

**T.C.
SELÇUK ÜNİVERSİTESİ
SOSYAL BİLİMLER ENSTİTÜSÜ
İNGİLİZ DİLİ VE EDEBİYATI ANABİLİM DALI
İNGİLİZ DİLİ VE EDEBİYATI BİLİM DALI**

**CULTURAL CLASHES IN WESTERN SOCIETY IN WHITE TEETH AND
THE SAINT OF INCIPIENT INSANITIES**

Yüksek Lisans Tezi

**Danışman
Yrd. Doç Dr. A. Gülbün ONUR**

**Hazırlayan
Özlem GALİP**

KONYA/2006

CONTENTS

| | |
|---|-----|
| ABSTRACT..... | i |
| ÖZET..... | ii |
| INTRODUCTION..... | 1 |
| CHAPTER ONE: ZADIE SMITH AND HER LITERARY WORLD..... | 4 |
| CHAPTER TWO: ELIF SHAFAK AND HER LITERARY LIFE..... | 12 |
| CHAPTER THREE: THE IMPORTANCE OF TITLES IN <i>WHITE TEETH</i> AND <i>THE SAINT OF INCIPIENT INSANITIES</i> | 24 |
| CHAPTER FOUR: THE BEGINNING OF <i>WHITE TEETH</i> AND <i>THE SAINT OF</i> <i>INCIPENT INSANITIES</i> | 30 |
| CHAPTER FIVE: THE FUNCTION OF NAMES OF THE CHARACTER IN <i>WHITE TEETH</i> AND <i>THE SAINT OF INCIPIENT INSANITIES</i> | 36 |
| CHAPTER SIX: CULTURAL CLASHES IN WESTERN SOCIETY IN <i>WHITE</i> <i>TEETH</i> AND <i>THE SAINT OF INCIPIENT INSANITIES</i> | 43 |
| 6.1. The Effects of Religion on Cultural Clashes..... | 77 |
| 6.2 Metropolises: London, Istanbul, Boston..... | 89 |
| CHAPTER SEVEN: THE ENDING OF <i>WHITE TEETH</i> AND <i>THE SAINT OF</i> <i>INCIPIENT INSANITIES</i> | 95 |
| CONCLUSION..... | 100 |
| WORKS CITED..... | 102 |

ABSTRACT

This thesis aims at examining the parallelism and similarities between the novel of *The Saint of Incipient Insanities* by Elif Shafak and *White Teeth* by Zadie Smith. They are both considered under the category of authors who deal with the issues belonging, identity and cultural diversity. Both novels are written in the aspect of multiculturalism in Western society and also they present the stories of Eastern. This study attempts at demonstrating the cultural clashes included in these stories and to what extent these clashes affect the lives of characters in Western society as immigrants.

It also reveals the conflicts and ambivalences of Eastern which are created due to immigration to a place and culture totally unfamiliar to them and the cost of not being able to relate their own culture with the one they have to live with in the West is so great that they have to face with corruption and assimilation throughout the novels.

ÖZET

Bu çalışma, çağdaş Türk yazarı Elif Şafak'ın romanı Araf ile çağdaş İngiliz yazar Zadie Smith'in İnci Gibi Dişler adlı romanının örtüşen koşut öğelerini kullanılan simgeler aracılığıyla incelemeyi amaçlamaktadır. Her iki yazar da ait olma, kimlik ve kültürel çeşitlilik gibi konuları ele alır. İki roman da çok-kültürlü bir bakış açısıyla yazılmış ve doğulu insanın öyküsünü sunar.

Batı toplumlarıdaki kültürel çatışmalarını içeren çalışmanın ana bölümü olan altıncı bölüm, kendilerine tamamen yabancı olan kültüre ve yere göç eden Doğuluların yaşadıkları çelişiklere ve çatışmalara dikkat çeker. Batı yaşam tarzını benimseme konusunda çektikleri zorlukların yanı sıra kendi kültür ve geleneklerini de muhafaza etmekte de başarısız oluşlarını özellikle vurgulamayı amaçlamaktadır. Her ne kadar karakterlerin göç etme nedenleri ve şekilleri farklı olsa da kimliklerinin kayboluş nedenleri ve şekilleri aynıdır. Tez, Biri doğulu diğeri batılı olarak adlandırabileceğimiz Elif Şafak ve Zadie Smith'in düşüncü/sorgulayış biçimlerinde ve bunları romanlar aracılığıyla ortaya koyuş şekillerinde belirgin bir farkın olmadığını öne sürerek, kültürel çatışmalara karşı hissedilen rahatsızlığın everenselliği üzerinde durmaktadır.

INTRODUCTION

Multiculturalism is a public policy approach for managing cultural diversity in a multi-ethnic society, officially stressing mutual respect and tolerance for cultural differences within a country's borders. As a policy, multiculturalism emphasizes the unique characteristics of different cultures, especially as they relate to one another in receiving nations. The word was first used in 1957 to describe Switzerland, but came into common currency in Canada in the late 1960s. It quickly spreads to other English-speaking countries.

The word **culture**, from the Latin *colo, -ere*, with its root meaning "to cultivate", generally refers to patterns of human activity and the symbolic structures that give such an active significance. Different definitions of "culture" reflect different theoretical bases for understanding, or criteria for evaluating, human activity. Anthropologists most commonly use the term "culture" to refer to the universal human capacity to classify and codify.

Multiculturalism is a stage of historical awakening in which the people of the world are coming to recognize that all the cultures and civilizations of the human family, of the present as of the past, have their intrinsic value and beauty. It is that the recognition that all people are capable of profound, noble, and beautiful expressions of the human spirit, and an effort to understand and appreciate instances of these. In order to form a multicultural society in peace, intercultural competence is essential. Intercultural competence is the ability for successful communication with people of other cultures. This ability can exist at a young age, or be developed and improved. The bases for a successful intercultural communication are emotional competence, together with intercultural sensitivity. Cultures can be different not only between continents or nations, but also within the same company or even family: every human being has its own history, its own life and therefore also its own cultural affiliation (geographical, ethnical, moral, ethical, religious, political, and historical). Multiculturalism can be looked upon as a call to recognize the variety and splendor in humanity's heritage.

If we take up literature as a mirror of human's life, it is so appropriate to find a variety of factors and surroundings of life within literature. Literature especially novels reflect different sorts of people in the society with a realistic aspect and perspective. Multiculturalism is an inseparable part of world today, as a consequence to use multiculturalism in novels as a theme is in rise. It is getting popular day by day. Today that some of the finest contemporary literature in United States is multicultural in origin, narrative, ideas and perspective, and that

issues of family, identity, the search of self-expression, community that are raised by members of other ethnic and racial groups in fiction and nonfiction speak to all of us.

Zadie Smith and Elif Shafak are two contemporary writers who deal with multicultural affairs in their novels. Although they come from quite different cultures, their backgrounds are racially mixed and their history of conflicts is not so different. They lived in a similar structure of society which consists of different sorts of ethnic groups and identity. It is so clear that they have a similar sense of immigration and background. The issues of ethnicity, class, family, friendship, and ignorance are melded together in an extraordinary colorful and gripping read; that takes unexpected turns, and veers off at the strangest tangents. All of their novels deal with this issue but without doubt *White Teeth* and *The Saint of Incipient Insanities* are the most attractive and controversial ones.

Zadie Smith has a Jamaican mother and an English father. Her parents are divorced and she lives in north London where most of the action in *White Teeth* is set. She always did well in school and was very fond of tap-dancing as a teenager. She was educated at a north London comprehensive and read English at Cambridge. She wrote the *White Teeth* when she was a student at Cambridge University.

The *White Teeth* is about an Englishman, Archie Jones, and a Bengali Muslim named Samad Iqbal, who first met after World War II in Turkey; encounter each other after 30 years in the North-West London neighborhood where they live with their families. In a stew of often competing multicultural elements, Archie, Samad, and their families struggle to find their identities amid in the complexities of the 1970s. In New York Times “Editors Choice”, *White Teeth* was nominated as one of the best books of 2000 and it got National book critics Circle award. Professional New Republic Reviews claims that Smith does not lack for powers of invention. The problem is that there is so much of it. At her best, she approaches her characters and makes them human; she is much more interested in this, and more naturally gifted at it, than Rushdie (p. 21).

On the other hand, Elif Shafak, the author of a few novels published in Turkish, has written her first novel in English which is *The Saint of Incipient Insanities*. She was born in France and after her parents got separated she comes to Turkey. She had to travel to Madrid, Spain, Jordan, and Germany as her mother was a diplomat. Her background has a

great influence on the novel. *The Saint of Incipient Insanities* is about the lives of three foreign students in Boston. It explores community and alienation caused by language, religion, and culture. The major character, Omer, who comes from Turkey to Boston, moves in a house with Piyu, a Spanish dental student, and Abed, a Muslim. Despite their differences in culture and language, the three men's outsider status (as well as their common reliance on English as a second language) binds them together while each struggles to find peace.

It is clear that the settings of both novels are different, London and Boston but being two cities of West make them have similar characteristics. Both of them have the best examples of settings to exhibit modern lives. Characters in the novels come from different parts of the world and they have to live in the same society with those who oppose them. They have difficulties in adapting themselves to the culture which is totally strange to them. The opposing group's being always Western is the main common point of those two novels. Western culture and way of living is what they have to stand against and fight otherwise they are in danger of losing their own culture and identity. Throughout both of the novels we witness their striving against external threat caused by the cultural differences and assimilation.

The study will also interrogate these writers' focus on history and dislocation and it presents their profiles their status as conscious citizens. This study will also draw attention to the anachronism that is 'second-generation British/Turkish born immigrants. It will conclude by appraising the significance of authors such as Smith and Shafak for the future of contemporary postcolonial fiction, asking the question as to whether their narratives represent a positive development for contemporary fiction or, alternatively, a refusal to abandon the motifs of past narratives. Both writers' ambition makes us understand the "other" and with this understanding we see that they are sensitive enough to sense the sorrow of other's through their novels.

CHAPTER TWO: ZADIE SMITH AND HER LITERARY WORLD

In one of her interviews with New Yorker's Web site, Zadie Smith points out that some people are very successful in the world. They deliver a sort of necessary shorthand of who they are to everyone they come across. Is it possible to add novelists who come from multicultural life such as Elif Shafak and Smith herself to this category? In what sense do their origin and their way of thinking influence their writings? In order to answer these questions properly, I think, we need to know these two writers in detail and see in what ways do they differ and meet at the same points.

Zadie Smith, when she is in her mittens, she changed her name from Sadie, to Zadie, because she thought that it would make her sound more exotic. She always knew that there was more to a person than body and soul. This indicates that she was thinking of the meaning of words and what they mean from an early age. Sadie means 'mercy' or 'princesses, which is a bit girly. The daughter of an English father and a much younger Jamaican mother, Zadie Smith was born in 1976 at Hampstead, England, and grew up in Willesden Green, a multiethnic neighborhood Northwest of London. No one might know in those days the importance of her being born and being raised in such kind of multicultural society. The best chance she has ever had, perhaps, to witness different sorts of groups that have an obligation to live in the same community. She is often described as having come from a humble background. She argues about humble background in her interview with Sophie Ratchliffe in the *Observer* and explains that she went to a comprehensive school and then got into Cambridge that she joined working class (p.3). After being educated at local state schools, Zadie Smith enrolled in King's College, Cambridge to study English literature. While attending college she published a few short stories in a collection of student writing. A publisher sensed her talent and offered her a contract for publication of her (as yet unwritten) first novel. An unusual amount of attention was paid to the still unfinished debut novel. She uses her birthplace which is a multiracial/multiethnic neighborhood in North London as a setting in her novel. For *White Teeth* she continuously insists that she isn't trying to write about race but trying to write about the country she lives in. She is criticized so many times because of her choice of setting and does not want her novel to be regarded as an autobiographical work. She is quite furious about what is said about the novel and has to reiterate the same speech several times in different places.

Race is obviously a part of the book, but I didn't sit down to write a book about race. I could say that that is a book about race. It is a book about white people. It is exactly a book about race as mine is. I do not frustrate me. I just think that it is a bizarre attitude. So is a book that does not have exclusively white people in the main theme must be one about race? I do not understand that (Ratchliffe, p. 5)

To put the novel in the category of racial/ethnic novels make the work too restricted and analysis of it in this aspect will be insufficient. "This sophisticated, more inclusive point of view is what makes *White Teeth* a particularly fresh turn", says Nina Revoyr, the author of *A Necessary Hunger*, a novel that eloquently explores those cultural and racial intersections in Los Angeles, and she continues to comment on Smith's novel:

It's completely natural in her world that there are people of different colors, religions or sexual orientation. She is not colorblind, but she doesn't let race or religion obscure the fundamental humanity between them. There is no sense of tokenism. Her vision of the world includes all kinds of people. It is very clear to me that race is not the subject, people are. (p. 28)

There is another criticism on her style of creative writing which focuses on her tendency to place various characters to the novel:

This sense of fluidity, of a life as a "social chameleons what sets Smith apart from writers who write about race. Instead of looking at the skin, she has looked at the sidewalks, the streets, and has written about what proximity has created-god and bad frustrating and functional. (Lynell, p. 11)

Smith writes the *White Teeth* while a student at Cambridge. "I had a little spare time on my hands," she explains, fingers flying across the laptop keypad. "Most of it must have been written just up to exams and after exams..." and then she clarifies, "My memories of that time are obscure" (Lynell, p. 4). *White Teeth* is not really based on personal family experience says Smith when she is asked her own mixed-race background which furnishes much of the story and she continues:

When you come from a mixed, race family, it makes you think a bit harder about inheritance and what's passed on from generation to generation. But as for racial tensions-I am sure my parents had the usual trouble getting hotel rooms and so on, but I do not talk to them much about that part of their lives. A lot of it is guesswork or

comes from reading accounts of immigrants coming here. I suppose the trick of the novel, if there is one, is to transpose the kind of friendships we have now to a generation which was less likely to be friends in that way. (Lynell, p. 12)

The imaginative element extends to the way in which race relations are portrayed in the book. Smith offers a very optimistic vision: prejudice exits, but tolerance appears in equal measure, and racist violence is only mentioned briefly and at second hand. Is this an optimism she genuinely feels? “It is a kind of fantasy book,” (p. 7) she says and keeps talking about it with Carl Phillips in the *Observer*:

There is a lot of pessimism currently about race relationships in this country. I think the relationships in the book are something to be wished for, but I think they might exit now, and certainly in future, with the amount of mixing up that has gone on. My generation and my younger brother’s generation even more don’t carry the same kind of baggage. (p. 8).

But racial prejudice is still a part of daily life, especially in London. She tells in the same interview with Phillips that how her 16 year old brother was stopped by the police:

He was just walking down the street and they thought he’d robbed a house or something, so they threw him up against the car, asked him if he had any weed on him. I think it is a completely different experience for black men in this country. (p.8)

Her own experience, she says, was always softened by her academic achievements, though she hints that this might have been through a desire to overcompensate in the face of prejudice:

When I was little, we’d go on holiday to Devon, and there, if you are black and you go into a sweetshop, for instance, everyone turns and looks at you. So my instinct as a child was always to overcompensate by trying to behave three times as well as every other child in the shop, so they knew I was not going to take anything or hurt anyone. I think that instinct has spilled over into my writing in some ways, which is not something I like very much or want to continue. (Phillips, p.8)

She pauses, considering the changing face of the world as she knows it, those serious eyes behind the spectacles locked in focus. She answers the questions of Sophie Ratcliffe from the *Observer* and she reveals her thoughts about immigration:

I do not see immigration as an invasion... I see it as a gift. It is obviously a god thing that people spend more time in each other's lives. And anybody who does not think that is... well... It does not matter what they think because they are swimming against the tide anyway. And they are lost. (p. 4)

The *White Teeth* does not celebrate the triumph of the individual, but rather what survives and blooms in the collaboration and the sense of group. Her broad canvas challenges the narrow territory of the personal story as she explains:

I think that there is an absolute tyranny in modern culture about people's personal experiences. My concern is in themes and ideas and images that I can tie together-problem solving from other places and other worlds. (Ratcliffe, p. 4)

She's concerned with personality. She thinks that her personality will overshadow the message of the novel, the work itself, when there is so much else at stake. She believes that if people are fixated with her, they are not going to get very far, she is not the commodity; the book is. Smith often reveals in this coming new age of polyracial Londoners and the novel often has a celebratory tone. In one of her conversations with Greg Tate in *Bold style Magazine* she concludes:

I find a lot to celebrate in this community I live in and the people I see around me... There is a red head walking with a Chinese kid, a black kid, an Asian kid, and it does not even seem to concern them. And it really lifts your spirits. (p. 2)

The lively novel, *White Teeth*, was also the first book by a very young author. It attracted all kinds of favorable critical attention and awards. Such a success for a first effort must be disquieting to a writer and difficult to accept. Showered with awards and translated into more than twenty languages, it vaulted its author into the forefront of young British novelists. She confesses her worries about her literary future to Tate:

*I have been so terrified you know because *White Teeth* is such a naive book. I did not have any expectations of it, did not worry about critics, I just wrote it was happy, and there was a book, and that is not going to be true anymore. (p. 3)*

In *White Teeth*, the cultural past infuses the present generation, and the future is an experiment already in motion. For Smith, this variegated London landscapes promise abundant beginnings for a new age that will never outgrow, nor escape, its birthrights. The novel reflects a new generation for whom race is the backdrop to daily life rather than the defining characteristic of existence. Some people have said that Smith is depoliticizing race, removing it from its historical context, others say she is ahead of her time, representing modern London as it really is for the first time. Smith has been compared with Salman Rushdie, and does Hanif Kureishi. She is not much happy with this comparison and she discusses the difference in her interview with Tate and explains "So it is a genre, don't you see that? Stereotypes, more bloody nonsense" (p. 3). It is a point that some critics have also remarked on, including the Sunday Times fiction editor Peter Kemp. "The *White Teeth* was clearly inspired by Rushdie's *Satanic Verses*", says Kemp, while her second novel *Autograph man*, and drew heavily on Martin Amis and money. Despite this, *White Teeth* has already spawned its own genre. They have different sort of approaches to criticism made on their characteristic features. She also tells what she thinks about people's regarding her as a bighead in the interview with Tate:

I am one of those people who find it impossible to ignore what people think of me, I find it really depressing. I hate to be not liked, I hate that... I don't know... I think all writers are pretty bloody vain one way or another. (p.3)

Although many criticisms has been made about Smith's unusual subject matter for the first novel, and comments have been made about her bravery in venturing out far from the topics of weight, career and love that are so common in the work of first time female novelists. Zadie Smith describes her acclaimed novel as "a utopian view" of race relations and she reflects her future imagination on the novel with a striking expression "It is what it might be and what it should be and maybe what it will be." (Lynell, p. 3). A "post-racial society" is a controversial notion and could have been mined more. There are plenty of people who would disagree with that description of Britain and it would be interesting to hear their view of Smith's "warm-hearted" novel. Smith herself, in an interview in the *Observer*, hinted that she was keen not to be seen as a writer of baggy, generous, all-life-is-here novels. In her case, she deals with 'ethnic' subjects such as multicultural cohabitation and at the same time overtly disregards conventions of ethnic writing. Without doubt, we can say that the novelists like Smith are like full-time staff that they do not have any other thought but writing. There is

another reality that writing ruins their social skills and they make it sound like a form of torture. So it is a wonder why and how they continue to write. Zadie responds to this question with her all sincerity in one of her interviews:

I love it so much when it is going well. I can not think of anything more satisfying in a total way for my body. If you write all day long, you have got pain everywhere. Your body is almost shaking, the adrenaline of it. It is just a total art form for me. I think it is an amazing thing to be able to do. I make you very, self-sufficient. I can think of a lot of writers who if you said to them, "You have got a jail sentence for 10 years," they would not be so depressed. It is funny that way. You do not need anything. All you need is access to a pen and paper and a few books, you would be just fine. Maybe that is completely delusion of a writer to think that. But I often think that. (Feay, p. 12)

As we see she adores writing as like Turkish contemporary novelist Elif Shafak. Shafak has no different response to it in the interview with *Berliner Zeitung*:

I always have to face some facts about my physical situation when I am in the mood of writing or in the period of it. During my writing I feel pale, while I am trying to explain my complaints, cardiologists diagnose my illness with a single-word that I have never heard before but being going to hear it often: Anxiety nervosa. (p. 4)

In Smith's several interviews, she tells repeatedly how stress and depressed mood she is in while writing and how she stays away from everybody till the novel finishes. It is hard for Smith and Shafak to believe that their life can not be as valuable as their books. The essay, *View from the Margins*, of Anite Mathias uncovers the important points of Smith's writing:

Smith conflates the individual's negotiations through socio-cultural condition into exaggerated representations of hybridized, sometimes overtly 'transnational' identity. Her vision goes far beyond the conventional confrontational models and thus reflects a newer 'fact of life'. Her emphasis on Transnationality does not mean that she endorses dominant socio-cultural discourses. Rather, she strives to open up a new possibility for English literature as well as Black British writing, by subverting our assumptions about 'ethnic' writing. (p.14)

It is easy to reduce Smith to victim of fame. She seems to have spent much of her life preparing for celebrity. She was five or six when she started writing poems and stories. A few years later she was writing pastiches of Agatha Christie. Smith says she sees naked ambition

all around her, and this terrifies her. But she mentions in the interview of Suzi Feay that she must have been ambitious and continues:

I have an ambition to write a great book, but that is really a competition with me. I have noticed that a lot of young writers, people in all media, want to be famous but they do not really want to do anything. I can not think of anything less worth striving for than fame. (p. 3)

Smith sits alone in her bedroom for two years writing the *White Teeth*. Suddenly, she is expected to be more than a novelist- a spokesperson for race, youth and women. She is angry about the expectations and states:

I was expected to be some expert on multicultural affairs, as if multiculturalism is genre of fiction or something, whereas it is just a fact of life-like there are people of different races on the planet. I give my opinion, the you get 50 phone calls saying “well, I do not think Ms Smith has the right to give opinion on something she knows nothing about. (Phillips, p. 4)

When she is in the time of writing, she finds hard to relate to people. She does not avoid telling this lacking of communication with outdoor to Phillips:

If I am let out to go to party, say, and I have not been out for three or four weeks, I do not realize that most people have colleagues and they know how to smooth things over in conversation. You do not always have to tell the truth, for instance, about how you are feeling every second of the day. (p. 4)

One can easily sense that Shafak and Smith are so used to thinking on their feet that they always have a sharp answer. They both have some experience about how things work in America. When we listen to both of them, it is hard to find a difference in their impression of America. They oftentimes declare the heavy burden on them due to America. When we read her sentences about America, it gets easier to understand this burden:

Certainly people talk about different things. I noticed in America that if you write a book of any kind, you are made to be the representative of all the issues that might surround it. So you are consequently called on radio shows and asked. “What is the future of Islam? There is a kind of desperate need for somebody to tell everyone what

to do, which I find really peculiar in America. And then when you tell them, they are not interested, because it is also a country where everybody's opinion is their opinion, and they really don't give a damn what you think. So it is very odd experience. (Phillips, p. 4)

In a recent conversation, Zadie Smith is asked how she manages the media attention. She remains remarkably unseduced by the glowing reviews she has been receiving. She concedes that few women of late have secured the spotlight for serious novel writing, and that sometimes gets lonely among the literary lads. "It does feel like a boy's gang." (Phillips, p. 5) she mentions but she is equally frustrated at the kinds of fiction that women are writing at the moment and she illustrates this frustration with the interview of Phillips:

The kind of Bridget Jones-ish school which is about being looked at and observed and judged by other people. And that is not a good state of mind to be in if you want to write fiction... Women need to feel that they are the subjects and the person who is doing the writing and the thing who is being loaded or judged or observed by other people. (p. 5)

Once she goes to a photo shoot for a magazine and finds herself lost in a sprawl of make-up artists, dressers and little pride dresses that could not fit her. Her comments on this experience are so striking and important that her sentences reveal the difficulties that a woman has to face:

I would not mind if I saw five-hour photo shoots for Martin Amis, but that does not happen. If you are a woman it is as if they want to reduce everything to the same denominator. That you must present yourself as attractive woman even if you are a rocket scientist. It is total arse isn't it? (Phillips, p. 6)

What really baffles Smith about is that she genuinely does not think much of her work. When the radio programme *Woman's Hour* turned to the subject of her writing, she claims that "I don't think I am hugely original writer".

