation and its associated concepts are shaped and reconstructed within the lives of immigrants is also discussed throughout the story. The friend of Walking Brain explains that his immigrant life strengthens his national feelings, "*Germany made me much more nationalist.*" He lived all of his life as a member in the historic territory of Turkey and then he came to Germany after he married. When he left his own human population and began to live in a territory whose myths and historical memories are foreign to him, he began to idealize Turkey to remind himself that in spite of this foreignness he lives in, there is a territory where he feels at home. His national feelings serve, in this sense, as a defense mechanism to cover the foreignness around him and to be able to deal with the difficulties he goes through as an immigrant.

The engineer in the story, on the other hand, draws a different portrait as an immigrant. While talking about his pre-immigrant life in the interview, Ümit states that he was a fascist in the past. Also Walking Brain, the engineer, expresses his transformation:

> "After seeing all these countries, after meeting all kinds of people, you realize that everything is just illusion. The concept of homeland, identities, belongings. Everything. I mean all of them are taught and dictated to us afterwards. They are chains hung around our necks. Although nobody is different from anyone else, we are classified. You were born there. So, you are Turkish. And you were born there. So, you are German. They define us and our place on the world with artificial classifications. I don't want to define myself according to these borders dictated to me.*"*

He prefers to refuse the concept of nation and the sense of belonging to it. However, he doesn't deny his status in the society he lives in:

"...I feel second class, too. No matter how successful you become, you are always a Turk for them and you will stay as you are."

However, instead of reinforcing his Turkish identity as his friend does, he chooses to reject the concept of identity completely. During the interview, Ümit repeats his definition of human, which marks the human a being nothing more than a chemical bomb. The engineer in the story follows his footsteps and declares the concept of home to be an illusion. He criticizes German society and possibly shares the uneasiness his friend experiences as an immigrant. Nevertheless, his defense mechanism is different from his friend as his migrant experience makes him reconsider his attitudes in his old territory. His transformation is triggered by his immigrant life. As a Turkish immigrant, he suffered from the prejudices against his land's people and from this suffering achieved empathy marginalized people in Turkey:

But in the end, their attitudes and prejudices shook my views about life radically. You see, I realized that I had similar attitudes towards people in my own country. I remembered the people that I hadn't taken seriously just because they talked in a Kurdish accent. Then I redefined my existence inevitably.

The defense mechanism of the engineer differs from his friend as his inferior immigrant life in Germany serves as a mirror reflecting his superior times in Turkey. By looking at this reflection, he reconsiders the concepts like nation, belonging and home and relocates his existence according to his reinterpretation of his place in the world. In the end, he decides that everything that is prefixed with *national* is nothing more than a human-made illusion to label and categorize the people.

World Citizen

Shortly after the Second World War, Frederick Mayer (1948) portrays the ideal human being needed for peace in the world. There will be no partisanship and fanaticism in his actions and he will evaluate and act with a broad and cosmopolitan perspective:

"The only cause to which he will give himself wholeheartedly is that of humanity. He will constantly attempt to transcend his own environment, and to see the distant as

clearly as the immediate and to understand those who are far away from him as completely as those who are near him." (Mayer 1948: 94)

The application of these optimistic ideas of Mayer was attempted by Garry Davis, who denounced his US citizenship and declared himself a world citizen. Davis (1984:11) introduced himself as naïve, idealist, and childish. He created the World Passport, a document which was meant to serve as a travelling document. Although he has no partisanship or fanaticism for any kind of idea, neither Ümit as an interviewee nor the engineer in the story, *Interview with Walking Brain* claims to have a humanitarian world view. They don't fit the portrait of Mayer, who sees the World Citizen as a person who only wants to accomplish good things for mankind (Mayer 1948: 94). Also, both the interviewee and the fictional character would possibly find Garry Davis to be a dreamer who runs in circles, as they see the human being as nothing more than a creature stimulated by brain. However, the interviewee considers himself as a world citizen in terms of seeing the borders and all kinds of identity-related labels as artificial restrictions. The engineer in the story defines himself just as a human being, but nothing more than that. With this definition, he may be considered to possess some characteristics of a World Citizen. However, rather than identifying himself with an imaginary global citizenship, whose owners pursue the dream of no war and a check-point free world, both Ümit (the interviewee) and the engineer (the fictional character) reflect the characteristics of a pragmatist immigrant. The pragmatism is seen in the way they appease and tame their inner conflicts as successful immigrants, who still face the difficulties an immigrant possibly goes through. [18]By completely rejecting all the features that combine their identities, they take refuge in the concept of the World Citizen to be able to get rid of their immigrant identities.

How they achieve this pragmatic posture is identical with Mayer's methods to train World Citizens. Mayer praises the role of travelling, as "it overcomes local biases and opens up new vistas,"(Mayer 1948: 94) and he encourages seeing other parts of the world to become less

[18] During the interview, I had no doubt about Ümit's sincerity. He may believe that all concepts related to belonging are not more than illusions. However, between the lines he gives his real feelings about being immigrant in Germany. While talking about what Germany taught him, he doesn't hide the fact that the country was a burden for him. Also, the character of Interview with Walking Brain admits the difficulties of being a Turkish immigrant in Germany:

> *"On the contrary; I also feel myself inferior here. No matter how successful you are, you are always a Turk in their world and you will stay so".*

arrogant and less righteous and achieve a more detached perspective. What Ümit claims in his interview is not different from Mayer's approaches:

> *I mean Germany gave me many things. As I said, even to be able to have self-criticism, to ask the question of "Why?" is a huge gain for myself….I guess I wouldn't have done that, if I had stayed in Turkey. It would have been hard to do that. Because man thinks like this, human brain works comparatively. If you are X person always living in Neustadt, if you haven't seen Paris, if you haven't lived somewhere else, and don't know what they are, your difficulties, rights and wrongs are Neustadt's rights and wrongs. It is really difficult to look at some issues of a place with, let's say, the standard of living in Japan.*

Mayer praises books as an alternative for those who are unable to travel. Through reading, Mayer proposes, one can find a substitute, which gives "a detailed description of other nations and which present(s) an objective analysis of their own country." (Mayer 1948: 94) Ümit comes with an updated alternative and presents television as a tool that may give a sense of comparison:

> *If you have powerful observation skills and you watch television you can also grasp something from it. It is also possible. Human brain works like that, though. I mean you observe something, and you have something else that you live, you compare these two and you say right-wrong. If there are three inputs, you can mix three of them. The more input you have, the better will be your comparison. That's why; people who have seen the world, travelled and lived in different countries (we can see it also with Germans) are different. They can compare and ask why.*

10. A German in Turkish Context

Alien

I have had a headache since I hung up the phone. That news gave me a shock.

They don't do these *simits* in Istanbul like that. Do they put a little sesame on them? Why is the color of this tea like that? If this is tea that they steeped, then I don't know anything about tea. There is no taste in my mouth. I am nervous all the time. This rain feels like it is raining into my soul. I am all wet. It is raining and I am all wet, but the fire of homesickness is still all alive. "I am listening to Istanbul with my eyes closed." I miss Istanbul with my eyes closed, ready to cry out of despair, feeling like a stranger, even to myself.

I used to like Hamburg. It seemed sparkly, full of life, colorful. Maybe it is still so, but I cannot ascribe any other meaning to my existence here than a most probably unnecessary character in an extremely boring festival movie. What am I talking about? What am I doing in this city? Why did I leave everything behind and leave Istanbul? Everything? What did I have in Istanbul? Was I not also alone in Istanbul? Was I not a stranger there? I went to the city as a German. She took me in her arms. Like a nurturing whore? Or like an old worldly-wise old woman? I don't know - she just took me. She made me smoke shisha in Tophane, made me eat rice with chick-peas, made me lazy in Beyoglu, made me impudent in Galata, made me young in Beşiktaş, taught me decency in Üsküdar, threw me into the human flood and adopted me as her son in Eminönü.

Where did it come from? Didn't you want it? I did want it. Well, why this confusion, why this fear?

I was a teacher in a school there. I used to go to work by buses loaded with the entire human race. There were people everywhere. The whole world had gathered there. Streets, pavements, theaters, cinemas, malls, shops, buses, metros, trams, ships were all jammed with millions of different faces; the reign of a magnificent chaos. The city takes you in and makes you lost. You become one of the faces, one of the breaths, one of the bodies, one of the lives. It leaves you right in the middle of the wheels of the very life you are living and makes you into any tune in the sometimes cheerful, sometimes wild, sometimes decent, but mostly rushed, but then sometimes calm and melancholic song.

I left the song. The song left me. I cannot go back to the song. I cannot go back home. Here in a northern city, in Hamburg, I feel homesickness as a German. I am being funny. I live as a joke. Whenever I hear Turkish in the streets, I am happy. I secretly prick my ears. I begin to picture my memories as if I have come across an ex-lover. I am one of you, I want to say. I want to share the Ausländer clichés with them, like homesickness is tough, that a person living far away from home has it tough, nothing is like the homeland, look at that weather, even the sun has forgotten these places. But I keep silent most of the time knowing the awful fact that I am not one of them. Whom do I belong to? I am not from around here. I couldn't stay there. I am a freak. A freak with no identity. Do I have an identity?

I couldn't wait for the evening. I wanted to say right away. Did you get excited? Were you happy?

But I have a wife. My wife believes that I am an alien. Oh, my wife. Even she drank the water of the city I lost. I am married to a Russian Turkologist, who lived in Istanbul for one year. My life is surrounded with the city even when I am away from it. Did I fall in love with her perfect Turkish? In what way does it affect my love for her that she herself is in love with Istanbul?

This news while living in limbo. What about Istanbul?

My wife calls me an alien. Both German and Turk. Neither Turk nor German. Maybe I was sent to this globe from an unknown world. Maybe I should note my observations about the creatures in this world. Well, that I am an anthropologist cannot be a coincidence, having learned Turkish after a certain age and then being interested in Russian. What am I babbling?

I leave the place after I pay for the tea and *simit*. There is still more than half an hour till my lunch break is over. A little bit of walking will do me good. I pass by the Turkish restaurants lined up side by side. The smells coming to my nose cannot seduce me, probably because of the *simit* I just ate. I stand in front of an import-export shop: cheap teapots, unnecessarily big electric pans, knick-knacks, whose only function is to make places look vulgar, Turkish and German flags. In short, it is a pile of stuff that tries to remind you of something or somewhere and fails to do that. People cannot escape from cheap imitations while mourning about their things left behind in far places.

"Nothing will be same dear alien- the end of an era…"

While waiting for metro, I forget my illness while watching the crowd, looking secretly at the faces of people. The metro comes loudly and stops silently. A human flood comes out. People in the station are waiting for the others respectfully and patiently. It is not like in Istanbul. There isn't any unnecessary body contact between the ones who try to get off and the ones who wants to get on. I find an empty seat. I opened my book and take shelter in poems, in verses.

...

"Do you like Orhan Veli?" I fell back suddenly. Then I realized there was an old man sitting next to me. "I am sorry. I didn't mean to scare you." He greets me with his polite Turkish. "Yes, indeed. I like him very much," I say and get caught in the first sentence. "Are you not Turkish?" he smiles. He goes on with the Turkish excitement that I am used to, as happens to all Turks whenever they come across a foreigner who speaks Turkish: "Great poet. Plain, but deep." Then I realize his freshly shaved face, his little black eyes, his long cream overcoat and his freshly colored dark-brown shoes. "Your Turkish is very fine," says the old man to decorate the conversation with a white lie. "Where did you learn it?" "In Istanbul. I stayed there almost two years." His eyes glow. "I was born in Istanbul. I have just talked to my brother. Winter hasn't come there yet. Still spring weather, he says." And then comes the inevitable fate of every metro friendship. We are out of subjects. Silence fills in the blanks. Then I move slightly from my seats and give a new dimension to this mortal friendship. "You know, I am going to be a father." The old man is surprised, for sure, not by the fact that I am going to be a father, but by this inappropriate closeness and by this improper confidence.

Still, he doesn't condemn me. "How happy you are. God bless him. Congratulations," he says cheerfully and gives his hand. I accept his greeting. "But I have to get off in this station. It was very nice to meet you.' 'Congratulations, again,' he answers. We say our goodbyes. I go back to Orhan Veli. I go back to this poet, who –contrary to his contemporaries- writes in a simple Turkish just to make me understand his poems. He understands me well:

Desires are something

Memories are something else

In a city

Ignored by the sun

Say, how do I live?

The Stories of Two Cities

Most of my interviews are held in Bremen as it is my city in Germany. I also tried to hold interviews in other German cities such as Hannover, Hamburg, Köln, Dortmund, and Leipzig etc.. However, most of the interviews outside of Bremen didn't have a chance of embodiment in the form of a short story, as it was difficult for me to write about other cities, which are spiritually unknown to me. As an author I always needed to build a humane relationship with the city I wrote about. There are two cities which are literally connected to my emotional side, namely Bremen and Istanbul. So, most of the immigrants in the short stories are either from Istanbul, long for Istanbul or are somehow connected to Istanbul, as I studied in Istanbul and shaped the city in my mind as home throughout my immigrant life in Germany. This belonging to Istanbul is not different from Bremen as I have lived in Bremen for almost ten years and feel connected to it in many emotional ways. On the way of writing all these stories, Bremen and Istanbul accompanied me and I walked through the living streets of them. Bremen witnessed all the incidents within the story and embraced the immigrant protagonists with a mature silence.

The meaning of city and its place in literature is discussed in various contexts through various genres. In his novel, *More Die of Heartbreak*, American author Saul Bellow (1987: 147) defines the city as "the expression of the human experience it embodies, and this includes all personal history." This view sees the city differently from classic geographical descriptions. There are models developed by urban geographers to give information about growth or decline, demographic process, traffic flows, and economic potential. Some scholars use a mechanistic perspective and mathematical formulae to solve the problems of the city. Others, like Redfield and Singer (1954), believe that cities exist in a teleological dimension in terms of a transformation of folk culture into urban culture. Others, notably Polanyi (2001: 59), see the modern city as a result of the evolution of market patterns. While Mumford (1961) is more conscious of cities as places of human habitation, Griffith Taylor views cities in terms of their historical development. Different ideological viewpoints have informed these descriptive-predictive analyses of the city and "logical empiricism has dominated the approaches" (Preston & Simpson-Housley 2002: 1).

