

haywire

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Publisher's Note

by Zahavah Zinn-Kirchner, 11a

Even as this school year ends, there is nothing like spring to remind us of new beginnings. This season paints Berlin in every shade of green to soften the urban edges. Do we have time between classes to see the colorful purple lilacs, orange poppies, red clover or yellow dandelions showering over an old brick wall and sprinkled on the velvety grass or in the sidewalk cracks? Nature's art reminds us of our own.

We become distracted

from the "have to do this" mentality to looking at the stunning world around us. We have learned from Shakespeare how roses inspire poetry. When we smell the flowers in spring, we may want to write our own song.

This last year I have been privileged to be an editor of this blooming project of creativity called "Haywire". I am in awe of my classmates

who have been inspired to capture the world around them and look within to create such beautiful writing, poetry and artwork, especially when it is not spring - especially when it's cold outside

and the city's corners may seem frozen and sharp.

This past academic year has not left us untouched as a planet. We are spinning more wildly and uncontrollably in negative social, economic, and political directions than ever before.

Art is a powerful vehicle that can help us articulate new visions for our society. People have often turned to the arts to express themselves, hoping to find some higher truth or understanding, perhaps a solution to heal the earth - hopefully to appreciate and honor all its creation.

We invite you to join us on our journey...

haywire |'hā,wīr|
adjective informal
erratic; out of control :
her imagination went haywire.
ORIGIN early 20th century (originally U.S.): from HAY + WIRE, from the use of hay-baling wire in makeshift repairs.

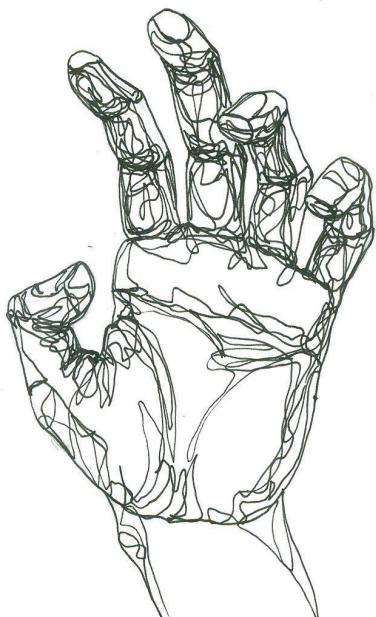
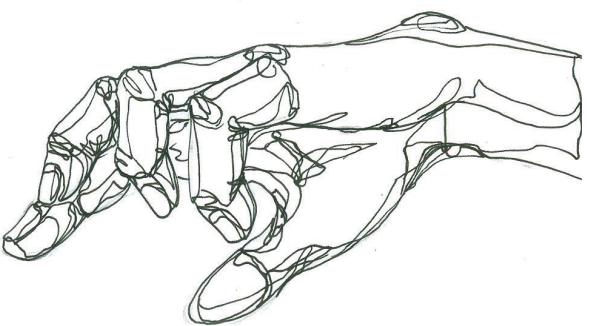
Negative Space

by Anonymous

Negative Space

/'nɛgətɪv/ /spers/

may become most evident when the space around a subject, not the subject itself, forms an interesting or artistically relevant shape

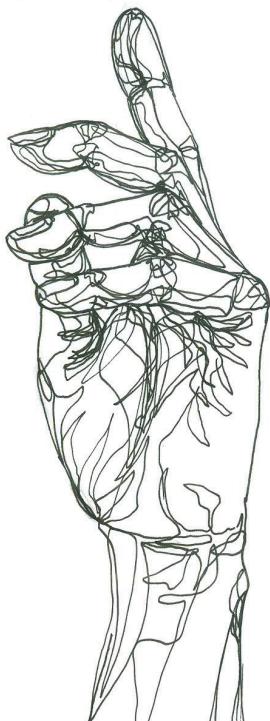
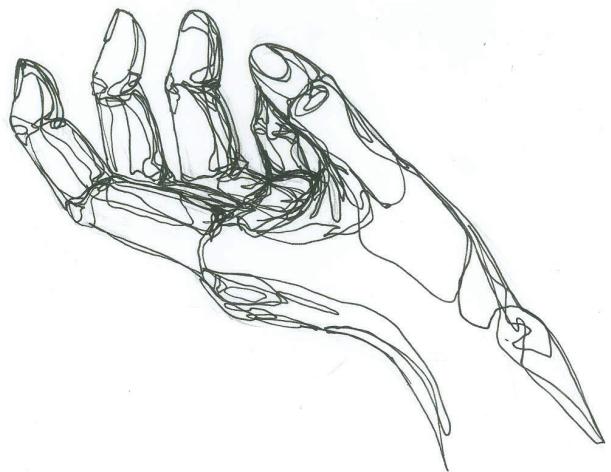


The first thing my uncle taught me when he looked at my colourful doodles is that mathematical shapes compose each of our bodies, whether they produce exquisitely smooth corpuses or torsos as rough as sandpaper. But I look at all the trapezoids, spheres and irregular quadrilaterals jutting from the cylinder of my spinal chord and only the negative space springs out at me.

