

INCREASINGLY SOFT-BOILED!?  
KEMAL KAYANKAYA'S TRANSFORMATION FROM HARD-BOILED LONER TO  
BOURGEOIS FATHER-TO-BE IN JAKOB ARJOUNI'S KAYANKAYA SERIES

By

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A dissertation submitted in partial fulfillment  
of the requirements for the degree of

Doctor of Philosophy

(German)

at the

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON

2020

Date of final oral examination: 09/25/2020

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### Dedication

To my niece, Tierney Hronek, whose early and unexpected arrival changed the way I think about ethnicity and justice. To my wife, Angela Hronek, who never lost faith in me nor made me feel guilty for taking so long to write this dissertation. To my undergraduate German professor, Dave Limburg, and his wife, Laura, to whom I owe much more than my ability to speak German.

### Acknowledgements

I would first of all like to thank my advisor, Dr. Sabine Gross, for her patience and diligence in setting straight the path of this work. I would also like to thank the members of my committee, Dr. Glen Close, Dr. Weijia Li, and Dr. Sabine Moedersheim for their time and contributions. I am also grateful to Melanie Yoeurp, whose humor, discipline, and willingness to drink bubble tea helped me hoe this long row. Finally, I would like to thank my father and my mother-in-law, Richard Hronek and Ruth Anderson, both of whom read my dissertation for readability and asked nothing in return.

Abstract

Title of Dissertation:            Increasingly Soft-Boiled!? Kemal Kayankaya's transformation  
from hard-boiled loner to bourgeois father-to-be in Jakob  
Arjouni's Kayankaya series

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This dissertation, a study of Jakob Arjouni's *Kayankaya* series (1985-2012), focusses on the significance of the detective as an outsider and the extent to which Kemal Kayankaya, Arjouni's protagonist, fits into that role. While focusing on how Kayankaya does or does not belong, the study relates the detective's opposing desires for order (e.g., crime solving, domestic stability) and chaos (e.g., violence, drunkenness, sexual titillation) to Nietzsche's theory of the Apollonian and Dionysian. In doing this, the dissertation reveals some of Arjouni's strategies for isolating his detective while also making Kayankaya appear stereotypically German.

Chapter One introduces the series and establishes the genre conventions of hard-boiled detection. Several scholars refer to Dashiell Hammett's Sam Spade and Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe in their analyses of Arjouni. The works in which these detectives appear serve as a backdrop for the study on Kayankaya.

Chapter Two surveys the scholarship on Kayankaya to date. This chapter presents an overview of findings so far by identifying major themes amongst the publications on Kemal Kayankaya. After presenting this overview, I lay out the goals for this dissertation.

Chapter Three deals with Kayankaya the outsider and how Arjouni demonstrates Kayankaya's isolation. To emphasize Kayankaya's alterity (predicated on his Turkish appearance within Germany), Arjouni's minor characters use deixis to exclude Kayankaya, stereotypes to classify him, and associate him with waste and decay. Comparing Arjouni's works to Hammett's and Chandler's shows that while all of these detectives are outsiders, their unbelonging is defined along different lines. This distinction undergirds my observation that Kayankaya simultaneously belongs and does not belong.

Chapter Four explores how Arjouni uses hard-boiled motifs of drunkenness, violence, and sexual titillation to present Kayankaya escaping his unbelonging. I argue that the younger Kayankaya escapes his sense of seclusion by drinking excessively and subjecting himself to intense violence. Indeed, this violence is the most acceptable form of physical intimacy that Kayankaya can resort to, a trait that he shares with his American forebears. As the series continues, though, Kayankaya develops a community. This belonging decreases his need for drink and brutality, making him less hard-boiled in the conventional sense.

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## 1. The Initial Consultation: Jakob Arjouni, the Kayankaya Series, and the Conventions of Hard-boiled Detection

Unadvisable as it may be, Arjouni's readership displays a tendency to conflate the author, Jakob Arjouni, with his protagonist, Kemal Kayankaya. Arjouni himself seemed to have anticipate such a tendency or even encouraged it. When *Happy birthday, Türke!* (1985)<sup>1</sup> was originally released, the combination of the author's not-so-German-sounding name and a protagonist with Turkish roots led people to believe, as Sandro Moraldo notes in "Fremdheit in der 'Heimat'" (2015), that Arjouni himself grew up in Germany and had Turkish roots (80-1; cf. Jędrzejewski 75-6). Indeed, twenty years before Moraldo's article Gail Elizabeth Wise writes in her 1995 dissertation *Ali in Wunderland*, "Arjouni is a German citizen albeit of Turkish descent," after quoting an article from *Der Spiegel* which states "Private Detective Kemal Kayankaya, like his author Jakob Arjouni, is neither German nor Turkish" (Wise 203). Jakob Arjouni, however, is a pen name. The surname Arjouni comes from Jakob's first wife, a Moroccan woman named Khadija Arjouni (Moraldo 80-1; Gissane 58, endnote 11). According to Sandro Moraldo, Jakob Arjouni's real name is Jakob Michelsen. He is the son of Hans Günter Michelsen, a playwright of some repute, and Ursula Bothe, a publisher. Arjouni's real name remains a source of confusion though. A 2019 internet search reveals that the English Wikipedia page for "Jakob Arjouni" claims that Arjouni was born Jakob Michelsen but goes by Jakob Bothe; the German Wikipedia page for "Jakob Arjouni" claims that his legal name is Jacob Benjamin Bothe (both accessed 5 Dec. 2019). Even Maciej Jędrzejewski's thorough disquisition on Arjouni's oeuvre, *Gesellschaft in Jakob Arjounis*

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<sup>1</sup> For the sake of clarity, I am providing the English titles of the works in translation as I introduce them here: *Happy Birthday, Turk!*. Throughout the dissertation, I will be providing German quotes in the text and English translations in the footnotes.

*Werk* (2019), does not make a claim about the author's real name. Arjouni supposedly used his then wife's name to avoid riding on the coattails of his father and *not* to lend his portrayal of Kemal Kayankaya any extra legitimacy (Moraldo 81). Once critics realized that Jakob Arjouni was not what they thought he was, there was backlash against the author, as Arlene Teraoka points out in "Detecting Ethnicity: Jakob Arjouni and the Case of the Missing German Detective Novel" (1999) (276). Whatever his real name might be, sources agree that the man who became Jakob Arjouni was born in 1964 and died an untimely death in 2013 from pancreatic cancer.

### *1.1 The Kayankaya Series*

Arjouni was a mere 19 years old when he first dreamed up Kemal Kayankaya, as Jędrzejewski reports (75). While leading a lonely life in the south of France, Arjouni created Kayankaya as a sort of friend to keep himself company. Only two years later the Buntbuch Verlag published Arjouni's first Kayankaya novel: *Happy birthday, Türke!*. The first novel opens with the autobiogic narrator trying to recall his pre-birthday celebration with an upstairs neighbor the night before. Only when he gets to his office later that day is the narrator's name revealed: Kemal Kayankaya. Just after he settles in, a Turkish woman, Ilter Hamul, visits but tries to leave when she realizes that Kayankaya does not speak Turkish. He convinces her to stay and takes on the job of investigating the murder of her husband, Ahmed Hamul. As a private detective (of the hard-boiled variety), Kayankaya must head out into the streets. At every turn of his investigation, he receives a cold reception, be it from Ilter's family (the Ergüns), the police, the security guards at *Millys Sex-Bar*, or the prostitutes in Frankfurt's *Bahnhofsviertel*. Thanks to his intuition and wit, and ability to take a punch,

Kayankaya brings to light police chicanery: a small band of officers is extorting Turks into dealing police-confiscated heroin. In doing so, he inculpates the corrupt police for the murder of not only Ahmed Hamul but also of Vasif Ergün, Ahmed's father in law.

The next two novels in the series appeared in rapid succession after the first: *Mehr Bier*<sup>2</sup> in 1987, *Ein Mann, ein Mord*<sup>3</sup> in 1991. In *Mehr Bier*, the detective wakes up much earlier than he would like in order to make a meeting with a potential client, the lawyer Anastas. Upon taking the job, he drives to Doddelbach<sup>4</sup> to investigate the shooting murder of Friedrich Böllig, owner of the chemical plant *Firma Böllig*. Kayankaya questions the security guard who worked the night of the murder, then the deceased's wife, the new boss of the chemical plant, and the woman who runs a *Trinkhalle* outside the office building. With more questions than answers, he decides to head back to Frankfurt. On his way he realizes that he is being tailed, which would seem to imply that he is on the right path. His pursuer, however, turns out to be his employer's associate, Carla Reedermann. She is not sure if she can trust him. Despite his frustration with Anastas and Reederman he decides to stay on the case. After an old Polish woman plies him with fine vodka and her autobiography, the pieces begin to fall into place as the guilty parties start to incriminate themselves. Even with the help of the small-time crook Ernst Slibulsky, though, Kayankaya proves unable to bring the worst of the perpetrators, Kommissar Kessler, to justice.

Manuel Weidenbusch, a wealthy artist from Frankfurt's posh *Westend*, comes to Kayankaya desperate for help at the beginning of *Ein Mann, ein Mord*. A crew of gangsters

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<sup>2</sup> *More Beer*

<sup>3</sup> Originally, the title was translated as *One Death to Die*, but later iterations bore the more literal translation *One Man, One Murder* ("One death to die: a Kayankaya mystery").

<sup>4</sup> Referred to inconsistently in the English translation as either "Doddelbach" or "Doppenburg" (*More Beer* 12, 21-2).

offering counterfeit legal documents has just abducted the woman of Weidenbusch's dreams, Sri Dao Rakdee, a Thai woman who until recently worked as a prostitute. With Slibulsky playing the role of sidekick, Kayankaya stumbles upon a shady collaboration between this gang offering destitute immigrants falsified papers and the police who want to deport those same immigrants. Narrowly avoiding deportation himself, Kayankaya realizes that Slibulsky is involved in this scheme to help pay off some gambling debts. While Kayankaya is busy rescuing Slibulsky from his creditors, Weidenbusch has already found and rescued Rakdee from her captors.

After the publication of *Ein Mann, ein Mord*, Arjouni took a long hiatus from Kayankaya. Still, the author's work enjoyed success. The earliest English translation I can find of *Happy birthday, Türke!* was published in 1993 by Fromm International in New York as *Happy Birthday, Turk*. The translator, Anselm Hollo, however, copyrighted his translation in 1987, which suggests an earlier iteration (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* vi). A translation of the second novel, *More Beer*, also by Hollo appeared in 1994 followed by *One Death to Die*—the original translated title for *Ein Mann, ein Mord*—in 1997 (“More beer: a Kayankaya mystery”; “One Man, One Murder: Translated from the German by Anselm Hollo”). It seems, then, that Arjouni's blend of hard-boiled tropes and criticism of society remained relevant even during his break. Michael Porsche's “Hard-Boiled à la Turk” (1993) supposes that there was a particular impetus for Arjouni's time away from Kayankaya. A year after Arjouni's publication of *Ein Mann, ein Mord*, “German reality overtook even his darkest phantasies as burning refugee shelters in Rostock and elsewhere could be seen on television almost every night. After the killing of five Turks in Solingen [in 1993], Kemal Kayankaya's bitter observations about Germany's everyday racism seem only too true” (Porsche 173).

Whatever the reason, Arjouni's sabbatical from his most popular protagonist would last until 2001.

In the opening scene of Arjouni's fourth Kayankaya novel, *Kismet*<sup>5</sup> (2001), Kayankaya and Slibulsky are hiding in a closet, waiting for two racketeers to visit the *Saudade* restaurant. The ensuing encounter turns into a blood bath with the two racketeers dying before Kayankaya can get any information out of them. Having never killed anyone before, Kayankaya decides to investigate the Army of Reason ("Armee der Vernunft"), the organization that sent the hired guns. His sleuthing reveals that a locally grown group of German Croatian-nationalists are extorting Bosnian refugees into working for the Army of Reason. These Nazi sympathizers do not take kindly to Kayankaya. Now, however, the bias is not predicated on a presumed membership in the *Gastarbeiter* ("guest worker") community, but rather the assumption that Kayankaya is a Muslim. Even while trying to do good, Kayankaya follows the case to its bitter end, discovering that he has inadvertently implicated himself in the cycle of violence. The English translation for *Kismet*—by the same title—would take six years to appear in 2007. For this and the following volume, the publisher now engaged the renowned literary translator Anthea Bell (Jakeman "Kismet").

Over a decade after the release of *Kismet*, Arjouni returns to the now aging Kayankaya for the final installment of the series, *Bruder Kemal*<sup>6</sup>(2012). Kayankaya, now a family man, has two engagements: he must return Marieke de Chavannes to her dangerously pretty mother, Valerie de Chavannes, and he must protect Malik Rashid from the threat of violence caused by Rashid's book. In the course of rescuing Marieke, Kayankaya tries to frame Erden

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<sup>5</sup> *Kismet*

<sup>6</sup> *Brother Kemal*

Abakay (Marieke's would-be pimp) for the murder of a dead man in Abakay's apartment. To Kayankaya's chagrin, Abakay has an influential uncle, Sheikh Hakim. The sheikh's lawyers are convinced that the crime scene was tampered with, that Kayankaya did the tampering, and that Kayankaya was in the employ of Chavannes. Hakim demands that Kayankaya retract his statement incriminating Abakay and makes veiled threats against Kayankaya's loved one. Threats are nothing new to Kayankaya but by now he has loved ones to worry about. In the end, Hakim's crew actually abduct Rashid to force Kayankaya's hand. Kayankaya relents and pulls his statement but then must face Abakay to free Rashid. Anthea Bell completed her translation of the work almost immediately in 2013.

Critics and scholars alike refer to the American hard-boiled tradition when writing about Jakob Arjouni's Kemal Kayankaya series. The back cover of Arjouni's *Mehr Bier* cites the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* statement that Arjouni's stories are "wie man sie sonst nur in harten amerikanischen Detektivromanen findet."<sup>7</sup> The publisher Diogenes agrees with this assessment as it lists several works of Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler it offers in translation in the back of *Mehr Bier*. Scholars, for their part, support this hypothesis. Stefan Seeber writes in "Ich und die Anderen" (2016) that "Arjounis Frankfurter Kemal Kayankaya ist [...] ein hard-boiled detective alter Schule, geformt nach den Vorbildern Hammetts und Chandlers"<sup>8</sup> (189). While not everyone agrees on exactly how Kayankaya relates to the genre, almost all agree that he is hard-boiled. Taking a cue from this fundament, the ensuing chapter will briefly explore the detective genre generally and its bastard child—as

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<sup>7</sup> "like those that one only finds in hard, American detective novels" (translation by Richard Hronek)

<sup>8</sup> "Arjouni's Frankfurter Kemal Kayankaya is a hard-boiled detective of the old school, fashioned after his role models of Hammett and Chandler" (translation RH)

at least one scholar refers to the hard-boiled offshoot—specifically.<sup>9</sup> Drawing comparisons between the two most influential traditional detectives (i.e., Dupin and Holmes) and the two most influential hard-boiled detectives (i.e., Spade and Marlowe), this exploration seeks to establish some conventions of the genre, as well as present some overarching theories put forward by scholars. Such a side-by-side comparison of traditional detection (as it will henceforth be called) and hard-boiled detection will help bring out the nuances of each. Despite some clear distinctions, they have much in common both in the goals that the detectives strive for and in their potential for socially critical reception. The understanding of the genre presented here will anchor the summary of the secondary literature on Kayankaya and the approach to this dissertation that is laid out in the Chapter Two.

### *1.2 The Origins of Detection*

In his 2015 *Einführung in den Kriminalroman*, Thomas Kniesche puts forth the claim that the first detective story is Edgar Allen Poe's 1841 "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" (54-5). Most scholars agree; if they do not, they have to defend their decision. Poe may not have lived to see it, but in C. August Dupin, he created an archetypal character. Dupin is smug, driven by curiosity, and incredibly talented at inductive reasoning (i.e., making observations and drawing conclusions). After a brief introduction to the two main characters, Poe sets the narrational parameters that became typical for traditional detective stories. In "Rue Morgue," the autodiegetic narrator is a friend and admirer of Dupin's—a clear antecedent to the Watson-figure. He recounts the story of meeting Dupin while looking for a rare book. The

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<sup>9</sup> See: Richard Alewyn's 1968 "Anatomie des Detektivromans," p. 68.

two quickly start a friendship and come to inhabit an abandoned mansion in Paris. Dupin and his unnamed colleague catch wind of a ghastly double murder in the Rue Morgue and decide to assist the stumped police. Dupin easily discovers who is responsible for the deaths of the two women, all to the amazement and delight of the person narrating.

Dupin uses a ratiocinative approach in his investigations that will be familiar to even the most casual reader or viewer of detective stories: the same can be found in the likes of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's and Agatha Christie's detectives. These detectives can come to extraordinary conclusions with snippets of clues and minimal investigation. They rarely get their hands dirty and their process is largely hidden from the reader. The supposedly purely rational character of these detectives has led scholars to view traditional detective fiction as a literary consequence of the Enlightenment (Stowe 373).

While, Dupin is not described as a detective in "Rue Morgue," he functions as one. Richard Alewyn's "The Origin of the Detective Novel" (1983) uses the absence of a detective—by title, anyways—to argue that another story is the first instance of detective fiction. Alewyn sees in the unwieldiness of the clues and the grisly nature of the murders in Poe's "Rue Morgue" a familial resemblance to the Gothic horror novel. He writes that in both traditional detection and in Gothic horror novels "many inexplicable and uncanny phenomena turn out to be clues to secret connections, and these again reveal themselves slowly to be the consequences or omens of terrible crimes, whose roots are buried deep in the past and which are completely solved at the end when the criminal is unmasked and brought to justice" ("The Origin" 75). As opposed to the exclusively hyper-rational child of the Enlightenment, Alewyn sees a strain of Romanticism in the detective story that offers "the forbidden fruits of mystery and of fear" (ibid.). Alewyn then presents the characteristics fiction must meet to

qualify as a detective story. Firstly, a murder or a series of murders must be introduced near the beginning of the story and the story must conclude with the resolution of these crimes. There must be an “innocent suspect and the unsuspected criminal” (Alewyn “The Origin” 73). Thirdly, the sleuthing must be done by someone considered an outsider—an “artist” in Alewyn’s parlance (“The Origin” 76). This person does not belong on the police force nor is this person in the circle of suspects. Alewyn does not insist that there be a “locked room” element but comments that it is highly recommended (ibid.). Alewyn uses these custom-tailored standards to argue that E.T.A. Hoffmann’s *Das Fräulein von Scuderi* (1819) is the progenitor to traditional detection.

Regardless of who was the first detective, Alewyn finds that characters like Hoffmann’s Scuderi, Dupin, and Holmes do have something in common: they are all outsiders. According to Alewyn, “their eccentric character and their extravagant lifestyle exclude them from the society of ordinary men and make them useless for everyday life. Without family and without profession, without residence and without possessions, they are at war with society and state” (“The Origin” 77). His claim that detectives are at war with society is hyperbolic: Scuderi holds court with King Louis XIV, Dupin is from a noble house though it may be diminished, and Holmes is well-to-do. They are very much integrated in society and certainly have possessions. Yet, they are certainly odd. Dupin and his accomplice move in together even though they barely know one another. Scuderi for all her wealth and noble heritage never marries and possesses an uncanny capacity to move people with her words. Holmes and Watson have a dynamic more akin to that of a master and his dog than to friends.

Whether self-imposed or involuntary, Dupin, Holmes, and Scuderi are outsiders in some respects. None of them belong to the police or any other organized body of law enforcement, making them outsiders in the realm of crime investigations. Outsider status, however, is something nearly anyone can claim in a specific enough situation. Moving to a new city, or even district within the same city, is enough to create a feeling of alienation. While the category itself is rather fuzzy, this outsider-ness is partially a function of the “locked room” scenario that Alewyn references. For the purposes of the genre, the detective must be above suspicion in the case that he is investigating. He therefore cannot belong to the clique, yacht club, or whatever circle the murder happens in. As Alewyn writes in “Anatomie des Detektivromans” (1968), the detective “tritt vielmehr von außen herein, sei es, daß er sich rein zufällig am Tatort befindet, sei es, daß er nach der Tat zu Hilfe gerufen worden ist. Er ist – wie der Leser – mit keiner der wichtigeren Personen bekannt, insbesondere nicht mit dem Opfer oder dem Täter”<sup>10, 11</sup> (“Anatomie” 60). The detective’s unbelonging is not limited to his exclusion from a group or not being *of* a place. As Alewyn puts it, the traditional detective is “an amateur who is an outsider socially and eccentric psychologically” (“Origin” 71).

Sherlock Holmes’ eccentricity is on display in Arthur Conan Doyle’s “A Case of Identity” (1891). When Dr. Watson stops by after work—working being a decidedly unartistic venture—to see if Holmes has wrapped up the case, Holmes is half-asleep in an armchair. Holmes, of course, has solved the case and has moved on to performing chemistry

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<sup>10</sup> I could find no English translation for this Alewyn article and thus will provide my own translations of the quotes.

<sup>11</sup> The detective “enters rather from the outside, whether he shows up by chance at the scene of the crime or was called to help after the crime. He is – like the reader – not acquainted with any of the important people, especially not with the victim or the perpetrator” (translation RH).

experiments about some undetailed curiosity (Doyle 38). In the opening scene of this case, Dr. Watson and Sherlock Holmes lounge idly and wax philosophical. Holmes is expecting a potential client, though. Upon Miss Mary Sutherland's arrival, he stupefies her with some observations that come across as magic tricks: he induces that she is both near-sighted and a typist (Doyle 32). Having established his superior astuteness, Holmes invites the young woman to tell him and Dr. Watson her problem. In short, she was stranded at the altar. Miss Mary Sutherland is a modern woman with a job and steady income, but she still lives at home with her mother and her stepfather, Mr. Windibank. When Miss Sutherland received tickets to the gasfitters ball, Mr. Windibank—who is only five years her elder—insisted that she not go (Doyle 33). As Mr. Windibank was in France at the time of the ball, she decided to go anyway and met a charming man, Mr. Hosmer Angel. After only a few meetings, Mr. Hosmer Angel and Miss Mary Sutherland were engaged to be wed. On the way to the church, however, Mr. Angel disappeared, and Miss Sutherland has not heard from him since.

It may make “A Case of Identity” seem regrettably frivolous, but no one dies in the story. Still, “A Case of Identity” contains several of the conventions of traditional detection as established by Poe. Holmes has the case solved before Miss Mary Sutherland even leaves his apartment: Windibank is Angel. Holmes does send out some letters to support his conclusion, but these steps are performed as formalities. Kniesche finds this supposedly ratiocinative ability to come to a conclusion so quickly highly dubious; this capacity, however, is typical of the genre (*Einführung* 56). Unlike Poe's “The Murders in the Rue Morgue,” there is no locked room element in “A Case of Identity.” There is, however, a very small cast of characters and a manageable amount of details in the case, which has a similar effect. It gives the reader a sense of “fair play,” suggesting the audience could theoretically

solve the riddle before the end of the story (Kniesche *Einführung* 63). As in Poe's "The Murder in the Rue Morgue," though, there is actually no crime. An orangutan cannot commit murder and Mr. Windibank accurately cries of his transgression, "it's not actionable" (Doyle 39). Despite finding Mr. Windibank a scoundrel, Holmes—in a decidedly patronizing turn—does not reveal this truth to Miss Mary Sutherland. She can't handle the truth.

The levels of narration in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "A Case of Identity" help maintain the detective's outsider-ness by distancing him from the reader. As mentioned, Dupin's unnamed colleague presents their exploits with amazement and admiration. Representing the equally lost everyman in Holmes' adventures is Dr. Watson: at once the narrator and the sidekick. Where Holmes studiously disproves Watson's axiomatic observation that reality is "neither fascinating nor artistic," Holmes—without any self-awareness—makes a similarly axiomatic statement about women who have been wronged (Doyle 31). Later, when Miss Sutherland is giving an account of her family, Watson notes dismissively that this woman is telling a "rambling and inconsequential narrative" but to Watson's surprise, Holmes is listening intently (Doyle 33). Once she is finished giving her account and has left, Holmes asks Watson's opinion of the case. Holmes can only scoff at Watson's account: "You have really done very well indeed. It is true that you have missed everything of importance, but you have hit upon the method, and you have a quick eye for colour" (Doyle 37). All of these interactions make Watson seem sycophantic, jealous, and misogynistic. Norlisha Crawford puts forth the notion in *Chester Himes' Rewriting of Race, Class and Gender in his Harlem Detective Series* (2002) that the Watson-figure acts as a filter to help mitigate the outlandishness of the hero. "He serves as a kind of buffer between upper middle-class Holmes and the rest of middle-class society. Watson translates the ordinary

Everyman perspective on things for Holmes, the cerebral man above it all” (Crawford 39). Seemingly both the reader and the peculiar Holmes need someone like Watson. For the reader, Watson acts as a type of pinhole projector to the solar eclipse-type marvel that is the traditional detective. In turn, Watson finds a way to relay the life and concerns of the plebeians to the aloof hero.

### *1.3 Theory of the Detective Genre*

In traditional detection, the type of narration is another means to represent the detective’s outsider-ness or artistry, as Alewyn would refer to it. This outsider/artist status is so important because it gives the detective a different view of reality. The detective is someone who can interpret the signs in a different way than the rest of humanity because of some divergent trait or lifestyle (Alewyn “The Origin” 77). Perhaps the reverse is true, as well: by virtue of having a different interpretation of reality, the detective is or becomes an outsider. As Alewyn puts it, they “are the ones who know how to *read* the clues and to interpret the signs which remain invisible or incomprehensible to normal men. For they are prepared for the reality of the unusual and immune against the deception of the probable” (ibid; emphasis added). Here, Alewyn insinuates that the detective is not only a reader but a better reader; Dupin and Holmes possess something that makes them adept at piecing together clues in a detached and perhaps superrational manner. This view of the detective as a reader has traction with other scholars including, Peter Hühn in his 1987 article “Der Detektiv als Leser” and William W. Stowe in his 1983 “From Semiotics to Hermeneutics.”

According to Hühn’s semiotic analysis, the murder (or other crime) that launches the investigation is a sign whose significance cannot be immediately interpreted. “Daher wird es

für die Gesellschaft lebenswichtig, die versteckte Bedeutung aufzudecken und das Zeichen – durch Reintegration – zu entschärfen”<sup>12</sup> (Hühn 241). As it is society’s supposed project to promote and preserve life, the very basis of society is called into question by the killings. Especially in traditional detection, there is a sense that solving the central crime and revealing the guilty party/parties returns the troubled society back to its harmonious state. The complexity of the crime—as evinced by the fact that the local constabulary proves unable to solve the case—speaks to the anomalous nature transgression: things like *this* do not happen *here*. In Crawford’s view, the offenses against the prevailing order “have to be aberrations, not outgrowths of any weaknesses within the communities themselves; and there have to be resolutions that restore order as it had been before the communities were affected by the crimes” (Crawford 35). The traditional detective who “embodies the community’s standards and norms,” must restore order, especially since the official representatives of that order—the police—cannot (Crawford 34). Peter Hühn sees the police’s impotence in a slightly different light. Their inability to narrate the crime undermines society’s validity: “die ‘narrative’ Unfähigkeit seitens der offiziellen Repräsentanten der Gesellschaft, ihre Unfähigkeit die Verbrechensgeschichte aufzudecken und zu erzählen, stellt die Geltung der allgemeinen Ordnung in Frage”<sup>13</sup> (239). Whether the police’s failure indicates the truly deviant nature of the crime or reveals some defect in society, the community needs to offset the damage. Thus, it “ist gerade die Aufgabe des Detektivs, die bedrohte Kausalität wieder herzustellen und die

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<sup>12</sup> “For that reason, it becomes of the utmost importance for society to uncover the hidden meaning and to mitigate the sign through reintegration” (translation RH).

<sup>13</sup> “the ‘narrative’ incapacity on the part of the official representatives of society, their inability to uncover the story of the crime and to narrate it, calls the legitimacy of the basic order into questions” (translation RH)

Möglichkeit des Unmöglichen nachzuweisen und damit die aus den Fugen geratene Weltordnung wieder einzurenken”<sup>14</sup> (Alewyn “Anatomie” 71).

Since the police cannot decipher the clues, the involvement of a detective becomes necessary. In Hühn’s estimation, criminals are authors who write the story of their crime(s). In their authorship, they attempt to control aspects of their story so that it either cannot be read or must be read incorrectly, using red herrings (245). The detective must read the criminal’s narrative and figure out which of the signs/clues are helpful or read the misleading signs in such a way that they actually point to the truth. Hühn’s model has proliferating levels, though. The detective as reader must compete with other readers, especially the police (Hühn 243-44). In turn, the traditional detective becomes an author himself and writes the story of his investigation. The Watson-figure reads that story and writes it for the real reader (Hühn 244). Finally, the relationship that the detective has to the criminal is similar to the relationship between the actual reader and the actual author. That is to say, the author writes the novel in such a way that it must be misread, and the actual reader tries to figure out *whodunit* before the author reveals it. In the diegetic world the detective almost always wins, whereas the actual reader rarely wins.

Without making it the central point of his study, Stowe shares the assumption that the detective is a reader. Stowe argues that the approach of Dupin and Holmes is one of “practical semiotics”: the “goal is to consider data of all kinds as potential signifiers and to link them, however disparate and incoherent they seem, to a coherent set of signifieds, that is, to turn them into signs of the hidden *order* behind the manifest confusion, of the *solution* to

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<sup>14</sup> “is the detective’s task to reinstate the threatened causality, to prove the possibility of the impossible, and thereby to set right a world order that is out of joint” (translation RH)

the mystery, or the *truth*” (367-68; emphasis in original). Put somewhat differently, traditional detectives are readers, but their reading is not limited to words. When most people read a page, they do not actually read the page, they read what is written on a page. Readers like Dupin and Holmes, though, read the words but also *read the page* in that they are capable of seeing a flaw in the paper and inducing something about the tree used to make it. Or, as in Arthur Conan Doyle’s “A Case of Identity” (1891), Holmes focuses not on the words of a communicate from a bank but rather the defects in the typewritten letters “e” and “r” (39). These signs signify that the letters sent to Miss Mary Sutherland from her suitor and the communicate sent to Holmes were written by the same typewriter... and with that Holmes lets ruling fall from his armchair.

Hühn comments that the ending of traditional detective stories presents a radical and empowering notion: careful reading and narration can shape or change the world. He sees this aspect of traditional detection as part of its draw. Detective stories, according to Hühn, came to prominence in a time, “in der vertraute, klar umrissene und überschaubare Strukturen sowohl aus der Wissenschaft [...] als auch aus der Literatur [...] zu verschwinden begannen”<sup>15</sup> the detective’s ability to impose order assured intellectuals—and presumably others—of the efficacy of an individual’s story (250-51). The black-and-white clarity at the end of traditional detective stories stands in contrast with an increasingly complex and complicated world. It is exactly this world—the complicated one—that is foregrounded in the hard-boiled offshoot of the detective genre. Along those lines, Hühn says that hard-boiled detection assumes a reader, “der von Anfang an weniger optimistisch hinsichtlich der Effizienz von

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<sup>15</sup> “when from science as well as literature trusted, clearly defined and manageable structures, began to disappear” (translation RH)

Interpretationsfähigkeiten ist und nicht daran glaubt, Probleme dadurch zu lösen, daß man ihre Geschichten erzählt”<sup>16</sup> (251). Such a description makes it sound as if hard-boiled detectives act purely out of compulsion and fixation. It is as if they are being forced to bring the story to light, knowing fully well that they are powerless to assert justice or effect change.

Where in traditional detection the police cannot solve the case, in hard-boiled detection the police are part of the corruption and criminality, as George Grella points out in “Murder and the Mean Streets: The Hard-Boiled Detective Novel” (1970) (10). Such widespread corruption decentralizes the crime that launches the hard-boiled detective’s investigation. “In the devastated society of the hard-boiled novel, crime is not a temporary aberration, but a ubiquitous [*sic*] fact” (Grella 10). Grella cites “the Boom of the twenties, Prohibition, the national spiritual hangover of the Depression, and gangsterism on a spectacular scale” as fodder for hard-boiled detection, as the United States suffered from “the disorder that accompanies explosive social change” (7). Crawford points out that in these tumultuous times, Los Angeles (in stark contrast to the English countryside of traditional detection) stood in for the epicenter of the lies US Americans fed themselves: “a lethal mix of illusion and artifice, racial and ethnic upheaval, political segregatory efforts, and echoes of frontier and Western ideology” (10). Or, as Grella puts it, in the place where the detective “expected innocence and love, he finds the pervasive blight of sin, a society fallen from grace, an endless struggle against evil. Instead of a fertile valley, he discovers a cultural cesspool, containing the dregs of a neon-and-plastic civilization” (Grella 11). In which case, the order that exists before the detective’s involvement cannot be understood as order in the sense of

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<sup>16</sup> “who from the very beginning was less optimistic regarding the efficacy of the powers of interpretation, and who does not believe in the power to resolve problems by just narrating their story” (translation RH)

tranquility or harmony but rather a homeostasis whose corruptness the private eye uncovers as part of his investigation.

According to Hühn, while the hard-boiled detective may have the wherewithal “die Wahrheit im Text zu lesen, kann er sie nicht mehr herausfiltern und sie benutzen, um Ungerechtigkeit und Unordnung in der Gesellschaft zu beheben”<sup>17</sup> (248). The hard-boiled detective is still a reader but his interpretative involvement in the case is a practice in futility. As such, the hard-boiled detective is less of a detached-but-quirky hero living in a manageable world and more of a common man caught in the web of modern society (Kniesche 45). Similarly, Stowe sees the hermetical isolation of Dupin and Holmes as absurd. He uses Hans-Georg Gadamer’s theory of hermeneutical interpretation to call into question the distance between subject (the detective) and object (the investigation) presented in traditional mysteries. Stowe understands the hard-boiled approach to detection as a hermeneutic model, which he finds more forceful and realistic. The hard-boiled detective’s hermeneutical reading includes “two complementary actions [...]: listening—for and to—the ‘voice’ of the case or text; projecting one’s assumptions about the case or text even as one listens for the voice and tries to make sense of the facts” (378). Along those lines, personal interpretation—not objective logic—is key to hard-boiled detection.

Both the traditional and hard-boiled detective possess the capacity to weave together the various threads of their investigation. Yet some scholars call the ability of either to grant order to a community into question. Elizabeth Rippetoe finds something unsettling about the end of traditional detective novels. “The genre conventions do not encourage the reader to

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<sup>17</sup> “to read the truth in the text, he cannot filter it out and use it in order to eliminate injustice and disorder in society” (translation RH)

consider that if the characters were actual people so closely touched by murder, it is more likely that the trajectories of their lives would be permanently altered than that they would quietly return to an existence in which the village fete will be the most exciting news of the season,” notes Rippetoe in her *Booze and the Private Eye* (2004) (8). While Rippetoe impugns traditional detection for this lack, Alewyn asserts that even though this is not portrayed, the community whose order has been restored will never be the same. He claims that comparing the mystery to a riddle or puzzle-game fails in this respect, since “beim Puzzlespiel wird ein Bild wiederhergestellt, das vor seiner Zerstückelung schon genau so vorhanden gewesen war. Das Puzzle ist das Gleichnis der Restauration einer zerstückelten Welt, der Detektivroman das Gleichnis der Zerstörung einer heilen Welt”<sup>18</sup> (Alewyn “Anatomie” 67). In his eyes, the fact that the community’s secrets have been revealed in the course of the investigation only further mars its ability to recover. Hühn would seem to agree. He writes that the various suspects “mischen sich typischerweise auch in den Text der Alltagswirklichkeit ein, sie ändern Zeichen oder arrangieren sie neu, um das Offenbarwerden ihrer kleinen schuldhaften Geheimnisse zu überdecken oder zu verändern”<sup>19</sup> (Hühn 243). Trust in the community is broken as those affected by the crime try to cover their tracks and incriminate each other. Once these scandals are exposed, it may never be possible for a community to fully rebuild the trust and peace it once had. Thus, while traditional detection

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<sup>18</sup> “with a puzzle an image is reconstructed that before its fragmentation had already exactly existed as such. The puzzle is the simile of the restoration of a fragmented world, the detective novel the simile of the destruction of a hale world” (translation RH)

<sup>19</sup> “also typically meddle with the text of the everyday reality, they change the signs or arrange them in a new way, in order to whitewash or otherwise amend the revelation of their small culpable secrets” (translation RH)

does not show the destructive fallout after the guilt has been assigned, it runs a similar course to hard-boiled detection: it reveals humanity's treacherous nature.

The social anxiety created by all of this treachery is at the heart of all detection fiction, Crawford and others have argued. In traditional detection, the crime and the criminal's ability to remain hidden represent the possibility of (potentially permanent) disorder. Crime, in its breach of society's mission, offers an alternative to the prevailing bourgeois value system. Kniesche argues that traditional detection rose to popularity at a time when the English upper class felt threatened by growing industrialization and urbanization, as well as the resultant increasing clout of the working class (*Einführung* 36). The traditional detective, then, can be seen as the agent of English upper-middle class and aristocratic social mores in the late 1800s, who, once again, "embodies the community's standards and norms." He "is therefore as invested as most of the other citizens in the community in concretizing those cultural values as well as in identifying and removing anyone who does not adhere to those standards and norms" (Crawford 34). Megan E. Abbott, in her 2002 *The Street Was Mine*, claims that American hard-boiled detective stories depict "the crises of the modern white American male trapped in a battered and enclosing American city" and are replete with "Depression-era fears about capitalism-defeated masculinity, anti-immigrant paranoia, Cold War xenophobia, and the grip of post-World War II consumerism" (2). If Crawford, Kniesche, and Abbott are correct, then traditional and hard-boiled detection share the same impetus: fear of social change. Along these lines, Kniesche notes that, in some measure, detective fiction can be read as a conservative genre (*Einführung* 36-7). Somewhat ironically then, detectives are outsiders who are interested in preserving the prevailing order in society, be they hard-boiled or traditional.

#### 1.4 A Turn Towards the Hard

Novels and stories featuring practical semioticists like Dupin and Holmes proliferated in the early 1900s, especially in Britain (Crawford 49). Their neat endings and overly confident protagonists began to draw criticism for being unrealistic, though. Two such critics are the Swiss author Friedrich Glauser and the American author Raymond Chandler. Friedrich Glauser is not explicitly a proponent of hard-boiled detection but his 1937 “Offener Brief über die Zehn Gebote für den Kriminalroman” offers striking similarities to Raymond Chandler’s criticism in “The Simple Art of Murder” (1944). For instance, both Glauser and Chandler believe that the detective should be more relatable. Glauser writes that he

braucht gar nicht findig und geschickt zu sein. Es genügt, wenn er über  
Einfühlungsvermögen und einen gesunden Menschenverstand verfügt. Vor allem aber:  
Er muß uns nahegebracht werden und nicht mehr in jenen fernen Höhen schweben, in  
denen man nach einem Regen trocken bleibt und in der alle Rasierklingen tadellos  
schneiden.<sup>20</sup> (189)

Chandler thinks the detective should be “a relatively poor man, or he would not be a detective at all. He is a common man or he could not go among common people” (“Simple Art” 20). Glauser’s own Wachtmeister Studer proves much less adroit than Chandler’s Marlowe. Still, Chandler’s ideal detective is much more empathetic than ratiocinative. In Chandler’s eyes, the paragon of detectiveliness should walk a tightrope of being an everyman and a man of honor. Readers must identify with the hard-boiled private eye yet be impressed by his virtue.

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<sup>20</sup> “need not be resourceful and talented. It is enough if he possesses empathy and common sense. Above all else: He must be brought closer to us and no longer float in those distant heights where, after a rain, one stays dry and in which all razor blades cut perfectly” (translation RH)

Glauser and Chandler do not limit their criticism to the detectives but also impugn the formality and increasing unrealism of traditional detection. In complaining that suspense is the only redeeming quality of traditional detection, Glauser writes that “der ein-, zwei-, dreifache Mord am Anfang, in der Mitte, und vielleicht auch gegen Ende, geschieht nur, um einer Denkmaschine Stoff zu logischen Deduktionen zu geben”<sup>21</sup> (Glauser 183). Here, he decries the predictability of the genre, as well as the one-dimensionality of the detective, whom he sees as a “Bahnhofsautomat” (i.e., automated train-ticket dispenser) (Glauser 188-89). Raymond Chandler sees those murders that Glauser references as increasingly contrived. Of one of Dorothy Sayers’ murders, Chandler writes that “[t]his is what is vulgarly known as having God sit in your lap; a murderer who needs that much help from Providence must be in the wrong business” (“Simple Art” 10). Chandler contrasts the elaborate murders of traditional detection with the gritty verisimilitude of hard-boiled killings. In his words, cops know that the easiest murder case in the world to break is the one somebody tried to get very cute with; the one that really bothers them is the murder somebody thought of only two minutes before he pulled it off. But if the writers of this fiction wrote about the kind of murders that happen, they would also have to write about the authentic flavor of life as it is lived. (Chandler “Simple Art” 12-13)

In Glauser’s and Chandler’s estimation, then, traditional detection presents far-fetched murders, makes those murders too central, and does so in a predictable manner. Similarly, the detective himself is entirely too intelligent and unrealistic.

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<sup>21</sup> “the single, double, triple murder that happen at the beginning, middle, and perhaps also near the end only occur to provide a think-machine with fodder for its logical deductions” (translation RH)

Chandler, in perhaps his most damning criticism of traditional detection, cites the godfather of the hard-boiled genre. He claims that “[Dashiell] Hammett gave murder back to the kind of people that commit it for reasons, not just to provide a corpse; and with the means at hand, not hand-wrought dueling pistols, curare, and tropical fish” (“Simple Art” 16).

Dashiell Hammett’s 1930 *The Maltese Falcon* is one of the most—if not *the* most—popular hard-boiled detective novels ever written. It all begins when the perilously pretty Miss Wonderly hires Sam Spade and Miles Archer to tail a man. By the end of the night, Archer and the man he was supposed to follow, Floyd Thursby, are dead. Due to his proximity to both men, Spade is a suspect in these crimes. The plot thickens when Miss Wonderly reveals that her actual name is Brigid O’Shaughnessy and that the real reason she needs a private detective is because she is on the hunt for a priceless artifact. She, of course, is not the only one who wants this relic. The Maltese Falcon’s suitors include the smooth-talking villain Casper Gutman, the belligerent gunman Wilmer Cook, and Cook’s homosexual lover, the slithery Joel Cairo. Spade goes along with the quixotic case as it zigzags back and forth across San Francisco. He becomes as deeply embroiled in the backstabbing as all the other characters, ostensibly protecting his client (O’Shaughnessy) the whole time. The narrative ends, however, with the revelation that Spade’s involvement in the hunt for the Maltese Falcon was at least partially an artifice. His real desire is to bring the person who killed his partner to justice.

The motif of the locked room to which Alewyn refers is no longer in play in *The Maltese Falcon* (“Anatomie” 68; “Origin” 69). Even the expansive cityscape of San Francisco cannot contain the boundaries of the intrigue. As the name implies, it is a case with international implications; the band of crooks looking for the *rara avis* has traveled all over

the world trying to obtain it. The hard-boiled genre thereby dispossesses the reader of their easy grasp on the cast of characters and list of suspects: guilt could be anywhere. The indirect path that Spade must take to solve the case (i.e., the search for the falcon) is reflected in his navigating the city and its disparate environs. Like Spade, the reader is swept up in the action of subsequent betrayals and conspiracies. Spade, however, has laser-like focus where the reader loses sight not only of the crime at the beginning of the story but also of who is a suspect at all. Everyone is a scoundrel. Grella observes that this facet of Hammett's novel can be generalized for the hard-boiled genre, which "employs an urban locale, a disordered society, and a final dissolution" (14).

Hammett does indeed bring his hero out of the clouds and down to Earth: Spade's meanness is on display shortly after the death of Miles Archer, his partner. Spade goes to the crime scene but does not bother to look at the body. Instead, he tells the police that they will be able to see everything that he could see (Hammett *The Maltese Falcon* 15). In traditional mysteries, the detective would see the crime scene and spot something that eluded the police (Kniesche 55). Hammett's break with tradition here is a subtle maneuver that highlights his detective's humanity: his eyes are no better than those of the police. Archer's murder is likewise of the common variety: he is shot. Perhaps this kind of (unfortunately) ordinary death is the simplicity to which Chandler refers in the title of his essay, "The Simple Art of Murder." Chandler, who is widely regarded as an acolyte of Hammett's, emulates this type of murder in his own writing. As Fredric Jameson writes in 1983 of Chandler (but it could also apply to Hammett), "the other random violence of the secondary plot has intervened to contaminate the central murder. And by the time we reach its explanation, we have come to feel all violence in the same light, and it strikes us as being just as shoddy and cheap" ("On

Raymond Chandler” 147). Both Hammett and Chandler, then, build into their structure a type of protest against the traditional variety of detection. The rampant corruption of the hard-boiled world has the ultimate effect of deemphasizing the murder—or whatever the original transgression or assignment is. The seedy underworld is revealed to simply be the world, which in turn absurdly implies that murder is just the tip of the proverbial iceberg when it comes to perfidy in the mean streets.

Not only are hard-boiled murders unsentimental but so are the types of corruption. Central to hard-boiled detection is “local politics, with its odium, its ever-present corruption, its deals and perpetual preoccupation with undramatic, materialistic questions such as sewage disposal, zoning regulations, property taxes, and so forth” (Jameson 130). For Chandler, the fact that such bagatelles might lead to a murder exposes humanity’s falsity: “It is not funny that a man should be killed, but it is sometimes funny that he should be killed for so little, and that his death should be the coin of what we call civilization” (“Simple Art” 20). The uneasy equilibrium that these municipalities rest in, however, demands maintenance. The rich pay off politicians and hire muscle to protect the status quo, as do the gangsters. The private eye comes up against those strongmen as he pursues his quest and must “often absorb alarming physical punishment, being variously slugged, beaten, and battered by criminals and police, invariably recovering to continue their investigation” (Grella 8). That the police and criminals both respond to the detective in the same way—that is, with violence—points out the flimsy distinction between legitimate and illegitimate institutions. Yet in Chandler’s view, the detective enjoys that violence (“Simple Art” 16). Given the pleasure the detective finds in this violence, Jameson’s romantic characterization seems apt: “the gangland violence of the American big city is felt as a secret destiny, a kind of nemesis lurking beneath the

surface of hastily acquired fortunes” (Jameson 126). Thus, the hard-boiled detective faces a series of obstacles: there are any number of suspects in the sprawling American cityscape, a jumble of connected and unconnected crimes surrounds the initial offense, and crooks who will happily divert the detective through violence populate the city.