However, the aspect of city life characterized by Saul Bellow is not accommodated by those empirically conceived models. The human experience, both individual and collective, contained by the city, needs to be studied not only from an empirical way, but also the common memory and personal involvements should be taken into consideration.

A Turkish poet Saba (2014), for instance, describes his city, Istanbul, through his personal experience:

Looking at all neighborhoods and places

When I was five, fifteen and twenty; those were the days

My school stands on one of your hills

On its beyond are located the barracks,

Here is the marriage office

That gave me one of your daughters

Aren't all those places also mine?

Like holding my hands on both sides,

Kücüksu where my father lies

Eyüpsultan where my mother rests[19] (74)

Istanbul in this poem is like a vessel filled with human experiences and memories. The city serves as a museum as it collects people's past with all its happiness, disappointments, hopes, aspirations, and pains. Each inhabitant of the city somehow possesses the city as he stands there like a memorial of their very own lives, or the city possesses its inhabitants as it owns people's past and all the feelings related to their past. In some cases, the strict relation of the personal history of a man to the city he inhabits is portrayed as a tragic destiny. In his poem, *The City*, Constantine P. Cavafy emphasizes the desperate relation of its inhabitants to the city. He begins with a will to leave the city to be able to escape from the bad memories in the city, for the city as a symbol of the past reminds him of his own miserable past:

You said, "I will go to another land,

[19] My own translation

I will go to another sea.

Another city shall be found better than this.

Each one of my endeavors is condemned by fate;

My heart lies buried like a corpse.

How long in this disintegration can the mind remain.

Wherever I turn my eyes, wherever I gaze,

I see here only the black ruins of my life

Where I have spent so many years, and ruined and wrecked myself."

Italo Calvino (1972) claims that it is possible to read the past of a city simply by looking at its details:

> "The city contains its past like the lines of a hand, written in the corners of the streets, the gratings of the windows, the banisters of the steps, the antennae of the lightning rods, the poles of the flags, every segment marked in turn with scratches, indentations, scrolls" (11).

Although I had been in Hamburg many times before, the visit for an interview became a challenge for me. I had to extract the details of the city in order to be able to write about it. My friend Felix, who was also my interviewee, welcomed me in *Hauptbahnhof* and we took the metro to go to his home. We had not seen each other for a while, so he began to talk about his new life in Hamburg, his new job, and his eight month old marriage. He was my old classmate in Bremen and in the very first day of my master's program we became good friends. It was my intention to have an interview with a German to write a migration story from the other side. However, I was not sure if he was the right person to write such a story as he had lived in Ankara for one year and in Istanbul for two years. He could speak Turkish and his wife Darya was a Russian Turkologist. Even in Hamburg, I was following the traces of Istanbul.

They had moved to their new house a couple of weeks ago. His Siberian wife welcomed us at the door with a warm smile. It was a small house with a lovely little garden outside and was unsurprisingly dark inside. There was almost no furniture and one of the rooms was full of

boxes. “We haven’t fully settled yet” explained his wife with unnecessary embarrassment. We sat on cushions. My old bohemian friend was not my old friend anymore. Seeing him in a domestic place with his pregnant wife made me feel a bit strange. While introducing me to his wife, I realized that I was in a *multiculturally* happy home. Their eyes were shining and I was about to interfere with this peace with my questions.

Interview with A Couple

The interview was a bit different from the previous ones as it was held with two people simultaneously. There were two interviewees and it was not a handicap for the flow of the interview, as it was like small talk and the interview was almost a part of my visit. The new couple shared the word equally and they knew when the other one should have stayed still.

It was also a new experience for me talking to someone who knew exactly why I did the interview. He asked me questions about the content of the interview, why I chose him to write a short story about and he asked about my academic intentions. Before the interview, I had thought that it would be a challenge for me to talk to someone who did the same things as me, as I knew that he held many interviews for his master thesis. However, it made my job much easier as my addressees knew why I asked all those questions and they did their best to give me helpful answers. The wife of the home was also very active during the interview. She also had valuable things to share as a Russian who lived both in Turkey and in Germany and who could speak both Turkish and German. So, I was more than grateful that I had the chance of having two interviews simultaneously.

Her German was fluent and she was married to a German man. She came from Siberia and she was far from her village. Nevertheless, I needed to ask a question about being foreign:

S: Fühlst du dich fremd hier, in Deutschland?

D: (überlegt) Nein.

F: Ich schon.

S: In der Türkei aber du bist ein Ausländer?

D: Nein. In der Türkei, fühlte ich mich wohl. Ich muss sagen mir geht’s fühle ich mich wohl oder fühle ich mich nicht wohl spielt die Hauptrolle. In der Türkei fühlte ich mich ähnlich wie zu Hause, wie in Sibirien.

S: Warum?

D: Weil die Russische und Türkische Mentalitäten haben viele gemeinsame Punkten.

S: Würdest du in Istanbul leben?

D: Also genaue deswegen vielleicht lebe ich in Hamburg. Hamburg gibt mir diese Perspektive über andere Orte. Hier lerne ich wie ich über Russland und über die Türkei fühle.

It was stimulating talking about Russia, Turkey, and Germany comparatively. Darya did not have conservative approach to the concept of home, but rather a romantic one. The home she left behind was different from the place she lived in. There was no nostalgia in her migration evident from the fact she didn't create "a portable home away from home which an émigré ferociously guards, preserves an imprint of her cultural motherland" (Boym 1996: 514). She welcomed being away from home as a spiritual acquisition.

Unlike his wife, Felix, talked about in- betweenness. He claimed that everything was about our thoughts about the places. Talking about Istanbul from Hamburg is not different from thinking about Germany from Istanbul. His emotions and thought moved from one place to another. So, the concept of home is complicated for him.

His statements were a bit disappointing for me as I expected some marginal expressions about his identity. However, at some point he talked about being alien in terms of belonging. This statement gave me the required push to turn my interviewee into a protagonist. There are some differences between the interviewee and the protagonist in the way they approach the concept of home. I preferred to use the freedom of literary exaggeration and created a German who longs for Istanbul. Felix also misses Istanbul. However, his longing is not enough to create a marginal fictional character.

Reversed Case of Migration

In some cases; the circumstances, in which the interview is held or a word, a phrase, a sentence the interviewee uses or the details about the place and about the interviewees either inspire the interview or are reflected within the story in various forms. That Felix's wife, Darya, was pregnant as appears as an important motif in the story. The protagonist receives

the news from his wife that she is pregnant. This news is used to emphasize the protagonist's inner dilemmas.

Alien tells the story of a German, who longs for Istanbul and experiences difficulties to feel himself belong to a German city. This absurd context gives the study a broader perspective and carries the psychological issues of Turkish immigrants in Germany into a less specific context. The story doesn't include migration in a traditional sense. The so called immigrant lives in his homeland, but longs for a foreign land. In this reversed case of migration, the concept of alienation explains some dilemmas of the protagonist in the short story as he is alienated from himself in many possible ways.

It may be relevant, in this context, to discuss the conceptual background of the term alienation. The very simple meaning of alienation refers to "a condition of being estranged from someone or something" (Bloom & Hobby 2009: 2). Erich Fromm also gives the classic definition of the term and states that "by alienation is meant a mode of experience in which the person experiences himself as alien. He has become, one might say, estranged from himself" (Fromm 1955: 120-21). In social psychology, alienation refers to "a person's psychological withdrawal from society (Bloom & Hobby 2009: 2). So, an alienated individual experiences isolation from other people in society and he experiences a sense of detachment in terms of belonging.

All these definitions and explanations of the concept "alienation" can be applied to the psychological dilemmas of the protagonist in the short story. While talking about his absurd emotional situation, he is cruel to himself:

> *But I keep silent most of the time knowing the awful fact that I am not one of them. Whom do I belong to? I am not from around here. I couldn't stay there. I am a freak. A freak with no identity. Do I have an identity?*

He defines himself as an *identity freak* as he finds it ridiculous to long for Istanbul as a German in a German city. This cruel self-evaluation can be read as his being alienated from himself. The alienation of the protagonist can be explained as his sense of not belonging to his own society. Individuals who have belonging issues don't feel that they belong to any particular group or community as a sense of separating from self dominates their psychological situation. At the beginning of the story, the protagonist claims that he doesn't belong to Germany, but to Turkey. So, his alienation might be ended if he moves to Istanbul

and begins to live in a society to which he feels attached. However, he confesses, then, that he doesn't belong to Turkish society either:

> *Whenever I hear Turkish in the streets, I am happy. I secretly prick my ears. I begin to picture my memories as if I have come across an ex-lover. I am one of you, I want to say. I want to share the Ausländer clichés with them, like homesickness is tough, that a person living far away from home has it tough, nothing is like the homeland, look at that weather, even the sun has forgotten these places. But I keep silent most of the time knowing the awful fact that I am not one of them.*

In *On Alienation and The Social Order,* Horowitz (1966: 231) lists three reasons that trigger alienation: "*an intense separation first from objects in a world, second from other people, third from ideas about the world held by other people.*" What the protagonist experiences is a separation from other people. He is alienated from his own people in his own country. He turns his back to the majority of the society and tries to find a space among the minority by saying "*I want to say I am also one of you*." His alienation is also separation from ideas about the world held by other people as his belonging problem contradicts the classical understanding of home and homeland. His absurd identity also causes his alienation as he has no identity in a traditional sense. He doesn't belong to his so called homeland, but he is very well aware of the fact that the sense of attachment is not about places as *he is not from here,* but *he could not stay there.* His being in-betweenness intensifies his alienation.

In Horowitz's view (1966: 231), "the synonym of alienation is separation, while the precise antonym of the word alienation is integration." If so, what immigrants experiences within the host country when they have difficulties maintaining social, cultural, and psychological access to the majority, is a kind of alienation. This alienation of immigrants is strictly related to their positioning within the society they live in. In this context, what Kohn (1976: 111) suggests, to emphasize the importance of the concept, has an explanatory function as he states that "despite its ambiguity of meaning, alienation is an appealing concept, standing as it does at the intersection of social-structural conditions and psychological orientation." In this sense, it is possible to find a sense of alienation in most of the protagonists created for the short stories of this study as most of them suffer from psychological disorientation caused by their fragmented belongings, Their social-structural conditions include ambiguous labels that complicate their ability to fit into the society they live in.

The protagonist of Alien, however, expresses his alienation in a clear way without any literary implications. He doesn't know what he is or what his identity is as he carries features from both cultures and this ambiguity makes him a person from nowhere:

> *My wife calls me alien. Both German and Turk. Neither Turk nor German. Maybe I was sent to this globe from an unknown world. Maybe I should note my observations about the creatures in this world. Well, that I am an anthropologist cannot be a coincidence. Having learned Turkish after a certain age and then being interested in Russian… What am I babbling about?*

That he experiences the sense of alienation in an extreme way is reflected by using the literal meaning of the term. His loss of belonging, the ambiguity in his identity, his detachment from his city makes him an alien at least in terms of sociocultural isolation or psychological al desolation.

11. Migration Above The Fold

A Groom Kind [The Editor's Pen]

I have been writing this column for years, my dear reader. Maybe you won't believe it, but I begin my every composition with the same enthusiasm. My only concern is to articulate your feelings. I am very well aware of the fact that our newspaper has more pictures than news. I also know that most of you like to look at these pictures. You enjoy them more than boring news. Don't take me wrong. It is not a criticism, but you need to understand me. I have been writing here for years and every new work day I look into the eyes of my readers with the same excitement. I haven't been honored with any kind of reaction like "I read your article. It was really good. God bless your writing," or "I read your article. I don't agree with you. You are wrong on this subject." I write with no sign of disappointment or fatigue anyway. This column belongs to me. Either you read it or not. I don't care. Don't hold a grudge towards me as being so selfish. I think I may have the right to be so as the owner, news director, editor-in-chief, brand manager, sell manager, and reporter of the newspaper.

This week I will handle the most miserable individuals of Turkish society in Germany. As the extension of migration into Germany, how old these poor-fellows are, regardless of their previous occupations in their homeland were or what kind of education they have. They begin their new life as little children here. I am writing about *Imported Grooms*, my dear readers.

Without any doubt, journalism taught me many things, but the most important of all is the ability to read the faces of people. When I look at someone's face, I can read all of his/her life story. It is much easier when it comes to imported grooms. I can recognize them easily when I am in a community. Timid and undetermined attitudes and an utmost caution while speaking German or not even talk in public. There is permanent bewilderment settled on their face and the reflection of extinguished life energy on their eyes. They have attitudes of a person who believes that he has no right for anything, a continuous artificial smile (then it becomes their habits) to overcome the possibility of being not understood. If a person is an imported groom, it means that he carries these features in his imported existence. There is not any written law, of course, that all these features must be found in all imported grooms without exception. However, I can still recognize almost all of them. Maybe it is just a feeling. Maybe it's a reflection of my occupation and my experiences with immigrant social life in Germany.

If a person believes that he/she is a second-class person in society, there are two different possible outcomes of this feeling of being pushed into background. The first one is that he/she accepts the defeat and lives life with the psychological difficulties of this defeat. That means her/his self-confidence leaves completely and he/she lives the rest of life as a stranger even to herself. She/he has neither the strength nor the will to go one step ahead for life. The second possible outcome is that having a secondary role in life feeds some of them and they turn into people who chase every possible opportunity for a better life. The world becomes the land to conquer and they spend most of their energy taking revenge on life, which deems them suitable for living in the shadows. All these are valid for imported grooms as well; dear friends, but they feel these feelings in the most intense way. When they come to Germany, they immediately find themselves among Turkish people. Although these Turkish people are called foreigners in Germany, they have been already in Germany before arrivals of grooms. However, imported grooms haven't been already in Germany. They have been brought by Turkish people, who have been already in Germany.

They have to struggle with doubled estrangement and go through difficult times. Everything starts with a childish shyness as mentioned above. Their life becomes completely dependent on their wives, who were born in Germany. They are not capable of doing anything without their assistance. What a tough trial! The drama of a Turkish man, who is dependent on his woman. There are only a few people who manage to escape from this ordeal. However, if they do, they go into social life making some ambitious maneuvers. They are enterprising, they are fearless, and they are determined to stand on their own two feet. With an easy-going manner, they show up in any kind of governmental office, where they are used to coming with their wives, like little children holding their mother's hand.