CHAPTER TWO: ELIF SHAFAK AND HER LITERARY LIFE

It is very hard to draw a certain profile of Elif Shafak. Her novels pop up on best seller lists in Turkey, and the Economist magazine recently heralded her the up and coming rival to the country's "other" internationally acclaimed writer, Orhan Pamuk. Her opinions are sought out by the Turkish newspapers, chapters of her academic writing circulate the internet among earnest user groups, and her name is bandied with equal casualness in Oxford seminars and Istanbul dinner parties. She has been attacked for reviving Ottoman words, for her fascination with religion, and now for "betraying" her mother tongue by writing in English. Her interview with *Berliner Zeitung* highlights the accusations she faces:

I wrote my most recent novel in English. Switching from writing in Turkish to writing fiction in English has been painful and challenging. I wrote with an instinctual resistance to a sense of loss, as if I had a phantom limb. And yet at the same time, I very much enjoyed writing in English because it gave me more space for ambiguity and flexibility. As soon as my novel was out in Turkey, I was extensively criticized for abandoning my native tongue, for committing some sort of a cultural betrayal. While my nationalist critics kept asking where would I now belong, "either to Turkish or to English literature?" I believe their question is wrongly and rigidly formulated. I believe it is possible to be "both... and..." instead of "either... or" in this world, or at least in the world of fiction. (p. 2)

She is the real proof of one who can be multicultural, multilingual, and multifaith even if it causes to be blamed of denying her origin and identity. She explains to *Berliner Zeitung* how she stands close to her own culture and origin in reality:

I refuse to choose. I refuse to pluck words out of language. I feel like a language orphan. Borges had oftentimes remarked that his grandmother's language which is a mixture of his concise style. My experience is quite the opposite. My grandmother's language which is a mixture of women's sphere, oral culture, folk Islam, superstitions, supernaturalism and spirituality can not be directly ferried to the highbrow genre of the novel. Images are lost on the way because there exist no matching words. (p. 2)

She believes that in reality language controls us, our vision, and our imagination. She gives herself over to language and its power. As she indicates to *Berliner Zeitung*:

That's my experience. I write from inside. I don't see language as an instrument which I can use for my own ends. I write a sentence, because the previous sentence demands it. (p. 2)

There are mixed reactions that she has had so far for the book's translation into Turkish not the opposite one which is translation into English. She has her own readers that keep coming from the beginning. There are also some who wholly stand against her especially from the literary world of Turkey:

I think what upsets me most is that in Turkey the literary world is very much writer-oriented rather than writing-oriented. So when you publish a new novel they oftentimes talk about you but they don't talk about the book as much, which is what I need: literary criticism. So I do feel that's an obstacle for a writer. Some writers do enjoy that because it's a small pond in that sense and people can become the king and the queen of that and life becomes a loop or a repetition. I think it's very much European continental tradition. ("I like being several people", p.2)

As she mentions in her sentences, her novels are not something a product of a certain culture but like all humanity and its past and culture take place in them so powerfully. The most striking point of her personality is that she does not restrict herself to a literal definition of border-crossing. As the characters in her first English novel, *The Saint of Incipient Insanities*, she feels like an alien who has little to do with status or names. Words are her powerful weapons. Not only the words or sentences but names have got a great place in her life so in her novels. She underlines the importance of letters and names in her first novel *Penman* and mentions "Names are magical" (p. 28). Of course, she has got her own reasons about why she thinks like that for names. In all her novels, and interviews, it typical to come across such ideas. She says different things about names but the essence of them is always same. In one her of interviews, she confirms her thoughts and adds something more about names in the book review of Andrew Finkel. She mentions that "Name is the way that lies

down human's existence castle" (p. 2). She never hesitates to tell how important the names for her and she proves it in her private life too. She refuses to use her own surname as a rebellion against her father; instead she prefers to use her mother's name a surname and announces it in pride. She does not omiticize the system of feudalism in Eastern societies but she also wants to deliver a message to her father, who deserted her in her early age that she can keep living even without his name. It can be said that this may encourage her readers in the same situation to do same thing.

We get our names in coincidence like the mistakes made by register of birth. However, I wonder the relation between names obtained, like traditions of Middle Asia, not the names that been born in. It might be nickname or ascription. For example, I do not use my surname but a name I choose on my own. (Macdonald and Frank, p. 1)

Shafak is quite happy with her name. She says she likes the meanings of "Elif". Especially in Islamic mysticism and perceives her name as a gate to open unknown, undiscovered. It is quite clear that names are very important. She also likes the old Jewish tradition of changing their name when they change their life. She likes the idea that when someone moves to a new country and change his/her language, that names change too. It's pronounced differently, shortened. Their new friends shape it to suit their language. There are many people who complain when their name is pronounced differently. She likes it when that happens. She has the feeling of reproducing herself. She likes being many people. It is quite amazing to see both novelists',Zadie Smith and Elif Shafak, sovereignty and respect towards their names and their way of protecting them against exterior factors. Elif Shafak comes from East in origin but it is difficult to say so because she has had the same opportunities of environment or education like Smith. Shafak tells the story of changing her name to Alison Macdonald and Sarah Frank:

If your father is dead then it's no problem. You can tell your friends, your classmates and, their parents, "My father is dead". But when he's still alive and you only get a postcard from him every now and then, talk to him every now and then on the phone, then he grows. He doesn't exactly become important, but his absence increases. I cried for my father, hated him, and pushed him aside. One after the other. His name might be in my passport but I don't use it. My books are not published in his name. Shafak,

my writer's name is my mother's first name. It means something like break of dawn. And it's the first letter of the alphabet. (p. 1)

Turkey is still a society, she says, in which “a girl is very much her daughter’s father” so being the off-spring of someone who simply wasn’t there, helped define her seeming lack of definition. She was born in Strasbourg, and spent part of her formative years in Madrid at an international school while her mother worked at the Turkish embassy. She was aware even as a young child that she was not a conventional diplomatic brat, but the child of a single, working mother. Even now she refuses all contact with her father, but latterly she has come to know her brothers and to realize the vilified missing parent of her imagination is someone whom they care for and love. Due to the variety of countries she has been in, Istanbul, Jordan, Germany and Michigan, she learns from early age how to handle many identities at the same time. Her characters keep changing countries, time, gender, and name too. Nothing appears solid and stable in her novels:

Sometimes I feel like a nomad lacking solid space. According to an old Islamic narrative there is a tree in heaven that has its roots up in the air. Sometimes I liken my past to that tree. I do have roots, but my roots are not in one place, neither in the ground nor in the air. I'm connected to different cultures, and that's, I think, part of the reason why I believe it's possible to be multicultural, multilingual and multifaith. On the other hand, I'm not sure this is a good time to be multicultural because, to tell you the truth, on many sides you're kind of being rejected—it's difficult. To a certain extent I'm very much attached to many things in Turkey, the women's culture, the Folk Islam and so on, but I'm in no way attached to the national identity. Sometimes I feel like a misfit when I'm there. (Macdonald and Franks, p. 2)

She can not slip out the feeling of isolation and the sense of not belonging to anywhere and this makes her question why she has an obligation to represent any nationality. Her background allows her start to ask, even at her early ages, why she feels as an outsider and latecomer. She starts living in her own homeland as a foreigner and she is quite indecisive about how to deal with that feeling of being a foreigner and she continues to tell her background to Macdonald and Frank in the same interview:

I learned English in Spain where I attended a British college, which perhaps was not the right place for me. It was a place where the children of diplomats went; it was a very cosmopolitan elite school. And I was coming from a different environment. I

couldn't adapt to it. But there and then I experienced that whoever you are in the eyes of others you are first and foremost your nationality. I was the only Turkish child in that school, and I remember vividly it was a time when a Turkish terrorist had tried to kill the Pope, so all these children ostracized me in a way because I had tried to kill the Pope! I remember observing there a hierarchy of nationality; an Indian girl and I were at the bottom. There was nothing popular about being Turkish or Indian—it was good to be Dutch! (p. 2)

The only continuity in her life has been writing. She starts writing at a very early age not because she wants to become an author, but because she has had a very lonely childhood full of cultural alienation. So writing becomes the only thing that she drives with her when she moves from one place to another. And in that sense, she thinks it gives her a sense of coherence and unity. It holds her pieces together. She tells the importance of writing for her in a few sentences:

Writing was the only thing that gave me a sense of continuity. At first I kept diaries. But to tell the truth my life was so boring instead of writing my personal daily life in those diaries, I would rather write the lives of people who did not exist or things that had not really happened. Thus, easily, diaries turned into stories and after that, stories evolved into novels. The only thing that has not changed is the central role that writing plays in my life, its being my basic sense of continuity in a life otherwise marked by ruptures and discontinuities. (Macdonald and Frank, p. 3)

She is quite young and already the author of a few impressive novels. It is clear that writing comes so naturally in her life. She can not evaluate her writings without setting aside her past and childhood:

Writing came at a relatively early age not because I wanted to become a writer or anything but because I was a very lonely child. I almost never saw my father, I never saw my stepbrothers, I did not even know they existed and because of the continuous move from one place to another I could not have long-term friendships. Childhood loneliness went hand in hand with one cultural alienation after another. Books became my refuge I guess. I used to read a lot, first in Turkish then in Spanish and English. I

used to find the life depicted in books more real than the “real” life. That is how I started writing fiction. As I moved from one place to another, writing was the only thing that came with me, it was my only luggage. (Macdonald and Frank, p. 5)

"I sent myself into exile," (p. 4) she says in the same interview, and her current port of call is a tenure track job at the University of Arizona. Her name in the novel in English is spelled with the addition of (h) to be pronounced easily. She gets accused of pandering to a foreign audience. But in America she feels she is also being judged and packaged in others' imagination as a "Middle Eastern woman writer". She is political and she supports left but at the same time she is clearly motivated by faith in a god who commands through love rather than rules through obedience and fear. It is difficult to give an address for her. Although she has traveled to too many cities and has lived in them for a while and then moves on others, she does not complain about her unstableness or the situation of migrating all the time. It is clear that this is the choice of her for living which is her free choice. However, still it can be said that Istanbul is her favorite city:

The city is important for me. I don't just think of it as the background to my life and writing, but as a person. Istanbul greets me when I wake up in the morning. But I don't only live there; I also live six months of the year in the USA in Tucson, Arizona. It doesn't make things easy for my friends and it's painful for me too. But it's the only way I can live. Not that I don't have roots. I have very strong roots, but they don't go into the earth. They are air roots (Macdonald and Frank, p.5)

She does not feel obliged to make a choice between East and West. For her, these are completely illusionary concepts. She enjoys being able to combine things that are remote from each other. For her, a true cosmopolitan is far more interested in cultures and their history than a nationalist. It needs a foreigner's eye, an outsider viewpoint to see things that the local people no longer see and Shafak lists the necessity of keep moving all the time in the same interview:

If you go to Istanbul, you'll see things there that no Istanbul sees. You'll notice smells, noises and sounds that the Instabilities would never notice. If you're too emerged in something you're no longer aware of it. I like this dilemma, of being insider and outsider at the same time. It's good to move around. To go away and come back. It's difficult because you have to learn to accept that you don't know about everything, that

you have to learn. It's a humiliating experience. But I like it. I like being a commuter.
(p. 6)

When one starts to know Shafak, it is not so difficult to guess that nationalism is not the term that can be used for her and for her novels. It is what she has tried to escape all her life and even presents as something that should be avoided and destroyed. It is the destruction of all humanity and peace. To Macdonald and Frank, she explains how she stands against nationalism and she mentions "But one thing I do fear everywhere in the world is nationalism. That's the danger; not Christianity or Islam "(p. 6). That is why she never hesitates moving into different cities and add new word to her literary life and sees a foreign language as a treasure. She is never satisfied with what is given to her and she always looks for new roots, thus her desire can be explained with her working in America as an academician:

At the University of Tucson there are people from all over the world. They come from Iran, India, Japan, everywhere. The majority of them make a very strict division between their past and their present lives. They were Iranians, Japanese. Now they are Americans. It's different with me. I don't stop being Turkish when I'm in the USA, and I'm also an American when I'm in Istanbul. (p. 6)

She decides to continue her life in America as an academician and she does not bother to live in different cultures. She sounds quite optimistic in the interview with Macdonald and Frank:

Coming to this country and starting to write in another language has been very difficult but it has also been invigorating for me. You know I was a different person; I am a different person now. My voice changes, my tone changes, and I like that. I mean, some people panic when they lose their personality; I enjoy that, I see it as richness. You meet this other person in you who perhaps hasn't had the chance to come forward that much (p. 5)

Shafak states that "You have to move beyond categories of good and bad. People are multi-layered and you can't judge them by blocks and association," (p. 3) in the interview of *Berliner Zeitung*. It seems a simple enough observation but Elif Shafak worries that Turkish society is becoming less and less interested in its own past and less accepting its own complexity. She sees people drifting into isolated groups where membership is based on conformity and outward appearances rather than curiosity and substance. It is a current

against which she swims both through her fiction and also through her social commentary. She feels compelled to keep moving, if only to avoid being filed and classified by a public not so much interested in what she says but to learn whose side she is on. She illustrates the problem of classification in *Berliner Zeitung*:

There are people who are fascinated by their reflection. They only want to see themselves everywhere. They want to be surrounded by people who have the same name, the same culture, the same religion, the same language. These sorts of people like to live in enclaves, in protectorates. If they are Muslims, obsessed by their reflection, they want to be surrounded by Muslims. If they are Germans, they want to be surrounded by Germans. The pattern is always identical. (p. 1)

Christopher Hitchens, the British writer who recently becomes an American citizen, has said that in the United States "internationalism is your patriotism." It is an appropriate sentence to define the authors because both Shafak and Smith are born in cosmopolitan cities and both have chosen America as a second home intentionally for its multicultural/multiethnic features. In *Berliner Zeitung* Shafak argues:

Ofentimes immigrants have a very clear distinction in their minds, like they have drawn a distinction, a line, between their past and their future. So, let's say they used to live in Syria once and they are not living there anymore. So, full stop. You know what I mean? Or many other people, many immigrants. You know, they have this past in this other country; now they're here and full stop. That's not quite the case with me. I mean, rather than doing that, the way I feel it is, I live in two places at the same time. I live in Istanbul and Arizona at exactly the same time, which is kind of weird because these are completely different contexts and completely different places. So it's not an either/or for me. It's both, and I believe in that. (p. 3)

She keeps saying it's ironic but she does not feel like a foreigner in America anymore. In Turkey she is a native but there are times when she feels like a foreigner and she does not know how to deal with that. She confesses how she is still very much attached to Istanbul. She feels like she's living in two places, Istanbul and Arizona, at the same time. She sees herself estranged from a literary establishment which in its heart still has a mission to lead the masses to the promised land of modernity. She sees herself as not just migrating from country to country, city to city but language to language. Even in her native language she believes that she pays attention to the vocabularies of different cultures which many of her contemporaries

just don't hear. "Why are you going there?" her friends asked about her first novel, Penhan, about faith and mysticism which has its major characters a reverend hermaphrodite at the centre of a Sufi order. She thinks that destruction is creative. These seeming opposites belong together. She is interested in how they permeate each other. She likes the dialectic of death and life. She has always been interested in seemingly contradictory opposites and their destruction. This interest is basically what stimulates her writing. Her explanations to *Berliner Zeitung* are in the favor of the idea that being an author is to associate oneself with God:

Authors are very powerful people. As long as they're writing, they can pull all the strings. They create people and kill them off. Sitting at their desks they play God. The more you read, the less you know. But that's precisely what's important for me. That too is a lesson in humility. After the egotism of the all-knowing, all-powerful author. We all need to have something else, to keep a balance. Carpenters need it, gardeners, and writers too. Writers have to continually step out of the self-centered world of their fictions. Otherwise they get totally engulfed and don't even notice it. (p. 6)

She questions being representative of region. It seems as a burden for her. She does not understand the ambition of some writers who express themselves on behalf of their nations. She does not want to be the voice of anyone or anything and concludes:

Part of the dilemma that I face is that there's always a label, an identity, attached to you, especially when you're coming from the Middle East and especially when you are a woman. If you are an Algerian woman novelist the expectation is you should be writing about the problems of being a woman in Algeria, period. Especially in America, function is attributed to fiction. The repressive and the progressive circles, I call them, because it's especially the progressive circles that have these expectations if you are coming from the so-called Third World. In the name of giving a voice to a suppressed sister they attach a national identity. And that identity walks ahead and the quality of your fiction follows behind. On the other hand the relationship between politics and aesthetics is very important. It's not black and white, like you either choose politics or aesthetics. If you choose the latter then political matters are not important for you and if you choose aesthetics, well, then the world of aesthetics is a luxury. If you are a writer coming from Afghanistan, do you have the luxury to question these literary traditions that people in New York discuss? It's dangerous

when art becomes the property of a very selective minority in the Western world. The rest of us are excluded from that. So the matrimony between politics and aesthetics is quite important. (p. 6)

She is against the misunderstanding of art of fictions. She thinks that books do not have missions such as teaching something and giving a lesson or message. As she mentions in *Berliner Zeitung*:

I'm telling you my story but I'm also telling you your story. And as a matter of fact there is no me and you, you know, everything is very much interconnected. In today's world this is not something people want to hear. That is what scares me. There is this tendency to attribute a function to fiction. We have to learn something from a book, it has to have a function, it has to represent a minority, and it has to represent a community. It's okay, I mean, some books do that. But art is also the ability to be someone else. It's also the ability to imagine, to lie, to be able to change identity, to abandon your own identity. So that second aspect of art should not be killed. (p. 7)

She is aware of the obstacles that she has had so far not only the literal ones but also the cultural ones. Sexism still has been the main problem of female writers as if literature is bound to male writers who can only write about serious matters. She tells to the *Berliner Zeitung* the difficulties that a woman writer has go through:

If you're coming from the Middle East, people look at you as a Middle Eastern woman novelist. So your identity walks ahead and the quality of your fiction has to follow. Before looking at the quality of your fiction they look at your identity. And they fix, pigeonhole you. That's something I don't need. I can write a book about what it means to be a woman in a particular Middle Eastern country. The next book might be about a gay in San Francisco, you know, why not? Whereas this framework says no, you can't write the second story if it's not your story—tell me your story. And it works both ways. I mean, writers write—if you're an Algerian woman novelist, you write about the problems of being a woman in a Muslim country, in Algeria, and then many doors open. This is what you tell; this is what people want to hear. (p. 8)

There is discrimination not only in society but also in the literary world. Literary genres in literature are separated among female and the male writers as if there are some female writers who do not have the ability to comment on some subjects. It happens so in all

over the world. They have to charge as twice as effort that the male writers charge to stand still and to succeed in keeping their place in creative writing. Shafak puts forward her worries about being a woman writer and shares them with *Berliner Zeitung*:

Now if you are a woman and if you're writing poetry, that's fine; everyone's fine with that because women are expected to be emotional and poetry is thought to be emotional, so it matches in their eyes. That said, there's a very old tradition of poetry in the Ottoman Empire so it's a very old tradition. But the novel was the voice of the bourgeoisie; it was the voice of European Enlightenment, of modernization, so it's something new, relatively speaking. And I don't think it's a coincidence that most novelists were fathers to their readers. So you have to be a man, you have to be above a certain age. The novel is seen as a cerebral activity—you are constructing a society—and you are giving a message through your work to the reader. (p. 4)

In her novels, she seems to draw together different geographies. Her characters spend their time popping out of categories. They change their names, their countries, their politics, and their sexes, and in one of her earliest novel, even their centuries. The novel, *The Saint of Incipient Insanities*, is like a salad bowl of cities and cultures. Each of the characters has their own voice and their identity that they try to hold on tightly. Her contact with her mother tongue has been cut off at several points. Sometimes people take their mother tongue for granted. Just the sheer fact that it is your mother tongue doesn't mean you know it or you profess it. She does not see language as something we profess; she does not see it as a vehicle or as a tool. She sees it as a space, as a continent we enter into. And continents shrink. Our imagination shrinks. The way we think shrinks. She questions those who are intentionally apart from others to and mentions in *Berliner Zeitung*:

On the one the nationalists with a lot of xenophobia, people who want to live with their mirror images; on the other hand there are the cosmopolitans, people who are willing to live with others coming from different backgrounds. It's also a big test for the Europeans because most Europeans are asking themselves "what are we going to do with so many Muslim minorities in the middle of the EU?" So it's a big question of coexistence for all of us. But, of course, today international relations don't appreciate ambivalence. We live in a world in which you always have to clarify "are you one of us or not? (p. 5)

Not the content but the way of creating something is also important. She thinks writing

is not something that can be achieved with strict rules and it can not be in the control of power. As long as you free yourself from any authority and system, you can create something real and something that can be felt in depth:

There are two phases in my work. In one I write my novel. Then I'm obsessed and not normal. But when the novel's ready, I switch over to the other person. I become interested again in the world around me, in family and friends. And I start to do things other than writing. I live in this pendular rhythm. There are authors who do things completely differently. They write like bureaucrats, five hours a day, eight pages day after day. They are disciplined. It doesn't matter if it rains or snows, or if the sun is shining, or what's happening in the outside world of friends or family. It doesn't matter if they're in a good mood or bad, if they're healthy or sick. I'm not like this at all. (Macdonald and Frank, p. 5)

She thinks being anti-authoritarian is fun and it's also good and challenging. This is enough to make someone rebellious and crazy. This is the way she follows and goes for writing without any role models as she summarizes in the interview with Macdonald and Frank:

No. I have no role models. I don't like role models. Bertolt Brecht wrote "unglücklich das Land, das Helden nötig hat" (unhappy the country that needs heroes). I don't like heroes. I don't want to look up to anyone. I don't want to walk in anyone's footsteps. But of course there are lots of people who have inspired me and continue to do so. But I've never put anyone on a pedestal. (p. 6)

CHAPTER THREE: THE IMPORTANCE OF TITLES IN *WHITE TEETH* AND *THE SAINT OF INCIPIENT INSANITIES*

The title of the novel is a part of text-the first part of it, in fact, that we encounter-and therefore has considerable power to attract and condition the readers' attention (Lodge, p.32). The sense of title's indicating a theme and giving a clue what the novel is supposed to be about is quite strong in both novels.

"A STRANGER in a stranger land" might describe almost all the characters of Zadie Smith's epic first novel, which ranges back and forth over "the century of the great immigrant experiment". Teeming with characters, their tangled histories and conflicting beliefs, *White Teeth* capture the colorful, multicultural landscape of London. Despite this joyful multiplicity, Smith is concerned with the "fundamentals": belonging (Englishness) and roots (the past) which illustrates the image of white teeth. The novel follows lives of the two families, originally from Bangladesh and Jamaica that their connected stories have brought them to Willesden Green. Samad, educated and proud, is a waiter in an Indian restaurant and yearns for the spirituality of the East. His diminutive wife Alsana, who is "really very traditional, very religious, and lacking nothing except the faith", sews leather underwear for a shop in Soho. Samad's best friend, Archie, an average Englishman, finds luck quite late in life when he meets his gorgeous, toothless Jamaican wife, running away from her past. But it is their offspring who struggles the most to belong to somewhere. *White Teeth* is concerned with history as a motivating force and as a contestable value, and uses the image of teeth as a narrative device and historiographical metaphor. The teeth image becomes the prevailing metaphor for the novel's historical process with the three chapters named "root canals" displaying the back histories of Archie, Samad, Mangal Pande, and Hortense Bowden. The first of these tells of Archie and Samad's war-time experience, as the narrator first asks. Then answers the question, how "how far back do you want?" how far will do?" taking the reader, "back, back, back. Well, all right, then. Back to Archie spit clean, pink-faced and polished" (83). The first three chapters entitled as "root canals" depict the origins of Archie and Samad's friendship, but also contains within the lie on which it was built. Teeth and "root canals" function as a way of constructing history in the novel. Smith's use of teeth as a device for constructing the past is effective.

The title of *White Teeth* alerts the reader that teeth might play an important role in the

text, and they do. The first point in the book at which the image of teeth appears is with the character Clara. When Archie sees her for the first time as she descends from the staircase, he thinks that “she was the most beautiful thing he has ever seen, she was also the most comforting woman he had ever met...” but one imperfection she has which is, without doubt, her blackness. The other one is her lacking teeth in an accident at the beginning of the book. When Smith draws a portrait of Clara, Smith illustrates the function of teeth on beauty with the description of Clara and says in her novel that “She gave him a wide grin that revealed possibly her one imperfection. A complete lack of teeth in the top of her mouth” (p.24). In chapter two, entitled “Teething trouble”, the reader discovers the story behind the opening paragraph of the chapter: “Clara was from somewhere, she had roots... because before she was beautiful she was ugly”. Smith describes her as “Clara Bowden... was gangly bucktoothed” (p.24) and puts forward her defect. By the use of the teeth image, Smith emphasizes the importance of roots and the past. By using the story of Clara’s teeth, she demonstrates that her story does not start when she meets Archie. Smith allows us to learn about Clara’s past from a postcolonial and feminist standpoint. She also allows a member of the marginalized “Black Britain” to have a voice. There are so many references to teeth which includes Clara’s teeth knocked out in a scooter accident. When Clara loses her teeth, Smith shows that Clara has had a part of her roots taken from her. The reason why she loses her teeth is when she was riding with Ryan Topps “Clara fell, knocking the teeth out of the top her mouth... Ryan stood up without a scratch” (p.37). Ryan Topps, a white male, does not lose his teeth because he has strong roots deeply embedded within English patriarchal society. It is interesting to move on Smith’s part to make Ryan as a person who causes Clara to lose her roots because it shows how the colonizing world attempts to eradicate and marginalize the “other.” Ryan plays an active role in her faith unintentionally. He has taken something hard and concrete within Clara, which is irreplaceable. Perhaps Clara loses her roots in her faith as a Jehovah’s Witness, in part because of Ryan. Another aspect of teeth involves how they are constructed: they have roots, and has only one set of permanent row. We should also note the connection of teeth to identity. In chapter seven, “molars” Mr. J.P. Hamilton explains to Irie, Magid, and Milat about the implications of not taking care of teeth:

And when your teeth tot... aaah, there is no return. They won’t look at you like they used to... But while you are young; the important matter is the third molars. They are more commonly referred to as the wisdom teeth... They are your father’s teeth, you see, wisdom teeth are passed down by the father. So you must be big enough for them.

