

ISSUE 1

EU

BUNDESREPUBLIK
DEUTSCHLAND



REISEPASS

PASSPORT
PASSEPORT

hinterland

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☾* TÜRKIYE CUMHURİYETİ
What you see is what I have chosen for you. These fragments of myself - stitched, torn, embellished - are merely fiction, a preemptive narrative in which you decide what to take. An identity crafted, interpreted, and inevitably rewritten by your gaze.



'Paper Cuts': A series of manually edited and 'deconstructed' self-portraits

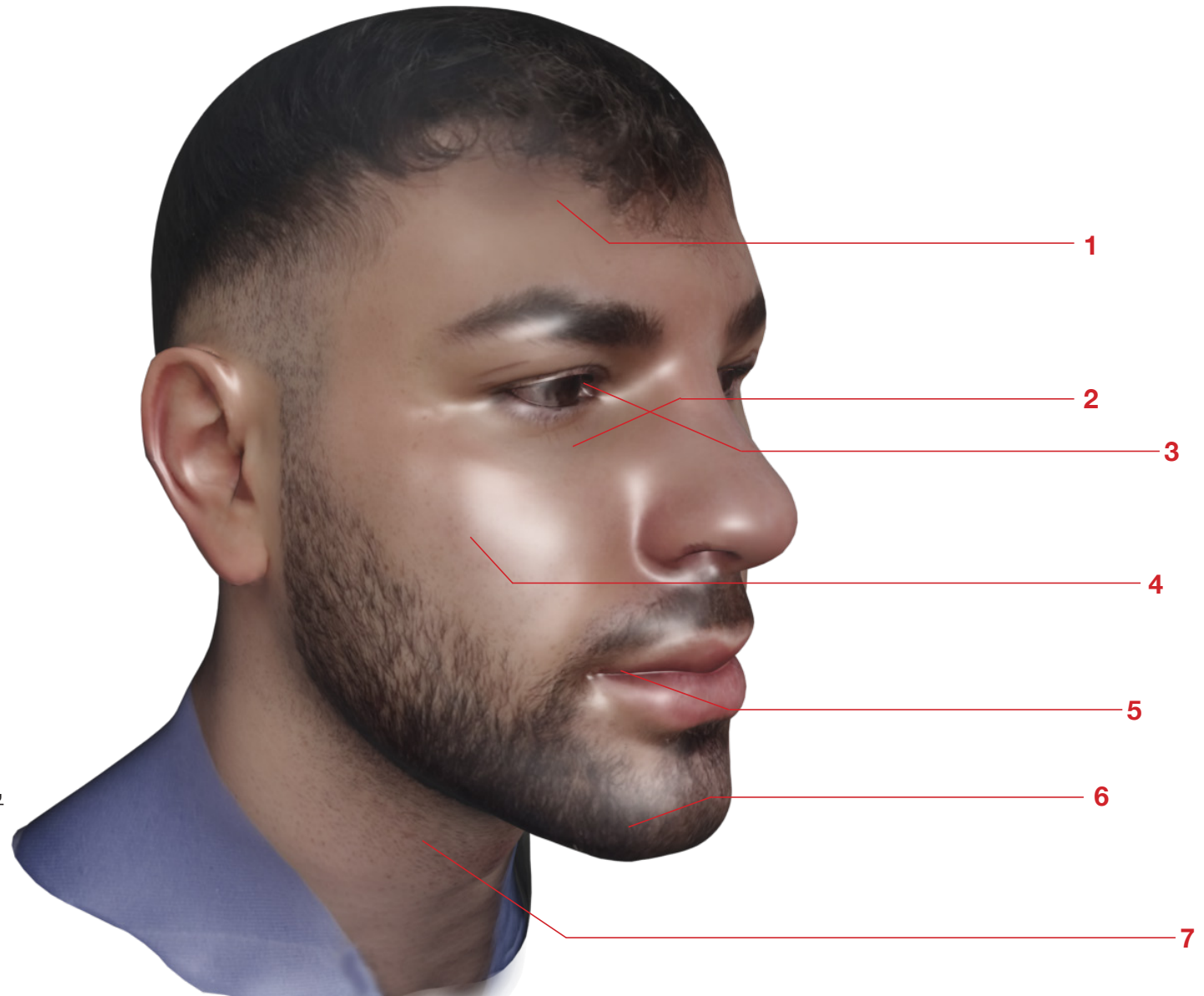
**VISUAL
SIGNIFIERS**