Oh, dear friends… even these imported grooms, who manage to pass the first stage and come to the second one, cannot escape my radar. I can recognize them anyway, because some their features cannot be wiped away. What are these permanent features that label them as being in a specific group? Believe me, even I, who have been observing and writing about them for years, cannot give a satisfying explanation. Maybe it's being twice a foreigner, or having to live out the Turkish traditional family structure in a completely different way. Perhaps it's their feeling childhood fears in every bone of their body an endless déjà vu, or the unbearable psychology of living in the town of the wife, in some cases even in the house of the wife, as an imported son-in-law. All these causes leave permanent marks on the eyes of imported grooms which make them recognizable for me. How on earth do I know all of these details? I

say journalism my dear reader, simply journalism. Is that not enough for you as an explanation? If not, I'll tell you then: I am one of them my dear friends. I am one of them. I am also a groom, who was imported to Germany. That's why I recognize my fellow sufferers everywhere.

A Turkish Newspaper in Germany

Sometimes it is not the possible value in telling story of a Turkish immigrant which attracts me to arranging an interview and listening to an individual's life story, but it is his/her occupation that encourages me to set up an interview. It is the particular job in question, which may offer me unique contents. In this sense, from the beginning of the study, I always wanted to have an interview with a journalist to be able to write from the perspective of journalism on the Turkish immigrant experience. Another motive for this kind of an interview was to catch the stories a journalist may experience, as their job is pursuing stories that are worth publishing. I found three Turkish journalists in my neighborhood and contacted them. One was an agency of a well-known newspaper from Turkey, the other was an independent one, and the last one was an owner of a Turkish immigrant newspaper. I interviewed two of them, but I decided to use the one with the owner of the newspaper, a paper which is distributed in North Germany. I happened to come across the newspaper almost everywhere where Turkish immigrants may be found like mosques and all sorts of Turkish shops like barber shops, kebab houses, Turkish cafes, and so on.

After one week from the phone call, I was at his office in Gröpelingen, an urban district, which is very well-known in Bremen with the amount of Turkish immigrants. The district is called as "Little Istanbul" among Turks as if it is a region from Turkey. One can hear all the Turkish accents from Anatolia in Gröpelingen. Even the signboards of shops declare the presence of the Turkish population in this quarter. So, his office was in the perfect place for a journalist who runs a Turkish newspaper in a German city. It was a one room office, full of newspaper blocks. He welcomed me with a respectful smile. The winter was all around and the office was extremely cold. "I don't use this place very often, but one needs an address in Germany" he said, this time with a shy smile. I took this as an apology for the cold. I began to introduce myself to give the impression that I didn't care about the cold or any of the physical conditions of the office. He listened to me with the same respect, which was most likely his occupational reflex. He told me to ask whatever I wanted. I was well-prepared, and began to ask my questions. I didn't even ask if I could use a voice recorder as he was a journalist and

he should have been familiar with interviews being recorded. The language he preferred was an official one and he was careful with his word choice.

He gave me a brief history of this local migrant newspaper including how he struggled to find his career and make people take him serious as a journalist. The way he approaches Turkish immigrants in Bremen lacks journalistic reflexivity, as he doesn't publish some news if he thinks that it may hurt someone. He claims that he embraces all parts of Turkish society no matter what their political, ideological, and ethnical identities. Maybe that is a necessity for a newspaper which survives only by selling advertisements.

A Column for Migration

An immigrant, who used to work at *Karstadt* as cleaning staff in the mornings and worked as a journalist in the afternoons, could ensure a fictional framework to create a colorful protagonist to deal with. His apolitical life, innocent struggle to start and run an immigrant newspaper, and his naïve and humble attitudes in spite of his achievements presented the required materials to begin with.

This was another story, which began in Turkey and then moved to Germany. The interview included the term migration, literally. I experience that if a person begins to tell his/her story from his/her hometown, the content offers me many possibilities to write about, as these kinds of interviews offer a comparative perspective to analyze the interviews. As migration divides his/her life drastically, the changes caused by migration enrich the content of the interview. It was not different for this interview. With all the material and themes the interview gave me, I could write a short story in the classical sense, but I didn't want to write his story. I wanted to challenge myself to write like a journalist, to bring forth a text with a different literary style.

At first, I tried to write some news for a local newspaper. These were mostly humorous migration stories with statesman from the witnesses and official authorities. As I was the one who invented these stories, they would have been considered fictional texts. Then I realized that these texts offered me limited content to discuss and that they would present a highly exceptional position within the order of the study. Instead of inventing stories, I decided to write a column for a newspaper. The result was satisfying, as I vocalized a columnist's style and perspective, one which could be identified with the interviewee as I used some occupational and personal information he gave me during the interview. It was also very practical for me; I could write about any topic that I wanted to discuss within the study.

The column is about imported grooms. The journalist told me that he came to Turkey after getting married to his wife who was born in Germany. It was another migration story, one which was triggered by marriage. He got the support of his family on the way to being a full-time journalist. He didn't experience the difficulties of an imported groom; "I would go back to Turkey if I could not be journalist" he said, and added that being a journalist completed him spiritually in life. So, journalism gave him a goal in life and an identity that he carries with a pride he doesn't try to hide.

Throughout the study, I wrote some short-stories which referred to the issues of imported grooms. This column summarizes the stories like *The City and The Cats, Rain to My Love, The Story of A Beginning*. After I wrote this column, I decided to take out these stories from the study. Nevertheless; the concept of imported groom provides a substantial content to write about as it gives the study an inside look at the family structures of Turkish migration life and how these structures are changed through the extension of migration.

Importing A Marriage Partner

Although the recruitment of foreign workers was stopped in the mid-seventies, migration continued in European receiving states as they were compelled to receive new immigrants because of family reunification. It was assume that this type of immigration would end in a short period of time when the first generation brought the relatives and family members that they had left behind. After a while, the first wanderers completed their families and began to live in the host country as a whole family. However, the term family reunification broadened itself when the immigrant children began to import their marriage partners from their countries of origin. This caused the continuation of inflow of adult migration to Western countries.

Despite its numerical importance, family-linked forms of migration lack thorough analysis in the conventional portrayals of postwar migration (Gonzales-Ferrer 2006: 171). Postwar migration in Europe is typically divided into two basic stages/processes. The first one was the wave of single workers. These were mainly men and they tried to make themselves acquainted with the host country and prepared the required conditions to bring their families. The second stage began when the children and wives joined these single workers (Castles and Millers 1993). It is rather reasonable to claim that a third stage should be taken into

consideration after immigrants' children came of marriageable age. Their partnership choices initiated a new wave of migration.

Most of the studies in Germany about the topic intend to evaluate the outcomes through the perspectives of the immigrants, who are already in their host country. There questions such as how they choose their partners, why they import them from the country of origin, whether the education level of immigrants play a role on the partner choices, and how this new wave is situated in the German immigrant experiences, There are the focuses of these studies. This study brings a new dimension in this sense, and tries to illuminate a way to understand the psychological and sociological barriers that imported members experience after they are imported to the host country.

The short stories and the column about the topic maintain a comparative view towards these participants' lives before and after migration. The patriarchal codes of Turkish families are shaken by the male family members being exported. The protagonist of the short story *The City and The Cat* portrays the destruction of the dominant male figure in migration. How he is degraded into the position of a child because of his deficiency in the host country is marked throughout the story. *The Story of A Beginning* also tells the story of an imported groom, whose culture shock is intensified through his alienation from the host country. *A Patriot in The Rag Fair* also deals with the story of a highly-ranked soldier who is imported to Germany as a groom and experiences his social degradation in a drastic way.

Nevertheless; it is not irrelevant to refer to these studies about partner choices in this context, as the sociological tendencies of immigrants and how their family structures are reshaped through the importing of wives and husbands gives the study a broad perspective to discuss the short stories and the column. Also, the column serves the function of an introduction to the stories, which somehow deals with the drama of imported Turkish grooms in Germany.

Kalmijin (1998) mentions three types of factors that stimulate intermarriage and homogamy for the partner choices of the individuals: (1) the preference of the individuals for certain characteristics in a spouse, (2) the influence of the social group of which they are members, (3) the potential constraints imposed by the structure of the marriage market where they are searching for a spouse.

With the help of my own personal immigrant experiences and throughout my interview experiences, I encountered or rather observed all the factors Kalmijin lists. Turkish

immigrants, who have a familial background in a traditional sense, tend to complain about the Turkish people who were born and raised in Germany. German Turks have an image of experiencing moral corruption as they lack the traditional Turkish cultural values. Even the Turkish immigrants who were born in Germany tend to choose their marriage partners from Turkey as they believe that people in Turkey are able to preserve their cultural values and they are capable of forming a Turkish family in traditional sense. So, that they have certain traditional characteristics of a spouse makes them attractive for the partner choice.

For a Turkish immigrant in Germany, marrying a German is still a taboo and it is not welcomed among the community he/she belongs to. It is somehow acceptable for men to choose a partner from a different ethnic identity sometimes, but for female Turkish immigrants there is still a cultural barrier, which is difficult to overcome. Although religion plays the major role for these choices, even choosing a marriage partner from the same religion but from different ethnicity brings problems to deal with. The interviewee of the short story *Beyond Border*, for instance, is married to a Moroccan woman. In spite of the sameness in religion, he mentioned that his family found it difficult to accept her as their bride. For some Turkish families, even the city or region origin of the bride or groom is a crucial factor. Cultural prejudices among Turkish people affect the partner choices of their children. So, the influence of the social group of which they are a member plays an important role in choosing a life partner, among Turkish immigrants in Germany.

The practice of importing partners from the country of origin can be seen as an indicator of the lowest level of assimilation among immigrants (Gonzales-Ferrer 2006). The less contact of the partner with the host country the more loyalty to the original culture and values. So, the gender imbalance within immigrant population is not enough to explain the marital choices. The wish for "unspoiled" wives and husbands appears to be the most powerful argument to explain the importation of spouses.

Re-definition of power

How this importation shakes the traditional structure of Turkish families is the focal point of the stories written for the study. The male protagonists of the short stories often face conflicts with their learned cultural behaviors, in terms of the husband's role. Their social and psychological dilemmas are handled in detailed literary descriptions. The protagonists of short stories like *Confession, No Man's Land,* and *A Patriot in a Rug Store* question their roles as

husbands in their families.[20] The editor's observations in this chapter of the study is, therefore, worth quoting, as the author tries to explain the new position of men in Turkish families, in which the husbands are imported from Turkey:

> *Everything starts with a childish shyness as mentioned above. Their life becomes completely dependent on their wives, who were born in Germany. They are not capable of doing anything without their assistance. What a though trial! The drama of a Turkish man, who is dependent on his woman. There are only few people, who manage to escape from this mangle. However, if they do, they go into social life with ambitious maneuvers. They are enterprising, they are fearless, and they are determinant to stand on their own legs. With easy manners, they show up in any kind of governmental office, where they used to come with their wives like little children holding their mother's hand.*

Importing a husband from the country of origin gives the wife a superior position as she is the one, who knows the dynamic of the host country. Her language ability and familiarity with Germany and its social structure gives her the bureaucratic and sociocultural dominance within the family. Also, the family of the wife gains a superior position over the husband's family. In traditional Turkish society, a bride is given and the groom and his family are the side who takes the bride. This traditional mentality is turned upside down in the case of importing a husband from Turkey to Germany. The bride and her family take over the dominant role. This change of roles causes confusion among Turkish husbands, whose learned husband roles loses its function.

Double Layer Migration

For the imported husbands, the life in migration begins with this confusion and their migration stories become the struggle of regaining their status within their families. *The Editor's Pen* tries to reveal this struggle of imported husbands. How they start their lives in Germany and how their life in host country becomes an act of surviving and regaining their positions within their familial dynamics is the focus of the text. Imported grooms start their

[20] The protagonist of *Confession* is a good example of someone who has taken this childish role found among imported husbands. The protagonist visits a church, but he feels guilty like a child, who goes somewhere without having the permission of his parents: "*İf my wife knew that I was here, she would not talk to me for three days. It is a sin not talking more than three days. "How can you go there with your poor German?*" she would say".

life in migration with the utmost caution as the new country invades their life by bestowing upon them sociocultural confusions:

> *Timid and undetermined attitudes and an utmost caution while speaking German or not even talk in public. There is permanent bewilderment settled on their face and the reflection of extinguished life energy on their eyes. They have attitudes of a person who believes that he has no right for anything, a continuous artificial smile (then it becomes their habits) to overcome the possibility of being not understood. If a person is an imported groom, it means that he carries these features in his imported existence.*

The loss of self-confidence is described with sharp descriptions: permanent confusion, timid manners, destroyed hopes reflected in the eyes. All these characteristics of imported husbands are the results of their new role in their family. They feel themselves inadequate as the supposed "pillar of the home;"[21] Their manhood is replaced with a childish positioning and they become a child the wife protects and takes care of:

> *Maybe it's being twice a foreigner, or having to live out the Turkish traditional family structure in a completely different way. Perhaps it's their feeling childhood fears in every bone of their body an endless déjà vu, or the unbearable psychology of living in the town of the wife, in some cases even in the house of the wife, as an imported son-in-law. All these causes leave permanent marks on the eyes of imported grooms which make them recognizable for me.*

Migration is intensified in various dimensions for an imported spouse: He comes to a foreign land as an immigrant and passes through all the alienation an immigrant can possibly experience. However, his migration is more intense than any other immigrant's as he comes not only to a foreign land, but also to a new family as an imported member. The feeling of being foreign is doubled with this importation.

The editor in the column tries to underline the fact that the immigrant life of an imported groom faces both the difficulties of migration and the feeling of alienation among his own countrymen. As stated in the column, this kind of migration is a reprocessing of childhood as he becomes dependent on his wife or his family in his new life because he is not able to speak

[21] Husband in Turkish society is called as "*Evin Direği*". Turkish word *Direk* may be translated into English with many different various. But as direk is used to emphasize the holder role of the husband within the family, I prefer to use the word column as it is the part of a building that holds the construction safe.

German, cannot express himself in society and he doesn't know the sociocultural dynamics of the immigrated society. Their new life begins under the assistance of his new family.

Throughout the study I have interviewed a few imported grooms. It was not a deliberate choice, but as an immigrant who came to Germany also as an imported groom; my social circle was full of them. It was much easier for me to access and to build a path of communication with imported grooms. At some point in the study, I thought to write stories only about imported grooms and restrict the study to the stories of imported grooms. However, after a couple of interviews, I realized that the stories became repetitions of each other and I had to remove some stories from the study.