(Smith, p. 173)

The teeth refer to one's roots and the essence of personality. All the people in the world have different quality from each other. They are the unique part of our body that differ us from others. Hamilton tries to emphasize our not having a second chance to replace it:

One sometimes forgets the significance of one's teeth. We are not like the lower animals-teeth replaced regularly and all that-we are of the mammals, you see. And mammals get two chances with teeth. (Smith, p. 172)

Hamilton's remark implies that by losing our teeth, a person loses a part of their identity. Another interesting aspect of teeth is the ways in which they are used to identify people in crime scenes. For example, other than DNA, teeth are the next important source of identifying one which has no two set of teeth is alike. Although teeth seem to be such a minor entity, Smith demonstrates how important they are to one's identity, especially to a marginalized person such as Clara. The story of Clara's losing her front teeth plays a role in terms of understanding who Clara is, her life prior to her meeting Archie, and the way in which white Britain oppresses people of color. At the end of the book Irie, daughter of Clara, decides to become a dentist and she is happy with this decision. Whereas white men are hard to spot, all you need to see is the flash of whiteness to know where to shoot. It's a book about race, about the problems of being second generation black or Asian in modern Britain, about trying to challenge your genetic inheritance and about the huge suitcase of the past which every immigrant lugs behind them when they come to a new land. The *White Teeth* uses as its central metaphor the image of a white soldier fighting black men in the jungle. When Irie, Magid and Millat visit an old age pensioner with Harvest Festival gifts, he tells them about his experiences in the Congo. We see his linking his story of white teeth to a history of Empire and racist attitudes. He says he recognizes their enemies by their white teeth and points out that "Those are the split decisions you make in war. See a flash of white and bang!" p. 173). Their white teeth are distinctive features of them and it makes the English army shoot them easily. It has a strong effect on the children. When Millat responds by saying that his father was a hero for the British army. He does not believe in him and tells "Fibs will rot your teeth." (p. 173). After we meet the third family, Alsana describes the Chalfens as "birds with teeth, with sharp little canines-they don't just steal, they rip apart!"(p.344). Like the recent scene, East is east, this novel is a shameless but affectionate satire on minority cultures. However,

racism is a quietly simmering subtext. The Chalfens, a hippie, hypocritical couple, are enlisted to impart some Chalfenism (British middle-classiness) into Millat and Irie, with disastrous results. Alsana summarizes this on the behalf of all the Eastern people:

I am saying these people are taking away my son from me. Birds with teeth! They are englishifying him completely. They are deliberately leading him away from his culture and his family and his religion (p. 345).

Smith's first describing Samad is quite different from the latter description of him. At first sight, his teeth's whiteness is so charming and attractive. Smith does not hesitate to mention it and claims that " Samad Iqbal, a tall handsome man with the whitest teeth and a dead hand" p.50). Smith defines two immigrant parents as "damaged people, missing hands, missing teeth"(p.) when Smith describes a woman from Clara's past, she uses the image of teeth which is so white that looks like fake and brings to lights this fakeness by saying "That was a downright lie. False as her own white teeth"(p. 355). It is a fact that immigrants feel themselves as rootless when they are far from their homeland and their language. They live with somebody else's culture and they breathe somebody else's air. The sentence from the novel "Clara was from somewhere. She had roots. More specifically, she was from Lambent (via Jamaica)" (p. 24) attracts attention and directs us to Clara's origin and roots. Smith's characters may resemble stereotypes by their dent of their accents or behavior (Clara's Jamaican patois; Alsana's Anglo-Bangladeshi ways; where they live; what they eat), but her emphasizing missing teeth as an absence or weakness of their identity as an expatriate is so powerfully drawn.

On the other hand, *The Saint of Incipient Insanities* is set in its own peculiar universe without frontiers, that of the international student flat-share in Boston where three postgraduates, from Turkey, Morocco and Spain, try (and mostly fail) to make sense of love and life as they quest for the grail of a doctoral degree. The Turkish retranslation of the title is the much simpler which is *Araf*, which means "purgatory" or "the land in between"? Is this where Elif Shafak sees herself? She is extraordinarily composed for someone who lives on shifting sands. As she expresses to *Berliner Zeitung* "I know not to take things for granted, to expect change and not to panic, to accept discontinuity, moods and shifts" (p. 3), she intentionally sends herself to exile to feel the shifting sands.

There are not certain references of title in the novel like *White Teeth* but we can say that meaning and association of the term is embedded all over the descriptions and pages. Throughout the novel the title *Araf* is widened gradually and depth of its meaning becomes diffused with the plot. The meaning of English title of the novel has no relevance with the Turkish meaning of it. The ambition of Shafak is unknown but we can say that the Turkish title is better in reflecting the essence of novel. Regarded as Turkey's most important woman novelist, Shafak says she can empathize with the "real stranger" because that is how she feels most of the time both in Turkey and America. She refuses to choose between East and West. She concentrates on the myriad voices of America, countercultures, conflicting and coexisting colors, and diversity in the novel. She reflects this complicated structure and culture. Her main concern is the image that is utterly difficult to put into words. The image is "threshold". A zone that belongs to neither "here" nor "there" neither "inside" nor "outside", neither "East" nor "west". A space of ambiguity and in-between Dom is the most difficult to describe for a writer. But themes such as the searching of one's roots, alienation, spirituality and superstition run like leitmotifs through Shafak's book and this signifies that she stands right on the threshold. The cultural distrust of thresholds extends back in time and has a historical background deeply embedded in our subconscious like the characters of *The Saint of Incipient Insanities*. Some of them feel that standing on this threshold in a foreign country seems quite usual but how about the reverse of it?

Gail, who is not the intended protagonist, as Shafak says she was to write about life as a foreigner but discovers this American woman who does not feel at home in her own country. We can say that Shafak does not just refer to immigrants living in the West but with crafting her words, she illuminates some issues and she also entertains us. Throughout *The Saint of Incipient Insanities*, she explores a year in the lives of these three male roommates and the women in their lives. The most developed story focuses on the relationship between Omer and Gail, the young American who becomes his wife. Shafak describes her character's quirks and foibles in vivid detail. She often makes it easier to laugh at from one New Age fad to another, feeds her Persian cats a vegan diet like her own and is constantly and unsuccessfully trying to kill herself several times. These suicide attempts punctuate the book at regular intervals, yet they are so breezily described that it comes as a total surprise when she finally succeeds, on holiday in Istanbul where she meets Omer's family for the first time. When they are passing the Bosphorus Bridge with taxi, Gail asks about the importance of the bridge. She is impressed by the location of it and repeats "so we are in the in-between right

now” (p. 350) several times. As soon as she hears the fact, she gets out of the car and starts to run as fast as possible. She leaves herself in the arms of the blue Sea of Marmora. While watching her dropping from the bridge, Omar considers as "People don't commit suicide on other people's soil and this is not her homeland. But did she ever have one?" (p. 350). But he is misled about his diagnosis because she thinks the opposite and Shafak makes us learn her feelings towards inbetweenness:

Suddenly it occurred to her, and the next second she knew with certainty that this inbetweenness was the right place, and this very moment was the right time to die (p. 347)

Gail selects the bridge to die which ties two different geographies and cultures to each other. It neither belongs to the East nor the West. She chooses the “threshold” to end her life. She refuses to be possessed by any of it like her creator Shafak. At the end of the novel, we conclude that belonging and being an immigrant is knowing and being aware of belonging to anywhere. However, it also states the importance of having the chance to belong somewhere else.

CHAPTER FOUR: THE BEGINNINGS OF *WHITE TEETH* AND *THE SAINT OF INCIPIENT INSANITIES*

When does a novel begin? It is a striking question asked by David Lodge in the *Art of Fiction*. We need to ask the same question for the both novels in order to make a fair and appropriate analysis of them. Every novel has their own entry; their own beginning. It changes novel to novel and novelist to novelist. As Lodge says in the *Art of Fiction*:

Most writers do some preliminary work, if it is only in their heads. Many prepare the ground carefully over weeks or months, making diagrams of the plot, compiling C.V.s for their characters, filling a notebook with composition. Every writer has his own way of working. (p. 9)

Lodge is quite right. Every writer has his own way of working. As it is expressed in the section of Zadie Smith, she works very hard during her writing. She isolates herself from anything related to the external world and she just focuses on her work. Novelists expose their style in the beginning of the novel which makes us learn something about it. We can agree with Lodge about his defining the beginning of a novel as a threshold, separating the real world that we inhabit from the world the novelist has imagined. It should therefore, as the phrase goes, “draw us in”. We are not yet familiar with the author’s tone of voice, range of vocabulary, syntactic habits. We read a book slowly and hesitantly, at first. We have a lot of new information to absorb and remember, such as the characters’ names, their relationships of affinity and consanguinity, the contextual details of time and place, without which the story cannot be followed. The beginnings of the novels are important because they allow us to decide whether to continue to read or to stop reading. Smith and Shafak prefer to begin their novels with an epigraph. The reason of their choice on epigraph is essential in order to clarify the themes of the novels. Smith picks a paragraph of *Where Angels Fear to Tread* by E.M. Forster for her prologue. There is an important relation between the epigraph and the novel:

Every little trifle, for some reason, does seem incalculably important today, and when you say of a thing that “nothing hangs on it” it sounds like blasphemy. There’s never any knowing-how am I to put it?-which of our actions, which of our idleness won’t have things hanging on it for ever (Smith, p. 2)

The meaning of the paragraph is quite harmonious with inference that can be reached through the end of the novel. Because generally, we can say that the whole novel is based on the outcomes of characters' relationship that not materialized intentionally. With this epigraph she argues about the actions which are trivial in reality and she criticizes the people who take them too seriously. The first subtitle of the book is "Archie" and the epigraph takes place with this subtitle. Through the chapter, we realize the reason of her giving a place to this epigraph right after of "Archie". The story starts out with Archie Jones getting ready to kill himself and summarizes most of his mishaps, misfortunes, and disfunctions. Archie is a middle-age man that you either love to hate, or you love sympathetically. Archie is a "loser," that winds up at the right place at the right time to meet the future Clara Jones. To start with an attempt to commit suicide is quite an interesting preference. To open with the "almost-suicide" of white, lower class Alfred Archibald Jones in his "fume- filled Cavalier Musketeer" (p. 5) somewhere along the London A41 auto route is illustrative for the structure and central themes of the novel. Archie is as regarded the protagonist of the novel at first sight because the novel starts to define him and his life. The element of multiculturalism strikes even in the first pages of the novel. Archie chooses a wrong place for suicide, because the place he picks is the front of a butcher which belongs to a Muslim citizen. When the man realizes what Archie tries to do, his reasons of preventing him from suicide presents the strength of faith. He prevents him from suicide because committing a suicide close to his place makes him share the sin. He thinks of this impact of this suicide on his own spiritual life. The butcher protects his property by not allowing him suffocating himself:

Do you hear that, mister? We are not licensed for suicides around here. This place halal. Kosher, understand? If you are going to die round here, my friend, I'm afraid you've got to be thoroughly bled first. (Smith, p. 7)

An attempted suicide in the streets of London fails. Thus we are introduced to the life of Archie Jones, who is feeling completely mediocre: he separated from his wife, works for a printing company designing folding materials, and feels that there is no point on going on. But there is a grace close to him: chased away from his parking spot by angry butcher, Archie becomes convinced that "Life wanted Archie, and Archie, to his own surprise, wanted Life" (p. 8). Smith accomplishes to hook us by the very first sentences in each case. Set in contemporary North London, this precocious novel by Zadie Smith chronicles the struggles of two interlinked immigrant families to find an acceptable accommodation with Britain's

painfully evolving multiethnic and multicultural society. Through three generations the families are weighed down at every turn by “too much history.” Described through flashbacks, the 50-year friendship between Samad Iqbal, from Bangladesh, and Archie Jones, a disaffected Londoner, creates the framework for the novel. Archie marries Clara Bowden, the daughter of a Jamaican immigrant. Through Samad’s and Archie’s children—Magid, Millat and Irie—the two families meet up with the middle-class Chalfens at school, the arena of cultural assimilation. Magid and Millat, twin sons of Alsana and Samad, are set on different paths: One twin is sent back to Bangladesh to learn traditional Muslim values, and the other grows up to become a pot-smoking Londoner. Through a twist of irony the Bangladeshi-educated son becomes an atheist, wins a scholarship to Oxford and a research assistantship with Dr. Chalfen, a scientist experimenting with genetic enhancement in mice. In the end, Archie’s daughter Irie, who is an office assistant for Dr. Chalfen, unites the families. Themes center on the end of the world, zealotry in the name of religion, science and anarchy. Youthful and middle-age rebellions are also part of the chronicle. Coincidence, luck and fate factor into the interwoven stories. Zadie Smith has a good ear for language and the slang of youth and she is subtle at describing dysfunctional family relationships. Readers of *White Teeth* will find interesting the emphasis on family and family history. The novel explores the immigrant experiences and the children of immigrants who try to make sense out of England and their parentage. It is impossible not to like the humorous descriptions of the cultural clashes between the immigrants and their first-generation offspring. As a brief, we can say that the novel begins with the set-piece description of London Street that is to be the primary setting of the story. As stated before, Shafak also starts with an epigraph in her novel:

*I saw a crow running about with a stork, I marveled long and investigated their case,
In order that I might find the clue, As to what it was that they had in common... When
amazed and bewildered, I approached them, and then indeed I saw that both of them
were lame. (p. 1)*

She begins her novel with an extract taken from Mathnawi book II by Rumi. It is worth noting that both Shafak and Smith choose an epigraph for their novels from their favorite authors. The epigraph of *The Saint of Incipient Insanities* is a plain, explanatory and concordant beginning for the plot and themes. If we analyze the characters and their reactions in detail, we can notice the similarity with the crow that Rumi talks about and the characters

of the novel. Like both of the crows, all the characters of the novel have something common that makes them gather together all the time and make them go on living as a whole which is impossible to be separated. The first pages begin with a scene of bar that two friends sit together and start to talk. With their conversation, we get to know them gradually and slowly. The long silence among them signifies a crucial problem and the incomplete sentences reveal the existence of something that does not go well. *The Saint of Incipient Insanities*' opening scene can be regarded as a classical opening. Like Smith, we are made know that the book gives clues on dealing with immigration and issue of belonging. With the depth of their discourse and their comfort while talking about each other's private life point at their closeness of their relation. They have been together as good friends for a long time and they know each other very well so Abed has no hesitation when commenting on Omar's affair with Gail:

Gail! Gail! Gail! You have been babbling about her for five hours. I was the one who sat next to you and listened all ears, remember (p. 7)

In these phrases we seem to hear Abed's own, rather self-satisfied description of his relationship with his friend. He is always patient and understandable towards Omar. Novelists drag us to Omar's sorrow by his unstable sentences. She reveals her characters' important features, nationality and age, with the opening sentence of the first paragraph:

Only two customers are left at the bar. Two graduate students whose combined tuitions and rents far exceed their grants, both foreigners in this city, both from Muslim countries (p. 3)

As it is seen above, Shafak begins her novel with a measured and plain description of her two protagonists. The image of "foreigners" allows us to guess what the novel will center on in the following sentences. Being far away from one's own homeland, identity conflicts, the sense of non-belonging are some of the issues that can be guessed with this implication. Even in the first paragraph, she subtly draws their portraits and underlines their un-similarity by using two crucial adjectives. She uses "sober" to define Abed and "drank" to define Omar. They are so opposite adjectives that emphasizes the disparity between them. Despite of coming from Muslim countries, they have different approaches to notion of Islam and its necessities. We learn this fact with the information of one's being sober and the other being

drunk. Shafak mentions the multiculturalism of the city they are in by using minor figures that come from other nations and we can guess that the setting she chooses is a metropolis when she emphasizes Omar's loneliness with the sentence of "He is utterly motionless, utterly unaware of ferocious gaze of the Puerto Rican bartender standing right across him" (p. 3). With some information about both protagonists' physical appearance, we get an idea about their thoughts on being a foreigner in a big city and about the changes they are exposed during their obligatory staying. Omar complains about the changes that his name has to have and finds these changes clumsy. He is worried about losing his identity with the losing of dots on his name:

His dots were excluded from him to be better included. After all, Americans relished familiarity, in names they could pronounce, sounds they could resonate, even if they didn't make much sense one way or the other (p. 5)

The word "name" is repeated towards the end of the page and the dots on the name is used as a metaphor to indicate identity and culture. So being excluded from dots also means being excluded from one's own homeland and culture. This beginning causes a strong curiosity to Omar's situation and the reasons that carries him to this deep sorrow. Shafak succeeds in reflecting his anxious behavior and fear at the beginning of the novel. His excessive worries on the things happened on his name clarifies the worries of all the immigrants. He is the one who must take responsible for protecting his name and origin. To protect his origin means preventing the changes his name is exposed to but it is so impossible that all he can do is to drink and try to forget everything. In this aspect, we find Abed lighter hearted than Omar because Abed is not in the mood of solving his problems by drinking. This justifies it till the end of the novel. As a consequence of being a foreigner in a Western society, it has some other obstacles that interrupt their life which is mainly foreign language. Shafak illustrates this fact in the beginning when she describes Abed in the novel:

His name was Abed. His English was brushed with a thick, guttural yet most inconsistent accent oscillating madly between no presence and omni-presence. One moment it was almost gone, and the next it loomed in every word (p. 4)

They cannot express himself sufficiently. Their insufficiency in English is something that they have to face all the time especially when they are in deep grief or happiness. They

cannot remember an English word and they confess" Then ta-ta-ta-ta... here comes the opening day. What do you call it in English when a new bar or a store is opened to the public for the first time? I do not know" (p. 10). The first pages are the indications of the whole novel. Abed's attitudes towards Omar which are full of recommendation, affection and direction that point at Islam does not show any change till the end. This suggestion is made emphatically in the first page of *The Saint of Incipient Insanities*:

Omar, my friend, why did you start to drink again? Last year this time you laomatose at a hospital, vomiting your stomach out under a Christmas tree. You promised never to drink again. And now look at you! (p.12)

The reliability of his testimony and his sensitiveness on Omar's situation draws us near to Abed. Browsing through the novel, with his funny and sincere behavior, we get the opportunity to get closer to Abed in comparison to Omar despite of his being the protagonist of the novel. As a consequence, the beginning of *The Saint of Incipient Insanities* is so absorbing and fascinating that Shafak manages to hook us, keeps us in suspense and forces us to follow her sentences.

CHAPTER FIVE: THE FUNCTION OF CHARACTERS' NAMES IN *WHITE TEETH* AND *THE SAINT OF INCIPIENT INSANITIES*

One of the fundamental principles of structuralism is "the arbitrariness of the sign", the idea that there is no necessary, existential connection between a word and its referent. (p. 10)

As David Lodge says in *Art of Fiction* that our first names are usually given to us with semantic intent, having for our parents some pleasant or hopeful association which we may or may not live up to. Surnames however are generally perceived as arbitrary, whatever descriptive force they may once have had. If we talk about a character in a novel, we consider their names' meanings because we have learned that the names are never neutral in novels. We see often that novelists signify something by choosing a character's name or names having appropriate connotations, they might be allegorical or satirical. It changes from novel to novel. The first thing that attracts our attention about the choice of names through the novel is the variety of names. As it is a multicultural novel, the origin of names differs from each other. Most of them have their deeper meaning in themselves and the characters have a reason of being named with these.

White Teeth contains everybody, a Bengali waiter who serves Indian food with one functional arm, a geneticist who's developed a way to clone a cancerous time-bomb rat that will die in exactly seven years, a pair of twins who are exact opposites though fraternal and a half-English/half-Jamaican girl who's grandmother was born during the Kingston earthquake. Divided into four equal parts, each slowly drawing the knot to a close (though it feels like its being torn apart), *White Teeth* bares proof that a person is made by a community rather than genetics. This book is less about Archie and Clara, or Samad and Alsana, as it is about the offspring each union produces, "children whose first and last names were on a collision course" and specifically, whether the tradition of their parents/granparents/homecountry can prevail in the adoptive land. Clara and Archie produce a child named Irie. "Will she be Blackie-black?" (p. 73). Irie is not a usual name that any family usually uses for their children. But because parents of the novel are rather different and crazy if compared with the parents in the real life, their naming of children with an unusual meaning is quite apparent. Irie means "OK" in Jamaican language. The meaning is quite clarifying and obvious. It is Clara's idea to name her as "Irie" which has a short and simple meaning. But the

reason of her choice for the name is effected by her affairs with the surroundings and the way her marriage has been going on. If we take into consideration the immense difference of age between herself and the husband and her native culture's being an obstacle for the communication needs, then her choice seems quite sensible. She is need of something that relieves her. The meaning of the name which is "Ok" is the slogan that she utters in her inner world. The name's passive and simple meaning is like a tranquilizer in her complicated and confusing life. Samad and Alsana have twins sons, Magid and Millat . Samad intentionally picks the initial "M" because he thinks M's are good and gives examples as Mahatma Ghandi and Muhammed. Samad, who can be said to be the most central character of the novel, is obsessed with the thoughts about the oppression of West and its life style. According to him, the way of surviving and saving one's identity is to stand against the West's notions and principles. Naming his sons with Western names would be insulting and a sign of assimilation for him. His sensitivity on names reveals itself at the beginning of the novel when he first meets Archie during the war. Both soldiers are unaware of the one another's culture and country. Especially Archie, who is the symbol of typical English man in the novel, has no idea about his comrade and his Eastern life. When discussing anything that concerns controversial issues, Archie calls him "Sam" instead of "Samad". Samad warns him several times not to be called as "Sam". Archie does not mind his warnings, as he has no idea about Eastern's way of attribution of loads of things to their names. He keeps calling Samad as "Sam". One day Samad can not control himself growls in a voice that Archie does not recognize,

Don't call me Sam. I'm not one of your English matet-boys. My name is Samad Miaf Iqbal. Not Sam. Not Sammy. And not- God forbid-Samuel. It is Samad (p. 82)

Samad demonstrates his sensitivity on names not only to his surroundings but also to his sons. His sons' carelessness about their names drives him crazy. His hard warnings and attitudes about this situation create a kind of gap between him and his sons. Their relation is always damaged by Samad's strict approaches to their personal affairs with their school friends. Samad wants them to be proud of having these Muslim names and wants them to show this pride to everyone. When he feels and sees the opposite behavior, he warns them strictly as he warned his best friend, Archie, in the war. Magid is not content with his name that is why he wants his friends to call him as "Mark". Mark has nearly the same sounds with Magid, but his choice has different reasons. First of all, the name Mark, is short and easily pronounced and the other important reason is its being a Western name. This shows his envy towards his Western peers and his not being proud of his identity as his father expects. When

Samad hears it, his reaction to it is that "I give you a glorious name like Magid Mahfooz Musrhed Mubtasim Iqbal and you want to be called Mark Smith!" (p.151). Through the end of the novel characters' we see that they adopt a different approach to their names. Milat, who is sent to his homeland and educated as an Englishman, is the most confused character in the novel. He is from Bangladesh in origin but stays away from his origin at his homeland. He is not sure what to believe and which side he needs to stand for. Smith presents the correspondence between his second name and his situation:

Millat was neither one thing nor the other, this or that, Muslim or Christian, Englishman or Bengali; he lived for the in between, he lived up to his middle name, Zulfikar, the clashing of two swords. (p. 351)

As it is mentioned in the section of *White Teeth's* characters' names, names are never neutral. Novelists always intend to signify something related to plot or themes, while determining names. The intention differs from novelist to novelist and reasons of giving a name to his character vary. *The Saint of Incipient Insanities* concerns the relationship of a group of peers who has to immigrate to United States in a way. The plot itself features a myriad of characters, storylines, and ideas, blended together into a near-perfect whole. We follow Omar, Abed, Piyu who are home mates, all separately and together, as they move through life in the melting pot of United States, having bizarre friends and affairs and trying to make sense of everything that happens around them. The author's good intentions and liberal dose of humor makes the novel more inspiring and readable. Characters of the novel are obliged to live in Boston but that they are all foreign students or that they feel the alienation in the society makes them oblige to hang out together. We can say that their names symbolize their native language and nation. It is even possible to guess by their names who comes from where. Shafak offers to readers an interesting, well-written, slightly wry account of the experiences of different races in an integrated society. Omar, Abed and Piyu are roommates. As foreigners, they arrive at United States, Omar, from Istanbul, is a PhD student in political science. It can be said that story evolves around him and his surroundings have a great place for the novel too. His name which is religious name belongs to a Muslim prophet. His name's being a Muslim or its origin coming from Arabic is the central reason of Shafak's choice of it. Another reason for giving this name to her protagonist is to underline the contradiction he has in his life. He has a religious name as a matter of fact it is name of a Muslim prophet, but he does not fulfill the necessities of Islam and does not worship. His personality does not parallel with his name's lexicon meaning. His name does not subject to clichés and stereotypes of a person who comes from a Muslim country. So Shafak manages to

demonstrate skepticism about identity, causality and meaning with the name of “Omar”. Another feature about the name of “Omar” is the dots it has which means that it is not appropriate for English alphabet. He is in United States so his name also has to be adapted to this alphabet. This is not so easy fact that he is able to accept:

His dots were excluded from him to be better included. After all, Americans relished familiarity, in names they could pronounce, sounds they could resonate, even if they didn't make much sense one way or the other. (p. 5)

As it is mentioned before, his being away from his dots is equivalent with being away from his nation and identity that is why he adds his dots whenever he has the opportunity even when he is alone he cannot take his mind off the dots he has lost and mentions strongly "I am putting the dots of my name back to their place. Back in Turkey, he used too be Omar özsipahioğlu. Here in America, he had become an Omar Ozsipahioğlu" (p. 3). He emphasizes several times through the novel his discomfort and uneasiness about the change that his name has to face:

When I write my name in Turkish, it has dots. In English, I lose them. It sounds stupid, I know, but sometimes I lament losing my dots. Therefore, those dots up there must be mine, take care of them (p. 4)

It can be said that Omar is obsessed with his name. Creator of him also thinks the same. In a recent interview to a German newspaper, *Berliner Zeitung*, Shafak says, “There’s a relationship between me and all my characters in all of my texts — a sort of spiritual connection.” (p. 3). So her notions on names in the novel are striking clues for her personality and she directly reveals these notions in *Berliner Zeitung*:

Names are the bridges to people’s castles of existence. It is a via them that others, friends and foes alike, can find a way to tiptoe in. To learn someone’s name is to capture half of her existence, the rest is a matter of pieces and details. (p. 3)

She tells her stories quickly and with the skill to introduce farce when we are expecting the worst and poignancy when we wait for comic relief. If the book has a protagonist, it is the Turkish political scientist Omer Sipahioğlu, whose first act of surrender in America, like Shafak (Şafak) herself, is abandoning the diacritical marks in the spelling of his name (Ömar Sipahioğlu). He tries to give up his drunken philandering as he loses his heart to an American woman. She is introduced to us as Gail, but it turns out this is just one of her many guises. Even more than Omer and his flat mates, with their odd-colored passports, she is the professional outsider, not just in her own country but in her own body, being unable to

hold onto her own name, her sexual inclination or her desire to go on living for very long. She runs through a host of self-deceptions until there is nothing left to deceive. She always changes her name as if it gives her a chance to change her personality, identity and nation. She thinks changing one's name as a way of solution for cultural clashes and the trouble that happens because of intolerance to another. With pride she puts forward her solution and declares that "How about changing our names for a start" (p.145). If one can change his name so his identity, he can be tolerable towards another's culture and way of living. He can learn to respect and avoid resisting innovations. Gail stresses that "Rather than taking pride in being born what you have been born, trying being instead what you have not been born" (p.145). She finds the acceptance one's difference is not sufficient to form a harmony in society. One has to have the sense of empathy to understand one another:

It is a something like. I mean if you were born a Mexican, try living like an Arab for one year, and the next year be something else, choose another from the "other".