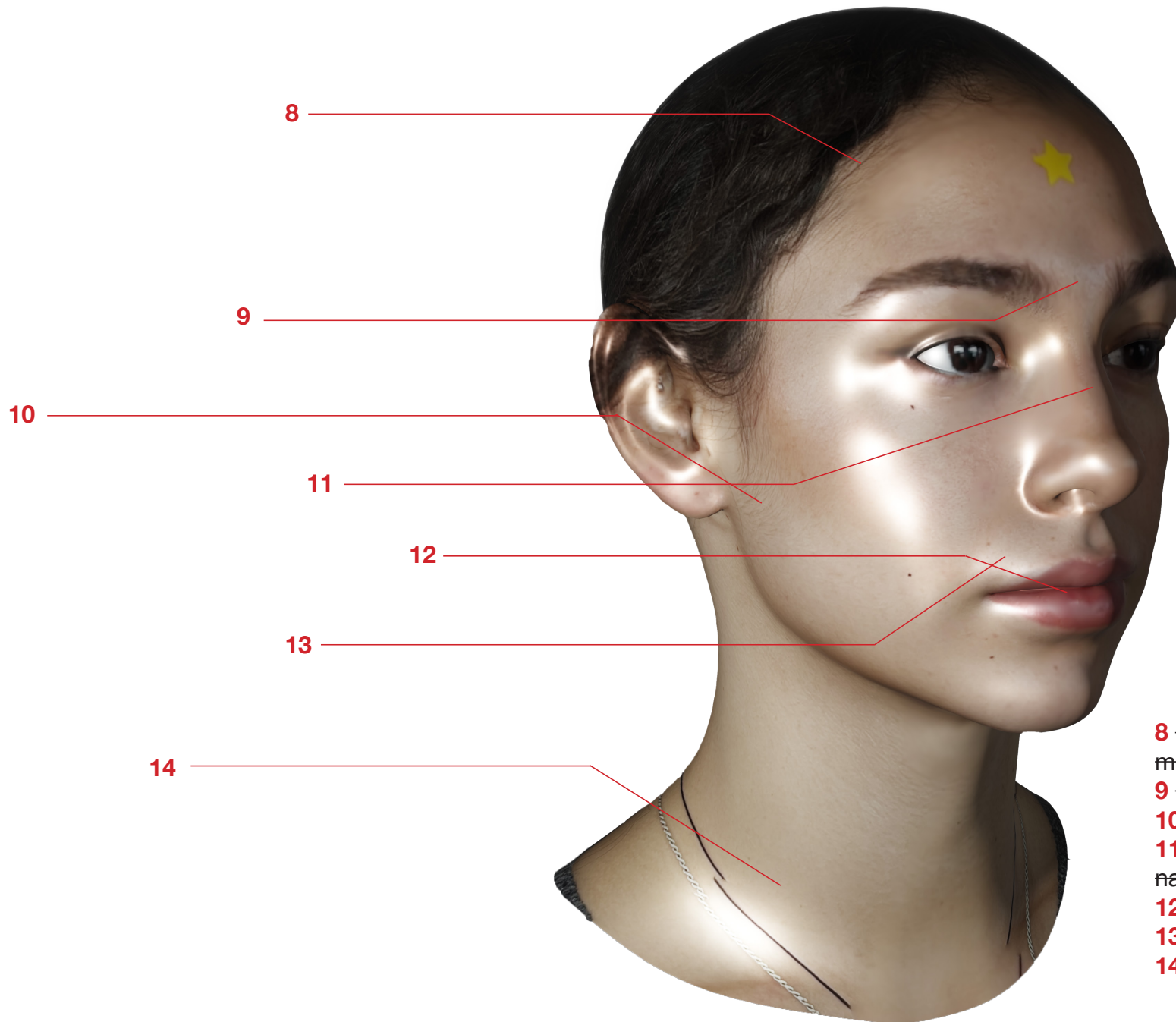
**CREATED
USING
BLENDER**

Reader Discretion: The following pages (pp. 8-9) contain terms that may be triggering, particularly for those affected by verbal attacks or the distressing realities they reflect. These words are presented as a societal mirror, encouraging brief but meaningful reflection.

The Anatomy of Perception.



- 1 Schwarzkopf | 'black head'
- 2 Ölauge | 'oil eyes'
- 3 Gemüsehändler | 'vegetable seller'
- 4 Ausländer | 'foreigner'
- 5 Kanake/Kenek | 'wog'
- 6 Islamist | 'fundamentalist'
- 7 Kümmel-Türke | 'cumin Turk'