Imported grooms or brides have the impact of presenting the already existed immigrants in Germany as a natural part of German society. As extension of the original migration, the newer immigrants normalize the first wave of immigrants. Those who are imported come into an immigrant society that already exists in the host country:

> *When they come to Germany, they immediately find themselves among Turkish people. Although these Turkish people are called foreigners in Germany, they have been already in Germany before arrivals of grooms. However, imported grooms haven't been already in Germany. They have been brought by Turkish people, who have been already in Germany.*

So the fact that they come into a foreign land welcomed by their own countrymen is not always an advantage for imported grooms. The previously arrived Turkish society in Germany has the power to emphasize its own unique migration story. They are the step-children of the migration. They can never be the protagonists of the migration story as they are not the ones who started the migration, but they are of the immigrant species that has come into existence by the grace of the original migrants.

12. Woman in Migration

Ebabil

Have you not considered, [O Muhammad], how your Lord dealt with the companions of the elephant?

Did He not make their plan into misguidance?

And He sent against them birds in flocks (ebabil),

Striking them with stones of hard clay,

And He made them like eaten straw.

(Quran 105: 1-5)

You may not find it in strange lands: enough food for two months stocked up in suitcases, exaggeratedly salty home-made tomato paste, tarhana, walnut, hashish, cheese, stuffed leaves, haricot bean, home-made sour cherry marmalade. They gave her an overcoat two sizes too large for her and put in its deep pockets whatever they thought necessary. There were cologne bottles, Harman brand cigarettes for the husband, Turkish delight between biscuits, sugar candies and roasted chickpea. You may not find it in strange lands. All the necessities were fulfilled with the utmost care. Everything was ready indeed, but not the passenger.

The young woman had left her little town for the first time in her life and she was going to Germany, to her husband with her two year old daughter. However, her experiences on the way to Istanbul condemned her to a sense of bewilderment ruled by the fear that made her intoxicated. With the terrifying noises it made and with its black smoke, the train she got on in Eskişehir carried her like *Israfil* (Anti-Christ) trumpeting the doomsday. She got on white and got off all black. The fumes of the train attacked her brutally during the journey and blackened her name even before she arrived to Germany. She counted it as a sign from her mother, who told her that she shouldn't have gone, that she would be all miserable there, her husband would leave her, and finally she would go to the bad.

Her distant relative cobbler Ibrahim had brought her to the airport. He came to Istanbul to buy supplies for his shop and dragged her to everywhere he went. While the fear in her heart didn't leave her alone, she couldn't even look at the Istanbul that she had dreamed about since

her childhood. Cobbler Ibrahim was a frugal man. He even brought his wife with him and wrote down everything they spent wherever they went and what they ate, one by one. He was expecting to be repaid by her husband later. They came to the airport after Cobbler Ibrahim finished his own business.

There were still more than four hours to the departure for the plane that would fly to Köln. Cobbler Ibrahim placed his wife in the care of another Köln passenger and left her. The solitariness that would last for forty years started after Cobbler Ibrahim left her in the airport. She didn't like İbrahim that much, but there were no familiar faces around her anymore. Her head down, she sat there for hours. She didn't have the courage to raise her head and to look around. She sat there like a bronze statue. A crying statue, a silently crying statue.

She was crying and she was right to do so. She got lost in immeasurable loneliness. A blonde girl who turned two three weeks ago that she was holding in her arms and a four year old boy she left behind gave the story an overdose of drama and made it like a scene from an old Turkish movie.

Her parents didn't want her go. When she left, the labor force at home would decrease drastically. Her family would lose some who weave carpet; some who work in the field; some who do housework. Her husband, on the other hand, said that Germany was a big opportunity for them and if they worked together, they could raise the money in a short time for a house and a field in their hometown. There was also news coming to the homeland, news the truth of which she didn't know, news that preyed on her mind. Now that there were only hours to reunion, news echoed in her ears:

- Salih found someone in Germany
- There is another woman in the house
- He will send you back immediately
- You will be left all alone
- You will be a bad woman there

When the boarding time came, she did what the others did. She stood up like everybody else. She took her hand baggage like everybody else and followed everybody. She walked towards the tunnel, more childish than the child in her arms. Flight attendant asked her something, but she didn't understand: "He asked for your passport, sister!" a voice behind offered in

assistance. She took out her passport. When she walked into the tunnel, she ran out of breath. She walked fearfully in this tunnel, whose end offered no light. The child was sleeping for hours. Fortunately she was sleeping. Demons were whispering into her ears, humming voices coming from far calling her to hell. Even a "welcome" from the smiling woman waiting at the door of the plane didn't comfort her. She placed her hand baggage away and sat where they showed her to. They asked her to place the child next to her. She did so. She was imprisoned in the stomach of an iron bird. She remembered her grandmother's tales, monsters coming for the doomsday. Fire inside her was going down to her knees, she wasn't feeling her legs, and she was forgetting to breathe. When the engines of the plane started to work, her vision began to go black. Her heart was bursting to get out of her chest, all the blood in her body was storming into her vessels like the dam water after an opened gate. Murmuring rose and the iron bird began to move. "Think about good things, sister. Don't be afraid!" said the man next to her. He was a well-dressed man in his twenties. She tried to think about good things. She went back to her childhood, to a *bayram* feast morning immediately. Her mother had sewn a red dress for her. She thought about good things. She was playing in her house's backyard. She was the most beautiful one among the children. Everybody was looking at her dress and she was running towards the shadow of the plum tree. Then she tripped a stone and she began to fall. She couldn't think about good things. She wasn't falling down, but she was falling up. Children at the backyard became smaller. Then the backyard, houses, neighborhood, town, and everything got smaller. A child was crying somewhere among the clouds. Was she crying? She touched her eyes. No, she was not crying. She didn't have the strength to cry. "Madam, the child is crying," She opened her eyes in fear. Her daughter had woken up, couldn't understand where she was, and was crying out with grown tearful eyes. She forgot herself and tried to comfort her child. The plane was still flying, her heart was not giving up, the child was keeping quiet, she couldn't think about good things, she only thought about bad things. The plane was exploding and her daughter was in her arms; she was falling into a never ending turbulence. When she looked out of the window, she saw the wings and was convinced that she was inside of an *ebabil*.

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The child was still crying when she got to her. Her body was still tingling, but her heart decided to slow down. She took her child in her arms and tried to sooth her. She gave her a piece of simit that she had bought in Istanbul. When the child took the *simit*, she kept quiet.

She was in the middle of a never-ending nightmare. She experienced many things on the very same day. She left her home town for the first time, to never come back again. She left her son for the first time. She got on a train for the time and for the first time in her life she saw İstanbul. It was her first flight. She hadn't felt so strange before and she was so scared for the first time in her life. She didn't know what awaited her below. She would come together with her husband, but how this encounter would be, she didn't know. Were the people right about her husband? What kind of a city was Bremen? How did the Germans look? Did those very hard-working, very serious, never smiling and eternally blond people eat anything else than pork? Questions in her mind, daughter in her arms her eyes became heavy and she passed out.

She was walking on a wide road, her daughter on her back. By the road were standing old women who were boiling cornelian cherry in black caldrons. Big wood ladles in their hands, they were singing songs. Because of the smoke coming from the caldrons it was not possible to see anything. The road was crowded, everybody was heading in same direction, but nobody was talking. Voices were coming from behind, the voices of children. She wasn't able to look back. It was as if her neck was stone or had been chained. For a moment she was a familiar face among the old women by the caldrons. The old woman was singing like the other women with the smell of cornelian cherry in the air. Then suddenly she looked directly at her and smiled. At this very moment she realized that the woman was her aunt who died years ago. She also wanted to smile and say something, but the only thing she could do was walk. The aunt who died years ago went on singing without paying attention while her nephews were silently passing by. "Don't be afraid, my daughter! Keep going. These days will pass," shouted her aunt from behind, but she didn't pause her singing. She could sing her song and at the same time she could talk to the young woman. "You will get out of the difficulties. You will feel relieved. You will land on safe ground." The voice of the aunt was moving away "You will land."

"Madam, we are landing. Could you please make the child sit?" She did what the smiling but overly fancy women told her to do. She realized that she had a crick in her neck. The fear she had before was almost gone, but she was sweating from the intensity of the dream she had. She took the point lace handkerchief from her bag and wiped her face.

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When the plane began to lower, her heart began its shift again. The maneuvers that this iron bird did as if it wanted to get rid of its content left her again all alone with fear that she was not able to control. She didn't dare to look out of the window as the voices coming from the engines of the plane received her completely. With her hands fisted, her eyes closed, and all of the prayers she knew on her tongue, she was waiting for the storm to end. While she was so close to Allah, she was far far away from her home.

The plane came down loudly. The voices coming from the tire wheels blocked out the voices of the engines. Without any hesitation, her daughter accompanied that horrible choir. She was fondling her daughter's hair while sending gratitude to her Allah.

After the plane landed completely, the passengers began to exit. She had no intention to get up. She didn't know what expected her when she got out of the plane. The fear transformed itself immediately. The fear of death gave its place to the fear of unknown. With nobody left in the plane, flight attendants came to her and asked if everything was all right. She said that everything was all right, but she didn't want to get off the plain. "Take me back to Istanbul. I will not get off," They couldn't persuade her no matter what they told her. She didn't know why she was like that, but she knew exactly that she didn't want to leave the plane. Then the pilot came and sat next to her. "*Neden inmek istemiyorsunuz?*.She realized from the Turkish of the pilot that he was not Turkish. She was surprised that he could speak Turkish although he was not Turkish. "What am I going to do here? What if he doesn't come to pick me up?." The pilot took off his cap and straightened his blond hair. "Who is coming to pick you up?" His hair is blond. No question. He is German. "My husband," While smiling slightly, he put on his cap again. "Then we will do it this way. İf your husband is not there to pick you up, we will take you in the plane again and we will send you back to Istanbul. Is that ok?" That was ok. She got up immediately. She took her daughter, her bag and walked towards the exit with an attendant. While getting out of the tunnel, while waiting on the passport queue, while police were checking her passport and while walking towards the exit door, the murmuring in her ears and the feeling of intoxication that numbed her whole body didn't pass.

She got out of the door with her luggage and her daughter. She walked through the human crowd. Then she saw her husband approaching her. "Welcome! Where have you been?" He hugged her. He took her daughter in his arms and kissed her. The young woman couldn't look into the eyes of her husband. They walked slowly. "How was the journey?" "We were very afraid." When they got out of the airport, a cold wind welcomed them. Her husband hailed a

cab. They put the luggage away and placed themselves in the back seat. Her husband told the driver something and he drove way immediately. While the taxi was moving along the roads, she began to watch the outside from the window. There it was: Germany. There it was, Germany that would allow them to buy a house and a field in their hometown. Without knowing the fact that she would stay here for the rest of her life, she watched the streets flowing by the window. Her heart was beating extremely slowly and the child was sleeping on her knees. Exhaustion captured her entire body and her soul was left with a silence like that omnipresent quiet after a big loud party. Then she realized that she hadn't eaten anything for hours and felt very hungry.

A Female Short Story

It wouldn't be an unfair criticism to this study that almost all of the interviewees are male immigrants. As a matter of fact, I have interviewed plenty of female immigrants, but only one of them is turned into short story. It was not a predetermined act as I wanted to discuss women in migration discourse. However, subjectivity as a determining factor manipulated my authorial preferences and as a male writer I found it easier to empathize with male immigrants and found it challenging to create a female protagonist with all her experiences within the context of migration. Also, all these short stories are also the products of participant observation. Participant observation as a method requires a balance between subjectivity and objectivity. Clifford (1986: 13) explains that "the ethnographer's personal experiences, especially those of participation and empathy, are recognized as central to the research process, but they are firmly restrained by the impersonal standards of observation and objective distance." My personal experiences as a male immigrant play one of the major roles in terms of determining not only the psychology of the literary characters, but also their emotional journey throughout the short stories. So, female immigrants are particularly difficult to shape in the form of pure literary sensibility, as my personal experiences as a researcher and as a writer make it difficult to reach the very soul of the female immigrants.

However, it was possible within the study to create female protagonists to deal with basic themes in migration such as belonging, solitariness, identity etc. I wrote some short stories, whose main characters were female immigrants, but I wasn't satisfied with them in terms of literary wholeness. Although these short stories achieved conformity with structural and literary conventions, the protagonists of the stories lacked the required emotion to cope with these structures in terms of their subjective experiences.

One of the female immigrants that I interviewed was Nezahat. She stood out from the other female interviewees with some of her peculiarities. She was my first neighbor during my first year in Germany. She was also from the same hometown as myself. Her accent, the way she dressed, the way she acted in particular situations, even the way her house smelled were not foreign to my own personal experiences. So, I found it easier to get culturally and mentally inside of Nezahat to recreate her perceptions in literary tones. So, while writing her story, I was able to use my authorial voice to represent reality from my usual and familiar distance.

When I entered her house on a Sunday evening, very familiar smells welcomed me. These smells coming from the kitchen reminded me of my childhood summers in my grandmother's house. The smell was of *gödek*, a pastry specialty of my home town. She gave me a hug when we reached the sitting room. She smelled of rose water like my grandmother used to smell. Before the interview had even begun, I was surrounded with nostalgia.

Tile-Top Coffee Table

The room was not much different in style from the decoration and organizational principles of the German Turks' houses. There is a common tendency among first generation Turkish immigrants in Germany. Their houses are full of furniture and fuss that are not used and probably not useful. They attempt to stabilize their movement in migration with unnecessary goods. They try to repair their broken sense of stable belonging with a plethora of materials. A very huge show glass to display their dinner set, coffee cups, and crystal sugar bowls; large, comfortable, but mostly ugly sofas; trifles, which are not harmonious with the rest of the furniture, are common in the physical appearance of the homes of first generation Turkish immigrants. Nezahat's sitting room was a humble combination of these typical features with a tile-top coffee table, the signature of German Turkish sitting rooms. I use this German Turkish trademark furniture in one of the short stories within the study. In "*Surprise*" the protagonist enters the house of his friend and a tile-top coffee table attracts his attention as a hybrid form of furniture.

Douglas and Isherwood (2002: 28) note that goods are needed for making visible and stable the categories of cultures. So, it may be assumed that the usage of a tile-top coffee table or any other common decoration and organization in German Turkish houses has the role of standardization and stabilization for a certain group of people's cultural and social modes. Douglas and Isherwood (2002: 38) claim that it is standard ethnographic practice to assume

that all material possessions carry social meanings and to concentrate a main part of cultural analysis upon their use as communicators.