Change your name and your identity. Have no name and no identity. Only if we stop identifying ourselves so much with the identities given to us, only if and when we really accomplish this, can we eliminate all sorts of racism, sexism, nationalism, and fundamentalism, and whatever it is that sets barricades among humanity, dividing us into different flocks and sub-flocks. (p.146)

The things Gail says about identity and names are products of unusual way of thinking. If we have some information about Shafak's private life and her personality, we can see how she stands close to Gail. Gail seems to be inner voice of novelist herself. As Shafak says about her feelings towards being outsider or latecomer with Macdonald and Frank in an interview "Being a stranger in a strange land "than" being a stranger in your homeland. Either way I have to deal with a sense of non-belonging and loss wherever I go." (p. 2), the sense of loneliness is a permanent part of her life. There is not much difference between her and her chief female character in the novel. Being not able to get rid of feeling as a stranger is the reason of Gail's changing her names continuously. She carries a spoon on her head as a sign to remember the right and potential that she has in order to change her name. It is a relief for her:

When the whirl of her thoughts had soothed, she took the spoon out to see what it had brought her. On it was a new combination of letters that read: GAIL. She liked the sound of it and decided to keep it as her name. (p.70).

Shafak does not hesitate to reveal her notions on names and by using historical past of naming make her notions more perceptible and clear:

Jews professed the arcane tradition of naming, particularly at the moment of death. They changed the name soft the ones on their deathbeds to give them a second chance to live. Muslims, too, professed the tradition, particularly at the moment of birth. They whispered into a newborn baby's soft ears what her name would be, echoing the name three times to ensure that it sank deeply onto her soul. And orthodox Christians who, still to this day, refuse to utter the name "Istanbul" instead of Constantinople professed the tradition, too. (Macdonald and Frank, p. 5)

Abed, Moroccan roommate of Omar is the second main male character of the novel. He gains sympathy from readers with his humorous and cute behavior. He is a devout Muslim whose chief duty to worship God. He suppresses his desire towards females and he is trouble with the female in his nightmares. Piyu, a dental student from Spain, is entrenched in a passionless relationship with a Mexican American girl named Allegra, whose enthusiasm for cooking is rivaled only by the zeal with which she vomits what she eats. They are the names of characters and they all signify different country and point different culture. Another attractive naming is about the cats of Gail. Without doubt, Shafak gives the names "West and Rest" for political and social reasons:

Omar blinked twice, one for each name. West and Rest. The female cat was names West, coined by Gail as a critique of the constant feminization of the east by Orientals discourse, which was fine, had the male cat not been named respectively. The Rest. It was he that annoyed Omar most, with his insatiable hunger to be adored by the female cat (p. 25)

These two categories are separated by the World. Apart from the Europe and America, the lands are regarded as "Rest". Novelist wants to emphasize this fact with these two names. Shafak likes the contradiction that one has in his body and personality and this fascinates her. She is attracted to the play between the opposites that is why all her characters in the novel shelter the opposites in their structure and that is why it is difficult to categorize them into distinctive parts. She demonstrates this variety of people with a variety of names and she does not conceal her jealous of birds in one of her interviews:

I envy birds, like many people do. But I envy them in a different way. It is not their

wings that I'm after....I envy birds because of their names. We've only one name, or maybe two. But birds have hundreds of them. Even a single species of fowl has so many different names. (Macdonald and Frank, p. 6)

Shafak associates names with one's identity and personality. Names reflect one's essence and represents one's tie with spiritual life. The sentences below from the interview with Alison Macdonald and Sarah Frank can be summary of what meaning she loads on names:

Names are the bridges to people's castles of existence. It is a via them that others, friends and foes alike, can find a way to tiptoe in. To learn someone's name is to capture half of her existence, the rest is a matter of pieces and details. (p. 6)

The association of names with identity and culture might be a burden on one's shoulder as well. Wherever you go, you have to carry your name with yourself so your identity. This brings to many obligations and necessities. Omar has a long surname and it is sometimes an obstacle for fluent communication. Names become our labels and an obligation occurs which means impossible to be evaluated without that label. His long surname is so long that he has to repeat several times when asked and this makes him exhausted:

With or without the dots, such a surname was nothing but a shackle on his feet, too much of a burden for a nomad. It compelled one to belong somewhere, to settle down, and to have a traceable past there, a family and a future worthy of the name. If given the chance, Omar would rather possess a short surname, light and genteel, flexible and portable, one that you could easily carry along wherever you went (p. 7)

It will be appropriate to end this part with a good sentence of Shafak which points at the difficulties in keeping the identity in safe and to stay pure in this cruel world as she underlines it in the interview of Macdonald and Frank "That is how it is with names, the easiest thing to learn about human beings, yet the most difficult to possess." (p. 7)

CHAPTER SIX: CULTURAL CLASHES IN WESTERN SOCIETY IN *WHITE TEETH* AND *THE SAINT OF INCIPIENT INSANITIES*

Because immigration involves movement of people to different geographical locations, and establishment of social relations between people who would otherwise not meet, cultural clashes can take place as a result of differences in cultures, ethnic and religious groups, values and lifestyles, languages, and levels of prosperity. In their ugliest form, culture clashes are full with blown racism, in their mildest form they exist as intolerance. As we become more of a "global community", cultural clashes in our life are far more common than it used to be. Mixed-ethnic relationships are more likely to break up in this global community. It has a great effect on literature and thanks to this effect multicultural literature exists in a separate category. Zaide Smith and Elif Shafak are both in this category of authors who deal with multicultural issues and they are the main representatives of their countries who succeed in creating well-written novels.

With their controversial novels, *White Teeth* and *The Saint of Incipient Insanities*, we have a chance to examine issues surrounding ethnicity, customs, identity, and the sense of non-belonging. They both write their novels in the light of their experiences. Smith lives in one of the most ethnic-mixed cultural city, London, and she comes from a half Jamaican culture due to her Jamaican mother. Shafak has a different life story but she shares Smith's multicultural background because of her mother's being a diplomat. This causes her to travel from one country to another in a few years and make her learn and explore several languages and cultures. As Anthony Quinn states in the *New York Times* book review:

Zadie Smith's debut novel is, like the London it portrays, a restless hybrid of voices, tones and textures, hop scotching through several continents and 150 years of history, white teeth" encompasses a teeming family saga, a sly inquiry into race and identity and a tender-hearted satire on religious antagonism and cultural bemusement. (p. 1)

Shafak also gives place to hybrid voices, colorful personalities and multi-ethnic characters in her novel. Her characters have a complicated understanding of life and death. They have dualities, the contradiction between inside and outside, or between weakness and power. She tries to clarify the fundamental idea underlying variety of personalities and opposites in the same body with her characters.

White Teeth begins with the story of an Englishman, Archie Jones, and his accidental

friendship with Samad Iqbal, a Bengali Muslim from Bangladesh. The two men met in 1945 when they were part of a tank crew inching through Europe in the final days of World War II. They missed out on the action, and over the next three decades have continued to do much the same. Archie met Samad during the Second World War, when they were the only survivors of an attack upon their tank. The attempt to achieve a mutual understanding of their heritages after some initial suspicion, which we witness in a flashback sequence, helps to cement their friendship. Archie is something of a sad sack, a dull but decent fellow who tied for 13th in a bicycle race in the 1948 Olympic Games; he has failed many things, including marriage and a suicide attempt that begins the novel. Samad in spite of looking like Omar Sheriff, is now a downtrodden waiter in a West End curry house, and is obsessed by the history of his great-grandfather, Mangal Pande, allegedly fired the first shot of the Indian Mutiny in 1857 (and missed). By the mid-1970's Archie has married again, this time to a six-foot Jamaican teenager named Clara, a beauty in spite of lacking her top row of teeth; they have a daughter, Irie, who will become steady center of the narrative. Samad has opted for an arranged marriage with a Bengali, Alsana, though whatever grief he has endured from his helpmeet is nothing compared with the trials of raising his two sons, Magid and Millat. Both families, the Joneses and Iqbals, make their home in the tatty but vibrant suburb of Willesden in the Northwest London, a melting pot of race and color that is maintained by and large at an amiable simmer.

We can say that, Smith's world in the novel is more crowded and peopled with different accents, dialects, lifestyles, age. But this does not make Shafak's novel plainer and easily readable. On the other hand, *The Saint of Incipient Insanities* is set in its own peculiar universe without frontiers, that of the international student flat-share in Boston where three postgraduates, from Turkey, Morocco and Spain, try (and mostly fail) to make sense of love and life as they quest for the grail of a doctoral degree. In *The Saint of Incipient Insanities*, Shafak centers her themes on not only district customs and culture but also on weird habits and notions. She demonstrates human's sacred sides which are concealed carefully. She goes through characters' inner world and reflects with a mirror whatever she sees inside. Throughout *The Saint of Incipient Insanities*, the first novel written in English by prize-winning Turkish author Elif Shafak, she explores a year in the lives of these three male roommates and the women in their lives. The most developed story focuses on the relationship between Omer and Gail, the young American who becomes his wife. Gail attempts to commit suicide several times throughout the novel like Archie in *White Teeth*.

Archie attempts to commit suicide at the beginning of the novel and this suicide fails because of a Muslim who resists Archie's parking his car in front of a Muslim's butcher shop. He opposes his committing suicide for the sake of his own religious beliefs. He can not manage to die due to accidental and comic events like Gail. They have more in common. Both usage of an instrument for dying is gas and both fails to die in a funny way. They are both natives, Archie is a typical English man; Gail is a queer half Jewish American who feel themselves as more foreigner than a real foreigner.

Samad Iqbal, one of two central characters in the *White Teeth*, is a troubled man. He is troubled by his children, by his place, in a multicultural Britain, by his inability to be the kind of good Muslim he wants himself to be. As he thinks to himself, "to be pure, all things are pure." but who is pure? This question may be said to be the heart of *White Teeth*. The first that will strike most readers is the multicultural texture of the novel. There are no pure English anymore. Samad's wife, Alsana, tells him that "you go back and back and it is still easier to find the corrects Hoover bag than to find a pure person, one pure faith, on the globe" (p. 255). Purity and its challenges go deeper than race and include the sexual, the religious, and the ideological. Alsana by her words is so right that it is really difficult to find a race not mixed with another and a religion too. Even in Samad, who is always proud of his nationality and race, there is some other heritages of other nations or culture, in other words he is not so pure Bengali as he says so in *White Teeth*:

The vast majority of Bangladesh's inhabitants are Bengalis, Who are largely descended from Indo-Aryans who began to migrate into the country from the wet thousands of years ago and who mixed within Bengal with indigenous groups of various racial stocks. Ethnic minorities include the Chakma and Mogh. (p. 115)

Samad is always so busy with his own culture and he does not pay attention to other cultures. He has no answer when his wife asks him "what is a Bengali, husband?". When she is accused of acting like English by her husband, her response is really worth of thinking on it. She discusses "Do you think anybody is English? Really English? It is a fairy-tale." (p. 82). We see the similar scene of cultural diversity and lack of pure breed in *The Saint of Incipient Insanities*. Although they all look like a native speaker of the language or they all look like having lived in America for many decades, it is impossible to find one who is courageous enough to announce that I am pure American and this land belongs to my grand grand father. Omar, who is the central character who comes from Istanbul for Ph. D. degree, shares his first impression of Boston's streets with us:

He was surrounded by hundreds of faces of dazzling variety, not even one of them looked familiar. None of these individuals had any idea who he was. Not even one single soul. He was nobody to each and all of them, so pure and immaculate- absolutely nameless, past less, and, thereby, faultless, and because he was a nobody, he could be anybody. (p. 81-82)

There is no concept of a “pure nation” is an important message by a foreigner to the Western people who is not so pleased with the existence of foreigners in their country. The message is like that. If you think you are pure and pure English or any pure nation, you are in the wrong way because it can not talked about a pure race in our days. So you need to think more about your foreign brother. Smith is herself a mixed-race Britain writing about immigrants and race, reviewers want to appoint her spokesperson for Britons of color. While refreshing undoctinaire, *White Teeth* includes much on the subject. One memorable passage from *White Teeth* explains that:

This has been the century of strangers, brown, yellow and white. This has been the century of the great immigrant experience. It is only this late in the day that you can walk into playground and find Isaac Leung by the fish pond, Danny Rahman in the football cage, Quang O'Rourke bouncing a basketball, and Irie Jones humming a tune. Children with first and last names on a direct collision course. It is the only this late in the day, and possibly only in Willesden, that you can find best friends sita and sharon, constantly mistaken for each other because Sita is white (her mother liked the name) and Sharon is Pakistani (her mother thought it best-less trouble) It is still hard to say there is no one more than English than the Indian, no one more Indian than the English. There are still young white men who are angry about that; that will roll out at closing into the poorly lit streets with a kitchen knife wrapped in a tight fist. (p. 326)

This key passage is so widely known and so frequently analyzed that it needs not to be rehearsed here. My point of quoting it is to show that even by this fashionable phrasing, Smith doesn't try to be claimed as a champion of multiculturalism; that she simply presents this multiethnic cohabitation as ‘a fact of life’, as she affirms it in the interview with Suzi Feay “I was expected to be some expert on multicultural affairs, as if multiculturalism is a genre of fiction or something, whereas it's just a fact of life " (p. 2). Importantly, none of her multi-ethnic characters can legitimately claim to be culturally authentic, because in such an

age our socio-cultural identity is no longer defined exclusively by nationalities or ethnicities, as Robin Cohen observes in the late 1990s (173–74). Shafak also opposes the critics on her tendency to write multiculturalism; she claims that she has used different styles and techniques in each novel of her and takes up different issues and themes in each novel. It is not just a ferocious competence in a language that is not her native tongue that makes it difficult to pin a national identity on Shafak. She deliberately refuses to pander to any expectation of what a female Turkish author should be about. She teases those expectations with her insider's ear for the idiom of Boston's counter-cultural streets, and then becomes the outsider to rail against everyday absurdities or to turn up the volume into a comic rant at, for example, the faux-lyrical descriptions of colors on a paint chart.

Every setting of *White Teeth* is like an overview panorama of London. They are the pictures of non-fictions London streets and life. It is an inevitable feature of a cosmopolitan city. They are so melted down in the same pot that it is difficult to differentiate the cultures and it becomes impossible to understand which tradition belongs to which culture. It is quite normal to come across people in the novel who come from different parts of the world. Archie's ex-wife's Spanish home-help and his Italian violent eyed with a faint moustache ex-wife, Ophelia, are just a few of them. The number of immigrants come from East community is in majority but it is worth noting the amount of immigrants who come from other side of America, Mexico, but feel the same sense of belonging and isolation in the Shafak's novel. Allegra enters as Piyu's girlfriend who is from Spain and comes to Boston for dental studies. Piyu is one of the roommate and through the novel after being introduced to us, he is left behind of his girlfriend. Allegra is also a foreigner because she is Mexican in origin. She is the outstanding character of Shafak's who has the most duality in her. She eats and then, she gives it back. She takes something beautiful, all this nicely decorated food, and she turns it into something disgusting. She feels the sense of non-belonging so deeply that she sees the activity of cooking as a relief so the kitchen is her shelter when she runs away from something. She never tells about her secrets and feelings to anybody as if she only takes breath in the kitchen:

The kitchen is her homeland. Surrounded by a long line of relatives and a circle of friends most of whom had been expatriated, deterritorialized, and even if willingly still painfully molded into foreigners in the United States, nobody will believe that the kitchen can be native soil, so she tells it to no one. (p. 338)

She was born in America so it seems less painful for her to get used to this Western world. However it is not like that. Although she is thought as American-Mexican rather than Mexican-American, she shares the same clashes and conflicts like her peers in the novel. She does not avoid using Spanish words when she is shocked or afraid. She demonstrates her real identity in the condition of excessive feelings. She stands in the middle of Spanish and English and quite confused about in which side she should stand closer. She designates a process to solve the confusion. She prefers to speak her mother tongue with her relatives and boyfriend and she uses English when she is alone or outside. Shafak subtly focuses on this difference and indicates that before anything else. Though all in all her Spanish was not mediocre, she usually felt more comfortable in English and spoke an authentic version of Spanish with Piyu" (p.156). One of the reasons that she cannot ignore her background is her living with her aunts and family in the same house. She is not given a chance to forget her origin and past. Her house is something stimulative that reminds her difference from the external world. Her family continues to carry out their customs and tradition at home and stand against to speak only English. There is a striking sentence about her ancestor which might summarize their resistance to forget the past "Like many other immigrants of past decades, in La Tia Piedad's case, too, replacements meant irreplaceable losses before anything else" (p.190).

Whereas in *White Teeth*, Samad is a proud and passionate Bangladesh whose career path is as stunted as his war-withered hand. Smith has a talent for constructing extraordinary characters; placing them in extraordinary circumstances and making it all appear perfectly ordinary. Samad separates young boys- send Magid to his homeland, to learn to respect and cherish his cultural and religious roots, Samad has him raised and educated in Bangladesh while Millat remains in polyphonic London. He can not afford to send them both. One of his missions in life appears to be to explain his erudite brand of philosophy to Archie and shows how serious he is by saying "Our children will be born of our actions. Our accidents will become their destinies. Oh, the actions will remain" (p.103). It is a typical piece of wisdom of Samad. Archie, instead of avoiding this character like a plague, he chums up with him for the rest of his life. Archie and Samad's friendship is the dynamic engine that powers Smith's tale. The friendship continues through the decades, as this cross-cultural odd couple meets day after day at O'Connor's (a former Irish establishment now owned by Muslims) to mull over the inescapable past and the latest baffling developments of the waning 20th century:

Samad Miah Iqbal. An unlikely compared possibly, but still the oldest friend he had-a Bengali Muslim he had fought alongside back when the fighting, had to be done, who

reminded him of that war. (P.11-12)

Samad's friendship with Archie is not compared with the friendships of characters of Shafak in a way but still there are some common parts that are difficult to deny. Archie is not a foreigner in London but Archie who attempts to commit suicide at the beginning of the novel is an outsider like foreigners and immigrants. He has no courage to end up his friendship with Samad due to his fear of loneliness. Gail in *The Saint of Incipient Insanities* can be likened to Archie in some common points. She is also a native but she is connected to foreign students group so tightly that throughout the novel we can not see her apart from this group. Her ambivalence toward the ideal of coexistence between life and death is attached to her. She can not get rid of it wherever she goes and whatever she does. She is one of the most urgent characters of the novel and her discussion with Abed is impressive. Both are like opposite poles. Abed is a foreigner who comes from a strict Muslim country: Morocco and have prejudices against woman especially Western woman. Abed is too much alike with Samad. He is full of contradiction in himself whereas Abed stands more determined and stable. Samad's troubled relationship with his god preempts the developments of his character in the plot, as he fears for Allah, morality and cultural tradition. In a crisis meeting with Archie in O'Connell's pub, he expounds these fears through his observation of his sister's in-law's children:

They won't go to mosque, they don't pray, they speak strangely, they eat all kinds of rubbish, they have intercourse with God knows who. No respect to tradition. People call it assimilation when it is nothing but corruption. Corruption (p.190)

To stand against corruption, he becomes an opposing side of whatever is related to the West. He refuses and denies anything offered to him by the hand of west. Abed is also aware of where he is and in which society he lives in, however it seems impossible for him to accept the notion of Western culture. He puts forward his being Muslim when he comes across something he does not approve. We get to know him more in the birthday of Allegra which is an important scene because Gail and Omar meet that day and this is the only scene that all of those characters meet around the same table and have a dinner. It is a crucial communal scene. With this scene, we witness each person's thoughts about the other's nationality and identity. It can be thought as a measurement of tolerance towards other religion, custom, and culture. Shafak begins this scene as such:

For among groups of each-of-a-different-identity that meet for the first time or do not know each other well enough, to start up a topic necessities an excursion beforehand. You need to map out to what extent the others are aware of your cultural background,

how receptive they will be, and where their biases will start, because there are always some gummed somewhere. (p. 143)

For that reason, there is often silence and gaps during the night. They are indecisive about how to behave towards other people around the table. It is a night to meet new people but new culture and religion. They have little idea about these new people's culture and they have that idea from mass media or their surroundings who has experience. Elif Shafak reflects quietly their anxiety and subtly their restless mood during the dinner:

Within such multicultural groups, sensitive not to offend anyone, eager to have some fun without any vilification, one good dinner topic being "urban legends" that's what they talked about for the next hour. (p.144)

They talk about the topics which are quite common and neutral in order not to hurt and humiliate someone. With these carefully chosen topics, they try to pass the night without any debate and trouble. They avoid discussing each other's way of thinking to avoid unpleasant discourses. However hard they try, they cannot manage not to start debates and they cannot accomplish not to examine one another's notions. Gail who approaches to matters quite differently from others starts the quarrelling. She questions the considering identity important in an excessive extend that causes gaps between individuals. She is in the favor of comprehension of everyone. She offers rather than taking pride in being born what you have been born, trying being instead what you have not been born for preventing cultural clashes and a solution for misunderstandments occurred because of cultural disparities. She thinks if one can change his identity and his name for a few days and live like someone from different culture and nation, he can control his prejudices and start to be more understandable and tolerable towards everyone who is not one of his nationality and religion. Abed opposes what she says and accuses her to be a Western who is unaware of all the prejudices and pressure that an Eastern faces:

You are not the one who has to fight against discrimination all the time. Have you seen Casablanca the movie? Such a magnetic man Humphrey Bogart! But you know what they say in the movie about Moroccans? Those walking bed sheets! That is what my grandparents were in the eyes of their colonizers. A walking bed sheet! That is what I still am according to many! How can I be expected to forget that and change my name? (p. 146)

Samad has no different thoughts from Abed as a Muslim. He accuses Western society of not respecting his beliefs; he thinks that Western government tries to change their religion by putting obstacles to their worshipping and believing in Allah. Samad sends his sons to an

English school but worries about the assimilation that they are faced by the school's rules and system. He joins the meeting of parents at school and opposes the harvest festival:

This harvest festival is not a Christian festival. Where in the bible does it say? Four thou must steal foodstuff from thy parent's cupboard and bring them into school assembly, and thou shalt force thy mother to bake a loaf of bread in the shape of a fish? These are pagan ideas. (p. 130)

Whatever it is in the programme of school can be a threat to his son's cultural future and accuses teachers and the headmaster of estranging Islam from their sons:

