

A lotta Harmony and a lotta Shit

Suzan, 29, Interpreter for German and English

She wrote to me through my publisher. She accused me of glorifying typical Turkish machismo in “Kanak Sprak” and of ignoring the struggle that women of Turkish descent have had to put up with. I suggested interviewing her for the kanaka-book, and turning it into a transcript.

A bleached Brother from the Congo and a Turkgirl with curling-iron-blond-curls, they got somethin' in common, there's somethin' that unites 'em, that's the way I see it anyway – scrape off the foreign slop with some foreign stuff, whatever you can get on the cheap, stuff for a rub-off and rinse-out-price that gives you a bit of a handle on your own racial inhibitions. When you're inferior you have the option to get even, and you think you're inferior 'cause a lotta super products come from out of the West and in the ad a Blondie's got the mommy-apron on and stirs beamingblue around in the pot, so you wipe off the black and wipe it off with acid junk and after that ordeal you become the Other. That's the way it is, the winners always make themselves available to be admired like upright concrete mannequins, and the rest of us, we're sentenced to have the ethno-craze built right into our soul-plan, so that for our whole lives, we long to pull off something big like a Blondling. But that has its price, and how! I mean - completely caught up in the race-thing that speaks to you like a big fuckbrother - you put together somethin' secret and somethin' open, and the secret's the racial inhibitions and the open is a pain you reckon with in order to up your chances of winning a little. The stripped-down junk hurts like hell, so bleaching your skin to a milky-white or blow-drying your nappy hair into anti-dreadlocks or breaking your big nose into an Aryan sniffer, these are killer missteps, where you chucksucker clots into the trash bag and then bending and breaking your racial markings worm your way into an Aryan-shine. You're allowed to ask to whom or what this disguise-action is addressed, and who lives there, where you're announcing your arrival, and now you're knocking at the entrance. So fine, the damn gate will probably open, and there's one of those hot idols standing there, dream-milk face, dream-white ass, and look there, a Semite-egg, that wants to get into the chamber, and right away the egg has a name: “miscegenation”. A cumin-boy with a low-class slick of hair, and an Elvis shirt and gold for his Rich Man Badge, and, man, this sight just doesn't add up at all. On the other hand, that's already an advantage, that the thing – from behind, from in front, from

above and below – isn't cohesive, I mean, that the white-ass at the gate finds that kinda thing repugnant, because it doesn't fit the Aleman beauty ideal - that's real classy. That kinda thing is like a shit in the harmony that's the norm around here: a lotta harmony and a lotta shit. The more shit that comes from a Kanak into this here Alemanglamour, well, the better. But the catch is that kinda cumin with stripped-down trash really flips his shit because Massa – he just won't let him in – Massa says: that's really a matter of taste. Best-case scenario, Massa says: I feel sorry for you. And Massa says real clever: listen, you gotta get back to your roots somehow, I mean Anatolia and all that. We gotta separate our trash so that a culture can emerge from it. And then he leaves the poor screw up standing out in the rain. And now the cumin asks, what in God's name is going on, and calls for a better answer to a question that not a single soul has asked. The question's fallen from the clear blue Aleman sky and becomes the über-main problem. And that's where all the confusion starts, all the misdirection, 'cause instead of climbing into Blondie's temple through the window, and after a rigorous examination seeing the place as a festering wound of loneliness, the cumin is badly shaken, as if OurGodInHeaven had thundered him a slap in the face right and left. Massa's talk is a thunderword and is true for ever and ever amen! Then there's the guy who looks down on himself again and again and gets his vim and vigor with a with a howling moan and at some point the howling cumin discovers Massa's wisdomsaying: Massa wants the dogs to be tamed and used for the glamourgood. So I've screwed things up, 'cause my race-breaking wasn't a perfect turn to Blondie. And from such a stupid idea, this guy gets himself his cool ignition, and his life turns into a horror show. This guy copies Aleman down to the last detail, and at night he can sleep soundly in his kanakbed if he's been at the massa-thing for a few hours. Then there's the type who stores away his homeland talk with bad stuff, whose straightened nose bleeds all over his kanak face, who – his whole life long – can't break away, but Aleman's expert knowledge has charted a course, and this path of cumin-creep and decay is the way to go, and that's where all virtue lies. It's a sin to go astray, 'cause to right and left is Turk-thicket, race-darkness and race-danger.