While discussing the term 'fashion,' Georg Simmel (1957) underlines the unifying effect of common usages for particular goods. The common usage of some goods is as "a form of imitation and so of social equalization, but, paradoxically, in changing incessantly, it differentiates one time from another and one social stratum from another" (Simmel 1957: 541). As a ubiquitous trademark, a tıle-top coffee table makes a German Turk's house different both from the society he lives in and from his home country. This hybrid form gives a domestic peculiarity to their fragmented perception of home.

Nevertheless, I was happy to find fragments that reminded me of my childhood: a rosary with shiny beads, the smell of raw dough everywhere, and a hand-made carpet on the floor. She completed the feeling of nostalgia by asking if I was hungry and added that she cooked *tarhana* soup, special to West Turkey. I was not hungry, but I didn't want to lose the feeling. So, I took the offer. I knew that nostalgia could be a useful start on the way to writing a short story. While I was drinking my soup, she told about her health problems. She was more than seventy years old, but looked healthy in contrast to her migrant generation. This small talk gave me the opportunity to talk about my study. I had called her last week and asked if she could tell me about her life in Germany for an assignment. She didn't hesitate and invited me to her house, but I knew that she needed to understand what I really wanted, why I did all this listening, and what she should tell me about. I told her that I collected stories of Turkish people in Germany. "Listen to my story," she said and suddenly began to explain herself. I told her that I needed time to switch on my voice recorder. "A voice recorder!?" she exclaimed. I told her that nobody would listen to her voice except me.

In spite of her voice recorder panic, the interview became part of my visit and kept the sincere connection between us going. She told me everything from the beginning without even hiding her private secrets: her feelings towards her husband, her experiences on the way to Germany, how he left her hometown, how her life began in Bremen, her first job in a lamp factory, how she regained her husband from her lover, intrigues among Turkish immigrants and so on. Everything about her immigrant life was described with a strong West Turkey accent. She gave me a wide range of themes and various potential plots to write about, but I preferred to write about her first journey from her hometown to Germany. Her narration skills were remarkable, particularly when she talked about her memories about the migration journey

itself. She gave clear details about her first departure from Turkey and arrival to Germany. The short story is about those days, about her migration journey, her fears, and the sudden change in her life. I could also write about how her life began in Germany and her efforts towards adaptation to the host country as a female immigrant, but the main theme of the short story wouldn't be completely different; Worries, fears, with a simultaneous bravery would have been the main points of the short story.

The beginning of migration for a Turkish immigrant in Germany, the very first day in the new country is unforgettable. Each Turkish immigrant in Germany remembers the first day in his/her new life. The feelings of this first day, the assault of foreign images, are remembered with strange and mostly bitter reminiscence. The first days of migration leave permanent marks as an immigrant experiences an intense culture shock during these first encounters.

Women in Migration

This study keeps its focus on various kinds of male Turkish immigrants and deals with various kinds of migration: The ones who come for education, who are imported as grooms, those who try to accomplish their career goals, those looking for a new beginning after having consumed all hope in their home country. There are even those who internalize Germany as their homeland in the second generation. However, the female migrant continues to appear in migration literature. As Pedraza (1991: 305) pointed out, the underlying assumption in studies of migration has been "the male pauper- a single or married male who looks forward to amassing capital with the wish to return to his native country." Thus, it is the male figure who makes the decision to immigrate and then his family members follow him afterwards. Everett Lee (1966: 51) expresses this migration lead by the male immigrant in his push and pull theory: "Indeed not all persons who migrate reach that decision themselves. Children are carried along by their parents, willy-nilly, and wives accompany their husbands though it tears them away from environments they love." Houstoun (1984: 919) also stresses the fact that women "generally migrate to create or reunite a family." This manipulated role of female migration gives it a secondary role as it is generated by the original immigration of the economically motivated male immigrant.

In this context, the migration of the interviewee is also generated by her husband, who led the so called original migration and brought his wife along. Her migration reflects the overall migration pattern of female immigrants of first generation German Turks. In most cases, the man comes to Germany, arranges the physical and financial situation and then he brings his wife and children to the host country. The interviewee, Nezahat, explains her migration as an inevitable act as her husband forced her to migrate to Germany:

> *"N: Your uncle (her husband) came in 1966. I came in 1969. Your uncle says: "If you come, you come. If you don't, I will divorce you. People in Turkey say: "He will bring you to Germany and there he will kick you out. He will not come and you will be lost there."*

As a young and uneducated woman, she was easily manipulated by the people around her. Her migration to Germany was a result of a threat from her husband, but her parents didn't want her leave the homeland as they saw her as a labor force for working in the fields, weaving carpet, and working for households. So, her migration began with threats from the host country and psychological pressure from her home country. The short story reflects this dilemma and the pressure of the immigrant through detailed psychological descriptions.

Turkish Women in German Literature

This part of the study presents the Turkish woman's prospects in in the context of migration in German literature. However, the negative and prejudiced associations with Turkish woman both in the academic field and in print media, dictates the focus on some typical concepts such as place of loss, breakdowns, violence and various forms of oppressions in migrant families. While criticizing these focuses in literature and media aroused by negative associations on the subject, Brucks (1994: 14) expresses that the common feature of publications about Turkish women and Turkish migrant families lies not in their scientific values, but in their own amazement of the authors and in the latent xenophobia found in the texts. Blaming the patriarchal structure of Turkish families and giving references to religion and culture-oriented contexts about the related topics were the common tendencies to deal with the subject (Nauck 1985: 453). Gültekin (2003) claims that these attitudes towards the analysis of Turkish families and female immigrants are the result of a one-sided perspective:

> *Die Lebenszusammenhänge von Immigrantinnen aus der Türkei werden aus der westeuropäischen Mittelschicht-Perspektive betrachtet und unter den westeuropäischen Maßstäben der Emanzipation als defizitär abgehandelt. Die so angeeignete Perspektive beschreibt angeblich das Typische bzw. das Andere in Familien, das die unübersehbaren Probleme verursacht hat. Die Mehrfachzitierung in Publikationen verfestigt schließlich die Konstrukte. Die Zuschreibung des Problematischen, des Defizitären und des Fremden erfasst automatisch alle Angehörigen in Familien aus der Türkei: Männer, Frauen und Kinder. Es entsteht das Portrait der Familie als Ort der Verluste, Misserfolge, Gewalt und vielfältiger Unterdrückung.* (28)

The Turkish immigrant woman, in this context, is considered within this western construction and her personal migration as a unique person is neglected. This study, in this sense, extracts Turkish immigrant women from these one-sided evaluations and tries to demonstrate the personal, emotional, and subjective migration experiences.. The short story begins in the hometown of the protagonist and the fragility of her inner world is seen to increase step by step throughout her migration journey, but she reaches her destination and gains a new identity, that of immigrant.

Migration Journey as Cosmic Journey

Her journey in the short story can be interpreted within the concept of journey. There are various associations of journey as a concept such as self-discovery, adventurous spirit, exploring the outer world, escape etc. Some of these associations can be discussed within the migration journey of the protagonist. The cosmic journey of Ancient Egyptian tradition, however, includes many elements, which, when used to look at the content of the short story, allows for further discussion and interpretation.

By travelling around the universe, the sun completes a full circle every day. During this journey, half of its path is in the light while the other half is in the darkness. Although this journey can be interpreted in several ways, Marinatos (2001) underlines the two predominant features:

> *…the circular path and the East-West polarity. The fundamental concepts are always the same. The sun goes through darkness in the underworld, but is regenerated every morning when he is born (as a child or a scarab) in the East. Visually, the sun has many guises and not only that of a disc. What concerns us here are his two distinct life stages. When he is young, he is a child or a scarab; when he is old, he is a ram-headed god. Sometimes both guises are shown together, suggesting the span of a life time* (383).

This journey of migration, leaving the homeland to foreign lands can be read as parallel to this classical Egyptian cosmic journey. The immigrant, as the sun, travels from the East to the West. During this journey, she leaves her lightness or rather homeland and goes through darkness to the underworld, foreign lands. However, there is no regeneration in this journey as the immigrant leaves her childhood behind. The protagonist's dreams of her childhood on the journey of her migration can be read as a farewell to her youth and her homeland:

> *She tried to think about good things. She went back to her childhood, to a bayram feast morning immediately. Her mother had sewn a red dress for her. She thought about good things. She was playing in her house's backyard. She was the most beautiful one among the children. Everybody was looking at her dress and she was running towards the shadow of the plum tree.*

Like the sun travelling to the West and getting old, the protagonist finds herself extremely tired. She doesn't realize that during the journey, but when she reaches her migration destination, when she reaches the West, her exhaustion is revealed:

> *While the taxi was moving along the roads, she began to watch the outside from the window. There it was: Germany. There it was, Germany that would allow them to buy a house and a field in their hometown. Without knowing the fact that she would stay here for the rest of her life, she watched the streets flowing by the window. Her heart was beating extremely slowly and the child was sleeping on her knees. Exhaustion captured her entire body and her soul was left with a silence like that omnipresent quiet after a big loud party. Then she realized that she hadn't eaten anything for hours and felt very hungry.*

She was not a child anymore, in her migration she becomes an exhausted old person, who has left her life behind and who has been left with her silence.

The gods that symbolizes the two paths of the sun in its cosmic journey is also a useful metaphor migration. When the sun is born, it is in the form of a scarab, which represents creative power, the god of Creation. Ratcliffe (2006) explains that the scarab represents the abstract concept *cheper* which means "to become," "to come into being," or, "that which has come into being." Before the migration begins, before the sun of migration is young, the immigrant's identity comes into being; it is created by the home culture. In this context, the homeland plays the role of the God of Creation. Brier (1999: 41) states that to ensure continued existence amulets were carved in the shape of a scarab. This explanation of scarab also fits with the homeland-related identity of the immigrant as even his/her identity is reshaped through migration, her original identity follows her to foreign lands and continues to exist.

At the end of the journey, the sun gets old and this change is symbolized by the god Khnum, the ram-headed god. Perry (1932: 175) explains the function of Khnum as the father who impregnates the mother figure and makes her give birth to the children of the son. In this sense, the fertilization role of Khnum reveals the productive role of Sun's journey. The journey of migration also has a similar role, as through migration, the immigrant is forced to produce new identities. A person who migrates to a new country carries his/her home identity within; through migration there is an encounter with a new culture and the immigrant takes some components of this new culture. This interaction gives birth to a third identity, which can be labeled as his/her migration identity. So, like the god Khnum, migration impregnates the immigrant and makes him/her give birth to new children, new identities. .

13. Interview With A Peaceful Mind

Unhappy People Collection

Denn wo Neid und Zank ist, da ist Unordnung und eitel böses Ding (James 3:16)

Und die, denen das Buch gegeben ward, wurden uneins, erst nachdem das Wissen zu ihnen gekommen war, aus gegenseitigem Neid. (Koran, 3:19)

I indulged in sins. I had faults and deficiencies and added another sin when I met him. I have a sort of feeling that is akin to billowing darkness. A poor man was caught up in murmurs that dance with dark fog. What I saw seemed like a scene in a phantasy film. I went to an ugly and insulted place in my inner world.

But there was no feeling of sorrow, regret or repentance. A continuous wrath like a mecusi[22] flame burned inside me. Here, I surrender to the soul of Khabil.

I heard his name while searching for a new a story for my research. "*He* is the kind of person that will be of benefit to your study," they said. "You cannot find a better one," they said. Hence I set out and found him. We met in a coffeehouse and asked for tea. A modern Sufi. Yes, I guess this was the first descriptive term for him at first glance. Long, messy and mostly white hair. A well-shaped beard. A collarless white shirt and a velvet jacket. An admirable smile. He met me with respect and ordered tea in a minute. He kindly asked me to introduce myself after we had just begun to drink our tea. I talked about myself briefly. With appreciation but without any exaggeration, he revealed his contentment with my project. And I told him briefly how I knew him and why I wanted to meet him. "I did not know that I am such a person of respect and value," he said and smiled.

He started. Firstly he talked about his youth…about how he started boxing, then how he got transferred to football, his successes during his school years, and how he took the lead as the first person who went to the university in the city he once lived in.

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[22] Zoroastrian

With delicate maneuvers, he changed the subject. Distancing himself as the focal point in the chat, he was touching on the Turkish community, and its problems. But I was successful at this point in drawing him back to himself as the focal subject of our meeting.

I was like a hunter, trying to catch a story among the things that he mentions. What could I write about this modern dervish? He probably had an interesting life story, however he was into diminishing and normalizing the story he really had. Hence, the light outside was diminishing, but he was moving on without the awareness that the hunter was looking his prey directly in the eyes.

I listened to my inner voice. A weird wrath was growing in my heart and his innocent smile and the details about him created a kind of uneasiness. Firstly I could not make sense of the feelings that I had. What could be the thing with this Dervish that disturbed my soul? How could I feel totally thankless towards the innocent and kind man whose appearance promised only peace, but nothing else?

I was being captured by the eternal whisper that muttered thanklessness as the meeting moved on. I was not listening to him anymore, could not think of my story. I stayed there with my genuine thanklessness and a fake smile on my face that helped me to give the sense that "I am here for you, and ready to listen to what you will tell me."

Germany is my homeland too. I am peaceful and happy here. For, it is not the sphere I am in, but how I live. This is what matters. After that sentence, I confessed to myself what I felt. I was envious of this modern Dervish. I was entirely envious of meaningful life, his perception of belonging to this land, his persistence on values and complete dedication and his belief and faith in what he said with an admirable smile on his face and eyes. I never felt that I belonged to these lands. I was an utter alien in these lands. I did not know whether values were of focal importance in my life. It had been years since the light of my eyes and my peaceful smile left me. However, he was actually yelling to my face that I was at complete loss. I was right in admiring him to the end. The poems that I wrote were about the alienation, the stolen hopes, and the darkness in my face after the loss of my smile. So, were they about a lie? He implied that they were all parts of a lie with his well-shaped beard, whit his collarless shirt, and with his eyes hidden behind his long white hair. Perhaps, he was mocking my losses. Maybe, he was feeling pity for my phantomized existence. I didn't know, but I knew that I hated his dervish surrender.