All all those patterns I am not, and all the air I
avoid breathing.

They told me to fold in my edges and form the
most pleasingly pretty shape that could be hung
up as a geometrical catastrophe of a trophy.

I'm exhausted from shimmering in the shape of
shattered glass though. All the diamond shaped
edges just shredded those soft dreams covering
the architecture of lines that makes up the form
I inhabit.



So I collapse into a vacuum of empty space
and give up the symmetry of a linear world.

Art by Ailie Gieseler, 10c



The Youth

by Eli Goodman, 10e

It is the year 20XX and there is this trendy new “all human” restaurant in town. Everyone is talking about how it promises to exclusively hire humans to serve its customers; Robots have been around long enough now to make this a novel idea. An article is written about it: “How Can Small Business ‘Home Grown Human’ Expect to Stay in Business with its All Human Staff?”. People joke about how awkward it must be to have to order from someone instead of something, and the phrase “meat serving meat” jumps around the internet. A video calculating how many calories must be spent distributing calories is made, and the results are shocking! Finally the restaurant actu-

ally opens and you decide to give it a try, ‘cause why not? You walk in and see that every single waiter sitting at a table with the customers, each having a nice little conversation in turn. All the servers are really doing to make them stand out from the customers is filling empty glasses and disappearing to the kitchen to fetch food every now and then. One server accidentally knocks over a glass and you hear, “don’t worry about it, you’re only human”, and the whole table erupts with laughter. You still remember the 2010s; service wasn’t like this back then, you can’t quite place what’s wrong. They are treating the service like humans.

Passionate Pitfall

by Henri Jackson, 10c

The first thing I heard when we moved into the new house was a bang, then a crash, then a splat. Slowly however it became a steady, contagious beat. My neighbor started playing the drums when he was four and has never stopped since. Some people think he is erratic, obsessed, a ship capsized in the depths of his own mind. In concert band he detonates the bass drum with all his fortitude and you can tell he wishes to play louder. He walks through the halls playing air drums or even hitting objects with his sticks, transferring the rhythm of his life and his passion onto everything he touches. When you're around him, you even feel your own heart pulsating clamorously and maybe that is why people are

intimidated. I'm not though. In fact, I applaud him. Having something he loves. A drive that forces him forward, while keeping him rooted, balanced and steady. Other people deride and demur him for not being "normal". Those people however go home, twiddle their thumbs, and gawk into the vast sky. He reminds me of an ocean, perhaps ever raging and wild, but always active, moving, never resting. Let others criticize, but they are the ones who unknowingly spend their lives in front of phones, stare at the blank page of their writing prompt, subconsciously twiddling, rolling, drumming their fingers rhythmically on the table in boredom, perhaps however secretly searching for inspiration.



Art by Lucy Defty, 10a

Tempting the Shadows

by Sarah Felgentreu, 12a

The precious twinkle falls precipitously, leaving a hint of glittering sparkle in the dull yet saturated air. Sunlight causes the infinitesimal flicker to reflect itself, blending the bystanding shadows that cloak themselves in unwillingness. It tenaciously rolls through endless mountains of shattered stones that split the dusted and lonesome landscape. Scattered around lay foreign forms that oftentimes defy the naturality of life. And the golden shimmer continues rolling forward in its own steady and balanced rhythm and cautiously avoids being brought to halt. It goes on and on and on like the beating of a child's heart that still relies on the world's naivete. Tired but still curious eyes follow that glinting shine, tentatively absorbing the scene out of the immunity of the shadows, reminiscing about the obsolete feeling of potential attentiveness and empathy. However, no movement, neither lethargic nor potently active, occurs as the world is not only naive but separated. Then a rain of gold outpours, drips and drizzles in the elusive air, generating a scintillating glint that morphs into a solid, impenetrable cloud of opportunity. A startling shift causes the shadows to tremble and the whispers and murmurs merge with the obscure and stirring surroundings and ultimately become louder, Louder and LOUDER until every expression, every word that has been recently repressed frees itself from the shadowy lips to create a golden tune that floats round and round. And the sun, being the only legitimate witness, as its rays endlessly soothe its recipients like a lullaby, highlights the glimmering sparkles that soon vanish, one by one, grasped by the fathomless dusk of the shadows.