Compared with traditional detection, the arena in which the hard-boiled investigation takes place is expansive, yet the reader is closer to the hero. In the works of Poe and Doyle, the criminal creates a scheme so complicated that only the think-machine—to use a calque from Glauser’s German—can work it out. The criminal’s text proves indecipherable to the Watson-figure (i.e., the story’s everyman), who cannot even read the detective’s method. Yet, the final story of the crime is relayed by the admiring sidekick not the detective himself. In hard-boiled detection, however, with uncomplicated murders and detectives who utilize a hermeneutic approach, there is no longer need for a Watson-figure to mitigate the hero’s eccentricity. As follows, hard-boiled detection is usually written from the first-person perspective of the detective as if the events were unfolding while they are being narrated; that is to say that hard-boiled detection generally uses an autodiegetic narrator. Marking this shift in narration is the type of the language used. Abbott states that where the traditional “detective is generally characterized by a bourgeois or even upper-class background, intellectualism and bookishness” the hard-boiled detective is more emotional and even anti-intellectual (12). This hard-boiled aversion towards erudition is reflected in his speech, which is a “masculine jargon, the language, through its surfeit of idioms, slang, and rapid-fire delivery, sounds, at times, disjointed, yet it is rich in undertone, nuance, skewed logic, distorted philosophy, and word games—a kind of language that reveals little emotions,

character, and truth,” as Ronald Nesbitt poeticizes in his 2009 *The Femme Fatale and Male Anxiety* (2009). Such rich yet accessible language brooks no middleman.

While Chandler disparages the formalism of traditional detection, it is not as if hard-boiled detection is able to avoid formality. Two conventions have already been mentioned: uncomplicated murders and autodiegetic narration marked by colloquial language. Abbott observes further that

the loner white male hero is lower-middle class or working-class, tough-talking, intuition-driven, and very easily contaminated by the crimes that surround him. The crimes, in turn, are driven by economics, greed, rage, social-climbing, thuggery, and the settings are almost entirely within the American city, its wealthy surroundings, and its most debased and downtrodden centers and margins. (12)

Abbott, in very little space, presents several conventions of prototypical hard-boiled detection. The genre is largely an American phenomenon at its roots and plays out in an urban environment where the whole city seems to be under the sway of the corrupt wealthy. The detective not only has no need of a Watson-figure but also eschews cooperation. The hard-boiled private eye “is a cynic with few attachments to mainstream and middle-class lifestyle markers (homeownership, for example). Socially, he is a loner” (Crawford 91). His refusal of help extends to his personal life. He either does not want to or cannot participate in bourgeois-capitalist endeavors, guaranteeing that the detective will remain an outsider. Counterintuitively, *his* outsider status is (i.e., having no family, no salaried position, no fixed domicile) is cemented by *his* whiteness. A white male *should* have a steady job, a wife, and a home but the hard-boiled detective does not.

As the emphases in the previous paragraph suggest, the early days of hard-boiled detection were dominated by male private eyes. While there are admittedly several female detectives in traditional detection (e.g., Hoffmann's Scuderi, Agatha Christie's Miss Marple, Dorothy Sayer's Harriet Vane) and some perhaps female-coded male detectives (e.g., Christie's Hercule Poirot), even the prototypical detective is male. In the early days of hard-boiled detection, the detective is not just male but a white, hyper-masculine man. It is difficult if not impossible to view masculinity as distinct from race or class, but whiteness in hard-boiled detection (and other places) is largely portrayed as "transparent, a totality, the norm" (Abbott 4). That is to say, whiteness is actually *not* portrayed. Inversely, marking the Other cannot be seen a neutral contrast to whiteness, if that whiteness is perceived as the norm. In comparing the culture of the USA to Britain, Crawford notes that to the established middle class of the United States, "people of color, but especially African Americans and Native Americans; poor native-born whites; newly arrived white immigrants; and to a certain extent white middle-class women were viewed as segments of the population that had to be contained and controlled for the nation's overall good" (47). In this estimation, whiteness is not simply about the color of one's skin but is also bound up in class, gender, and sex. All the while, otherness is associated with some threat to a (white) community's welfare. Just as there is an association with foreignness and criminality, so there is a suspicion of anyone who does not fall under this category of white male transparency.

Philip Marlowe takes advantage of this transparency. In Chandler's Los Angeles, Jameson sees a microcosm of the United States: a centerless space where the classes are disconnected and compartmentalized (127). One of Marlowe's special abilities is to move between all these disjointed communities (Jameson 127-28). This crossing of boundaries

implies privilege, though. As Abbott comments, one “brand of whiteness is the liberty to move at one’s will, with responsibility only to oneself and one’s desires, with a ‘white’ security in always being able to find someone willing to help or hire oneself” (100). Thus, to Jameson’s observations about the detective crossing cultural lines one must add that Marlowe can only do so with such ease because he is an unmarked white male. In a seeming paradox, the hard-boiled, white male detective maintains outsider status (as seen above) while enjoying all the privileges of whiteness, including access to marginalized communities.

In several ways—including how Marlowe uses his white privilege—Chandler’s *Farewell, My Lovely* (1940) is a paradigmatic Marlowe case. It starts off with Philip Marlowe inserting himself into a situation that is none of his business. He sees a large man, Moose Malloy, standing on the sidewalk and staring up at a building. When Marlowe approaches him, Malloy pushes Marlowe up the stairs into the club with him. Malloy has just gotten out of jail and has returned to this spot looking for a former lover, Velma. In the intervening years, the club has become a bar for black people. During their tense visit in this club, Malloy kills the owner and flees. The cops, however, show little interest in investigating the murder of a black man, so Marlowe investigates the case seemingly out of curiosity. Along the way, he must deal with a home-bound alcoholic, a perilously attractive woman married to a rich and elderly man, and a charlatan supported by corrupt police and an unscrupulous doctor.

At the beginning of *Farewell, My Lovely*, Philip Marlowe states that he is on “one of those mixed blocks over on Central Avenue, the blocks that are not yet all Negro” (Chandler *Farewell, My Lovely* 3). The comment subtly references tensions in the contemporary, ethnically diversifying Los Angeles and white flight to the suburbs (Abbott 107). However, while Marlowe may notice that whiteness is no longer the norm on this block, he never

questions his own position in this space, nor does anyone else. Even when he is in Florian's—a bar serving only black clientele—the “No white folks, brother,” is not directed at Marlowe but rather Moose Malloy (Chandler *Farewell, My Lovely* 8). Here, Abbott's contention that whiteness is racelessness is apt, but whiteness alone does not guarantee transparency (107). The larger-than-life Moose Malloy may be white, but he is not unmarked: he wears brash clothes, is an ex-convict, and speaks non-standard American English. By contrast, Marlowe blends in. When Malloy is in the back of the club, Marlowe even crosses racial boundaries. In discussing what kinds of guns the barkeeper has, Marlowe insists, “you and I are together”; he thus allies himself with the black bartender and not his white peer (Chandler *Farewell, My Lovely* 13). Abbott notes that this type of behavior is seemingly contradictory: Marlowe, the male loner, “distances himself from ‘Others,’ from social change, from modernity, from growing ethnic diversity, from the empowerment of women, from the threat of femininity or feminization,” but in doing so maintains the mutability of whiteness and is able to cross over into the very realms that produce his social anxiety and paranoia (11). Cultivating too much proximity to these groups in disparate spaces simultaneously, however, puts the detective's identity at risk, as well.

All of the threats that beset the hard-boiled detective (e.g., the threat of emasculation, of racial contamination, of becoming corrupt, of becoming workaday) demand a special vigilance from him. To protect himself, the private eye must rely on what critics and scholars refer to as his code. This code helps the private eye navigate a moribund world filled with corruption, dangerous women, and fear of impurity. Traditional detectives—as practical semioticians—have no need for a code; their integrity never comes under threat. The distance they keep from their texts allows them to remain immune to the world's corruption and

violence. Hard-boiled detectives, on the other hand, intuit meaning from exchange at close range and are driven by curiosity. They are not the think-machines against whom Glauser rails; they *must* become involved in an exchange with their texts in order to find meaning. This intercourse often comes with the price tag of implicating themselves in crimes. In *Farewell, My Lovely*, Marlowe is present for Malloy's homicide, meaning Marlowe is there *before* there is even a Moose Malloy case (Stowe 376). Forced by widespread immorality, the private eye

works outside of the established social code, preferring his own instinctive justice to the often tarnished justice of civilization. The private detective always finds the police incompetent, brutal, or corrupt, and therefore works alone. He replaces the subtleties of the deductive method with a sure knowledge of his world and a keen moral sense.

(Grella 8)

If he must go out into society—and he must—then he must also put up boundaries between it and himself; he must maintain his code. Those boundaries represent his commitment to remaining pure, solving the case, and enacting his brand of justice.

The detective's code does not ensure that he is moral or successful in his line of work. Spade in *The Maltese Falcon* appears callous in his response to his partner's death. He does not go to see Archer's body, nor can he bring himself to comfort Archer's wife, and he un sentimentally tells his secretary to have "*Spade & Archer* taken off the door and *Samuel Spade* put on" (Hammett *The Maltese Falcon* 29; emphasis in original). Yet, the entire time Spade is helping O'Shaughnessy find the Maltese Falcon, he is actually trying to uncover the truth about his partner's death: a partner he did not have much affection for, as evinced by his affair with Archer's wife. Marlowe is less callous than Spade but his methods do not ensure

his innocence. Marlowe—who has a flirtatious rapport with Mrs. Lewin Lockridge Grayle—eventually realizes she is none other than Velma. Despite how dangerous Malloy is, Marlowe is positively disposed towards Malloy and through back channels invites Malloy to his place. Minutes after Malloy arrives, Mrs. Grayle arrives at Marlowe’s apartment suspecting a sexual liaison. When Malloy comes out of his hiding spot to confront Velma/Mrs. Grayle, she shoots Malloy five times (Chandler *Farewell, My Lovely* 282). As such, Marlowe’s involvement in the case results in Malloy’s death and eventually Velma/Mrs.Grayle’s, as well.

In *Farewell, My Lovely*, Marlowe receives help from Anne Riordan, the daughter of a former cop. “There’s a nice little girl, [...] for a guy that’s interested in a nice little girl,” says Marlowe to himself after meeting with Riordan, “But I’m not,” he continues (Chandler *Farewell, My Lovely* 139). The end of the novel paints a different picture. The penultimate chapter ends with these words: “Anne Riordan said thoughtfully: ‘I’d like to be kissed, damn you!’” (Chandler *Farewell, My Lovely* 288). The implication is that Marlowe acquiesces to this request. In which case, his earlier statement is either an attempt to convince himself of something—how much of a tough guy her is—or a demonstration of the fact that he does not know himself. Despite the hard-boiled detective’s perennial bachelorhood, Marlowe *is* interested in woman, he just does not know what he feels about them (cf. Chandler *The Big Sleep* 153-59; *The Little Sister* 239-248; *The Long Goodbye* 212-14, 341-43). Earlier in the novel, Marlowe feels disgusted for kissing Mrs. Grayle. He also feels disgusted after merely talking to Jessie Florian (a medusa-like alcoholic, in Abbott’s opinion [52-54]). At one point, he claims that he likes “smooth shiny girls, hardboiled and loaded with sin” (Chandler

*Farewell, My Lovely* 196). This assertion is, however, in direct contradiction with his actions, as *Farewell, My Lovely* ends with an intimate meeting between Anne Riordan and Marlowe.

In Marlowe's conflicting desires between Mrs. Grayle and Anne Riordan in *Farewell, My Lovely*, the dichotomy of the whore and the virgin is enacted; a trope that often comes into play in the hard-boiled genre. Generally speaking, women are either the impetus for or guilty of some crime, as seen in both *The Maltese Falcon* and *Farewell, My Lovely* (Grella 9). The role that Brigid O'Shaughnessy and Mrs. Grayle play in their respective novels is a defining feature of the hard-boiled genre: the *femme fatale*. Scholars propose multiple ways to read the *femme fatale*. On the whole, though, her presence serves as a distraction from the detective's primary directive (i.e., living by his code). She embodies the temptation of both a transgressive sexuality *and* a more normative lifestyle that the detective should/could lead. By extension, the sway she holds over the detective reflects his difficulty remaining untainted. The detective would try to keep all of society's depraved influences at bay, but in working for money—though he loathes it—he reveals the tenuous nature of his saintly outsider-ness. Next to his imminent need for money, the *femme fatale* is the biggest threat to the detective's capacity to remain detached from society.

Crawford describes the *femme fatale* in relatively prosaic terms, saying she is “a trope for danger to and distrust by working-class men in hard-boiled detective fiction. The only women to be trusted are those who have to be protected and cared for by the men in their lives” (62). Nesbitt, on the other hand, observes that she

is the most alluring, terrifying and frightening phenomenon, and she is the source of castration anxiety. [...] The mythic image of the *femme fatale* is as old as the first spoken narratives. The irresistible siren calls of Circe—the consequences of which

Odysseus knows are agonizing—they amount to the inconceivable, which is loss of masculine control and death. (34)

In either case, the hard-boiled detective's relationship to her helps define his masculinity. Nesbitt notes that Iva Archer's, Effie Perine's, and Brigid O'Shaughnessy's femininity challenges "Spade's masculinity and tests his moral fiber. In their cloying, possessive, and manipulating mannerisms, the three women undermine Spade's orderly and controlled sense of life" (202). Certainly, part of Marlowe's code is to avoid sexual and emotional entanglement during investigations, though he often fails (*Chandler Farewell, My Lovely* 87, 127-37, 184-96; *The Big Sleep* 153-59; *The Little Sister* 239-48; *The Long Goodbye* 212-14, 341-43). Marlowe's and Spade's aversion to women suggests that the code that they continuously write for themselves demands a type of isolation that most people are not capable of. In their eschewing emotional attachment and committed relationships with women, they reinforce their outsider status and reveal an atypical masculinity. The detective falls short of being completely celibate, which would be the only way to be a pure outsider. Revealing that he is human after all reinforces his everyman character and his approachability—a further contrast from the traditional detective. His inability to avert his eyes reflects his need to see and to know. His failures to remain chaste are never terminal, though; he will always have another chance to isolate himself.

Abbott reads the *femme fatale* somewhat differently. She claims that the private detective's code prevents him from enjoying "the familiar generic vehicle of transgression: a heterosexual liaison with the *femme fatale*" (Abbott 48). If the *femme fatale* is the literary representative of the Freudian fear of castration, though, she is ultimately not *fatale* but rather a stand-in for male anxiety. As such, the *femme fatale* is the manifestation of his fantasy and

fear. She does not, then, just personify the threat of castration/physical harm (Brigid O'Shaughnessy *is* dangerous, as is Mrs. Grayle) but she also dares the detective to reveal his impotency, both in a heteronormatively sexual sense and a more general one. The *femme fatale* offers—or at least represents—the possibility of the detective escaping his solitary lifestyle. If he were to give up his solitude, however, the detective would have sacrificed the thing that matters most: his code. Hard-boiled detectives thus inhabit a precarious position between being principled, masculine, and celibate and being marginalized as Other by their unwillingness to participate in their own mainstream hegemony. The *femme fatale* highlights this otherness and thereby his impotence. The hard-boiled detective can neither change the world nor function in society. Outsider status amongst the hard-boiled detectives, then, does not offer the same efficacy as in traditional detection.

One way the detective deals with his impotence is through drink. Rippetoe notes that the private eye will drink just about anything, anywhere, at any time. He “will sip fine brandy with a wealthy client or drink rotgut with an informant in a waterfront dive” (Rippetoe 28). These instances of drinking are not without their own implications for the private eye’s code. For Hammett, who wrote during the Prohibition (1922-33 in the USA), this type of access to alcohol implies an entire system of criminality: production, distribution, illicit sales, not to mention the questionable quality and safety of any unregulated hooch. His imbibition reflects the detective’s ambivalent position between law and lawlessness (Rippetoe 33). Despite its illegality, alcohol functions much as it has for the past millennia in *The Maltese Falcon*: as a gesture of hospitality, a sign of manliness, and an emotional support system. In that world, to turn down a drink is to break some unwritten man-code. For instance, after his partner’s death, Spade returns home just before four in the morning and drinks three wine glasses full

of Bacardi. When two police officers—with whom Spade is acquainted—show up to ask him questions, Spade pours two wine glasses for them: Tom, the officer Spade gets along with, drains his immediately; Lieutenant Dundy, who distrusts Spade, only takes a few sips. In the heated discussion that follows, Dundy tells Spade that Spade is on thin ice. Despite the threat of arrest, Spade fixates on the neglected rum: “I’d feel better about it if you’d drink your drink,” which Dundy eventually does (Hammett *The Maltese Falcon* 23). Spade’s willingness or even enthusiasm to observe these norms can lead him astray. When Spade goes to meet Gutman and discuss the *rara avis*, Gutman offers him a cigar and whiskey. Gutman drinks lavishly and Spade follows suit only to pass out from the knockout drops Gutman slipped into his drink (Hammett *The Maltese Falcon* 122-32).

The private eye’s ability to process alcohol is paralleled only by his ability to laugh off threats and absorb violence. Danger seems to be a natural consequence of the detective’s involvement in the hard-boiled world. Even when things look most dire, the hard-boiled detectives’ “insults and wisecracks are the badge of their courage; refusing to show pain or fear, they answer punishment with flippancy” (Grella 8). When Sam Spade comes home just before midnight and is greeted by Wilmer pointing two pistols at him, Cairo pointing another, and Gutman smiling deviously, he responds with a “Sure, we’ll talk” (Hammett *The Maltese Falcon* 171-72). Perhaps threats of violence roll off his back because the detective possesses an uncanny ability to bounce back from injury and poison. After Gutman serves Spade knockout-drops in his whiskey, Wilmer delivers a kick to his temple. When Spade wakes up twelve hours later, he returns to his office to give Effie some instructions, ignores her suggestion to see a doctor, and heads out for a “leisurely breakfast” (Hammett *The Maltese*

*Falcon* 134). In several ways, the private detective does feel more relatable than the traditional detective/think-machine; in this respect, he is enviable but just as unrealistic.

If it were not for the drinking and pugilism, the hard-boiled detective's peculiar virtuousness would make him insufferable and unbelievable. He is poor but has a fraught relationship with money. The detective's "personal code prevents his accepting tainted money, even for doing the right thing" (Grella 9). The private eye must also remain emotionally unattached. While Crawford writes that the hard-boiled detective "does not get a 'girl' (he hates women)," the two are not the same and one must wonder what "get" means here (58). Spade certainly beds O'Shaughnessy in *The Maltese Falcon* and could have ended up with her; Marlowe definitely "gets" Anne Riordan. The strictures of his code, however, seem to block the possibility of entering into a long-term relationship with a woman (Rippetoe 12). Somehow, the private eye uses alcohol and violence as talismans *against* the corrupting power of money and women. Still, the hard-boiled detective's morality is questionable at best. Prior to having her arrested, Spade makes O'Shaughnessy strip naked in front of him to confirm that she has not stolen any of his money (Hammett *The Maltese Falcon* 195-96). Further, "the reader knows that Sam Spade may not be all he is cut out to be as a moral crusader for right over wrong. From the beginning of the story it is known that he is indulging in a sexual liaison with his partner's wife" (Nesbitt 217). Marlowe, for his part, plies a home-bound, alcoholic woman with liquor, necks with another man's wife, and consciously takes advantage of his white privilege. The private eye's struggle to uphold his code and thereby his morality makes him more relatable than traditional detectives. His slippages in this area are what elevate the detective genre to a form of art that Glauser and Chandler believed it was capable of being.

### 1.5 Conclusion

While this chapter highlights the differences between traditional and hard-boiled detection, the two share much. They both reveal humanity's capacity for crime and intrigue. Similarly, the detective must detect, and whether by intellect or intuition, *he* (generally) must read the clues and put together a coherent story. In Schulze-Witzenrath's words from "Die Geschichten des Detektivromans" (1979), the detective chooses the discrete points, "die ihm sinnvoll kombinierbar erscheinen, und bringt sie in die Gestalt einer Geschichte des Verbrechen, gibt ihnen also die erforderliche chronologisch-kausale Anordnung"<sup>22</sup> (226). As this process implies, both traditional and hard-boiled detection reveal traces of the crime story through the investigation story and the text ultimately culminates in a reveal scene, where guilt is apportioned and the story of the crime laid out (Schulze-Witzenrath 219-20). Both traditional detection and hard-boiled detection pull the reader in two divergent directions. On the one hand, humans turn out to be terrible people whether in the English countryside or the American cityscape; not only do humans kill, but they also go to great lengths to cover up their dirty deeds. This sinister view of humanity is offset by the happy ending of traditional detection and by the hard-boiled detective's resilient rectitude.

Sally R. Munt's *Murder by the Book?* (1994) suggests that traditional detection might be even more damning of society than the hard-boiled variety. Munt quotes an observation by Alison Light about Agatha Christie's work that undermines the notion that traditional detection is purely an escape from reality's iniquity. Christie's work made "the unsettling

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<sup>22</sup> ...the data "that appear sensibly connective to him and brings these points into the form of a story of the crime, giving them then the required chronological-causal order" (own translation)

implication that ‘it is the middle classes who are the murdering classes’, and their victims are their own selves. The fiction may work in the end to offer ‘reassurance’ but since her communities always thrive on suspicion their insecurities can never be resolved” (Munt 9). As such, these British rural settings turn out quite similar to the American cityscape of hard-boiled detection where corruption and unease are omnipresent. While the hard-boiled cityscape is more threatening, the peaceful countryside may make the treachery in traditional detection all the ghastlier. In the hard-bitten world, such transgressions would be expected. Still, the only person who has any chance of cleaning up this place is someone who is not integrated into its social structure, who has somehow managed to remain *outside*. His capacity to resist the temptations that he is beset with inspires faith in an otherwise dysfunctional world. Whether he proceeds with a strictly logical approach or by fumbling about, he solves the crime and occasionally does some good in the process.

## 2. Clues and False Trails: Kayankaya Scholarship

The ensuing chapter surveys the scholarly literature about Jakob Arjouni's *Kayankaya* series and identifies major themes. Some authors appear in multiple sections, for instance, Arlene Teraoka whose "Detecting Ethnicity" was the first substantial publication on *Kayankaya*. Her significantly shaped the scholarship on *Kayankaya*. Based on the exhaustiveness of her observations and the astuteness of her conclusions, her presentation of both *Kayankaya*'s and Arjouni's struggles with legitimacy make up the bulk of the first section here. At the same time, however, the question of the appropriateness of a white male writing a brown character does not belong to Teraoka alone. Beyond the question of legitimacy, several scholars note that while *Kayankaya* confounds expectations of the Turk, several of Arjouni's minor characters represent standard portrayals of the immigrant in Germany. *Kayankaya*'s Turkish heritage and the prevalence of immigrant themes in the series means that these novels bear a certain resemblance to migrant literature, but overwhelmingly scholars agree that Arjouni writes *Kayankaya* as a hard-boiled protagonist. Thus, one section presents how scholars view Arjouni's use of the hard-boiled model and how *Kayankaya* relates to detectives like Sam Spade and Philip Marlowe. Finally, several scholars address the question of *Kayankaya*'s identity, in respect to but also irrespective of his genre membership. After laying out these common threads of scholarship on *Kayankaya*, I delineate my approach to the series.

### 2.1 *Kayankaya's and Arjouni's Struggles with Legitimacy*

The name of the first-person narrator in *Happy birthday, Türke!* is only mentioned about five pages into the novel. As the narrator approaches his office and the author takes the opportunity to insert the information listed on the door: "KEMAL KAYANKAYA[:]"

PRIVATERMITTLUNGEN”<sup>23</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 9). At which Kemal Kayankaya launches into his origin story, which functions partially as a justification for his presence in Germany (9-10). Shortly after his birth (Aug. 11th, 1957), in which his mother dies, Kayankaya and his father move to Germany from Turkey (ibid.). Three years later, his father dies in an automobile accident, at which point the 4-year-old Kemal Kayankaya is adopted by the Holzheim family. Thanks to this adoption, he receives German citizenship and grows up in a thoroughly German environment. This chronicle of his past is odd for at least two reasons: not only for its content but also in its existence. Kayankaya is an autodiegetic narrator, which means he is detailing his biography to himself, since no one else is around. The passage supports the notion that Kayankaya possesses an awareness of the perception of his name and presence is in a German context. His biographic apology, then, is a sort of Pavlovian response to merely seeing his name. Further, the hard-boiled detective has no such history; that the readership has this kind of access to Kayankaya’s past is unusual. As Arlene Teraoka observes, the hard-boiled detective is “a figure defined by his freedom from all categories” (281). Teraoka suggests that this justification exists because of Kayankaya’s implausibility on multiple levels. The following section will explore why Kayankaya would have seemed so jarring at the time to German audiences and how both Kayankaya’s *and* Arjouni’s authenticity were challenged by critics. A brief presentation of historical context will ground the summary of this topic.

Barbara A. Fennell writes in her 1997 *Language, Literature, and the Negotiation of Identity* that as soon as the West German economy began to recover from WWII, “the number of foreign workers grew dramatically, owing to a general dearth of Germans in the 12-35 year

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<sup>23</sup> “KEMAL KAYANKAYA[:] PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS” (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 5)

old age group, a 40 percent decrease in the birthrate, and an increase in the number of Germans of pensionable age” (16). The Federal Republic of Germany signed recruitment agreements (*Anwerbeabkommen*) with several Mediterranean countries, including Italy, Portugal, Greece, and specifically with Turkey in 1960 in an attempt to increase the workforce (Fennell 17). The people who answered this call were given the somewhat paradoxical title of *Gastarbeiter* (i.e., guest worker). In the coming decade, this *Gastarbeiter* community grew quickly. By 1973, the number of “nonworking foreigners” alone had grown to 1.37 million in the Federal Republic of Germany (Fennell 21). The expanding *Gastarbeiter* population pushed for more rights and clearer opportunities for their future in Germany but their efforts took a serious hit with the slowing economy and subsequent *Anwerbestopp* of November 1973, according to Anahita Babakhani-Kalla’s 2017 dissertation *Paranoia im deutschsprachigen Kriminalroman der Gegenwart* (94). The West German efforts of the 1970s to curb the influx of migrants had some impact on the number of people applying for residency in Germany but the number of recent migrants *living* in Germany actually remained stable as their living conditions and prospects for legitimate employment in Germany worsened (Babakhani-Kalla 95).

Gail Elizabeth Wise argues that the *Gastarbeiter* community found itself on the bottom of Germany’s migrant list. Before the fall of the Berlin Wall in 1989, one category of ‘the migrant’ in West Germany was the *Übersiedler*: someone who fled the German Democratic Republic (GDR) (Wise 189). This group was distinct from *Aussiedler* or so-called ethnic Germans (a designation that still exists at the time of this writing) who could return to Germany after living in East Bloc countries in the aftermath of WWII (ibid.). According to the pamphlet *Ihre Heimat sind wir*, the people in these groups are not actually

foreign (Wise 191). Their supposed lack of foreignness is contrasted with the confounding title given to the people in the *Gastarbeiter* community: “einheimische[] Ausländer” which translates to “domestic outlander” or “native foreigner” (Wise 192, footnote 8). Amidst all of this hair-splitting, Wise writes that “language figured prominently in representations of foreign workers: difficulties with the German language signified foreignness and otherness” (Wise 193). Along those lines, people who migrated from East Germany were more readily accepted as native when compared to people returning from eastern Europe. However, *Gastarbeiter*, especially those with non-white skin tones, were often doubly foreign: they may have lacked access to language, *and* they possessed a marked appearance.

As Teraoka points out, Kayankaya’s story links him to the influx of *Gastarbeiter* in the German Federal Republic: his father, Tarik, sought work in West Germany and brought Kemal with him at a very young age (Teraoka 269-70). Teraoka cites the pervasiveness of *ius sanguinis* in Germany as acting against someone like Kayankaya and their acceptance into broader society. The Reich Citizenship Law of 1913 adopted this philosophy of citizenship and it was codified in 1935 as a barrier to naturalization in Germany. While naturalization was relatively rare, as Teraoka points out, it was even rarer for Turks (269). It was thus difficult for non-whites to become citizens and perhaps even harder to be perceived as German. A further consequence of *ius sanguinis* that Teraoka references is a “quasi-natural connection between foreignness and criminality” (271). Popular media and even respected outlets like *Der Spiegel* portrayed the male migrant as a violent threat (ibid.). Kayankaya’s short autobiography in *Happy birthday, Türke!* is meant to justify how a Turkish-looking man could possess German citizenship, native command of the language, *and* have a crime-

fighting preoccupation. All of these traits confound the popular view of the Turkish man in Germany in the 1980s and '90s (Teraoka 271-72).

Teraoka states that another reason why Kayankaya seems illegitimate is the *perceived* lack of detection fiction in the German tradition, let alone works of the hard-boiled variety. Richard Alewyn—who asserts that *Das Fräulein von Scuderi* is the first detective story—finds this perception unfounded and so does Teraoka (Teraoka 266). Teraoka notes the popularity of (admittedly mediocre) televised police procedurals like *Derrick*, *Der Kommissar*, and *Tatort*, which have much in common with traditional detection (Teraoka 267). Like Holmes and Poirot, “the investigator” in these series “restores and guarantees the established social order through knowledge, discipline, and proper procedure” (268). Teraoka, however, does find a lack of hard-boiled detection in the German tradition. In an attempt to explain this lack, Teraoka writes that the private eye’s “violent rebellion contains fascistic potential, a sadistic and destructive impulse that manifests itself in his trademark racist, misogynist, and homophobic attitudes,” and the “associations [...] with German fascism, of course, bring the genre too close to home” (Teraoka 267). However, if no Germans were drawn to the loner doling out tough justice, then publishers and critics would not highlight the influence of Hammett and Chandler in Arjouni’s novels. Along those same lines, the Cowboy Western—an antecedent to hard-boiled detection in many scholars’ view—would have never found an audience in Germany (Kniesche *Einführung* 70). Her main point, however, stands: A German equivalent to the American hard-boiled style is lacking prior to Kayankaya’s arrival.

As proof that Arjouni’s depiction of Kayankaya is convincing, several critics assumed that Arjouni and Kayankaya have a shared or similar background. Teraoka finds that the

common and not necessarily ill-intentioned tendency to identify the author with the protagonist had ethnophobic underpinnings in the case of Arjouni. People simply assumed that the author was an outsider *like* the protagonist: as if like the protagonist perforce meant Turkish or at the very least foreign to Germany (Teraoka 275). Teraoka sums up the two types of positions critics took: If Arjouni is Turkish, “he fails to give us what we expect, namely a view of life in the minority ghetto. [...] If really German, then he has simply played a joke on us” (276). Teraoka sees this entire discourse as hanging on to a restrictive perception of identity. In her own words, “the issue is not Arjouni (or Kayankaya) being German or Turkish, but the habit of thought that conceives identity according to categories presented as mutually exclusive” (ibid.). Like Stowe and Hühn, Teraoka sees the detective as a reader who “rewrites an apparent or inconsistent chain of events into a coherent [...] narrative” and thereby creates meaning (278). However, Kayankaya’s wanderings through the various West German milieux bring about revelations not necessarily connected to his assignment. In Teraoka’s view, these revelations show a “constant slippage of racial and ethnic identity: Kayankaya, as a detective in search of the truth to a crime, illustrates above all the absurdity of determining true origins” (ibid.). One could argue the same of Arjouni’s origins.

There is a general consensus amongst scholars that Kayankaya destabilizes fixed or rigid categories.<sup>24</sup> Jeanne Ruffing in her 2011 *Identität ermitteln* agrees with this sentiment (161). Ruffing, however, takes a more critical stance towards the Kayankaya series as a contribution to hard-boiled literature *and* towards the question of a white person writing a non-white person. Per Ruffing, Arjouni goes to considerable lengths to show that there is no

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<sup>24</sup> cf. Alfred Cobbs’ 2006 *Migrants’ Literature in Postwar Germany*, 141-63

such thing as a typical Turk, but his texts do posit a typical German and *he* is both racist and xenophobic (292). In Arjouni's defense, there are also several xenophobic women in the stories. Ruffing supposes that as an insider who is not allowed in, Kayankaya has the perfect vantage point to criticize this supposedly typical German and German society at large: "Das bedeutet aber zugleich, daß der 'Türke' als eigenständige Figur im Text nicht vorkommt"<sup>25</sup> (Ruffing 293). It is Ruffing's view that the text does not hold "the Turk" in high enough regard to present such a figure. In that assessment, however, Ruffing trips the very trap that Arjouni sets. Kayankaya can be a recent immigrant *and* stereotypically German: a phenomenon that current vocabulary and binary thinking have difficulty capturing. On the other hand, Ruffing's point seems to be that Arjouni's minor characters suffer from more stereotypical representations of the migrant experience (cf. the Hamuls and Ergüns, Sri Dao Rakdee, Stasha and Leila Markovic, and even in the backstory for Höttges). Put succinctly, they are portrayed primarily as victims. Though it had not been published at the time of Ruffing's writing, *Bruder Kemal*'s portrayals of Sheikh Hakim, Erden Abakay, and Valerie de Chavannes break this mold. While Ruffing criticizes these rigid portrayals of recent immigrants, the fact that Kayankaya is not a representative of Turkish culture/values but rather destabilizes identity ameliorates her judgment of Arjouni's choice to write a non-white character (296). While Ruffing explores some of the complex implications of a white author writing a character who is a person of color, she withholds final judgement on the propriety of

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<sup>25</sup> "That means simultaneously, however, that the 'Turk' as an individual character never appears in the text" (translation RH).

Kayankaya's provenance. "Unproblematisch ist [diese Instrumentalisierung der Figur des Migranten] jedenfalls nicht,"<sup>26</sup> as she puts it (Ruffing 297).

## 2.2 Immigrant Themes in the Kayankaya Series

Before meeting the Ergün family for the first time in *Happy birthday, Türke!*, Kayankaya wonders what circumstances could have brought on Ahmed's unpleasant fate: Was it just random violence, had he stolen from a prostitute, was he shooting his mouth off at the wrong people? "Im schlimmsten Fall war Ahmed Hamul einer der Heroin-Türken, die täglich von der Presse durch den Fleischwolf gedreht werden"<sup>27</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke* 18). This worst-case scenario ends up being true not only for Ahmed Hamul but Vasif Ergün, as well.

Thorben Päthe points out in his *Vom Gastarbeiter zu Kanaken* (2013) that the Ergüns and specifically Vasif Ergün fall into the well-established role of victim in migrant literature (92). One assumes this type of portrayal exists as literature's attempt to problematize the perception of Turks as threats. As Lesley Gissane puts it in "Detecting Islam" (2016), the fact that a presumptive link between Turkishness and criminality exists in Germany is exactly "the impetus for Kayankaya to take on his first case" (48). The Ergüns are indeed victims but several of them are perpetrators, as well. True to hard-boiled form, though, Kayankaya's

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<sup>26</sup> "[This instrumentalization of the figure of the migrant] is in any case not unproblematic" (translation RH).

<sup>27</sup> "In the worst-case scenario, Ahmed Hamul had been one of those heroine-dealing Turks that were grist to the mill of the daily papers" (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 14).

investigation uncovers corruption that casts Vasif's and Ahmed's drug dealing in a nuanced light.

Arjouni portrays several challenges that first- and second-generation *Gastarbeiter* face in *Happy birthday, Türke!*: be it the menial jobs Turkish immigrants often took (both Kayankaya's and Yilmaz Ergün's fathers were garbagemen), the poor living conditions they had to face, or being forced into the sale of illicit drugs either by necessity or manipulation. Kayankaya's own constant shortfall of cash and grubby living conditions can therefore be interpreted as typical hard-boiled topoi but also a reality that *Gastarbeiter* faced in 1980s West Germany. Subsequent investigations in the Kayankaya series either invoke or are centered around immigrant experiences in West Germany and the unified Federal Republic. Even in *Mehr Bier*—where the case revolves around the actions of a leftist eco-terrorist group—Kayankaya has a long exchange with a Polish émigré whose life in Germany has been less than rosy. The daily ethnophobia and misunderstanding that Kayankaya faces also play large roles in the novel. In *Ein Mann, ein Mord*, Kayankaya's investigation reveals a German ambivalence toward the lives of migrants and entrenched Nazism in Germany, if not under that name then thinly veiled. Before going to the immigration office, Kayankaya calls his client from a phone booth where “Heil Hitler” is scratched into the glass (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 38-39). In the office itself, miserable people wait while sitting on the floor to hear about their immigration status. The people who work for the immigrant office are themselves xenophobic, as Frau Steiner and her nameless colleague show (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 44-45). Porsche illuminates another scene particularly well. Kayankaya's downstairs neighbor wants him to sign a petition so the Republican Party can use their building to hang a billboard. When Kayankaya reads the names of those who have signed the petition (“Augstein and

Walser”), he scoffs (Porsche 170). The objects of Kayankaya’s scoffing in the novel are real-world characters: Rudolf Augstein, the then editor of *Der Spiegel*, and Martin Walser, a German novelist (ibid.). They supported the Republican Party, which was founded by a former SS member, Franz Schönhuber (Porsche 170, footnote 22). Kayankaya wonders how the Benmessous’, the Karadiannidis’, and the Metins feel about this petition (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 59). They, of course, have not signed it. The fourth Kayankaya novel, *Kismet*, takes place following the Yugoslavian Civil War and explores how even Germany is implicated in that supposedly distant conflict. As Ruffing points out, Arjouni generally portrays white Germans as one-dimensional (i.e., racist). Kayankaya and Slibulsky are thus islands in Germandom due to their lack of an ethnocentric attitude. Claude Desmarais’ “*Kismet*: P.I. Kayankaya Fights Ethnocentricity” (2014), however, shows that this rejection of an ethnocentrically defined identity does not prevent Kayankaya from causing harm. In Desmarais’ opinion, then, *Kismet* attacks self-congratulatory progressivism (79-80).

The final novel, *Bruder Kemal*, is a departure from the rest of the series in many ways. It recalls the Salman Rushdie fatwa and the reactions to the Muhammad cartoon in *Jyllands-Posten*, as Gissane notes. In this world changed by the attacks of September 11, 2001, questions about Kayankaya’s belongingness shift. Where in the 1980s and ‘90s other Germans assumed Kayankaya belonged to the *Gastarbeiter* community, now people—including his partner Deborah—suspect him of having subconscious and congenital ties to Islam (Gissane 54). Another departure from the rest of the series is the ethnic heritage of the bad guys: they share Kayankaya’s Turkish roots. Erden Abakay, as an irreligious artist, more or less belongs to the German mainstream; Sheikh Hakim, Abakay’s uncle, distances himself from that mainstream but is nonetheless a prominent member of society. There is

also generally more diversity. Marieke de Chavannes, whom Kayankaya rescues from Abakay, is the mixed-race daughter of a French woman and Dutch man. Malik Rashid, Kayankaya's other client, is from Morocco but has a German education. This final book, then, shows a spectrum of immigrant experiences not found in the previous four novels. In which case, Jakob Arjouni incorporates timely issues surrounding immigrant life in (West) Germany, while preserving his focus on the relentless scrutiny that Kemal Kayankaya must suffer because of his brownness.

### 2.3 *Kayankaya and the Hard-Boiled Genre*

Nearly all scholars reference American hard-boiled detection either in laying the foundation for their analysis or in their conclusions about the Kayankaya novels. While they espy a certain lineage from the works of Hammett and Chandler to Arjouni, they occasionally disagree on how the three are related. Ruffing sees the absence of moral didacticism—so prevalent in Germany's *Sozio-Krimis* of the 1970s—as refreshing and aiding Arjouni's success (276). However, in *Ein Mann, ein Mord*, she sees a hard-boiled novel that does not call into question the norms of its form and just assumes the shape of its American predecessors (Ruffing 277). As she puts it elsewhere, the “Konventionen der hartgesottenen Krimis Chandlers und Hammetts werden hier so konsequent eingehalten, viele Motive so treulich kopiert, daß man eigentlich von einem Pastiche sprechen muß”<sup>28</sup> (Ruffing 300). Ruffing finds the term parody too strong for Arjouni's style. She, however, contends that the

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<sup>28</sup> “conventions of the hard-boiled crime novels of Chandler and Hammett are observed so systematically here, so many motifs faithfully copied, that one should actually talk of a pastiche” (translation RH).

hard-boiled crime novel is an historical genre and that Arjouni—who may or may not have realized what he was doing—anachronistically applies that formula and ignores the developments of the intervening years (ibid.). Moraldo, on the other hand, praises and even eulogizes Arjouni and his work.

Jakob Arjounis Krimis sind nach einem ähnlichen Muster gestrickt wie die seiner wichtigsten und literarisch bedeutsamsten Mentoren Dashiell Hammett und Raymond Chandler. Mit handwerklicher Sicherheit und dramaturgischem Geschick überträgt Arjouni die aktionistische Erzählweise nordamerikanischer Prägung auf bundesrepublikanische Verhältnisse.<sup>29</sup> (Moraldo 82)

As can be seen from Ruffing and Moraldo, reading the Kayankaya series as hard-boiled detection is a productive practice for scholars, as it allows them to search for and analyze well-established themes in Arjouni's works.

One aspect that links Arjouni to Hammett and Chandler is his use of language. Claudia Rabl argues in her 2008 *Spielarten des Kriminalgenres* that Arjouni's descriptions and dialogues—like Hammett and Chandler before him—are *knapp* (“concise”). Arjouni's “Stärke, in knappen Beschreibungen möglichst lebendige Bilder zu evozieren, spielt der Autor gekonnt aus”<sup>30</sup>; another trait “des hard-boiled Detektivromans, dessen sich auch Arjouni bedient, sind die äußerst knappen Dialoge”<sup>31</sup> (Rabl 181). Similarly, Reinhard Wilczek points

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<sup>29</sup> “Jakob Arjouni's crime novels are knitted from a pattern similar to those of his most important and literarily significant mentors Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler. With a sure hand and dramaturgical skill, Arjouni translates the action-packed narrative style of North American coinage to conditions in the Federal Republic” (translation RH).

<sup>30</sup> “capitalizes on his ability to evoke as lively of an image as possible with concise descriptions” (translation RH).

<sup>31</sup> “of the hard-boiled novel that Arjouni makes use of is the extremely concise dialogue” (translation RH).

out in his 2003 “Die hässliche Seite der Wohlstandsgesellschaft” that Kayankaya’s “Hauptwaffe ist eine differenzierte, pointenreiche Sprache, deren virtuose Angriffskraft ‘entwaffnender’ wirkt als jedes andere Machtmittel”<sup>32</sup> (268). Anja Heinze’s 2002 “Die Migrationsproblematik im aktuellen Kriminalroman” claims that Kayankaya’s use of acerbic language and inability to keep his mouth shut is more of a compulsion than a weapon. She writes that in his “schnoddrigen Art befragt er Personen, er schreckt vor nichts zurück und kann nicht den Mund halten”<sup>33</sup> (Heinze 57). Whether he uses his sharp tongue consciously as a weapon or out of impulse, Kayankaya’s style of speech resembles his American forebears. Arjouni actually goes further than just mimicking the language of Hammett, as Volker Neuhaus points out in “Zu alt, um nur zu spielen” (2005). Arjouni actually lifts the opening paragraph from Hammett’s *Red Harvest*—a serial story published as a novel in 1929 featuring another hard-boiled detective who makes repeated appearances in Hammett’s works, the Continental Op—and writes it into *Mehr Bier* (Neuhaus 17; cf. Rabl 184). It would seem, then, that Arjouni’s style lines up nearly perfectly with his American counterparts.

In his 2014 “Allein unter Hessen,” Stefan Seeber argues that Arjouni’s use of the genre-typical wisecracks tips into the realm of comedy. In Seeber’s mind, Arjouni adopts the wisecrack and complements it with “genuin komische und ironische Strukturen der Dichtung”<sup>34</sup> (Seeber 83). In Kayankaya, Seeber sees a *Doppelgänger* of Marlowe. However, in showing that the hard-boiled detective can mature and soften—as Kayankaya does in

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<sup>32</sup> “main weapon is a nuanced, punchy way of speaking, whose masterly puissance is more disarming than any other instrument of power” (translation RH).

<sup>33</sup> “flippant way, he interrogates people, he doesn’t shy away from anything, and cannot keep his mouth shut” (translation RH)

<sup>34</sup> “genuinely funny and ironic structures of narration” (translation RH)

*Kismet* and *Bruder Kemal*—Arjouni ironizes the rigidity of the American prototype (Seeber “Allein unter Hessen” 85). Perhaps even more ironic, Kayankaya, who is marginalized in his own society, is guilty of discrimination himself—against white Germans, other Turks, and women (Seeber “Allein unter Hessen” 87). This apparent absurdity leads to a comical “Distanzierung vom Selbst, vom Gegenüber und vom Gegenstand der Ermittlung”<sup>35</sup> (ibid.). Arjouni also gives Frankfurt and its surroundings an ironic treatment. Kayankaya experiences ethnophobia in a city where it is always raining and there is trash everywhere, but the tidy Frankfurt suburbs are somehow worse. “So wird allen Elementen des hard-boiled Romans eine komische Komponente inkludiert, die den Ernst, die Drastik und die fatalistische Dramatik aushebeln und relativieren”<sup>36</sup> (Seeber “Allein unter Hessen” 88). In Seeber’s eyes, this comic relief marks a development and contextualization of the otherwise purely American hard-boiled model, which distinguishes his view of Kayankaya from Ruffing’s (“Allein unter Hessen” 83).