It is very simple. The Christian calendar has thirty-seven religious events. The Muslim calendar has nine. Only bible. And they are squeezed out by this incredible rash of Christian festivals. Now my motion is simple. If we removed all the pagan festivals from the Christian calendar. (p. 129)

His suggestion to take out the harvest festival from the school's schedule is refused. This refusal does not give rise to his thoughts' changing. He keeps in considering in the same way and in the same extend. Both characters see the fasting as a necessity in Islam religion and thinks fasting is more than a worshipping to Allah. A person learns to be patient and it teaches to be contend with what he has in his hands. Abed does not avoid sharing this side of fasting firmly during the multicultural dinner when it is asked. As Abed opposes to Gail's idea to change names to tolerate other cultures, this time Gail opposes the results that fasting causes in human's spiritual life. She sees being patient towards every problem as a problematic thing. To be contending with what is in hand is a source of oppression and exploitation:

Mexican, Filipino, Salvadoran women and children are hired because they are more exploitable, plus they are thought to have nimble fingers. They are made to work fourteen hours a day, with only two bathrooms breaks of ten minutes each, so that bourgeois consumers in Europe, Japan, and the Middle East can buy a greater variety of Nikes. They endure gratefully. There is a while system of thought and faith that teaches them to endure gratefully. If those Nikes can be produced at such low costs with so much suffering, it is because of these cross-cultural fatalistic teachings... aguantar or sabr. (p. 144)

As it can be understood that aguanter is the equivalent of Sabır in Spanish. She is not only against the notions of Islam but also Christianity. She is against the passivity and unconditional belief without questioning that a religion imputes someone. The similarity between two Muslim characters, Abed and Samad, comes out on matters of woman. Western

women are threat for their purity and belief. Women are the enemy of their innocence. Samad meets someone on that day of meeting of parents at the school from whom he will have to run away. It is the music teacher of his sons. She is so dangerous because she is a woman and white:

I should never have come here-that's where every problem has come from. Never should have brought my sons here, so far from God. Willesden Green! Judy Blume in the school, condom on the pavement, Harvest festival, teacher-temptresses. (p. 145)

Samad wishes many times not to have come to England throughout the novel. His regret and helplessness is likened to Omar's. He also questions his existence in America and he has difficulties in responding to his questions:

I guess I envy Piyu and Abed. They know so well what they would like you accomplish in life. Why did you come to America? What will you do upon graduation? Where is home? I am only pretending (p.215)

Omar's sense of non-belonging rises gradually and it leads him to pessimism. He cannot find any other solution for his desperation. But it is not the same for Samad. He does not give up easily and quickly. The only solution Samad he finds for not committing a sin is to escape if any possibility occurs. After meeting with the teacher, he can not keep it as a secret because it is a heavy burden that he can not carry any longer and confesses to one of his Muslim friend. The response is so striking in White Teeth "I see. Is she Hindu? Muslim? That is the worst of it. English, White. English" (p. 146). The music teacher looks so interested in Samad's culture. To be honest, she is the one who is really interested in Eastern culture. Samad's being a foreigner takes her attention and allows him escape from her. She still tries to convince him that she is really interested in him and voices "I am really interested in Indian culture. I just think those festivals you mentioned would be so much more... colorful, and we could tie it in either art work, music" (p.133). The conversation between the teacher and Samad illuminates the estrangement of West towards his foreign citizens. She cannot conceal her admiration to the fasting in Islam which shows the way of being patient as it is told in a few previous paragraphs in Abed's explanation. She is curious about Samad's culture and evaluates it from a different point of view:

To me. It is like this incredible act of self-control. We just don't have that in the West-that sense of sacrifice-I just have so much admiration for the sense of your people have of abstinence, of self-restraint (p. 160)

In the above sentences, she comments on fasting of Muslims. We have no sympathy for her interest because it seems like a plaything in a modern woman's hand. In one of her

lessons, she makes Samad come to class and play something, then during the playing all the students start laughing at him. She tries to explain the importance of one's culture to one's own self:

I don't think it is nice to make fun of somebody else's culture... Sometimes we find other people's music strange because their culture is different from ours. But it Does not mean it isn't equally good, now does it (p. 155)

So they meet and nightmares of Samad starts with pain and remorse. The affair with poppy Burt-Jones ends after Samad decides that he is unable to live with his infidelity. He is embarrassed when she comes to the restaurant with a friend, and she makes snobbishly clear that he is not only a waiter, but a foreign waiter at the same time. Clearly, she considers her brief liaison with him to be in lower status. Abed who is younger than Samad does not demonstrate different reaction to the image of Western women. Throughout Shafak's novel, Abed tries to stand far away from women and suppresses his desire towards them. He has a lover at his homeland and waits for her with faith and prevents having relation with other woman. But Safiya in Morocco does not wait for his graduation and gets married with his cousin. This news shocks him and upsets him a lot. He starts to question his faithfulness and this event sets him free from suppression. Because he has a good explanation for the sin which is to reveal the desire and passion towards women, he waits her for a long time and does his best but cannot get the same reaction from her. At the end of the novel when he comes across a Western woman in the laundry, we witness his changes in thoughts at last. He has changed or we can say that the West has changed him:

Abed is pretending not to look at them, not to look at her, and focus instead on the cheesy journal in his hand. Skipping a few pages, he comes across the picture of a comatose girl smiling in a hospitable with... over the journal abed sneaks a quick look at the woman only to find her still fixedly staring at him with that bamboozling smile, with no pretensions at all, so straightforward and bold, so unshapely shameless. When the light hits her face from his angle the wrinkles around her eyes and lips become more apparent. Abed rises to his feet, and running, he scurries to the street, leaving his clothes in the washing machine, in dire need to get away from her lure (p. 342-343)

He runs away from the laundry. He runs away from women. He runs away from Western way of living and style. He runs away from the corruption of his soul. But he returns. At last, He cannot succeed in running away:

As he approached the laundry, at first he feared it might be closed, and upon seeing that it wasn't he feared that she might be gone. But there she was, standing next to a washing machine, piling the clean and dry clothes in two baskets-hers and his. As she handed his basket to Abed, her smile was so embarrassingly victorious, and her victory so incredibly voluptuous, that abed had to lower his eyes. (p. 348)

We know very well now that Abed will get used to America and he will not question every action of Western and will adapt to society. In order to create this sense of change in Abed, Shafak makes more of this sense. She does not require inferring it instead She reveals this change apparently:

He sensed but could never explain to anyone, no less to himself, that his loyalty for Safiya had been abstrusely interwoven with his devotion not only their common pas but also their country. The effect of losing bit by bit his connection to Safiya was a subtle loosening of the moorings that tied him to his homeland. Not that he felt less connected to Morocco now. But he somehow felt more connected to his life in the United states. (p. 348)

In *White Teeth*, It is as if the immigrant Igbals are caught in an endless loop, forced to hash out the same melting-pot issues of losing their identity, language, integrity and faith in a godless England. In a desperate bid to preserve Iqbal tradition, Samad-who finds himself drawn into a quilt-laden affair with a red-haired school teacher-decides to send one of his sons back to the homeland to be spared from the sins of West and he insists on the same thought which is " I am hell-bound, I see that now. So I must concentrate on saving my sons. I have a choice to make, a choice of morality. "(p. 189). Samad swings between the poles of faith and secularism, between absolutism and compromise, between rejecting and falling prey to temptation. "To the pure all things are pure and "can't say fairer than that."(p.137). The former is an attempt to justify his unholy activities of masturbation, food, drink, and his desire for Poppy Burt Jones, his sons' music teacher, the latter a plea for fairness and understanding, a process of "deal making with Allah (p.139) despite of these deals, he cannot put an end to his affair with Poppy Jones. The decision he comes to after a choice of morality is to send Magid to Bangladesh to be educated in the proper tradition. In order to feel comfort for the things which are accepted as sins he tends to make a deal with god which is that "The deal was this; Samad gave up masturbation so that he might drink." (p.139). Throughout the novel, Samad is portrayed as trying to hold on to a culture and history that no longer exist. He struggles to find his identity because his frequent change in nationality (Indian to Pakistani to

Bangladeshi) forces him to take up Islam as his identity. He tries to make his sons to do the same and he suffers in pain:

I have been corrupted by England, I see that now, my children, my wife, and they too have been corrupted. I think maybe I have made wrong friends. Maybe I have been frivolous. Maybe I have thought intellect more important than faith (p. 407)

The sense of corruption is also a problem for Abed. He is always exposed to innovation and modern thoughts of the West. That is why, both of them are always longing for the past and their country. They resist accepting the truth of the changes in them. Samad being in West for a long time makes him think less for losing the control on his own mother tongue. But it is not same in the side of Abed. At the beginning of the novel, Shafak in *The Saint of Incipient Insanities* presents the insufficiency of English between her two major foreign characters to highlight. The most and first difficulty they face is language on which they do not have control. It belongs to someone else and they have to borrow this possession for a while but do not know how to use and put it into practice efficiently. The thing that makes Omar and Abed close friends is first of all their insufficiency of West's language. Their sincere affair is the result of their common points on being immigrant and expatriate. While talking in a pub, they could not find the right word for "first opening day of a shop" and Shafak comes to a conclusion with that:

That was the best thing about a foreigner conversing with another foreigner in a language that was foreign to both. When one couldn't find a particular word, it turned out that the other couldn't either. (p. 10)

Shafak takes up the English language as a problem. She is different from Smith in this aspect Because English is also the second language of Shafak like her characters. So she does not avoid referring to English as one of the barriers to adapt to West for foreigners in her novel:

A family of never settling resettlements, past, ablaze, still-fumy commotions of children that were made to learn the taste of almond soap when they failed to speak English, and sent to speech therapists when soap didn't help (p. 135)

However much Abed complains about his English's being insufficient for a good conversation, when he dreams in English for the first time; he has difficulty in accepting this experience and considers it to be a sign of losing his own language. Whatever he does, he cannot prevent the changes happened to him. He goes through such a change gradually and subconsciously for he fears to be cut off from his own identity. He is not pleased with the result:

Abed, for the first time dreaming in English. Indeed the meaning of every dream might be the fulfillment of a wish. But had Freud lived the life of an expatriate, immigrant, or a humble non-western ph. D. student cut off from his native tongue, he might have added to this that at times it's not mainly the subject per se but the form of the dream that fulfills that wish. Dreaming in English for the first time is a threshold, a sign of a bigger change on the way, a change that won't let you be the same person anymore (p. 126)

After a while, he entirely starts to dream in English and comes to a state that heaven ignores his own native tongue. During his mother's visit, we can see it directly that he stares at his mother in bewildered mood about his mother's ignorance of being able to speak English and Shafak declares what passes through his mind "Abed gazed at her in wonder and all night long continued doing so, as he observed his not-even-a-word-in-English mother "(p. 182). The *White Teeth* explores the immigrant experience and the children of immigrants who are trying to make sense out of England and their parentage. Smith paints a marvelous portrait of these groups in detail and she also portrays individuals compromising them. The beginning of the book and the ending of it is focused on Samad Iqbal who is the most influenced character by the life styles of West. He becomes a boring man in stages. His complains increase time to time and indicates that "Weren't you listening to my dilemma? I am corrupt, my sons are becoming corrupt, and we are all soon to burn in the fires of hell." (p. 192). Samad forces his children to follow his way even when they are so young. This is one of the reasons of his both sons' exaggerated behaviors and the gap between Samad and his sons. Magid's reaction is evident. He mentions that "It is not fair! I can't go on Haj. I've got to go to school. I don't have time to go to Mecca. It is not fair" (p.152). As Samad is getting older, he becomes stubborn and starts to believe that protecting his roots and past is the only way to save himself from the fire of Hell:

To Samad, tradition was culture, and culture led to roots, and these were good, they were untainted principles... But roots were roots and roots were good. Roots were what saved, the ropes one throws out to rescue drowning men, to save their souls (p. 145)

Shiva is one of his friends that he explains why he does not want to adapt to London. He seems to be more experienced than Samad and he gives advices. The expressions of Samad in the below mentions common the wish of all Eastern people which is to return to

their hometown one day:

That is precisely the point! I don't wish to be modern man! I wish to live as I was always meant to! I wish to return to the East. " Ah well... we all do, don't we murmured Shiva (p. 145)

Shafak's favorite character is doubtless Gail whereas Smith's is Samad's wife, Alsana. Gail and Alsana are like the voice of their creators. Both novelists use these two female characters to announce their own notions and thoughts. Alsana in *White Teeth* is aware of the hypocrisies of both West and East, of secularism and religion, and such awareness provides a voice of comic element in the novel. Samad moves first to the East end of London, but wary of racist violence, and eager to rekindle to war-time friendship makes him move Willesden Green. He cannot help being anxious about his sons' future. He decides to move and Smith gives his excuses directly "The house was the matter. Samad was moving out of East London where one couldn't bring up children, indeed. " (p. 59). Although Alsana herself is a foreigner in the country she can not trust any foreigner at first and refuses the friendship of Archie and Clara. Not only Western people but also she, as well, thinks the marriage between black and white is impossible and that it is something opposing to nature's rules:

Who are they? I don't know them! You fight in an old, forgotten war with some Englishman... married to a black! Whose friends are they? These are the people my child will grow up around? Their children-half blacky-white (p. 61)

Omar shares the worries with Alsana. The thoughts of Omar on being foreigner are explanatory for *White Teeth* as well. In the first days of America, Omar thinks:

Just like countless newcomers to the new continent before him, he felt simultaneously a foreigner in a foreign land and yet that the place he'd arrived at was somehow not that foreign. What America did to the conventional stranger-in-a-stranger-land correlation was to kindly twist it upside down (Shafak, p. 73)

To move into a new country which has totally different conventions and customs make everyone feel queer as if one does not change the country but the planet. However strange seems every things of the West at first, one gets used to how to deal with these strange and

unknown innovations gradually and spontaneously. As Omar says:

To be newcomer meant you had now arrived at a place where you didn't know the ways and hows, but probably and hopefully learnt most, if not at all, in the fullness of time. (p. 73)

But the learning must be fast as much as possible. Otherwise your taking shelter in this foreign land becomes so painful. Alsana also gets used to existence of other culture and she even starts to be happy with them in a few years time. She becomes a good friend of Clara:

Black people are often friendly, thought Alsana, smiling at Clara, and adding this fact subconsciously to the short preside of the pro and con list she had on the black girl. From every minority she disliked. From White chapel, there had been many such redeemed characters. Mr. Van, the Chinese chiropodist, Mr. Segal, a Jewish carpenter, Rosie, a Dominican woman. (p. 65)

It is known that the families of *White Teeth* are not usual families that we come across in our daily life. Their excessive behaviors and speeches are inevitable facts that prove their uniqueness. They do not wear like the other people of novel and their relation with each other is so close that it is impossible to come across such sincere and deep affairs in our daily life. Smith also mentions this unusualness with a plain sentence which is "Samad and Alsana Iqbal, who were not those kinds of Indians (as in Archie! Mind, Clara was not that kind of blacks), who were, in fact, not Indian at all but Bangladeshi." (p. 54). Living as neighbors, their close relation with each other evokes admiration and attracts attention. Smith's characters have different cultures like the roommates of Shafak. Their tie which is invisible is so tight that the problems they have does not cause offend amongst them. Shafak gives a fascinating sample for these kinds of people in her novel:

The farther the country of origin or the harder the conditions met here, the swifter these networks seemed to mushroom, albeit less rhizomes in their burgeoning. Birds of migration were the most peculiar of all fowl. Initially, they detached from their own flocks to migrate to faraway lands, and once there, they flocked into the detachments (p. 81)

Gail in *The Saint of Incipient Insanities* is different from Alsana because she is citizen of United States but still she is attached to the group of foreign students and considers herself as a homeless immigrant. She learns a lot of things from the students and she has never experienced any cultural clashes up till now. Because she does not choose a kind of culture for herself and practice any customs or traditions. Eastern cultures and traditions evoke admiration on her. After meeting with Omar, they have a close but weird affair. It is like exploring a continent. They are so marginalized people that their getting closer does not take much time. Sometimes Omar's talkings cause suspicion and curiosity:

So the Turks got hungry as wolves. Gail wondered. She did not tell him that Americans got as hungry as a bear, as a pig or perhaps as a wolf but did not usually get as hungry as wolves (p. 213)

Gail is drawn as a female American character. After she gets married with Omar, she moves to the house of foreign students. It is ironic because she is the only Native American in there. Shafak highlights her situation with a humorous style and states "Gail seemed to have failed to notice that none of the three people she shared this house with happened to be a native-speaker." (p. 289). She is the only character of Shafak who is really interested in Eastern customs and finds immigrants as a cultural richness and variety. She is misunderstood by Abed from the beginning till the end. Abed as a symbol of loyal Muslim in the novel sees her as a Western modernized woman who admires East's notion as a fashion. Moreover when Omar announces his intention for marrying her, Abed is the only person who stands against his intention. For Abed. Gail is a stranger because she does not belong to their culture and he thinks that she cannot understand them. Abed insists on repeating that she is not the right person for him. In reply to this Omar says:

How many times I searched for someone of my kind! But nowhere could I come across another twenty-six-year-old Turkish guy who was born on the last day of October, and writes a dissertation titled " Blood, Brain and Belonging: Nationalism and Intellectuals in the Middle East" and lives in Boston with the funniest Spaniard and the funniest Moroccan in the world. (p. 276)

Whatever Gail asks about Islam or Eastern traditions to Abed or his mother, he does not conceal his hatred towards her. It happens so often when Abed's mother comes to Boston for a visit. Abed worries for her mother because she is so strange to Western life style. He thinks that she will be so restless and disturbed by what she sees; he gets depressed even a few weeks before she comes. He does not listen to his friend's counseling and in reply to their advices; he reasons the trouble waiting for him with "That woman has lived all her life in this small town where everybody knows everyone. Down to their tiniest sins. She has no idea at all about American culture " (p. 171). He tries to persuade her about not visiting him but he cannot accomplish and at last, she comes. In contrary to what he thinks, his mother presents positive attitudes towards other's notions and beliefs. Her sentences about different cultures and customs are worth taking notes. One of which is that "Every country has its own people. All people have their own customs. If you are in their land, you should be more agreeable the guest eats what the host offers. " (p. 182). Gail is doubtless the most contented person after meeting with Abed's mother. Abed is not happy with the interest Gail shows to his mother. When he accuses her of behaving insincerely and artificially, in fact he accuses every individual of the West. He humiliates Gail strongly and proclaims her interest as "What an exciting culture! Exotic! Erratic! Despotic! Embrace your third world sisters" (p. 186). Gail's curiosity receives a frustrating response from Abed. One day when she asks the henna on his mother's hand, Abed replies:

It is a fuckin henna that you put on your hands! There is nothing to ask about it. What are you asking all these things? Why do you make her believe that you are really interested in her. (p. 186)

Another important function of Abed's mother in the novel is her usage of proverbs. He learns to use proverbs during his speech from his mother. He has a deep belief in proverbs that he says they are pure wisdom, simple and clear. He thinks that people do not use them any longer because it is trendy to make everything as complex as possible. We see his mother at first using a proverb to exclaim her dislike of Gail but after a while she again uses proverbs to express her positive feelings towards her. Another contrast between Abed's beloved proverbs and the real life is linked to his lover in Morocco. "Eye doe not see, heart does not suffer" (p. 231) cannot be trusted as it is believed for Abed is far from his lover; he still misses her so much. Ambivalence in the character of Abed is visible but Abed is also

unaware of the existence of ambivalence in himself. This sample shows proverbs' misleading sides and it also refers to the line "human beings are notorious for their fear of ambivalence." Meetings in both novels have important roles. They are the scene in which the characters start to think of one another's ideas and thoughts. The first meeting of Clara and Iqbal family in the *White Teeth* is the portrait of prejudice and alienation of one to other's culture. It can be likened to a communal scene of *The Saint of Incipient Insanities* which is Allegra's birthday. In *White Teeth*, Clara who is a Jamaican but raised in England knows a few things about Eastern people and she is so confused about how to behave towards them that she cannot decide what to cook for them due to Iqbal's being Indians:

For God's sake, they are not those kinds of Indians, said Archie irritably, and offended at the suggestion. Sam will have a Sunday roast like the next man. He serves Indian food all the time, he does not want to it too. (P.54-55)

To be unaware of one's culture causes clashes in the multicultural society. People of a certain region do not have any chance to get news about other cultures except for television and newspaper. They get an idea about different nations with these limited news tools and it is obvious that they generalize the idea on all the citizen of nation and prejudice occurs. There are some striking passages that confirm this establishing in *The Saint of Incipient Insanities*. Through Omar's experiences, we get some ideas about Western prejudices against Eastern:

So some mothers are those who were inherently displeased to see their daughters dating a Turk, but pretended not to mind it up to a certain level, as long as it didn't get serious. Not that they treated him badly or anything. To the contrary, though visibly reserved, they were always welcoming and elaborately polite, embracing him in a condescending, almost aristocratic courtesy, as if giving him a chance to do something, anything, to win them over, as if expecting him to surprise them. The nothing-can-surprise-me mothers were, on the other hand, liberal mater cosmopolitans determined to embrace every cultural variety whatsoever in exactly the same way and with exactly the same interest. With that it made no big difference whether you were a Muslim or a Zoroastrian, or worshiped the great Kali, or a bevy of Gods, or even declared yourself one, for they would equally enjoy seeing you round, it wasn't you that they saw but only a vapid silhouette of a foreigner as reflected in the

misty mirrors of such unconditional open-mindedness. With both types of mothers, Omar suspected, the least to have an impact on what was thought about him was his personality. (p. 221)

The passage above is just one of the good examples of people's unawareness of each other's culture. The worse is that this unawareness is that people do not want to wake up and see the realities. As Omar says to his foreigner friends "when you are a foreigner, you can't be humble self anymore. I am nation, my place of birth. I am everything except me" (p. 222). As a foreigner in the West, mostly Europe and United States, you represent your nationality rather than your personality. This is the point that all the characters of Smith and Shafak deal with in their novels. As Shafak acclaims in the interview of *Berliner Zeitung*:

The youth of aged societies that have made undergone tumultuous transformations to modernize, which concomitantly meant to Westernize, repeatedly utter this mantra when a Westerner with scant information shows some interest in a single facet of their cultures that they themselves are barely interested in and in actual fact, wouldn't want to appear, or flat refused to be associated with:" Oh, that? But that was a long time ago. You can't see such things in my country anymore. (p. 3)

It is not a valid fact only for Turk or Moroccan. It is current for all nations who emigrate to the West. When Omar says so, all the characters of the novel come from different regions of the world agree with him. Like Shafak, Smith also has sympathy for the characters she creates. They all have something interesting to say about everything; even they disagree with each other. Alsana, generally for much of the novel a perplexed, not terribly smart woman nagging her husband, speaks up against intolerance when her son and his friends are burning The Satanic Verses(which none has read) she burns all of Millat's secular stuff- including his sneakers, his rap music on a pyre in her garden:

Everyone has to be taught a lesson, Alsana had said, lightening the match with heavy heart some earlier. Either everything is sacred or nothing is. And if he starts burning other people's things, then he loses something sacred also. Everyone gets what's coming, sooner or later. (p. 334)

The cast of *White Teeth* echoes the multiculturalism of the playground. The plot revolves around three main families-the British and Jamaican Joneses, the Bangladeshi Iqbals, and the Jewish Catholic Chalfens-over the course of several generations. All the families live in Willesden, and are connected through the youngest generation, who attend the same schools. There is a dialogue between Alsana and her cousin Neena who is lesbian and against all the obligation of her origin and culture. Two women come from the same country and even from the same family but the difference of their notions about how a marriage or woman should be is baffling:

Oh yes auntie, yes, the little submissive Indian woman. You don't talk to him, he talks to you. You scream and shout each other. There is no communication. It is not like back home. There is got to be communication between men and women in the West. They have got to listen each other (p. 76)

Her cousin not only criticizes her attitudes towards her husband but also the Eastern traditions that put pressure on women. She can not understand the necessity of silence in the marriage if any problem occurs and states that "You are saying that a good dose of repression keeps a marriage healthy" (p. 77). There is a lively chorus of cameo characters, different vernaculars and voices, but Smith never misses a note. She is especially in tune with the language of teenagers, who are convincingly and wittily portrayed. The exchanges between the no-nonsense Alsana and her lesbian "Niece of Shame" on subjects including abortion and arranged marriages are delightful. Alsana does not believe to be able to solve a problem with talking of women. Talking gets more problematic with itself. She stands against modern way of solving problems. However, it is not only those of a colonial mindset who must open themselves to change. When 'nature' visits Britain in October 1987, in the form of a hurricane, the Iqbals' world is shaken up. While Samad and Millat hurry to flee the house, Alsana sits stubbornly on the sofa confident that nothing will happen because 'Mr. Fish', the BBC weatherman, has assured 'her' that all will be fine. When she relents, and gets in the car and drives from the house with 110mph winds howling, she confesses that her world has changed. She is an immigrant that expected to encounter a benign Britain; a 'civilized' Britain, as characterized by BBC announcers in dinner-jackets, crumpets for tea and the comforting thwack of leather on willow. Quite probably a Britain that never existed, but nonetheless - in her mind - a more reliable Britain than that to which she is currently being exposed:

'England, this is meant to be! I moved to England so I wouldn't have to do this. Never again will I trust that Mr. Crab.'