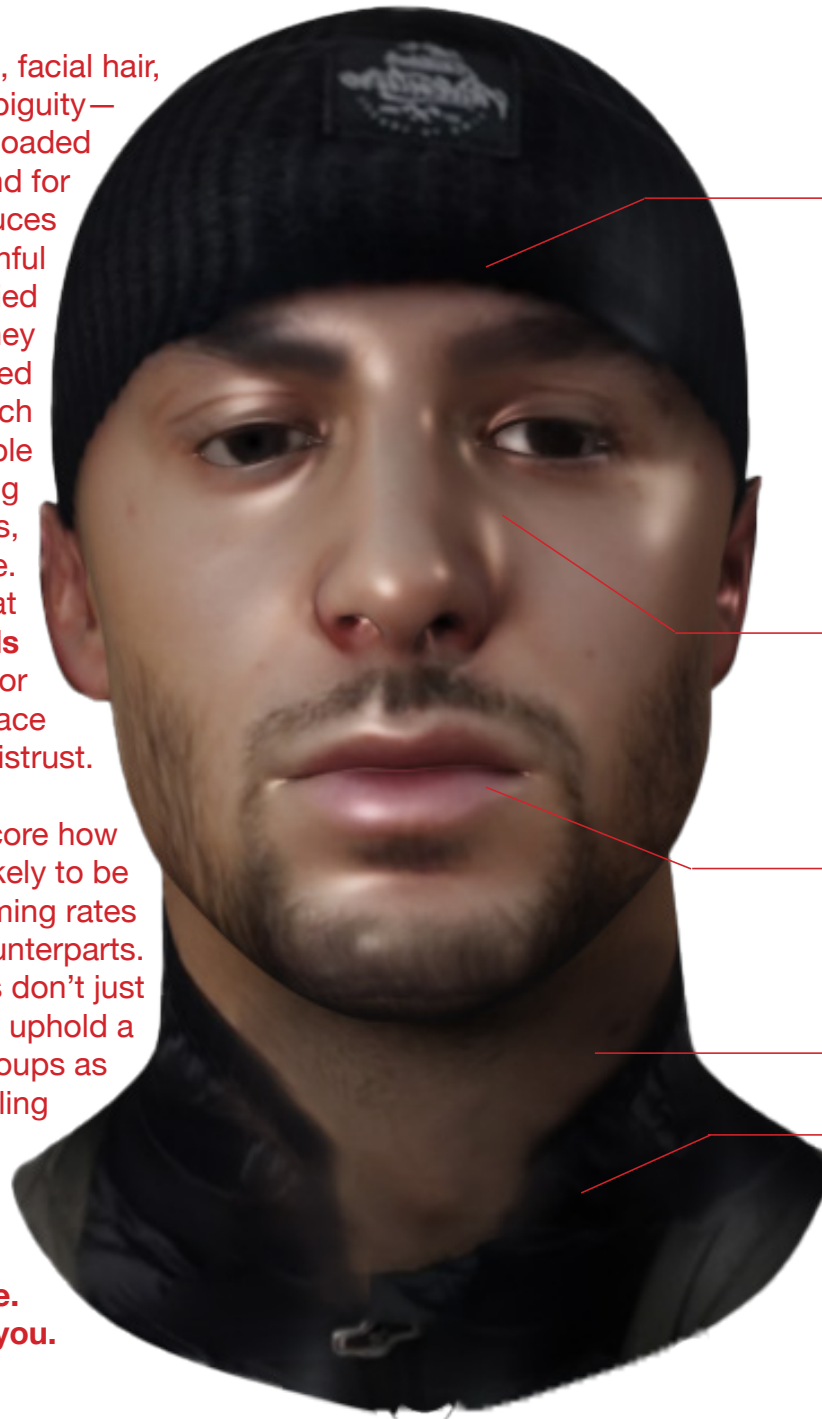


- 8** Unorthodoxe Muslimin | 'deviant muslim'
- 9** Unterwürfig | 'submissive'
- 10** Ungepflegt | 'unkempt'
- 11** Extrapunkte für keine Haken-nase | 'extra points for no hook'
- 12** Knoblauchfresse | 'garlic mouth'
- 13** Mannsweib | 'man-woman'
- 14** Exotisch | 'exotic'

Visual markers—black hoods, facial hair, skin tone, or ethnic ambiguity—become loaded symbols, shorthand for perception that reduces individuals to harmful stereotypes. These oversimplified beliefs do more than distort; they actively harm. For marginalized communities, such assumptions have tangible consequences, perpetuating exclusion and, in many cases, criminalizing their very existence. Studies reveal that **individuals** perceived as ‘foreign’ or ethnically ambiguous face significantly higher levels of distrust.

Representative surveys underscore how these individuals are more likely to be reported to authorities at alarming rates compared to their local counterparts. Snap judgments rooted in bias don’t just stigmatize—they uphold a narrative that paints certain groups as inherently deviant, fueling systemic profiling and **persecution.**

Leave our brothers, our fathers, and our sons alone. They are not here to harm you.