In “Vom Modell Deutschland zum Bordell Deutschland” (2005), Thomas Kniesche argues that Arjouni utilizes the hard-boiled form stylistically but also as a vehicle for social commentary. Kniesche observes that Kayankaya struggles to accept payment, despite agreeing on terms with clients beforehand and putting himself in danger for the sake of his client. This neurotic relationship with money is well-established in the hard-boiled genre and linked to the detective’s desire to stay pure while—somewhat contradictorily—being hermeneutically involved in the world. According to Kniesche, the fact that traditional

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<sup>35</sup> “distancing from the self, from one’s counterpart, and from the object of the investigation” (translation RH)

<sup>36</sup> “In this way, a comical component is added to all elements of the hard-boiled novel that level out the seriousness, the drastic, the fatalistically dramatic” (translation RH).

detectives are paid promptly after they render their services reflects the one-to-one relationship between signs and their meaning that Stowe refers to as a practical semiotics: a job done, monetary compensation for the service (Kniesche “Vom Modell” 33). Traditional detectives can so easily accept this payment because they have kept a safe distance from the case and have not marred any of the lives affected by its course (Kniesche “Vom Modell” 33). By contrast, the hard-boiled detective and specifically “Kayankaya ist von Anfang an – ohne es zu wissen – Teil eines Kreislaufs von Schuld und Begehren”<sup>37</sup> (Kniesche “Vom Modell” 34). Not only does Kayankaya implicate himself, he often does not resolve the crime he was hired to investigate. For example, he finds Ahmed’s killer in *Happy birthday, Türke!* but lets him go; Kayankaya would rather pin the murder on corrupt cops. In *Ein Mann, ein Mord*, Manuel Weidenbusch (i.e., Kayankaya’s supposedly ineffectual client) finds Sri Dao Rakdee, while Kayankaya busies himself with saving Slibulsky. In *Kismet*, Kayankaya kills the very woman he is trying to find. Kayankaya’s inability to accept payment, then, appears to be a result of his code and his inability to do a satisfactory job by that code’s strictures, just like Marlowe.

While Kniesche does not totally disagree with Teraoka, he finds her insistence that the hard-boiled detective is out of place in Germany overblown. Firstly, Arjouni’s portrayal of the modern cityscape is a familiar one since at least the time of *Berlin, Alexanderplatz* (Kniesche “Vom Modell” 22). Also, the distinctive realism of the Kayankaya series—one he dubs “Realismus der Randlagen”<sup>38</sup>—is not limited to Arjouni’s texts but rather part of a contemporary movement (Kniesche “Vom Modell” 36). This movement seeks to

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<sup>37</sup> “Kayankaya is, without knowing it, from the very beginning is a part of the circulation of guilt and desire” (translation RH).

<sup>38</sup> “realism of the marginalized areas” (translation RH)

problematize Germany's whitewashed prosperity that Kniesche associates with "Modell Deutschland." Used in 1970s as an SPD campaign slogan, *Modell Deutschland* was meant to be a "Mittelweg zwischen (neo-) liberaler freier Marktwirtschaft und korporatistischem Wohlfahrtsstaat,"<sup>39</sup> with the promise of economic and political stability, as well as social justice and conflict avoidance (Kniesche "Vom Modell" 23-24). While the model was somewhat successful, its denial of the conflicts within Germany and without was tantamount to mythologizing (Kniesche "Vom Modell" 23, 24). In Kniesche's estimation, the Kayankaya series is a reaction against this mythologizing, one that "die Zerreiproben einer Gesellschaft darstellt, die sich weitgehend immer noch frei von sozialem Sprengstoff whnt"<sup>40</sup> (Kniesche "Vom Modell" 24). The hard-boiled trope of perfidy hidden in plain sight lends itself to undermining the image of a carefree Germany.

Wolfgang Brylla differs from several other scholars in his 2009 "Kayankaya am Tatort" in that he uses the portrayal of space—how Kayankaya moves through space, items that Kayankaya notices in any given space, polarities of city centers and suburbs—to help determine the genre assignation. Brylla's approach to reading *Happy birthday, Trke!* ultimately brings him to the same conclusion as many other scholars. He notes that Kayankaya's shuttling "zwischen dem Gro-Raum und Klein-Raum," creates a dichotomy between the two, "die aber mit der Agilitt Kayankayas korreliert, denn um des Erfolgs seines Auftrags willen muss er stndig die Grenzen der Rume berqueren"<sup>41</sup> (Brylla 282). In this

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<sup>39</sup> "middle ground between (neo-)liberal free market and corporatist welfare state" (translation RH)

<sup>40</sup> "portrays the stress tests of a society that largely imagines itself to still be free of social dynamite" (translation RH)

<sup>41</sup> "between the *Gro-Raum* (i.e., public, metropolitan spaces) and *Klein-Raum* (i.e., smaller towns and private spaces)" creates a dichotomy between the two "that is correlated to Kayankaya's agility, since for the sake of the success of his assignment he must constantly traverse spaces" (translation RH)

statement from Brylla one hears echoes of Jameson's insight on Marlowe in "On Raymond Chandler": Marlowe's travels in and around L.A. are similar to those in the picaresque novel "where a single character moves from one background to another, links picturesque but not intrinsically related episodes together" (Jameson 127). Given the similarities in how Kayankaya and Marlowe relate to space, it is no surprise that Brylla concludes his article by referring to Chandler and stating that *Happy birthday, Türke!* shares several defining characteristics with American hard-boiled detection (Brylla 289-90).<sup>42</sup>

Disappointing or unsuccessful endings also connect Arjouni with Hammett and Chandler, as Elke Sturm-Trigonakis points out in her "Kayankaya, Cheng und Weber-Tejedor als narrative Konfigurationen des Dritten" (2015) (Sturm-Trigonakis 111; cf. Moraldo 97). The world is too complex and the detective too embroiled in the events for a clean resolution. While Kayankaya manages to implicate Futt and Eiler at the end of *Happy birthday, Türke!*, he must let Hosch go in order to incriminate the other two. Ironically, he does not bring Ahmed's actual murderer to justice; he decides to let Yilmaz Ergün walk free. As previously mentioned, Kayankaya cannot bring anyone to justice in *Mehr Bier*, and while he helps some migrants in *Ein Mann, ein Mord*, he is not the one who finds Sri Dao Rakdee. In *Kismet*, Kayankaya is implicated in the case he is investigating. Finally, in *Bruder Kemal* he must let himself be beaten unconscious so he can justify killing Erden Abakay to protect his new life and his client's. Kayankaya's investigations inevitably uncover that the roots of guilt are

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<sup>42</sup> Anahita Babakhani-Kalla, like Brylla, studies Kayankaya's movement through space. Though her dissertation, *Paranoia im deutschsprachigen Kriminalroman der Gegenwart*, is fascinating on a theoretical level, she essentially comes to the same conclusion as Teraoka and Brylla. Kayankaya shows his belonging in his capacity to traverse divergent milieux, and his investigations uncover dormant racism everywhere he goes. In turn, this racism unites the apparently divergent milieux to make a unity: Germany.

entangled, and the weeds cannot be removed without harming the flowers. Perhaps there are no flowers at all. However, the world being a crooked place does not totally prevent the possibility of a happy ending. *Bruder Kemal* ends on a hopeful note: Deborah, Kayankaya's partner, announces she is pregnant. This pregnancy marks the culmination of a softening in the Kayankaya series that starts in *Kismet*.

Stefan Seeber's 2016 "Ich und die Anderen" focuses on Kayankaya's upward mobility throughout the series and how that affects his hard-boiled status. Seeber points out that Kayankaya distinguishes himself from Marlowe by showing personal growth ("Ich und die Anderen" 189-90). This development sees Kayankaya move from the relatively poor *Ostend* to the posher *Westend* of Frankfurt, as Kayankaya goes from underdog to fully fledged *Bürger* (Seeber "Ich und die Anderen" 190-91). Utilizing Pierre Bourdieu's theory of social space, Seeber sees the Kayankaya of the first three novels—*Happy birthday*, *Türke!*, *Mehr Bier*, and *Ein Mann, ein Mord*—as an outsider: "seine Kapitalien sind marginal, weder ökonomisch noch kulturell vermag er, sich dominant zu positionieren, sozial ist er marginalisiert"<sup>43</sup> (Seeber "Ich und die Anderen" 192). While Kayankaya is impoverished as far as bourgeois forms of capital go (e.g., having a spouse, homeownership, stable employment), these novels present traits of *Bürgerlichkeit* as devoid of any inherent value—as seen in characters like Futt, Höttges, the Bölligs, etc. Though Kayankaya generally wins no distinction in the first three novels, Seeber believes that Kayankaya gains prestige in the eyes of the reader through his hard living and commitment to justice (Seeber "Ich und die Anderen" 193). However, in longing for the markers of *Bürgerlichkeit* in the fourth novel, *Kismet*, Kayankaya loses that

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<sup>43</sup> "his forms of capital are marginal, neither economically nor culturally can he position himself dominantly; he is socially marginalized" (translation RH).

prestige and thus is bankrupt with respect to any forms of capital (Seeber “Ich und die Anderen” 194-45). Finally, in *Bruder Kemal*, Kayankaya makes the shift to the bourgeoisie with his stable love life, home in the *Westend*, generally good reputation in Frankfurt, and new-found temperance (Seeber “Ich und die Anderen” 195-96).<sup>44</sup> This evolution does not detract from Kayankaya’s hard-boiled designation, but rather shows how the genre can develop while still problematizing the perception of self and other (Seeber “Ich und die Anderen” 197). Seeber, then, ends on a note that is analogous to Kniesche’s (c.f. “Vom Modell Deutschland zum Bordell Deutschland”): the first part of Kayankaya’s career suggests that the bourgeoisie is also situated in the margins, while the end of the Kayankaya series shows how the marginalized—at least some of them—have become part of the bourgeoisie (ibid.).

Robin Aust’s 2016 “Grenzüberschreitungen: Jakob Arjounis Kayankaya-Romane zwischen *hardboiled detective* und Migrationsthematik” also focuses on Kayankaya’s personal development. Aust notes that in the first three novels, Kayankaya is alone in the first scenes. In *Kismet*, however, Kayankaya is hiding in a cupboard with Slibulsky while Slibulsky flatulates from his ur-Frankfurter dinner, *Handkäse mit Musik*. On their way back from disposing of two dead bodies, Kayankaya muses that no matter what “jedesmal wenn ich nach Frankfurt hineinfahre, geht mir beim Anblick der Skyline für einen Moment das Herz

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<sup>44</sup> Gissane more or less argues the same thing. The lines along which Kayankaya is misrecognized change as the series progresses, but throughout all of the novels his name and complexion bring undue scrutiny. Gissane finds that Kayankaya is “barely able to achieve personhood.” In doing this, Gissane fails to consider the recognition Kayankaya receives from his friends (57). However, she does assert that Kayankaya is able to claim a “partial recognition” (ibid.). Though she does not write it explicitly, this partial recognition only takes place between the reader and the text; it does not truly benefit the character Kayankaya. Like McMillan and Ruffing, Gissane finds that the Kayankaya series “ultimately maintains the hegemonic power structure that excludes Kayankaya from recognition” (Gissane 56-57).

auf”<sup>45</sup> (*Kismet* 36). In previous novels, when Kayankaya waxes poetic about Frankfurt, it is in reference to its traffic and dog shit. Now—in a departure from those novels—Kayankaya is feeling nostalgic. Kayankaya has just killed for the first time. In contrast to Spade and Marlowe, who have very little in the way of an emotional support network, Kayankaya is able to lean on his relationship with Slibulsky and Gina (Slibulsky’s girlfriend) for support. Indeed, the novel ends with Gina and Slibulsky essentially adopting Leila, a teenage refugee from the former Yugoslavia who hires Kayankaya to find her mother. This sense of community, as Aust notes, denotes a shift in the style of the Kayankaya series, as Kayankaya becomes more and more *bürgerlich*. Aust argues—in opposition to Ruffing—that the hard-boiled template is “dekonstruiert und modifiziert, jedoch nicht parodiert oder persifliert”<sup>46</sup> in Arjouni’s writing (Aust 200-201).<sup>47</sup>

Another way Arjouni aligns his novels with American hard-boiled detection is through Kayankaya’s drinking. As Rippetoe puts it, “the hard-bitten private investigator with a bottle of whiskey in his desk drawer had already become a cliché by the time of Chandler” (23). That being the case, Kayankaya’s love for Chivas scotch in the first three novels mirrors his predecessors’ love for hard liquor. As the series progresses, Kayankaya’s choice in alcohol shifts. In *Kismet*, Kayankaya drinks vodka when Romario—who Kayankaya believed to be dead—shows up at his apartment, when Leila comes to stay with him, and then again when he stumbles home to watch the video of Leila’s mother. After Kayankaya realizes that he is guilty of killing Leila’s mother, he hits the bottle again (*Kismet* 258). Whatever is in this

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<sup>45</sup> “I’m feeling like, every time I drive into Frankfurt my heart lifts for a moment at the look of the skyline” (*Kismet* 36).

<sup>46</sup> “deconstructed and modified, but not parodied or satirized” (translation RH)

<sup>47</sup> Moraldo more or less agrees (cf. 82-84, 96-97).

bottle is left unmentioned, which means that Chivas does not make a single appearance in *Kismet*. His waning interest in scotch distances Kayankaya from his own hard-boiled roots but does not necessarily constitute a break with the hard-boiled American prototypes. While Rippetoe suggests that the hard-boiled detective traditionally drinks whiskey, Spade prefers rum, specifically Bacardi, but is not averse to brandy or whiskey (Hammett *The Maltese Falcon* 17, 85, 104-05). The Continental Op drinks pretty much anything he can get his hands on—which makes sense given that he was operating during the American Prohibition—including whiskey, gin, scotch, and beer (Hammett *Red Harvest* 8, 27, 36, 41, 192). Marlowe may keep a bottle of bourbon in his office, but he does not truly care what he drinks: “Finally, after what seemed like four years on the road gang, my little hand closed around six ounces of ethyl alcohol” (Chandler *Little Sister* 152).

The overwhelming consensus of scholars and critics demands that the Kayankaya series be considered hard-boiled. While scholars do not necessarily agree on how precisely the series invokes the genre, it is clear that Arjouni uses this genre to criticize the Federal Republic of Germany. Teraoka writes that the hard-boiled detective “is a celebration of Western individualism and self-reliance, of a rugged and incorruptible masculinity, of a private and puritanical moral code of male friendship, justice, honor, and sacrifice” (266-67). This type of commitment to upholding his personal code already makes the private detective an outsider. Kayankaya’s Turkish appearance in Germany underscores his already anomalous character, even though he celebrates his Western masculinity by the same means as the Continental Op or Spade (i.e., remaining aloof, drinking, fighting, wisecracking, etc.). Ruffing laments that by presenting Kayankaya in this way, *Ein Mann, ein Mord* is “tendenziell geprägt vom ‘hypermaskulinen Ich’ und von der rassistischen, sexistischen und

homophoben *hard-boiled Ideology*”<sup>48</sup> (276; emphasis in original). Kniesche meanwhile problematizes the use of hard-boiled fiction to criticize Germany: “*Bundesrepublikanische Wirklichkeit kann von einem Repräsentanten der Minderheit nur dann akzeptabel reflektiert werden, wenn dessen Subjektposition gleichzeitig in die Tradition des westlichen Helden eingebettet werden kann*”<sup>49</sup> (Kniesche “Vom Modell” 35; entire passage italicized in original). If both Ruffing and Kniesche are correct, Kayankaya is familiar to Western audiences—and is an apt critic precisely because of his familiarity. At the same time, it is their considered opinion that Kayankaya does not offer a new model of hard-boiled detection or a new model of German masculinity save for detaching it from whiteness. Yet, despite Kayankaya’s atavistic perception of the world, Arjouni’s texts prove effective in critiquing the German hegemony. In Arjouni’s hands, Kayankaya is a critique of the (West) German mainstream by both representing some its worst features and being a victim of those features.

#### 2.4 *Questions of Identity and Belonging*

Kayankaya, like other hard-boiled detectives, does not fit in. Kayankaya’s ethnic minority status, however, adds a new dimension to his unbelonging when compared to the detectives of Hammett and Chandler. Some scholars explore his exclusion in connection to hard-boiled tropes and others analyze this topic irrespective of how the novels fit into the genre. As Kniesche’s quote above suggests, Kayankaya’s cynical, hard-boiled mindset is a familiar one in Europe and the US. That such a character is housed in a Turkish-appearing body in the

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<sup>48</sup> “‘inclines towards the ‘hypermasculine ego or I,’ as well as the racist, sexist, and homophobic hard-boiled ideology” (translation RH)

<sup>49</sup> “Only when their subject position is simultaneously capable of being embedded in the tradition of the western hero can a minority reflect the reality of the German Federal Republic in an acceptable manner” (translation RH)

German context is new. While using an established Western mode to critique the West may be insipid in Kniesche's view, Arjouni's ability to show how Kayankaya simultaneously belongs and does not belong is a captivating aspect of the Kayankaya series. For example, Kayankaya knows intimately the culture and dialect of his hometown Frankfurt. His skin tone, however, makes it impossible for him to fully participate in the hegemonic culture in the way he would like. To create this tension between being German *and* being other, Arjouni portrays several behaviors that reveal Kayankaya's stereotypical Germanness and contrasts these "German" behaviors with racist or biased reactions to Kayankaya.

Kayankaya's drinking habits are both in line with and run against the grain of his nexus of affiliations. On full display throughout the series is a stereotypical notion of German drunkenness. In *Happy birthday, Türke!*, a Hans is so intoxicated that he gingerly passes his hand through his urine stream while relieving himself in public (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 26). When the good people of Offenbach get drunk, they do not have the courtesy to find a toilet, they just urinate or vomit on the nearest wall (*Kismet* 114). Gissane puts it well when she writes that Arjouni's "Germans in the novels are mostly ridiculed as overweight, racist, and corrupt drunkards" (58, endnote 13). Porsche likewise finds that Arjouni's novels portray "the dumb proletarian, obese, swinish, smelly, and full of beer" German who is easy to hate (168).

Porsche finds it odd that Kayankaya, a hard-drinking soccer fan himself, would mirror the behavior of his racist, xenophobic, backward-looking, misogynistic German brethren. Porsche presumes that the similar portrayals of Kayankaya and the despicable German have a purpose. That purpose is to make Kayankaya seem like what he is: typically German and yet not. Kayankaya's drinking and the culture of alcohol that surrounds him bears out Porsche's

observation. For instance, beer is especially visible in *Happy birthday, Türke!*: Kayankaya has one with as a hangover cure while eyeing a jar of pickled herring; he buys two bottles of *Henninger Pils* from Madame Obelix on his way to the police station; he has a beer after he gets into a fight with Milly's guards. Arjouni uses this local brew, Henninger, to lend his portrayal of Kayankaya and Frankfurt a sense of authenticity. Henninger was once a regional powerhouse and built the *Henninger-Turm* (i.e., the Henninger Tower), which is still a defining feature of the Frankfurt *Skyline*. In *Mehr Bier*, Kayankaya even refers to Henry, Barbara Böllig's lover, as a "Henningerturm" suggesting Henry's large stature and Kayankaya's alcoholic and Frankfurter lens. That Madame Obelix's clientele speak the Hessian dialect and drink Henninger shows how *of* Frankfurt they are. Despite finding them disgusting and despicable, Kayankaya's participation in speaking the Hessian dialect and drinking Henninger reveals a proximity to this common folk of Frankfurt. As Porsche suggests, such a portrayal makes Kayankaya like the rest of "us": he cheers for the underdogs and drinks with the commoners (167). He at once feels at home amongst them and alienated from them.

*Kismet* marks a break with the rest of the series in how Kayankaya drinks. Not only does he drink vodka instead of Chivas, he now guzzles *Apfelwein* (a.k.a *Ebbelwoi*). He has several glasses while trying to collect information about the Army of Reason in the *Bahnhofsviertel*. Then, he drinks at least four glasses when he has no true leads on Leila mother's whereabouts. The only previous mention of *Apfelwein* in the series is when Slibulsky takes Kayankaya out to Sachsenhausen at the end of *Mehr Bier*. A young, blonde man who insinuates that Turks only like women with big asses is drinking *Apfelwein* (*Mehr Bier* 166-67). Once again, Kayankaya's proximity to people who have such biased

worldviews is demonstrated by Kayankaya's choice in alcohol. More than even his love for Henninger, his love for *Apfelwein* centers him specifically in the Hessian cultural milieu. Specific regions in Germany have their own brewing traditions, but those traditions still fall under the category of "beer." *Apfelwein*—especially when referred to in the dialect "Ebbelwoi"—is something that pertains strongly to Frankfurt and the surrounding areas (*Kismet* 43). Indeed, Kayankaya's affection for the city is on full display in *Kismet*—as his soliloquy about its *Skyline* shows (*Kismet* 36-37). His love for *Apfelwein* is part of that affection.

Kayankaya's hard-boiled status and cultural heritage are at odds with normative expectations of his ethnic heritage when it comes to drinking. To paint in broad strokes: Germans drink, Turks (as Muslims) do not, and if they do then they only drink raki. Arjouni thematizes this stereotype multiple times and, to be fair, this stereotype has a basis in fact. According to the World Health Organization's 2018 "Recorded alcohol per capita consumption," Germans drink over eight times as much alcohol per capita as Turks. Those numbers are based on political boundaries, though (i.e., how much alcohol is consumed in Turkey divided by the population of Turkey). That a person of Turkish descent would drink, on the one hand, is relatively unremarkable despite these numbers. On the other hand, Arjouni uses Kayankaya's deviation from expectations of "the Turk" to reveal his stereotypical Germanness. The dichotomy between these two points serves the overall inclination of the series well: Kayankaya both *is* and *is not* stereotypical.

Scholars also look to Arjouni's use of violence and Kayankaya's penchant for pain in attempts to describe Kayankaya's identity. Teraoka wonders if Kayankaya's readiness to take a beating is a manifestation of masochism (277). His brazen attitude toward danger—seen in

his sarcasm and wisecracks—shows an apparent lack of concern for his own well-being (Seeber “Allein unter den Hessen” 85-6). He seems overeager to get back out to the mean streets: he is out drinking and playing pool the day after being hospitalized in a brawl and a rat feeding on his arm, and then getting into a fight with a police detective (*Mehr Bier* 105). Kirsten M. Søholm, in her “Konstruktion kultureller Identität” (2007), sees this type of masculinity as a development in the portrayal of a stereotypical macho. “Durch eine ironisierte Diskursivierung des Machos wird eine experimentelle Suche nach neuen, transkulturellen Identitätskonzepten formuliert, und diese werden als Ergebnis diskursiver Strategien dargestellt,”<sup>50</sup> writes Søholm in reference to *Happy birthday, Türke!* and *Ein Mann, Ein Mord* (288). Later, she writes that “Arjouni spielt durch seinen Krimihelden Kayankaya ironisch mit dem Bild einer monokulturellen, türkischen Macho-Identität”<sup>51</sup> (Søholm 290).

Several scholars reference the perceived connection between “foreign” men and lawlessness; insofar, Søholm’s observation that Arjouni ironizes that stereotype is on *terra firma*. However, the notion that Kayankaya’s self-image is transcultural—that is, that he sees himself as both German and Turkish or something in between—does not have legs. Søholm assumes a post-national world, wherein states and religions no longer possess the capacity to define identity. While Kayankaya may identify more with Frankfurt than Germany (cf. *Kismet*), he certainly identifies as German (cf. *Bruder Kemal*). He does not identify as Turkish, unless he does so ironically; in these instances, he assumes the perspective of his

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<sup>50</sup> “An experimental search for new, transcultural conceptions of identity is formulated through an ironic discursive articulation of the macho, and these conceptions are portrayed as the result of discursive strategies” (translation RH).

<sup>51</sup> “Arjouni ironizes the image of the monocultural, Turkish macho-identity through his detective Kayankaya” (translation RH).

xenophobic compatriots about himself and those who look like him. He does *not* identify as both German and Turkish. Finally, Kayankaya's macho character is not a new way of navigating a cultural vacuum—as Søholm seems to imply—but rather a *regression* towards a performative masculinity in reaction to a threatening world (291-92). Arjouni does not make a new macho but rather reclaims an old-school, American, macho stoicism. This machismo, however, fades in the last two novels of the series.

Reinhard Wilczek comments that in *Ein Mann, ein Mord* there are three categories of women: the “attraktive gut aussehende Frau, die als (passives) Eroberungsobjekt in Erscheinung tritt, die sexuell ausgebeuteten Frauen des kriminellen Milieus und die machtbesessenen Kleinbürgerinnen des Staatsapparates, die es darauf abgesehen haben Unterprivilegierte und sozial Ausgegrenzte zu quälen”<sup>52</sup> (274). Wilczek cites Kayankaya's reactions to the figures of Miss Hospital and Party Angel/Elsa Sandmann as evidence. Their appellations alone are enough to raise the charge of misogyny and their portrayals align Arjouni somewhat anachronistically with Hammett and Chandler. However, as Wilczek notes elsewhere in his article, provocation is Kayankaya's most powerful tool; thus, it should not come as a surprise that he is disrespectful to women, especially racist ones like Mrs. Steiner and Mrs. Beierle (268-69). Indeed, he is disrespectful to everyone. As Regine Zeller puts it in “‘Türkischer’ Detektiv mit doppeltem Bewusstsein” (2015), “[p]olitical correctness im Umgang mit Randgruppen ist allerdings auch Kemal Kayankayas Sache nicht”<sup>53</sup> (53; emphasis in original).

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<sup>52</sup> “attractive, good-looking woman, who shows up as a (passive) object of conquest, the sexually exploited women of the criminal milieu, and the power-hungry petty bourgeois women of the state apparatus, who are intent upon torturing the underprivileged and socially ostracized” (translation RH)

<sup>53</sup> “political correctness in dealing with marginalized groups is certainly not Kemal Kayankaya's thing” (translation RH)

Ruffing also notices Kayankaya's misogyny and the concomitant macho personality that Kayankaya presents. She is unsure what to make of these two traits in *Ein Mann, ein Mord*. Referring to Søholm, Ruffing writes, whether "diese Reproduktionen traditioneller *hard-boiled*-Topoi als 'spielerische, ironisch-zitierende Konstruktionen der Macho-Identität' zu sehen oder im Sinne 'parodistisch übertriebene[r] Machogebärden' zu deuten sind, bleibt eher fraglich, denn eine (selbst-)ironische Infragestellung von Genderkonzepten bleibt im Text aus"<sup>54</sup> (277; emphasis in original). Ruffing has a pellucid argument for how Kayankaya fits into the prototypical hard-boiled genre. Her position that there is no questioning of gender concepts in *Ein Mann, ein Mord* is marked by willful blindness, though. The macho Kayankaya is overpowered by a small gay man, who does not even work the mean streets of Frankfurt but rather the quiet streets of Dietzenbach. Further, the sidekick role that Slibulsky takes on mimics the homosocial relationship that Holmes and Watson share. It also has an air of the "inarticulate, homoerotic friendship" that Terry Lennox and Philip Marlowe develop in Chandler's 1953 *The Long Goodbye* (Grella 9). Finally, Arjouni mocks misogyny and xenophobia simultaneously in the prior novel *Mehr Bier*. Carla Reedermann tails Kayankaya to Dodelbach. When Kayankaya discovers her investigation into him, she claims that it would be odd for someone *like him* to work with women and that she was not sure she could trust him. In this scene, she reveals her bias against Turkish-looking men while simultaneously implying that Turks do not respect women. The assumption behind her actions and words is that a German man would respect women. The reader knows, however,

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<sup>54</sup> "these reproductions of hard-boiled topoi are to be seen as 'playful, ironical-quoting constructions of the macho-identity' or to be read in the sense of 'parodically exaggerated macho-gestures' remains questionable, since a (self-)ironic questioning of gender concepts is absent from the text" (translation RH)

that that is not the case from the ample time Kayankaya has spent in bordellos. Ruffing, along with others, notes how white Germans are portrayed in an unnuanced way in Arjouni. She observes that “Arjouni zeichnet eine Welt, in der der durchschnittliche Deutsche ein Rassist ist und die Selbstinszenierung als Deutscher fast nur durch einen xenophoben Diskurs geschieht”<sup>55</sup> (Ruffing 283). She is correct that Kayankaya displays misogynistic behaviors. She, however, misses the opportunity to show how Kayankaya’s misogyny and ethnophobia align him with the German hegemony.

Kayankaya’s ability to be biased *despite* the fact that he is the victim of bias shows a unique outsider status I will term (un)belonging (i.e., simultaneous belonging and unbelonging). His ability to be biased shows how well situated in German culture he is. Clare Ann McMillan comes exactly to this conclusion in her brilliant study *The Ends of Detection* (2000). She writes that Kayankaya is “continually misrecognized—by native Germans as well as by Turks and characters of other ethnic and national backgrounds” (108). Kayankaya often reacts sarcastically to such misrecognition but the reader has more access to Kayankaya than his compatriots do by dint of the first-person narration. While Kayankaya fights on behalf of Germany’s marginalized communities, his perspective belongs to that of the German hegemony. In McMillan’s words, “the narrator’s gaze reveals that it is in fact the demeaning, dehumanizing gaze of the racist chauvinist” (McMillan 111). Kayankaya has internalized the very mindset that keeps him at a distance from his own culture, which ironically shows the extent to which he is German.

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<sup>55</sup> “Arjouni draws a world in which the average German is a racist and any self-fashioning of the German occurs almost exclusively through a xenophobic discourse” (translation RH)

Considering himself German, realizing he is seen as Turkish, and viewing others through the lens of stereotype, Kayankaya comes across as a self-hating misanthropist. McMillan believes that Kayankaya derives agency and meaning from appropriating and resignifying the misrepresentations of himself (117). While he is misrecognized, Kayankaya is so grounded in his Germanness that he is often able to use his interlocuters' preconceived notions to his own benefit. Kayankaya can convince other Germans that he is someone of special import (e.g., someone working on behalf of the Turkish embassy or the public prosecutor). Likewise, if his interlocutor cannot see him, his voice alone convinces people of his Germanness. "The confusion his person represents—the German voice, the Turkish face—literally and figuratively opens doors for him" (McMillan 109). On their own, these masquerades are nothing new to the detective genre. McMillan argues that in Arjouni, though, they lead the reader to simultaneously identify with and misrecognize Kayankaya. Readers will attempt without success to categorize him, see themselves in Kayankaya, reject the racist statements made about him but laugh at the ones he makes (McMillan 128-30).

Finally, McMillan argues that the genre-typical, case-closing reveal scene gives Kayankaya the chance to narrate the story of the crime "as well as of his own identity" (119). She uses the ending of *Happy birthday, Türke!* to support her argument. He "is more intent on writing and closing his narratives his own way, than on serving out traditional justice" (McMillan 118). However, this disposition hardly distinguishes him from his literary predecessors. In Kayankaya's ability to spin a yarn, McMillan sees a powerful repudiation of "the trope of the silent Turk," and specifically the silent, male Turk (123). Quoting from Leslie Adelson's "The Price of Feminism," McMillan claims the following: "The general failure to receive works by Turkish male authors confirms a public sense of this alleged

speechlessness, while the critical response to Turkish women writers tends to revolve, explicitly or implicitly, around the assumption that writing in Germany allows these women to find a voice denied them in Turkish culture and society” (McMillan 125). In McMillan’s estimation, Kayankaya’s loquaciousness is efficacious in destabilizing the reader’s assumptions about race by letting the reader identify with an acerbic, Turkish-looking, German male.

Sandra Čujić’s insightful 2015 article “Herkunftskonzepte und Identitätsinszenierung in Jakob Arjounis *Kismet*” makes the argument that Kayankaya is confident in his German identity. Arjouni eschews physical descriptions of his protagonist; the reader comes to know that Kayankaya is not like the others through minor characters’ reactions to him (Čujić 64). One such interaction meant to remind Kayankaya of his interminable outsider status is with his neighbor of several years who intentionally mispronounces his name: “Herr Kayaya” (Čujić 65; *Kismet* 185). Kayankaya—in typical hard-boiled fashion—is unmoved by this microaggression and claims his revenge in a self-possessed manner. This self-possession stems from his comfort with his German self. According to Čujić, *Kismet* inverts several genre conventions, one of them being the question *whodunit*. Instead, the question is *whogotit*, since the detective and the reader already know who the killer is: Kayankaya himself. How Kayankaya came to be a killer is what drives the narrative of *Kismet*. As Čujić shows, Kayankaya never questions whether he is German, an assuredness that Arjouni contrasts with Romario, the Brazilian-born owner of the *Saudade*, who is conflicted about his place in Frankfurt. Put succinctly, the foil of Romario proves just how secure Kayankaya is in his Germanness (Čujić 76).

Questions about Kayankaya's place or role in society have fed much scholarly work. Paola del Zoppo's "Die Detektion des Fremden: Der postkoloniale Detektivroman" (2006) and Konstanze Kutzbach's "The Hard-Boiled Pattern as Discursive Practice of Ethnic Subalternity" (2003) are the forerunners in this realm. In introducing her argument, Zoppo suggests that postcolonial literature should be not only *about*, but also written by people *in* marginalized communities who are struggling against the hegemonic order in their culture (169). Including this facet in her description of postcolonial literature is problematic given Arjouni's contested ancestry and the ethnic break between Arjouni and his protagonist. The ethnic detective, in contrast to the postcolonial detective, is someone the reader recognizes as an ethnic minority, who—in his attempt to answer life's big questions—promotes intercultural harmony (*ibid.*). Finally, the cross-cultural detective is someone whose hybridity helps him solve the case as he simultaneously assuages mainstream concerns about alterity with his avuncular benevolence (Zoppo 170). Zoppo, referring to hybridity *à la* Homi K. Bhabha, maintains that the relationship between oppressors and oppressed offers a chance at cultural enrichment and that the postcolonial detective lives in that space where the two cultures meet (Zoppo 170-71). Claiming this in-between space gives the detective agency and helps him avoid the status of victim. In her words, Kayankaya "is ambivalently located between (two) disparate cultures that do not provide him with any certainty about his family roots or any sense of authentic ethnic belonging" (Kutzbach 243). Kutzbach claims that Kayankaya is an ethnic detective, a position that engenders strong reactions from other scholars, as several authors in the collection of essays *Gewissheit und Zweifel* (2015) take exception to it. Zeller and Sturm-Trigonakis, who disagree with Kutzbach, argue that since

Kayankaya does not belong to or represent any marginalized community, he does not fall under the category of ethnic detective.

Regine Zeller—whose study compares the novel *Happy birthday, Türke!* and the film—argues that foreignness is not an essential characteristic but rather an external attribution (Zeller 55-56). While Arjouni’s portrayal of Ilter’s family may be stale even for the 1980s, his portrayal of Kayankaya reminds the reader that identity is situational and performative. Kayankaya plays with the expectations of his interlocutors and, depending on the situation, can accentuate his markers of otherness or stereotypical Germanness. For instance, when a junkie asks him whether or not he is a cop, Kayankaya points to his Turkishness as evidence that he could not be a cop (Zeller 49). Likewise, when a presumably white German asks him if he is from the Balkans, Kayankaya answers with a Hessian accent in the negative and tells the man he has just spent two weeks on Mallorca (Zeller 50). Zeller thereby also suggests that Kayankaya is not an ethnic detective since, in her eyes, his identity is performative and not fixed or attached to one group. Zeller quotes from Michael Hofmann’s *Interkulturelle Literaturwissenschaft* to encapsulate the apparent Kayankaya-Zeitgeist around the time of 2010. “Arjouni positioniert Kayankaya so in einem ‘Zwischenraum’ oder ‘*third space des in-between*’, in dem neue, hybride Identitätskonzepte möglich und ‘eindeutige Zuschreibungen verweigert’ werden”<sup>56</sup> (Zeller 46; emphasis in original). This language conjures up notions of otherness similar to those offered by Sturm-Trigonakis. In Sturm-Trigonakis’ view, the figure of the third represents a character who

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<sup>56</sup> “Arjouni positions Kayankaya in such an ‘interspace’ or ‘third-space of the in-between’ in which new, hybrid, identity conceptions become possible and ‘unambiguous ascriptions are denied’” (translation RH).

belongs neither to a marginalized community nor to the hegemonic majority but can participate in both, “wobei die je eingenommenen Plätze jedoch nicht fixiert sind, sondern stets die Option des Positionswechsels besteht”<sup>57</sup> (Sturm-Trigonakis 100). Exactly this flexibility distinguishes the figure of the third from the ethnic detective often portrayed in U.S. American literature. In novels that contain ethnic detectives, the detectives belong unequivocally to a single community and thereby reproduce through their “ethnologisch exakten Blick das weiße Definitionsmonopol und degradieren die Minoritätengruppen zu exotischen Anderen”<sup>58</sup> (Sturm-Trigonakis 101).<sup>59</sup>

While Zeller does not see Kayankaya as an ethnic detective, she does find that one “von Soitos’ *four tropes of black detective fiction*’ trifft auf Kayankaya allerdings zu, und gerade das macht aus ihm eine so interessante Figur für eine Untersuchung aus interkultureller Perspektive - wenn auch keinen ‘*ethnic detective*’”<sup>60</sup> (Zeller 48; emphasis in original). This trait is his double consciousness (ibid.). This double consciousness does *not* mean belonging to two different communities. Rather, double consciousness is the notion that someone like Kayankaya has his own consciousness/awareness but beyond that must remain constantly aware of how society views him and must measure himself against that rubric (Zeller 48-49). While this is onerous and unjust, this awareness is what helps him move so easily in his

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<sup>57</sup> “where each individual place that is assumed is not, however, fixed, but rather the option for a shift in position is always open” (translation RH)

<sup>58</sup> “ethnologically exact perspective the white monopoly on definition and relegate the minority groups to exotic others” (translation RH)

<sup>59</sup> Sandra Beck echoes Zeller’s claim that the category of ethnic detective is too limited for Kayankaya in her introduction to *Gewissheit und Zweifel*, “Zwei Welten im Verbrechen überbrückt?” (2015) (Beck 29-30).

<sup>60</sup> “of Soitos’ ‘four tropes of Black detective fiction’ in any case applies to Kayankaya, and exactly that makes Kayankaya such an interesting character for an examination from an intercultural perspective – if not an ‘ethnic detective’” (translation RH)

environment. From there, Zeller makes familiar arguments about how Kayankaya's liminality lets him cross barriers that others cannot. Zeller ends by implying that this *Maskierung*—similar to Sturm-Trigonakis's reference to the picaresque—and other portrayals of “foreigners” in *Happy birthday, Türke!* hold exactly the *Verfremdungseffekt* that Alewyn claims is missing from hard-boiled detection: “Denn auch der Fremde is nie das, was er zu sein scheint”<sup>61</sup> (Zeller 57).

As the secondary literature shows, there is a breach between how Arjouni's minor characters perceive Kayankaya and how he perceives himself. In several ways, Kayankaya disappoints expectations of the Turkish male in Germany. Kayankaya's love of alcohol demonstrates the extent to which his tastes have been determined by German and European culture. McMillan points out that in German portrayals of Turks from the 1970s, '80s, and '90s there is a nexus of speechlessness, Turkishness, and masculinity (124-25). Turkish men in Germany either cannot speak German or do not speak at all (McMillan 126). Kayankaya frustrates this trend by being voluble *auf Deutsch*. Teraoka describes the German perception of a “quasi-natural connection between foreignness and criminality.” While Kayankaya occasionally breaks the law, he does so in the hope that he can find some justice for his clients. Thus, although Kayankaya displays a certain disregard for the letter of the law, it is not because of some essentialist link between foreignness and criminality. Instead, his transgressive attitude stems partly from the fact that he is such a dedicated and typical hard-boiled detective. The stereotype of the violent, foreign male is also not wholly debunked in Kayankaya. The violence he perpetrates, once again, is linked to Kayankaya's desire to uphold law and order. That being the case, Kayankaya's assertions of physical force align

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<sup>61</sup> “Because even the foreigner is never what he seems to be” (translation RH).

him with the Western tradition of the hard-boiled private eye, not to mention the rest of Germany as Babakhani-Kalla sees it (108). On the whole, then, several of the ways in which Kayankaya frustrates expectations reveal ways in which he also adheres to expectations while simultaneously adhering to Germany's prevailing order as Arjouni presents it.

### *2.5 My Approach to the Kayankaya Series*

Much of the secondary literature on detective fiction makes reference to order. In the typical story from Britain's Golden Age, the peaceful order of the countryside has been destroyed by some wrongdoing. Some scholars maintain that society in the hard-boiled novel has order that the detective must restore. Order is not limited to society's organization. In Hühn's model of the detective as reader, the detective must bring order to apparently unrelated clues to solve the case. Where detectives like Holmes and Dupin can usually solve their cases from the comfort of their armchairs, the Spades, Marlowes, and Kayankayas must engage with the case on a more personal level. As Kniesche sees it, this profane involvement endangers order: "Der Detektiv bringt die Dinge in Bewegung [...], so wie man eine trübe Brühe aufrührt um zu sehen, was an Verborgenen und Unangenehmen an die Oberfläche geschwemmt wird"<sup>62</sup> (*Einführung* 69-70). Part of the hard-boiled detective's *modus operandi*, then, is to create a certain amount of chaos—by asking prying questions and getting into fisticuffs—in an attempt to discover what lies beneath the deceptively placid surface. To escape this world of treachery, the detective often resorts to the very things that contribute to it: drunkenness and violence. As such, the hard-boiled detective swings back and forth between longing for order

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<sup>62</sup> "The detective sets things into motion [...], just like someone stirring up a cloudy broth to see what hidden and uncomfortable things are brought to the surface" (translation RH).

(e.g., his isolation, clues being found and arranged, solving crimes) and longing for the destruction of order (e.g., through violence, inebriation, disturbing society's homeostasis). This pendulation—to coin a term—between order and chaos was the initial impetus for this dissertation.

In the oscillation between the poles of order and chaos throughout the Kayankaya series, I saw a reflection of Friedrich Nietzsche's model of opposing forces from "Die Geburt der Tragödie" (1872).<sup>63</sup> In this essay, Nietzsche claims that there are two artistic drives in the universe: the Apollonian and the Dionysian. The Apollonian is the drive toward beauty, order, and categorization, while the Dionysian pulls in the opposite direction toward chaos, unifying oneness, and the decay of categories. These two forces would seem to compete with one another, but they need each other to function—at least to function well. Nietzsche argues that the best Apollonian expressions of beauty have their basis in Dionysian truth. Apollo "shows us, with sublime attitudes, how the entire world of torment is necessary, that thereby the individual may be impelled to realise the redeeming vision, and then, sunk in contemplation thereof, quietly sit in his fluctuating barque, in the midst of the sea." (Nietzsche "The Birth of Tragedy" 40)<sup>64</sup>. In this case, the "barque" is the Apollonian vessel that keeps the individual afloat on the imposing and choppy Dionysian sea. A Dionysian experience, then, reveals the terrifying but freeing depths of the universe, a universe in which the individual means nothing. However, an intimate understanding of that truth is required to create works of Apollonian beauty that redeem the terrible nature of the universe. While

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<sup>63</sup> "The Birth of Tragedy"

<sup>64</sup> Given Nietzsche's long-windedness, I will quote him in English unless to show something about the original German.

these concepts are not necessarily central to the following study, they do lend it its structure. As such, I will dedicate some space to how I see them relating to various aspects of hard-boiled detection.

In Nietzsche's estimation, human life is impossible without the Apollonian. While it is the drive towards illusory and plastic beauty, the Apollonian also enables humans to perceive "time, space, and causality" (Nietzsche "The Birth of Tragedy" 39). Further, Nietzsche states rather bluntly "that the state-forming Apollo is also the genius of the *principium individuationis*, and that the state and domestic sentiment cannot live without an assertion of individual personality" (Nietzsche "The Birth of Tragedy" 158). In which case, the Apollonian drive enables the creation of in- and out-groups. According to these assumptions in "The Birth of Tragedy," reality as humans know it—including the perceived physical barriers that separate individuals from each other—is an illusion that lends an amoral clarity to life. As the complement to the Apollonian, the Dionysian represents the drive towards dissolution of the self and the lines that divide individuals. In the original German, Nietzsche uses the word *Rausch* as the analogue for the Dionysian (Nietzsche "Die Geburt der Tragödie" 22). *Rausch* can be understood as drunkenness or intoxication, but it also has associations with rage, ecstasy, and exhilaration. For example, Nietzsche contrasts the two artistic drives by writing that they exist independent of the human individual in

[der] Bilderwelt des Traumes, deren Vollkommenheit ohne jeden Zusammenhang mit der intellektuellen Höhe oder künstlerischen Bildung des Einzelnen ist, andererseits als *rauschvolle* Wirklichkeit, die wiederum des Einzelnen nicht achtet, sondern sogar das

Individuum zu vernichten und durch eine mystische Einheitsempfindung zu erlösen sucht.<sup>65</sup> (Nietzsche “Die Geburt der Tragödie” 26; emphasis added)

WM. A. Haussmann translates this “rauschvolle Wirklichkeit” as “drunken reality,” a translation that is perhaps unavoidably lacking in the breadth of its implications (Nietzsche “The Birth of Tragedy” 28). If drunkenness were the only way to reach the Dionysian, alcohol would be the only ticket aboard that train. According to Nietzsche, “the Apollonian influence uplifts man from his orgiastic self-annihilation,” suggesting that there also exist sexual and destructive routes to the Dionysian (Nietzsche “The Birth of Tragedy” 163).

Drunkenness, sexualism, and self-destruction all seem to be routes to a Dionysian experience, but then again so is watching the right Greek tragedy, according to Nietzsche. Given that *Rausch* is so difficult to translate because all of its subtle meanings, I will simply use the word *Rausch* throughout the dissertation.