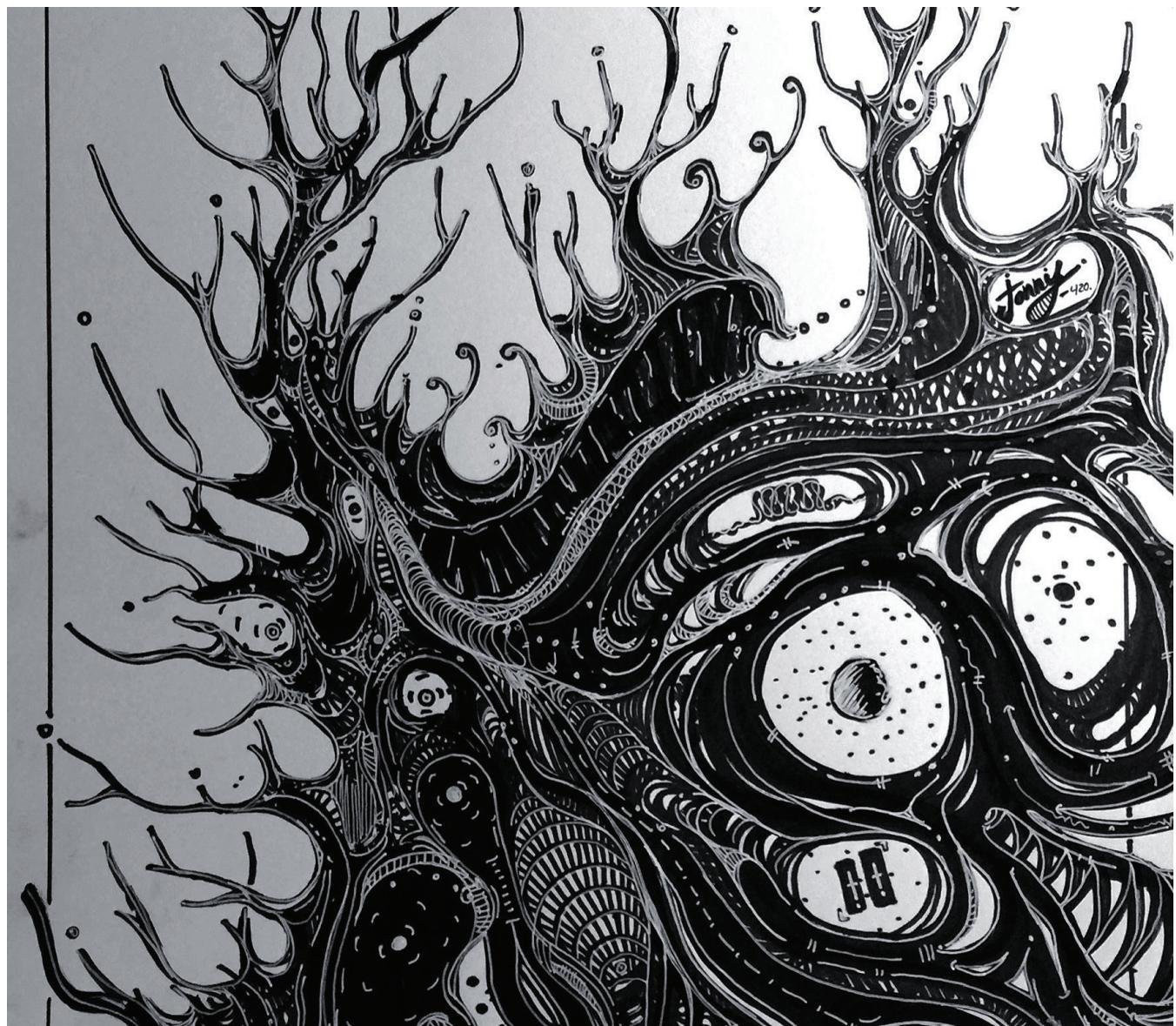
Art by Jonathan Dillon, 12d

Wealth

by Eli Goodman, 10e

It is the year 20XX and the rich have gotten so tired of everything that their newest entertainment is the simplest sensations. They move through museums enjoying exhibits such as the feeling of a squid's skin, or a room where they stare at a white wall for half an hour, so they can know what it feels like to do so. One exhibit promises "a fun night of watching paint dry" in colorful letters. Another is simply labeled "Liquids". Later the rich start paying to know what

it feels like to be poor, to work at a mine, to be pushed into the dirt. Soon the working class labels this as "gluttonous experientialism", because their lives are being treated like a leisurely dream that you can easily wake up from. Some of the upper class who don't want to be seen as ignorant shun this practice and never return, but still the fad persists and the richest of the rich start collecting experiences, as if life was something to be collected, and not to be lived.