'Amma, its Mr. Fish.'

'From now on, he's Mr. Crab to me,' snapped Alsana dark look. 'BBC or no BBC. (p. 223)

Archie's and Samad's meeting during the war is important for the novel because it is the first scene that Eastern man and Western man explore each other. Before the war they live with their people and have no chance to know the other. At first, they can not put their prejudices against the other aside and reflect the influence of what is told about each other. Western man has heard so many awful things about Eastern man so that he should not expect a closer relation from him. It is the same for the Eastern man. Their meeting proves that all the things they have heard about each other up till now may be wrong and deceiving. Archie is so naive character in the novel that he reveals what passes through his mind without considering and confesses sincerely "They don't speak well about Indians back home; they certainly wouldn't like it if you said an Indian was a hero... everybody would look at you a bit funny " (p. 99–100). The response of Samad for this statement is like the response of novelist's herself. It is like a lesson to all prejudices that make relations worse and engrossing the gap between two different religions, culture. Samad states:

Please hold your judgment. If you are told "they are all this" or "they do this" or "their opinions are these. That land called "India" goes by a thousand names and is populated by millions, and if you think you have found two men the same amongst that multitude, then you are mistaken. It is merely a trick of his moonlight (p. 100)

Indians are not the only Eastern people who face with prejudices. Abed in *The Saint of Incipient Insanities* comes from Morocco has the similar experiences with the Western people who have misleading and wrong information towards the East. Abed shares one of his experience related to prejudices of the West towards the East with his roommates:

I went to this supermarket to buy some tomatoes. But then I saw these two dressy

ladies, chattering right in front of the tomatoes. I didn't want to disturb them, so I went in circles in the market and got some stuff I didn't even need to, and when I came back they were still there. When they saw me coming closer once again, they stopped talking and began to watch my moves as if I was a threat or something. You can see it in their eyes. I started selecting tomatoes but they were still staring at me. And then this awful thing happened. God, I hate my nose! I leaned forward to pick a tomatoes, suddenly I see my nose dripping and I know the women were seeing it to, I panic, I can't find my Kleenex, I panic more, and before I know it my nose drips on the box of tomatoes. It was so embarrassing. And the only thing you see is how they see you. Here comes this fishy guy, looks like Arab, his nose drips on tomatoes, he must be an Arab! (p.109)

In the eyes of Western people, he is only an Arab that should be gotten rid of. Whatever he does, it will be difficult to remove the image of Arab from their mind. Abed is aware of this difficulty and these causes to create the same prejudice against the West which is difficult to be removed. When he tells his market experience, Omar attempts to tell one of his experiences as well but he changes his mind and lets it only pass through his mind and witness this experience "Is that a Turkish condom? Check if there is a slit before putting it on." is that a joke? Was she serious" (p.111). In *White Teeth*, Archie and Samad have a conversation about their tradition of marriage during the war and they make a comparison. Both find each other's tradition strange and weird. Samad tries to explain that in their culture, they do not choose their wife but they are chosen by the elders. Samad remarks that "A young lady has already been picked out for me. A Miss Begum" (p. 97). Archie can not hide his astonishment about not having the chance of using his own freedom of choosing his own partner. Archie compares the tradition with his own and says "Where I come from" said Archie "a bloke likes to get to know a girl before he marries her " p. 98). During their company in the war, apart from tradition of marriage there are some more important issues that they discuss. Smith especially places war in her novel to underline the destructiveness of it. She describes war period with humorous language and mocking with it to mention that it is unnecessary:

A vein in Samad's forehead was fighting passionately to escape his skin. He wished to defend a country that wasn't his and revenge the killing of men who would not have

acknowledged him in a civilian street. Archie was amazed. It was his country; essential vertebrae in its backbone, yet he could feel nothing comparable for it. (p. 95)

Archie is shocked with Samad's joining to the War for England. He is not English and he also has to defend himself against the prejudices of Englishmen. In *White Teeth*, An introduction to the Joneses, Iqbals, and Chalfens already indicates the multicultural diversity of *White Teeth*, though other characters, religious groups, and ethnic origins also populate the novel. His confusion of identity, the everyday compromise of being foreign and British at the same time, is a recurrent theme in the novel - O'Connell's Pool House, which is neither Irish nor a pool house, is owned by Arabs and serves up fried breakfasts minus the bacon; the Afro-hair problem where black women spend a fortune and undergo regular pain in the quest for straight hair; the bastardized Indian food which Samad delivers every night in his restaurant. Archie and Samad's cross-cultural friendship is consolidated in O'Connell's Pool House, their "home from home" (p.184) O'Connell's is "neither Irish nor a pool house" (p.183), but "half cafe, half gambling den" (p.12) run by the Iraqi Abdul-Mickey (whose pragmatic male family trait of adding an English name to Abdul is itself a hybrid tendency) O'Connell's is both a male refuge from wives and children, and also a microcosm of the racially eclectic Willesden Green. Yet is a place where diversity is accepted in a jocular fashion, and deemed less important than everyday business of male life:

They were sitting in their new haunt, O'Connell's Pool House... The place they sat in, where they met each evening for dinner, was half cafe, half gambling den, owned by an Iraqi family, the many members of which shared a bad skin condition (p. 23)

White Teeth illuminates the inherent difficulties of preserving ethnic identities and cultural heritages in an increasingly multicultural society. Being a black in white society is one of the unusual situations that the novel includes. We can not talk about a cruel racism in the novel but still we can say that blacks are not as lucky as whites and they are humiliated because of their skin color. The central black character of the *White Teeth* is Clara. Clara's entrance into novel and Archie's life is a dramatic descent in a red halter neck and tight yellow flares down the staircase into Archie's arms. She is Jamaican. She arrives as an immigrant in 1972 with her mother Hortense, who is enraged at waiting for her lethargic husband Darcus, an earlier arrival, to arrange their passage to England. When Smith describes Clara, she uses a humorous language to put forward her blackness and her race:

At first a description: Clara Bowden was beautiful in all senses except maybe, by virtue of being black, the classical. Clara Bowden was magnificent tall, black as ebony and crushed sable, with hair plaited in a horseshoe. (p. 23)

Smith likes playing with people's prejudice against black people and Clara's blackness revolves around us" Clara went as red as black people get and looked at the floor" (p. 35). The reason of Clara's desire to marry Archie, who is double age older than her, is not certain but her eagerness to escape from her skin might be one of the possibilities. The proof that strengthens this possibility is Clara's first impression about Archie. She states briefly "No white knight, then, this Archibald. No aims, no hopes, no ambitions. A man whose greatest pleasures were English breakfast... A dull man. An "old man. And yet... good "(p. 48). When she decides to get married with Archie, Hortense withstands to this decision. She is suspicious of the marriage, and the strain of her disapproval often proves taxing to the couple. She does not worry about the age or something else but "her mother. Hortense was fiercely opposed to the affair, on grounds of color rather than of age." (p. 356). Maybe the melancholy of losing Clara's religion pushes into the unlikely arms of Archie and a peculiar marriage. But whatever the reason is, Hortense, her mother, is completely opposed to this marriage. According to her:

Black and white never comes to no god. De Lord Jesus never meant us to mix it up. Dat's why he made a hol'heap a fuss about de children of men building de tower of Babel. I want everybody to keep tings separate. When you mix it up, nuttin'good can come. (p. 384–385)

There are some initial tensions between Archie and Clara that stem largely from their disparate backgrounds. Archie is a fairly traditional example of the old school: god, country and the pub. Clara is raised in a family dominated by her mother, Hortense and the teachings of seventh-day Adventists. After her marriage, Clara's character very much takes second place to her supporting role as wife and mother. But she is the only character who is exposed apparent racism in the novel. The consequences of the cultural differences within the families are not limited in the domestic. He works for a printing company designing folding materials. Archie almost immediately faces difficulty in his job, when it is clear that more than a few of his co-workers are uncomfortable with his wife choice and speak to his boss, Mr. Hero:

That company dinner last month-it was awkward and unpleasant. And there is the annual do coming up with our sister company from Sunderland, about thirty of us... As I say, it is not that I'm racist (p. 71-72)

It is clear that Archie and Clara are not welcome at an upcoming company dinner. Of course he is a racist. He is the voice of Western people who see foreigners as a threat to their country's budget and security. He tries to hide his hatred towards blacks and claims that "I mean it is like Delhi in Euston every Monday morning. And there are some people around here who just feel your attitude is a little strange. (p. 72). To See Euston full of Indian immigrants annoy him. He is so disturbed about this situation that he can not even conceal his hatred. Clara's skin color restricts her choices and freedom so does Abed. Although he is from Morocco, he is named as an Arab wherever he goes because of his skin color. He is so disturbed of that naming that we can explain his hatred and prejudice towards Western society. At the beginning of the novel, he gives a cue of Casablanca which is walking sheets as an excuse for his anger. His sisters are just like walking sheets in the eyes of Western. Another humiliating association used for his nation is Lawrence:

And you must be Law-ren-ce?" connecting the sight of an Arab to Lawrence of Arabia. That was and still lingered as the only plausible explanation Abed had been able to come up with. (p. 119)

However, there is not much racist discourse in *The Saint of Incipient Insanities*. Shafak tries to restrict the clashes and prejudices in certain extend. Her ambition is to focus on individual's personal non-belonging and she tries to mention that the sense of non-belonging does not occur from immigration or being an expatriate in contrast to common considering. We can say that Shafak as a foreigner in her real life in past, she is successful in the illustration of foreigner's experiences of difficulties in West by using her own experiences:

It was not solely the Turks doing that. All other international students were entangled in similar national networks, some of which overlapped, crisscrossed, or simply collaborated with some others, therein creating further networks of even shakier solidarities. (p. 81)

These seem small and trivial problems that an expatriate faces during his staying in West but these trivial handicaps that an immigrant comes across make the sense of being immigrant rise in a dense way. Shafak gives a short list of things that raise the difficulties of foreigners:

“How to make a phone call and go homical when you hear the mechanical lady repeat her mantra: “ we re sure your call can not be completed” even when you are 100 percent sure this time you dialed the correct area code, inserted the right coin at the right time. How to operate a photocopy machine that works with some sort of special card that you keep confusing with other special cards. How to decipher in a few seconds what kind of cheese you(there are more than ten in the showcase) you want on which bagel(there are more than twenty different types over there) while the pardoned saleslady gives you acidic looks. How to talk to pharmacist about the itch on your penis. How to steer the intricately blatant machinery of the routine through the serpentine paths of daily life and manage not to look like an idiot as you crash over and over again? It was daily life that humiliated most, mortified like nothing else. (p. 81)

Samad and Alsana’s problems as foreigners in London are somewhat different, and largely stem from the struggle to maintain a household on Samad’s meager waiter’s salary. The difficulties of early married life lead to stronger friendship between Archie and Samad as they confide in each other and to a bond between Clara and Alsana as well. Their families grow close. Irie, however, the daughter of black and white couple, becomes a central character in the latter stages of the novel. Unhappy about her physical appearance and suffering unrequited love, “her teenage angst is also influenced by genealogy she has the body of her Jamaican forebears, and hair she fantasizes of changing into straight long black sleek flick able tossable shakeable touchable finger-through-able wind-blowable hair. With a fridge” (p.273). These physical characteristics render Irie stranger in a stranger land and there is a focus on multicultural alienation with Irie’s story. Her disastrous attempts to change her hair in a Willesden saloon provides one of the highlights of *White Teeth*. She is asked by one of the hairdresser of which nation she belongs to:

-You Mexican?

-no

-Arab

-Half Jamaican and half English. (p. 273)

It is seen that she can not leave her real identity behind and it follows her even in a saloon. She tries to find suitable hair to be seen as a Western girl like the ones at school. In a market, the saleswoman’s comment on the customers is quite striking. She gives a popular example in the world that is in the influence of white men. She claims that "Is it my fault if

they want the hair is straight-and paler skin sometimes like Michael Jackson, my fault he is too" (p. 281). After she goes back home with her new hair, Alsana's cousin Neena gets shocked with her new appearance. Neena is different from other characters. She does not apparently try to protect her Eastern identity on the contrary her choice of sexuality, lesbian, and she is banned from her society however we can say that she is the only one who accomplishes to be able to converse her essence. She gives a lesson to Irie by mentioning that "but that is not your hair, that is some poor oppressed Pakistani woman who needs the cash for her kid" (p. 283). But the school is her nightmare which all the young characters of novel go to. She feels her not English-ness most and her not being contented with her appearance rises at school:

In Gleanard Oak Comprehensive, black, Pakistani, Greek, Irish-these were races. But those with sex appeal lapped the other runners. They were species of their own. (p. 269)

It is through the character of Irie that the anxieties of youth and immigrant communities are displayed, and her function in the novel is often to articulate opinions that the narrative voice can only do more intrusively. Irie's splenetic outburst on the bus at the end of the novel, precipitated by the squabbling of Jones and Iqbal clans, is a prime example. She compares them with other families:

What a peaceful existence! What a joy their lives must be. they open a door and they have got behind it is bathroom or a lounge. Just neutral spaces. And not this endless maze of present rooms and past rooms and the things said in them years ago and everybody's old historical shit all over the place. They are not constantly making the same old mistakes. They are not always hearing the same old shit. (p. 328)

Irie's outburst, its rage against history, destiny and the bonds of family, is prompted by her own situation. Her dislike of her physical appearance is fueled by her unrequited love for one of the twins, millat, but she has sex with both twins within half an hour. The resulting pregnancy leaves her caught in a genetic trap, unable to distinguish who the father is. Irie's pregnancy adds to her English-Jamaican a Bengalese his heritage that is as complex in its origins as her own. Other reasons that make Irie a central character is her being wise enough to see the conflicts and the reality. To meet Chalfen family is a beginning of a new page in her life. Because the family is the first that she has known up till now except her family and Igbals which are very much alike, leaving in the shadows of past and the national identity is the only thing they possess.

She wanted their Englishness. Their chalfishness. The purity of it. To Irie, Chalfens were more English than the English. When Irie stepped over the threshold of the Chalfont house, she felt an illicit thrill, like a Jew munching a sausage or a Hindu grabbing a Big Mac. She was crossing borders, sneaking into England. (p. 328)

From the day of meeting Chalfen Family till the end of the novel, she compares their way of living and thinking with her own she even envies their way of presenting respect to their heritage:

The differences between the Chalfens and Jones/Bowden family were immediately plain. For starters, in the Chalfen family everybody seemed to have a normal number of children. Everybody knew whose children were whose. The marriages were singular and long lasting. Dates of birth and death were concrete (p. 337)

When Irie's relation with Chalfens get closer, her desire to assimilate and aspire begin to shape her into an inquiring, self conscious, young woman:

She had never been so close to this strange and beautiful thing, the middle class, and experienced the kind of embarrassment that is actually intrigue, fascination. It was both strange and wondrous. She felt like Columbus meeting the exposed areaways, not knowing where to look. (p. 321)

When Irie and Millat, one of the twins, who remains in London, are caught smoking dope at school. Headmaster of the school punishes them and makes Chalfens tutor them so that they can learn how to behave as real English. He thinks that their problems occur due to their not being English in origin. The third family symbolizes the middle class. They all the time criticize the way of foreign's way of raising their children and accuses the parents for the mistakes of the children. Mrs. Chalfen states that "But I think a lot of these parents just don't appreciate their children sufficiently. Partly, it is the culture" (p. 325). Of course, Headmaster's attitudes seem to be artificial and a simple way of solving the problem. Mrs. Chalfen is proud of her attitudes towards young generation but it is ironic that her own son, Joshua, opposes his father because of his profession. Her son's leaving home shows that such misbehavior does not just happen to immigrant parents. Smith's description of this sample family is quite funny but quite right .They are drawn perfect but at the end of the novel we see, with their own relation with their son, they are not as perfect as we expect or we can say that perfect family never exists:

The children had their oedipal complexes early and in the right order, they were all fiercely heterosexual, they adored their mother and admired their father. Rows are rare, playful and only ever over political or intellectual topics, upon which they all agreed anyway. (p. 313)

Mrs. Chalfen always smiles and tries to draw a happy family portrait which embraces foreigners. She behaves as if immigrants are one of them and their origin does not interest her but it is not so. In order to prove that, she forces her children to reach this perfectness and says "Oscar loves having strangers in the house, he finds it really stimulating. Especially brown strangers." "I hate brown strangers"(p. 326). Another important passage that reveals an immigrant woman's hatred to middle-class woman is placed when Mrs. Chalfen goes to Igbals house to talk about her sons. She thinks that she has the right to put her nose into their family relations as an expert. After her long begging to Alsana to accept her at the door of house, she comes in and asks for a tea:

Fruit not possible. Not even

Early Grey is possible. I come from the land of tea to this god-awful country and I can not afford a proper cup of it. (p. 440)

We see, in the above sentences, the pressure Alsana feels because of being in a foreign country. She is tired of being exposed to west notions. Her contact with the Chalfen family is a revelation of a class-based nature, a world of middle-class intellectuals with whom "she wanted to merge... to be one of flesh; separated from the chaotic, random flesh of her own family and transgenically fused with another" (p.342). Irie's own decision about the future is to become a dentist, trying her to the novel's structure of metaphor. Whether this decision is accomplished or not is not revealed. Hybridization, as is seen in the Iqbals, signals a move towards newer forms of socio-cultural identification, which allow these new British people to identify with culturally eclectic—and in this sense, 'transnational'—models. Significantly, Smith presents this trend as a 'fact of life', rather than a showcase of her speculative ideas.

When Shafak looks at America from the outside, the results are hilarious. In one passage, the roommates list the obvious signs with which Americans label everything. WATCH THE STAIRS! It flashed on the stairs. ATTENTION LOW CEILING! It said on the ceiling. ... On

the cups of coffee it read: CAUTION: CONTENTS HOT! And on fruits: SOFT WHEN RIPE! ... Only in America you could read signs that inform SNOW SLIDES." *The Saint of Incipient Insanities* reflects the United States, not through a mirror but a kaleidoscope, as the characters notice all the things we see too often. The lives of these characters, and a whole host of others, are intricately interweaved in a myriad of diverse relationships, continually stirred together in the narrative pot which eventually boils over in a hysterically moving finale. Cultural conflicts are difficult to resolve because no one wants to make concessions and become a loser and a few are willing to share these varieties as a source of richness. Minor characters' notions towards Eastern are not given directly but we can sense what they think about Eastern with a few striking examples. While Magid buys a ticket in order to meet his Muslim friends and burn Satanic Verses, the man's reaction to him shows how mutual intolerance prevent people from reality that there is another way to interpret a situation, or that other groups may define their life in a different way:

What did you call me? What did you say? You little bastards. Can't tell me in English? Have to talk your Paki language? " First: I'm not a Paki, you ignorant fuck. And second: you don't need translator, yeah (p. 231)

Like Millat, Samad also has to repeat so many times in the novel that he is not a Paki. He is annoyed to be called just Paki. According to him, this destructs his identity and it is a swear to his ancestors so he reiterates several times and says "It is different for the people of Bangladesh, formerly East Pakistan, formerly India, formerly Bengal " (p. 133). Another example takes place during Samad's sending one of his sons to his homeland. While he wants to take his son to the airport in the middle of the night, one of their neighbors complains about the noise they cause while leaving to house. He does the business in the late of night not to be known from anybody and make noises so the complaint arouses without hesitation, we see that racism in "Now maybe some of us, who have to work in the morning, can get a decent night's kip! Bloody Pakis" (p. 200). The English appears in the novel sees the one who does not come from their origin as a Paki. It is hard for Easterns to accept this labeling because they do not even want to have an idea about them this misjudgment makes immigrant's hold on to their culture more tightly. These attitudes also take place in *The Saint of incipient Insanities*. All the American people name the brown skinned immigrants as Arabs. Samad is one of the characters of the novel who is influenced most by this naming:

I am not actually from India, you know” said Samad, with infinitely more patience than he had ever previously employed the many times he had been required to repeat this sentence since moving to England. (p. 133)

Immigrants interpret the West differently and they start to think that to preserve rights and values mean to be against each other’s way of living and principles. They want their life in their control and present themselves to the outside with their own identity, without any influence of the Western notions. Samad confesses and screams "What is the result of these so-called democrats, this so-called freedom, this so-called liberty? Oppression, persecution, slaughters... Chaos, disorder, confusion." (p. 467). In a pluralist culture, Ethnic groups have difficulties in existing freely. The fear to lose the identity triggers more aggressive behavior:

Don’t talk to me about white women. It is got to the point in the West where the women are men! I mean they’ve got the same desires and urges as men-they want it all fucking time. They dress like they want everyone to know they want it. (p. 373)

These sorts of difference in thinking and behaving prevent the immigrants to understand the society they are in.

Prostituting herself to the male gaze. Particularly white males. Because that’s how it worked between Western men and Western women, wasn’t it? They liked to do it in public.” Why couldn’t she cover up? Who was she trying to impress? (p. 372)

They feel the cultural pressure on them generated by external circumstances or internal needs. Therefore each misunderstands the attitudes of other. This causes wrong thoughts towards the opposing group one of which is "The English are the only people who want to teach you and steal from you at the same time" (p. 356). Smith criticizes all the institutes of the West as an ethnic origin novelist through her characters. This time she makes Millat thinks about the quality of films:

Now he knew that if you wanted an example of the moribund, decadent, degenerate, over-sexed, violent state of Western capitalist culture and logical endpoint of its obsession with personal freedoms, you couldn’t do much better than Hollywood cinema. (p. 445)

The existence of cultural pluralism in harmony is possible with the acceptance of mutual tolerance and patience. Hatred rises so that intolerance becomes out of control and even the trivial details features of the West seem annoying for immigrants and makes it impossible to get on well with them:

Is it necessary to say thank you in a single transaction. Thank you when you hand the book over, thank you when she receives it, thank you when she tells youth the price. (p. 113)

Intolerance to Western way of living is also underlined in *The Saint of Incipient Insanities*. The difference is drawn professionally:

When a Turk realizes he has just mispronounced the name of an American in Turkey, he will be embarrassed and in all likelihood consider this his own mistake, or in any case, as something to do with himself. When An American realizes he has just mispronounced the name of a Turk in the United States, however, it won't be him but rather the name itself that will be held responsible for that mistake. (p. 5)

The anger towards West rises throughout the novel with criticism of their affairs, life styles and way of thinking. When Omar has a depression, Gail suggests him that he should take some courses to relieve and relax. Gail offers a course which is popular and common amongst modernized society. Omar cannot stand without mocking with them:

A midfortyish Bostonian was highly eulogized in his brochure got having gone to the East to attain illumination with regard to three questions: "Who I am?" "What is my lace in this universe?" "What will happen to me afterward?" he had gone there to find the answers to these questions, and had come back with more than he wanted There were some people in United states who regularly systematically, and of their own free will assembled to create mandalas, erect sacred circles of stones, communicate with angels, dowse for their missing, visit their previous lives under hypnosis, weave meditative baskets, get in trance in public parks, receive divine channeled messages (p. 228–229)

Still, we can say that Shafak draws a positive and promising multicultural portrait by putting forward their common points and making them have a sincere, close affair and friendship:

Though from different countries, they had heard exactly the same stories with minuscule here and there. The man who'd found a finger in a jar of pickles bought from a supermarket nearby was equally Moroccan and Spanish and Americans. So was this young couple who had left their newborn baby with the new nanny, and when they came back home late that night, found him in a large platter roasted and garnished with potatoes. (p. 265)

Clarifying the purpose of the interaction is essential to eliminate confusion. The view of multiculturalism is possible with the different cultures interacting peacefully within one nation not like melting pot that mixes them but as the salad bowl model. But they are aware of the difficulties of immigrants have and the things expected from them by the Western society. Smith summarizes this in her novel with a few sentences:

Because we often imagine that immigrants are constantly on the move, footloose, able to change course at any moment, able to employ their legendary resourcefulness of Mr. Schmutter, or the foot-loosity of Mr. Banaji, who sail into Ellis Island or Dover or Clais and step into their foreign lands as blank people, free of any kind of baggage, happy and willing to leave their difference at the docks and take their chances in this new place, merging with the oneness of this greenandpleasantlibertarienlandofthefree (p. 465).

The best thing that can be said for immigrants and their past is "this is the other things about immigrants, they can't escape their history any more than you can lose your shadow" (p. 465). Both novelists think that crossing cultural boundaries must be considered as a key to live in peace and harmony. Both novelists strongly emphasize that exchanging information or style of life enriches the world. They display a chance that we can exist without residence in any particular territory. This will be convenient to end this part with an extract from *The Saint of Incipient Insanities* the walkman played an Elvis Costello song "home isn't where it used to be. Home is anywhere you hang your head." (p. 225) summarizes both authors' general message to their readers.

6.1 The Effects of Religion on Cultural Clashes in Western Society

Religion is commonly defined as a group of beliefs concerning the supernatural, sacred, or divine, and the moral codes, practices, values, institutions, and rituals associated with such beliefs and adherence. Religion has been a great part of humans' life for many centuries. The notions of it influence life style, way of thinking and relations with one to another. Apart from four great religions, there are hundreds of minor religions that people believe in heart. Due to religion's great place in people's life, writers have been using it as an issue in their works for centuries. Some of the works only depend on beliefs and the story evolves around them on the contrary, some writers use them as a pattern or as a motif in their works.