The drive to categorize relates to several aspects of the detective’s job and the overall desire for order in the detection genre. The search for clues, the organizing of those clues into the story of the crime, the desire to restore order could all be understood as Apollonian pursuits. Indeed, any attempt to apply logic or place events in a sequential order depends on the Apollonian. While the hard-boiled detective may not be a master of logic like Holmes, he certainly utilizes his Apollonian capacities, and indeed applies them in other ways. A noted trait of the hard-boiled detective is his penchant for deciding unilaterally what is and is not just. The private eye holds himself to be a more adroit judge of good and bad than the law or

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<sup>65</sup> “the pictorial world of dreams, the perfection of which has no connection whatever with the intellectual height or artistic culture of the unit man, and again, as drunken reality, which likewise does not heed the unit man, but even seeks to destroy the individual and redeem him by a mystic feeling of Oneness” (Nietzsche “The Birth of Tragedy” 28)

society at large. Furthermore, just as Nietzsche considers order an Apollonian illusion that humans impose on reality, so too does the hard-boiled detective consider the appearance of order and lawfulness in society a thin veil behind which corruption hides. Seen in this light, the private eye's investigations are not so much an attempt to *re-store* order as they are an attempt to create clarity for those affected by crime and—in the case of Kayankaya—systemic racism.

Conversely, the obliteration of the body so prevalent in hard-boiled detection resonates with the chaos that the Dionysian drives toward. As Seeber points out, the “Helden Dashiell Hammetts und Raymond Chandlers agieren in einer harten Welt: Sie bewegen sich im halblegalen Bereich auf der schmutzigen Seite der modernen Großstadt; hier geht es brutal zur Sache und man ist bewaffnet”<sup>66</sup> (“Allein unter den Hessen” 81). Violence, however, is not relegated to the grimy urban centers; the detective finds it in the suburbs and countryside. Both in the hard-boiled genre in general and in the Kayankaya series specifically, this ubiquitous violence often leads to the ultimate Dionysian experience: death. The first two novels of the Kayankaya series support this observation: Ahmed Hamul is murdered in downtown Frankfurt in *Happy birthday, Türke!*, while Friedrich Böllig is murdered in the provincial Dodelbach. Linking the urban and the suburban with violence brings Arjouni into line with Hammett and Chandler. In a departure from the novels of Hammett and Chandler, though, the violence directed towards Kayankaya—as it is often accompanied by verbal aggression—always raises the question of ethnophobia.

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<sup>66</sup> “heroes of Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler act in a hard world: they move in a half-legal region on the dirty side of the modern metropolis; here one cuts brutally to the chase and carries a weapon” (translation RH)

From viewing the Kayankaya series through the lens of the Apollonian and Dionysian, I shifted to viewing how instances of order and instances of chaos defined the lines of Kayankaya's exclusion and his identity. Along these lines, drinking—another prevalent feature of hard-boiled detection—plays its normal roles in the Kayankaya series (i.e., social lubricant, means of release from stress or frustration, as a marker of status). The hard-boiled detective is a hard-drinking man, which emphasizes his loneliness: drinking is supposed to be a social activity. Yet, the hard-boiled detective seems to possess a superhuman capacity to turn alcohol into the elixir of life. An example of this appears in *Ein Mann, ein Mord*, when he uses hard liquor to recover from an apparent concussion (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 77). That is not to say that Kayankaya cannot imbibe to the point of oblivion, but rather that Kayankaya functions best while maintaining a low level of alcoholic *Rausch*. While it is unrealistic, Kayankaya's relationship with alcohol certainly conforms to expectations of the hard-boiled genre and perhaps even stereotypical ideas of the German drinker. As such, Kayankaya's drinking reveals his loneliness and his typical Germanness and on another level supports the argument that he is indeed hard-boiled.

Arjouni takes other steps to establish Kayankaya's outsider status. There are multiple instances of both ethnically Turkish and ethnically German people reading Kayankaya at culturally Turkish. These misreadings of Kayankaya—that I view as a result of the Apollonian—arise from an unnuanced conception of what I refer to as *from-ness* and *of-ness*, or rather an equation between them. Both parties assume Kayankaya is *from* Turkey and therefore *of* Turkey (i.e., was born and socialized there). They are wrong. He is *from* Turkey, but he is *of* Germany. The ambiguity in the loaded question “Where are you from?” is the

basis of Kayankaya's unbelonging. Chapter Three is dedicated to the various ways Arjouni creates this unbelonging and the tension between *from-ness* and *of-ness*.

Dialogue is a potent tool in establishing how Kayankaya's compatriots view him. On multiple occasions, hegemonic Germans address Kayankaya using a pidgin dialect, but only when they see him. The use of a non-standard code in response to Kayankaya's appearance reveals how Arjouni's white Germans perceive "the Turkish male." Especially in the first three novels, the hegemony views Kayankaya as incapable of producing the German language because they believe he is *from* and therefore *of* Turkey. Deixis plays a longer lasting role in the series. Minor characters use words like "hier" ("here"), "da" ("there"), or personal pronouns in such a way as to shut Kayankaya out of their circle, either consciously or unconsciously. I call this exclusion through deixis "deictic violence." It is especially prominent in *Mehr Bier*, from which I draw examples to establish my argument. I return to the concept throughout the rest of the examination of the series.

An association with trash and decay also follows Kayankaya throughout the entire series. Symbolically, this connection to trash is akin to being part of a marginalized community: trash is unwanted, does not belong *here*. This association, however, is complex and changes its meaning depending on the vantage point—just like Kayankaya's Germanness. Early in the series, hegemonic Germans often see Kayankaya as a typical *Gastarbeiter*. As a part of that status, they assume that he may work as a garbageman, that he lives in dilapidated housing, and/or that he is a disease vector. Arjouni makes it clear that the hegemony makes such assumptions of all brown people not just Kayankaya. Along these lines, I refer to brown people living in Germany as "garbage-people." This label is ironic, though.

Kayankaya does bear certain connections with trash and decay. When Kayankaya was young, his father moved them to Germany and worked as a garbageman. As an inhabitant of the city of Frankfurt, Kayankaya lives in streets that are filled with trash and dog excrement. Kayankaya frequents the *Bahnhofsviertel*, in whose vicinity poor immigrants are forced by necessity to live in derelict conditions. Arjouni is careful to display the countryside and suburbs as lacking any brown bodies. These suburbs are generally very clean. This portrayal creates a juxtaposition between filthy urban center and orderly suburbs and countryside, one that is partially defined along ethnic lines. Although Kayankaya experiences much bias and violence in the city, it is clear that he prefers Frankfurt's vitality to what he perceives as the death brought on by the cleanliness of the suburbs and countryside. This cleanliness unto death and the lack of brown bodies in those spaces suggest that Kayankaya sees the garbage-people as a type of decay that offers renewal. Kayankaya thereby disconnects the dots of the hegemonic association between brown bodies and decay and views the presence of the garbage-people in a positive light.

The section in Chapter Three most heavily influenced by Peter Hühn and Friedrich Nietzsche is "Clueless Readings." In Hühn's model, the detective is both a reader and a narrator; he reads the clues and narrates the crime. I conjecture that these actions are driven by what I term the "detectively impulse." After reading the Kayankaya series, I make a further conjecture: the detective is not the only character who has the detectively impulse. Spade and Marlowe may incite hesitation and skepticism—even people who are clean don't necessarily want their past unearthed. Kayankaya incites not only skepticism but also ethnophobia. These biases generally being that he is a *Gastarbeiter* or a Muslim, that he cannot be or speak German, or that he is somehow dirty. These attempts to define Kayankaya

are driven by the detectively impulse. This impulse's prevalence suggests that it is one that resides in all humans—as Arjouni portrays them—and as such corresponds to Nietzsche's Apollonian. Kayankaya's compatriots, however, do not follow up their detectively impulse with any actual detective work. The resulting readings made of Kayankaya are therefore *clueless*.

Kayankaya's particular brand of outsider status leads to a simultaneous belonging and unbelonging—or (un)belonging. For instance, just as people engage in clueless readings of Kayankaya, Kayankaya produces clueless readings about other people. This seeming contradiction is one way that Arjouni demonstrates Kayankaya's (un)belonging: Kayankaya's clueless readings often match the biased misreadings of the German hegemony; unlike members of the hegemony, Kayankaya often becomes hermeneutically involved with his texts and reveals a nuanced truth. Arjouni has other methods for revealing this (un)belonging. Broadly, Kayankaya's voice on its own is perceived as German. However, the appearance of Kayankaya's body overrides his voice's power to assert his own Germanness; if someone can see him, they assume he is un-German. Another example comes after Kayankaya has found some belonging. In the final novel, he has a girlfriend who is functionally his wife. Even in this stable relationship, Kayankaya does not completely fit in: she suspects him of antisemitism on the basis of his father's adherence to Islam and *not* because of his German socialization. Once again, an unrefined notion of *from-ness* and *of-ness* makes it impossible for Kayankaya to fully belong.

The violence and drinking so ingrained in the hard-boiled tradition—and that help mark the detective's masculinity—are abundant in Kayankaya's first four cases. In Chapter Four, I argue that in the Kayankaya series, violence and drunkenness play not only the role of

creating the man Kayankaya and marking his genre membership, they also help Kayankaya escape his (un)belonging. As forms of *Rausch*, they break down the lines that keep Kayankaya separate from the people who surround him. It must be said that Kayankaya participates in sexual intercourse—another source of *Rausch*—more readily than his American counterparts. Still, Kayankaya could theoretically have sex at any moment being that he works in Frankfurt’s equivalent of the red-light district. However, he rarely indulges. He prefers the violence and drunkenness, at least while actively investigating a case. This preference led me to the conclusion that the *Rausch* from drunkenness and violence acts as a substitute for the *Rausch* from sex. Correspondingly, drunkenness and violence offer the possibility of an ersatz orgasm (i.e., passing out), which I refer to as “the hard-boiled *petite mort*.”<sup>67</sup> Passing out lets Kayankaya escape the consciousness that ties him to the physical world and with that escape any feeling of alterity.

Kayankaya’s immoderate drinking paints the portrait of a man with nothing to lose. Yet, he also uses alcohol as a way to connect with people: two early examples are with Nina Scheigel and Ernst Slibulsky. The drunkenness he shares with them certainly provides *Rausch* but it also builds fellowship between the participants. While Nina Scheigel only appears in one novel, the vodka she shares with Kayankaya is so impressively good that he risks his reputation and job for her. Slibulsky, on the other hand, becomes Kayankaya’s friend and occasional partner. Their friendship and partnership represent a departure from the hard-boiled detective novels of yore, whose detectives meant it when they said that they work alone. In another departure from the works of Hammett and Chandler, Kayankaya is

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<sup>67</sup> Abbott’s work, especially her second chapter “The White Male as Hysteric in James M. Cain and Raymond Chandler,” was instrumental to this observation.

relatively sober and has completely turned his back on any loner inclinations in *Bruder Kemal*. The keystone for this stabilization is his relationship with Deborah. Even here, though, their relationship is still fortified with alcohol. For instance, when the two become deadlocked in an argument, they decide to drop the whole thing and drink a bottle of wine. Drinking and drunkenness, then, is a way for Arjouni to define Kayankaya as a hyper-masculine man, a German, and eventually a member of the middle class. Drunkenness, however, also helps Kayankaya escape his (un)belonging, especially prior to his joining the bourgeoisie.

From the tameness implied in Kayankaya's relationship with Deborah, it is clear that Kayankaya the elder is quite different from the younger version of himself. Not only is he far from being a loner—he has Slibulsky, mutual friends with Deborah, spends time with Deborah's niece—but he also drinks less and gets into fewer fights. Along these lines, it is clear that the more stable Kayankaya's life is, the less frequently he resorts to drunkenness and violence as a means of escape. Yet Kayankaya the elder comes to depend on a new form of *Rausch*: flirtatious infatuation. Although Kayankaya has sex and the occasional flirtation during previous investigations, he generally avoids emotional entanglements. The first time he becomes enamored with a woman is in *Kismet*, remarkably she is not physically present. At this point, he has also begun his relationship with Deborah. Theirs is a bond based on practical exchange: his protection for her sexual favors. That is to say that his relationship with her is more familiar than passionate. In *Bruder Kemal*, however, Kayankaya becomes so infatuated with Valerie de Chavannes that it seems he commits murder for her. This willingness to go against his code—prior to *Kismet*, Kayankaya had not killed anyone and

was essentially immune to women's charm—makes it clear that Kayankaya is no longer hard-boiled, at least not in the same vein as Spade, the Continental Op, and Marlowe.

## *2.6 Conclusion*

It would be too simplistic to say that Kayankaya is stuck between two cultures. It is not as if he were raised in Turkey, or by Turkish parents, or even in the Turkish immigrant community in Germany. The Holzheims raised Kemal Kayankaya in Germany and their adoption granted Kayankaya citizenship to the Federal Republic. Rather than being stuck between two cultures, Kayankaya is stuck in the clueless reading that other people produce about him. These biases run in both directions: hegemonic Germans assume he cannot speak German; ethnic and cultural Turks assume he can speak Turkish. Some of his compatriots' assumptions stay at the level of microaggression: they ask him if he is from the Balkans or assume that he likes traditional Turkish music. Others make sure that Kayankaya knows he does not belong here through their use of deixis or racial slurs. People also associate him with garbage and by extension the decay of Germany. In turn, Kayankaya uses his abilities not only to narrate the story of the crime, but also to manage and curate his own identity (e.g., by rewriting his connection with garbage and decay). Even after finding some belonging, though, with his long-term partner, Deborah, and his close friend, Slibulsky, his visage still causes ethnocentric doubt. Deborah accuses him of being congenitally antisemitic and a white employer cannot decide if she should use the inclusive "we" with him. Thus, simultaneous belonging and not belonging is a central theme in the Kayankaya series. Bearing typical hard-boiled topoi in mind, as well as Hühn's theory of the detective as reader,

and Nietzsche's account of the Apollonian and Dionysian, this dissertation explores the ways that Kayankaya and his compatriots define his belonging and unbelonging.

### 3. The Usual Suspect?: Kayankaya, or the Detective as Outsider

In the hard-boiled genre, the detective generally conducts his investigation alone. For Marlowe and Spade, this seclusion is largely self-inflicted. Their pride, honor, and dedication to remaining pure (i.e., their code) all assure their loneliness. This self-imposed burden may make them seem beyond reproach but actually they are morally ambiguous. In this matter, Jakob Arjouni's Kemal Kayankaya is no exception. Kayankaya is dedicated to his code and makes ethically questionable decisions. However, Kayankaya's isolation is imposed from without (if one is being generous, it is a consequence of an unlikely concatenation). He encounters daily reminders that his compatriots do not think he belongs. In response, Kayankaya uses performativity to either disappoint or affirm his interlocuter's expectations. This type of play looks a lot like masquerade, which is not at all new to detection. In light of his alterity, though, Kayankaya's performance of certain identities takes on a new significance. It is something he *must* do instead of something he chooses to do. Like other detectives, Kayankaya uses this performativity to gather clues. Per Hühn and others, detection depends on the ability to read and then write a cohesive story from those isolated points of information. In order to be an adroit detective, then, one must be a persuasive narrator, since the job demands creating an accurate or at least believable story from limited information. Kayankaya's investigation and subsequent narration of crimes is thereby contrasted with the necessity he feels to constantly (re)define himself to his compatriots.

Generally speaking, the police should be able to successfully conduct investigations into crimes; only special cases demand a private detective. In *Farewell, My Lovely*, Marlowe is allowed to conduct his investigation because the police department is ambivalent about the murder of a black man (Chandler *Farewell, My Lovely* 16-21). Similarly, in *Happy birthday*,

*Türke!* Ilter Hamul hires Kayankaya because the Frankfurt police are not interested in investigating the death of a Turk. They have a common impetus for their investigations, yet the two detectives are received differently in their respective cities. The attention that Kayankaya's physiognomy attracts is the main distinction between him and his white, American prototypes: Kayankaya's brown skin in Germany makes him "hyper-visible" (Gissane 45). This visibility produces a detectively impulse from the people who surround Kayankaya, not just his white, German compatriots. Phrased in terms of Hühn's model of the detective as a reader, the detectively impulse is the desire to read and circumscribe someone or something. The detectively impulse can also be related to Nietzsche's Apollonian, which undergirds not only the desire for clarity but also the capacity for categorizing. Kayankaya's existence in Germany has made him the permanent object of the detectively impulse. In choosing to be a career detective, however, Kayankaya becomes the subject of the detectively impulse instead of exclusively being its object. His hard-boiled lifestyle, though, will only deepen his isolation. He mostly has acquaintances and not friends. He prefers sex with prostitutes to having a significant other. He regards his moral code as higher than that of society and even the law. In his allegiance to these hard-boiled tenets, Kayankaya falls between two stools, so to speak. In his typically chauvinistic and biased views, he is retrogressive. In his packaging (i.e., the fact that he is an ethnically Turkish immigrant who embodies the hegemonically German chauvinistic gaze), he is progressive (cf. Teraoka "Detecting Ethnicity" 273).

As this chapter will show, Kayankaya is not stuck between two cultures but rather between simultaneously belonging and not belonging—(un)belonging. In his own eyes and in the eyes of the law, Kayankaya is German. To his countrymen and -women, he could not

possibly be German, at least not fully. Arjouni uses several tactics to reveal this apparent paradox. Among the most subtle is the author's use of deictic violence, wherein minor characters insist that Kayankaya is not *from here* and is not one of *them*. Beyond that device, hegemonic Germans associate Kayankaya and non-white people with trash and decay. Notably, Kayankaya also associates himself with garbage, but he rewrites this connection into one of a decay that brings renewal. As Arjouni starts to move away from the faithful reproduction of traditional hard-boiled tropes, Kayankaya starts to find some fellowship. This fellowship starts with Slibulsky and expands, however tenuously, into his relationship with Romario in *Kismet* and with Deborah. Even in these relationships, though, Kayankaya's Germanness is not entirely affirmed. Romario, who is decidedly more unsure of his Germanness than Kayankaya, sings "Kein schöner Land"<sup>68</sup> in Kayankaya's shower. Deborah, a Jewish prostitute turned restaurateur, doubts if Kayankaya can really be free of antisemitism since he was brought up, at least for a time, by his Muslim father.

All of these observations lead to the conclusion that Arjouni's characters depend too heavily on notions of—as I call it—*from-ness* (i.e., the appearance of being from a certain region, having ancestors from a particular place) for their definition of belonging. The truthfulness of Arjouni's criticism is reflected in the 2019 newspaper article "I Will Never Be German" by Lara Takenaga. She notes that even today in some segments of society there is a strong divide between "bio-Germans" and "passport Germans," while brown Germans often experience a lack of acceptance in their own cultures (Takenaga). The people who separate the bio-Germans from the passport Germans, equate *from-ness* with *of-ness* (i.e., the quality

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<sup>68</sup> "Kein schöner Land" (i.e., "No Country More Beautiful") is a rather nationalistic song in praise of Germany.

of having lived in a place for a long time, knowing that place intimately and having developed relationships there). For those brown Germans and Kayankaya alike, *of-ness*; rather, *of-ness* is not reducible to or coextensive with *from-ness*.

### 3.1 Establishing Kayankaya's Unbelonging

Kayankaya's first meeting with a potential client in *Happy birthday, Türke!* reveals the complicated nature of his (un)belonging. In response to Ilter Hamul's spoken Turkish, he tells her that although he is "ein Landsmann,"<sup>69</sup> he can neither speak nor comprehend Turkish (12). She tries to leave at this point. Kayankaya convinces her to stay and runs upstairs to a neighboring office to borrow a plate so that he can serve Ilter a piece of cake. When he reaches the next floor, the clerk of the credit institution greets him with: "Na Mustaffa, was gibt's?"<sup>70</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 13). Then, when Kayankaya asks for a fork and plate the ethnic stereotyping continues: "Was gibt's denn Feines? Kebab?"<sup>71</sup> (*ibid.*). Kayankaya is relatively unmoved by such (micro[?]-)aggressions. Presumably, he has been dealing with them for a long time. Besides, for Kayankaya revenge is best served cold or at least in liquid form. Instead of responding to the clerk's attacks, Kayankaya searches the clerk's desk and is rewarded with a bottle of cherry liqueur. When the clerk finds Kayankaya with his bottle of cherry liqueur, he snidely asks, "Kannste dich denn nich daran gewöhnen, daß de nun in 'nem zivilisierten Land bist, wo man nich in anderer Leute Schubladen rumschüffelt?"<sup>72</sup> (*ibid.*).

Upon receiving the plate, Kayankaya returns to his office, where he and Ilter eat in an

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<sup>69</sup> "ethnic compatriot" (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 7)

<sup>70</sup> "So what's up, Mustafa?" (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 8).

<sup>71</sup> "What's the dish? Shish kebab?" (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 8).

<sup>72</sup> "can't get used to the fact that you live in a civilized country, where people don't rummage in other people's desk drawers?" (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 9)

awkward silence. At length, she explains in broken German that her husband has been murdered and that the police do not seem all that keen on finding the perpetrator.

The interactions between Kayankaya and these two characters throw his isolation into stark relief. Ilter Hamul tries to leave Kayankaya's office when she finds out he cannot speak Turkish. As Ilter looks at him questioningly, a thought occurs to Kayankaya: "Sie hatte im Branchen-Telefonbuch unter Detekteien nachgesehen und mit Freude unter den ganzen Müllers einen türkischen Namen entdeckt"<sup>73</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 14). Insofar, Kayankaya disappoints her preconceived definition of himself (i.e., that he is Turkish *like her*). While Kayankaya has enough cultural sensitivity to distinguish a mourning veil from a hijab, he can neither literally nor metaphorically speak Ilter's language. Thus, there is a clear divide between Ilter and Kayankaya. Despite the gulf between Kayankaya and Ilter, the clerk would likely put Kayankaya and Ilter into the same box. People belong in this box because they 'either are named or are affiliated with people named Mustafa,' or because they are 'people of the land of shish kebab.' In just a few jibes, the clerk reveals a tendency to conflate all brown people in Germany. Indeed, this elision of distinctions between people in out-groups is a motif throughout the series. Yet Arjouni—who will often use culinary culture to show Kayankaya's Germanness—subtly indicates how *of* Germany Kayankaya is. Kayankaya does not want to borrow a plate for shish kebab (not that it would be un-German to eat shish kebab), but rather for bakery typical of German-language culture: *Sachertorte*.

To the clerk, Kayankaya's and Ilter's brown skin marks them as being *from* somewhere else and essentially *of* a place where society is not civilized. Ironically,

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<sup>73</sup> "She had checked the yellow pages for private investigators, and to her delight she had discovered a Turkish name among all the Müllers" (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 10).

Kayankaya has more in common culturally with the clerk than with Ilter Hamul. Thus, despite having access to the German language and a German cultural frame of reference, Kayankaya cannot gain entry to Germany's hegemony (McMillan 111). His exclusion from the hegemony, however, does not guarantee him access to the *Gastarbeiter* community. Ilter Hamul is so disappointed and surprised that Kayankaya does not speak Turkish that she tries to leave. Kayankaya, therefore, is misread from both directions. It is the same misreading, in fact, but from two disparate parties. In contrast to Kayankaya, white Germans and even the Americans Spade and Marlowe possess a cloaking whiteness: as white people they do not trigger the detectively impulse. Their whiteness is accepted as normal and they therefore are invisible. To try to read these white people would be a practice in frustration since white people can be anything, per the hegemonic misreading. Brown people, on the other hand, can only fulfill certain roles further misreadings will suggest.

### 3.2 Kemal Kayankaya and Deictic Violence

Arjouni uses deixis to deepen Kayankaya's unbelonging. Deictic shifters are words that have no fixed reference and depend on the sentence's context as well as the location of the speaker for their meaning. Deictic violence is especially widespread in the second novel, *Mehr Bier*. Kayankaya goes to *Firma Böllig* to meet with the new business manager, Geschäftsführer Meyer. Meyer's secretary announces Kayankaya's presence by telling Meyer, "er käme von Frau Böllig... weiß ich nicht... kommt von *außerhalb*... nein, überhaupt nicht von *hier*, verstehen Sie?"<sup>74</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 40; emphasis added). Then, on his way back to Frankfurt from

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<sup>74</sup> "He says Mrs. Böllig sent him... I don't know... He's *not from here*... No, I mean he's not from *here* at all, if you know what I mean." (*More Beer* 34)

this meeting, Kayankaya realizes that someone is following him. He causes a wreck to find out who it is. It turns out to be one half of the party that hired him for this case: Carla Reedermann. She tries to explain her actions: the case they are working on has far-reaching implications and involves both the private and public sectors of the Frankfurt. Eventually, the real reason comes out: “*Sie sind Türke. Das ist eine andere Kultur, und möglicherweise verstehen wir uns gar nicht [...] ich wollte keine Überraschung erleben. Zum Beispiel, ob Sie eine Frau als Mitarbeiterin akzeptieren. Ich meine, bei Ihnen ist das nicht üblich, nicht wahr?*”<sup>75</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 50; emphasis added).

Meyer’s secretary tries to indicate to Meyer that Kayankaya is not *from* Germany. The meaning of “from” in this instance is not insignificant. If the secretary is trying to speak to Kayankaya’s place of birth, then she is correct: he is from Turkey. Given the ambiguity of the statement, though, she could be referring to the location where Kayankaya started his day or where he had been immediately before this meeting. However, the way she interrupts herself when she says, “kommt von außerhalb” indicates that she does not want Kayankaya to know that she is talking about him. This attempt to avoid offending Kayankaya reveals the deceptive nature of deictic violence: it is not necessarily meant to be offensive, but it simultaneously draws attention to Kayankaya’s alterity. Reedermann likewise tries to be unoffensive. She uses the formal “Sie” in reference to Kayankaya, which implies both politeness and a certain distance from the interlocutor. Then she uses the first-person plural “wir” in reference to herself and Kayankaya, but the rest of her statement shows that that grouping is an anomaly. She indicates—perhaps in an attempt to show progressiveness—that

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<sup>75</sup> “And *you*’re a Turk. That’s a different culture, and we may not be able to communicate... Perhaps it was foolish, but I didn’t want any surprises. For instance—whether *you* would accept a woman as a co-worker. I mean, that’s unusual *where you come from*, isn’t it?” (*More Beer* 45)

it is odd for a Turk and a German to work together and that it is even more of an oddity that a Turkish male would be willing to work with a female of any sort. The “bei Ihnen” serves to cement the boundary between her and Kayankaya. Anselm Hollo translates “bei Ihnen” as “where you come from” but that phrase does not capture the full scope of “bei Ihnen,” though it is certainly one possible translation (*More Beer* 45). On its own, “bei Ihnen” can mean “in your [plural/singular] home” or “you all as an entire group.” Thus, Reederemann suggests that Kayankaya is possibly both *from* and *of* somewhere else and/or belongs to another group of people. Furthermore, Reederemann suggests a certain misogyny on the part of all Turkish men, thereby asserting a commonality between men of a certain ethnicity. Her statement implies that she would not have to have any such conversation with a white German man. Arjouni’s portrayal of pimps and other men begs to differ.

Another “bei Ihnen” occurs in *Mehr Bier* but from a more sinister character. Here the formality and the politeness of the language belie the speaker’s nefarious intentions. Kommissar Kessler has had Kayankaya arrested and detained on the same night he was released from the hospital after being attacked by a gang, chewed on by a rat, and left for dead in a gutter. The Kommissar explains to a handcuffed Kayankaya that Kayankaya should drop his investigation into Böllig’s death; the police are conducting a long-term investigation into the matter and Kayankaya’s meddling could jeopardize their progress. “Was trinkt man *bei Ihnen*? Raki, nicht wahr? Wollen Sie einen Schluck?”<sup>76</sup> asks Kessler in an apparent conciliatory gesture as he points to a bottle with a metal ruler (*Mehr Bier* 75; emphasis added). When Kayankaya refuses Kessler’s initial invitation to drop the case, Kessler makes explicit what “bei Ihnen” only implies: “Ich kann dich *hier* halb tot prügeln, und kein

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<sup>76</sup> “What do folks drink *in your parts*? Raki, right? Would you like a shot?” (*More Beer* 70)

Schwein würde sich darum scheren. Vielleicht würde man mir sogar anerkennend auf die Schulter klopfen”<sup>77</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 76; emphasis added). Then, in a threatening and vaguely sexual gesture, Kessler lifts Kayankaya’s chin with the ruler and asks him again if he will drop the case (*Mehr Bier* 77). Kayankaya refuses again and then tries to attack Kessler, but Kessler beats the still handcuffed and recently wounded Kayankaya unconscious.

Kessler’s use of “hier” does not refer to the Germany that most characters imply in their usage of “hier.” Instead, Kessler’s “hier” stands for an alternate reality that borders on the Kafkaesque for Germany’s brown people. As harsh as the everyday world can be for recent immigrants, state agencies represent the largest threat to their well-being and existence in Arjouni’s Germany. The reader sees it here, but also in Kriminalkommissar Futt’s abuse of Vasif Ergün and Ahmed Hamul, in the immigrant office and in Kommissar Höttges’ transgressions in *Ein Mann, ein Mord* and *Kismet*, and in Dr. Ahrens’ cooperation with the government in *Kismet*. Kessler knows that in this reality, he can use violence with impunity and that is what he does. Yet, Kessler represents a strange case. Where others often assume of Kayankaya that he cannot speak German and does not belong here, Kessler does not. Kessler knows he wields power over Kayankaya, but Kessler does not view Kayankaya as inherently inferior for his Turkish ethnicity. Kessler indicates that he has visited Turkey and sees some similarities between Turkey and Germany. He also keeps a bottle of raki in his office, suggesting he likes the stuff. His efforts to call Kayankaya off the case indicate that Kessler views Kayankaya as an actual threat to his dealings with the *Firma Böllig*. In which case, Kessler, the worst offender in *Mehr Bier*, does not make the same simple misreadings of

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<sup>77</sup> “In *here*, I can beat you within an inch of your life, and no one gives a rat’s ass. On the contrary, I may even get a pat on the back” (*More Beer* 70).

Kayankaya that other people do. Instead, he actually bothers to find out information about him Kayankaya. Thus, the character Kessler reveals the model of everyday meanness (that is, bias and exclusion) can be exceeded by the same methods that Kayankaya uses to overcome that same meanness: detection.

Kessler's deixis demonstrates the same point here and at the end of the novel. When Kessler realizes that Kayankaya cannot prove Kessler's guilt, Kessler says "*außer Ihnen und mir weiß niemand was davon, und ich bin deutscher Kriminalkommissar, Kayankaya, und Sie sind ein türkischer Alkoholiker mit einer Lizenz für Privatermittlungen. Merken Sie was?!*"<sup>78</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 146; emphasis added). Kessler does not say "außer uns" (i.e. besides us) but rather "außer Ihnen und mir." Kessler's deixis here subtly undergirds the intent of his statement: to indicate a gulf between Kessler and Kayankaya. Kessler's earlier "bei Ihnen" functions similarly, he is using deictic shifters to reinforce rather matter-of-factly who is at home "hier" and who has the upper hand in their dynamic.

The deictic as well as the physical violence have exclusionary effects in this scene, but they both help fulfill Kayankaya's self-definition. On the one hand, Kayankaya gladly defines himself in contrast to Kessler. Kessler is in the Frankfurt mayor's pocket and uses his station for personal gains. Kayankaya has no lofty connections and—as Anastas states—is uncorruptible (*Mehr Bier* 18). On the other hand, Kayankaya's willingness and ability to absorb this trouncing *and* continue his investigation prove just how hard-boiled he is. To a certain extent, Kayankaya needs the violence to adhere to his code and reveal how dedicated

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<sup>78</sup> "*except for you and me, no one knows anything about it, and I am a German Detective Superintendent, and you, Kayankaya, are just a Turkish alcoholic with a private investigator's license. Don't you see?*" (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 142).

he is to it. Although he loses the fight, Kayankaya wins a small victory in proving to himself how righteous he is; this righteousness, however, fortifies his outsider status.

### 3.3 *Garbage, Decay, and Renewal*

Arjouni's minor characters make several statements suggesting that Kayankaya is trash—or is associated with trash—and that Kayankaya represents a type of decay or illness that threatens (West) Germany's wellbeing. On Kayankaya's way to meet the Ergüns, Ilter's family, Kayankaya kicks an empty beer can at the leg of a fellow pedestrian. Justifiably, the man is upset and yells in standard German, "passen Sie gefälligst auf!"<sup>79</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 17). When the man sees Kayankaya's countenance, however, he changes his tone from frustration to pedantry and his German from the standard to a pidgin version. "*Hier Deutschland! Nix Türkei! Hier kommen Bierdosen in Mülleimer, und...ähm, türkisch Mann zu Müllabfuhr*"<sup>80</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 17; emphasis added). To the man, Kayankaya's brownness and silence imply foreignness and a lack of understanding. The man's deixis further draws attention to Kayankaya's perceived foreignness. Confident in his definition of Germanness, the man presumes to teach Kayankaya a lesson, namely that beer cans should be thrown away in Germany and that it is a Turkish man's job to then take those beer cans away as a garbageman—a typical reading of brown bodies in Arjouni. Contrary to the man's words, though, beer cans obviously are not always thrown away in Germany. The man, however, captures the reality that people of Turkish descent faced in the Federal Republic of

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<sup>79</sup> "Now wait a minute" (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 13)

<sup>80</sup> "This Germany! This no Turkey! Here beer cans go in the garbage! And Turk fellow drive garbage truck!" (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 13).

the 1980s: very often it was a Turkish man's job to take away the garbage (Fennell 42-5).

Despite the man's erroneous assumption about German cleanliness, the motif of Kayankaya's connection with garbage continues throughout the series.

Through the eyes of his white compatriots, Kayankaya's link to garbage carries negative connotations. Like his Germanness, though, Kayankaya's proximity to garbage can be read in multiple ways. Kayankaya sees his connection to garbage as a story of power. Kayankaya's father came to Germany to work as a garbageman. That their fathers shared this profession creates a point of solidarity with Yilmaz Ergün: "Vasif Ergün hatte, genau wie mein Vater, bis zu seinem Tod anderer Leute Müll geschleppt"<sup>81</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 23). It also reflects the reality of the *Gastarbeiter* program. In post-WWII Germany, the Turkish workforce was largely limited to lowly service jobs (Fennell 42-45). In his mind, Kayankaya has flipped the perception of his father's occupation as menial. "Mein Vater war einer der ersten türkischen Müllmänner der Republik"<sup>82</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 13). This formulation makes Kayankaya's father a pivotal player in the development and protection of the recently fledged democracy in West Germany. To a certain extent that must be true: someone has to take out the trash. Germany's economic recovery would not have been possible without the foreign workers who came to fill these humble jobs. Kayankaya generalizes his father's contribution to the new republic: in the decay that hegemonic Germans see in recent immigrants, Kayankaya sees a potential for renewal. Yet, in another view, Kayankaya's father courageously took a risk to move to a foreign country in order to give himself and his son what he thought would be a better life. The implications of status in the formulation "einer

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<sup>81</sup> "Just like my father, Vasif Ergün had taken care of other people's garbage, to his dying day" (*Happy Birthday, Türke!* 19).

<sup>82</sup> "My father was one of the first Turkish garbage collectors of this republic." (*More Beer* 7)

der ersten türkischen Müllmänner der Republik” also hints at Kayankaya’s self-appointed role in German society. He tries to take out the proverbial trash of German society: those people who abuse their positions to take advantage of others. In these senses, Kayankaya bears his connection with garbage proudly.

Arjouni also uses garbage, filth, and decay to set up a dichotomy between urban center and German suburbs and countryside. This dichotomy largely posits a filthy, chaotic, and derelict downtown and a pristine, orderly, and quiet suburban and country space where no brown bodies can be found. Kayankaya, then, is not only associated with garbage but the borders of his home are marked by signs of decay (e.g., trash, crumbling buildings, human and dog waste, car fumes). Amongst this urban refuse, Kayankaya has a particular affinity for shit. On his way to meet the Hamuls and Ergüns for the first time, Kayankaya notices that the city’s “unbewegte Luft stank nach Abgasen, Müll, und Hundescheiße”<sup>83</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 18). Later in the series, he smells Gina’s (i.e., Slibulsky’s girlfriend) perfume and makes a joke to himself: “so roch Kleopatra, wenn sie sich mit vergorener Ziegenscheiße gegen Pickel eingerieben hat!”<sup>84</sup> (*Kismet* 48). Then he comments that someone who lives near his office “reagierte, als luge vor ihm auf der Straße die Ecke eines Zwanzigmarkscheins aus einem Haufen Hundescheiße”<sup>85</sup> (*Kismet* 180). Kayankaya has become so accustomed to the shit in the streets of Frankfurt that the lack of it in Germany’s non-urban areas alienates him: “Keine Holzlatte, kein Strohhaufen, nicht mal Hundekacke lag auf den gefegten

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<sup>83</sup> “stagnant air smelled of exhaust fumes, garbage, and dog shit” (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 14)

<sup>84</sup> “it’s what Cleopatra smelled like when she’d been rubbing in fermented goat shit for her spots!” (*Kismet* 47)

<sup>85</sup> “reacted as if a twenty-mark note was suddenly looking at him from a pile of dog shit in the street” (*Kismet* 174).

Steinen”<sup>86</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 127). When he reaches Doddelbach in *Mehr Bier*, he feels like something is missing. “Nicht der kleinste Hundehaufen verletzte deutsche Sauberkeit”<sup>87</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 28). Shit may not be exclusively positive in Kayankaya’s mind; it is, however, a marker of the familiar and a trait of the neighborhoods that he frequents, both personally and professionally. In this way, it functions like the sign for Henninger beer he sees when returning to Frankfurt from Gellersheim in *Ein Mann, ein Mord*: the sight of it does not mean belonging for Kayankaya but it lets him know that he is home (85).

Cleanliness and the lack of garbage represent something *unheimlich* to Kayankaya. The following internal monologue portrays how cleanliness makes him feel nostalgic for the grime of Frankfurt. “Ich mag deutsche Kleinstädte. Sie geben mir das Gefühl, ein paar Sachen richtig gemacht zu haben. Berufsverkehr, Winterschlußverkauf, lärmende Nachbarn, und auch die Bauarbeiten zur Erweiterung der Frankfurter U-Bahn direkt unter meinem Fenster schon seit über einem Jahr erschienen hier in ganz neuem Licht”<sup>88</sup> (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 69). To Kayankaya, this cleanliness represents a type of death that offers no renewal. “Als würden sämtliche Bewohner ihre Stadt beerdigen. Der Leichnam lag hergerichtet vor mir: gewienerte Gardinenfenster, glänzende Briefkästen, Vorgärten wie nach Schnittmustern angelgt, keimfreie Bürgersteige”<sup>89</sup> (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 68-69). *Keimfrei* can be translated

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<sup>86</sup> “There wasn’t a single piece of kindling, no pile of straw, not even any dog shit on the swept flag stones” (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 123).

<sup>87</sup> “Not even the smallest pile of dog shit to offend German cleanliness” (*More Beer* 22).

<sup>88</sup> “I liked small German towns. They made me think that I had made a few good decisions: rush-hour traffic, winter sales, noisy neighbors, even the construction work on the expansion of the Frankfurt subway that had been going on right under my window—in a place like Dietzenbach, all those things now appeared in a much kinder light” (*One Man, One Murder* 62).

<sup>89</sup> “It seemed as if the inhabitants were busy laying their town to rest. The corpse was laid out before me: sparkling windows with drawn curtains, shiny mailboxes, manicured front yards, disinfected sidewalks” (*One Man, One Murder* 61).

into English as “sterile,” but directly translating the constituent parts of *keimfrei* would render it “germ-free.” Thus, on the one hand, Dietzenbach gives the impression of being free of bacteria, and on the other, it shows a lack of new life.

Arjouni’s Frankfurt resembles the tough streets that the prototypical American hard-boiled detectives walked. The town of Personville portrayed in Hammett’s *Red Harvest* is a city in decline thanks to organized crime, corrupt officials, and unscrupulous people. Likewise, in Frankfurt, all the food is disgusting, there is dog shit everywhere, and the upholders of law and order are often involved in some corrupt scheme. To the reader, it is obvious that those in power are responsible for a great deal of the depravity and ruination, but Arjouni’s white Germans suggest another reason for this decline. The unrelenting equation of Kayankaya and other brown people with trash indicates that hegemonic Germans view brown people as the cause of Frankfurt’s ruin. This link is most explicit when Kayankaya first arrives in Dietzenbach in *Ein Mann, ein Mord*. He tries to ask a local man where to find a nightclub; the man replies with: “Nix brauchen, nix kaufen”<sup>90</sup> (*Ein Mann, Ein Mord* 69). This Dietzenbacher’s use of pidgin German indicates that he sees the presence of brown bodies in Germany as corrupting the German language and Germany by extension. That the man associates Kayankaya’s brown body with infection becomes apparent when he says, “Du hast mich doch hoffentlich nicht angehustet, du...?!”<sup>91</sup> (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 70).

Kayankaya’s experience of bourgeois German culture helps demonstrate this point. He notes the change in scenery between downtown Frankfurt and Nieder-Eschbach. “Überall gepflegter, grüner vier mal vier Meter großer Rasenteppich, eingerahmt von sauberlich

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<sup>90</sup> “No need nothing, no buy nothing!” (*One Man, One Murder* 62)

<sup>91</sup> “I sure hope I didn’t catch anything from talking to you” (*One Man, One Murder* 63).

angeordneten Blumensträuchern. Drumherum ein niedriger, dunkelbraun gebeizter Jägerzaun”<sup>92</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 86). It is clear from his reaction to the picket fence that he disdains such orderliness: the fences’ pointed tips are “zu nichts anderem gut, als fallenden kleinen Kindern die Augen auszustechen”<sup>93</sup> (ibid.). The regular lawns and their neat keeping would suggest that humanity can, in fact, triumph over chaos. (In other words, these lawns are an Apollonian triumph of aesthetics meant to imbue the owners and passers-by with a sense of calm.) The Löffs’ living space shares this impulse. “Das Eßzimmer der Löffs ist wie aus PVC gegossen. Als wäre es für suhlende Kinder eingerichtet worden. An den hellgelben Wänden hängen in Plastik eingeschweißte Rezeptplakate”<sup>94</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 90). Like the “keimfreie Bürgersteige” of Dietzenbach, the Löffs’ decor is simultaneously bourgeois German and suggestive of a sterility that stifles or even prohibits further growth. The plastic will not only prevent the messiness caused by children (who are literally the renewal of life) but it will also artificially extend the life of the furniture and the culture that it represents. It is therefore prohibitive of life while simultaneously prolonging the process of decay and thereby delaying renewal.

This is in contrast to what Kayankaya believes about the “garbage-people” of Germany: the decay he associates with himself and other brown people is one that promises revival. Nowhere is Kayankaya’s positive experience of this decay more apparent than in

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<sup>92</sup> “In front of each [beige shoebox] lies a manicured little lawn, four by four metres, bordered by carefully planted flowering shrubs, and these in turn are surrounded by a low picket fence” (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 83).

<sup>93</sup> “serve no other purpose than to puncture the eyes of small children” (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 83).

<sup>94</sup> “The Löffs’ dining room looks like the showroom of a plastics factory, a space designed for messy little kids. The pale yellow walls are adorned with recipes encased in plastic.” (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 86).

*Happy birthday, Türke!*. “[M]it pfeifendem Husten,”<sup>95</sup> Madame Obelix offers to heat up some beef sausage for Kayankaya, but his stomach replies on his behalf: “keine Rindswurst zum Frühstück”<sup>96</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 70). The decrepit Madame Obelix is at once herself ill *and* a purveyor of victuals that do not nourish. Directly thereafter, Kayankaya visits Frau Ergün whose apartment building smells of “Kinderpipi und Bratkartoffeln”<sup>97</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 19). Already the soupcon of children’s urine indicates both decay and renewal. Upon entering her apartment, though, Kayankaya can smell coffee and freshly baked bread. Like Madame Obelix, she is decrepit: Kayankaya notices that her toenails have “eine eitrige Farbe”<sup>98</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 71). Yet, Kayankaya cannot stop thinking about her breakfast rolls. When she finally offers him one, he chews it slowly and notes how it fills him with a radiant warmth (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 73). In a way that Madame Obelix’s food cannot, Frau Ergün’s cooking sates and revitalizes Kayankaya. Thus, despite the present decay (the smell of pee, pus-colored toenails), the fresh bread suggests that this decay associated with the garbage-people represents the opportunity for renewal, at least nutritionally. Kayankaya knows from his earlier meeting with the Ergüns that Frau Ergün’s three children and three grandchildren live with her. Despite the Löffs’ dining room being prepared for a juvenile onslaught, no children are present. As such, Frau Ergün’s contribution to Germany’s longevity is much more substantial than the tidy Frau Löff’s. The Kayankaya series, then, shows hegemonic Germans attempting to impose a high level of order on the

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<sup>95</sup> “[c]oughing and wheezing” (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 67)

<sup>96</sup> “no beef sausage for breakfast, please” (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 68)

<sup>97</sup> “kids’ pee and fried potatoes” (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 15)

<sup>98</sup> “the color of pus” (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 68).

world and preserve that order by deadly means (e.g., sterility, suffocation by plastic), and Germany's recent immigrants living in filth but renewing society.

The *Bahnhofsviertel* stands in stark contrast to Germany's suburbs and countryside as Arjouni portrays it. Arjouni depicts no brown people outside of the Frankfurt downtown, which implies that downtown is where brown bodies belong. The cleanliness of the distinctly white suburbs and countryside further distances those spaces from the filthy and derelict urban center. In light of these observations, the presence of white people in the *Bahnhofsviertel* presents a certain dissonance within the ternion of brownness, urbanness, and decay. Not only is the conclusion that brown people bring ruin wrong—as seen in Frau Ergün's three children and three grandchildren—but the triple association willfully neglects the white bodies inhabiting the *Bahnhofsviertel* and behaving the same way. The junkie Kayankaya meets is just as addicted to drugs as Ayse, Ilter Hamul's sister, yet there are no misreadings about white people and filth (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 46, 79). Along these lines, the *Bahnhofsviertel* is a Dionysian inversion of the Apollonian suburbs in Arjouni's world.