The End

by Oskar Greinke, 12d



Photo by Luisa Beinhold, 12a

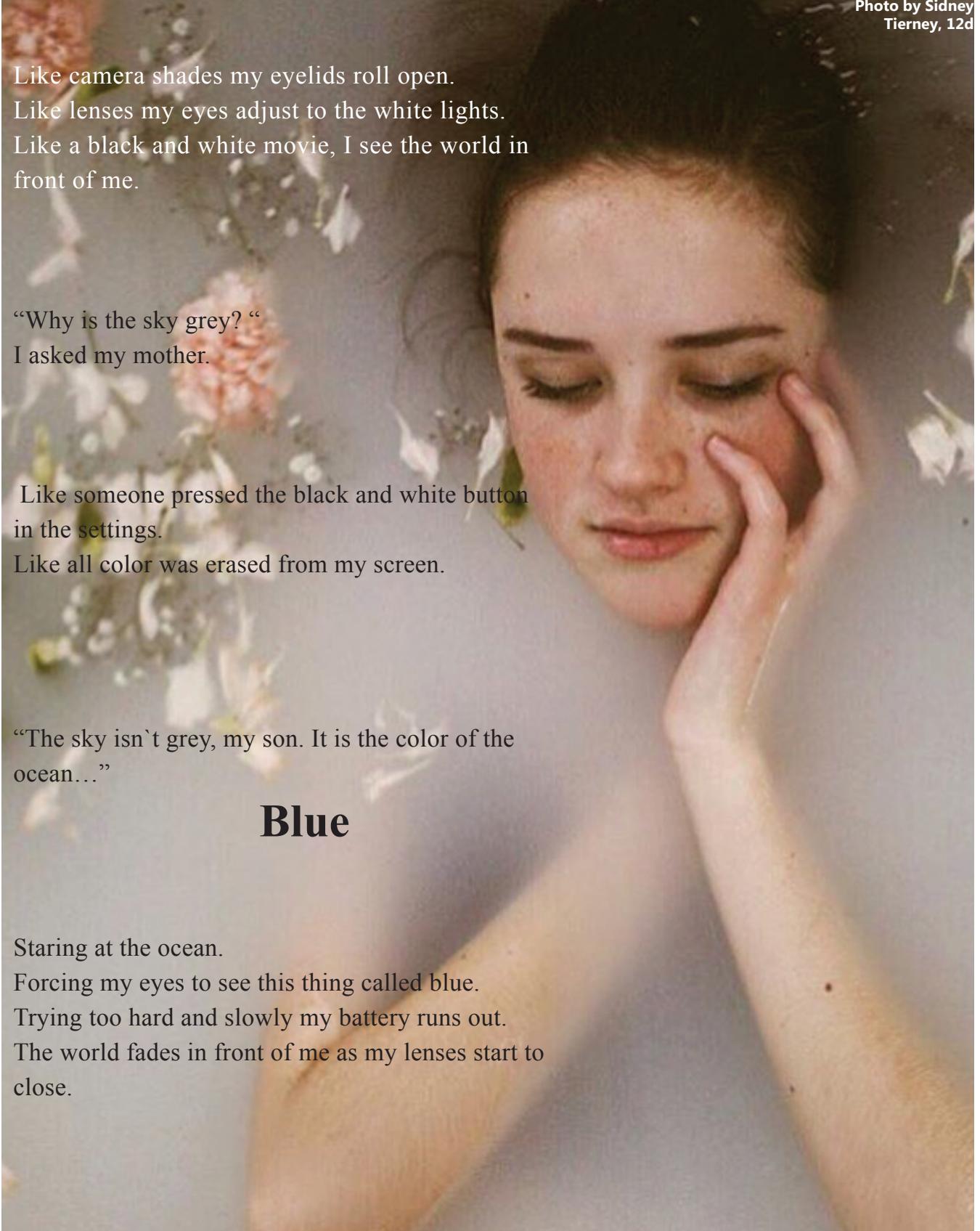
When the nuclear holocaust came, it wasn't started by the USA or Russia. It wasn't North Korea or Iran. It wasn't the epic conclusion to some destructive global conflict. There hadn't even been much global conflict for decades. With the political pendulum swinging back and forth, the tensions between Russia and the US, the Middle East and the European Union were dying down. Living standards were rising, people were prospering. The nations of Europe had unified into a single powerful nation-state. So when the nuclear holocaust came, it wasn't the epic conclusion to a struggle for

resources, nor was it the result of a territorial dispute gone horribly wrong. In the end, it came during a routine maintenance check of the missile systems. An engineer slipped and spilled his coffee on some archaic control panel. While grumbling about how he'd have to report this to his superior and waste so much time writing a report, he caused a small, barely annoying static spark, prompting a chain reaction that launched the missile without any sort of authorization whatsoever. In the end, coffee killed everything on the planet, down to the cockroaches.