We should accept that the religion especially Islam's role in both novels is more than a pattern. It would be a weak and a lacking study if it was not taken into consideration. For example, *White Teeth* is a kaleidoscopic look at late Twentieth Century London, with wickedly satiric send-up of the education system, religious fundamentalism (Christian and Muslim), and immigrant life. Religious discrepancies are a part of cultural clashes. Belief is one of the essences of our identity that differs us from others. Religions do not always give peace to people or provide regularity in the nations. They might be reasons of cultural clashes and they might be obstacles to get on well with other nationalities. In both novels, religion sometimes is the most effective obstacle between the native and foreigner. Its function in both novels is different but still, there are too many common points that should be mentioned. *White Teeth* is quite a complex and engaging account of contemporary Britain in the face of its ending colonial prowess and beginning post-colonial identity.

The characters all come face to face with what it means to live in a post-colonial, multi-ethnic country and they struggle with understanding identity and morality in this new environment, whereas *The Saint of Incipient Insanities* is an exhilarating and vivid journey into the lives of motley assortment of brilliant, obsessive, and often troubled young immigrants, and an American whom one of them marries. With its themes, displacement, its Boston-area setting, its ease with academic topics, and reference to religions and beliefs, Shafak's novel suggests a contemporary multicultural work and a compelling original voice in 21st century fiction with dazzling wordplay, an infatuation with pop culture, and fearless intellect. The *White Teeth* empathizes with, but then scathingly exposes the flaws in, all of

the following: religious fanaticism. Religious pseudo-belief. Rationalism. Middle-class privilege. Working-class struggle. Husbands on the dole. Husbands who work for a living. Brilliant scientists. Anti-science protestors. Involved parents. Apathy. Marriage. Unrequited love. Flitting from partner to partner. Writing passionate platonic letters to strangers. Smith is passionately anti-racist. Although both Christianity and Islam are mentioned throughout the novels but Islam is highlighted in both novels. The reason of it is its being the religion of immigrants who are the protagonists of both novels. Most of the immigrants come from Eastern countries that are quite strict and strong about their beliefs and changing of this is regarded as a threat to their identity. We come across the Islam even in the first page of *White Teeth*. When Archie, who is one of the English protagonists, attempts to commit suicide but he is prevented by a Muslim butcher due to his beliefs. Shafak also does the same thing in the first page and defines her two characters by saying their coming from Muslim countries. She mentions an important point here while saying this. She will give her evidences for their being totally different from each other. Smith goes on her story with Clara and Hortense, who are mother and daughter. They come from Jamaica in origin. They are introduced as strict Catholics who oppose to other religions and they are waiting for the end of the world with eight millions Catholics. They believe in that out of eight millions Jehovah' Witnesses, only 144,000 men could join Christ in heaven so that is why they continuously pray to be one of them. Their thoughts on other religions and beliefs are important:

The god women and god enough men would gain paradise on earth-not a bed booby prize all things considered-but that still left a good two million who failed to make the grade. Add that to the heathens; to the Jews, Catholics, Muslims; to the poor jungle men in the Amazon whom Clara had wept for as a child; so many unsaved (p. 388)

The passage above underlines the dangerous sides of beliefs because it seems that they are not tolerable to other beliefs and isolates the other religions. We do not see similar passages which divide the religions into categories strictly in *The Saint of Incipient Insanities*. Instead of that, they seem so understandable and sensitive towards each other's beliefs that they avoid making comparisons between religions. One of the most important scene of it is the one who gathers around to same table to celebrate Allegra's birthday. Piyu is Spanish and Catholic and on the other side Abed is Moroccan and Muslim. They are faithful supporters of their religions and are given an opportunity to talk about their beliefs. Despite of the great difference in their culture and religion in their mind, they do not share them with others and

keep it to themselves. Shafak opens a window to these minds:

The thought of the possible objections or questions a Catholic might raise against Islam had crossed Abed's mind several times, and he had in store more than a few answers, in case Piyu ever used them. Likewise, Piyu, too, had pondered the likely arguments that a Muslim could make against Christianity and had his answers ready. In the fullness of time, it had become clear that none of these answers would be needed, as both Abed and Piyu had been remarkably respectful toward each other's religion. (p. 143)

The atmosphere of the night and their mood changes from time to time and they cannot keep their promise which is not to question others' beliefs and to tolerate as much as possible. They are curious about the notions of each other's religion and sometimes they cannot help asking them. Gail who wonders the most about Islam keeps asking to Abed. But Abed cannot give any meaning to her curiosity and accuses her of mocking Islam. According to him, Western men put pressure on immigrants and they try to convert them to Christianity and to a Western way of life. Abed is one of the most prejudiced characters of *The Saint of Incipient Insanities* because of bad experiences he has had. This time Gail asks for the notion of hell in Islam and in reply to this Abed speaks simply:

I will tell you the thing about books. According to Holy Koran, he who is given his book in his right hand shall have a blissful state in heaven in a lofty garden, with clusters of fruit and beautiful things within his reach. But he who is given his book in his left hand will be burned in the fire of Hell. (p. 294)

During the birthday celebration, instead of talking about personal matters and characteristic features of each other, they prefer to converse about their religion. Allegra who is the Mexican-American girlfriend of Piyu is so interested in cooking that the kitchen is the only place that she feels all right and she defines it as her only house. Because she is aware of the fact that house is the place where to relieve and have peace most and of course where you think you belong to. She presents her excessive interest on cooking in the celebration as well and wonder about food and dishes the Muslim countries have:

Allegra asked about the fasting practices of Muslims. They began to chatter languidly and yet warily about the types of food prohibited by different religions and the logic

behind the barring. (p. 143)

Abed's intensive care while responding to questions asked by different cultured people strikes our eyes. He avoids being the reason of clash and debate of the night. He gives responses thoroughly:

With such prudence, Abed talked about holy month of Ramadan, keeping the information more at the cultural level at the religious one. He finally deduced that though the whole thing might appear to be primarily about obtaining from food, it was essentially far more intangible than that, being a matter of taming greed and desire, and a matter of learning sabr, submissive patience. (p. 143)

Piyu does not behave differently from Abed while answering. He does not want to demonstrate how adherent Catholic he is. He abstains from reflecting himself as devoted believer to them and so he picks his expression and words carefully. Shafak declares Piyu's objective views with the sentence of "Piyu gave resonating examples from Catholicism, likewise keeping it at a more cultural than religious level " (p. 143). On the contrary we witness a harsher scene in *White Teeth* on religions. One of the reasons might be age difference. They are over middle age and more rationalist than the young immigrants of *The Saint of Incipient Insanities*. At the beginning of *White Teeth*, two families are introduced to us and the third one which symbolizes the voice of middle class, joins the at a latter stage. Samad and Alsana Iqbal are the chief immigrants of the novel who feel the religious clashes deeply. For the couples the West which is totally strange to them. Smith portrays at every turn how the two couples attempt to adjust to an ever-more multicultural world, becoming more insular even as the changes around them force them into accommodation. It's particularly difficult for them to watch their children adapting to their surroundings, and the continual futility of attempts to isolate them from corrupting influences at school and on the streets is reinforced constantly. It's worth noting that it's Archie and Samad who are particularly threatened by the turbulent nature of things: they're a generation older than their wives, and as they spend more and more time at O'Connell's Pub, their safe heaven, they simultaneously become convinced of the impossibility of passing on many of their most cherished values, and sink back into idealistic reminiscence. They keep running away from the responsibilities they have and their unharmonious union with their surroundings. Although Archie is a native English who is from London, there is not much difference between their feeling of an outsider and sense of displacement. However, much they disagree about each other's thoughts and

emotions; they do not let them to destruct their friendship and affair. Their fear to be alone is more important than their discrepancy; they do not dare offend each other. Still, Samad senses more profound the estrangement in London and Western society because displacement of Archie stands more personal whereas in the case of Samad, it is more religious and cultural. The sentences of Samad summarize well the dilemma of the people like him who are in between of two different cultures and religions:

We are split people. For myself, half of me wishes to sit quietly with my legs crossed, letting the things that are beyond my control wash over me. But the other half wants to fight the holy war. Jihad! Your past is not my past and your truth is not my truth and your solution... Personally, my hope lies in the last days. The prophet Muhammad tells us on the day of Resurrection everyone will be struck unconscious. Deaf and dumb. (p. 179)

What each of the elder generations fail to see is what Smith keeps reminding the reader is about rebellious mood similarly as their children. In many instances, the older generation is hypocritically trying to force their children to conform to a cultural ideal that they cannot adhere to themselves. This is brilliantly illustrated when Samad, while keeping them away from his sons Western life style and harassing the school board for its obliviousness to Muslim holidays, becomes engaged in some very un-Muslim habits. After developing a crush on Magid and Millat's music teacher, Samad rationalizes the sin of lust by atoning for it with a voluntary fast:

Those two months, between seeing the pretty red-haired music teacher once and seeing her again, were the longest, stickiest, smelliest, guiltiest, fifty-six days of Samad's life. Wherever he was, whatever he was doing, he found himself suddenly accosted by some sort of synthetic fixation with the woman; hearing the color of her hair in the mosque, smelling the touch of her hand on the tube, tasting her smile while innocently walking the streets on his way to work; and this in turn led to a knowledge of every public convenience in London, led to the kind of masturbation that even a fifteen-year-old boy living in the Shetlands might find excessive. His only comfort was that he, like Roosevelt, had made a New Deal: he was going to beat but he wasn't going to eat. He meant somehow to purge himself of the sights and smells of Poppy Burt-Jones, of the sin of istimna, and, though it wasn't fasting season and these were the longest days of the year, still no substance passed Samad's lips between sunrise and sunset, not even, thanks to a little china spittoon, his own saliva. (p. 149)

Even though the novel focuses on the longtime friendship between Archie and Samad, it is Irie, Archie's daughter, who remains the calm in the eye of the storm, and brings all of the swirling plots and sub-plots together. Irie is the young female character who is crucial to so many elements of the story. Millat and Magid's role in the novel is also important and everything weaves around their children though Archie and Samad are truly the main characters. *White Teeth* is less about Archie and Clara, or Samad and Alsana instead it is about the offspring each union produces. An overeducated waiter in a curry restaurant, Samad is a devout Muslim who laments the fact that his sons are growing up in a secular culture with no regard for religious traditions. Though he often gives into temptation, he drinks and has an extended affair with his sons' music teacher and he decides to send Magid, the more serious and scholarly of his boys, to Bangladesh to be raised by relatives. Samad sends his elder and more serious twin son Magid to Bengal for a traditional Muslim education, but he returns "more English than the English" (p. 406). Whereas the remaining twin, Millat, progresses from the North London street gangs to become a member of the fundamentalist group "Keepers of the Eternal and Victorious Islamic Nation" - KEVIN (they know they have "an acronym problem"). Millat on the other hand, could not care less about religious purity, and has his head set on business and capitalism. It is comic in a ponderous, tragic-comical way. Millat who announces himself as a devout slave of Allah has his own ambivalence and Smith likes mirroring this with humorous language. Millat is one of them who protests the book of Rushdie named *Satanic Verses* at the beginning of 1990s. She does not give the name of book directly, but a careful reader does not miss it. Salman Rushdie criticizes his own religion and demonstrates Muslim's wrong behaviors in the book but none of the people who burn the book in a big group have read the book before. They just stand against it instinctively. Smith tries to underline the ignorance of adherent people with Millat:

To be more precise. Millat hadn't read it. Millat knew nothing about the writer, nothing about the book; could not identify the book if it lay in a pile of other books; could not pick out the writer in a line-up of other writers. But he knew other things. He knew that he was a Paki no matter where he came from that he smelt of curry; had no sexual identity; took other people's jobs; or had no job and bummed off the state; or gave all the jobs to his relatives... In short he knew he had no face in this country, no voice in this country. (p. 233)

Smith criticizes the people like Millat who oppose something without any investigation. The sentences above shows that she is not totally against Millat. In a way, she

gives excuses for his anger and hatred and shows the right points he has. Still Millat is a perfect character for her to mention the prejudices of religious people and with humorous style she satires them:

We have taken it too long in this country. And now against we are getting it from our own man... He is a fucking bad or, white man's puppet... " Allah will fuck him up cried Rajik, the least intelligent who thought of God as some kind of cross between Monkey-magic and Bruce Willis (p. 233)

In *White Teeth*, Archie's daughter Irie, is unable to see her reflection among spindly English roses, dreams of her mother's native Jamaica, in the usual search for identity in postcolonial novels. As Smith shows, the immigrant experience cannot be reduced to her own apophthegmatic "past tense, future perfect". While he's gone, Millat becomes increasingly westernized, and Irie develops feelings for him that make both uncomfortable. As he becomes increasingly depressed, smoking large amounts of marijuana, chasing random women and leading a life that's more and more dissolute, he seeks the shelter of the English family of a school friend, while Irie reestablishes her relationship with Hortense, her grandmother, in an attempt to find her roots and help Millat. When Magid returns, a rather austere scientist by this time and ironically more British than when he left, the cultural and generational struggles reach full pitch just as he prepares to assist in a genetic experiment on the eve of the millennium. Samad is not content with the result. However much he tries to hang on to beliefs and practices from their motherland, he believes that his sons will go to hell inevitably. He does not see himself as guilty:

More English than English. They both lost their way. Strayed away from the life I had intended for them. No doubt they will both marry white women called Sheila and put me in an early grave. All I wanted was two good Muslim boys (p. 406)

All the characters in both novels attempt to overcome cultural issues in to live happily. They present the bleak and artificial realities of living in West at any age and at any time. With quiet and humble observations, Shafak and Smith address the problems within religion and culture like few writers do. Penetrating educative history, historical events and political movements and connecting them to logical motivations, they grind down the issues and probe their cavities with more skill than dentist around. Especially, the difference between two Muslims is taken up by Shafak so subtly with examples of Omar and Abed. She demonstrates how different they might approach to issues of race, family, religion and sexuality despite of both coming from Muslim countries. Hearing that Omar eats bacon, he cannot control himself

and remind his religion and prohibitions. According to him, none of the Muslims eat pig meat. In the first days of their friendship, Omar tells him that he does not mind pig. Abed tries to prevent him at first but later he gives up. Omar does not do anything Islam requires, still he becomes the only person for Abed that he can trust and consult. When Abed's mother comes to Boston for a short visit, everybody especially Abed gets panic. He starts to question his mother's culture, traditions, customs, and her way of looking at Western life style. He is not sure about how she will reach in USA. Shafak reflects all the confusions of Abed:

Was she traditionalistic? Would she be annoyed by the consumption of alcohol, for instance, or of bacon, or any other thing that wouldn't even occur to them? How much of themselves could they reveal and how much should they conceal? What did Zahra like? What was she like (p. 158)

But the result is quite different from what we expect. Although Abed's mother does not know anywhere except her homeland, she is not aware of English, and she is a devout Muslim, she adapts easily and submissively to them without any complaining or questioning. It is surprising to see such an over middle aged Eastern woman being so tolerable and understandable towards strangers. Shafak wants to mention that young generations might be more prejudiced and racist than elders. Questions of contradiction are given a contemporary edge with a debate about religion. Abed is an educated man of this modern century but his aspect of thinking is more shallow than his traditional, uneducated mother. When she says that she likes Gail, Abed immediately opposes to it by saying that she is Jewish. Her being a Jewish is an obstacle to like someone according to Abed. During her staying, something happens to her and in order to make her feel better they have to make sacrifice. It is quite usual and ordinary requirement of worshipping to any Muslim whereas if the place where they sacrifice is a Western city and society, things change and this ordinary action becomes complexes and unusual. Abed is helpless and hopeless and wants help from his nonbeliever friend:

Omar, my brother. You should help me. No matter what, you are a Muslim, right? At least you come from a Muslim country; you are the only person in this house who can help me. I will meet jmal in half an hour and we will visit imam too get some advice. (p. 198)

Abed cannot tell this to anyone except Omar. He is frightened of not being understood and he thinks everybody will mock his beliefs. He is not courageous enough to stand beside his beliefs and He had rather "not tell this incident to any one of his non-Muslim friends.

Especially not those two vegans one of which even opposed imitation meat." (p.199). The troubles Abed has are not different from what Samad has in *White Teeth*. Both characters stress the importance of Islam in their life often and they have a limited tolerance towards the ones who oppose. Samad also has the same problem with pig. We can say that Abed, despite of his young age, more strong-willed than Samad because Samad has already eaten bacon several times and is still against eating of his sons. When he meets his son Magid in O' conceal' pub to talk about his attitudes towards their values and customs, Magid offers bacon to eat. Samad gets so angry and says:

So you mean to mock me, is that it? In front of my face you wish to show me the kaffir that you are. Mr. white-trousered Englishman with his stiff-upper-lip and big white teeth. You know enough to escape your own judgment day. (p. 454)

There is also one crucial passage about Islam's prohibition of eating pig at the beginning of novel when Archie and Samad are introduced to us during the war. While talking about each other's customs and cultures, Archie is stock to this prohibition. Samad tries to explain its reason without presenting any grounds:

I don't eat it for the same reason you as an Englishman will never truly satisfy a woman It is in our cultures, my friend." He thought for a minute." Maybe deeper. Maybe in our bones (p. 96)

Samad cares too much about the judgment day that he forgets to live this real world. He is so concerned with the corruption of their descendants in England that he forgets to be concerned with the corruption of his relations with his family. However, he does self-criticism time to time:

Think! I want another woman. I've killed my son. I eat bacon. I regularly slap the salami. I drink Guinness. My best friend is a kaffirnon-believer... What will happen come Mahshar? How will I observe myself when the Last judgment comes? (p. 149).

His sons especially Millat who is the symbol of fundamentalist Muslim tradition is aware of his father's hypocrisy. He does not agree with his father about the notions of Islam and he does not approve his father's behaviors. He does not hesitate to proclaim his father's hypocrisy and says "He is bloody hypocrite man, he prays five times a day but he still drinks and he doesn't have any Muslim friends. I am more of a fucking Muslim than he is." (p. 334).

In the matter of hypocrisy, we witness fewer scenes in *The Saint of Incipient Insanities*. The characters are more sincere about their beliefs and ideas. There are a lively variable characters, different voices in the novel however, Abed is one of the central characters whose voice raises the most. He constitutes an important function for the Muslims who is suppressed and oppressed by the voice of prejudiced Westerns. He is not comfortable wherever he goes to and he cannot behave freely. He often dreams himself and his Muslim people in the eyes of opposing group:

What Abed couldn't explain to himself was this incredible tension he had felt until the Muslim girls had left the cafe. Trying to see how they were seen in the eyes of Americans, Abed's own stare had dwindled to a judgmental gaze toward the girls (p. 110)

He cannot put aside the feeling of being gazed and stared. He guesses the reason why they are staring at him with a disgusting face expression. He is seen as an immigrant who comes to infect viruses and to danger their security. A passage of Samad can be a convenient extract to point Eastern' and Westerns' fears:

It makes an immigrant laugh to hear the fears of the nationalists, scared of infection, penetration, miscegenation, when this is small fry, peanuts, compared to what the immigrant fears-dissolution, disappearance. (p. 327)

Samad does not avoid repeating similar sentences to announce his suffering and fears. He gives excuses for his anger and hatred and he tries to explain his main ambition by being against values and beliefs of the West:

But I am not like Samad Iqbal. I restrain myself. I live. I let live." "It is not a matter of letting others live. It is matter of protecting one's culture, shielding one's religion from abuse. (p. 235-236)

Abed in *The Saint of Incipient Insanities* also tries to protect his religion from abuse and he insists on talking about the prejudices of Western people. He is somehow right in several points because he reads discrimination news and "he got hurt by the tone of discrimination against Arabs and Muslims looming in several articles he read and more than several TV programs he came across." (p. 207). Smith expresses her sympathies bluntly. In her discussion of Fundamentalism she writes: "Revelation is where all crazy people end up. It's the last stop on the nutso express." (p. 343). She is equally acerbic about the Chalfen

family: "Unlike many others around this time, Joyce [Marcus's wife] felt no shame about using the term 'middle class'" (p. 344). In the Chalfen lexicon the middle classes were the inheritors of the enlightenment, the creators of the welfare state, the intellectual elite, and the source of all culture. Smith is also so subtle about presenting the hypocrisy of middle-class of England who humiliates the immigrants and comments on their values without investigation or any effort to know them. When the headmaster of children's school make three immigrants' offspring, Irie, Magid, Millat meet with Joshua, the shape of plot or the structure of novel changes and head to a different direction. Headmaster's intention is to unite these three children with original English life style and make them adapt to the West by living with a perfect sample. The third family that joins novel demonstrates different aspect of society. We do not get surprised in front of the couple's reaction to this idea. She explains as "The headmaster told me he was a Muslim boy. I suppose he should be thankful he is not a girl, though. hmmm? Unbelievable what they do to the girls." (p. 320). These are quite artificial discourses that reflect non-real face of Islam and Smith wants from us to see how they are ignorant and how they approach to the matter so unconsciously. The more they get to know them, the more their thoughts change towards them and he claims that "He doesn't seem at all like most Muslim children. They are usually so silent... terribly meek." (p. 322). When Chalfens get closer to them, Joyce, who is the wife of Marcus Chalfen, focuses on especially Millat. She tries to take him into her control to protect him from his religious group and bad behaviors. But she is weak while she diagnoses his problems. In reply to this diagnosis, her husband says "Joyce, he hasn't got a disorder, he is just a Muslim. There are one billion of them. They can't all have ADD." (p. 434). There is not much sayings about Omar's religion and his beliefs in the novel. Without any doubt, he is the one who is close to death and who is in desperate situation. He does not know what to believe and to whom. He is not as determined as Abed that is why he has more ambivalence and contradiction in his inner world. The sentences he forms to define himself are striking. He finds himself as:

A lost Muslim. Lost was precisely what he was, and what he had been more than anything for the last five, ten, fifteen years of his life... a graduate student of political science unable to accommodate himself either inside the torrent of politics or on the little island of scientists... an expatriate who retained a deep sense of not being home here, but not knowing where that home was anymore even if he had had one sometime in the past; a born Muslim who wanted to have nothing to do with Islam or with any other religion whatsoever; a staunch agnostic less because he denied knowledge of God than because he denied God knowledge of himself. (p. 505)

Gail, who commits suicide at the end of *The Saint of Incipient insanities*, is introduced as not only non-believer but also as the one who questions the dogmas and presents the function of religion in creating cultural clashes within nations. Similar to Omar, to mention her weak relation to religions, she does not escape this truth and she does not avoid sharing with others:

just as Rlike wrote: what will you do, god when I die? You lose meaning, losing me. Be it god, nationality, this or that religion... whatever you deem the most important all we need is to tell it to it... When I-meaning this little ant among billions of little ants-when I die what will you do without me (p. 146)

All the characters of both novels are in need of belonging somewhere or something. They feel the sharp fact that they are losing whatever they have day by day. They cannot stop it. They find escaping and leaving everything behind as a solution. It is impossible not to be influenced by Samad's running from the facts and his suffering:

I ran from it into the night; I tried to run from myself, I knew I had been depressed in this country... But this was different. I ended up clinging on to the railings in Piccadilly Circus, kneeling and praying, weeping and praying. It meant I wanted to write my name on the world. It meant I presumed. Like The Englishmen who named streets in Karela after their wives... It was a warning from Allah. He was saying; Iqbal, you are becoming like them. That's what it meant. (p. 505)

In both novels, we often come across the scenes of escaping or running from something. It is controversial if it works or not but there is a fact that they are in the hand of a cruel system and their becoming a puppet is inevitable throughout. Both novelists take on big themes-religion, faith, gender and class. They both show that it is hard to gain faith but it is easy to lose it.

6.2 Metropolises: London, Istanbul, Boston

White Teeth and *The Saint of Incipient Insanities* are complex works, featuring multiple locations, time frames and characters. Both novelists deal with the foreigners in the Western cities such as London, Istanbul, and Boston whose ethnic identities have become confused as a result of immigration and Westernization. This mixed-up situation is one of the abiding themes of novels, a theme that incorporates the legacy of empire, and the multicultural societies that are thus produced.

Smith takes a fresh look at London as rich, multicultural city where people do not fit into neat little boxes and neat little labels, whereas Shafak chooses Istanbul and Boston. The most common point about their cities choice is the relation of them with cities. They have strong link with them. They are the cities they have lived in for many years which they know very well. We can say that their secret about reflecting cities so subtly and vivid lies down their intimacy of multicultural alienation, cultural tradition, and hybridist of the cities.