He was talking about his study of law but his leaving of it in the last semester and then his beginning economics, with another exit when he started his dissertation. Then he mentioned his study in social services and his easy graduation. He did not take the details of life seriously. He was more interested in how he perceives it in totality. He was mentioning his unfinished education as if they were stories of success in his past. He perceived everything he had encountered as something yielding to his present being. Perhaps, hence he was in peace with every detail given. And I was not able to challenge it.

When the interview was finished and I was walking towards the train stop, I realized the vitriolic reality. I had done an interview with myself. I was entrapped within my own story while I was out to hunt one. My resentment for the modern dervish was not something to be appeased or tamed. I moved on the narrow pavements. The snow, which was not there before the interview, was sending all its children to slap me. I made up my mind while listening to the sound of the train coming from a distant stop. I would not talk about the story of the Dervish. I will not place him within these sacred lines. He did not deserve to be desired in these lines. Such peaceful and happy people had no place in these lines. I was writing the stories of unhappy people. I was writing my own story.

Interview with A Spoilsport

At some point ın my study I began to interview immigrants who were socially active in and/or successful at their occupations. At first I interviewed a young half Turkish and half German deputy. I really wanted to use the interview as his ideas about migration and the migration policy of Germany were inspirational. Also, his multicultural family circle was worth discussing. However, I couldn't get the literary push to start a story based on the interview. My second attempt was with a local author. Although most of his works were on the subject of migration and what he did, in terms of context, was similar to mine, the interview with him was entirely ordinary and did not provide the required resources to shape a short story worth telling. Another interview with similar purposes was an interview with the CEO of a German energy company. I prepared myself for days before the interview, but the outcome was disappointing. He was more cautious than a politician and calculated his every word. So, what I got at the end of the interview was a recording full of statesmanship without any emotional responses. My last attempt was with a religious figure, the head of an organization, which represents many different Muslim communities in North Germany. Although the content of

the interview was not much different from the previous efforts, what I felt during the interview, as interviewee, determined the birth of the short story.

While seeking interview partners all over Bremen, his name was mentioned a few times. I did not want to interview him at the beginning as I had already interviewed an Imam and another religious figure could be extravagant for the study. However, a friend of mine persuaded me to meet him as he (my friend) insisted that he was one of a kind, liked to talk, and had opinions about almost everything. Nevertheless; it was not easy to meet him. He was really busy and had to cancel our meeting twice. I had to wait almost one month to be able to sit across from him. It was a cold Friday afternoon and we met at a café in Hemelingen, which is a completely quiet district.

Before meeting any person for the first time, we have an image of that person without even seeing him/her. I had also an image of my interviewee before I saw him as I had heard so much about him and that foreknowledge shaped his image in my mind. His appearance did not surprise me as his beard, white hair, his casual wear, and his peaceful tone was not different from what I expected.

The interview began in an extremely formal mood as he kept the usual distance one has with newly met people. He asked about my study before I began to talk about it. His self-confidence took over the meeting and we began to play according to his rules. "Are you going to record it?" he asked. I told him that I would like to do that if it didn't cause any inconvenience. I was not nervous about his control as I had already done such interviews before. İt is a matter of time. These kinds of interviews often begin with such distances, but then I manage to overcome the distances and the formal style of communication with my daring questions.

He listened to every detail about my study with an utmost respectful carefulness. He even asked questions about it and tried to understand the content with sincere interest. However, he declared that he was in charge as soon as the interview started. After the very first question, he began to give a brief history about the migration in Germany. He preferred to mark himself first as Muslim immigrant before being a Turkish immigrant. So; when he talked about migration, he talked about the Muslim immigrants in Germany rather than the Turkish ones.

On the way of Envy

He evaluates everything around him according to his world-view. He was a Muslim and the only perspective he had to explain and to understand reality was his Muslim identity. He doesn't even consider himself a Turkish immigrant living in Germany, but a Muslim trying to live his religion in Germany. This perception gives him an absolute sense of peace as everything about his life becomes less complicated. All those cultural identities and social labels are secondary definitions for him:

> *S: Wie würden Sie sich definieren?*
>
> *Y: Ich bin einfach Mensch islamischen Glaubens, der einfach seine Glaubenszugehörigkeit sehr ernst nimmt. Und der auch täglich seine religiösen Pflichten nachgeht. Ein gläubiger Muslim hat die Funktion, als Vorbild zu dienen, deshalb ist es wichtig, wie ein Muslim mit seiner Familie, mit seinem Umfeld, mit seinem Freundeskreis, mit seinem Beruf umgeht. Für mich ist das eine Selbstverständlichkeit.*

His religion is in the very center of his life and he claims that he tries to be an example, of how a Muslim lives his life. In his family life, in working environment, and in his circle of friends he appears as a Muslim and his identity as a Muslim precedes every other identity he may have. He has no perception of himself unaffected his religion:

> *Für mich ist es nicht verständlich, das Religiöse total auszublenden in den verschiedenen Lebensbereichen, in denen man tagtäglich zu tun hat. Ich habe es immer für mich bereichernd gefunden und nicht als Hindernis.*

However, he avoids marking his way of life as a conservative one, which would exclude an active social life in various fields. He thinks that being Muslim and designing his life according to the requirements of his religion doesn't prevent him from leading a socially participative way of life:

> *Diese „Lockerheit" hat mein Leben bereichert. Ich war beim Fußball, beim Boxen, Karate, und ich war auch eine Zeitlang politisch aktiv in einer politischen Partei in Bremen Anfang der 90er Jahre. Es hat mich nie daran gehindert. Es ist wichtig, ob man in einem muslimischen Land lebt oder ein in einem Land lebt, indem der Islam nicht so dominant ist. Ich glaube, dass es unsere religiöse Pflicht ist, Menschen, die*

den Islam nicht authentisch übermittelt bekommen und ein negatives Bild haben, diese Sicht für sie zurechtzubiegen.

While listening to his statements about his world view and how he shapes his social and personal life in the direction of his beliefs, I asked him what home means for him. I was curious about the answer as such a person, whose dominant identity is the conceptualizing of his religion as his him might include ambiguous associations with the sense of home:

M.Y: Es gibt verschiedene Definition des Begriffs Heimat. Heimat ist der Ort, wo man sich eigentlich wohl fühlt. Im Urlaub fühl ich mich in der Türkei wohl, weil es da schön warm ist, weil ich da meine Verwandten sehe, was gesellschaftlich eine andere Atmosphäre ist, fühlt man sich auch dort wohl. Beruflich und wirtschaftlich fühle ich mich hier wohl, aber auch gesellschaftlich fühle ich mich hier wohl. Wir werden auch wahrscheinlich in unserer Generation dieses Pendeln zwischen dem Herkunftsland und dem Land, wo sich unser tatsächlicher Halt ist, nicht loswerden. Wenn man in der Türkei ist, hat man Sehnsucht nach Deutschland zukommen, wenn man aber hier ist, hat man Sehnsucht, in die Türkei zu kehren.

He gave me a well-known answer. Home is where one feels well. I didn't like his answer as throughout my study I dealt with romantic associations of the concept and such a pragmatic answer was not something that I could accept. He said that he feels well in Turkey as it is warm on holidays, as his relatives are in Turkey, and as there is socially different atmosphere in Turkey and these was disturbing as explanations, for me. He also feels financially and occupationally well in Germany. So what is home? After these "political" answers by my interviewee, I thought that I could not use the interview for my study. His approach to the concepts that I dealt with in my study was different from the other interviewees'. Such content could ruin the overall characteristics of my protagonists.

However, how he differentiates the two countries in terms of belonging is worth mentioning. As an immigrant who spent most of his life in the host county –he came to Germany when he was 8- such a differentiation could work to make the life in the host country bearable or rather to make it a meaningful place for his sociocultural identity:

Ein Freund von mir hatte dieses Hin und Her zwischen dem Mutterland und Vaterland berührt, ich bin froh, dass ich mein Mutterland und mein Vaterland habe. Und im Türkischen heißt das ja „Anavatan" und im Deutschen heißt das ja

„Vaterland". Und ich bin stolz darauf, zwei Länder zu haben. Auf einer Seite mein Mutterland, und auf der anderen Seite mein Vaterland. Es ist bereichernd, wie man sich in verschiedenen Kulturen und Ländern auskennt, das ist eine zusätzliche Ressource, insbesondere in einer Gesellschaft, die weltoffen ist. Es ist eine Bereicherung, wenn man mehrere Sprachen beherrscht, wenn man sich in mehreren Kulturen auskennt.

He plays with the languages and uses the definitions of German and Turkish to define his position between the two countries. In Turkish homeland is called *Anavatan*, which is translated into German as *Mutterland* (Motherland). The same word in the German language is *Vaterland* (Fatherland). So, he basically says that Turkey is his Motherland while Germany is his *Vaterland* (Fatherland). Turkey gives him the compassion he needs as his mother and Germany gives him the bread as his father. It is not coincidence, in this sense, that he feels occupationally and financially well in Germany.

Nevertheless; I was not satisfied with his answers and I forced him to give me what I wanted. I needed something to underline his being foreign in Germany. Otherwise, the interview would have been useless for my study. I asked questions to remind him that he is an immigrant living in a host country:

M.A: Was mir während Ihres Beitrages aufgefallen ist. Sie meinten: „Ich fühle mich gesellschaftlich wohl in Deutschland…" Was ist gesellschaftlich? Wie kann man sich gesellschaftlich wohlfühlen, obwohl man hier fremd oder Ausländer ist, oder einen Migrationshintergrund hat?

He was not happy with my question and he preferred to reformulate it according to his own perceptions. It was obvious that he didn't see his migration the way I wished him to see it, in order to give a birth to a short story full of migration melancholy. He was more than happy with his place in German society:

M.Y: Ja, die Frage ist: Fühle ich mich hierzulande fremd? Ich sage: nein. Ich fühle mich nicht mehr fremd. Es ist nicht nur dieses Aussehen, was ich habe, worauf sie eben hingedeutet haben. Es ist einfach die Tatsache, dass man sich als ein Teil dieser Gesellschaft fühlt. Und es ist dann auch erfreulich, wenn dann Ereignisse wie die Absegnung durch die Bürgerschaft als Staatsvertrag. Das zeigt dann auch nochmal,

dass die Muslime hierzulande nicht nur wahrgenommen werden, sondern auch als Teil der Gesellschaft akzeptiert werden und auch in der Mitte der Gesellschaft ihren Pass einnehmen, das ist noch mal wichtig. Und es ist erfreulich, wenn man dazu auch einen Beitrag zu dem Ganzen leistet.

He doesn't see his place in German society as problematic, as he considers the chances of getting citizenship and a legal residency to be approval for immigrants in society. He claims that if a Muslim immigrant has the right of legitimizing his residency in the host country; it means that he/she doesn't have to feel foreign in Germany.

Bourdieu's Field

Although the overall characteristics of the protagonists in the short stories of this study have similarities in their melancholic perceptions of migration, the interviewee of this chapter breaks this consistent melancholy and comes with peace of mind to the context of migration. The short story plays with his peaceful mind and shifts the protagonist from interviewee to the interviewer to keep the melancholic mood of the short stories. However, this particular position of the interviewee in this chapter is worth discussing as he appears as a reversed reflection for the other interviewees in the story.[23] His perceptional and social differences can be discussed within the terms of Pierre Bourdieu's concept of field. According to Bourdieu's theoretical model, a hierarchically organized series of fields like the economic field, the educational field, the political field, the cultural fields etc. structure any kind of social formation. Each of these fields is defined as "a structured space with its own laws of functioning and its own relations of force independent of those of politics and the economy" (Bourdieu 1993: 6)

In the context of migration, all these fields prevail in their usual forms; but in the case of the immigrant, migration becomes the premise and determines the role of any other fields in his or her life. His/her immigrant identity, or rather the field of migration, has its own laws of functioning in its own structured space. As fields indicate "arenas of struggle around production, accumulation, circulation and possessions of goods, services, knowledge, or status and the competition among agents to monopolize distinct capitals" (Navarro 2006:18) migration with its unique way of producing identity and its power of placing immigrants in

[23] I use here a certain generalization to emphasize the perceptual differences of the interviewee. However, it may be noted that the protagonist of the short story *Interview with Walking Brain* has also a different picture in terms of his perception of Germany as a host country.

the host country according to migration's own dynamics, creates a new arena of struggle, in which notions like circulation, status, competition etc., regain (or reestablish) new challenges to compete with. So, fields as "the various social and institutional arenas in which people express and reproduce their dispositions" (Gaventa 2003: 6) are different for an immigrant as in his/her case, migration produces new social and institutional arenas where he/she competes for the distribution of different kinds of capital. Capital, in a Bordieuian understanding, is the notion of material assets that may be social, cultural or symbolic. Symbolic capital refers to a "degree of accumulated prestige, celebrity, consecration or honor and is founded on a dialectic of knowledge and recognition." (Bourdieu 1993: 7) Cultural capital concerns forms of "cultural knowledge, competences, and dispositions" (Bourdieu 1993: 7). As migration changes (for an immigrant) the meaning of fields in a specific society and capital becomes difficult to obtain in the usual ways. So, an immigrant is doomed to find his own ways of getting capital in a host country. The interviewee of this chapter, therefore, makes his immigrant identity blur as much as possible, as he knows the fact that if a person is an outsider in a society, it becomes much more difficult for him/her to obtain the capital of the society. There is a pragmatic disposition in his saying "I don't feel foreign here." If he doesn't feel foreign in the host country, he has the required motivation to obtain recognition, consecration, social status, and belonging.

Literary Field: The Real Author

In his "The Field of Cultural Production", Bourdieu (1993) explains what he means by the term "field":

> "As I use the term, a field is a separate social universe having its own laws of functioning independent of those of politics and the economy. The existence of writer, as fact and as value, is inseparable from the existence of the literary field as an autonomous universe endowed with specific principles of evaluation of practices and works." (161-162)

To be able to understand the works of an author, one has to understand what the status of the writer consists of at the moment considered. Bourdieu states that the social conditions of the possibility of this social function play a major role in the evaluation of the content of the text. In a modern sense, the invention of the writer is strictly related to the progressive invention of

a particular social game. This social game constitutes the literary field, which can be called migration, in the context of this study.