How I See The World

Poems by Helen Savgu, 8c

Photo by Sidney Tierney, 12d



Like camera shades my eyelids roll open.
Like lenses my eyes adjust to the white lights.
Like a black and white movie, I see the world in
front of me.

“Why is the sky grey? “
I asked my mother.

Like someone pressed the black and white button
in the settings.
Like all color was erased from my screen.

“The sky isn’t grey, my son. It is the color of the
ocean...”

Blue

Staring at the ocean.
Forcing my eyes to see this thing called blue.
Trying too hard and slowly my battery runs out.
The world fades in front of me as my lenses start to
close.

Twins

by Marie Bohl, 10d



Art by Zoe Schneidereit, 11d

Once upon a time
There existed two twins
Exactly the same
With a beautiful laugh
And a smile to frame
With the same resilience as we will see
They loved each other in their hearts
They kept each other from falling apart

They were mirrors
Merely reflections of themselves
Repeated back again
They were interesting
And once upon a time
They withdrew from resting

They started a war

One they would not win
And many others joined in
Of all, they lost the most
Because the others were brutal
And they had many foes

This brought them fury
Like hell from above
They began with pain
And withdrew their love
A second war started
A bigger one yet
Everything went tumbling over their heads
And they committed unforgivable acts
Then at last
It was over
But not yet past

Some darkness remained
But most was now gone
The others proposed arranged marriages
And because they had suffered defeat
They agreed
The first twin married her suitor
See she only had one
And this one suitor moved into her home
Kept her separate and alone

The other twin was courted by three
They too came to live in his home
Yet ended up cut off by stone

The suitor who was one
Began to influence the first twin
Began to alter her once strong beliefs
Her own views flowing just out of sight
Of course some doubt remained
But only in shadows never in light

The suitors that were three showed the second
twin a whole new sea
A broader horizon
And his life began to change

The twins stopped talking
 Stopped caring
 Stopped
 Being
 One

No longer united
 Their hearts and homes divided

One day-
 They wished deep down
 One day we'll be together again

Even after the suitor departed her home
 The first twin was still in love
 And still alone
 Still shared his ideals and policies

Even after the three courtiers changed their minds
 And left the second twin behind
 He was altered

Though blood is what they shared
 They could not see eye to eye
 They simply would not agree

And one day
 She said
 And this hurt him to the core
 We shall be separated forever
 We are twins no more

It was not what the first twin wanted
 Deep in that heart that they still shared
 It was not right
 But this twin was scared

And after a while she started to rebel against the
 suitor that was one
 For their love was untrue
 And it was a fight to be won

So bit by bit she started a revolution
 Without raising a fist
 Because this was to be done right
 Not out of spite
 For no more wars
 Never again

And then she left
 The false love begone
 He thought he got away with theft
 But he'd been wrong

And after a while
 The second twin came by
 And asked the first twin
 To move back in
 After all this time
 They were one and the same
 And so forever they shall remain

These twins are our home
 If you know what I mean
 Denn dies ist unsere Heimat
 So wie es schien



Ablaze

by Lucy Defty, 10a

From the fire of the sun,
The hearth of the Universe
A ray of light was born.

Thrust from its mother's womb
Into the cold darkness beyond
a spear in the dark it travelled on.

It gazed upon Orion's bow,
his belt where stars are born
The furnace of creation far gone.

It evaded the planets
Engaged in an everlasting walz
Yet never to feel another's warmth.

Never resting, single-minded in its
purpose
It travelled 90,000,000 miles
Until it met you.

So your skin could turn golden.
Invincible.
So you can leave a shadow in your
wake.



Photo by Ella Jackson, 8c

Yo

by Zahavah Zinn-Kirchner, 11a

yo soy la chica
que se levanta temprano
y que se despierta tarde
que trabaja con toda su fortaleza
que ama a la naturaleza
y que intenta de ayudar a personas