And then the other kind of most-humble servant Aleman-follower that they turn into – when the door slams shut, and they can't get into the Aleman Lodge – they turn into these Turk-bombers, these sickening packets who say: Man, I'm a real crazy motherfucker, I handle my shit and tear up every pussy that crosses my dick's path. That kinda crackpot's suddenly a half-moon-freak

with more than one screw loose, and it's loose in his brain, where the folk-jelly leaks out and this guy splatters his insect-life full of it, and crashes full-force through the front door and crashes right out again through the back, and if he hasn't died yet, he's still running around and crashing into every house exactly twice: in and then out, twice and no more. Of course that kinda thing's a full-blown blank, he's taken note of the clever Aleman slogan that goes: come on an' give us a round of roots, give us a round of culture. That's the type that dashes and tears about in search of a zoo for wild Turks, and when he finds it for once he wants to graze like a stag 'till he's full, roaring now and then: Hey there, I've got culture, I munch on the stuff and the stuff is grass.

Where do you stand? Just being a critic-biter won't cut it. Alemania: smells tastes looks like a fresh mint-sucker, like nasty vengeance-gold, where you just blow into it, and then you're on your best behavior and in fine shit-spirits, and that kinda thing just makes me sick, it's clear it isn't in that kinda order. The Aleman Lodge is made outta building blocks even if a preppy gate is supposed to wise you up, lay it out for you, break it down for you: In here the living is posh and respectable, in here we have majestic-splendor. The kind of people that pour out of the Aleman den don't look like human happiness, on that I trust my own eyes more than some affluence-ad campaign directing me into an empty parking space. And the smell wafting out of the Classic Turk Kitchen, that's just another of those times that's behind me now, and as for fuzzy souvenir pictures from an oriental Volx-kitschen, I can't even buy a song with that. I sit down in a corner, there are ten hiding-places, and in each of them a hundred tree hollows, and in every tree hollow....well, anyway I could never live in one place. You can forget about that.

I'm the Brain Depository

Gönül, 25, Philosophy Student

I was with a few friends at the Kiel Fjord. A group of "educated" Turks were standing beside us. After a short time there was a bad-tempered quarrel about the sense and nonsense of identity. A few days later I met her again by chance in a CD store in the city.

My being, says the German, which rips me away from all secondary things, it is my one and my everything, my beautiful stinky vulgar true perm-being, which I would never want to be without, my God, is my essence, I'm there, and already there's this my-being, and without it I can no longer breathefeedshit, I could smoothly get up onto a soap box and shout to the park mob: you're looking for the wrong one, what you're looking for is my-being, which you have to consume like fruit gummy hearts. You'll be high on my-being and forget your own self. I was top of my class says the German, and the champ even after all those years. I was best pupil, I was best pupil, I was best pupil . . . The German knows better about everything, knows the hype-scene-mega-cool-totally-wicked-eh-clubs and rebukes you with his ol' my-being-my-realization-babble. You just can't keep up, he says, I've experienced things, you can immediately pack it in, but I don't want to be that way, so, to be exact that works like this . . . He whispers his dumb, absurd words in your ear, his Papalagi-insights and then suddenly in a drunken minute he tells you something about the German language, he quotes: "Just saw the arms off of the Jew, that will minimize the pack size, then we can shove the thing in good and proper." End quote. The German and the monstrous. He said, he read it, and he can only marvel about how present the flow of words is, how polysyllabic and smooth, how they managed to make the unspeakable horror pictorial. And then tears come to his eyes. Do you know what that means? The German becomes completely different, he floats on a really thrilling level of his own, and so that his jerk-off-being isn't standing there naked, like the emperor in the fairytale facing the outstretched forefinger, he discovers philosophy. It gives him the hot stuff: his level, mental quanta-power, the active subject and so forth. The fine intelligent formulation and he's already back wading in the pool of his ejaculations. And then it'll be time for him to rise and say: sometimes I have this cutting feeling, it's like demons are attacking me somehow. At the last moment, the German has