15

16

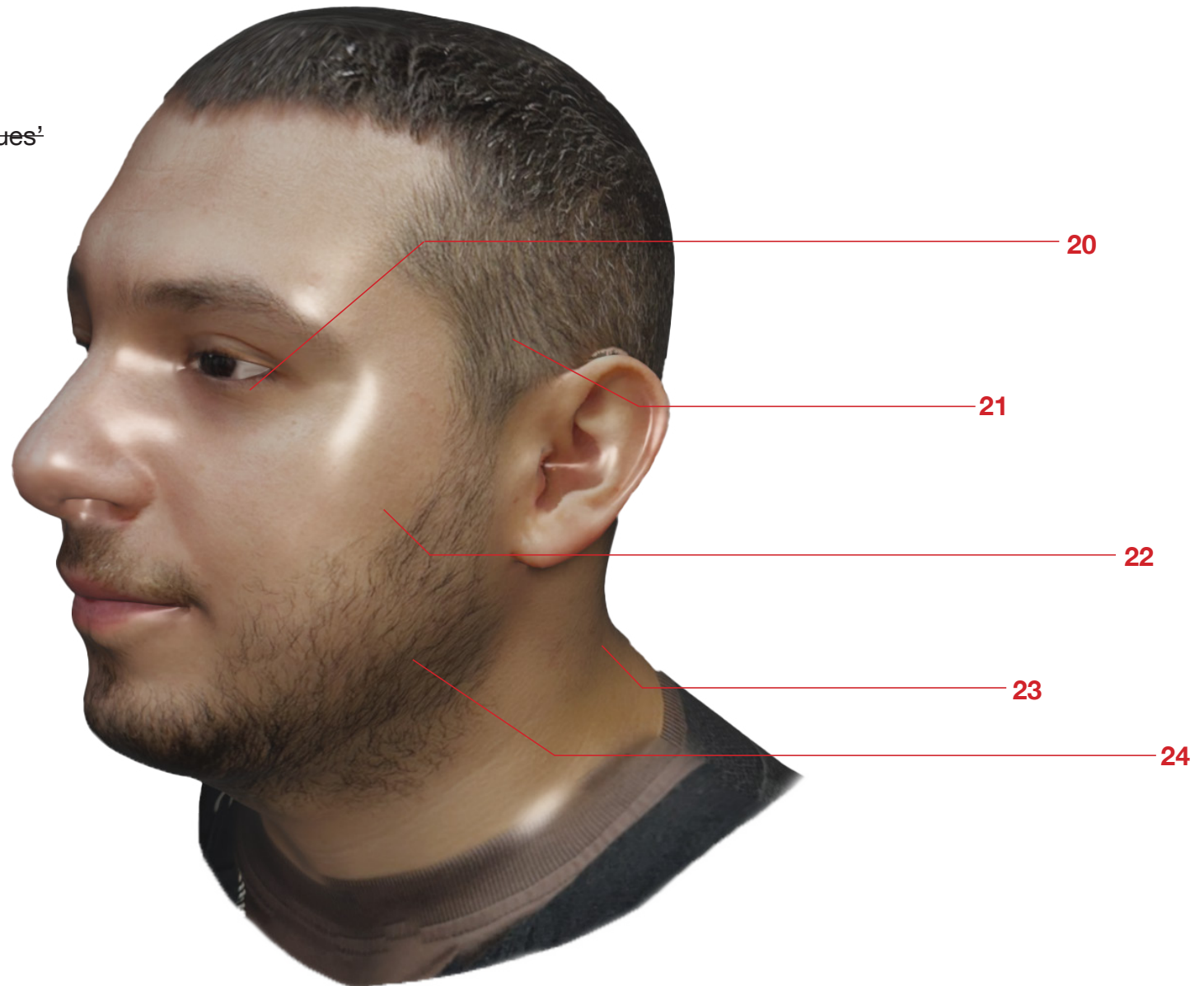
17

18

19



- 15 Gewalttäter | 'abuser' ★
- 16 Gefährlich | 'dangerous'
- 17 Promiskuitiv | 'promiscuous'
- 18 Aggressionsproblem | 'anger issues'
- 19 Drogendealer | 'drug-dealer'



- 20 Egoistisch | 'egoistic'
- 21 Macho | 'macho'
- 22 Ehrenvoll | 'honorful'
- 23 Frauenschläger | 'wife beater'
- 24 Eifersüchtig | 'jealous'

T R A N S -



NATIONAL

BORDERLIN

ES

IDENTITIES

CONCEPT & PHOTO Afra Nur Ugurlu CREATIVE DIRECTION Gizem
Kahraman MODEL Bismah Sharrif
HMUA Naemi Kämpfer STYLING Jana Grinchenko

Borderlines interrogates the fraught question of belonging: Are you enough? German enough, Turkish enough – or perpetually caught in the tension of being too much of one to fully inhabit the other. This editorial navigates the liminal spaces of identity, where cultural inheritance and societal perception converge, creating a terrain both contested and unresolved. It is an exploration of the weight of expectation and the quiet resistance to being defined by borders, whether physical or symbolic.





BOMBER my dad's bundeswehr flight jacket **RUG** traditional turkish kilim **HEADSCARF** made from ipek/silk a gift from my anneanne

BORDERLINES

TRANS -

NATIONAL

IDENTITIES

BORDERLINES



“DEATH BY SEEDS”

Gizem Kahraman



“I WAS TOLD TO MAKE MYSELF SMALL, TO SIT NEATLY AND QUIETLY, NEVER TO TAKE UP MORE SPACE THAN WAS DEEMED ACCEPTABLE.”



SON.



Altman Kanakaken



Throughout these pages, I invite you to explore the work of Hamburg-based fashion designer Deniz-Can Sayim, whose Bachelor's collection boldly inhabits a striking juxtaposition of identity and heritage. With a deep engagement in third-space theory, Sayim's designs embody the clash and harmony between cultures – challenging binaries and weaving together elements of Turkish and German symbolism.