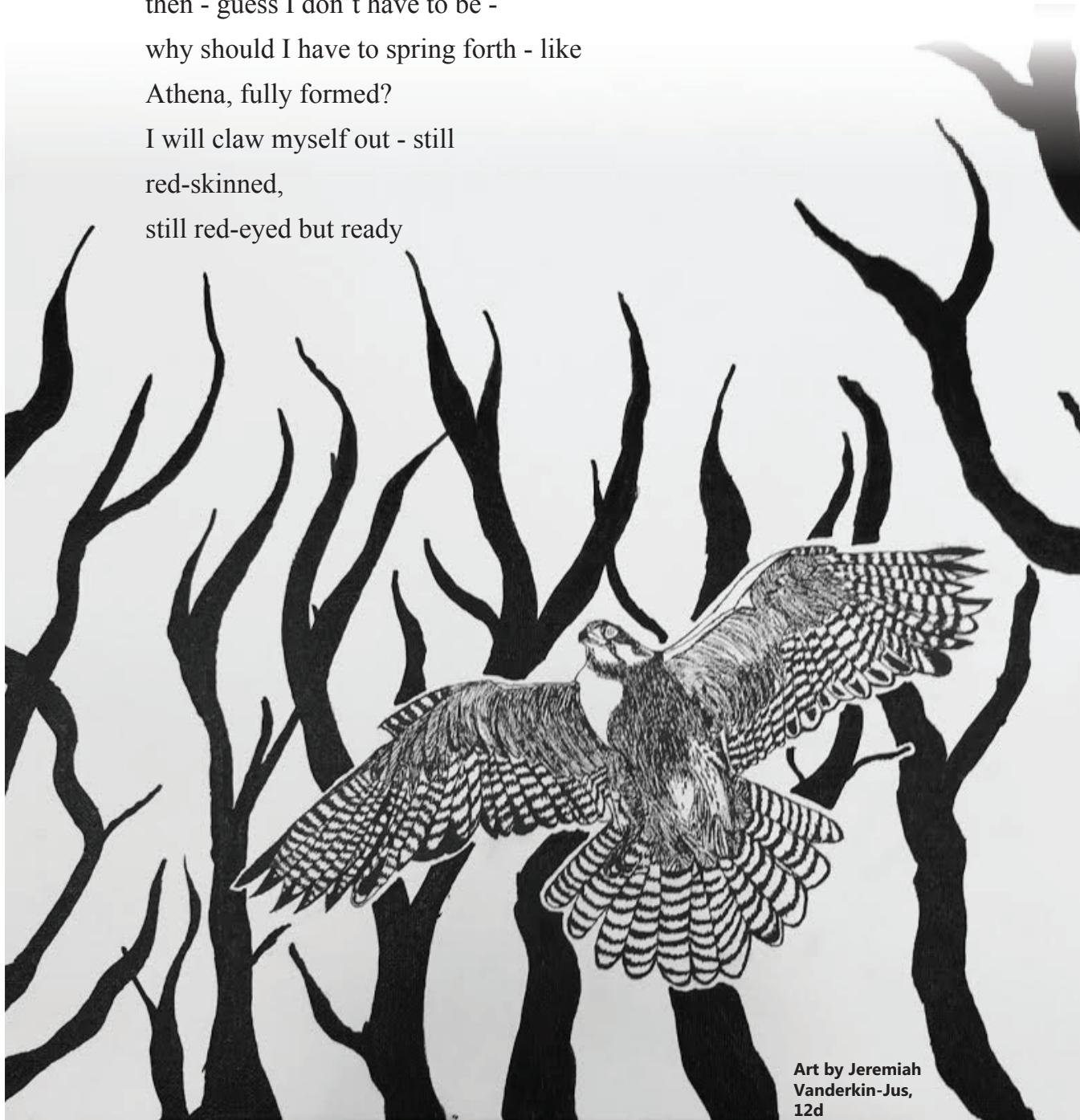
yo soy el día que nunca va a regresar
yo soy la nota que nunca voy a tocar
yo soy el futuro que nadie va a conocer
yo soy todo lo que quiero, lo que tengo que
tener

yo consiste en cajas envueltas de otras
que contienen secretos y preguntas
innumerables - tan locas y que están tem-
blando
que están en parte silenciosas y en parte
aullando
buscando todas la respuesta a la pregunta
eterna
de
¿quién eres tú?

Quetzalcoatl is Born

by Olivia Swarthout, 12d

There are crows in all the cherry trees and
no fruit on the
branches I am
ready I am
ready I
will have to take my chances I am
maybe not myself,
you see, but
then - guess I don't have to be -
why should I have to spring forth - like
Athena, fully formed?
I will claw myself out - still
red-skinned,
still red-eyed but ready



Art by Jeremiah
Vanderkin-Jus,
12d

Proslava

by Emiliano Larriuz, 12d

A bright flash. I'm forced backward
by a wave of pressure.