### 3.4 Clueless Readings

In Peter Hühn's conception of the detective as a reader, the detective is both a reader and a narrator/author. The detective *reads* the same clues as the police but is a better reader; he is thus more capable of writing the story of the crime (Hühn 239). As this relationship shows, detectives are not the only ones who read. Arjouni surrounds Kayankaya with ethnophobic characters who attempt to read Kayankaya but do not display his hermeneutic commitment. Instead, Kayankaya's hegemonic countrymen rely heavily on superficial information and biases to cluelessly read him and Germany's garbage-people. The man at whom Kayankaya

kicks a beer can is guilty of such a reading. When the man switches to his pidgin German and says “Hier Deutschland! Nix Türkei!” he shows that he has quickly and incorrectly read Kayankaya. The true detective therefore must be wary of this inclination. Kayankaya makes similar snap judgments about people but most frequently his hermeneutic involvement in the case uncovers a more nuanced truth—this is particularly true of his opinion of Manuel Weidenbusch.

The case in *Ein Mann, ein Mord* involves finding the Thai Sri Dao Rakdee on behalf of her German boyfriend, Manuel Weidenbusch. Weidenbusch tells Kayankaya that his girlfriend has been kidnapped and is Thai. Kayankaya jests: “Und Sie haben die letzte Rate nicht gezahlt? – Oder war’s ein Probeexemplar?”<sup>99</sup> (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 11). After Weidenbusch professes his heartfelt love for Rakdee, Kayankaya asks the question apparently always on his mind when he meets a prospective client: “Warum Kayankaya, warum nicht Müller?”<sup>100</sup> (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 16). When Weidenbusch does not answer to Kayankaya’s satisfaction, Kayankaya internally rails against supposedly enlightened Germans. “Sie [...] gehen auf Safari in Afrika; sie kiffen in Kairo, essen japanisch und wollen Moskau Demokratie beibringen; sie sind international bis auf die Pariser Unterhose – aber einen Türken ohne Sperrmüll unterm Arm und zehn ungewaschenen Kinder an der Hand, das geht nicht rein in ihren Schädel”<sup>101</sup> (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 16). Despite the fact they get off to a rough start, Kayankaya accepts the case and immediately goes to find Slibulsky.

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<sup>99</sup> “And you forgot to pay the last installment? Or was she just a sample?” (*One Man, One Murder* 7).

<sup>100</sup> “But why Kayankaya, why not Müller?” (*One Man, One Murder* 12).

<sup>101</sup> “They [...] go on safaris in Africa; they smoke hashish in Cairo, eat Japanese food, and propose to teach democracy to the Muscovites; they are ‘international’ down to their Parisian underwear—but they’re not able to recognize a Turk unless he’s carrying a garbage can under his arm” (*One Man, One Murder* 12).

Kayankaya's question about whether Rakdee is the victim of human trafficking may seem out of place. One might think that Kayankaya's own marginalization would make him more sensitive to the plight of other Others. This cynical joke is consistent with his character, though (Zeller 53). Kayankaya's ability to suffer from other people's biases and simultaneously make biased comments—even if they are jokes—is one method Arjouni uses to establish Kayankaya's Germanness. His self-righteous tirade, on the other hand, makes Kayankaya either insufferable or ineffably human. Kayankaya's participation in stereotyping conforms to Patricia Devine's findings: everyone has biases and they cannot be unlearned (Leahy "You Can't Unlearn Stereotypes"). Devine argues that biases are learned unwittingly through social cues and that to combat these biases one must recognize their onset and intervene to offset an undesired reaction. Kayankaya does not do anything to offset his reaction—his clueless readings—to Weidenbusch or Rakdee. In reference to Weidenbusch, Kayankaya's normal adroitness at reading people is muddied by his biases of people who live in the *Westend* and his expectation of their biases. Perhaps Weidenbusch did assume of the name "Kayankaya" that such a detective would be well-versed in dealing with cases surrounding immigrants and the sex trade. As a matter of fact, Kayankaya *is* experienced and skilled with cases in those spheres. At the same time, one reason Kayankaya is so experienced in such cases is because people assume he would be (cf. Ilter Hamul's reason for coming to Kayankaya). Here is an instance of how the traits people ascribe to Kayankaya begin to shape what he does and who he is. When Weidenbusch's attempt at explaining why he chose Kayankaya remains fragmentary, Kayankaya thinks to himself that it is "als hätte

jemand Stacheldraht durchs Zimmer gespannt”<sup>102</sup> (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 16). That someone is actually Kayankaya.

Kayankaya’s initial meeting with Weidenbusch recalls his first meeting with Ilter Hamul from *Happy birthday, Türke!*. Kayankaya suspects that Hamul was happy to find a “Kayankaya” amongst all the “Müllers.” In contrast to the meeting with Weidenbusch, Kayankaya asks no follow-up questions of Hamul. Hamul’s marginal status seems to mitigate Kayankaya’s suspicion of duplicity, despite the fact that Hamul misreads him as being Turkish. Kayankaya’s reaction to Weidenbusch, then, shows the danger of stereotypes that are reinforced by society: the group/person being stereotyped may not necessarily come to believe that stereotype about themselves but will come to expect that their community believes it about them. Whether or not Weidenbusch actually believes Turks all have ten unwashed children is beside the point. Kayankaya has been trained to expect these kinds of reactions from his white compatriots. Here Kayankaya relies on his experience with people like Weidenbusch to inform his reading of Weidenbusch. Since Weidenbusch cannot answer Kayankaya’s question about why he (Weidenbusch) called on him (Kayankaya), Kayankaya thinks he knows all he needs to about Weidenbusch. Kayankaya is generally skilled at reading people but even in him that process depends on biases and here he does not temper them. As becomes clear, Kayankaya’s commitment to his first impression of Weidenbusch as a feckless buffoon turns out to be misplaced. When he realizes that Weidenbusch and not Rakdee killed Rakdee’s rapist, Kayankaya humbles himself. “Das hätte ich Ihnen gar nicht zugetraut”<sup>103</sup> (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 178).

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<sup>102</sup> “as if someone had strung barbed wire across the room” (*One Man, One Murder* 12)

<sup>103</sup> “I wouldn’t have thought you could do that,” Kayankaya has to admit (*One Man, One Murder* 164).

The clueless readings continue through Kayankaya's investigation in *Ein Mann, ein Mord*. When he stops by the Frankfurt immigration office, Kayankaya receives a cold reception: "Wenn Sie die deutsche Staatsbürgerschaft besitzen, Herr..."<sup>104</sup> (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 43). From this unpropitious greeting, the situation deteriorates, partially thanks to Kayankaya's comical imprudence. Kayankaya's insults here feel justified as they are spurred this woman's xenophobic incredulity. At the same time, his typically hard-boiled jabs do not help the situation. After insulting the woman's intelligence a few times, Kayankaya requests Sri Dao Rakdee's file. When Frau Steiner returns, she brings a security officer with her. The man immediately prompts Kayankaya: "Name, Kanacke!"<sup>105</sup> (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 47). After threatening Frau Steiner's ruffian, Kayankaya returns to the topic of Rakdee's file, which Frau Steiner insists does not exist. Content that she is telling the truth, Kayankaya hurries out of the building.

In one particular vignette in *Ein Mann, ein Mord*, it becomes clear that not just Kayankaya suffers from clueless readings. After being knocked unconscious by Axel, Kayankaya is brought back to consciousness by someone stroking his forehead and whispering to him (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 110). He looks up and sees the weathered face of an old black man who is holding Kayankaya's head in his lap. Kayankaya will later refer to this man as his "Pflegeopa,"<sup>106</sup> recalling his adoptive family and perhaps implies caring warmth

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<sup>104</sup> "If you are a German citizen, Mr.—" snarls Frau Steiner without finishing her sentence (*One Man, One Murder* 38).

<sup>105</sup> "What's your name, nigger?" (*One Man, One Murder* 41) The decision to render "Kanacke" as "nigger" is most likely based on the translator's desire to show the gravity of the insult being used by this state official.

<sup>106</sup> "My adoptive father" (*One Man, One Murder* 102) Given that Kayankaya actually has an adoptive father, it is unclear to me why the translator chose 'my adoptive father' when they could have chosen 'my adoptive/foster grandfather' as the original has it.

(*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 112). Kayankaya came to this place looking for Sri Dao Rakdee and while there are three Thai women in the bunker, none of them are her. There is a man who has a denim jacket, a Walkman, and is apparently dating a German woman (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 111-12). A short time later, the police show up and take all of the people in the bunker to a holding cell to be deported. There, Kayankaya taunts a Turkish man who is praying and trying to speak Turkish with Kayankaya. A man from South Lebanon intervenes and tells the Turkish man that Kayankaya obviously does not speak Turkish. At this point the Turkish man starts speaking nearly flawless German; Kayankaya is ashamed of himself for assuming the man could not understand German. When the pious Turk gets agitated with Kayankaya, a Kurd stands up to confront the pious Turk and ends up punching the pious Turk in the nose (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 121-22).

The dynamics in this room are a case study in a broader truth that Arjouni attempts to show: there is no typical migrant in Germany. The gang that has promised these people counterfeit documents is run by hegemonic Germans, represented by Manfred Greiner. They are working in cahoots with the police, led by the corrupt Kommissar Höttges. The gang, rightly so, perceives this immigrant population as an easy target because of their marginal status and desperate wish to stay in Germany. The police, in turn, unquestioningly arrest and attempt to deport these people. One could assume that the police so blindly deport these people because it is the accepted reading that they do not belong *here*. As is symbolically conveyed by the space of the bunker, Arjouni's white Germans believe all of these people belong in the same box. Even as a German citizen—despite his knowledge of the law and capacity to speak German—Kayankaya is himself almost deported.

In the bunker, it begins to dawn on Kayankaya what is going on and why these people are locked in here. He looks around and hears in his head the clueless readings of immigrants in Germany:

Der Flüchtling, “in dessen Kulturkreis Folter eine traditionell übliche Vernehmungsmethode ist.” Der Flüchtling, “der, wenn er politisch nicht tätig geworden wäre, bei der Heimkehr auch keine Repressalien zu fürchten hätte – und der sich des Risikos seiner Tätigkeit wohl bewusst war.” Und der “Wirtschaftsasyllant”, der im Angesicht deutscher Supermärkte zum Schmarotzer erklärt wird, als seien Hunger und Armut für drei Viertel der Erdbevölkerung eine Art “Menschenrecht”; das “Auf-unsere-Kosten”-Gespenst, obwohl die Kosten seit Jahrhunderten er getragen hat, und der heute nur dahin geht, wo mit dem Reichtum seines Landes “unsere” Fußgängerzonen, “unsere” Fliegerstaffeln und “unsere” Opernhäuser aufgebaut wurden; der “Parasit”, als würden Kaffee, Gummisohlen, und Erze im bayrischen Wald wachsen.<sup>107</sup> (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 115-16)

These clueless readings of “the refugee” elide distinctions between the would-be immigrants in this room and, by extension, in Germany. This type of erasure transforms them from individuals trying to live in Germany into garbage-people. As this scene unfolds, however, it becomes clear how unique all of these people are. Arjouni thereby contrasts their

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<sup>107</sup> “the refugee ‘in whose native culture torture is a common and traditional method of interrogation:’ the refugee ‘who, if he had not become politically active, need not have feared reprisals—and who was fully conscious of the risks of his activity;’ and the ‘economic asylum seeker’ who is labeled a parasite in the world of German supermarkets, as if hunger and poverty were a kind of ‘human right’ for three quarters of the planet’s population. He or she was merely the ghost of the ‘at our expense’ notion, never mind the fact that we have lived for centuries at his expense, and that he is trying to go where ‘our’ pedestrian malls, ‘our’ air force and ‘our’ opera houses have been built—at his expense. He is a ‘parasite,’ never mind that coffee, rubber heels, and metals ores do not grow in the forests of Bavaria.” (*One Man, One Murder* 105)

uniqueness with the hegemony's attempt to group them all together. In doing so, Arjouni shows how the descriptions of immigrants that Kayankaya hears in his mind are clueless readings just like the ones people make of Kayankaya. These clueless readings share the same Apollonian impetus as the picket fences that surround the yards in Frankfurt suburbs. They give the impression of clear distinctions and order but like the spikes atop the fence, they are harmful. They demonstrate an unduly oppositional relationship between mainstream Germany and the expatriates in the bunker: a view of the world that draws lines all too assuredly between peoples. The refugee in Germany could only ever live at the expense of German society. The refugees' *from-ness* represents some essential difference from Germans *Leitkultur*: torture is simply a part of *their* culture; political activity is inherently risky where *they* are from.

Despite being a brown person in Germany and all of his practice being a detective, Kayankaya commits a grave clueless reading in *Bruder Kemal*. As part of his double caseload, Kayankaya must return Marieke de Chavannes to her parents. When he arrives at Erden Abakay's apartment to rescue Marieke, Kayankaya finds the dead body of Volker Rönthaler (*Bruder Kemal* 51-2). After bringing Marieke back to her mother, Kayankaya goes to *Café Klaudia* near the scene of the crime to follow up on a hunch about the weapon used to kill Rönthaler. The restaurant had been serving a skewered dish and Kayankaya asks a waiter if one of their skewers went missing. The skeptical waiter hesitates and asks why Kayankaya would want to know. "Weil so ein Spieß vorhin in meinem Autoreifen gesteckt hat und ich einen rassistischen Nachbarn habe, der mir öfter mal solche Streiche spielt, und

zufällig habe ich erfahren, dass er heute bei Ihnen zu Mittag gegessen hat”<sup>108</sup> (*Bruder Kemal* 93-94). The waiter responds in a relieved voice: “Ja okay, heute Mittag hat so ein Spieß gefehlt, aber ich kann mir nicht vorstellen, dass das Ihr rassistischer Nachbar war”<sup>109</sup> (*Bruder Kemal* 94). When pressed as to why he is so convinced, the waiter says that the man was just nice and left a good tip. After finishing his casework, Kayankaya circles back to the question of Rönthaler’s murder. Valerie de Chavannes had referenced her husband’s, Edgar Hasselbaink’s, abandoned medical career. Kayankaya induces that Hasselbaink is responsible for murdering Volker Rönthaler with the skewer. Hasselbaink all but confirms Kayankaya’s suspicion. When talking with Hasselbaink, Kayankaya considers the younger, white waiter who could not have imagined that a black man was Kayankaya’s racist neighbor but also could not bring himself to describe the man as black (*Bruder Kemal* 217-24). Then Kayankaya guesses what the young man was thinking: “Warum zum Teufel zwingt ihr uns immer wieder, so rumzueiern?!”<sup>110</sup>

The problem is not as simple as Kayankaya presents it. First of all, the waiter is wrong: black people can be biased towards Turkish people. Beyond that, Arjouni plays with the hegemonic presumption as Abbott presents it: that every speaking or acting subject is a white, heterosexual male (Abbott 3-4). Despite Kayankaya’s own alterity *and* being a detective, he too assumes whiteness when the waiter refers to the nice man who left a big tip. Thus, in a story where Arjouni shows increased nuance in his portrayal of ethnic dynamics in

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<sup>108</sup> “Because I found a skewer like that stuck in my car tire just now, I have a racist neighbour who often plays tricks like that on me, and I found out by chance that he was eating here at midday” (*Brother Kemal* 83).

<sup>109</sup> “yes, there was a skewer missing at lunchtime, but I can’t imagine it was your neighbor who nicked it” (*Brother Kemal* 84)

<sup>110</sup> “Why can’t you all just be white like everyone else, and then there’d be no problem with the damn description?” (*Brother Kemal* 186).

Frankfurt (e.g., Turks are both good guys and bad guys, there is interracial marriage along with children of mixed ethnicities), there is still a hegemony of whiteness in the mind. As the interaction with the waiter shows, if it is not explicitly stated, the person is white; both the reader and Kayankaya fall into this trap despite knowing better. Being guilty of this assumption ironically suggests his Germanness: in the white hegemonic view, whiteness is the norm. Kayankaya is guilty of a very German transgression while suffering from it himself: another instance of Kayankaya's (un)belonging.

That Kayankaya is himself guilty of cluelessly reading reveals that—in Arjouni's mind—the practice is all too human. Arjouni's white Germans assume that to be German one has to look like them, and thus Kayankaya cannot be German. The tension that this assumption causes when it clashes with the reality of Kayankaya can be seen in his interactions with Reeder mann, Anastas, and Frau Steiner and her ruffian. While Slibulsky's easy acceptance of Kayankaya is refreshing and laudable, it is presented within the realm of transactional criminality: Kayankaya pays him for helping break into a police station. Arjouni suggests here—whether he believes in it or not—an honor and respect among thieves that cannot be replicated in polite German society. On the one hand, that Kayankaya should feel at home amongst thieves creates an interesting dichotomy with his desire to dispense justice: a trait that thoroughly fits into the hard-boiled genre and the grey zone where private detectives operate. On the other hand, it is not very realistic and could potentially be read as suggesting that Kayankaya belongs amongst criminals. That so many people assume he is an Other because of his appearance—Slibulsky is the only major exception—reaffirms his expectations of society. It also helps explain his scrutiny of Weidenbusch's and Chavannes' decision to choose a private detective named Kayankaya and not a Müller. Kayankaya suspects everyone

of being racist or xenophobic and is rarely disappointed. Conversely, people constantly cluelessly read Kayankaya and rarely bother to confirm their readings. Kayankaya's German passport, his access to the language, and knowledge of German culture fail to convey his Germanness even to the lowliest representatives of the law or members of society. As it is portrayed, then, the detective's impulse most often leads to clueless readings. These readings represent a desire for clarity that overrides the ability to perceive nuance. This inability, in turn, has an enduring and detrimental impact on people's views of reality as Arjouni sees it.

### *3.5 Simultaneous Belonging and Unbelonging*

In the opening scene of *Kismet*, Kayankaya is awkwardly sitting in a cupboard with Slibulsky at a Brazilian restaurant owned by a friend, Romario (5-7). They are in this uncomfortable position because a couple of racketeers have promised to return to Romario's on this night. The racketeers previously demanded a monthly payment of 6,000 DM from Romario as protection money. To demonstrate the earnestness of their demand, they cut off one of Romario's thumbs (*Kismet* 9). Kayankaya brought Slibulsky with him for back-up. Despite agreeing to this course of action, Slibulsky has eaten *Handkäse mit Musik* for dinner.

*Handkäse mit Musik* is a Frankfurter specialty: a pungent cheese often served as an appetizer or a small pub meal. The *mit Musik* ("with music") is a reference to the dish being served with raw onions and a play on the fact that the onion/cheese combination causes flatulence. In response to Kayankaya's frustration with the smells he is producing, Slibulsky simply chuckles (*Kismet* 7).

This scene stands in stark contrast to the opening scenes of the first three novels. In those scenes, Kayankaya is on his own even if he is amongst other people. Here, however,

one sees Kayankaya's expanding community and Frankfurt-centeredness. Romario supports Kayankaya with free food when Kayankaya is insolvent. Slibulsky and Kayankaya meet regularly enough to plan something and can be in each other's company while producing malodorous breezes. Further, Kayankaya's intimate familiarity with *Handkäse*—"ein gelber Stinker, der bei entsprechender Phantasiebereitschaft auch wie ein in Leichenhallen gewonnener, gewässerter und in Gummistiefeln langjährig gelagerter Hornhautklumpen wirken konnte"<sup>111</sup>—demonstrates how *of* Frankfurt he is (*Kismet* 41). Despite the aforementioned community and situatedness, Kayankaya still does not belong. When he goes to the *Adria-Grill* looking for information about the Army of Reason, he encounters two aggressive Berliners. Kayankaya, equipped with his intimate knowledge of Germany, recognizes their accents right away. They attack Kayankaya and ask, "Herr Wirt, wat solln wa mit dit Schwein machen?"<sup>112</sup> (*Kismet* 122). Kayankaya comments—true to hard-boiled form—in a sarcastic manner. "Der charmante Ton, die gelenke Formulierung, man merkt doch gleich: Besuch aus der Hauptstadt"<sup>113</sup> (*Kismet* 122). Their ensuing discussion reveals two very different ideas about *of-ness* and *from-ness*.

Arjouni uses a rendering of the Berlin dialect to show that these characters are *of* Berlin. These young men with Berlin accents, however, tell Kayankaya that Croatia is their homeland (*Kismet* 124). Thus, while exhibiting a Berlin *of-ness* (i.e., in their speech), they claim to be *from* and therefore *of* Croatia. The validity of this claim remains open, despite the

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<sup>111</sup> "a yellow stinker which, if you had enough imagination, looked like a clump of calloused skin collected from mortuaries, kept moist and stored in gumboots for years" (*Kismet* 40)

<sup>112</sup> "Whaddya want we do with this bastard, then?" (*Kismet* 119)

<sup>113</sup> "That dulcet tone of voice, that elegant phrasing, anyone can see we have visitors from the capital." (*Kismet* 119).

fact that they seem like despicable characters. It could be that they were displaced from their homes and moved to Berlin at an early age. At the same time, they could simply be claiming a Croatian identity because of historical *from-ness*. Whatever the case may be, it is clear that they hate Muslims. They claim their own dual identity but cannot fathom that Kayankaya should both *look* Turkish and *be* a Frankfurter.

“Biste also Türke, wa?”

“Frankfurter.”

“Ick hab jesacht, keene scheiß Sprüche!”<sup>114</sup> (*Kismet* 124)

Aside from reiterating Kayankaya’s connection with decay, these Berliners suggest that there is no possibility that Kayankaya is German. Their ability to be both *of* Berlin and claim Croatian heritage—presuming they have any—is a demonstration of a principle that Abbott puts forth: whiteness is akin to blankness rather than being its own race (14). She expounds: in “hardboiled fiction, whiteness is compulsively constructed and reconstructed in opposition to binarized and conflated Others—[...] all grouped together, all racialized in opposition to the ‘raceless’ universality of the white protagonist” (Abbott 13-14). There is a continuity, then, in how whiteness functions from the origins of hard-boiled detection to Arjouni. Of course, such whiteness is relegated to the minor characters in Arjouni. In which case, Arjouni’s greatest innovation especially in the German context is letting the protagonist—and thereby the readership—experience marginalization while maintaining the chauvinistic gaze (cf. McMillan 116-17).

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<sup>114</sup> “You a Turk, then?” / “I’m a Frankfurter.” / “I said no crappy talk!” (*Kismet* 121)

The distinctions between being *of* a place and being *from* a place are on display throughout *Kismet*. In this vein, the Berliners act as a foil to Romario. The Berliners are obviously *of* Berlin and yet they claim a Croatian *of-ness*. Romario, who is *from* Brazil, feels like he is *of* Frankfurt but never feels confident in that claim. Being *of* a place means first and foremost living there. Beyond that simple but paramount prerequisite, being *of* a place means the sort of things that Romario and Kayankaya talk about in an earlier conversation (*Kismet* 72-3). Romario knows where his favorite bars are, where to get a deal on tires, where the post office is, and how to distinguish between the local beers, Henninger and Binding. For both Kayankaya and Romario, being *of* a place means being part of a community in that space. Significantly, neither Romario nor Kayankaya are—in a legal or biological sense—*from* Frankfurt, or even Germany for that matter. For Arjouni, then, being *from* a place has no bearing on being *of* any place. In contrast, being *from* somewhere does not necessarily mean that the person has any connection to that place. The Berliners and the proprietor of the *Adria-Grill* hold the opposite opinion: in their minds *from-ness* equals *of-ness*. The Berliners do not (or cannot) accept Kayankaya's Germanness because his skin tone means he is *from* and thus inextricably *of* Turkey. These Berliners somehow simultaneously reserve the right to go to Croatia as mercenaries and wreak havoc because they feel that Croatia is their *Heimat*: they claim Croatian *of-ness* based on a flimsy notion of *from-ness*.

A similar logic is actually enshrined in official German policy regarding *Aussiedler*: they “constitute a group of new residents in Germany who were not born there, but have received German citizenship on the grounds that they are related by blood to ‘Germans’ who left the German-speaking area to settle in a number of colonies in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries” (Fennell 29). Fennell wrote that description in 1997. As late as 2018,

the policy essentially remained the same, except these resettlers were later referred to as *Spätaussiedler*. They “are ethnic Germans from the successor states of the former Soviet Union and from other Eastern European states. By means of a special acceptance process they are entitled to live in Germany” (“Ethnic German resettlers”). It is noteworthy, then, that the logic behind these Berliners’ claim to Croatia links them to the Nazistic, ethno-cultural understanding of *of-ness* that was for a long time enshrined in German legal policy.

As the above vignettes show, *Kismet* portrays Kayankaya’s simultaneous belonging and unbelonging. One scene, however, displays a peculiar ambiguity. After Kayankaya picks up Leila from the refugee hostel, the two head back into Frankfurt. Upon arrival, they find Kayankaya’s office has been blown up. Kayankaya, covered in a layer of dust from a previous altercation, asks an on-looker if he knows what happened. “Weiß der Teufel, was das Dreckschwein da oben angestellt hat!”<sup>115</sup> responds the man—reiterating Kayankaya’s connection with waste (*Kismet* 178). When Kayankaya asks for clarification, the man continues: “Na, ich nenn ’s Neger. Türke isser – oder warer”<sup>116</sup> (*Kismet* 178; emphasis added). Once again, there is a conflation of all non-white people. Further, the man uses the neuter pronoun “es” (written “nenn ’s” from the standard “nenne es”) to dehumanize Kayankaya. This man does not realize he is talking to Kayankaya, who decides to carry on the masquerade. “Haben Sie vielleicht vor der Explosion wen reingehen sehn? Einen, der die Bombe gezündet haben könnte. Einen, der hier nicht hergehört. Muß nicht unbedingt ‘n Neger

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<sup>115</sup> “God know what that bastard did in there” (*Kismet* 172). “Bastard” is a functional translation. The phrase literally translates to “filth-pig” or “mud-swine.”

<sup>116</sup> “Yes, well, wog’s what I’d call *him*. He’s a Turk, he is – or was” (*Kismet* 172). Here, “Neger” is rendered “wog” and not “nigger.” Merriam-Webster suggests that “wog” is chiefly used in Britain and a reference to middle-eastern or far-eastern people and not black people (“Wog.”). The sentence could have been rendered: “Yes, I call it nigger.”

gewesen sein”<sup>117</sup> (*Kismet* 179). The man briefly thinks and responds, “jetzt wo Sie fragen, da gab’s tatsächlich einen, bei dem ich überlegt hab, was hat ‘n der hier verloren. Ich kenn nämlich alle hier im Eck, wenigstens vom Sehen”<sup>118</sup> (*Kismet* 179). The person the man ends up describing fits the description of “der Hesse” (i.e., the Hessian) who works for Dr. Ahrens and previously attacked Kayankaya (*Kismet* 181).

The neighbor truly seems to have an intimate knowledge of the comings and goings of the area. He noticed the Hessian—a metonymic name Kayankaya uses because of the character’s thick Frankfurter accent—from the Hessian’s distinctive frame and thick lips (*Kismet* 42,189). The fact that the Hessian aroused this man’s suspicion at the very least introduces the possibility that belonging is not solely based on the image of *from-ness*. This possibility would appear to work in Kayankaya’s favor. However, the neighbor’s feeling that the Hessian somehow does not belong does not open an avenue for Kayankaya’s inclusion; it just suggests that humans are adept at drawing lines between in- and out-groups. At the same time, the fact that the neighbor cannot recognize Kayankaya shows the thinness of the line that constitutes Kayankaya’s exclusion. The neighbor and Kayankaya use the deictic element *here* in their exchange and the man never suggests that *here* is a place the bedusted Kayankaya does not belong. In contrast to the Hessian, whose whiteness permitted him to pass through the neighborhood and only slightly arouse this neighbor’s suspicion, Kayankaya needs to be covered in a thick layer of plaster dust to escape scrutiny and the detectively impulse.

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<sup>117</sup> “Did you happen to see anyone go in before the explosion? Someone who might have set it off. Some who doesn’t belong here. Doesn’t necessarily have to have been a wog” (*Kismet* 172-3).

<sup>118</sup> “Hm, now that you ask, yes, there was someone made me think, hey, what’s he doing here? I know everyone around this place, see – by sight anyway” (*Kismet* 173).

As Kayankaya's sense of fellowship and community continues to grow in *Bruder Kemal*, Arjouni's portrayal of Frankfurt becomes more nuanced. Along these lines, the (un)belonging that Kayankaya faces is also more nuanced. Katja Lipschitz visits Kayankaya to see if he will take on a job as a bodyguard for one of her publishing company's authors. The person for whom Lipschitz wants security is a Moroccan author. He has written a controversial book about a Muslim detective with homosexual inclinations in a fictionalized Arab country (*Bruder Kemal* 42). During the course of this introductory conversation, Lipschitz reveals that her client often makes unsuccessful sexual advances towards German women. She believes that they are unsuccessful because he, Malik Rashid, does not quite understand how men and women relate to one another in Germany. However, in discussing how men and women relate to each other in Germany, Lipschitz accidentally reveals that she does not know how she relates to Kayankaya. "Sehen Sie, ich glaube, er begreift einfach nicht, dass es zwischen den Geschlechtern *hier* anders zugeht, dass die Kommunikation gleichberechtigter funktioniert, dass *wir*..."<sup>119</sup> (*Bruder Kemal* 45; emphasis added). Lipschitz has no problem with the "hier"—a place where she presides, and that Rashid is not *of*—but she pauses at the "wir" in reference to herself and Kayankaya. Kayankaya thinks to himself that the "'*wir*' hallte lautlos nach, als wäre Katja Lipschitz ein Pups entfahren und sie hoffte nun, ich würde das Geräusch dem knarrenden Sessel zuordnen"<sup>120</sup> (*ibid.*; emphasis added). This pause acts as a sort of punctuation of insecurity. The uncertainty of reference inherent in "wir" leaves Lipschitz feelings unsure of herself and in turn leaves Kayankaya to ponder what

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<sup>119</sup> "You see, I think he simply doesn't understand that it's different between the sexes *here*, that communication is more along the lines of equal rights, that *we*..." (*Brother Kemal* 41)

<sup>120</sup> "The little word *we* echoed soundlessly in the air, as if Katja Lipschitz had farted and was hoping I'd put the sound down to the chair creaking." (*Brother Kemal* 41; emphasis in original)

her insecurity implies. “*Wir*, die zivilisierten Europäer Lipschitz und Kayankaya, und er, der marokkanische Ben Baggermann? Oder doch eher ihr, die Orientalen, und ich, die große Blonde...?”<sup>121</sup> (ibid. 45).

Comparing Kayankaya’s interaction with Lipschitz to his interaction with Carla Reedermann casts some light on the distinctions between Arjouni’s portrayal of Frankfurt in the 1980s and the 2010s. As educated, employed, white women in (West) Germany, Reedermann and Lipschitz hold similar positions in Germany. Despite Kayankaya’s masculinity, they arguably have higher status than Kayankaya, whose brown skin pushes him towards the margins and links him to the garbage-people. Reedermann—when the two first meet—surreptitiously asks Kayankaya about himself without revealing anything about herself. Then, after officially meeting him, Reedermann tails him while he is on the job that *she* hired him for. From her suspicion and brazenness, one can glean how Kayankaya’s ethnicity leads to clueless readings—even in a self-assumed progressive, educated German. Despite Reedermann’s and her partner’s belief that they have hired an incorruptible man in Kayankaya, she still does not trust him. Once Kayankaya confronts her about her investigation, her use of deictic shifters unambiguously places Kayankaya outside of her definition of Germanness. Lipschitz is not suspicious of Kayankaya in the same way. Also, Reedermann probably would have assumed a link between the *Gastarbeiter* community and Kayankaya, or that Kayankaya actually spent some time growing up in Turkey. Lipschitz, in contrast, carelessly reads Kayankaya as a Muslim. The difference between the two women is that Lipschitz takes Kayankaya at his word. This trust, however, is not necessarily a product

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<sup>121</sup> “*We*, the civilised Europeans Lipschitz and Kayankaya, and he, the Moroccan Freddie the Flirt. Or more likely you two Orientals and I, the tall blonde...?” (*Brother Kemal* 41)

of the intervening twenty years, as even Kayankaya's partner, Deborah, suspects him of being antisemitic. In their deixis though, Reedermann explicitly excludes Kayankaya and Lipschitz is simply unconfident of herself.

Lipschitz never becomes fully comfortable in how she relates to Kayankaya. Kayankaya's own words both help and hinder that process. In describing a discussion panel that Rashid will participate on, she says,

“Da wird zum Beispiel um die Folgen des Geburtenrückgangs bei, äh...”

“*Uns*,” half ich ihr.”<sup>122</sup> (*Bruder Kemal* 121; emphasis added)

Then, after he first meets Rashid, Kayankaya and Lipschitz argue about how disrespectful Rashid had been:

“Sie hätten ihm verraten sollen, dass man ein ‘Du’ unter Erwachsenen anbietet.”

“Jetzt tun Sie mal bloß nicht so etepetete!”

“Sie meinen, als Orientale...”

“Ach!”<sup>123</sup> (*Bruder Kemal* 148)

The consternation Lipschitz shows in her interactions with Kayankaya reveals the extent to which the desire for clarity becomes ingrained in daily socialization. In the face of Kayankaya's frustration with her and his insistence that he is German, Lipschitz nonetheless remains unsure of herself and her pronouns. Insofar, Lipschitz fails—whether by inability or unwillingness—to recognize Kayankaya's self-definition. Lipschitz's insecure “wir,” when compared to Reedermann's unambiguous “bei Ihnen,” can be seen as progress, even if it is

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<sup>122</sup> “For instance, there'll be the consequences of the falling birth rate among, er...” / “‘*Us*,’ I said, helping her out.” (*Brother Kemal* 105)

<sup>123</sup> “You ought to have suggested that formality is best between adults at the start.” / “Don't be so uppity!” / “You mean that as an Oriental I ...” / “Argh!” (*Brother Kemal* 129)

only incremental. At the same time, it shows categories persist in people's minds: Kayankaya is still not German enough.

Where Lipschitz never becomes comfortable in her relationship to Kayankaya, Malik Rashid and Sheikh Hakim use their shared ethnic heritage with Kayankaya to be overly familiar. When Kayankaya meets Rashid, not only does he presumptuously use the informal pronoun "du," he also assumes too much about Kayankaya. Probably in an attempt to break the ice, Rashid makes light of the Muslim and Jewish ban against eating pigs. "Na, sind *wir* nicht alle irgendwo tief in *uns* drinnen kleine Schweine? Manchmal auch große? Vielleicht essen *wir* darum keine, es wäre ja quasi Kannibalismus"<sup>124</sup> (*Bruder Kemal* 137; emphasis added). "Verzeihung, Katja, mit '*wir*' meine ich *uns* Orientalen,"<sup>125</sup> continues Rashid (*ibid.*). Compared to Lipschitz, who is overly cautious in her use of "wir," Rashid is brazen in his use of pronouns. Arjouni once again uses food to help show Kayankaya's Germanness. Instead of laughing at Rashid's attempt at joke, Kayankaya replies that the two of them will likely dine together in the coming days, and that if Kayankaya's decision to eat pork will offend him (Rashid), then he should say so now. This statement stands as a rebuke to Rashid's presumptuousness. It at once reveals Kayankaya's self-defined Germanness, as well as Kayankaya's rejection of Islam and the label of "Oriental."

Rashid's assumption that Kayankaya possesses some sort of Arab essence creates even more tension later on when they discuss Kayankaya's and Deborah's relationship. Kayankaya admits that he and Deborah are not actually married but that their relationship functions like a marriage. This notion amuses Rashid:

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<sup>124</sup> "Because aren't *we* all little pigs somewhere deep down inside? Or sometimes big pigs. Maybe that's why *we* don't eat them, it would be a kind of cannibalism." (*Brother Kemal* 120).

<sup>125</sup> "Excuse me, Katja, by *we* I meant *us* Orientals." (*Brother Kemal* 120; emphasis in original)

“Wie die Deutschen, was? Verheiratet, nicht verheiratet, Hauptsache...” [...]

“Was heißt hier ‘wie’? Wollen *Sie* meinen Ausweis sehen?”

“Ein Ausweis ist auch nur ein Stück Plastik, Herr Kemal Kayankaya.”<sup>126</sup> (Bruder Kemal 177-78; emphasis added)

Where Rashid had initially used the informal “du” with Kayankaya, Kayankaya makes sure to keep their relationship formal with his use of “Sie.” Picking up on Kayankaya’s prickly rigidity, Rashid playfully uses a salutation and Kayankaya’s full name. In doing so, he pokes fun at Kayankaya’s formality, but also emphasizes how supposedly un-German Kayankaya’s name is. For all of Rashid’s experience in Germany and apparent appreciation for its culture, Rashid does not consider himself to be *of* Germany. In which case, it makes sense that Rashid would not say “wir” in reference to himself and Germans. In saying “wie die Deutschen,” however, Rashid draws a circle around people he would consider to be German and leaves Kayankaya outside of it.

Sheikh Hakim assumes an even more familiar connection to Kayankaya than Malik Rashid does. The Sheikh calls Kayankaya while he is on duty with Rashid and greets him with “[g]uten Tag, mein Bruder”<sup>127</sup> (*Bruder Kemal* 159). The Sheikh—playing Erden Abakay’s protective uncle—demands a meeting with Kayankaya. He implies that if Kayankaya does not meet with him, he will find out where Kayankaya lives and harm Kayankaya’s loved ones. Kayankaya accepts the invitation, but he refuses to meet in the Sheikh’s mosque. “Nach meinem Verständnis, Scheich, ist das doch eher ein intimer Ort,

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<sup>126</sup> “Like the Germans, eh? Married, not married, just so long as...” / “What do *you* mean, *like* the Germans? Want to see my ID?” / “An ID is only a piece of plastic, Herr Kemal Kayankaya.” (*Brother Kemal* 153; I added the emphasis to “you,” “like” is emphasized in the English translation)

<sup>127</sup> “[g]ood afternoon, my brother” (*Brother Kemal* 138)

nämlich um mit dem lieben Gott Zwiesprach zu halten. Ich schlage den ‘Haxen-Herbert’ am Bahnhof vor”<sup>128</sup> (*Bruder Kemal* 162). Arjouni again uses food—and an ethnophobic sense of humor—to portray Kayankaya’s affinity with German culture. When they meet at *Haxen-Herbert*, Hakim demands that Kayankaya retract his incriminating statement about Abakay. Kayankaya has indeed submitted a false statement with hopes of hanging murder and child abuse on Abakay. Kayankaya claims that he is content to take his chances and let Abakay’s fate be settled in court. In response to Kayankaya’s nonchalance, Sheikh Hakim says that a Turk could “immer das Pech haben, an einen Richter zu geraten, bei dem die Vorurteile schwerer wiegen als die Tatsachen. Ich weiß, Sie möchten das gerne vergessen, aber für viele von denen bleiben wir einfach nur Türken”<sup>129</sup> (*Bruder Kemal* 184; emphasis added).

Sheikh Hakim, for all of his learning and wisdom, makes the same mistake as Malik Rashid. On its own, Hakim’s word choice of “für viele von denen” (i.e., “for many of them”) is somewhat ambiguous: it could be in reference to the judges, a group in which neither men belong. Given that he is talking about prejudices, he likely means white, German judges or white Germans in general. It is clear, however, from the Sheikh’s words that he sees a Turkish essence and presumably a lack of Germanness in Kayankaya. While it may actually benefit the Sheikh—as a critic of mainstream German society—to maintain his distinct cultural and religious practices, he forces Kayankaya into an inclusive “wir” with himself (*Bruder Kemal* 109-10). As such, Rashid and the Sheikh ultimately commit deictic violence comparable to their white German counterparts. They impose belonging on Kayankaya when

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<sup>128</sup> “As I understand it, Sheikh, a mosque is more of an intimate place where you talk to the Lord God. I suggest Herbert’s Ham Hock at the railway station” (*Brother Kemal* 140).

<sup>129</sup> “always have the bad luck to encounter a judge whose prejudices weigh more heavily than the facts. I know you would like to forget it, but to many of them we are just Turks.” (*Brother Kemal* 158; emphasis added)

he does *not* belong. Where biased, white Germans view Kayankaya in terms of us-and-them and include him under *them*, Rashid and the Sheikh file him under *us*.

Kayankaya's partner, Deborah, also has a difficult time perceiving Kayankaya as German. "Außerdem – weiß ich, wie du ganz tief drinnen wirklich tickst? Habe wir jemals darüber geredet? Du sagst immer: Religion, nein danke, aber deine Eltern waren ja wohl Moslems, und bis vier hast du mit deinem Vater zusammengelebt, da bleibt doch was hängen..."<sup>130</sup> (*Bruder Kemal* 107). Deborah's inability to fully accept Kayankaya's own account of himself is ironic. First of all, Deborah is not Deborah's legal name; her legal name is Helga. She took the name Deborah from her grandmother, who her family believes was Jewish. Furthermore, Deborah has gone through at least two major reinventions of herself to Kayankaya's knowledge. She started life as an unassuming girl from the small northern German town of Henningbostel (*Bruder Kemal* 88). She then came to Frankfurt and became a prostitute to make ends meet, where she adopted the name Deborah and the Jewishness associated with it. Eventually, she came to see Frankfurt as her home. When she had saved enough money, she developed her love for food and wine into a profession and opened up the successful *Deborahs Naturweinstube*. Kayankaya accepts all of this about her.

In some ways, Deborah's Jewishness is akin to Kayankaya's Germanness: they are both superficially invisible and self-ascriptions. Deborah is not even sure if her grandmother was Jewish and she does not practice the religion. Despite this loose interpretation of Jewishness, Kayankaya respects both her claim to Jewishness and the name she has taken for herself. In taking her grandmother's name and identifying as Jewish, Deborah has separated

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<sup>130</sup> "What's more – do I know how you really tick, deep down inside? Have we ever talked about that? You always say: Religion, no thanks – but I suppose your parents were Muslims, and you lived with your father until you were four, there must be some of that left..." (*Brother Kemal* 95).

herself from the German hegemony, but she does so without bearing any of the stigma that Germany's garbage-people do. Her cloaking whiteness allows her to define herself as distinct from the German mainstream without suffering any of the scrutiny that comes with being visually marked. The only thing about Deborah that may suggest her alterity is her grandmother's name. By portraying Deborah in such a way, Arjouni once again demonstrates how whiteness is more akin to blankness than its own race in the German context.

Where Deborah may be only nominally Jewish, however, she did work as a prostitute for several years and thus, like Kayankaya, has experienced marginalization. Deborah has left that lifestyle and marginal position behind and now is a successful restaurateur. Meanwhile, Kayankaya's visible alterity will forever mark him as other. Despite that outsider status, Kayankaya's Germanness is not *just* a self-ascription: as a citizen of Germany, he has an established legal credibility, and he was raised in Germany's mainstream culture. Where Kayankaya did not finish his university education, Deborah did not finish high school (*Bruder Kemal* 89). Kayankaya's family life and teenage years are rather bland when compared to Deborah's tumultuous departure from her small hometown and beginnings in Frankfurt. In some ways, then, Kayankaya has led a life more typical of the German hegemony and still, he does not fully belong. Given Kayankaya's thoroughly German upbringing and his respect for her self-definition, her inability to accept his irreligiosity is an ironic failure to see past his apparent Turkishness. Deborah does not reject Kayankaya's Germanness outright. However, when she accuses him of antisemitism, it is on the basis of his biological father's Islam, *not* Kayankaya's socialization in Germany, which has its own fraught history with antisemitism.

Despite the occasional tensions, Kayankaya's relationship with Deborah reveals a softening of Kayankaya's character. Kayankaya admits to Deborah that he tried to pin the

murder of Rönthaler on Abakay. Abakay was trying to pimp Marieke out to Rönthaler. In response to this proposed transaction, the 16-year-old Marieke smeared herself with her own vomit as self-defense. Kayankaya found her in that state in Abakay's soundproof bedroom. Kayankaya was so shaken that he assaulted the passed-out Abakay and tried to frame him for Rönthaler's murder. Deborah, however, reminds Kayankaya that prostitutes often have such fates and reminds him of *their* past: "weißt *du* nicht mehr, wie *wir* morgens um fünf in irgendwelchen Kneipen saßen – kaputt, pleite, betrunken – und nur darauf hofften, noch einen Kunden zu kriegen, kein Aids zu haben oder irgendeinen Blöden zu finden, der 'ne Runde ausgibt?"<sup>131</sup> (*Bruder Kemal* 189; emphasis added). Here, Deborah uses the informal "du" in an appropriate manner—as opposed to Rashid and the Sheikh—that conveys trust and proximity. Likewise, she uses the pronoun "wir" as she recounts an experience shared with Kayankaya. Although Deborah may not be a recent immigrant, she has been a marginalized person in Germany. She also inhabited the same space as many of Frankfurt's garbage-people: the *Bahnhofsviertel*. Their common experience of marginalization creates a point of connection. While the two of them support each other in their upward mobility, they support each other's alterity—either in a positive or negative sense. Kayankaya gives Deborah space to be an Other by respecting her claim to Jewishness and does not care about her past. Deborah highlights Kayankaya's otherness by suspecting him of being intrinsically Muslim. His relationship with her thereby grants Kayankaya access to the bourgeoisie, but not unlimited access. His brownness will forever assure that he could only ever (un)belong.

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<sup>131</sup> "don't *you* remember how *we* would sit in some bar at five in the morning, finished, broke, drunk – just hoping for another customer, or not to get AIDS, or to find some fool ready to pay for a round of drinks?" (*Brother Kemal* 162).

### 3.6 *Kayankaya and the Gemüsehändler – A Case Study*

Nowhere is Kayankaya's shifting (un)belonging with German culture and its hegemony so clear as in his relationship with the Gemüsehändler (i.e., the greengrocer). The character of the Gemüsehändler appears in four of the five novels from the Kayankaya series and is possibly referenced obliquely in a white lie Kayankaya tells in the final book. ("Weil [...] ich einen rassistischen Nachbarn habe, der mir öfter mal solche Streiche spielt."<sup>132</sup>) His lack of a proper name is an example of how Arjouni refers to hegemonic Germans through metonymy, as if to right the scales for the way the garbage-people are dehumanized. In the Gemüsehändler's shifting ethnophobic concerns and biases, one can see a reflection of the changing culture in West Germany and the Federal Republic. His warming relationship with Kayankaya suggests that at a certain point there is a general acceptance of the presence of brown bodies in West Germany and the reunified republic, even if it is a tenuous one.