There are two possible commentary applications of migration in this Bourdieuian way of discussing literary work in this study. If migration is the literary field, then the social conditions of the author should be taken into consideration. As the author of the short stories within the study is an immigrant researcher or writer, all the literary texts within the study become the components of migration. The social function of the author as an immigrant is the major factor in the process of creation and he follows the migration's own laws of functioning independent of the politics and economy of Germany. As migration has its own specific relations of force and dominance, the literary works of this study are produced in a particular dominant social universe endowed with particular institutions and obeying specific rules. As taken forward by Bourdieu (1993: 164), this universe is "the place of entirely specific struggles, notably concerning the question of knowing who is part of the universe, who is a real writer, and who is not." In this sense, migration dominates the production of the short stories within the study, while the contributions of the interviewees and the author of the short stories are left in the shadows of the subject that dominates the literary field here, namely migration.

So, if migration itself is the real author, literary characters are shaped according to their ability to fit into the frame that the author determines. If migration is the author of this literary creation, then it is impossible for the literary characters, immigrants, to transcend the borders of migration. This restriction results in similar protagonists throughout the study. Each protagonist of each chapter carries the traces of the author, who is the theme of migration itself, effectively. The interviewee of this chapter, on the other hand, tends to reject the dominance of migration as the author and tries to surpass the borders of migration. Within the short story, his rebellious spirit is captured by shifting the protagonist, by giving the interviewee a secondary role or rather a supporting role. At the end, within the story, he turns into a figure, which helps to emphasize the dominant intervention of migration as the author.

However, it is a fact that the interviewee of this chapter, in his social maneuvers and with his perception of the host country, draws a different portrait of the immigrant. Therefore, it may be relevant to conclude that as literary characters, immigrants have the ability to realize themselves as participants of authorial creation and manipulate the author in his creation process to gain a position within the settings of the literary text or within the social roles of

the country of migration. This study has not the flexibility (or rather the literary courage) to produce these kinds of short stories, in which protagonists are able to escape from the dominant manipulation of migration to set new laws of functioning and to redefine the literary field.

14. Concluding With Collective Personality

When I have allowed people to read my short-stories most of them have found them depressing. Some even accused me of portraying a gloomy Germany. My answer was similar most of the time: I tried to reflect the feelings of my interviewees and how they defined themselves within the context of Turkish migration in Germany. I may have played with the emotional state of the short-stories in my writing style, as I prefer to write mostly in a melancholic tone.

However, this critique of my short-stories made me evaluate the short-stories as a whole. With some exceptions, I realized that the protagonists of the short-stories have some characteristic features in common. So, it is possible to extract a collective personality from the short-stories and discuss them as an immigrant model of this study. Even within the discussions of the short stories, this collective personality makes itself apparent as there are references to other protagonists while analyzing a particular protagonist. So, it is not a coincidence that the protagonist of *The Patient's Guitar* is linked with the protagonist of *Confession* and they have been contextually related. Similarly; the isolate life of the young immigrant in *Surprise* is not different from the prisoner psychology in *Notes From Prison*. Also, the feeling of being incomplete is also mirrored through the nationalist friend in *Interview With Walking Brain*. The identity-related confusions of sinner in *Confession* and adopted immigrant in *A Monday Ritual* is reformulated within the aimless journey in *Beyond Border*.

Nevertheless; in some cases, some protagonists act improperly and they draw their own independent portraits, which make them approach to the concept of migration different from other immigrant protagonists within the study. The way the interviewee in *Unhappy People Collection* sees migration and being an immigrant in Germany doesn't fit with the collective personality of protagonists. He purifies his migration experience from all its potential negative associations and portraits a peace of mind, that contradicts the psychologies of other characters in short stories. In this sense, the narrator comes into play and balances the so-called protagonist's contrarian approaches by declaring him not one of the protagonists of the study. The narrator punishes him with send-off from the game as "*he did not deserve to be mentioned in these lines. Such peaceful and happy people had no place in these lines*."

When the arrogant engineer of *Interview With Walking Brain* refuses all his identities and cultural belongings, he contradicts with the overall emotional and psychological state of the other protagonists. Although some of his arguments make sense for the narrator, he doesn't hesitate to portray him as an overconfident character. His heterodox approaches towards being immigrant and the concept of home and homeland are also being punished. At the end of the story, he is not a living immigrant anymore:

> *When the meeting is over, I get more furious to Germany. I cannot forgive it as it changed my friend in this way. While heading towards my car, I kill my poor, fractious, but patriot friend in my own world. I bury him today in the Italian café, whose chairs are outmoded and where awfully slow music is played.*

That these exceptional contradictory attitudes are despised within the study can be read as a sign of dominant existence of the collective personality. As in almost all stories, the voice of this collective personality is heard; all protagonists will be handled as a one person to discuss some basic migration related terms to have a subject based conclusion. So, the typology of the immigrant in this study will be revealed by giving references to the stories to discuss these terms.

Cultural Identity of Turkish Immıgrants

The term cultural identity contains various features of the way someone has been brought up, which gives him/her form in many various aspects like his/her "linguistic and literary background, religious and moral education and choices, his/her socially acquired attitudes and manners and so on" (Gilbert 2010:2). In another usage of the term, cultural identity is marked with a collective cultural identity as it involves membership of a particular group. These references of cultural identity is less complicated for those who live as a member in a country, where he/she was born in or live in a society, in which all his/her personal and familial bounds are tooted. However, these definitions of cultural identity is a bit tricky as it draws or potentially implies strict borders for those who live in a society, but may have come from different cultural, linguistic, literary, religious background. Isaiah Berlin (1979) reveals the messages of this kind of identity as he sees it as a necessity for individuals:

> *To belong to a given community, to be connected with its members by indissoluble and impalpable ties of common language, historical memory, habit, tradition and feeling is*

a basic human need no less natural than that for food or drink or security or procreation. (12)

Gilbert (2010) states that this type of connection to a particular community and seeing these components as the absolute necessities of being a member make nationalism as the natural outcome.

Within the context of migration and while defining the membership of immigrant to the host community, this strict lines result with natural externalization of immigrants, whose historical memory, habit, tradition, and even reactions and feelings are different from the majority. However, after the two world wars, because of the political instabilities and the non-proportional economic distribution around the world, migration has become the inevitable outcome of today's communities. Host society along with its individuals, different groups, nations, and with their stereotypes, fears, and their traditional lifestyles determine the way immigrants are perceived or "how immigrants should be accepted into the world they consider their own" (Facing History and Ourselves 2005: 2).

However, migration radically changed the monotype cultural structure of welfare states. Germany is not an exception with its shifting cultural boundaries because the immigrants from various cultural backgrounds. The new arrivals don't only change the landscape of public spaces, they also somehow change the definition or rather perception of home and society.

Nevertheless this change goes through many challenging personal experiences. The psychology of immigrants, who try to find themselves a place in the host country, is reflected in short-stories of this study with many references. In *Conversation in No Man's Land*, for instance, the two characters of the short story talk about their places in the society and they complain about lack of attachment:

"It is not fine with Turks. Everybody is strange. Maybe the state of being far away. It is not fine with Germans, either. We are like the unexpected guests. We are like rain, comes suddenly and makes everywhere muddy…"We are not complete. There is something missing with us."

They don't fit to the society and they don't find any place in it for themselves. As new arrivals they don't feel perceived as the natural members of the society as they don't share the historical memory, habit, tradition, and feelings of the host country. Their being strangers to these cultural codes result with their isolation from the society they live in.

Similarly; in *Notes From Prison* the feeling of isolation makes itself much more explicit as the immigrant in the story imagines himself as a prisoner in the host country, which is fictionalized as a semi-open prison. Because of his identity as a Turkish individual in Germany, every detail of the country gives himself the impression that he is captured by the (for him) foreign components of the host country:

> *Another day in Germany and I cannot find anything to write. "It is all same: foreignness and imprisonment" becomes my first sentence. At the end of this depressed day, in which I imagine this land as a huge prison, I feel exhausted. While putting on my pajamas, tram passes by vibrating the glasses of my room. I put on my earphones to be able to ignore Germany, its streets, its darkness and to be able to forget the fact that I am stuck here as a lonely Ausländer.*

He defines himself as an outlander and there is no exit for him to go out. His Turkish identity, in this sense, becomes his chains that make him different from the majority and pushes him into a psychology of being captured. This fictionally exaggerated psychology of Turkish immigrants has its reasonable real-life inspirations. When the interview of this short story was taken place, it was winter 2011 and the debate over integration remained once again on the agenda as Thilo Sarazin, a politician from Social Democrat Party published his book. *Deutschland schafft sich ab*. In this controversial book, Sarazin "reduced culture to a mere matter of biology notion of both a genetic and ethnic essence that determines human behavior" (Fuchs & James 2011: 5). Turkish immigrants along with Arabs were on the target and they were declared as ethnically and culturally not capable of integration. Also, the leading politicians of Germany continuously emphasizes that Turkey has no place in European Union because of its cultural identity.

The disappointment and hopelessness was a common feeling among Turkish immigrants at that time as they realized that within the strict borders of national (or European to make it softer) identity didn't let them participate in the society with their own cultural codes and components. However, it is an undeniable fact that Germany is an immigrant country and the very existence of immigrants in the society cannot be denied by giving popular writings and

political speeches. There are, on the other hand, optimistic views that the time has come to make a new definition of cultural identity that "acknowledges differences and finds common meaning and purpose in ideals and hopes that transcend history and genealogy" (Facing History and Ourselves 2005: 2).

However, the terms with so-called positive associations like multiculturalism, cosmopolitism etc, have their practical correspondence only in outside Germany as these terms are largely "in the realm of native Germans entering into European or global connections, not in relation to the presence of migrant citizens who bring their languages and experiences to the table" (Fuchs & James 2011: 84). So, immigrants themselves consider their reflection of their own cultural elements as not parts of the society, but something alien and strange. These perceptions of immigrants are reflected in the short story *Confession* while the protagonist talking about the changes Turkish immigrants brought to Germany:

> *I feel bitterly sorry for this city… we came and ruined its chemistry. We didn't step into its houses with our shoes and the front door of the cities became shoe graveyards. What is it if it is not view pollution? Alas! Then we filled its streets with Döner smells, but why was the healthy Spargelsuppe not enough for us?*

The protagonist criticizes the intolerable structure of society with an ironic tone by saying that the changes in cityscape and habits. Identity of migrants, their cultural attitudes within the society and their daily habits clashes with the overall ambiance of the host country. It is not a coincidence that this interview and the short story are hold and written under the influence of mosque debates in Köln. That the immigrant in the story imagines himself both in a church and in a mosque can be read as the confusion of immigrants about the debate. The shattered or rather divided identities of Turkish immigrants are represented with this confusion.

However, the potential transformation power of migration has the potential of forming new identities as migration comes with displacement and *in-betweenness*. This forces individuals to search new definitions for themselves and to label their identities in these new culturally ambiguous territories to be able to have "more secure cultural footing by intermingling or self-consciously combining cultural elements to create new systems of meaning and forms of life"(Niezen 2004: 39). The process often results with hybrid forms, which is not necessarily referred as something broken or loss of identity, rather celebrated as "a creative, spontaneous mélange of delocalized cultural ideas, objects, and practices, at other times as a form of "creolized," or "mestizo" identity, a superior type of "peoplehood" derived by grafting

discrete cultures into new forms, a process often portrayed as a defiant, hopeful answer to the hegemony of the West" (Niezen 2004: 39).

It is barely possible to conclude with such positive deductions for the Turkish migration in Germany. Without any doubt, it produces people with superior features like the interviewee in *Unhappy People Collection*. The character in the story was born in Turkey, immigrated to Germany when he was a child. He speaks fluent German and socially active in his working environment, in politic, and in daily life. He considers himself as a natural member of the society and he plays with the terms related to identity and gives the *ideal* answers to my questions about identity:

> *M.A: Was bedeutet Heimat für Sie dann?*
>
> *M.Y: Es gibt verschiedene Definition des Begriffs Heimat. Heimat ist der Ort, wo man sich eigentlich wohl fühlt. Im Urlaub fühl ich mich in der Türkei wohl, weil es da schön warm ist, weil ich da meine Verwandten sehe, was gesellschaftlich eine andere Atmosphäre ist, fühlt man sich auch dort wohl. Beruflich und wirtschaftlich fühle ich mich hier wohl, aber auch gesellschaftlich fühle ich mich hier wohl. Wir werden auch wahrscheinlich in unserer Generation dieses Pendeln zwischen dem Herkunftsland und dem Land, wo sich unser tatsächlicher Halt ist, nicht loswerden. Wenn man in der Türkei ist, hat man Sehnsucht nach Deutschland zukommen, wenn man aber hier ist, hat man Sehnsucht, in die Türkei zu kehren.*

His emotions about the two countries are divided, but he claims that his identity carries both Turkish and German pieces. How he defines homeland functions as a problem solver for his migration identity. It is possible to call him as a hybrid from as he comes with definitions to explain his place in the society. He gives and hopeful answers to overcome the hegemony of dominant culture. He declares his social existence in Germany without denying his roots. His way of defining himself is not different from the way Lebanese-born French author Amin Maalouf, who is asked whether he feels more French or more Lebanese. His answer is both. He explains any other answers would be a lie and he emphasizes the fact that he is "poised between two countries, two or three languages and several cultural traditions" (Maalouf 2003:1). He adds that precisely that defines his identity. This answer led us to an identity definition as, in this case, it becomes something that cannot be divided into pieces or –in Maalouf's words- cannot be compartmentalized. So for those, who live between different

cultures, among different traditions, attitudes, and between different languages, have identities, which consist of many components and which is a mixed whole.