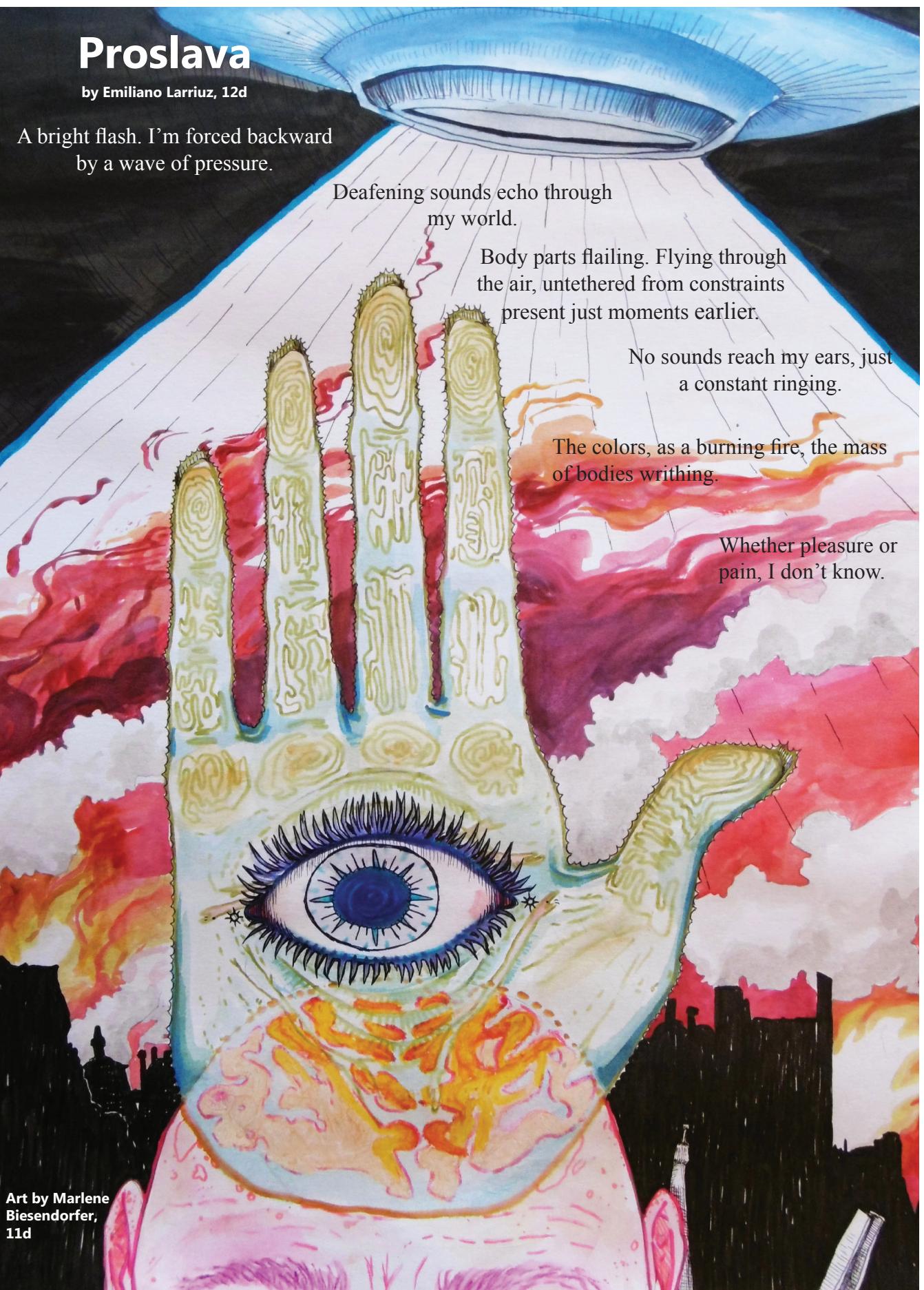
Deafening sounds echo through
my world.

Body parts flailing. Flying through
the air, untethered from constraints
present just moments earlier.

No sounds reach my ears, just
a constant ringing.