Afra Nur Ugurlu: In what ways do you think German-Turkish identity is misinterpreted or misunderstood in mainstream media and culture?

Cano Sayim: The big problem is that you can't really capture it, because when talking about people, there's an immense variety of perspectives, even if we share the same German-Turkish background. It's easier to use stereotypes to simplify classification. Certain individuals are brought in not to embody these stereotypes but to explain them, though they sometimes lapse into stereotypes themselves or offer a specific perspective that's treated as universal. For example, Eko Fresh's (German-Turkish rapper) perspective might not resonate with modern generations, as they don't live the experiences he had in his youth, even if there are similarities. This leads to misunderstanding and misinterpretation, though I don't think it's always intentional or meant to diminish someone – but it can be.

A: How has your personal experience as a German Turk shaped your perspective on your identity?

C: I would say it has strongly shaped me, and I was only able to decipher this through my work. Early on, I saw myself more as German and didn't want to speak Turkish or identify as Turkish. But during puberty, I was suddenly labeled as Turkish, and my national identity shifted. I wasn't often addressed in Turkish by other Turks or German Turks, but with time, I developed my own Turkish identity.

The racism I experienced made me feel like I had to fit into stereotypes, which then shaped my identity. It was like a pendulum swinging too far in one direction, and that self-reflection eventually influenced how I saw others.

A: How do you reflect on the role of privilege in shaping identity?

C: I've never fully identified with German Turks whose parents don't speak the language. My parents think and speak perfect German, which shaped their identity and mine. This sometimes makes me seem 'too German,' but I think it's more about just that – privilege. Aligning with the dominant culture can make us feel less marginalized, though our community still faces challenges. Socioeconomic factors also play a major role. It makes me wonder who any of us might be if we weren't shaped by the circumstances we were born into.

A: What are your thoughts on terms like Alman and Kanake, – what motivated your use of such labels, and how do you view their ambiguity in everyday life or your work?

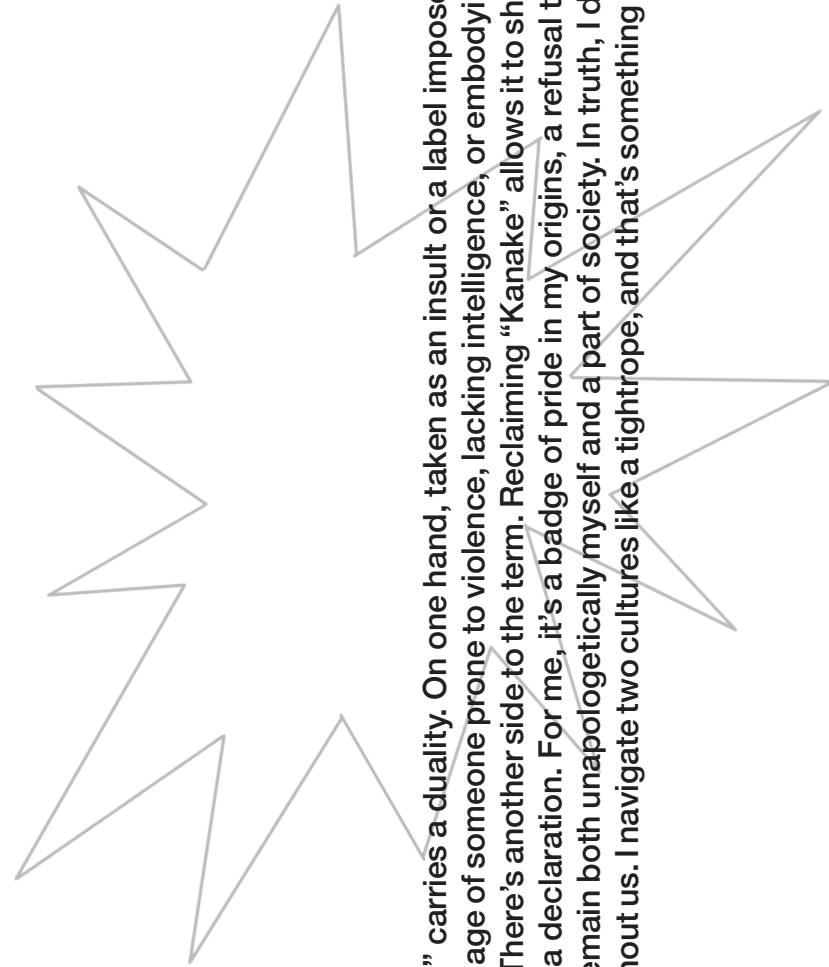
C: I initially found it quite funny when my professor said the word Kanake out loud. I also thought it was amusing how, in Turkish circles, Turks often refer to Germans as Almans, while Germans sometimes use Kanake in a similar way. It struck me as interesting that both terms carry a kind of dismissiveness, almost like mutual stereotypes.