Elif Shafak takes a responsibility to introduce Istanbul because of its being her homeland, and Boston which is the city she has to live half of a year for academic reasons. She is happy with her novels revolving around these two cities. Smith's novel embraces a new cultural landscape which would replace previous, more confrontational pictures of the multi-ethnic London. Halfway through *White Teeth*, the narrator famously remarks on the 'century of strangers' in which mass migration has propelled cultural hybridization and we see children from different backgrounds coexist harmoniously in a London playground, instead of people rioting in Notting Hill. On the contrary to Shafak, although Zadie Smith reveals a new multi-faceted London in *White Teeth*, she refuses the criticism made about her writing her homeland. The author is, however, quick to point out that this particular slice of London is fiction, not reality and she says to Suzi Feay in the interview "If I were to write about modern London I would be a journalist, not a novelist" (p. 4). She tries to underline the point that she is a creator of unreal images or locations not a journalist who tells everything objectively. Without any doubt, instead of describing London directly she uses her imagination and creates a new world which is nice to her. It is impossible not to be impressed with the sheer scope of this huge novel, spanning a few generations and a few cultures. Picturesque London village is so vividly portrayed that we could smell the colorful shabbiness of the characters' lives. Her vernacular is so spot on that it is obvious that she is a Londoner.

Suddenly roads had exploded in greenery, beautiful oaks, the houses got taller, wider and more detached, she could see parks, she could see libraries. And then abruptly the trees would be gone reverting back into bus stops, as if by the strike of some midnight bell; a signal that the houses too obeyed, transforming themselves into smaller, stairless dwellings that sat splayed opposite derelict shopping arcades... It was a lottery driving along like that, looking out, not knowing if one was about to settle down for life among the trees. (p. 148)

Similar to Smith, Shafak portrays Boston in a way that the variety of nations, shops, stores, and definitions catch the eye of reader even in the first page. We easily understand that the story is about multi-ethnic and multicultural side of the city. It is not always in an optimistic tone or mood as it is in "New England children who had no idea how utterly mind-blowing their cold look to outsiders." (p. 150). Even in the first pages of the book, the characters feel as outsiders in this big and civilized city. Throughout the novel, they cannot get rid of this feeling that is why each of them becomes victim of cultural clashes and gets out of their way. She always takes up Boston as a city which is full of people that nobody cares anybody and the people in this city are only busy with their own problems and happiness. She uses a satiric tone when she gives news about outside "The city was leading its life as usual, though somewhat more somnolent and clumsy, perhaps. Snow has slowed down all action-motions, ambitions, passions." (p. 150). But in Smith's, it is different. Her London is not the London of Hampstead Heath, Gospel Oaks or Belgravia, but a down-and-out, work-a-day, almost Dickensian London. *White Teeth* is an attempt to portray polyglot London inhabitants as the real English, as indeed they are, but the novel bogs down in a wealth of detailed research that obstructs, rather than pushes the story forward. As Mark Rozzo says in his essay, *Who's English now*, about novel:

If we check out a map of London: the city seems a sprawl endlessly, its high streets spooking this way and that amid a dizzying patchwork of interlocking hamlets and maddeningly meandering lanes. Insatiable curiosity and the desire to make a sense of it draws the eye back again and again, retracing routes, discovering patterns, seeing new colors (p. 1)

The colorful and vivid scapes and scenes become a character in Smith's novel. It is also possible to notice the same thing for the Istanbul of Shafak. In the latter stages of *The*

Saint of Incipient Insanities, Istanbul becomes author's main concern. Gail and Omar visit the city to meet Omar's family and Shafak reveals her intention for introducing the city. The family is not the reason for her making them come to Istanbul but the city. Omar gets panic in the first day of their visit. Gail is aware of his anxiety. By Omar, Shafak makes her intention more clear. Gail says "you don't show any enthusiasm about me meeting your mother. But you get frantic about me meeting your mother city" (p. 325) to Omar. Boston is the place of Gail, and up till now they have been there. This is the first time that Gail gets to know about Omar and about his own origin, culture, and city directly. With her own eyes and ears she senses the city where shapes Omar's identity and personality. This innovation raises Omar's excitement and anxiety:

Preposterously, Istanbul had become a juicy, ambrosial, crimson apple he kept polishing and polishing before presenting it to a woman he loved. The more he polished, the more he felt the urge to titivate. (p. 327)

Gail is not different from him. She is also so anxious and she is looking forward to meeting Istanbul. Shafak illustrates her desire quite vividly and mentions "Gail wanted, like too many western women married to Eastern men, to like the city, if not the country, where her husband had come from" (p. 327). Istanbul is described entirely in terms of the variations of houses and people in its inhabitants, as interpreted by the author's enthusiasm on its diversity and colorfulness:

A landscape of a sea of bottomless indigo with picturesque mosques and cute red roofs of houses arrayed far away with an algal shade of hills in the background. Grimy, narrow, snaky streets tangled, crammed, crumbled houses with windows wide open onto the life throbbing outside, and the hordes of cats on the streets, some incredibly august, some so miserable; this mess of history encrusted with not only the vestiges of lives along withered away but also the signs of those yet to be born. At first and each sight, the city looked so unsightly to Omar. (p. 328)

There is an attempt to make the reader "see" the city, or to describe its sensory impact on a young foreigner woman and a native man up from the balcony for the first time:

So the roofs shriek in Istanbul, but it is the streets that talk. It is on the streets that life throbs in a melange of fuming and frustrated, aching and buyant voices; the squawk of horns splintered by one piercing yell of street vendors, emergency sirens, prayers from copious mosques and the clangor by the constant swish of the seay, as if it intended to wash away this pandemonium once and for all. (p. 328)

To reach the origin essence of the city, the visitor has to penetrate through a maze of close, narrow and noisy streets, thronged by the roughest and natural of the people.

It is a city of infinite quarrels-between men and men, and men and women, and life and death. The hubbub is so dense that even the faintest click fuses with an outcry far away, absorbing, therefore, a touch of the overall tune. (p. 328)

She reflects the city as a music which has a variety of notes and a melody which muses someone and provoke to get into action.

If you listen attentively, you will notice there is an underlying rhythm. Streets are cadenced in Istanbul, far more harmoniously than the beat of the lives that slither upon them. (p. 328)

It is also possible to hear the rhythm of London in *White Teeth*. Smith has ambitiously attempted to portray a mighty range of London life: old and new style Muslims, Jamaican Jehovah's Witnesses, a mixed-race teenagers, working-class English man, manipulating middle-class families. In the day of Irie's confusion of culture rising at the top, she runs away from identity, cultural clashes, immigrations, and hybridist through the streets of London. Smith reflects her desperate situation and her suffering with using vivid images of multicultural London:

She didn't want to be involved in the long story of those lives, but she was, and she found herself dragged forward by the hair to their denouement, through the high road, Mali's kebabs, Mr. Cheungs, Raj's, Malkovich Bakeries- she could reel them off blind fold; and then down under pigeon-shit bridge and long wide road that drops into Gladstone park as if it is falling into a green ocean. You could drown in memories like

these, but she tried to swim free of them. (p. 459)

We can say that all the passages about London are indication of its feature of diversity and richness of cultures. She especially emphasizes the historical background and multicultural side of it. In the latter stages of the book she stresses it through Samad when he gives up fighting against corruptive impact of the West on his familial relations and the clash of the West and his own culture. He confesses his sins, secrets, and pains to streets of London:

They have no faith, the English. They believe in what men make, but what men make crumbles. Look at their empire. This is all they have. Charles II Street and South Africa House and a lot of stupid-looking stone men on stone horses. The sun rises and sets on it in twelve hours, no trouble. This is what is left. (p. 556)

The 'New Britain,' which *White Teeth* imagines and critiques, is imagined through and celebrated for its cosmopolitanism and multiculturalism. The novel is fraught with loops and turns such as this, which delve back in time to explain the present. Before you know it Archie and Clara wed; Clara leaves her wretched neighborhood of birth (Lambeth) for Archie's neighborhood (Willesden Green). In the first scene of the novel is the Archie's attempt of suicide and the matter he points while he chooses the place to die is essential for the analysis of Smith and her novel. He divides people into two categories and mention which category he belongs to even when he is about to die:

Crinklewood Broadway would seem a strange choice. It was no kind of place. It was not a place a man came to die. It was a place a man came in order to go other places. But. Archie's Jones didn't want to die in some pleasant, distant woodland, or on a cliff edge fringed with delicate heather. The way Archie saw it, country people should die in the country and city people should die in the city. Only proper. In death as he was in life and all that. (p. 3)

Smith's dealing with London is also common point that most of the critics evaluate about the novel. Her multicultural Londoners attend to pressing questions of family and fate as they navigate a treacherous maze of history, identity, and, most inescapably, race. Again in the scene of Samad's rebellion against West in the streets of London, Smith puts forward the phantom of London which is formed by a variety of cultures and nations:

Willesden, Doris Hill, Harlesden, and watch with dread(If you are fearful like Samad, if you have learnt from the city is to cross the road at the sight of dark-skinned men)as white fades to yellow fades to brown, and then Harlesden Clock comes into view, standing like Queen Victoria's statue in Kingston-a tall white stone surrounded by black. (p. 559)

Like Smith, Shafak's multicultural side of city goes fore. Up till the chapter of their visiting Istanbul, she usually echoes the voice of West to East. But in the last pages, Gail transmits her ideas and experiences about how she is regarded by East.

One the one hand, there were the more educated, the more affluent, and far more sophisticated who were irrefutably western and modern; and then there was a second group of people, greater in numbers, less in power, less Western in appearance. A Turk could easily look like a foreigner to another Turk. The very first thing ordinary people were interested in learning from a foreigner was more basic: "How do I look from outside?" (p. 327)

It is quite clear that both novelists share their experiences on the cities with us sincerely and it is easily understood that they are so glad at cities' being multicultural. They see multiculturalism not as a loss but a gain. It is an opportunity to learn more from its rich side of it and with only small sense of tolerance and empathy, cultural clashes will not be an obstacle that hangs out of our feet. It is a chance to meet someone who comes from different nationality and identity for both novelists.

CHAPTER SEVEN: THE ENDINGS OF *WHITE TEETH* AND *THE SAINT OF INCIPENT INSANITIES*

One of the favorite games of literary people is that of best first lines. But they aren't really as important to a novel as the last lines. From a terrible first line, a novel may recover the last line is what it leaves a reader with. The endings of novels are perhaps their most crucial points, when both themes and characters diverge or converge, when expectations are fulfilled or crushed, when the novel comes together to leave no questions or to create new ones. The endings of the modern texts bear more similarities to each other than they do to their Victorian counterparts. Ultimately, the Victorian texts come to frame and prize traditional the promise of traditional domesticity, while the modern texts focus on the undoing and ultimate impossibility and destructiveness of family and home.

“Conclusions are the weak points of most authors” George Eliot remarked on one of her essays and continues “but some of the fault lies in the very nature of conclusion, which is at best a negation.” Endings are not always happy ones like Victorian Novelists. Sometimes novelists invite us to choose between two endings that have been offered by them. As David Lodge comments on endings:

Perhaps we should distinguish between the end of a novel's story-the resolution or deliberate non-resolution of the narrative questions it has raised in the minds of readers-and the last page or two of the text, which often act as a kind of epilogue or postscripts, a gentle deceleration of the discourse as draws to a halt. (p. 182)

We can say that all the novelists apply to different styles for their endings. The ending of *White Teeth* has an important role for the plot and the ending is a kind of last minute twist. Smith uses a typical ending of a short story which is end-oriented, inasmuch as she begins a short story in the expectation of soon reaching its conclusion. On the contrary of *The Saint of Incipient Insanities*, we embark upon *White Teeth* with a very precise idea of when it will finish. We feel that we come to the end gradually. Critics have lauded *White Teeth* for its astute take on social cooperation between various races, classes and religions. The majority of critics also have enjoyed the diversity of characters and their various ethnicities and well-developed perspectives. There are some more critics who agree with the weakness of the ending of the novel when compared to the earlier chapters. It is possible to see key points of

the finale well before it comes; still the sense of disappointment becomes inevitable when ending is not all one has hoped it to be. There is a lack of polish and cohesiveness that permeates the book. Parts of the book are wordy and rambling while other parts are so sparsely detailed that the reader often is confused about the events taking place. The last chapter of the novel is one of them which cause confusion due to the fast pacing and events. In the last pages of the novel, Irie has sex with both brothers, and it is Smith who decides on Irie to stop caring about who is the father. It is quite clear that a general message about escaping from roots is more important than Irie's reality, what she might actually think of her consciousness. A character has been sacrificed for what Smith called, in her interview with Sophie Ratcliffe, "Ideas and themes that I can tie together-problem solving from other places and worlds" (p. 3). The issues that Smith addresses in the novel are very serious and complex, and she is able to adroitly capture the importance of these issues as well as the anger and confusion that they elicit in the two families. The issues of race, family, religion and sexuality are all dealt with care and insight. There are some comments that most of the critics share about the novel. There are also other kinds of criticisms that we should pay attention. One of these is by James Wood:

In the end the story line falls flat. By the end of the novel the message and its importance has become very clear to the reader, but unfortunately, the story and the characters remain convoluted. (p. 2)

As Wood says, there is not any information or any clue about the characters' future. It is like to end a film in the middle of it when all the issues and events rise to the top. She over creation suspense leaves us in the dept of uncertainty and curiosity. There are more other cruel and hard criticisms on her ending. As Jackson Kevin points out:

Then on a matter how much meticulous research she has done, no matter how beautiful written her metaphors are and no matter how worthy her subject matter is, White Teeth becomes a disappoingly slow trudge towards an anticlimatical ending. All of which proves that in this age of hype and big advances, the power of focus and economy should never be underestimated. (p. 3)

Joshua's parents are of the third family that joins other characters in the middle of the novel. With them, the direction of the novel completely changes and we start to focus on this

middle-class family. Sometimes they prove our sympathy, at other times they are extraordinarily comic. Their thoughts about brown strangers and immigration are like reflection of white natives of the West. The novel's climactic event occurs in New Year's Eve 1992. Magid eventually takes a position in a genetic engineering firm that designs a creature called FutureMouse. We see all the characters of the novel all gathering together in the end of novel. Chalfen parents are controversial genetics Marcus Chalfen and Joyce. Marcus has big plans to change the world with a project of FutureMouse. By a curious chain of events, bring together the Chalfens, the Joneses and the Iqbals. The experiments of Marcus chalfen with mice attract the attention of a radical animal right group, a militant Muslim organization, and the Jenovah's Witnesses, all of whom passionately deplore what Marcus does with Mice. These groups, ignorant of each other's determinations, converge on the opening of his public presentation and opening of his exhibition:

And all these people are heading for the same room. The final space. A big room, one of many in the perret Institute; a room separate from the exhibition yet called an Exhibition room used for the meetings (...)Here are two huge, matching posters, slicks across two sides of the room like wallpaper, and text says Millennial Science Commission. (p. 517)

White Teeth ends with a clashing finale, in which all the novels's characters-most of whom are now dispersed between various cults and fanatical religious groups, head toward conference which takes place in London. The scientist Marcus intends to announce the successful cloning of his mouse. Most of the characters' intention is to prevent him from announcing this due to a variety of reasons. The novel's sense of an ending depends on another piece of history: a secret about Holocaust. The scientist who has made Marcus Chalfen's scientific innovations possible s the reputed Nazi war criminal whom Archie declined to execute almost half a century earlier. We have been told (apparently in Smith's own voice) that immigrants cannot "escape their history any more than you yourself can lose your shadow" yet, like the fleeing mouse at the novels and, every one seems to be escaping the past:

Archie, for one, watched the mouse. He watched it stand very still for a second with a smug look as if it expected nothing less. He watched it scurry away, over his hand. He watched it dash along the table, and through the hands of those who wished to pin it

down. He watched it leap off the end disappear through an air vent. Go on my son!
Thought Archie. (p. 541)

Briefly, by this ending, *White Teeth* exposes the dangers of labeling others and illustrates the universal striving to maintain self-identity in pluralistic contemporary society despite cultural heritage or ethnic origin. The ending of a novel as mentioned before differs from novelist to novelist. It also depends on plot and style. Shafak devotes a page to her each character which makes us to predict their future. Their changes in the last pages attract attention. Allegra changes her choice of sexuality and starts an affair with Debra who is exgirlfriend of Gail. Abed avoids suppressing his desire towards women and with his laundry experience, we understand that he will not conceal his feelings and will question the dogmas from now on and we see that his adherence to Islam gets weaker. Shafak begins her novel with Omar who can be said to be the central character of the novel and she ends it with Gail who is the suicidal Native American. Gail has so many names and they are especially important because it seems to be linked to her drive towards either death or life. She does not fix an identity, a stable identity is anchored in just one name and for all. She needs to change her name. She is quite different from others with her personal features. She eats only banana and chocolate and she has had several suicide attempts. We are not moved with her attempts because the ways she chooses for committing suicide are not so serious that we cannot think that she will achieve to do it one day. That is why we get shocked with the Shafak's striking ending. Because she succeeds it in the land where she is foreigner. Gail and Omar both have a kind of sadness and they are eventually drawn together and get married. Ambivalence is one of the things they have in common. She has her tendency towards death and Shafak does not give any reason for her choice. The sense of non-belonging follows her wherever she goes. Even Omar's existence, his love and affection are not sufficient to remove this strong sense. Omar brings her to Istanbul to meet his family. Although she has attempted several times in United States in her homeland, she fails. After a few days in Istanbul, on their return to America, during their crossing the Bosphorus Bridge suddenly and dense emotion attacks her and a whisper in her ear tells that the point they stand at the moment is the right time and the right place to emigrate from this world. She thinks that she can be rescued from the sense of non-belonging and being an outsider in this world. Omar takes advantage of every opportunity to make her feel better and make her stop suffering. But his efforts do not help to end her suffering and to change her mind about dying. A fleeting consolation crosses Omer's mind that she won't die. No she will not. People do not commit suicide on other people's soil,

and this is not her homeland. But did she ever have one? Who is the real stranger-the one who lives in a foreign land and knows that he belongs elsewhere or the one who lives the life of a foreigner in her native land and has no place to belong? In the novel, there are a lot of names mentioning music. A lot of time is recounted through music. Omar does not like using watches instead of following time with watches he uses the songs duration. It seems to inform that Omar's character and it is a wonder if music has any significance for the novelist. The titles of songs reflect the mood of characters and the songs are used to describe the situation the characters are in. During the end of the novel, the titles of songs give a clue for of the end. The last song has a meaningful title which is "gimme danger little stranger" (p. 365). This song continues in the mind of readers while Omar is running after Gail to prevent her committing suicide because Shafak repeats the title several times in the same passage. Closely mirroring the scene, Shafak uses a song which has harsh lyrics to underline the closeness of death in her life.

We like ambiguous endings; more than that, we like cadences that sound uncertain. Often this emerges in a final sentence where everything, suddenly, starts to change. And sometimes, there's no doubt, the elegantly indirect final statement can go well beyond tasteful ambiguity and well into the category of the frankly bizarre. Shafak uses simple and plain sentences for the tragic and surprising end to raise the effect of death. Complex words or elegant sentences would obscure the feeling that she would want to create on readers. Instead of using elaborate overloaded words, she creates the scene of suicide in an objective point of view like a camera which reflects only what it sees:

The bridge is sixty-four above sea level. A song plays on Omar's Walkman. The song lasts three minutes, twenty seconds, but if you keep repeating the track it can last an eternity. Gail's fall lasts only 2.7 seconds. (p. 351)

We do not expect such an ending for *The Saint of Incipient Insanities* when we consider the whole novel. The humorous and enjoyable side of it is dominant throughout the novel till the last; finale. Without any doubt, Shafak tries to baffle the readers and tries to make readers not get rid of the effect that the novel causes on us, in conclusion she achieves her goal with Gail's suicide.

CONCLUSION

Brooding over the frustration with the wrangling cultural clashes between the British colonizers and their colonized natives, Rudyard Kipling laments in "The Ballad of East and West," "Oh, East is East, West is West, and never the twain shall meet". Is the situation really that much hopeless and dark? Nowhere is the ethical dimension of literature more readily apparent than in the literature of the multiculturalism. This literature arises out of and is a conscious response to dehumanization and the denial of individual value. It cuts across boundaries of nationality, politics, religion, gender, age, and class, and includes literature that arises as a response to the, totalitarianism, racism, sexism and the like. Multicultural literature by prominent minority women authors such as Zadie Smith and Elif Shafak can be considered as critiques of the traditional majority and minority cultures with their novels' multicultural vision. While reading of *White Teeth* by Zadie Smith and *The Saint of Incipient Insanities*, sometimes you may feel losing control because there are so many variable issues to focus on. I think their success is hidden behind this formula: to be able to gather different subjects under the same roof with an unbelievable balance. No direct moral is given on issues such as immigration, identity, sense of belonging, racism and multiculturalism, but rather situations are set up for the reader to think about and question them.

With the publication of her first novel, *White Teeth*, six years ago when she was just 24, Zadie Smith hatched a teeming universe of immigrants, housing project eccentrics, curvaceous schoolmarm and upper-crusty British academic types. Set in North London's multiracial Willesden neighborhood, where the half-Jamaican author grew up. Her novel instantly became a best-seller in England and later in the United States. The action of the novel is more than a little improbable, and hard to condense into a few paragraphs, but it involves the millennium, predictions of the end of the world, cultural clashes between Muslim fundamentalists and secular English society. Smith tells her story from several points of view, and she opens a wide perspective on what it means and feels like to be an outsider in Western society. She is funny, inventive, and insightful. Personalities and issues collide in a near-farcical farrago involving animal rights activists, a genetic engineering marvel called Future Mouse, a renowned scientist, an ex-Nazi mastermind and a militant Muslim sect. Zadie Smith's novel is less a tragedy than it is a dark comedy because, apart from fading war memories, there is no tragic death in *White Teeth* but the death of faith. Smith uses ordinary, working class protagonists to people her novel and has a political reason for giving the non-white underclass depth of thought and complexity of feeling. She demonstrates the qualities

that are traditionally denied by Western Literature. Shafak has no different attitudes towards the issues I mentioned in previous paragraph from Smith in her novel. She also chooses a metropolis city of the West for the setting which is Boston. The most apparent difference of her novel from Smith's is the age of characters. Contrary to Smith's over middle aged characters, she focuses on three young immigrants who come to United States for educational reasons. She not only tells their experiences and memories of these three roommates but also she declares their dealing with confusing issues such as different races, immigrancy, religions, generations, and genders.

Without any doubt, Abed is one of the protagonists of *The Saint of Incipient Insanities* who should be examined most besides Omar. Shafak's portrayal of Abed in the novel embodies his own ambivalence toward the ideal of coexistence between the other immigrants and the Americans. On the one hand, he believes that such coexistence is desirable, but should be defined and facilitated on the immigrant's terms; on the other hand, he is frustrated over the impossibility of appropriating the immigrants into the Western way of life. His voice in the novel is high enough to represent the real Muslim immigrants who can not surpass the trouble of cultural clashes. Throughout the novels it becomes essential to examine how the concept of "cultural clashes" has been defined differently by various groups. We see that characters are encouraged by conditions and atmosphere that reflect on the changes which have taken place within their own families and friendships.

Briefly, Both Smith and Shafak have extended the migrant voice in contemporary fiction, particularly through their representation of gender and they both think that social integration might bring out the cultural assimilation. Exclusion of minority groups from mainstream politics is one of the factors, so it is fundamental to exterminate sexism, racism, and religious intolerance according to their point of view. They are not frightened to announce that cultural pluralism is a necessary consequence of a peaceful democratic society, because of its tolerance and respect for cultural and ethnic diversity.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Askhari, Hodari, *The Mystique of Zadie Smith*, Black Issues Book Review 26 January 2000:22-25
- Chaudhuri, Abhi, *White Teeth: The story of the postcolonial expatriate*, DePauw UP., 2006
- Desai, Nicholas, *On Beauty and Zadie Smith*, Penguin Book Review 24 March 2006: 11-13
- Feay, Suzi, *More Than just White Teeth*, The Guardian Press, 18 January 2001:4-6
- George, Lynell, *Author Purposeful With Prose, Fidgety with Fame*, Los Angeles Times 2 February 2000: 2-5
- Jackson, Kevin, *Next Generation; Zadie Smith*, New Yorker 75, no.31, 1999
- Jagose, Annamarie, *Queer Theory: An introduction*, New York UP. New York, 1996
- King, Bruce, *Review of White Teeth; by Zadie Smith*, World Literature Today 75, no.1, 2001
- Lodge, David, *The Art Of Fiction*. Penguin Books Press. 1992
- Mathias, Anita, *View from the Margins*, Commonweal 127, no.14, 2000
- Maya, Jaggi, *In a Strange Land*, The Guardian, 2000
- Moseley, Merritt, *The Modern World*, World 15 no.9, 2000
- O'Grady, Kathleen, *White Teeth by Zadie Smith*, The Women's Review of Books, 2000
- Ögüt, Hande, *Hafızanın Kapılarını Kırarak; Elif Şafak*", Radikal Kitap, 2006
- Quinn, Anthony, *White Teeth by Zadie Smith*, New York Times Book Review, 22 January 2000
- Quinn, Anthony, *The New England*, New York Times Book Review, 25 January 2000
- Rozzo, Mark, *Who's English*, Los Angeles Times Book Review, 2000
- Ratcliffe, Sophie, *Face it. You are a writer; not an outreach worker*, The Observer, 15 June 2005
- Squires, Claire, *Zadie Smith's White Teeth*, The Continuum International Publishing Group In. Boston, 2002
- Şahin, Öznur, *Styriyanlar ya da arada Kalanlar: Araf ve Kimlik*, Varlık dergisi yayınları, 2006
- Wood, James, *Human, All too Inhuman*, New Republic 233, no.4, 2000