The reader first finds mention of the Gemüsehändler while Kayankaya is recounting his drunken birthday eve with an upstairs neighbor in *Happy birthday, Türke!*: "Später klauten wir dem Gemüsehändler im Erdgeschoß noch zwei Flaschen Mariacron aus dem Keller"<sup>133</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 6). As Kayankaya exits the apartment the next morning, he encounters the Gemüsehändler "bepackt mit Bananen" who mumbles "irgendwas von unnützem Gesocks"<sup>134</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 8). Kayankaya may seem like a lush at this point but that does not make him lazy, as the Gemüsehändler implies. In fact, he is heading

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<sup>132</sup> "Because [...] I have a racist neighbour who often plays tricks like that on me" (*Brother Kemal* 83).

<sup>133</sup> "Later we pinched two bottles of Mariacron from the cellar of the greengrocer on the ground floor" (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 2).

<sup>134</sup> "burdened with bananas" ... "something about lazy riffraff" (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 4).

out to work despite being hungover, which may be inadvisable on some level but also indicates rather the opposite of what the Gemüsehändler suggests: Kayankaya is quite dedicated. Yet, Kayankaya himself reports that he has stolen two bottles of the Gemüsehändler's brandy: a type of behavior that could well justify the man's hostile feelings towards Kayankaya.

Arjouni fleshes out the relationship between Kayankaya and the Gemüsehändler in *Mehr Bier*. As the novel opens, Kayankaya has already had a hard morning, starting at Hertha's Corner at 8:30 a.m. Hertha serves him a soggy sandwich, weak coffee, and the only other patron was not polite company: a man who blows his nose and wipes his forehead with the same kerchief several times (*Mehr Bier* 9). Kayankaya's drinking behavior in *Happy birthday, Türke!* and context clues including the bar sign reading "ABENDS PAAR BIER, DIE TRINKEN WIR – MORGENS 'NEN SCHNAPS, WEG IST DIE KATZ,"<sup>135</sup> could lead one to assume that Kayankaya is hungover again at the beginning of this novel (*Mehr Bier* 9). After his dismal breakfast, he has to walk through the rain to a frustrating meeting with his new client, Dr. Anastas. When Kayankaya finally returns home, he is welcomed by the Gemüsehändler. Brandishing an empty cigarette pack, the man exclaims: "Ich fege nämlich meine Treppe! Haben Sie gehört?! Ich fege meine Treppe! *Hier* in Deutschland fegt man die Treppe vor seiner Tür! Das ist *hier* anders als auf dem Balkan, und daran habe Sie sich zu gewöhnen. Oder Sie gehen am besten *dahin wieder zurück!* Sie terrorisieren das ganze Haus mit Ihrem Dreck"<sup>136</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 24; emphasis added).

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<sup>135</sup> "A FEW BEERS A NIGHT, THAT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT—A SCHNAPPS AT DAWN, YOUR HANGOVER'S GONE." (*More Beer* 3)

<sup>136</sup> "I *sweep* my landing! Do you hear me? I sweep my landing! *Here* in Germany, we sweep our landings! We're not in the Balkans *here*, and you better get used to it, or else go *back there*. You terrorize the whole building with your garbage." (*More Beer* 18; emphasis in original)

Arjouni, on the one hand, uses deictic locational shifters to show that the Gemüsehändler finds Kayankaya un-German. Beyond that, Arjouni has the Gemüsehändler make explicit statements about Kayankaya's unbelonging and associations with filth. Despite using a standard and formal German, the Gemüsehändler's utterance of the phrase "Hier in Deutschland" is an indication of how he feels about Kayankaya. By stating the obvious (i.e., that they are currently in Germany), the Gemüsehändler indicates at the very least that he thinks that Kayankaya is dimwitted. The Gemüsehändler then tells Kayankaya that if Kayankaya cannot learn to sweep his own steps, then Kayankaya should go *back* to the Balkans—whence he thinks Kayankaya came. This statement clarifies what "Hier in Deutschland" suggests: Kayankaya's appearance means he is *from* somewhere else and could not possibly be German. Further, the Gemüsehändler perceives Kayankaya's behavior to be *of* that other place. In making such a claim, the Gemüsehändler implies that he has access to a clear understanding of what it means to be German: cleanliness is German; messiness is inherently *of* another (presumably lesser) place. In doing so, the Gemüsehändler assumes that people in the Balkans would keep a messy house, or at least that such a mess would be acceptable there. This assessment is, of course, a clueless reading. The Gemüsehändler does not know where Kayankaya is actually from and thus uses "der Balkan" as a catch-all phrase. As such, the Balkans figure here as a vaguely defined region in southeastern Europe—as the Other to Europe's presumably civilized situatedness. The Gemüsehändler's reference to the Balkans mirrors how other hegemonic Germans erase all distinctions between immigrants in the series: both analogies erase the possibility that there are different sorts of individuals who inhabit that region. Along these lines, the Balkans come to represent "not Germany" the way that brown people represent un-Germanness. Finally, the Gemüsehändler invokes the word

“Dreck” in reference to Kayankaya. “Dreck” has no positive implications in reference to humans: meaning “mud” or “dirt,” but also “filth,” it also has a loose affiliation with shit (e.g., “Hundedreck”). Thus, the Gemüsehändler reiterates Kayankaya’s connection with decay while reinforcing the notion that Kayankaya does not belong here and is subhuman.

The Gemüsehändler’s rant about the cigarette box highlights how Kayankaya inspires a detectively impulse. Here, the Gemüsehändler relies heavily on his prejudices both in his motivation for his investigation and in the conclusion that he comes to. “Alle Mieter im Haus haben bestätigt, daß nur Sie diese Marke rauchen,”<sup>137</sup> exclaims the Gemüsehändler triumphantly (*Mehr Bier* 24). The Gemüsehändler’s conclusion is obviously dubious. He most likely did not ask *every* tenant to confirm that only Kayankaya smokes this brand. It is also unlikely that all tenants know what brand Kayankaya smokes. Beyond that, there are any other number of possible explanations for the presence of this cigarette that have nothing to do with Kayankaya, including the possibility that tenants lied to the Gemüsehändler to shut him up. There is, of course, the possibility that Kayankaya is the offending party. Regardless of whether Kayankaya is the culprit, at least one of the Gemüsehändler’s assumptions is false. When the Gemüsehändler shouts, “Hier in Deutschland fegt man die Treppe vor seiner Tür!” he is obviously wrong. In making such a claim, the Gemüsehändler is implying that there is a definable German culture and that cleanliness is part of it. As has been made clear throughout this chapter, Arjouni’s Frankfurt is covered in dog shit, empty beer cans, and populated by disgusting people. Thus, the Gemüsehändler doubly reveals his ineptitude as a detective: by

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<sup>137</sup> “All the other tenants have confirmed that this is the brand you smoke” (*More Beer* 19). More precisely, this sentence should be translated as: “All the tenants in the apartment have confirmed that only you smoke this brand” (translation RH).

coming to debatable conclusions in “the case of the empty cigarette box,” and by using an insufficiently hermeneutic approach that overlooks Germany’s disorderliness.

As Kayankaya once again comes in from the rain in *Ein Mann, ein Mord*, the Gemüsehändler accosts him but this time he is cordial: “Guten Morgen, Herr. Kayankaya” (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 57). Kayankaya wonders if the man is unwell. It turns out that the Gemüsehändler wants to put up a political billboard on their apartment building for the Republikaner. He is wondering if Kayankaya would supply his signature to support the petition to the landlord (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 57-8). More specifically, the Gemüsehändler says, “wir sind Mitglieder im Stadtteilverband der Republikaner und wollen der Partei eine Art Diskussionsfläche schaffen...”<sup>138</sup> (*Ein Mann, Ein Mord* 58). Kayankaya replies: “Wer wir?”<sup>139</sup> (*ibid*). It becomes clear that the Gemüsehändler only has the support of presumably white Germans, represented in this exchange by names like Augstein, Walser, and Knapp. Kayankaya asks the Gemüsehändler how the Benmessous and Metins feel about the petition, as well as Mr. Karagiannidis (*Ein Mann, Ein Mord* 59). As Kayankaya assumes, they are not in favor of the motion and did not sign. Instead of starting a meaningful dialogue with the Gemüsehändler, Kayankaya says, “anscheinend haben die Ihnen noch nicht das Maul gestopft. Vielleicht, weil sie mit einem so windelweichen Arschloch Mitleid hatten,”<sup>140</sup> and steps threateningly towards his neighbor (*Ein Mann, Ein Mord* 59). “Selbst im eigenen

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<sup>138</sup> “we are members of the district association of the Republikaner Party, and we would like to provide the party with some thought-provoking publicity” (*One Man, One Murder* 52)

<sup>139</sup> “Who’s ‘we’?” (*One Man, One Murder* 52)

<sup>140</sup> “—but it looks like they haven’t managed to shut you up. Or maybe they felt sorry for a pitiful asshole like you.” (*One Man, One Murder* 53)

Treppenhaus wird man bedroht! Wenn wir erst mal das Sagen haben...!”<sup>141</sup> replies the Gemüsehändler (ibid).

In this exchange, Kayankaya is invited to join a gossamer fellowship with the Gemüsehändler and refuses. Through his response, Kayankaya defines himself in opposition to the more nationalist tendencies within the German hegemony. As shown by Porsche, Augstein and Walser were real-world supporters of the Republican party, which was founded by the former-SS Franz Schönhuber (170, footnote 22). The Gemüsehändler behaves as if he is offering Kayankaya some high-value morsel: as if an inclusive “wir” would win out over Kayankaya’s moral code. Kayankaya, however, sides with the garbage-people in the house, represented in this case by un-German-sounding names like Metin and Benmessous. The Gemüsehändler’s own words quickly reveal that the proffered inclusivity is a sham. When Kayankaya reacts with frustration, the Gemüsehändler rescinds his invitation of “wir” and utters a passive sentence with the pronoun “man.” The Gemüsehändler’s last usage of “wir” is one that clearly excludes Kayankaya and is blind to the privilege that the Gemüsehändler’s enjoys (i.e., “Wenn wir erst mal das Sagen haben...!”). The Gemüsehändler’s use of “man” refers to those he would identify as German: a clearly defined group that also does not include Kayankaya. Kayankaya is the would-be agent of this sentence (i.e., the one making the threats) and takes on the mantle of a formless evil that threatens Germans. The nameless, ill-defined threat in this sentence reflects the way the Gemüsehändler previously used the term *der Balkan*: it is unclear what it is but it stands in opposition to Germany.

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<sup>141</sup> “So now we’re being threatened in our own building! But just you wait! When we get to run the show....” (*One Man, One Murder* 53).

The invitation to sign the petition indicates that there is a shift in the way the Gemüsehändler views Kayankaya, however. Where in *Mehr Bier*, the Gemüsehändler cannot abide Kayankaya's presence, in *Ein Mann, ein Mord* the Gemüsehändler concedes to the expediency of a political alliance with Kayankaya. Although Kayankaya may never be *of* Germany in the Gemüsehändler's eyes, the potential for an alliance implies Kayankaya's permanence—or intractability, as the case may be. However, the billboard in question was meant to read: "Deutschland so groß [...] daß auch unsere Gäste Platz haben"<sup>142</sup> (*Ein Mann, Ein Mord* 59). The word "Gäste" recalls in a more positive light the appellation given to foreign workers who came to Germany after World War II: *Gastarbeiter*. Presumably, Kayankaya's father was one of these *Gastarbeiter*. The Gemüsehändler thinks he is offering an olive branch in showing that he is open to Kayankaya's indefinite presence in Germany. In doing so, though, he reveals that he thinks Kayankaya is merely *in* Germany and not *of* Germany. As told by his reaction, Kayankaya thoroughly rejects the ambivalent status that the euphemism "guest" would bestow upon him and other garbage-people.

The relationship between Kayankaya and the Gemüsehändler starts to warm in *Kismet* as the Gemüsehändler finds another Other to hate: the Ossies. Apparently, the Gemüsehändler is initially pleased with the prospect of German reunification. His attitude changes quickly, though. "Auf einmal gab es *die Ostler*. Die sah der Gemüsehändler zwar nie woanders als im Fernsehen, trotzdem began er sie, aus welchen Gründen auch immer, eifrig zu hassen"<sup>143</sup> (*Kismet* 49; emphasis in original). In *Kismet*, shortly after reunification, the

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<sup>142</sup> "'Germany—so great—,' he beamed at me, 'that there's room even for our guests'" (*One Man, One Murder* 52)

<sup>143</sup> "All at once *the Ossies* were the enemy. Not that the greengrocer ever saw Ossies anywhere but on TV, but for some reason he began hating them like poison all the same" (*Kismet* 48; emphasis in original).

Gemüsehändler receives a shipment of apples that does not meet his standards. He complains to Kayankaya: “Ostware! Bah! Und die fressen sich mit meinen Solidaritätsabgaben dick und fett”<sup>144</sup> (*Kismet* 49-50). The Gemüsehändler then warns: “Da werden noch einige Überraschungen auf uns zu kommen!”<sup>145</sup> (*Kismet* 50).

In reference to the Ossies, the Gemüsehändler’s use of “fressen” suggests how he sees them. The verb “fressen” means in the standard language “to eat” but in reference to animals; in reference to humans, it means “to eat greedily or fast.” The sentence could be rendered, “those people are gorging themselves fat and plump like animals on my solidarity taxes.” The fact that the Gemüsehändler is complaining *to* Kayankaya and not *about* him catches Kayankaya off guard (*Kismet* 50). Kayankaya’s own words offer a substantial analysis of the Gemüsehändler’s shift from deictic exclusion to deictic solidarity:

Er, der bis dahin sämtliche Formen der Wörtchen *wir* und *ihr* in meiner Gegenwart nur benutzt hatte, um klarzustellen, daß hier nicht einfach ein Hausmeister mit einem Mieter stritt, sondern mindestens Völker, wenn nicht Rassen aufeinanderprallten, die anhand einer Ruhestörung nach zweiundzwanzig Uhr Kulturkämpfe mit weltweiter Bedeutung austrugen. Und nun wir beide, quasi Schulter an Schulter im kleinen Boot der Zivilisation, umwoagt von Ostlerfluten.<sup>146</sup> (*Kismet* 50; emphasis in original)

The influx of East Germans into the Federal Republic, as ironic as it may seem, forms a new wave of Others in German culture. The newly perceived threat to the Gemüsehändler’s

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<sup>144</sup> “Just arrived! Imported from the east! Huh! Living it up on my solidarity tax!” (*Kismet* 48)

<sup>145</sup> “Oh yes, we’re going to get some surprises.” (*Kismet* 48).

<sup>146</sup> “And until now he’d used all forms of the pronouns *we* and *you* to me in a way that made it perfectly clear this wasn’t just a case of a caretaker arguing with a tenant, it was a clash between nations if not whole races, it was cultural warfare of worldwide significance over disturbing the neighbors after ten in the evening. And now the two of us were shoulder to shoulder in the little lifeboat of civilisation, so to speak, surrounded by hordes of Ossies!” (*Kismet* 48-9)

livelihood offers him and Kayankaya a chance at reconciliation, an offer that Kayankaya is actually glad to accept. The arrival of the Ossies, however, is just a catalyst in the process of their slowly changing relationship. Kayankaya recounts that after the Gemüsehändler's wife died, the Gemüsehändler started bringing home Russian prostitutes. At this point, the Gemüsehändler's demeanor towards Kayankaya became almost pleasant. Kayankaya jokingly supposes that part of the reason for this shift is because of the thin walls that they share, but also because the Gemüsehändler's "grobe Weltsicht und die Tatsache, daß die Türkei und Georgien – also für *uns* Kinder des kalten Krieges nach wie vor: Rußland – eine gemeinsame Grenze hatten, bei ihm zu dem diffusen Gefühl [führten], quasi bei mir eingeheiratet zu haben"<sup>147</sup> (*Kismet* 50; emphasis added). Kayankaya's supposition is humorous but it also shows how political realities can create long-lasting categories in people's minds. These demarcations represent potentially the worst aspect of humans' desire for clarity: it can lead to an unnuanced view of reality that hinders connections between people. Still, Kayankaya uses the plural, first-person pronoun (viz. "für uns Kinder des kalten Krieges") in such a way that it includes both him and the Gemüsehändler. The title of "children of the Cold War" extends well beyond Germany and encompasses an amorphous population, making Kayankaya's deictic solidarity rather flimsy, but it is solidarity, nonetheless.

Despite this warming relationship, it is clear that the Gemüsehändler still views Kayankaya as a second-class citizen. When Kayankaya is concerned that his apartment will be attacked by the Army of Reason, he makes up a story to scare the Gemüsehändler.

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<sup>147</sup> "simple view of the world and the existence of a common border between Turkey and Georgia – which still meant Russia to *us* children of the Cold War – gave him a vague feeling that he had, so to speak, married into my family" (*Kismet* 49).

Kayankaya tells him that the Russian mafia is looking for the Gemüsehändler on the suspicion that he beat up one of their best prostitutes (*Kismet* 186). The Gemüsehändler swears he did no such thing but promises Kayankaya that he will keep a watchful eye out and alert Kayankaya if there is any suspicious activity. At the beginning of that conversation, the Gemüsehändler had referred to Kayankaya as “Herr Kayaya” but when the conversation ends, he says, “Danke, *Herr Kayankaya*” (*Kismet* 185, 187; emphasis added). Kayankaya is amused: “Kayankaya! Und ganz geläufig. Ich stellte mir vor, wieviel Disziplin es ihn all die Jahre gekostet habe mußte, um in meiner Gegenwart meinen Namen ja falsch auszusprechen”<sup>148</sup> (*Kismet* 187). The condescending stance the Gemüsehändler takes towards Kayankaya’s is comparable to the Berliners at the *Adria-Grill* and Frau Beierle who has lost her German shepherd. On the one hand, the Berliners knowingly mispronounce Kayankaya’s name: “Kemal Ka...ka... Wat solln dit für ‘n Name sein? Kaka... Kacke, sach ick! Kemal Kacke!”<sup>149</sup> (*Kismet* 123). They associate Kayankaya with decay, are openly aggressive and violent towards him, and even intimate that they would actually like to kill him. On the other hand, Frau Beierle—a scholar of Islam—asks Kayankaya to find her dog because she has a positive if patronizing disposition towards Turks. Kayankaya recounts how she told him at their initial meeting that Turks like him were “stolz, familienbewußt, Traditionen pflegend, die heimlichen Herrscher Asiens”<sup>150</sup> (*Kismet* 110). When Kayankaya objects to some traditional Turkish music she puts on, she tells him that he does not know what he likes anymore: “westliche Werte und westlicher Lebensstil hätten meine wahre Identität

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<sup>148</sup> “Kayankaya! And uttered with perfect fluency! I thought of the discipline it must have cost him to get my name wrong in front of me all these years” (*Kismet* 180).

<sup>149</sup> “Kemal Ka... ka... What sort of name’s that? Kaka... Krap, I call it. Kemal Krap!” (*Kismet* 120)

<sup>150</sup> “proud, strong on family, keeping up old traditions, the secret rulers of Asia” (*Kismet* 108).

zugekleistert”<sup>151</sup> (*Kismet* 111). Even if they hold distinct dispositions toward Kayankaya, the Gemüsehändler, the Berliners, and Frau Beierle all perceive Kayankaya to be essentially Turkish. He either cannot be German at all or any Germanness he possesses is just a corruption of his Turkishness. These positions are the extremes on the spectrum of bias, in which case, the Gemüsehändler has arrived at a moderate position. Over the course of the series, the Gemüsehändler has come to accept Kayankaya’s presence in Germany and even feel some solidarity with him, if all the while denying Kayankaya his Germanness.

### 3.7 Conclusion

Arjouni’s portrayal of Kemal Kayankaya defies simple categorization. Perhaps to draw out that truth, Arjouni surrounds Kayankaya with people who attempt to do exactly that. While the lines of his exclusion shift in the course of the series, his compatriots never let him feel at home. In the first three novels, Kayankaya’s countrymen view him as a member of the *Gastarbeiter* community and an intruder in *their* country. In the fourth and fifth novels, he is also viewed as an intruder but now the detective’s impulse results in clueless readings of Kayankaya as a Muslim instead of a *Gastarbeiter* (cf. Gissane 53-4). The truth about Kayankaya, however, is much more complicated. He may look like the Hamuls and Ergüns but he does not share their transitional culture, limited access to the German language, or lack of representation by Germany’s law. Similarly, Kayankaya sympathizes with Sri Dao Rakdee and the other would-be immigrants in the Gellersheim bunker, but he is not subject to the same threat of deportation. He commiserates with Germany’s expatriates, yet he is not one of

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<sup>151</sup> “Western values and the Western lifestyle had distorted my true identity” (*Kismet* 108).

them. Like any good German, his religious feelings are limited to his beer and his soccer team (*Bruder Kemal* 46, 107)

While Arjouni uses stereotypes to show Kayankaya's exclusion, he also uses the stereotypical image of the German to show how *of* Frankfurt and Germany Kayankaya is. As far as Frankfurt is concerned, Kayankaya can speak the Hessian dialect; he loves Frankfurt's beer; he has an intimate knowledge of its districts and surrounding areas. And, just like other Germans, Kayankaya makes ethnophobic and misogynistic remarks. For example, when walking through the *Bahnhofsviertel*, he describes some of the people he sees: "Zwei schlitzäugige Minoltas erkundigten sich, wo die Frauen seien"<sup>152</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 36). Kayankaya's cultural affinities are thus those of the German hegemony, yet Arjouni manages to make Kayankaya distinct from the hegemony in other ways besides his skin tone. Kayankaya finds the Löffs' orderliness and cleanliness absurd. Kayankaya's principles will likely prevent him from ever being as moneyed as Weidenbusch. In contrast to the vast majority of his compatriots, Kayankaya does not use his relatively privileged position to take advantage of recent immigrants. In his relationships, he gravitates towards people who are similarly shut out for one reason or another, demonstrated in his friendship with Ernst Slibulsky. Kayankaya's partner, Deborah, is ethnically German but claims cultural Jewishness, and, as a former prostitute, she has a similarly intimate knowledge of the *Bahnhofsviertel*. His choice in partners, then, shows his affinity for marginalized people. Even then Deborah cannot accept him completely for who he is. Thus, even though he

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<sup>152</sup> "Two slit-eyed Minoltas wanted to know where women could be obtained" (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 32).

becomes part of the bourgeois establishment, Kayankaya still (un)belongs thanks to a clueless reading based on his seemingly intrinsic Otherness.

Juxtaposed with Kayankaya's own stereotypical Germanness are characters who embody other stereotypes of Germanness. The most distinctive characteristic of those Germans who belong to the hegemony—besides their whiteness—is an overblown dedication to tidiness: the Gemüsehändler is upset about a cigarette carton in the hallways, Hornen's farm is free from shit, the Löffs have a well-maintained and orthogonal lawn, and a Dietzenbacher details his BMW with a toothbrush. In these characters, one can read a connection between Germanness and orderliness. Kessler displays a nexus of Germanness, orderliness, and cruelty. After beating Kayankaya senseless, he yells to one of his deputies: “Holen Sie einen Lappen und wischen Sie die Sauerei da auf”<sup>153</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 79). Kessler is not worried about Kayankaya's being covered in blood, but rather the cleanliness of his own office.

Arjouni's ethnophobic Germans equate whiteness with Germanness and Germanness with humanity. Conversely—as the analysis in this chapter shows—these Germans often associate immigrants with garbage and decay. Kayankaya is not that kind of German—another way he (un)belongs. What Jędrzejewski writes of Arjouni is true of Kayankaya: “Gute Menschen waren für ihn solche, die in jedem Menschen einen Menschen sahen”<sup>154</sup> (183). For Kayankaya, a person is a human first and German second. He may say “wir” in reference to himself and the racist police officer, but he also sympathizes with the marginalized people he sees. This sympathy assures his outsider status in Arjouni's Germany.

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<sup>153</sup> “Get a rag and wipe up the mess” (*More Beer* 74).

<sup>154</sup> “To him, good humans were those who saw a human in every human” (translation RH)

Another trait that shows his outsider status and aligns Kayankaya with his hard-boiled forebears is his form of justice: in his eyes guilt is not the same as guilt. Yilmaz Ergün is guilty of his brother-in-law's murder, but Kayankaya does not try to indict him. Kayankaya is more preoccupied with the corrupt German police officers who take advantage of their positions. He reacts similarly to Weidenbusch's guilt. Kayankaya had falsely concluded that Rakdee, not Weidenbusch, killed Greiner. Even after finding out that a hegemonic German (i.e., Weidenbusch) killed Greiner, Kayankaya still does what he can to protect Rakdee and Weidenbusch from the police. He thereby demonstrates that he would rather satisfy his own nuanced sense of justice than serve the letter of the law. These affinities reveal that Kayankaya sees the real trash of Germany to be people who abuse their power, not the garbage-people.

Both cleanliness and seeing others as inferior are akin to the "pleasurable illusions" that the Apollonian seeks to create (Nietzsche "The Birth of Tragedy" 37). In maintaining—or desiring to maintain—these illusions, Arjouni's white Germans cling to the notion that the world is capable of being contained and understood and that superficial distinctions reveal essence. The illusion that non-whiteness is antithetical to Germanness is one that hegemonic Germans cleave to with particular fervor in Arjouni's works. This *weltanschauung* is comfortable in its simplicity: it gives Germany's whites a sense of certitude about their own identities. Germany's non-white population threatens that certitude and the greatest threat to this artificial clarity in Arjouni's Kayankaya series is Kayankaya himself. He endangers this illusion through his combined Germanness *and* his association with garbage and decay. The Ergüns, Sri Dao Rakdee, even the junkies and prostitutes in the *Bahnhofsviertel* can all simply be classified as garbage-people. Even if hegemonic Germans

would resist saying this about white compatriots, junkies and prostitutes work and live in the same space as recent immigrants; they are garbage-people by proximity. Kayankaya, for his part, can also be misread in this way, but, in his internalization of Germany's chauvinistic gaze, he is the inversion of the junkie: Kayankaya has the skin tone of a garbage-person and the value system of the hegemony.

George Grella writes that medieval tropes abound in the hard-boiled genre and under the influence of his own argument, he claims that "the detective must accept only partial victories" since "the dragon seems to encompass all society" (Grella 13). The dragon (here: corruption, violence, depravity, etc.) is too big to be seen and cannot be attacked outright. This statement is certainly true of Arjouni's Frankfurt. As long as there are dragons, though, there will be roving knights who try to slay them. Just like the roving knight, Kayankaya belongs nowhere and yet is exactly where he belongs. His crusade against corrupt Germans who abuse their power makes him a righteous warrior on behalf of Germany's garbage-people. However, he is something else to his hegemonic compatriots. As Teraoka puts it, in view of "the prevailing beliefs regarding law and order, state authority, and national identity, the Turkish German private detective hero cannot exist in German political culture: the name Kemal Kayankaya denotes an absence; it is a concept empty of content" (273). An absence cannot be and yet Kemal Kayankaya *is*. Kemal Kayankaya—the present absence, the one doomed to belong through his unbelonging—bears a resemblance to a different medieval monster: the *mearcstapa*—*der Grenzgänger* ("border walker")—a name for Grendel from

Beowulf.<sup>155</sup> Like Grendel, who is humanoid and not human, Kayankaya is Germanoid and not German. Kayankaya's white countrymen perceive an outsider based on his skin tone and ignore his attempts at self-definition. Stereotypically Turkish characters perceive a traitor who cannot speak their language, who has turned his back on his culture and religion. Their mistaken perceptions of him reveal that they cannot even conceive of him. Given that nearly everyone denies Kayankaya his right to define himself, there is some logic in his decision to define others as a profession. He is exercising his ability to circumscribe. In his commitment to finding the truth—to following through with his detectively impulse—it is as if Kayankaya wanted to show Germany how to be a proper detective, in the hard-boiled vein.

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<sup>155</sup> Reading Reinhard Wilczek generated this idea for me. He uses the word *Grenzgänger* but does not connect it with Beowulf's monster. "Die ungewöhnliche Figur repräsentiert das gesellschaftliche und ethnische Grenzgängertum eines Menschen, der zwischen zwei Kulturen aufgewachsen ist und weder ganz zu der einen noch zu der anderen gehört" (Wilczek 268).

#### 4. The Wrong Guy: Kayankaya's Flight From (Un)Belonging

The preceding chapter explores the various ways that Kayankaya experiences exclusion in his home city of Frankfurt, with a particular emphasis on deictic violence and the reaction that Kayankaya's alterity incites in his compatriots. It also shows how Kayankaya is able to coopt some of these exclusionary tactics and turn them into positive definitions of himself, most notably with his connection to garbage and decay. While this chapter does not abandon the topic of how Kayankaya defines himself, it focuses more on how Kayankaya escapes his need to define himself and eventually finds a sense of belonging. In turn, the means Kayankaya uses to move beyond this need to self-define are determined by both his desire to perform a hard-boiled masculinity and his German socialization. That being the case, the very means that he uses to free himself from the need for self-definition also define him.

Kayankaya shows an adeptness at reading people and clues, yet his first readings are not always correct. With an increasing coziness to his life, his ability to perceive seems to diminish as the series continues. Still, he gets to the bottom of the case. The ability to read clues and write the story of the crime requires the rational capacity implied in Nietzsche's conception of the Apollonian. The Apollonian (i.e., the drive to categorize), however, also drives Kayankaya's exclusion. In contrast to the Apollonian, the Dionysian seeks to tear down the boundaries between humans with the ultimate goal of experiencing the *Ur-Eine*, which Haussmann translates as "Primordial Unity" (Nietzsche "Die Geburt der Tragödie" 52; Nietzsche "The Birth of Tragedy" 38). It is unsurprising, then, that Kayankaya finds reprieve from his exclusion in activities and states of mind that would be associated with the Dionysian: drunkenness, violence, sex, etc. The thrill that these things offer can all be captured by the term *Rausch*, which Nietzsche uses as an analogue for the Dionysian. For the

purposes of this chapter, I will focus on how alcoholic intoxication, violence, and sexual contact or flirtation in anticipation of sexual contact offers Kayankaya *Rausch*. This *Rausch* deadens the pain of exclusion by diminishing Kayankaya's awareness of it.

The dysfunctionality implied in Kayankaya's reliance on violence and alcohol extends to his personal life. In this way, Kayankaya follows in the footsteps of the Continental Op, Sam Spade, and Philip Marlowe. While Sam Spade seems to have at least three sexual partners in *The Maltese Falcon*, he remains emotionally aloof from all of them. Tellingly, he hands one of them over to the police at the end of the novel. The Continental Op has a charged relationship with Dinah, but they do not consummate it. Marlowe turns down naked women who throw themselves at him, and simply feels dirty in the company of others. When Marlowe does indulge in sexual gratification in *Farewell, my Lovely*, it is done after the case is over and Anne Riordan is gone by the next chapter (Chandler 288). In his sexuality, Kayankaya is not as puritanical as Marlowe: Kayankaya usually has a prospect of sex or love at the end of a case and occasionally indulges in coitus while on assignment. In turn, he is more principled in his sexual pursuits than Spade: the majority of Kayankaya's sexual partners are prostitutes, not women who expect him to provide them with a better life. As these considerations suggest, the hard-boiled detective has a complicated relationship with heteronormative customs.

Sex may seem like an obvious source of *Rausch* but in the strict code of the prototypical hard-boiled detectives there is little room for it, especially while on an assignment. Kayankaya does not adhere to the injunction against sex while employed as strictly as his American forefathers. Yet, like them, Kayankaya readily drinks himself into oblivion or participates in violence. Indeed, all of these men seem to prefer drunkenness or

violent exchanges over sexual encounters. Such violence often leads to the detective passing out. Abbott argues that the hard-boiled detective's (specifically Marlowe's) blacking out is a pleasurable experience wrapped up with his sexuality (62-63). Kayankaya passes out at least once from violence or drunkenness in each novel. Along similar lines of Abbott's argument, several of the altercations in the Kayankaya series resemble coitus, as will be shown this chapter. The loss of consciousness that this violence brings on results in a detachment from the world of phenomena. This detachment will be referred to as the hard-boiled *petite mort*, as it bears markers of sexual congress and comes with a concomitant "little death." As such, *Rausch* is the foreplay that helps distract from or anaesthetize Kayankaya to his exclusion, and the loss of consciousness is the orgasm that that drunkenness or violence provides.

Kayankaya need not rely exclusively on *Rausch* to escape his seclusion, though. Starting in *Mehr Bier*, Slibulsky becomes a friend, part-time professional partner, and ersatz domestic partner. Such an intimate relationship is an anomaly in the world of hard-boiled detection. It implies a steadfastness in Kayankaya's life that is unknown to the Continental Op, whose true name is not even revealed in *Red Harvest*. Kayankaya's emotional entanglement with Slibulsky becomes a stumbling block for Kayankaya in *Ein Mann, ein Mord*. Kayankaya is too trusting of Slibulsky and then too preoccupied with Slibulsky's involvement in the case that he apparently forgets his primary objective. In *Kismet*, Kayankaya has the beginnings of a community, as portrayed in his connections with Slibulsky, Slibulsky's girlfriend Gina, and Romario, the owner of the *Saudade*. He also shows middle-class aspirations in *Kismet*: expressing wishes about domesticity, falling in love with a woman, and developing complicated fatherly feelings for a young client. In *Bruder Kemal*, these bourgeois aspirations are fulfilled. Kayankaya maintains a downtown office as a

decoy to protect his girlfriend, Deborah, her niece, and their domestic idyll in the *Westend*. Deborah owns a restaurant and Kayankaya enjoys a generally good reputation in the city. As such, Kayankaya has gone from being an outsider to being an established member of the Frankfurter middle class (cf. Seeber “Ich und die Anderen”; Moraldo “Fremdheit in der ‘Heimat’”).

None of these relationships end Kayankaya’s need to drink; indeed his friendship with Slibulsky seems to feed his intake of alcohol. In which case, *Rausch* does not just deaden pain, it also helps form fellowship and community. Still, as the stability of Kayankaya’s personal and private life increases, his need for *Rausch*—specifically drunkenness and violence—decreases. In the first three novels of the series, Kayankaya’s unbelonging is at its full depth. Kayankaya’s dependence on violence and alcohol is at its most outstanding in these novels. *Kismet* is an outlier. Where there were once fist fights and blows to the gut, now there are shootouts and explosion. In *Kismet*, he shoots the palefaces, Gregor, and the owner of the *Adria-Grill*. Such violence certainly provides Kayankaya with *Rausch* but it is not a reliable source of the hard-boiled *petite mort*. His drinking picks back up in *Kismet*, when it had taken a slight dip in *Ein Mann, ein Mord*. At the same time, the drinking is more conventional and with a different cause, as will be shown. Finally, in *Bruder Kemal*, Kayankaya all but replaces violent and alcoholic *Rausch* with *Rausch* from flirtation with Valerie de Chavannes. This form of *Rausch* comes with the new possibility of losing the stability Kayankaya has created with his partner Deborah.

#### 4.1 Escaping the Bonds of Exclusion

Arjouni portrays Kayankaya escaping his unbelonging before even establishing that unbelonging in *Happy birthday, Türke!*. Kayankaya's first *rauschvolle* encounter is conveyed in an analeptic account of his birthday's eve. In the opening scene, Kayankaya recounts how he finished a bottle of Chivas the night before and went on a search for some company (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 5). In this inebriated state, he called on his neighbor, Herr Maier-Dietrich. The two of them exhaust their own supplies of booze and resort to stealing two bottles of Mariacron (i.e., a German brandy) from the Gemüsehändler's cellar, as referred to above (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 6). Though it is not yet clear, this interaction demonstrates the remarkable power of *Rausch*. Drunkenness has temporarily allowed the ur-typical German Maier-Dietrich and the unbelonging Kayankaya to form a unit. Here, Arjouni uses deixis to demonstrate Kayankaya enjoying communion: "Der Abend war verlaufen wie erwartet. *Wir* sprachen über Autos, die *wir* nicht bezahlen, und Frauen, die *wir* nicht beschlafen konnten"<sup>156</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 6; emphasis added). At this point in the novel, it is not clear to the reader that Kayankaya is somehow marked as Other; Kayankaya only speaks of his ethnic heritage after arriving at his office the same day. Arjouni's generous use of "wir" is only remarkable retrospectively. Put another way, since Arjouni has not yet revealed Kayankaya's ethnicity, this portrayal of Kayankaya and Maier-Dietrich seems ordinary.

Maier-Dietrich's and Kayankaya's coupling contains a subversive element, when viewed in consideration of the rest of the series. The name of Kayankaya's closest friend throughout the rest of the series, Slibulsky, implies a supposedly un-German background.

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<sup>156</sup> "The evening proceeded according to expectation. *We* talked about cars *we* couldn't afford and women *we* couldn't get into bed" (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 2).

Further, Slibulsky's criminal career in the *Bahnhofsviertel* reveals that he is a disputant of German law and order. Deborah, Kayankaya's partner, also has outsider status through her claim of Jewishness and history as a sex worker. By contrast, the name Herr Maier-Dietrich suggests a doubly German background with the hyphenation of two typically German names. The fact that Maier-Dietrich often reminds Kayankaya of how "[d]er Russe habe ihm das Bein gemopst"<sup>157</sup> introduces the strong likelihood that Maier-Dietrich was a soldier in WWII, which only increases his ur-German credentials (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 6). In view of his possible involvement with the Third Reich's military, his conviviality with Kayankaya is all the more incredible. In their time together, however, they do more than defy expectations of how a presumably bigoted German and a German with Turkish roots get along. In their inebriation, they disregard one of society's oldest laws: thou shalt not steal—an injunction that draws clear boundaries of ownership between "yours" and "mine." *Rausch*, then, enables the dissolution of the boundaries between these two men, as well as the lines that define ownership and that govern legal and ethical behavior. By the time the morning comes around, the spell has been broken and Kayankaya believes that Maier-Dietrich will probably forget the whole evening. Fittingly, Kayankaya never mentions Maier-Dietrich again.

#### 4.2 Attempting to Erase Alterity Through Violence

On his first foray into the *Bahnhofsviertel* depicted in the series, Kayankaya notices the flickering sign above *Millys Sex-Bar* and enters looking for information about Ahmed Hamul (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 48). A sex worker approaches Kayankaya, calls him her "wilder Scheich," and brings him a drink (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 49). Even though she is not ill-

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<sup>157</sup> "the Russkis had stolen his leg" (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 2)

disposed towards him—neither on account of his skin tone nor his questions—she does not have any answers for him. Convinced that this Hessian seductress does not know anything useful, Kayankaya finishes his scotch—rounding out a dozen drinks on a day that he started hungover—and approaches the eponymous Milly at the bar. He asks her whether any of her prostitutes might be using heroine. Neither Milly nor her security guards abide such questions, but they take particular exception to them coming from a brown person. Milly claims to not know any Hamuls and says that she should call the police on Kayankaya, “aber dann würden wahrscheinlich zehn Türkenbälger ihren Papa verlieren. Ich bin kein Unmensch, also verschwinde”<sup>158</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 52). The security guards carry Kayankaya out. “Mach, daß du weiterkommst, sonst breche ich dir deine verfluchte Türkennase”<sup>159</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke* 53). In response, Kayankaya breaks this guard’s nose. He then narrowly dodges another guard’s right fist, grabs that arm, throws his weight against it, and wrenches it upward, breaking it in the process. Even with a broken arm, the guard continues to swing his healthy left; Kayankaya avoids the swings twice but eventually takes one on the chin (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 54). The impact sends Kayankaya to the ground, but he uses this position to topple his assailant. With the guard on the ground, Kayankaya grabs the guard’s remaining healthy arm and puts him into a submission hold.

As seen in the previous chapter, the *Bahnhofsviertel* represents a Dionysian inversion of the German suburb and countryside. Fittingly, people come to the *Bahnhofsviertel* seeking all sorts of *Rausch*. The half-naked Hessian (a.k.a. Susanne Böhnisch) assumes that Kayankaya is seeking sexual *Rausch*. Kayankaya successfully—for now—deflects her sexual

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<sup>158</sup> “I don’t want ten Turkish brats to lose their dad. So. Get out of here” (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 48).

<sup>159</sup> “move on, man, or I’ll break your fucking Turkish nose” (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 49)

advances and goes about doing his job. However, the guard's threat of breaking Kayankaya's nose is an invitation to *Rausch* that Kayankaya cannot refuse. It starts off with two men carrying Kayankaya out of Milly's. Kayankaya says he feels "wie ein Kind, das man in die Badewanne hebt"<sup>160</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 53). On the one hand, this phrasing expresses the discrepancy in size between the security guards and Kayankaya. On the other, it conjures up a domestic scene replete with caring tenderness, and the anticipation of something if not longed-for then soothing and cleansing. Kayankaya—the would-be child in this scenario—is not being extracted from a pleasant situation but brought into one. One of the security guards threatens to break Kayankaya's "Türkennase," thereby calling attention to his apparently essentially Turkish nose and rupturing the apparent contentment of the grasp. Extrapolating from the observation of their German whiteness and their associations with parents, one can infer that "home" for Kayankaya is a complicated concept: it is simultaneously a familiar place of comfort but also a place that can suddenly become dangerous. There is no indication that Kayankaya feels this way about the Holzheims (i.e., his adoptive parents), but his relationship with Frankfurt mirrors this odd duality.

The melee between the guards and Kayankaya grants Kayankaya *Rausch* but it is only a partial escape. The immediacy of pain or the threat thereof momentarily attenuates the importance of the superficial distinctions between these two men. Briefly, they are reduced to two bodies capable of suffering. Such unity, however, is short-lived and does not permanently erase their disunion. The guard lands a punch and the divisiveness reawakens: "Kleine türkische Ratte, sowas machst du nie wieder!"<sup>161</sup> (*Happy Birthday, Türke!* 54). In

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<sup>160</sup> "a child being lifted into a bathtub" (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 49).

<sup>161</sup> "You little Turkish rat, you'll never do that again!" (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 50).

response, Kayankaya topples the guard and puts him in a painful submission hold. In this position, neither Kayankaya nor the security guard can be engrossed in thoughts of ethnicity-fueled animosity. Kayankaya must focus on maintaining his hold on the man and the security guard is dealing with the pain of a broken arm and the other arm that Kayankaya is nearly rending from its socket. Here, all that is important to the security guard is stopping the pain; he thus temporarily loses sight of Kayankaya's alterity and answers Kayankaya's questions.

Kayankaya's submission hold on the guard and his subsequent talk hint at the sexual nature of the violence typical in hard-boiled detection and the early Kayankaya series. After being knocked to the ground, Kayankaya kicks the man in the back of the knee, grabs the man's unbroken arm and stretches it across his own thigh: "So Großer, bleib ganz ruhig oder du kriegst noch 'n zweiten Gips"<sup>162</sup> (ibid.). Kayankaya continues to inflict damage on this guard but the exchange simultaneously becomes intimate. Kayankaya calling the man "Großer" may well be a joke but this hypocorism has a sexual playfulness. This fight shares certain traits with sexual congress: both are intimate, both are corporeal. Despite the fact that Kayankaya will eventually have sex with Susanne Böhnisch (the seductress from *Millys*), stretching this guard's arm across his own thigh is the most physically intimate act depicted in *Happy birthday, Türke!*. Kayankaya narrates none of the later encounter with Böhnisch, but he does bask in its effects: "Es war kurz vor fünf, als ich das Zimmer von Susanne Böhnisch Entlein verließ und mit weichen Knien und warmem Bauch die Treppe hinunter auf die Straße segelte"<sup>163</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 96). Although Kayankaya does not mention his gut

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<sup>162</sup> "Take it easy, big boy, or you'll need another cast" (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 50).

<sup>163</sup> "A few minutes before five I departed from the quarters of Susanne Böhnisch, a.k.a. Darlin, and sailed down into the street with wobbly knees and a nice warm feeling in my gut" (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 92).

during the altercation with the security guard, the fight has a strikingly similar effect on his legs: “Langsam rutschten mir die Beine weg”<sup>164</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 54). These intensely physical experiences provide Kayankaya with *Rausch*, under the influence of which he can momentarily sidestep his need to belong. He may not *belong* in these instances, but the thrill of the exchange is just distracting enough to make him forget.

#### 4.3 *The Hard-Boiled Petite Mort*

The hard-boiled detective has a difficult relationship with women and sex. Sex and relationships endanger his longed-for isolation—isolation being the only way he can remain pure (Abbott 6). Kayankaya is not nearly as isolationist or puritanical as Marlowe, nor is he as lecherous as Spade. It is implied that Spade is having affairs with all of the women in his life, breaking hearts and ruining lives as he goes. Kayankaya, on the other hand, enjoys sex with prostitutes and non-professionals alike, for the most part without emotional attachment. Arjouni only makes it explicit once, but one optimistically assumes that these sexual encounters grant the participants a *petite mort*: “the sensation of orgasm as likened to death” (Oxford English Dictionary). Although Kayankaya does not avoid sexual contact, he is more willing to participate in drinking or violent exchanges than sexual ones. There is an analogous release for the hard-boiled detective in these types of exchange: passing out “as likened to death,” i.e., the hard-boiled *petite mort*.