Choosing Kanake for myself felt like reclaiming the term—it's about holding up a mirror to these dynamics. When you see how one group stereotypes another, and vice versa, it creates an opportunity for reflection. Maybe it can even improve how we treat each other.

A: Did you intentionally incorporate certain elements to provoke or challenge assumptions about the Turkish diaspora?

C: Initially, there was no intention to provoke activism; I just wanted to portray German migration history neutrally, showing how people adapt to a new home and the challenges they face. Over time, however, as I faced pushback and censorship, especially over the use of certain words, I had to decide whether to accept it. I chose not to, believing that nothing should be censored, especially when it's just about telling migration stories. This resistance made me more aware of the activism aspect and pushed me to clarify my message.





“The term “Kanakanaka” carries a duality. On one hand, taken as an insult or a label imposed in a racialized way, it conjures up an image of someone prone to violence, lacking intelligence, or embodying all sorts of stigmas associated with it. There’s another side to the term. Reclaiming “Kanakanaka” allows it to shed its negative weight and transform into a declaration. For me, it’s a badge of pride in my origins, a refusal to be boxed in. Even if others label me, I remain both unapologetically myself and a part of society. In truth, I don’t know where German and Japanese would be without us. I navigate two cultures like a tightrope, and that’s something not everyone can do.”

The park stretches wide, indifferent to my hours here,
the rhythm of seeds cracking beneath my teeth a quiet
soundtrack to a solitude shared only with the birds.

Each seed falls like a small rebellion, littering the
ground with traces of my presence.

Faces drift past, unseeing, their gazes sliding like
shadows.





**No nod, no pause, as though the bench and I are one with the trees
– unnoticed and still.**

**When I rise to leave, I wonder if the soil beneath the bench feels my
absence, if it knows the seeds remain, waiting to root themselves in
a place still learning how to hold us.**