now discovered the myth, the legend and the wet-nurse fairytale. The German only understands history as a sum of private salvages of the soul. Gunboats come by and shoot the poor plagued German soul free. Nothing else should grow and flourish there, all culture should die, because the raw primitive soul can only recuperate on a German being. Wilhelm was Jesus. Bismarck was Jesus. Hegel and Heidegger were Jesuses. The so-called modern federal German devoured this Prussian muff. He says: now let's speak a bit Gothically. He says: I want to tell you the plain truth. He's chief of all Basari truths. It doesn't matter if he has a clean parting or wears a braid, by hook or by crook he'd like to "settle somehow" his overclever idea of things and claim that the force fields just spill out from "here". Whatever flees this nest must be sick, must be damned foreign. It'll never be let in again. These people lollop around in the seminar; they think philosophy is nothing more than an idle contemplation. At some moment their gas runs out, and you see them on the hunt for a platonic love-machine that will screw through the prairie at breakneck speed. On top, on the top of this eternal vehicle, our German took a seat and is crying into the wilderness: the eternal idea can do nothing other than eliminate, that is its nature. I've seen some philosophy freaks switch to this elimination-monster. Overnight they became academics of their quirky craziness. The story, they say, comes over people like a sudden storm, and the hailstones always hit their mark. And a imperative, then there's these ahhs and ohhs, when a imperative bellows out and can join in an intoxicated booing, by the way, this incorrect article is a kind of gimmick of mine, I say a imperative so that the faces of these oily club philosophers slip off, so that they can sweep this grief-coloring, this worry-red, this corrector-arrogance. Suddenly, grammar plays a role in the goop, the things they're thinking the whole time: you as an Anatolian, as a short-legged woman, you with your university entrance exams, well, we can somehow comprehend that. But you have to watch out for an important thing like the imperative. That's when the fun ends, don't resent us for that, and we really mean well, but it's just that it's an and not a imperative. And I say: a imperative. They pick up tons from every sentence and in the end they land in their bourgeois garden. You know, that makes me so hellishly happy; the wrong article disrupts dozens of telegraph poles, philosophy with its mutant head discharges into the German for foreigners lesson. I love these wonderful there-we-have-a-mess insights. But intelligent, please. But for all I care this sentence: Fear eat soul, I think, that's a film by that brilliant, well, what's his name again, yeah, Fassbinder, well a sentence like that sends chills down my spine. He's a dumb ethno-showoff, my God, someone should dig that

Fassbinder back up and shake his pale carcass and ask him, what rode him back then. He canoodles with the infinitive, with the hubba-hubba-lall. That's a moocow rhyme, in a way, as if a Saint Bernard with its schnapps barrel has suddenly put its paws to its forehead and offered a wise bark. Thus, the Germans are now ashamed of their intelligence; I really mean something else: if you were to meet a real brainiac, he would act as if he had something to regret. Really good tough savvy is treated like raggedly remnants. Stupefaction is a constant issue. I can't hear it any more, when someone whimpers mea culpa because he's too intelligent. The self-stupidity is creeping in so evilly, the drone domes doze dully there. The Germans run away from the thought decoration, but as always they stick to the precious parquet of their corny inwardness. That's the biggest problem. If you ask me, every halfway reasonable thought is hidden and gets fringes and burn holes, and in the end the thought becomes a shred. My God, there are quite a few who'd have you believe they've walked on water like he who was nailed to the wood and the very most they have is three droplets on the hem of their pants. And a crowd of people stand around the screwball and nod piously. Well, you can resolve to ditch your brain, but the actual question emerges: Where do I hand it over, my brain, this detested thing? Now at last, esotericism is pestering you; all these lousy gurus and sects. They tell you: I'm the brain depository, hand the thing over. And since we're on the subject, you can hand over a few large dollar bills, too. And then you get your collection of sayings: don't hold on to things, and you have to fall into your own arms, and wherever success appears, avoid it. The first free joy-spouter will be shot down with the words: Just don't get slaphappy, the cow isn't off the ice yet.

The German says, I want to protect my beautifully pure being from strange zingel-zangel, I want to establish a bold boundary against the flood of mad men creeping over me. My mushy doughy sole sensible old-man-sperm-being.