In a nod to hard-boiled tradition, the cops turn out to be the crooks in *Happy birthday, Türke!*. At the end of his second day on the Hamul case, Kayankaya is enjoying beer and

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<sup>164</sup> My legs gave, and I slid slowly down to the ground” (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 50).

telling Frau Hamul not to worry about a letter she has received from a mortgage company. After he gets off the phone with her, he lets the effects of the beer wash over him. Just as he is dozing off and about to enjoy release, the doorbell brings him back from the edge. “Zwei Monster standen vor mir. Beide im Overall und mit dicken Fallschirmspringerstiefeln. Auf den Köpfen Gasmasken und darüber Gummistrümpfe”<sup>165</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 114). One of the monsters is pointing a gun at Kayankaya, while the other has his pistol drawn. “Wir haben dich gewarnt!”<sup>166</sup> says the first of the two in reference to threatening letter they had sent Kayankaya the day prior. Kayankaya notices again that his knees are becoming weak. Already, these monsters’ guns and threats provide Kayankaya with some level of *Rausch*. Kayankaya composes himself just enough to ask the monsters who they are so he can understand why they would want him to stay away from the Hamul case (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 114-5). They, of course, do not answer. Instead, they quickly seal the room and fire tear gas into it. Kayankaya’s account of what happens after the teargas goes off in his office is terrifying:

Die Suppe floß aus Augen, Mund, Nase, und es wurde immer schlimmer. Ich schmiß mich auf den Boden, hämmerte die Fäuste aufs Linoleum, zerriß mein Hemd und drückte es mir aufs Gesicht. Es nützte nichts. Ich versuchte mich aufzurichten, stürzte sofort wieder hin, versuchte es noch einmal und krachte mit dem Ellbogen auf die Stuhllehne.<sup>167</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 115)

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<sup>165</sup> “In front of me stood two monsters. Both of them were wearing overalls and sturdy paratrooper boots. Their heads were covered with rubber face masks and had gas masks strapped on over those” (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 109).

<sup>166</sup> “We warned you!” (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 110)

<sup>167</sup> Fluids poured out of my eyes, mouth, and nose, and that wasn’t the half of it. I threw myself on the floor, beat the linoleum with my fists, tore my shirt and covered my face with it. All to no avail. I tried

As this scene shows, the effects of the poison on his body completely disorient. He cannot properly stand up. The experience of this attack rearranges his body's geography. His face is near the ground and his shirt is now located on his head. Kayankaya's elbow goes where his back belongs and his head has gone to a place where no part of his body belongs (i.e., the side of the desk). This rearrangement and writhing bear a resemblance to the body's anticipation of an orgasm, as David Linden describes it in his 2011 *The Compass of Pleasure*. The orgasm "in which you feel yourself sliding over the edge of a waterfall and body movements become uncontrollable, is the ultimate motor error" (Linden 113). The convulsions and reactions of Kayankaya's body recall specifically the male orgasm: the sensations that Kayankaya feels and experience cause him to writhe and call out and then discharge bodily fluids. However, in the hard-boiled *petite mort*, discharge of fluid is not simultaneous with release into oblivion. This scene culminates when the monsters finally leave and fire off another canister of teargas. Kayankaya just manages to break through a window to get fresh air, at which point he passes out.

How Kayankaya relates to this version of the little death can be difficult to parse out. The frequency with which Kayankaya submits himself to such beatings suggests that he gets something from the experience; whether it is exclusively physical in nature is an open question. In seeking out violence, or at the very least not avoiding it, Arjouni aligns Kayankaya with the hard-boiled detectives of yore. The Continental Op, Spade, and Marlowe all get knocked out by violence or drugs at some point. That there is pleasure in this violence has been observed by Chandler, Teraoka, and Abbott. It is not particularly odd that these men

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to get up, fell down again immediately, tried once more, and banged my elbow on the backrest of my chair. (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 111)

should find pleasure in pain: as Linden points out, pain releases endorphins in males in the part of the brain activated by orgasms (114). Ignoring or enjoying pain is part of these detectives' performative masculinity and their code. However, in keeping the specific genre characteristic of violence Arjouni also preserves a retrogressive trait of the hard-boiled genre: violence against minorities. The novelty of Arjouni is that he writes the ethnic minority as the actor who consciously brings pain upon himself. In portraying Kayankaya thus, Arjouni shows an ethnic minority figure displaying the same sort of agency as white members of the American hegemony.

#### *4.4 The Importance of Getting Soused*

Kayankaya's drinking continues to be nearly constant in *Mehr Bier*, just as it is in *Happy birthday, Türke!*. At his initial meeting with Anastas and Reedermann, Kayankaya drinks two scotch and coffees (*Mehr Bier* 16-17). Then Kayankaya buys and drinks some Asbach brandy *before* he drives home from Dodelbach (*Mehr Bier* 46). He drinks his frustrations away after he cannot bring Kessler to justice, and he has a glass of scotch *instead* of having sex with Carla Reedermann. Having a shared experience of drunkenness also helps Kayankaya form relationships in *Mehr Bier*. Indeed, a person's generosity with drink is a criterium by which Kayankaya judges that person. Refusing hospitality or offering alcohol only as a means to manipulate someone is a sign of wickedness in Kayankaya's eyes. Along these lines, Barbara Böllig and Detective Superintendent Kessler are scoundrels, while Nina Scheigel née Kaszmarek proves her mettle, despite being a murderer.

Barbara Böllig, a typical *femme fatale* who uses her physical magnetism to get what she wants, is having a cocktail when Kayankaya arrives at her house for the first time.

Despite her wealth and the fact that she is enjoying a beverage, she does not offer Kayankaya one. “Ich strich mir übers Kinn und dachte an den Drink, den man mir nicht anbot”<sup>168</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 37). Her neglect in this matter is an indication of her lack of character in Kayankaya’s eyes. By contrast, Kommissar Kessler does offer Kayankaya a drink: raki—presuming that Kayankaya *would* drink raki and that in response to this feigned hospitality Kayankaya will drop the Böllig case. If Barbara Böllig and Kommissar Kessler drink improperly, Nina Scheigel is the ideal drinker. Not only does she share her stock freely, her vodka is exquisite. Kayankaya and Nina Scheigel first meet when Kayankaya goes to question Fred Scheigel for a second time. When Nina tells Kayankaya that Fred is not home, he stays and talks with Nina. Kayankaya initially tells Nina that he works for the prosecutor’s office. She quickly sees through that lie but likes him for it. She then offers him a drink. The vodka is the genuine article from Russia and Kayankaya notices that Nina smokes a Russian brand of cigarettes (*Mehr Bier* 86). In quick succession, Nina and Kayankaya have no fewer than five drinks each (*Mehr Bier* 86-94). Nina’s appearance and unmarked German speech could lead Kayankaya to believe that she is both *from* and *of* Germany. Given her penchant for Russian *Rauschmittel*, however, Kayankaya reads her as being Russian. He is mistaken; she is actually from Warsaw: “Wenn ich mehr getrunken habe, hören Sie den Akzent”<sup>169</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 87).

The communion that Nina and Kayankaya have with one another provides evidence of the power that *Rausch* possesses and displays several of its effects. Drunkenness can collapse time by breaking down the barriers between the present self and former versions of the self

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<sup>168</sup> “I rubbed my chin and thought about the drink I had not been offered” (*More Beer* 37).

<sup>169</sup> “When I’ve had a few more drinks, you can tell by my accent” (*More Beer* 81).

(e.g., Nina's accent will return). Inebriation also functions as a type of truth serum. After she has had enough to drink, Nina more freely reveals parts of her past through narrative but also through the instrument of her narration: her voice. She can no longer conceal the fact that she is from another place. It may not have been her intention in the first place to hide her accent and thereby her roots: either way, the effects of alcohol make this revelation inevitable.

*Rausch* also shifts the drinker's threshold for suffering and pain. Nina has a coughing attack that makes her whole body convulse. She takes a long draught from her glass and immediately feels better (*ibid.*). Drunkenness, then, seems to relocate the place where discomfort and pain begin. Kayankaya has his own reactions to Nina's vodka: "Für mich war es an der Zeit, ein paar Fragen zu stellen. Außerdem war ich betrunken. Ich versuchte die Gedanken zu ordnen"<sup>170</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 93). Kayankaya, however, cannot effectively marshal his thoughts, which is revealed upon Fred Scheigel's return. Nina—not Kayankaya—asks Fred why he did not visit the doctor for the head injury he received the night that Friedrich Böllig died. Kayankaya is impressed: "Ein tolles Gedächtnis. Ich hätte glatt vergessen, weshalb ich hergekommen bin"<sup>171</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 95).

By the time he leaves the Scheigel's residence, Kayankaya and Nina have developed a fondness for one another. This fondness comes into being despite the fact that Nina commits one of the most grievous offenses possible in Kayankaya's eyes. At the beginning of their exchange, Nina asks his name and he responds in James Bond fashion: "Kayankaya. Kemal Kayankaya" (*Mehr Bier* 89). Nina probably means it as a compliment when she says,

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<sup>170</sup> "It was time for me to ask a couple of questions. It was also time to admit to myself that I was drunk. I tried to marshal my thoughts" (*More Beer* 88).

<sup>171</sup> "An amazing memory. I wouldn't have remembered why I had come here" (*More Beer* 90).

“[d]achte ich mir. Sie sind kein Deutscher”<sup>172</sup> (ibid.). Already in the first novel *Happy birthday, Türke!*, Kayankaya justifies his presence in Germany to the reader and states that he is completely German. Speaking of his adoption he says he grew up in a perfectly German environment (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 10). Earlier in *Mehr Bier*, Kayankaya has to explain to both Reederemann and Anastas on separate occasions that he sees himself as German. “Ich mähe meinen Rasen, lache bei Karneval und kann gleichzeitig Bier trinken und Skat spielen. Irgendwo hinter München liegt Afrika, da wohnen die Neger. Bei der Sportschau möchte ich nicht gestört werden. [...] Und im Grunde meines Herzens bin ich ein tanzender Schlesier”<sup>173</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 20). When Malik Rashid suggests in *Bruder Kemal* that Kayankaya is merely *like* the Germans, Kayankaya asks Rashid what he means by *like* and if Rashid would like to see his (i.e., Kayankaya’s) ID (*Bruder Kemal* 178). Both Malik Rashid and Nina Scheigel mean to express some solidarity with their overfamiliarity. When Malik Rashid insists Kayankaya is not German, Kayankaya rebukes him. When Nina Scheigel states outright that Kayankaya is not German, Kayankaya does not even shrug.

The reasons for Kayankaya’s placidity here are perhaps manifold. Firstly, he is enjoying Nina’s story and getting information from her. One could also surmise that Kayankaya’s silence is encouraged by his ability to read his interlocutor. She lets him know that she is from Warsaw and that she does not think “daß es mit den Deutschen gutgehen kann”<sup>174</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 88). Her negative disposition towards Germans is perhaps enough to

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<sup>172</sup> “I thought so. You’re not a German” (*More Beer* 84).

<sup>173</sup> “I mow my lawn, I laugh a lot during the carnival season, and I manage to drink beer and play skat at the same time. Somewhere past Munich lies Africa, that’s where the Negroes live. I hate interruptions during sportscasts. [...] And I’m really a dancing Silesian at heart” (*More Beer* 14).

<sup>174</sup> Hollo translates this passage as “that things wouldn’t turn out well with that German,” but the original indicates that it should be multiple Germans, not just one (*More Beer* 82).

keep Kayankaya from proclaiming his Germanness; it would be counterproductive to his pursuit of garnering information—and more vodka. The more significant reason for Kayankaya's equanimity in reference to Nina's accusation, then, is his inebriation. Where drunkenness breaks down the distinction between the past and present self in Nina, it lets Kayankaya forget his thoughts and intentions, as seen in the fact that he cannot remember his questions for Fred or marshal his thoughts. This forgetfulness extends to the need to guard his Germanness. The scrutiny Kayankaya suffers makes him conscious of his body and how it is perceived—the double-consciousness that Zeller refers to in her article (48-49). Contrary to what his body may suggest in West Germany of the 1980s, he knows nothing about being Turkish. He may not necessarily wish to be white, but he would live in a world where his body did not suggest some background other than his own. In any case, when Nina calls attention to Kayankaya's un-Germanness, the power of their *rauschvolle* communion diminishes his need to defend or define his identity.

Kayankaya's *Rausch*-fastened bond with Nina may give him a reprieve from his alterity but it does not necessarily yield pellucidity in his case. Both Nina Scheigel and Barbara Böllig are guilty of heinous crimes. Kayankaya's connection with Nina after their shared drunkenness makes him risk his license and reputation for her, where he would gladly inculcate Barbara Böllig. When it comes to light that Nina Scheigel has killed both Otto Böllig and Barbara Böllig, Kayankaya refuses to cooperate with the police to assist in Nina's arrest. She told him that she would give herself over to the authorities, but he does not really care (*Mehr Bier* 149-52). Ultimately, those crimes were not the ones he was hired to solve, or at least that is the excuse that he uses for himself. The truth is, Kayankaya has developed a soft spot for Nina and that spot remains despite the fact that she crushes any hopes he has of

indicting Kessler. His indifference is demonstration of his code and of his hermeneutic involvement in this case: guilt is not the same as guilt. He has read Barbara Böllig and finds that her relatively easy life coupled with her inhospitality—defined in terms of how poorly she shares her booze—reveals a deeper turpitude that he cannot abide. In contrast, Nina Scheigel’s generosity in spite of her uncharmed life allows Kayankaya to look past her crimes and see a life that was stolen from Nina. He does attempt to stop Nina from killing Barbara but not because he perceives Barbara’s death as a loss but rather because he needs Barbara as a witness. Nina’s grudge against Barbara is much more poignant, though: “Diese Frau hat mir Friedrich Böllig weggenommen, sie hat mich nicht zu seiner Beerdigung gelassen und seinen Tod mitverschuldet, wie ich gestern erfahren habe. Ich habe all die Jahre Gedanken und Kummer wegtrinken müssen, und das Weib sollte ungeschoren davonkommen!?”<sup>175</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 150-51). That sentiment—having to drown grief in drink—is one that Kayankaya can identify with on a deep level.

#### 4.5 From Both Sides, Now

In *Mehr Bier*, the sources of violence against Kayankaya help reveal his unbelonging, while the violence itself helps him escape his unbelonging. Two instances are particularly illuminating. Since Anastas will not let Kayankaya talk to his four clients about the fifth man at the *Firma Böllig*, Kayankaya visits the roommate of two of the accused, Schmidl (*Mehr Bier* 58). Schmidl lives in a trashy apartment and thinks of himself as a revolutionary. To

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<sup>175</sup> “This woman took Friedrich Böllig away from me. She did not let me come to his funeral. As I found out yesterday, she was an accomplice to his murder. All these years I have had to drown my thoughts and grief in drink—and I should let her get away with all that scot free?” (*More Beer* 146-47).

Schmidi, Kayankaya seems like a cop and thereby a traitor against Kayankaya's own people—presumably *Gastarbeiter*—against whatever it is that Schmidl stands for.

Meanwhile, Kommissar Kessler does not underestimate Kayankaya because of his apparent Turkishness. He does, however, view him as dispensable, reinforcing the way hegemonic Germans view brown bodies as garbage. Tellingly, both Schmidl and Kessler react to Kayankaya's insistence the same way: violently. In both cases, Kayankaya's internal voice tells him that there is danger ahead; he proceeds, consciously ignoring his own alarm bells. In the consciousness of his proceeding, Kayankaya reveals a certain disregard for his own well-being and a little-death-wish, if not an outright death wish.

After his first attempt to interview Schmidl, Kayankaya pretends to leave. He actually waits outside the apartment and then follows Schmidl to a nearby bar. Once there, Kayankaya puts back two shots of scotch in rapid succession—at least his fifth drink of the day—and looks for Schmidl. The bartender describes Schmidl as a “Thekenguevara”<sup>176</sup> and points out the group with whom Schmidl frequents this establishment (*Mehr Bier* 62). Schmidl appears and sees Kayankaya. After a curt conversation, Schmidl finally agrees to give Kayankaya some information: “Außerdem habe ich ein Photo, dürfte Sie interessieren”<sup>177</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 64). Kayankaya ignores his better judgement and follows him to a nearby bridge. Once they reach the underpass, three of Schmidl's friends show up and start chasing Kayankaya. The gang catches up with him, drags him to the sidewalk, and pulls his arms around a lamppost to make him vulnerable to Schmidl's attacks (*ibid.*). Schmidl addresses him with a pejorative term for

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<sup>176</sup> “barfly Guevara” (*More Beer* 57)

<sup>177</sup> “Besides, I have a photograph that might interest you” (*More Beer* 59).

police: “Bullenschwein,” literally meaning “bull-pig” it effectively means “sub-human cop” (*Mehr Bier* 65). Members of Schmidl’s groups are confused:

“Das ja’n Türke, oder?”

“Trotzdem Bulle!”<sup>178</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 65).

When Kayankaya tries to tell Schmidl that the fifth man must be an informant and is therefore more deserving of Schmidl’s ire, Schmidl punches Kayankaya, whose senses start to fade. Schmidl and his crew call Kayankaya a traitor: they regard Kayankaya as a fellow outsider who should be fighting the German power structure. In their eyes, specifically Schmidl’s, Kayankaya has turned coat by apparently becoming a cop. Ensnared that view, they pummel him: “Wie im Karussell sah ich Gesichter über mir herumwirbeln. Ein Schlag in den Magen, ein Kick gegen den Kopf, Feuerwerk und weg”<sup>179</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 66).

Schmidl is conflicted when it comes to Kayankaya. On the one hand, Kayankaya seems like a cop and Schmidl cannot abide the state or his representatives. On the other, Schmidl sees in Kayankaya a member of a disenfranchised segment of the population. Along these lines, he is sympathetic to Kayankaya. In turn, Kayankaya is ambivalent about Schmidl. It is clear that he does not trust him: “Ich glaubte weder an das Photo noch daran, daß er mir etwas erzählen wollte. Aber irgendwas mußte passieren”<sup>180</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 64). Kayankaya acts in defiance of his own skepticism, as any hard-boiled detective would. His code demands that he put himself in harm’s way to get to the bottom of the mystery—or at the very least, it

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<sup>178</sup> ““He’s a Turk, right?” / ‘But he’s a cop, nevertheless.’” (*More Beer* 60).

<sup>179</sup> “I saw their faces whirl above me like a carousel. A punch in the stomach, a kick in the head, fireworks, curtains” (*More Beer* 61).

<sup>180</sup> “I didn’t believe him about the photo, nor did I believe that he really wanted to tell me anything. But something was bound to happen” (*More Beer* 59). This translation misses the point of the German. The final sentence would more accurately be translated as follows: “But something needed to happen.”

demands that he not quail in the face of danger. Kayankaya, however, has a slightly different relationship with his body than his American forebears. At the time of the American hard-boiled genre's heyday (the two decades straddling WWI), there was a "fear of a loss of masculine potency" (Abbott 23). This fear could have contributed to the overblown, rough-and-tumble, hard-boiled masculinity presented by authors like Hammett and Spade. The detective's combativeness could also stem from the white male's desire to remain pure and to punish the only thing that jeopardizes that desire: his body. Kayankaya has no such desire; he is at home with the people that the Spades and Marlowes would hide from or worse.

Kayankaya, however, does have a desire to be perceived as what he is, namely German. In which case, Kayankaya's body—in *the eyes of his compatriots*—is the only thing that detracts from his Germanness. Perhaps where the white American detectives wish to punish their bodies for their involvement in their violations of their own codes, Kayankaya punishes his body for a similarly unavoidable shortcoming: its brownness.

The possibility that Kayankaya's own brownness frustrates him should not be read as Kayankaya conceding to white superiority or an excuse for white violence against brown bodies. Instead, Kayankaya's predilection for putting himself into danger has to do with him reclaiming some agency. Kayankaya is constantly surrounded by veiled threats and insults (e.g., deictic violence). Further, he has a blatant distaste for the sanctimoniousness of the educated elite and their feigned enlightenment. If he cannot belong, then he would rather relate to people directly, and few ways are more direct than violence. Where some people can hide behind politically correct statements, Kayankaya is often successful at making people

reveal their own biases through his use of “eine differenzierte, pointenreiche Sprache”<sup>181</sup> (Wilczek 268). This weapon does not make up for his exclusion, but it does grant him some power over his compatriots. With Schmidl in particular, though, it is not so much his words as his insistence. Through this insistence and conscious dismissal of warning signs, Kayankaya empowers himself to find the answers he seeks but also affirm his own image of the world and how he fits into it. He is a hard-drinking renegade with a heart of gold who can take a punch. If he cannot belong in his own home, then at least he can piss off his compatriots and confirm his self-image.

In some ways, Kayankaya is positioned between Schmidl and Kommissar Kessler in German society. To Schmidl, Kayankaya seems like a cop. Kessler, on the other hand, *is* an official representative of West Germany, and one who will gladly abuse the power of his office for personal gain. Kessler does exactly that when he has Kayankaya arrested and later brings Kayankaya into this office. Kessler insists that with impunity he could do something “dagegen ist ein Flug durch die Windschutzscheibe aktive Gesichtspflege”<sup>182</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 76). After disingenuous offers of kindness and threats of violence, Kessler finally asks Kayankaya to state his intentions. “Es gab nur zwei Möglichkeiten. Ich wählte die falsche”<sup>183</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 77). Kayankaya tries to attack Kessler and misses the mark, largely because he is still handcuffed. Before he can guard himself, Kayankaya feels Kessler’s ruler slap against his ear and tear open his right cheek (*ibid.*). After the impact Kayankaya is deaf for several seconds. Then Kessler hits Kayankaya with the ruler again, but this time in the arm where a rat had

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<sup>181</sup> “a nuanced, punchy way of speaking” (translation RH)

<sup>182</sup> “that would make crashing through a windshield look like cosmetic surgery” (*More Beer* 71)

<sup>183</sup> “There were only two choices. I picked the wrong one” (*More Beer* 72).

bitten Kayankaya the night before. The ruler splits the wound open and it sprays blood “wie aus einem Staudamm”<sup>184</sup> at which point Kayankaya faints (ibid.).

This episode of the hard-boiled *petite mort* is charged with sexual energy—albeit violent sexual energy. When Kayankaya returns to his senses, Kessler slaps him twice: Kayankaya has been dominated by a not very imposing man (*Mehr Bier* 77). Then, in a duplicitous gesture, Kessler pats Kayankaya on the shoulder and promises that what has just transpired it merely a “Vorgeschmack” of what will happen if Kayankaya does not drop his case (*Mehr Bier* 78). This threat implying that Kessler is capable of a more impressive performance carries sexual undertones—one may think of the similarity between “foretaste” and foreplay (*More Beer* 73).<sup>185</sup> Next, Kayankaya tells Kessler to take off his handcuffs and give him a cigarette, both of which are post-coitus tropes. In response, Kessler grabs Kayankaya by the hair, brings his own face close to Kayankaya’s, and tells him once more to drop the case (*Mehr Bier* 78). At this point, Kessler punches Kayankaya in the face with his keys, unlocks the handcuffs, and places a lit cigarette in Kayankaya’s mouth. The final act of placing the lit cigarette in Kayankaya’s mouth cements the rape-notations of this scene. After Kessler wears down Kayankaya’s will and body, Kessler forces a different experience of *Rausch* on Kayankaya in the form of the lit cigarette. Kayankaya had asked for one but has no agency in having it inserted into his mouth (ibid.). The fact that the cigarette is lit suggests that Kessler had it in his own mouth before placing it into Kayankaya’s. On a reductive level, this exchange resembles sexual congress. Kessler penetrates Kayankaya’s mouth and they participate in an exchange of bodily fluid.

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<sup>184</sup> “like a firehose” (*More Beer* 72)

<sup>185</sup> The same words exist in German: “Vorgeschmack” compared to “Vorspiel.”

As this scene portrays, despite the fact that Kayankaya loves *Rausch*, he has his principles. In response to the unwanted connotations of Turkishness behind Kessler's offer of raki, Kayankaya turns down the drink which is highly unusual. It also shows that Kayankaya drinks in a performative way. He dreams of "Garnelen und Weißwein"<sup>186</sup> on an imagined vacation in *Ein Mann, ein Mord* but orders scotch and coffee at the fancy wine bar, *Chez Jules* (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 101; *Mehr Bier* 15-17). As demonstration of the extent of this performativity, Kayankaya reports drinking "Anisschnäpse"<sup>187</sup> with the Albanian mob boss in *Kismet*, which indicates that he did not turndown Kessler's raki on its taste alone (*Kismet* 106). The older Kayankaya, however, is less sensitive about appearances; he can participate in apparently Turkish culture without it threatening his Germanness. The younger Kayankaya is still feels that he must perform—and he does not like Kessler—thus, he does not drink the raki. In response to Kessler's demands, Kayankaya could have lied to avoid inciting Kessler's ire, but he does not. Instead, he tries to attack Kessler and thereby tacitly consents to the one form of *Rausch* that he is willing to accept from Kessler: violent communion and the eventual hard-boiled *petite mort*.

Throughout the course of *Mehr Bier*, Kayankaya traverses several social spheres and in all of them he encounters exclusion. In nearly all of them, he is able to find some form of *Rausch* to help offset his unbelonging. Before heading to Schmid's apartment, he is with Carla Reeder and the lawyer Anastas, two educated, presumably white Germans. They interrogate him about his citizenship status and feel they have the right to tail him. Kayankaya drinks throughout the meeting and while investigating the case they hired him for.

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<sup>186</sup> "shrimp and white wine" (*One Man, One Murder* 92)

<sup>187</sup> "aniseed schnapps" (*Kismet* 104)

Schmidi's politics and lifestyle may make him an outcast in polite West German society; even so he otherizes Kayankaya. Schmidl claims solidarity with Kayankaya but the object of his solidarity is a projection of the stereotypical Turk in Germany and not Kayankaya himself. Still, Kayankaya drinks while following Schmidl and then submits to a beating at Schmidl's hands. The wording of the doctor's later complaint about Kayankaya reinforces Kayankaya's connection with decay: "Der ganze Abfall schwemmt nachts in den Notdienst"<sup>188</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 67). Kayankaya shakes off the insult and smokes a cigarette. The following morning, Kessler tells Kayankaya outright that he (Kessler) could beat Kayankaya senseless with no consequences, and then does. As such, everywhere Kayankaya goes his unbelonging is reinforced, yet he also finds ways to circumvent that unbelonging. While he may not explicitly consent to Schmidl's attack, he goes against his better judgement to put himself in harm's way. Then, he consciously makes the decision to attack Kessler, knowing fully well what the consequences will be.

Despite being two very different embodiments of Germanness, Schmidl and Kessler treat Kayankaya in the same way: they provide him with a violent hard-boiled *petite mort*. Given how Kayankaya is received by these two men and indeed in all of the situations above, *any* preoccupation—seemingly any interaction at all—could easily become dangerous for Kayankaya. His occupation as a private detective, then, who consciously crosses people and boundaries is preferable to trying to avoid conflict. Kayankaya would rather invoke ire and thereby reclaim some agency by taking ownership of the aggression directed against him. In

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<sup>188</sup> "God, the garbage we have to deal with here at night!" (*More Beer* 62)

an odd entanglement, the resultant *Rausch* from his violent exchanges both empowers him *and* overpowers him.

#### 4.6 Under the Influence of Slibulsky

Kayankaya largely relies on *Rausch* to deaden the pain of his exclusion. Arjouni, however, provides Kayankaya with a part-time accomplice and full-time friend in the form of Ernst Slibulsky in *Mehr Bier*. Slibulsky's presence does not diminish Kayankaya's dependence on alcohol or violence, though. If anything, Slibulsky might actually feed Kayankaya's desire for *Rausch* of all sorts. A mutual friend introduces Kayankaya to Slibulsky, a small-time burglar and dealer in the *Bahnhofsviertel*. The two successfully acquire Kessler's planner, which Kayankaya thinks will prove Kessler's guilt. They only escape the police station by a narrow margin, though. Slibulsky wonders why Kayankaya is willing to go so far for this case. Slibulsky muses:

Riskierst dein Leben für irgendwas, wovon du glaubst, es sei Gerechtigkeit, und endest als Gemüsedünger. Dabei gibt's das gar nicht, Gerechtigkeit. Nicht heute und nicht morgen. Und deinetwegen sowieso nicht. Du machst doch genau die gleiche Dreckarbeit wie irgendein Bulle. [...] Bist vielleicht bißchen netter, läßt mal einen laufen, wenn du meinst, er hätte ein Leben hinter Gittern nicht verdient ... aber daran, daß es immer die Gleichen sind, die irgendwas anstellen ... immer die Gleichen sein müssen, weil die Regeln so gemacht sind, daran änderst du gar nichts.<sup>189</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 113-14)

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<sup>189</sup> “you risk your life for something you believe is justice and end up in the compost heap. What's justice, anyway? It doesn't exist, not today, not tomorrow. And you won't bring it about, either.

Slibulsky's observation cuts Kayankaya to the quick. Instead of diving into Kessler's planner, Kayankaya dives into a bottle. The two go to a greasy schnitzel restaurant and Kayankaya has two shots of schnapps to supposedly get rid of the taste of the food, but then he keeps on drinking. At this point, the two men are approached by prostitutes and, without intending to, Kayankaya ends up spending the night with one of them. Slibulsky has to pay Kayankaya's way because Kayankaya is so drunk (*Mehr Bier* 115-16).

Kayankaya has sex with a prostitute, Susanne Böhnisch, in *Happy birthday, Türke!* but he does not narrate that encounter, nor does he narrate any other sexual encounter in the series. He does, however, narrate some of his night with Fanny (*Mehr Bier* 116). The singular nature of this depiction suggests something has temporarily broken down in Kayankaya: that something is the redeeming power of his self-image. Slibulsky here plays the detective and reads Kayankaya exceptionally well. In laying out his observations *about Kayankaya to Kayankaya*, Slibulsky momentarily destroys the "beauteous appearance" Kayankaya has of himself—that he is the valiant hero bringing change to a corrupt society (Nietzsche "The Birth of Tragedy" 23). At this point, Kayankaya seeks solace in *Rausch*. Here, *Rausch* begets *Rausch* as Kayankaya's drunkenness leads to sexual congress resulting in the more traditional *petite mort* of orgasm as well as the hard-boiled *petite mort* of passing out from drunkenness. His drunkenness temporarily overrides not only his intention to incriminate Kessler—something he risked his life for—but also his own rules for his internal voice: he narrates what he can parse from his night with Fanny. This instance reveals that

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You're doing the same scheiss-work as any cop. [...] You may be a little nicer, you may let one of them go, if you think he doesn't deserve a life behind bars. But you won't change a thing about the fact that it's always the same guys who do something, who get caught—not a thing, because the rules are set up that way" (*More Beer* 109).

Kayankaya's identity as a private detective and metaphorical garbageman of the republic is potentially more precious to him than his Germanness.

*Mehr Bier* ends on a similarly drunken note but without the gratification of any type of *petite mort*. Kayankaya makes an embarrassingly unsuccessful plea to the public prosecutor Lubärs to prosecute Kessler for Kessler's involvement in Friedrich Böllig's death. After that meeting, Slibulsky tries to make Kayankaya feel better by offering to take him out.

Kayankaya tells him that what he needs is "laute Musik, pralle Mädels und die Birne voll Bier, daß man's schwappen hört"<sup>190</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 165). At the bar, Kayankaya promptly orders twelve beers. When the waiter looks at him in disbelief, Kayankaya claims that only half of them are for him, the other six are for Slibulsky. The text does not indicate how many beers Kayankaya actually gets down before some rowdy young men interrupt Kayankaya's and Slibulsky's evening. One of the young men claims to know what Kayankaya wants in women: "Türken wollen doch nur Weiber mit 'nem riesen Arsch. Kein Kopf, keine Beine, nur Arsch, verstehste?"<sup>191</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 166-67). Kayankaya invites the presumptuous young man to step outside. After Kayankaya knocks the him out, Slibulsky drives Kayankaya away from the scene of the crime but Kayankaya convinces him to stop a store so he can buy a bottle of Chivas. When Slibulsky drops him off at home, Kayankaya is so drunk he has to use both hands to carry his Chivas. Then, a shadow in the shape of Carla Reedermann detaches itself from a wall (*Mehr Bier* 168). She tells him that she has been looking for him and that Kessler has cleared Anastas' four clients of wrongdoing. Kayankaya laughs hysterically. Slightly put

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<sup>190</sup> "loud music, well-rounded girls, and my head so full of beer that you can hear it sloshing around" (*More Beer* 161; emphasis only in English translation)

<sup>191</sup> "Turks only like women with huge asses. No head, no legs, just an ass, you know?" (*More Beer* 162).

off and confused by his reaction, she asks him what he wants. He tells her that he wants more beer, which is not the response she was looking for (*Mehr Bier* 169). She then asks if she can come up to his apartment but Kayankaya declines her offer, presumably because Schmid's dead body is still on his couch. He goes up to his apartment by himself to drink scotch and look out on the city.

His failure to inculcate Kessler threatens Kayankaya's self-image. With that life-affirming illusion in danger, Kayankaya sets out to leave sober reality through alcoholic *Rausch*. He nearly succeeds but his plans are disrupted by two representatives of Germany's hegemony: the young man at the bar and Carla Reedermann. It is out of character for Kayankaya to attack anyone for such a small slight as the young man's; indeed, Kayankaya says himself that he wants "pralle Mädels." The young man's physical appearance, though, may offer insight into why Kayankaya attacks him. According to Kayankaya, the young man is a "stämmiger Typ mit viereckiger Kinnlade und blondem, krausem Haar"<sup>192</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 167). This unnamed man is nearly the paragon of stereotypical masculine German beauty—but for his curly hair. As such, the blond is a physical manifestation of features that allow him to pass unquestioned as German. Indeed, he presumably *is* German, but he possesses a body that does not provoke scrutiny the way that Kayankaya's does. The young man becomes a pleasing ersatz target for Kayankaya's aggression, since Kayankaya cannot bring down the actual object of his choler, Kessler.

When Slibulsky drops Kayankaya off at home, Carla Reedermann is waiting for him and asks if she can come up to his place, presumably to try to make amends and perhaps for a

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<sup>192</sup> "sturdy type with a square jaw and blond curly hair" (*More Beer* 162)

sexual rendezvous. Kayankaya is not interested in either. He uses the fact that Schmidt's dead body is in his apartment—put there by Kessler or his henchmen—as an excuse to leave her “im Regen stehen”<sup>193</sup> (*Mehr Bier* 169). If one considers this possible flirtation with Reeder mann as a form of *Rausch*, there is some sense in his rejection of her. As mentioned above, Kayankaya has principles about what sorts of *Rausch* he will allow himself.

Kayankaya has already had sex with two prostitutes, indicating that he is not averse to sexual congress with little or no emotional attachment. It could be that Reeder mann's hegemonic status turns Kayankaya off. Or perhaps her previous slights have truly made her sexually unappealing to him and turning her down has its own gratification. Whatever the case, Kayankaya does not consent to sexual intercourse with Reeder mann, but rather consents to a form of *Rausch* he can enjoy while still being true to himself and his code: a glass of Chivas. This scene is all the more striking since at the end of all the other novels Kayankaya indulges his desire for a woman. In *Happy birthday, Türke!*, he thinks about a woman he used to know (170). In *Ein Mann, ein Mord*, he has a date with Elsa Sandmann (185). In *Kismet*, he spends the weekend with Fräulein Kaugummi (265). In *Bruder Kemal*, he has a flirtatious argument with Deborah and then kisses her (225). However, *Mehr Bier* does not fit this mold: here, he turns down Carla Reeder mann and instead plans a date with Slibulsky (171).

Slibulsky's presence is remarkable for a number of reasons. Their foray into collaboration marks the beginning of a long friendship. As the series progresses their relationship comes more and more to resemble a domestic partnership. This intimacy is accentuated by the general lack of romantic involvement on Kayankaya's part. Such a

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<sup>193</sup> “standing in the rain” (*More Beer* 164)

friendship breaks with the hard-boiled models of the Continental Op, Spade, and Marlowe. In fact, *any* relationship would. Most of the relationships that these men have with male counterparts are defined by mutual distrust, sarcasm, and one-upmanship (cf. Grella 8; Nesbitt 209). In Chandler's 1939 *The Big Sleep*, Marlowe has the beginnings of sentimentality for another male character, but that character immediately dies (Chandler 176-80). In *The Long Goodbye*, Marlowe starts what seems to be a promising relationship with Terry Lennox but by the end of the novel Marlowe is convinced that Lennox is trash. Their final departure is melodramatic enough for a soap opera. True to form, Marlowe turns down Lennox's money and says, "You bought a lot of me, Terry. For a smile and a nod and a wave of the hand and a few quiet drinks in a quiet bar here and there. It was nice while it lasted. So long, amigo. I won't say goodbye. I said it to you when it meant something. I said it when it was sad and lonely and final" (Chandler *The Long Goodbye* 378).

Eventually, Kayankaya and Slibulsky share a similar intimacy to Lennox's and Marlowe's. Proper drinking is the basis of that intimacy. As Slibulsky complains in *Ein Mann, ein Mord* that Gina's friends drink *incorrectly*: "Wenn der Kellner kassiert, weiß jeder auf den Pfennig, wieviel er und jeder andere am Tisch hatte. [...] Als ich meinte, ich wüßte nicht, wieviel ich getrunken habe, und würde zahlen, was übrigbleibt, haben gleich drei noch was zu essen bestellt"<sup>194</sup> (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 162-63). Gina's friends miss the point of drinking: to experience common *Rausch*, to shake loose the rigid mores of society, and break down barriers between people. Alcohol's ability to intoxicate, then, is doubly important for

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<sup>194</sup> "When the waiter comes to collect, each one of them knows down to the pfennig how much he and everyone else has had to drink. [...] When I said I couldn't remember how many I'd had, so I'd be willing to make up the difference, three of them put in quick orders for food" (*One Man, One Murder* 149-50).

Kayankaya: it alleviates the pain of his exclusion, but it also creates a bridge to belonging. Failure to understand and participate in this aspect of drinking inhibits connection, as can be seen in Slibulsky's complaint. Despite all the drinking, Slibulsky is actually a stabilizing force in Kayankaya's life. He will eventually become the nucleation site around which Kayankaya's community will form. Their connection is easy, and this ease is represented by the lack of a single question. Where Anastas and Reedermann feel the right and need to interrogate and even tail Kayankaya, Slibulsky lets no question about Kayankaya's provenance pass his lips. The fact that Slibulsky does not view Kayankaya with a scrutinizing gaze suggests an understanding between these two men: one that finds its partial basis in shared experiences of marginalization in the *Bahnhofsviertel*.

#### 4.7 Kayankaya's On-Going Relationship with Rausch

Kayankaya's relationship with *Rausch* remains more or less consistent in *Ein Mann, ein Mord*, as he searches for the former sex-worker Sri Dao Rakdee from Thailand. Slibulsky, of all people, gives Kayankaya a false lead that sends him to a bar in Dietzenbach, *After Hours*. After insulting and threatening the proprietor of the gay night club, something happens and Kayankaya feels as if he is skiing uncontrollably down a pure-white, endless slope. He cannot differentiate between anything and has the feeling that he cannot breathe. "Doch auf einmal war gar nichts mehr weiß, sondern alles schwarz, und am Ende ein riesiger Abgrund."

Ich konnte nicht stoppen, mein Körper war wie gefühllos, und ein betäubendes Geräusch legte sich über alles”<sup>195</sup> (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 76).

While he is no stranger to night clubs, Kayankaya appears to be out of his element here. He does not know with whom he is dealing and does not know of what they are capable. Despite this fact, he walks into this situation using his typically sharp tongue when asking a few simple questions would have sufficed. “Hör mal, Kleiner, sag mir, wo dein Chef ist, oder du klebst an der Decke”<sup>196</sup> (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 72). To Kayankaya’s surprise, that boss, Gerhard, has a pistol pulled out and is waiting for Kayankaya. His reception of Kayankaya is as casually racist as any other encounter Kayankaya might have: “Ooh [...] aaschter Scheisch”<sup>197</sup> (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 72). This reception demonstrates the rather obvious possibility of gay men being ethnophobic, but it points to a broader truth in the series: everyone is biased. Perhaps Kayankaya’s own bias towards gay men makes him feel more secure than he should. Even with Gerhard holding a pistol on him, Kayankaya tells Gerhard to kiss his ass, punches Gerhard in the nose, and takes his gun (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 74). With the tables turned, Gerhard insists for a second time that he does not know anything about Rakdee. Then, Gerhard suddenly seems happy. As he wonders what Gerhard could be smiling about, Kayankaya loses consciousness. This loss of control and the feeling of skiing downhill especially resembles Linden’s description of an orgasm: “sliding over the edge of a waterfall.” There seems to be a therapeutic quality to this episode. When he came to *After*

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<sup>195</sup> “But then suddenly nothing was white anymore, everything turned black, and a huge abyss yawned at the end. I was unable to stop, my body was bereft of all sensation, and a deafening noise spread out over everything” (*One Man, One Murder* 68).

<sup>196</sup> “Listen, kiddo, tell me where your boss is, or I’ll glue you to the ceiling” (*One Man, One Murder* 64)

<sup>197</sup> “My, my, [...] a genuine sheik” (*One Man, One Murder* 65).

*Hours*, Kayankaya had a devil-may-care attitude and threw his weight and words around. Because of that behavior, he took a bop on the head. The resulting detachment from the world of phenomena—given to him by the man he previously derided as being small, “Kleiner”—calms Kayankaya’s humors. Kayankaya tells “Kleiner” that he (i.e., Kayankaya) is really impressed with his (i.e., Kleiner’s) arm strength. When the small man tells Kayankaya to piss off, Kayankaya takes a swig of scotch from behind the bar and quietly leaves (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 77). Along these lines, this hard-boiled *petite mort* frees Kayankaya from the need to perform an exaggerated masculinity.

As the case unfolds, Kayankaya stumbles onto a collaboration between a gang based in the *Bahnhofsviertel* and the Frankfurt police. The Frankfurt police provide the gang with information about deportation dates. The gang, in turn, rounds up the migrants with promises of fake papers, first extorting money from them. Then the police arrest the migrants to deport them from Germany. Kayankaya thinks he has found the site where the gang is holding these migrants and goes to stake it out armed with snacks and a bottle of whiskey (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 104-5). He sits there all night, eventually growing so inebriated that he passes out and wakes up confused. After he wakes up, he finds his way to the Gellersheim soccer field where he notices the hum of a generator and goes to have a look around. Axel and his dog Rambo come out of a bunker nearby and Rambo spots Kayankaya. Axel—who is unaware of Kayankaya’s presence—calls the dog, but the dog does not move. When Kayankaya moves to shoot the dog, Rambo clamps down on Kayankaya’s arm. “Verrückt vor Schmerzen,”<sup>198</sup> Kayankaya yells at the man to get Rambo off of him (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 110). Axel

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<sup>198</sup> “Crazed with pain” (*One Man, One Murder* 99)

acquiesces but not before Kayankaya notices a rush of air, his head exploding, and feels himself rushing “ins Leere”<sup>199</sup> (ibid.). Kayankaya’s response to Rambo has much in common with his response to being bitten by a rat in *Mehr Bier*. In both instances, Kayankaya is crazed with pain and is robbed of his faculties. Likewise, he experiences the hard-boiled detective’s *petite mort* as he slips “into the void”: an experience of oblivion that matches that of his American predecessors (cf. Abbott 56-60).

After exposing the gang to the police, Kayankaya celebrates with another night of drunkenness. Kayankaya helps Slibulsky clear some gambling debts, all while drinking some beer and schnapps (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 160). Afterwards, they go on a bender. Even as they are working to escape reality, the two men are confronted by a harsh reminder that they live in a society that does not welcome them. Slibulsky and Kayankaya encounter some skinheads standing guard at a bar. One of them has a patch on his jacket calling for an end to race mixing. Kayankaya and Slibulsky do not tarry, though. They continue on to the *Haiti-Corner*, where an acquaintance, Raoul, contributes two bottles of rum to help them in their *Rausch* (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 161, 165). This evening with Slibulsky that ends at *Haiti-Corner* speaks to an incipient sense of community that Kayankaya has; its breadth is revealed in more detail in *Kismet*. After his night of merriment and another morning sporting a hangover, Kayankaya confronts Weidenbusch and Rakdee to put the last pieces of the puzzle into place. Though Kayankaya does not initially expect it, it becomes clear that Weidenbusch did the job that he hired Kayankaya to do: find Rakdee. With all of his questions answered, Kayankaya accepts 2/3 of his fee to Weidenbusch offers him, gives himself the day off, and takes several doses of Chivas (*Ein Mann, ein Mord* 176-78). Now that he does not have a

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<sup>199</sup> “into the void” (*One Man, One Murder* 100)

case, he no longer needs to redirect his emotional or sexual energy into the drinking or *rauschvolle* violence. His drinking stays within reason (i.e., he receives no hard-boiled *petite mort*) as he looks forward to a date with Elsa Sandmann. This rendezvous offers its own form of *Rausch* and the potential for fellowship that is now permissible.

#### 4.8 Relinquishing the Machismo

The story in *Kismet* plays out much closer to Kayankaya's domestic sphere. From this vantage point, the reader can see how too much hermeneutic involvement in his cases (i.e., the lack of any clear boundary between his personal and professional lives) has an adverse effect on Kayankaya's wellbeing. After the *Saudade* burns down, Romario shows up at Kayankaya's and asks to stay for a few nights. Kayankaya begrudgingly acquiesces. Then, Romario claims that he does not want Kayankaya to investigate the gang—known as the Army of Reason—who sent the two enforcers to collect protection money. Out of curiosity and frustration that he (i.e., Kayankaya) is now a killer, Kayankaya does not heed Romario's request. Suspecting that the Army of Reason is using refugees as footmen, Kayankaya visits a refugee hostel where he meets Leila, a precocious and world-wise Bosnian teenager. Though he was not looking for an assignment, Leila hires him to find her mother. Then Leila comes to stay at Kayankaya's, by which point Romario has left. On the first evening at Kayankaya's apartment, she shows him a video of her parents' wedding and Kayankaya falls in love with Leila's mother, Stascha. "Keine Ahnung, warum, aber sie guckte mit ihren hellen Augen da so lange und unbeirrt rein [in die Kamera, RH], daß ich für einen Moment, vermutlich vom Wodka getrieben, davon überzeugt war, sie guckte mich an. Nur mich. Und ich guckte

zurück”<sup>200</sup> (*Kismet* 197). He even giddily, if half-jokingly, admits his feelings to both Leila and Slibulsky (*Kismet* 238-39). Kayankaya’s love affair with the woman on the screen continues after Leila goes to stay with Slibulsky. Without any leads about Stascha’s whereabouts, Kayankaya makes up a story about how she is working with Ahrens so she can find her husband’s location. Drowning his concerns in *Apfelwein* (a slightly sour, extremely dry, hard apple cider), Kayankaya notices that each pint helps the story he made up sound more and more plausible (*Kismet* 225). After no fewer than four *Apfelweine*, Kayankaya still feels glum and decides that a bottle of vodka is the best way to make himself feel better. He does not remember what happens next but wakes up to see the “Blau des Videokanals”<sup>201</sup> shining back out at him: he had gone home, drunk more, and re-watched the video with Leila’s mother (*ibid.*).