On the other hand; this process also results with Turkish immigrants, who deny any kind of cultural roots, dictated identities, and eventually ends up with *Heimatlosigkeit*. During my interviews, I came across Turkish immigrants, who completely deny their cultural background sometimes out of disappointments, anger, detachment, or because of the traumatic effects of displacement. An old Turkish man, who came to Germany to study and then married to an English woman, advised me that if I really wanted to be a part of Germany, I had to live like a German did. He even gave me some practical offers (full with clichés) to be a German. Another interviewee also claimed that he was not Turkish anymore. He came to Germany to study and he finished his study, master, and dissertation with remarkable successes. His only attachment to Turkey was a football team, Fenerbahçe. He was much more realistic about his situation and he stated that as he had no religion, it was easier for him to live in Western norms. "I can drink alcohol and eat any kind of food. These choices make my life here in Germany much more easier." Similarly; the character in *Interview With Walking Brain* also portrays a character, who has no attachment to his homeland:

> *...everything is just illusion. The concept of homeland, identities, belongings. Everything. I mean all of them are taught and dictated afterwards. They are chains hung around our necks. Although nobody is different from nobody, we are classified. You were born there. So, you are Turkish. And you were born there. So, you are German. They define us and our pace on the world with artificial classifications. I don't want to define myself according to these borders dictated to me.*

His defiant arguments about identity are the results of his perception in the society he lives in. He knows that he is culturally transformed into a new forms and he doesn't belong himself to Turkey anymore. He is also not an ordinary member of German society as he claims that he is a second-class individual in the society because of his origin. It may be relevant to quote Amin Maalouf (2003) again as he tries to understand this confusion of Turkish immigrants in Germany:

> *The situation is even more difficult on the other side of the Rhine. I'm thinking of the case of a Turk who might have been born near Frankfurt 30 years ago and who has always lived in Germany. He speaks and writes German better than the language of his ancestors. Yet for the society of his adopted country he isn't a German, while for*

that of his origins he is no longer completely a Turk. Common sense dictates that he should be able to claim both allegiances. But at present neither the law nor people's attitudes allows him to accept his composite identity tranquilly (1).

Turkish migration in Germany has given birth to some influential figures in various social, political areas of the life, but it fails to spread it widely as it doesn't give places to hybrid identity forms, which uses the cultural codes of both countries and construct creative members to enrich the cultural interaction between Germans and Turks. So, hybridity becomes the "discontents of marginalization and the ambiguities of acculturation" (Niezen 2004: 39). In most cases, for Turkish immigrants, the experience of living in the borders as an immigrant result with ambiguous relationship with time and space. In this ambiguity, as stated by Homi Bhabha (1994: 1-2), "there is a sense of disorientation, a disturbance of direction, in the beyond: an exploratory restless movement,,,hither and thither, back and forth." The second and third Turkish migration generation in Germany experiences the acculturation in intense forms as they are estranged from "any immediate access to an originary identity or a received tradition" (Bhabha 1994: 1-2).

This acculturation or rather dislocation from Turkish identity or from German culture is also reflected in the short stories of the study. The protagonist in *A Monday Ritual* portrays a Turkish immigrant, who fails to adapt to Germany and carries his attachment to Turkey as an illness. His being adopted from Turkey and his posttraumatic syndrome of this being given away makes him lose the relationship between time and space. To be able to overcome this ambiguity, he chases the secret signs and messages of numbers obsessively. While his original parents in Turkey represents the originary culture, his adopting parents in Germany represents the received tradition. The result is disappointing as he becomes an obsessive person, who neither holds the features of Turkish tradition, nor he succeeds to integrate to the society he lives in. Throughout the short story, he confuses his mothers and fathers as his sense of belonging is damaged with his migration. Similarly, the monologues in the short story *Confession* manifest the disorientation of an immigrant. His direction is disturbed as he continuously goes back and forth. While his restless inner world displays his failed integration to the society, his melancholic and nostalgic mourning for his own culture is a way of reflecting the fail of his real attachment to it. In this sense; he symbolizes the overall tendencies of Turkish immigrants in Germany. During my field research, I come across with many Turkish immigrants, who talk about Turkey in an exaggeratedly romantic ways without

any cultural attachment to it. Most of my interviewees didn't know the fact that they were transformed into new individuals as their daily habits, cultural performances, and the way they see the world were changed with their migration. In this context, most of the short-stories in this dissertation can be read as the manifestation of this disorientation and confusion.

Shifting Homes

Home can be defined as a place where we belong in terms of experience, recollections, imagination, aspirations, and psychological belonging. Home "provides the physical and social context of life experience, burrows itself into the material reality of memories, and provides an axial core for our imagination" (Chaudhury & Rowles 2005: 3). In most of the researches, home is strictly related to self-identity, a sense of security, and a point of standing to the disordered cultural and identity-related relations of the world. When the sense of home is lost or damaged, the well-being of individuals suffers from disorientation as it is now widely accepted that "a sense of being at home is related to health status and well-being and that disruption of this sense, through *in situ* environmental change, relocation, or through disruption of a more existential sense of being at one with the world" (Chaudhury & Rowles 2005: 3).

Migration, in this context, may shake the sense of home either literally or metaphorically. The absence of sense of home or the fear to lose it is one of the main themes handled in short-stories. The fear of the young Turkish woman in *Ebabil* can be read as the fear of losing home. Her journey towards an unknown place makes her move away from her home and every incident, person, object, and feeling seem threats of damaging her sense of home:

> *Young woman had left her little town for the first time in her life and she was going to Germany, to her husband. However, her experiences on the way to Istanbul condemned her to a sense of bewilderment ruled by the fear that made her intoxicated. With terrifying noises it made and with its black smokes, the train she got on in Eskişehir carried her like a Dajjal trumpeting the doomsday. She got on white and got off all black. The smokes of the train attacked her brutally during the journey and blackened her name even before she arrived to Germany.*

Her migration journey is a typical example of losing sense of belonging and sense of home. Home means security for her and she doesn't feel secure on the way of leaving her home. All

the tales, myths, and stereotypes of her homeland take an active role to alert her against her estrangement. So, her well-being and peace of mind are damaged severely as she leaves her town, her secured environment and loses her point of standing against the now for her chaotic world. She begins to look even at her husband suspiciously as he is away from home and as he jeopardizes her sense of security.

The protagonist in *Alien* suffers also from losing the sense of home. His identity crisis is strictly related to this loss as he is a German, who misses Istanbul as he sees or wants to see Istanbul as his home. The concept of home in this story is ambiguous as his main problem is that he doesn't see his own country as his home. He can't bear the fact that he has no home at all and replaces this emptiness with Istanbul, where he lived for almost two years as a foreigner. It is not possible to see his state of confusion as a result of cosmopolitan kind of identity, in which individuals reject the limitation of boundaries and believes in the superiority of peoplehood. He desires to belonging Istanbul, but he has little attachment with the city. Nevertheless; his romantic or rather imaginary homesickness portrays the dramatic results of losing the sense of home. His bizarre confusion comes from his alienation from his own society, from loss of his attachment to it. In this sense; it may be relevant to read his confusion as migrating of identity as his emotional rupture breaks the dichotomy of home and away:

> *What am I doing in this city? Why did I leave everything behind and left Istanbul? Everything? What did I have in Istanbul? Was I not also alone in Istanbul? Was I not a stranger there? I went to the city as a German. She took me in her arms.*

He was not at home in Istanbul and he is not at home in Hamburg, either. The point here is that it is possible to define anywhere and everywhere as home, but that we are never fully at home. This homelessness becomes much more complicated or, rather, blurred, when migration comes into play.

In *The Patient's Guitar*, the migrant patient lives quasi in a grave in migration as he has no sense of home. He loses the comforting function of home one feels even when one is away from it. He feels lost in darkness because he fails to attach himself to the society he lives in and because his attachment, contact, and belonging to home becomes invisible in this darkness. It is not mobility, in which one wanders from one place to another and finds the feeling of being at home in these wandering and changing scenes, rather it is a stable non-belonging, in which one is lost and wipes the traces of his origins. His illness, his being

paralyzed represents his frozen identity. It has no strength to achieve a state of hybridity, to harmonize his Turkish identity with the received culture, which would allow him to be creative in his social life (in this case in his music, particularly).

However, phantasies about home, idealizing it as a place of peace, make life in migration unbearable for some immigrants. In this same way, the sense of fulfillment is connected with the dream of a perfect home. Some immigrants use this idealized sense of home as a tool to overcome the difficulties they experience in their host country and to give themselves a feeling of belonging to a better place than the host country, where they fail to construct attachment and connection. This illusion has led them to live an isolated life in the host country because they don't feel like members of society. In *Notes From Prison*, the immigrant, who imagines himself as a prisoner in Germany, considers his life in migration to be nothing more than a life in prison because he has no attachment to German society and as he is obsessed with the perfect home, where all the people are happy:

> *Somewhere far from here, perhaps where I come from and perhaps in İstanbul, happy people have just woken up to a new morning. Simit sellers stand on the corners of the streets; children are on the way to their schools, mustached fathers leave their homes after they kiss their women. While the wind is weeping everything left from the sleep, the sun is smiling courageously on the top of the red roofs. When Seagulls rise from Kadıköy towards the Bosporus, the shutters of the shops in the back streets of Eminönü are hopefully opened. Just because time freezes here, it doesn't mean that it does the same in the outside world. Let the spoiled people of the free world polish their stomach with hot sauces and marinated meat, let them swallow their Turkish coffee made on the hot sand. Let friends gather and pass the time with the most enjoyable conversations in the world. Nobody is supposed to mourn for us.*

It is clearly described in these quotation that he idealized the concept of home in his world and with this idealization he makes his life in migration unbearable and –inevitably- he begins to imagine the life in migration as a life in prison. During my interviews; I recorded such comments from my interviewees, who praised Turkey to complain about their life in migration. Even the ones who lived in Germany for almost their entire life and had no life experiences in Turkey used similar praises. A home, which assures them a better life or has potential to offer a better alternative, gives them not only an imaginary migratory afterlife, but

also it rises as a utopia, in which their isolation from society could be cured and their sense of inferiority could be replaced with superiority.

However, they ignore the fact that migration transforms their identities and home is not the home they left behind anymore. It is perceived as an insult among Turkish immigrants when they are called as *Almancis* in Turkey because it labels their differences from the people in Turkey. With this label, home becomes something strange, which categorizes them as children who went astray. In their homeland, their in-betweenness is emphasized with clichés and stereotypes about the way they dress, the way they speak etc. So, the sense of perfect home is sacrificed for the sake of migration, but this transformation is not expressed clearly so as not to damage the sacredness of home against the troubles in host country.

In the short stories of this dissertation, most of the protagonists avoid admitting that they are also estranged from home through their alienation in migration. Their identity is reshaped and redefined as they turn into migrants. Perhaps, this reshaping is reflected in *A Monday Ritual* in an obscure way, as the protagonist is confused about the place of his home. The character, who is obsessed with numbers and signs, was adopted by his aunt and her husband. The fact that his own parents gave him away changes the meaning of home for him. Home becomes a place where he is not wanted. However, even in his new location he couldn't have the sense of home and he comes to live in an obsessed and paranoid world. Migration transforms the concept of home, but home is not replaced with a new place of belonging in most cases.

Therefore; what the protagonist in the short story *Beyond Border* tells us can be read as the story of homelessness. The airport represents his mobility as a migrant and his ambiguous conceptualization of home. He feels lost in terms of belonging; He doesn't know where he belongs or where he is going. He is on the path of looking for a place in which he feels completed. So, when the police officer at the passport control says "Welcome to your homeland, son", he begins to cry. His tears are not out of finding a home, but they can be interpreted as sadness his lack of home, because for an immigrant home is nothing more than a literary, romantic, and imaginary place, where they don't belong anymore thanks to the metamorphous function of migration. Migration, in this sense, has the function of "continual mythification of home as an almost Utopian belonging" (Bammer 1992: VII).

Heimat as Utopia

Morley and Robinson (1990:20) state that "in this world, there is no longer any place like Heimat", The concept of home may have lost its authenticity and cultural homeland may have been destroyed by cosmopolitanism and migration. A place to obtain a pure and authentic feeling of home may have become nothing more than utopia. However, a question has to be asked in this context: "Does *Heimat* have to be necessarily stable and absolute?' Henderson (1997) points out that instead of abandoning the concept of home completely, there is a need to re-define, re-think, and even re-write *Heimat* "because of the genuine emotional need that most people experience for some form of Heimat" (Henderson 1997: 225). Some other scholars propose that t the concept of home is contextually changing. Doreen Massey (1991: 24-26), for instance, claims that the notion of home has not been torn down, but the aura of its uniqueness has been destroyed. She offers a reconceptualization of home as the places we live in as inhabitants, instead of mourning for its loss. In this sense, the short stories of this study either lament for the death of home as an idea for immigrants, or they are reflections of an effort to shift geographies and to find home in migration. There are some protagonists who manage to shift the place of home (or rather the idea of home) and find the concept in migration. The dervish in *Unhappy People Collection* claims that he feels at home in Germany and he sees that he is an immigrant at home in migration. It is possible to interpret his home perspective as a reconceptualization in this sense as home, for him, is not where his cultural identity is rooted, but rather a place where he lives as an inhabitant.

Nevertheless; most of the interviewees and the protagonists in this study either fail to shift the concept of home or they deny the concept completely. The engineer in *Interview With Walking Brain* comes with the idea that there is no such a thing as home, in that it is a dictated artificial concept with no realistic background. He thinks that home is nothing more than childhood memories to make you temporarily sad or happy. However, there are others among the short story characters, who believe the existence of home, mourn for being so away from it, and idealize it in romantic ways. So, how can they mourn for something that doesn't exist or how can their homesickness be interpreted?

During my interviewees and with my experiences in Germany, I observed the fact that it is a common tendency among Turkish immigrants in Germany to praise their former life before migration. This tendency can be seen as a way to complain about their troubles in the host country or to persuade themselves that they are not desperate and they always have a better

alternative for their life and a narrative to change the reason of their migration from obligation to preference. Nevertheless, a home left behind and longed for is a significant theme in the short stories. Through descriptions and the emotional states of the characters, the image of home is formed as a place which is associated with belonging. In *The Patient's Guitar*, the patient lies on his hospital bed and remembers the old days at home as the polar opposite of his desperation in migration. It may be relevant, in this context, to conclude with a quotation from *Confession* to unfold the associations with the idealized home. The (probably) hallucinating protagonist of the story ornaments his idea of home with literary descriptions to make it not only too good to leave but also, unintentionally, to damage its authenticity. He both idealized the concept of home and mourns for its loss either as it doesn't exist anymore or as migration changed it irreversibly. However: I would like to point out this passage as mourning for the loss of home, as it also includes melancholy descriptions. Even so, home is home and everybody needs one:

> *Once upon a long, very long time ago, before I left my country for the sake of status, better position and money… There are poor neighborhoods, contentious tenants, ruined houses, drained wells, foggy and smoky mornings that invaded the houses by coming down like ghosts, rainy and windy nights, seagull and pigeon societies hanging on the domes of Ottoman mosques, little tea-houses full with the unemployed men, crooked and extremely narrow pavements with unexpected ups and downs, old graveyards scattered through the skirts of hills, neglected parks.*

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Bremen, den 08.09.2015

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