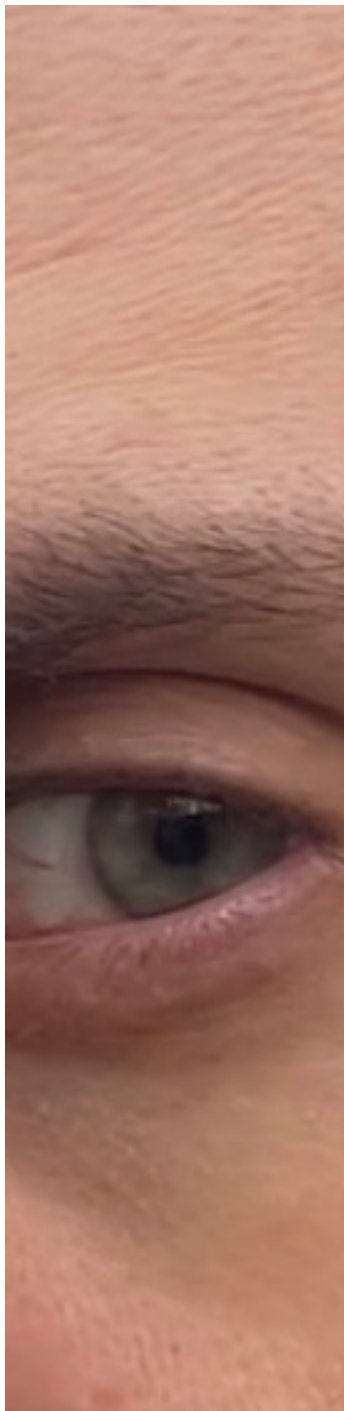


Long after I am gone—after the bench grows cold and the park quiets – the seeds will linger, breaking down, becoming one with the earth that brought us here two generations ago.





K

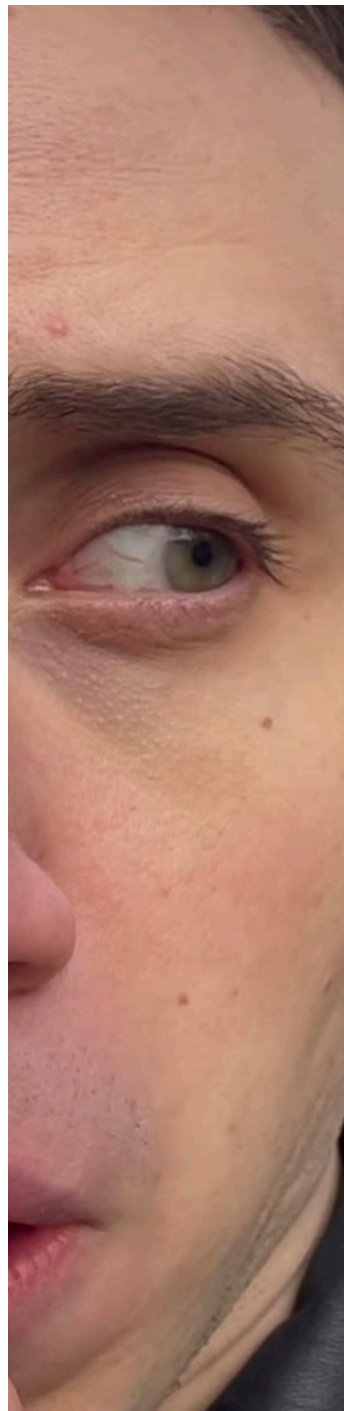


A

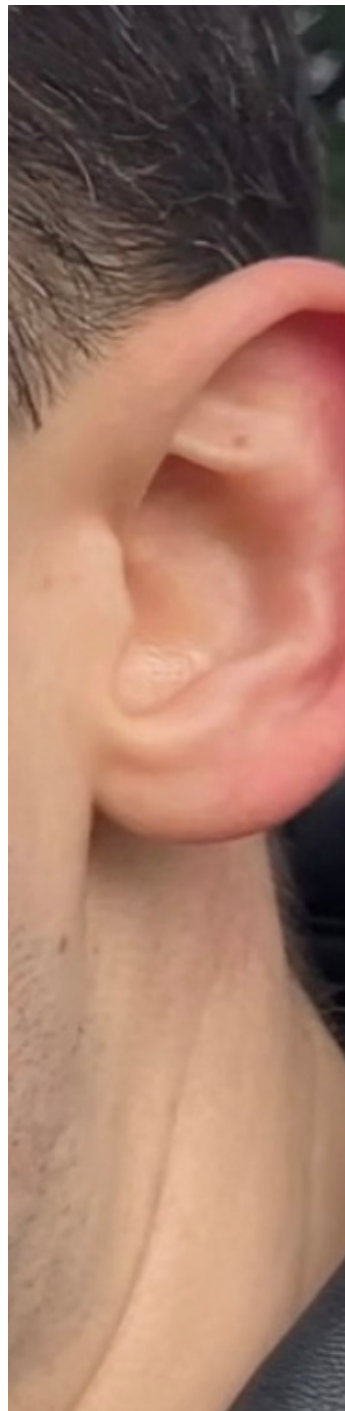


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A



K



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