For a large portion of *Kismet*, Kayankaya’s only official job is the search for Frau Beierle’s German Shepherd. Čujić claims that this rather frivolous engagement subverts hard-boiled genre conventions: the detective should have a serious and time-sensitive task (71). Technically, Kayankaya’s investigation of the Army of Reason is personal since he is not being paid to do it and no one hired him to do so. However, as Stowe wrote about *Farewell, my Lovely*: Marlowe “is in on the Moose Malloy ‘case’ before it involves a murder,” and Marlowe forges ahead with his investigation without the prospect of anyone paying him to do so (Stowe 376). *Kismet* does deviate both from hard-boiled genre conventions and from Kayankaya’s behavior in previous cases, though. For instance, Kayankaya is not only paid on

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<sup>200</sup> “I’ve no idea why, but her eyes looked out of the shot [into the camera, RH] so long and so steadfastly that for a moment, no doubt a vodka-fuelled moment, I was convinced she was looking at me. Me and no one else. And I was looking back” (*Kismet* 189).

<sup>201</sup> “blue of the video channel” (*Kismet* 217)

time but he gladly accepts double his normal fee from Frau Beierle upon returning Susi. Kayankaya's infatuation with Leila's mother is another aberration. Stascha is not even physically present to satisfy Kayankaya's sexual urges. Such satisfaction has been Kayankaya's primary drive in relating to women up to this point. While Kayankaya has had sex during previous cases, he has avoided all emotional entanglements while on assignment. All that Stascha offers Kayankaya is a canvas upon which to project his desires. These desires are less hard-boiled and more oriented towards a bourgeois lifestyle. In falling for Stascha, Kayankaya displays a renewed desire for domesticity, the opposite of the hard-boiled life as Abbott lays it out in *The Street was Mine* (3, 56).

While his affection for Stascha may be a new leaf turned for Kayankaya, one could hardly say it is a healthy or tenable development. He only knows her from the video Leila has shown him. Further, Stascha is presumably still committed to Leila's father, who is being held as a prisoner in some unknown location. Finally, while he does not know it at this point, Stascha was one of the palefaces whom he killed in the *Saudade*. By comparison, Kayankaya's transactions with prostitutes carry greater possibility of emotional connection than his infatuation with Stascha. Indeed, at this point in the series, Kayankaya has set up his so-called arrangement with Deborah. Perhaps the fact that his physical needs are met enables this whimsical, emotional fantasy. Conversely, that a connection between him and Stascha is so blatantly unlikely may indicate that his feelings for Stascha are actually an attempt to deal with problematic feelings he has for the underaged Leila. At one point he thinks of Leila, "[d]azu bewegte sie sich wie jene langbeinigen Mädchen, bei denen man nie genau weiß, ob sie ahnen, was sie schon mit einem kurzen, unbedeutenden Gang durchs Zimmer bei einem

Mann auslösen können”<sup>202</sup> (*Kismet* 158). Later, when Leila tries to seduce him at his apartment, he claims to himself to not find her attractive at all (*Kismet* 190-91). In any case, his complicated fatherly feelings for Leila and his attraction to Stascha show that Kayankaya is beginning to long for fellowship and community more compatible with middle-class life and less compatible with the hard-boiled lifestyle he has followed up to now.

#### 4.9 Under the Influence of Chavannes and Domesticity

The (relative) lack of alcoholic *Rausch* in *Bruder Kemal* is conspicuous from the very beginning of the novel. During his initial meeting with the *femme fatale* Valerie de Chavannes, Kayankaya sips a green tea, “der wie flüssige Fischhaut schmeckte”<sup>203</sup>—probably a ripe pu-erh tea, for those interested (*Bruder Kemal* 10). Despite apparently not enjoying the tea, he does not ask for a beer or a coffee with scotch. Upon leaving Chavannes’ home, Kayankaya reflects on his later-in-life idyll: “ich hatte es geschafft, mit dem Rauchen aufzuhören, trank fast nur noch gepflegt zwei, drei Bier am Abend oder ein paar Flaschen Wein mit Freunden”<sup>204</sup> (*Bruder Kemal* 34). When Kayankaya returns to his office to arm himself for Marieke de Chavannes’ retrieval, Katja Lipschitz is waiting for him. Lipschitz’s employer the *Maier Verlag* wants to hire Kayankaya as a bodyguard to protect Rashid Malik,

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<sup>202</sup> “she moved like those long-legged girls of whom you can never be sure whether they know what they can do to a man just by taking a short, meaningless walk across the room” (*Kismet* 153).

<sup>203</sup> “which tasted like liquid fish skin” (*Brother Kemal* 13)

<sup>204</sup> “I’d managed to stop smoking, all I drank were two or three beers in the evening or my share of a couple bottles of wine with friends” (*Brother Kemal* 32).

an author, at the *Frankfurter Buchmesse* (*Bruder Kemal* 38-42). After his meeting with Lipschitz, he sets out to find Marieke without taking even one swig from an office bottle.

Kayankaya does not have a plan for entering Erden Abakay's apartment but, to his pleasant surprise, the door is open. Once inside, Kayankaya finds a dead man, knocks Abakay out when he appears, and goes to look for Marieke. He finds a door that is locked *from the outside*. Behind the door is Marieke who has smeared herself in her own vomit to ward off the sexual advances of Abakay's client, Volker Rönthaler, the dead man (*Bruder Kemal* 52-4). While waiting for Marieke to get dressed, Kayankaya finds files on Abakay's computer suggesting that he is both a pimp of underaged girls and a photographer.

Kayankaya is so revolted by all of this that he attacks Abakay even though Abakay is unconscious. Then he stages the apartment to make it look as if Abakay and Rönthaler had a fight ending in Rönthaler's death.

While looking around Abakay's apartment, Kayankaya notices "eine angebrochene Flasche Aperol, eine leere Flasche Prosecco und drei halbvolle Gläser"<sup>205</sup> (*Bruder Kemal* 53). It would not have been out of character for the younger Kayankaya to drink from this Aperol. Here, however, the older Kayankaya does not even give the Aperol a second glance. While the Kayankaya of *Bruder Kemal* maintains that alcohol—specifically beer—holds a nearly sacred place in his heart, he only drinks beer at the end of his case. Valerie de Chavannes' husband Edgar Hasselbaink impugns *Apfelwein* as a laxative; Kayankaya uses that criticism as an excuse to not like him (*Bruder Kemal* 51). Still, Kayankaya only has one *Apfelwein* while at lunch with his niece (*Bruder Kemal* 92). In an even more drastic turn, Kayankaya

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<sup>205</sup> "an open bottle of Aperol, an empty bottle of prosecco and three half-full glasses" (*Brother Kemal* 48)

practices temperance on Sundays (*Bruder Kemal* 225). The routine that this practice suggests presupposes a certain regularity formerly alien to Kayankaya. The young Kayankaya may well know what day it was, but that knowledge had no bearing on his drinking behavior.

One scene in particular highlights the shift in Kayankaya's drinking behavior. He accompanies Rashid to a dinner hosted by the publisher. Kayankaya, as usual, complains about the food—it is too dry—but he does not drink. “Zum Trinken gab es den bei solchen Anlässen wohl üblichen ‘guten Bordeaux,’ aber erstens war mein Arbeitstag noch nicht beendet, und zweitens hatte Deborah mir das holzfässige Mixgetränk mit ihren frischen, fruchtigen Weinen ein für alle Mal abgewöhnt”<sup>206</sup> (*Bruder Kemal* 174). On the one hand, exercising this kind of restraint distances Kayankaya from the hard-boiled tradition. Recall that Rippetoe states that the private eye “will sip fine brandy with a wealthy client or drink rotgut with an informant in a waterfront dive” (28). However, it also breaks with Kayankaya's previously held ideals of drinking and social class. Where Kayankaya once chafed at snobby wine drinkers, he now lives in the posh *Westend* with his girlfriend, who runs a wine boutique (*Bruder Kemal* 37, 90). He has become one of *those* people. Kayankaya redoubles this transition not just by becoming a wine drinker but also becoming a relatively temperate connoisseur: the elder Kayankaya refuses to drink because the quality of the stuff is too low. The workday may seem like a reasonable time to not drink, but brazen drinking was one of Kayankaya's most distinctive practices. His intemperance only seems to heighten his ability to reason critically, to drive, and to deal with the physical punishment of his job.

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<sup>206</sup> “There was usually ‘a good Bordeaux’ to drink at such occasions, but first my working day wasn't over yet, and second Deborah and her fresh, fruity wines in the wine bar had weaned me off oak-barrely blended wines once and for all” (*Brother Kemal* 150)

Kayankaya has become a member of the bourgeoisie. This transition is also reflected in his diet: his old stand-by of pickled herring as a hangover cure has been replaced with freshly baked bread, salted butter, muesli—homemade by Deborah—and *soft-boiled* eggs (*Bruder Kemal* 224). With his newfound domesticity comes a decreased need to indulge in hard-boiled *petites morts*. While Kayankaya's appetite for violent and/or alcoholic *Rausch* is much diminished, he comes to rely on another form of *Rausch* that he largely avoids until *Kismet*. Kayankaya is immediately attracted to Chavannes, noting that she seems to never break eye contact, as if to whisper: "Ich denke immer nur ans eine!"<sup>207</sup> (*Bruder Kemal* 6). The two have a flirtatious if acrimonious rapport: after insinuating the only reason she called him was because of his foreign-sounding last name, she says he has probably just been looking at her boobs the whole time (*Bruder Kemal* 13). They eventually agree to each other's terms and Chavannes pays him. Her body language, however, betrays the fragile state she is in—her daughter is missing, after all. Kayankaya gives her a hug and his fingers graze her underarms, but when he begins to feel her breasts press against his chest, he takes his leave (*Bruder Kemal* 31). As he rides his bike back to his office, Kayankaya considers how generally pleased he is with his life. Then, in a gesture that flirts with throwing all of that stability away, he starts thinking about Chavannes and her moist armpits. "Ich hielt mir die Fingerspitzen, die eben noch Valerie de Chavannes Achselhöhlen berührt hatten, an die Nase und roch einen leichten Schweißgeruch mit Lavendel, und für einen Moment fühlte es sich an, als würde mir die Oktobersonne auf den Kopf brennen wie ihre Schwester im August"<sup>208</sup>

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<sup>207</sup> "I only ever think of one thing" (*Brother Kemal* 10; emphasis in original).

<sup>208</sup> "I held the fingertips that had just touched Valerie de Chavannes's armpits to my nose, and caught a faintly lavender-scented smell of sweat and for a moment I felt as if the October sun were burning down on my head like its sister in August" (*Brother Kemal* 32).

(*Bruder Kemal* 34-35). Like Nina Scheigel's vodka, Chavannes' scent distances Kayankaya from himself and his intentions. He has found a new drug.

Kayankaya returns Marieke to Chavannes on the same day that Chavannes hires him. Yet, Chavannes fears reprisals from Abakay. She asks Kayankaya what she should do if Abakay does not get jail time. Kayankaya feels certain that he knows where this cat-and-mouse game is going: Chavannes wants Abakay dead and is willing to pay Kayankaya to do the job (*Bruder Kemal* 74-7). Kayankaya turns down the offer and tells her to never propose such a thing to anyone: to do so would give the recipient of the offer incredible power over her. He then tries to assure her that this episode with Marieke and any possible future mishaps with Abakay are not her fault. Chavannes tells him she would like to hug him. Similar to his other brushes with *Rausch*, Kayankaya notes a wooziness: "Mir wurde ein bisschen schwindelig"<sup>209</sup> (*Bruder Kemal* 78). Kayankaya deflects the hug but then Valerie de Chavannes takes his hand, holds it softly, then presses it firmly all while looking intensely at him. He notes that he can feel her warmth which has the effect of constricting his throat (*Bruder Kemal* 79).

Because of his botched effort to frame Abakay for Rönthaler's death, Kayankaya asks Chavannes to deny any connection with him to the police. The phone conversation, however, goes quickly from being serious to playful: she asks him how old he is, since he still buys CDs. Then she pokes fun at him for liking Whitney Houston (*Bruder Kemal* 116). Trying to make the conversation more professional, Kayankaya asks her if she has gotten his bill and tells her that it would be best if he sent Slibulsky to collect the money in cash. She agrees that that would be best. Even though it is what he proposed, Kayankaya does not like

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<sup>209</sup> "I felt slightly dizzy" (*Brother Kemal* 70).

her response: “Es ärgerte mich. Dass sie mich so schnell ziehen ließ, wollte ich dann doch nicht. Und es ärgerte mich, dass es mich ärgerte”<sup>210</sup> (*Bruder Kemal* 118). Throughout the rest of the novel, Kayankaya will try to convince himself that he is growing more and more impatient with Chavannes’ antics and yet, at the very end of the case, he does exactly what Chavannes wants him to: he kills Erden Abakay.

Kayankaya’s own thoughts suggest that he is under the influence of Chavannes. Sheikh Hakim’s people kidnap Malik Rashid, the author under Kayankaya’s protection. Kayankaya sees no way out of the situation, so he withdraws parts of his testimony. His police friend, Octavian, must then release Abakay. At this point, all Kayankaya can do is wait to hear from Sheikh Hakim about the release of Malik Rashid. Deborah asks Kayankaya if he has any idea who the real murderer is, but he does not respond. He is too busy mulling over a grim possibility: “Ob [Abakay] es wagen würde, noch mal bei de Chavannes aufzutauchen?”<sup>211</sup> (*Bruder Kemal* 189). Thus, before meeting Abakay to pick up Rashid, Kayankaya is not concerned about Deborah or himself but rather Chavannes’ safety. A couple of days later, the Sheikh tells Kayankaya to pick Rashid up at *Grüneburgpark*. When Abakay arrives, it seems to Kayankaya as if Abakay has done cocaine and perhaps some other substances. Kayankaya asks where Rashid is and Abakay tells him that Rashid is in the back of a van, literally shitting himself in fear. Then, as Kayankaya puts it, “Abakay explodierte!”<sup>212</sup> (*Bruder Kemal* 196). Abakay, waving his pistol around, rushes Kayankaya, fires a shot off into the air, and then bludgeons Kayankaya in the face with the butt of the

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<sup>210</sup> “It annoyed me. I didn’t want her letting me go so quickly. And it annoyed me that it annoyed me” (*Brother Kemal* 103).

<sup>211</sup> “Would [Abakay] dare to turn up at the Chavannes villa again?” (*Brother Kemal* 162).

<sup>212</sup> “Abakay exploded!” (*Brother Kemal* 168)

pistol. Then Abakay kicks Kayankaya in the stomach until he throws up. Kayankaya wants to scream but his face is a mixture of blood and vomit to the point that he cannot form words. The next kick from Abakay is directed at Kayankaya's crotch which makes Kayankaya urinate (*Bruder Kemal* 197). Kayankaya starts making his way towards a garbage bin where he has hidden a gun. All the while, Kayankaya tries to tell Abakay that he should stop. Incensed, Abakay delivers yet another vomit-inducing kick to Kayankaya's abdomen, who then passes out. When Kayankaya comes back from his hard-boiled *petite mort*, Abakay has him pinned to the ground. Kayankaya musters all of his strength to escape Abakay's grasp and scrambles to reach the garbage bin. "Willst dich gleich selbst in den Müll werfen?"<sup>213</sup> asks Abakay patronizingly (*Bruder Kemal* 199). Fighting the urge to just slip into oblivion, Kayankaya gets the gun, turns around, and shoots Abakay in the face and in the chest (*Bruder Kemal* 200).

The release of Rashid comes with a familiar price tag for Kayankaya: a thorough thrashing. This time, however, Kayankaya does not go into the situation blindly or armed exclusively with his wit and willingness to take a punch, as he has done previously. Now, he is trying to protect his newfound stability and not express some macho masculinity. In previous cases, he would shoot his mouth off until his interlocutor exposed some bias through words or violence. Now, Kayankaya plans for this violent encounter: he plants an unregistered gun in a nearby trashcan and carries one in his back holster (*Bruder Kemal* 194). The plan seems to be to let Abakay beat him senseless so that Kayankaya can justifiably shoot and kill Abakay and plead self-defense. This planning is new to Kayankaya, as is murder. Kayankaya certainly feels no love for Abakay, yet in *Kismet* he claims that before the

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<sup>213</sup> "Throwing yourself away in the garbage?" (*Brother Kemal* 171).

palefaces, he has never killed anyone. He could not even bring himself to shoot Axel in *Ein Mann, ein Mord*, when his life depended on it (151-52). Considering that Kayankaya has let other killers go—Yilmaz Ergün, Nina Scheigel, Weidenbusch—and even resisted killing Kessler, it seems as if there is some external impetus behind this murder (read: Chavannes). However, Kayankaya has previously had nothing to lose. Kayankaya's new bourgeois life seems to amend his code, then. His pleasant domesticity makes his judgements all the harsher (Would he still let Yilmaz go?), especially when that very domesticity is at stake.

By the time that the events in *Bruder Kemal* are taking place, Kayankaya is in a better place. One night, Kayankaya thinks to himself

über die Geister der Vergangenheit nach, die Valerie de Chavannes bei mir heraufbeschwor. Und wie verführerisch diese Geister sein konnten. [...] [I]ch wusste, ich konnte die Treppe jederzeit wieder runtergehen, ganz runter bis zum Fuß, und dann mit dreiundfünfzig alles noch mal von vorne: die Schnäpse, die Kippen, die durchwachten Nächte, die Wut und das Leuchten am Horizont.<sup>214</sup> (*Bruder Kemal* 134)

In Deborah and Slibulsky, Kayankaya has found people with whom he can confidently say “wir.” The stability and affection that that life offers, however, does not suit Kayankaya the detective. Where previously *Rausch* from alcohol and violence honed his skills, his late-onset squeamishness and infatuation with unattainable women coincide with a near failure of his skills. With Kayankaya at his soberest and clumsiest, his relationship with Chavannes is the inverse of his previous encounters with women in the first three novels: there is no sex

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<sup>214</sup> “about those ghosts of the past conjured up for me by Valerie de Chavannes. And how seductive such ghosts could be. [...] I knew I could go down those steps again at any time, all the way to the very bottom, and then, at age fifty-three, start all over again: spirits, cigarettes, sleepless nights, anger, the light on the horizon” (*Brother Kemal* 117)

involved with Chavannes and she engrosses his mind for the duration of the case. While *Rausch* from flirtation is nothing new for Kayankaya, inability to function or adhere to his code because of a crush is. The stability in his new life and his willingness to enter into an emotionally charged dalliance with Chavannes attenuates his abilities. Ironically, then, using flirtation as *Rausch* diminishes his capacity to protect the very thing that diminishes his need for alcohol and violence.

After he kills Abakay, Kayankaya visits Valerie de Chavannes and Edgar Hasselbank to tie up the loose ends in his mind. Upon his arrival, Chavannes sexually accosts Kayankaya, believing that he killed Abakay as a favor to her. He laughs off the idea and manages to pull himself away from her to go talk to Edgar: her spell over him is broken (*Bruder Kemal* 209-11). The case in *Bruder Kemal* ends with Kayankaya turning down sex and finding out his domestic partner is pregnant. This pregnancy affirms that sexual intercourse has taken place. As such, the Kayankaya of *Bruder Kemal* is quite different from the Kayankaya of previous cases. Alcohol becomes something he enjoys only in moderation, even if he speaks of it in terms of religiosity. His drug *du jour* is the titillating possibility of a rendezvous with Chavannes and the concomitant exhilaration of potentially losing his new stability. In other words, where he used to seek *Rausch* to escape his unbelonging, now he seeks a new kind of *Rausch* to flirt with losing his situatedness. He has become a rather temperate member of the bourgeois class of Frankfurt: a dramatic shift away from the excesses typical of the hard-boiled detective, as well as from the ethnically excluded loner (cf. Seeber “Ich und die Anderen”; Kniesche “Vom Modell Deutschland”).

#### 4.11 Conclusion

As this chapter study shows, Kayankaya shows considerable growth across his tenure in Frankfurt—such growth is a departure from the hard-boiled genre in itself. The Kayankaya series witnesses the once-ostracized Kayankaya move from being an unbelonging loner to having bourgeois aspirations in *Kismet*. Then, he attains that bourgeois status in *Bruder Kemal*. This upward mobility is reflected in Kayankaya’s drinking habits. While shared alcoholic *Rausch* helped shape his relationships with Slibulsky and Deborah and continues to offer them strength, Kayankaya no longer needs to drink to oblivion to escape the pain of his exclusion. Where in *Happy birthday, Türke!*, Kayankaya is constantly drinking, he turns down drinks in *Bruder Kemal* because they are lacking in quality. These shifts underscore Seeber’s point: “Kayankaya durchläuft einen Geschmackswechsel weg vom Außenseiter hin zu einem mittleren Geschmack”<sup>215</sup> (“Ich und die Anderen” 196). However, where Kayankaya drinks what the middle class drinks, his palate is anything but middling. Already in *Mehr Bier* when he was helping Nina drink her vodka, Kayankaya could distinguish good vodka from middling vodka. In *Bruder Kemal*, Kayankaya has developed that gift of discernment. Now, he uses his refinement to look down on Germany’s hegemony, despite having joined its ranks. Kayankaya can thereby partially maintain his distance from the German hegemony while participating in all of its trappings.

In accordance with Kayankaya’s maturation, his pursuit and need of all forms of *Rausch* evolves throughout the course of the series. The younger Kayankaya enjoys violence in the proper hard-boiled fashion (Chandler “Simple Art of Murder” 16). All sorts of violence

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<sup>215</sup> “Kayankaya passes through a change in taste away from outsider to a middling taste

provide Kayankaya with *Rausch*. Corporeal violence is the most reliable means by which Kayankaya can experience the hard-boiled *petite mort*. This type of violence that is inflicted directly onto Kayankaya's person is prevalent in the first three Kayankaya novels, decreases in *Kismet*, and drops precipitously in *Bruder Kemal*. The fact that he continuously puts himself into dangerous situations fortifies his hard-boiled authenticity from the reader's perspective, but it also allows him to take control of people's aggression towards him. Kayankaya encounters ethnophobia and bias in nearly every situation. Instigating violence is a way for him to claim that animosity: he creates the impetus for the hostility, not his skin color. His desire for violent *Rausch* is, however, negatively correlated with the stability in his personal life: the lonelier he is, the more likely he is to put himself in harm's way. This concurrence supports the hypothesis that the detective's sexual energy is rerouted into forcibly subduing his antagonists or putting himself in danger. With a steady partner, Kayankaya no longer needs to find a suitably violent outlet for his sexual urges.

Compared to instances of alcoholic and violent *Rausch*, there are few instances of sexual *Rausch* in the Kayankaya series. Kayankaya has a couple of singular sexual encounters with prostitutes in *Happy birthday, Türke!* and *Mehr Bier*. Then, at the end of *Ein Mann, ein Mord*, Kayankaya has the possibility of having such an encounter with Elsa Sandmann, and another one at the end of *Kismet* with Fräulein Kaugummi. In *Kismet*, however, Kayankaya has already begun his arrangement with his future partner, Deborah. She makes him feel good but there is little *Rausch* involved in their exchanges. When he goes to visit her, he enjoys watching her eat, hardly a practice that stirs the loins. "Sie aß wie eine Kuh – langsam, genüßlich, durch nichts aus der Ruhe zu bringen. Ihr dabei zuzusehen wirkte

auf mich wie Yoga”<sup>216</sup> (*Kismet* 136). The flirtatious *Rausch* that Kayankaya comes to depend on in *Bruder Kemal* is one that threatens his belonging with Deborah and yet is devoid of sex. Instead, his flirtation with Chavannes is only about the possibility of sex and the loss of the stability that is both pleasant and boring for Kayankaya. As is clear from this stability, disinterest in violence, and relative sobriety, Kayankaya is no longer the hard-boiled detective he once was.

Before he loses touch with his hard-boiled ways, Kayankaya depends on all these types of *Rausch*, as well as the hard-boiled *petite mort*. Passing out from violence or drink—which he does at least once in all of his cases—resembles the ultimate oblivion and experience of Dionysian truth: death. Given the hard-boiled predilection for eschewing emotional and sexual contact, this substitute little death is a more permissible orgasm for the detective. The loss of bodily control and leaving the world of phenomena is a way for Kayankaya to experience communion and sidestep his need for fellowship and belonging. Once again, in *Bruder Kemal*, Kayankaya all but abandons the hard-boiled *petite mort*. When it becomes clear to Kayankaya that his attempts to frame Abakay are going to cause more trouble than good, Kayankaya relents. He submits to another hard-boiled *petit mort*, but *not* out of frustration with his unbelonging. Instead, he sees bearing Abakay’s wrath as the only way to save face and protect his family—decidedly soft-boiled motivations. This change, like his more temperate drinking habits, reflects the shift from his younger lifestyle and towards his German *Bürgertum*.

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<sup>216</sup> “She ate like a cow: slowly, with relish, never letting anything disturb her. Watching her eat had an effect on me like doing yoga” (*Kismet* 132-33).

In the opening scene of *Happy birthday, Türke!* Kayankaya receives a call from a woman who thinks she is talking to “Heinzi” and tells him that she is pregnant (7). This interaction helps show the extent to which Kayankaya is *of* Germany: his voice on its own is capable of fooling a woman into believing that he is Heinzi. His ensuing experiences of exclusion are all the more poignant because of this partial belonging. When Deborah announces her pregnancy in *Bruder Kemal*, it is as if Kayankaya has morphed into Heinzi. He is unrecognizable as the rough-and-tumble young man from *Happy birthday, Türke!* except for his name and nostalgia for his hard-drinking days. While Deborah’s pregnancy may not signal the end of Kayankaya’s experience of bias, it denotes the end of Kayankaya’s transformation from a marginal member of society to a member of the bourgeoisie.

## 5. The Verdict: Where Does Kayankaya Belong?

Thomas Kniesche writes that many critics perceive the detective genre—even the hard-boiled offshoot—to be inherently conservative: the stories in this genre are about restoring an order *back* to what it was and that order generally reflects bourgeois values (*Einführung* 37). Hard-boiled detection, more specifically, glorifies violence as the disinfectant *par excellence* for what ails society. Such violence often is perpetrated at the expense of minorities and other marginalized groups including women (Kniesche *Einführung* 39). Simultaneously, the hard-boiled genre is socially critical (Kniesche *Einführung* 38). *The Maltese Falcon* exposes the dangers of the halo effect: the beautiful woman can be the duplicitous killer. In *Red Harvest*, guilt can be found everywhere. In the writings of Chandler, money is the ultimate corrupter, leading Grella to note that the American private eye has a profound distaste for money and an equally profound distrust of the wealthy (9-10). The Kayankaya series actualizes all of these characteristics of the genre. Even as Kayankaya fights on behalf of the Ergün family—the prototypical *Gastarbeiter* family—he makes biased assumptions about them. Even as Kayankaya suffers under the burden of his own increased visibility, he describes Ahmed Hamul as having a “kräftigen Schnurrbart und abstehende Ohren, wie hundert andere auch”<sup>217</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 25). Even as he disparages Manual Weidenbusch and Gina with her academic friends, he seeks to gain entry into the bourgeoisie. The Kayankaya series is full of these contradictions; they make up a large part of its charm. The tension between expectation and reality—both of Kayankaya and the genre he belongs to—gives the series its spark.

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<sup>217</sup> “vigorous moustache, and ears that stuck out, just like any number of his compatriots” (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 21)

### 5.1 *Belonging Amongst Outsiders*

“The tough guy’s flirtation with non-whiteness offers him the kicks of liminality but without the more pedestrian tyranny that comes from actually being a minority” (Abbott 14). Abbott makes this observation of Marlowe in particular: he flirts with alterity and incites ire.

Kayankaya does the opposite: he accentuates his alterity (either by frustrating or fulfilling biased expectations of “the Turk”) and transforms latent ethnophobia into physical aggression. Just as with Marlowe, this flirtation brings a lot of pain Kayankaya’s way.

Whether or not the violence against Kayankaya is *caused* in part or whole by ethnophobia is beside the point; it is *present* in nearly all of his altercations and in most of his daily interactions as well. Abbott suggests that minorities have diminished agency compared to the transparently white private eye. Along these lines, aside from exposing ethnophobia, the Kayankaya series is revolutionary in that it gives a brown person agency. Like Marlowe, Kayankaya plays a role in bringing on violence against himself: he ignores threatening letters in *Happy birthday, Türke!*, he does not heed his instincts with Schmidl and he consciously makes the decision to attack Kessler in *Mehr Bier*, he lets himself get beaten up by Erden Abakay in *Bruder Kemal*. He almost always has the chance to turn back but does not. It is doubly ironic that in doing so, Arjouni maintains the violence against minorities that Kniesche says makes the hard-boiled genre a conservative one. Along these lines, the Kayankaya series is—however paradoxically—both retrogressive and progressive.

In making Kayankaya a Turkish-born German, Arjouni shifts the meaning of his detective’s outsider status. Jeanne Ruffing’s criticism aside, Kayankaya being an ethnic minority creates a considerable deviation from the assumptions that undergird Hammett’s and Chandler’s writing. Dashiell Hammett writes Sam Spade into dangerous situations where

people are willing to do unscrupulous things to get what they want. When Spade does not cooperate, they handle him in such a way as to dissuade him from further involvement. What separates Kayankaya and Spade most explicitly is his relationship to the dominant ethnicity in his country. Spade, as a strong-willed loner with a sharp tongue, certainly behaves as if he were an outsider, but nothing marks this outsider status. As a “raceless” detective, Spade can enter nearly any space without being questioned (cf. Abbott 14). He may not be rich but he has a rich man’s skin tone. He may not be welcome everywhere but his visage rarely draws attention. Arjouni, in contrast, stacks the deck against his detective. Kayankaya’s physiognomy will always attract attention and even hostility. If he is with people of Turkish descent, he does not fit in culturally and perhaps linguistically, as well. If he is surrounded by white people, then he stands out visibly. Kayankaya’s need to define, then, is greater than Spade’s. Kayankaya must narrate the crime he is investigating, but he must also constantly narrate himself as German—even to his eventual partner, Deborah. The clueless readings in response to Kayankaya’s brownness will presumably never stop.

Such explicit exclusion allows for a reinterpretation of the violence Kayankaya subjects himself to. Since he will never be able to gain full access to Germandom, the masochism that Teraoka sees in his fighting may well be an expression of pleasure in punishing the one thing that blocks his entry into fully fledged Germanness: his body (277). Inversely, the punishment he inflicts on his German compatriots is an opportunity for him to vent his frustrations against “the German body.” By the time *Bruder Kemal* starts, Kayankaya seems to have lost the desire to punish his body. Yet, he readily knocks out Erden Abakay and then assaults Abakay while Abakay is passed out. Later, he kills him. Before the fourth novel, Kayankaya was rarely the attacker and was not a killer. His new relationship

with violence (i.e., readiness to dish it out, hesitance to receive it), seems to be a facet of his bourgeois aspirations: Kayankaya now prefers comfort to combat. Still, Kayankaya shows that he is willing to do the job. The hardest-boiled aspect of *Bruder Kemal* is when Kayankaya lets Erden Abakay beat him to a pulp. It is the only time he experiences a hard-boiled *petit mort* in *Bruder Kemal*. Even then, this exchange retains few qualities of Kayankaya's former *modus operandi*. In his younger days, he would have shown up, thrown some harsh words around, taken a beating, and received the answers he was looking for. In this case, however, Kayankaya plans for Abakay's rage, planting a gun nearby to kill Abakay with. Somewhat paradoxically, Kayankaya's judgement is even harsher in his cozier days. At the same time, Kayankaya's decision that Abakay is worthy of death means that Kayankaya has held on to the hard-boiled detective's tendency to dole out his own form of justice. Abakay's assault on Kayankaya is the only time in the series where Kayankaya suffers from brutality that cannot be attributed to ethnophobia, as Erden Abakay is a fellow ethnic Turk. Oddly enough, this normalization of Turkish-looking people in Germany—Kayankaya previously only butted heads with white Germans—means that Kayankaya is more at home in Germany than ever before.

Arjouni uses deixis to reveal how at home Kayankaya truly is in *Bruder Kemal* and in *Kismet*. Kayankaya and Slibulsky openly say "wir" to each other through the course of the fourth novel. In the final novel, Kayankaya has come to share a "wir" with his Jewish partner Deborah. This "wir" is significant because it helps express Kayankaya's transition from vagrant bachelorhood—so endemic to the hard-boiled genre—to settled domesticity. These instances of "wir" can be contrasted with other instances of "wir" that are brought about either by *rauschvolle* communion or by unwanted inclusion. Early in *Happy birthday, Türke!*,

Kayankaya forms a “wir” with his neighbor Maier-Dietrich on his birthday eve. To achieve this feat, though, Kayankaya and Maier-Dietrich use copious amounts of alcohol to overcome the normal boundaries that define their quotidian existence. Then, in *Bruder Kemal*, Sheikh Hakim and Malik Rashid both use “wir” in reference to themselves and Kayankaya. Even in the novel where Kayankaya most obviously belongs, he must still defend his Germanness.

Earlier in Kayankaya’s career, defending his Germanness looked a lot like performing a hard-boiled masculinity. Kniesche, referring to Gabriele Dietze, notes that hard-boiled violence and other displays of machismo represent “ein kompensatorisches Selbstbestätigungsritual für unterschiedliche Maskulinitätskrisen” (Kniesche *Einführung* 46). Yet, even after giving up most of his hard-boiled traits, Kayankaya still experiences a crisis of masculinity. The bourgeois father-to-be and recently non-smoker needs Chavannes’ attention to replace his abandoned *Rauschmittel* of alcohol and violence. Kayankaya’s infatuation with a woman—occurring both in *Kismet* and *Bruder Kemal*—is a late development and distinguishes him from his younger self. Yet, the detective’s strained relationship with women is a hallmark of the hard-boiled genre. The Continental Op has a charged relationship with the boyish Dinah Brand; Spade falls in love with but turns in the woman who killed his partner to the police; Marlowe cannot decide if he prefers the virgin or the whore. In this fraught relationship with Chavannes, then, the doughy Kayankaya keeps some of his hard-boiled credentials.

Kayankaya’s complicated relationship with women is not just a trait of his hard-boiledness but also his Germanness. While Kayankaya was never as prudish as Marlowe, he is equally dismissive of women. His epithets for some women are enough to level the accusation of misogyny: Madame Obelix in *Happy birthday, Türke!*, “die Glöcknerin von

Notre-Dame”<sup>218</sup> in *Mehr Bier*, and Fräulein Kaugummi in *Kismet* (46). Kayankaya also reduces men to their attributes. He does not see a person when he kicks a beer can at a man in the street but rather a “Flannelbein” and that leg’s “Fettkopf”<sup>219</sup> (*Happy birthday, Türke!* 17). Other men are named for their salient attributes like Goldzahn (i.e., Gold Tooth) in *Happy birthday, Türke!* or der Hesse (i.e., the Hessian) in *Kismet*. The misanthrope is *per se* a misogynist and Arjouni did not write Kayankaya to be politically correct. Critics like Wilczek (273-74), Ruffing (276-77), and McMillan (102) impugn either Arjouni or Kayankaya for the detective’s chauvinism. With the exception of McMillan, though, they neglect to relate this misogyny back to Kayankaya’s typical Germanness, given how widespread disrespect for women is in Germany. This tension within the series is part of its appeal. Kayankaya has a contradictory (read: human) nature: he has the ability to be both prejudiced and the victim of bias. He shows his Germanness by being just as dismissive as other Germans are of him.

Misogyny aside, Kayankaya’s maturation reveals a mutability in his relationship to Germany’s classes. Kayankaya shows a predilection for the hard-talking and rough-neck people of the *Bahnhofsviertel* early in his career. He can trade verbal or actual jabs with them. By contrast, he does not quite know how to handle the duplicity he finds in Germany’s middle-class *Bürger* like the lawyer Anastas or Gina’s friends from the museum. From this dynamic, one can surmise that Kayankaya prefers actual violence and physical pain—two prime sources of *Rausch*—to the insecurity caused by his alterity. Yet, in *Kismet*, he complains that the people of Offenbach get drunk and piss or vomit on their buildings instead

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<sup>218</sup> “the female Hunchback of Notre-Dame” (*More Beer* 41)

<sup>219</sup> “flannel-clad leg” and its “fat-faced owner” (*Happy Birthday, Turk!* 12 & 13)

of finding a toilet. This observation—meant as an insult—is ironic because it is exactly how people behave in Kayankaya’s home of the *Bahnhofsviertel*, for which he has so much love. This chide is another way Kayankaya reveals his growing bourgeois alignment. His feeling of being part of (sharing their values) but separate from (not sharing their skin tone) Germany’s middle class deepens his (un)belonging. In *Bruder Kemal*, Kayankaya has joined the middle class. Here, however, Kayankaya expresses his alterity and his superiority. He keeps some of his hard-boiled character by living with Deborah, the former prostitute and *Bahnhofsviertel* inhabitant—he is therefore morally superior to the hegemony. In a move away from the hard-boiled genre, Kayankaya develops his palate and becomes a wine connoisseur—with this knowledge he can out middle class the middle class.

As Kniesche points out, the first three novels reveal how the bourgeoisie populates Germany’s marginal spaces (“Vom Modell” 28-29). In Seeber’s eyes, the last two novels especially *Bruder Kemal* show how the marginal have become the bourgeois (Seeber “Ich und die Anderen” 197). Seeber still regards the Kayankaya of *Bruder Kemal* as hard-boiled, despite the fact that the detectives that Seeber—and others—compares him with have a very different lifestyle: they maintain their hard-drinking loner status and show no signs of maturation or having a future. The strongest way that Kayankaya relates to these traits in *Bruder Kemal* is by negating them: he is relatively temperate, he lives with Deborah, they are having a child. In this way, Arjouni consciously refutes so many of the hard-boiled characteristics that Kayankaya displayed earlier and that the genre expects. Seeber suggests, however, that the hard-boiled genre can support this kind of deviation.

If one looks elsewhere in the hard-boiled genre, Kayankaya’s late-in-life softness does not feel so foreign. Lawrence Block’s fictional detective Matthew Scudder follows a similar

trajectory as Kayankaya. Scudder begins his career as a heavy drinker but as he ages, he starts attending Alcoholic Anonymous meetings and ends up in a relationship with a hooker he knew from his time in the NYPD. The older Kayankaya also shares much with Easy Rawlins, Walter Mosley's black, American detective. One of Rawlins' proudest achievements, as told in Mosley's 1990 *Devil in a Blue Dress*, is owning a house (53). In the 2002 "Crimson Stain" short story by Mosley, Rawlins even has kids (13). Recalling Abbott, one can bear in mind that white, hard-boiled detectives reject normative bourgeois values. With Rawlins' inclusion in the hard-boiled canon, it is possible that hard-boiledness is not necessarily about drinking and roaming but rather about being willing to cross boundaries despite danger *and* running against the grain of societal expectations (cf. Abbott 10; Kniesche *Einführung* 87). Philip Marlowe, a white detective in L.A., spends time in parts of the city where he is a minority. Marlowe is financially strapped and frequently relocates his domicile. Rawlins, on the other hand, is black but owns a house and adopts children (Mosley "Crimson Stain" 11). As such, perhaps Kayankaya can stay hard because he is not white and thus is not beholden to whiteness' normativity.

Crawford finds that the traditional detective is the representative of middle-class values (34). She implies the same of the white, hard-boiled detectives, writing that Chester Himes "deploys an influential popular literary form, subverting its norms to raise critical questions about culture, gender, class, and race" (Crawford 27). Arguably, it is not just Chester Himes' black characters who invert middle-class values in the hard-boiled genre. Abbott finds that even the white hard-boiled detective rejects bourgeois heteronormativity and economic expectations. As Abbott also shows, however, flirting with the reversal of middle-class values threatens the white detective's fragile white masculinity. *Bruder Kemal* reveals

that while Kayankaya will not and cannot possess a white masculinity, his values align with those of stereotypical white, bourgeois masculinity: he loves sex, he loves alcohol, he loves soccer, he loves violence, he loves making fun of the marginalized, etc. His norms are the norms of the German mainstream with the one major exception that he does not view whiteness as a prerequisite for Germanness. As I have shown, it must be that Kayankaya does not feel like an outsider and yet is *made* to feel like one. His language, citizenship, and knowledge of German culture betray his Germanness, as does his taste for German food and drink. Yet his advocacy for marginalized people and his own marked appearance make him an outsider. This paradoxical combination of apparently irreconcilable qualities points to Kayankaya's (un)belonging, which he will never truly escape.

Kayankaya's first-person narration is appropriate for the genre, yet given the scrutiny under which he lives, his narration could be read as an attempt to reinforce his identity. Kayankaya is so used to justifying his presence that his internal voice is just constantly doing it, as it does at the sight of his name in *Happy birthday, Türke!*. Up to the point in the first novel when we see his name on his office door through Kayankaya's eyes, his alterity has not been revealed. Rather, his Germanness has been demonstrated by drinking with Maier-Dietrich, ordering *Sachertorte*, and fooling the woman on the phone into thinking he is "Heinzi." After learning his genesis story, though, the reader becomes saddled with burdensome knowledge: Kayankaya does not belong. McMillan argues that this aspect of the narration is the series' strength. As she puts it, "the radicalizing power of these narratives is to be found in the focalization the reader must share, the type of gaze we are forced to employ and the shock of recognition that we experience. We recognize ourselves in our misrecognition of Kayankaya" (McMillan 130).

Through Kayankaya's backstory, the reader is forced into misrecognizing Kayankaya but also is given the opportunity to experience communion with Kayankaya. When the reader reads Kayankaya's words, the reader becomes one with Kayankaya by virtue of the first-person narration. The "I" that the reader reads and thinks is the same "I" that they would use in narrating themselves. Insofar, readers transcend the boundaries of their own bodies and come to inhabit Kayankaya's. In this exchange with the text, readers can temporarily dissolve their own individuality and experience the world through Kayankaya's eyes. Depending on the reader's position, such an encounter with Kayankaya can be transformative. For the white, bourgeois reader: Kayankaya goes to familiar places and sees with familiar eyes, but in a body that is rejected by the familiar environment's inhabitants. Reading through Marlowe is distinct from this experience: Marlowe sees with familiar eyes but goes where the white *Bürger* dare not. Oneness with Kayankaya does not only confer insight into the life of Others but also reveals the dangers of clueless readings. Like any form of *Rausch*, the memory and knowledge this type of experience brings is difficult to retain. The lesson must be constantly relearned.

## 5.2 Conclusion

In Teraoka's estimation, when the first novels of the series appeared, the German readership's expectations about Arjouni collided with their surprise that his protagonist was *both* ethnically Turkish *and* a hard-boiled detective. This collision created a sort of literary black hole as can be seen in her statement that Kayankaya's Germanness and preoccupation as a private detective "denotes an absence; it is a concept empty of content" (Teraoka 273). When Arjouni first started writing the series, the notion of a brown person fluent in German may

well have seemed far-fetched. Since the 1980s, though, people of Turkish descent have come to play more and more prominent roles in Germany. Indeed, Cem Özdemir, the leader of the German Green Party from 2008 until 2018, was the son of a Turkish *Gastarbeiter* (“Cem Özdemir”). Even now, though, people of color have a difficult time claiming Germanness without being challenged, as Lara Takenaga explores in “‘I Will Never Be German’,” and Jana Pareigis in “Afro.Deutschland” (2020). That German society at large is still skeptical of brown people can, however, most notably be seen in what has been called *der Fall Özil*. Mesut Özil, a decorated German football star, took a perhaps naive photograph with Turkish President Recep Erdogan. Erdogan, who has been heavily criticized by Europe for his intolerance of journalism, was seeking reelection at the time. The star’s posing with Erdogan appeared to be a tacit promotion of Erdogan’s policies. The photo led to racist statements being posted on various social media platforms and accusations of a deep-seated Turkishness incompatible with German values in Özil. It seems then that life imitates art: Arjouni captures the essence of Mesut Özil’s struggle for Germanness nearly 40 years before they happened in his initial Kemal Kayankaya volume.

Jakob Arjouni’s Kayankaya series must be considered a contribution to the hard-boiled detective genre. Kayankaya gets a thrill out of the violence and danger that is part of his job, as he sees it. Kayankaya also drinks heavily and holds a general disregard for his own health. Not only does Arjouni reproduce these hard-boiled tropes, he uses a similar linguistic style: Kayankaya’s words are sarcastic and cutting. Like all detectives, he is an outsider. Even when his social status comes to reflect his bourgeois values, he cannot erase his visible alterity. As this bourgeois status suggests, there is a tension between the genre and Kayankaya as Arjouni writes him, especially as the series progresses. Kayankaya’s ethnic

minority status means he must suffer a violence that he does not enjoy: deictic violence. This violence is one that his American forebears will never know, at least not at the same frequency or with the same existential underpinnings. Then again, many of Kayankaya's traits indicate that he is actually not an outsider: he has a friend and ersatz domestic partner in Ernst Slibulsky, and by the end of the series, he is essentially married to Deborah. Not only are these relationships an affront to the hard-boiled detective's loner status, they also represent a maturation process alien to the detectives of Hammett and Chandler. Arjouni, in ending the series with Deborah's pregnancy announcement, gives Kayankaya a future that is lacking in the American prototypes. The discordance between the genre expectations and Arjouni's writing is mirrored in Kayankaya's situation within Germany: he is both a part of the mainstream and not. Along these lines, Arjouni creates hard-boiled works of fiction that are at once familiar and novel.

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