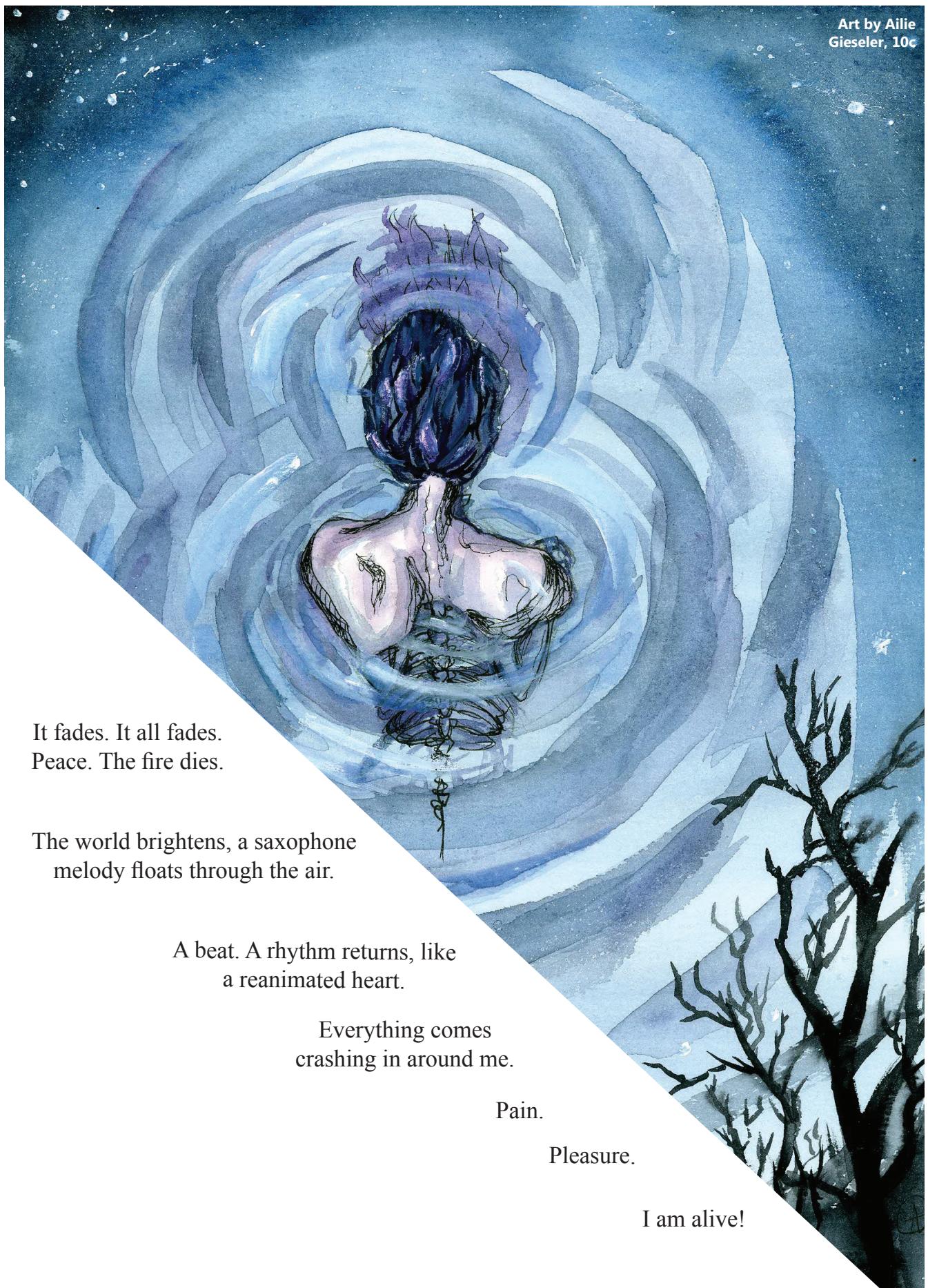
The colors, as a burning fire, the mass
of bodies writhing.

Whether pleasure or
pain, I don't know.



Art by Marlene
Biesendorfer,
11d

Art by Ailie
Gieseler, 10c



It fades. It all fades.
Peace. The fire dies.

The world brightens, a saxophone
melody floats through the air.

A beat. A rhythm returns, like
a reanimated heart.

Everything comes
crashing in around me.

Pain.

Pleasure.

I am alive!

THE SUN ALSO RISES

59

gave the bottles a twirl. "Still I would like to hear you talk some more."

"Isn't he a fool?" Brett asked.

"Now," the count brought up a bottle. "I think this is cool."

I brought a towel and he wiped the bottle dry and held it up. "I like to drink champagne from magnums. The wine is better but it would have been too hard to cool." He held the bottle, looking at it. I put out the glasses.

"I say, You might open it," Brett suggested.

"Yes, my dear. Now I'll open it."

It was amazing champagne.

"I say that is wine," Brett held up her glass. "We ought to toast something. Here's to royalty."

"This wine is too good for toast-drinking, my dear. You don't want to mix emotions up with a wine like that. You lose the taste."

Brett's glass was empty.

"You ought to write a book on wines, count," I said.

"Mr. Barnes," answered the count, "all I want out of wines is to enjoy them."

"Let's enjoy a little more of this," Brett pushed her glass forward. The count poured very carefully. "There, my dear. Now you enjoy that slowly, and then you can get drunk."

"Drunk? Drunk?"

"My dear, you are charming when you are drunk."

"Listen to the man."

"Mr. Barnes," the count poured my glass full. "She is the only lady I have ever known who was as charming when she was drunk as when she was sober."

"You haven't been around much, have you?"

"Yes, my dear, I have been around very much. I have been around a very great deal."

"Drink your wine," said Brett. "We've all been around. I dare say Jake here has seen as much as you have."

Poem by Sophia Brown, 12d

TO A TERRIBLE NOT UNDERSTOOD
THEN YOU HAVE NOT UNDERSTOOD
I'VE SAID =

LEARN TO DO IF THEY TRIED HARD
IGNORE THE AWFUL TIMES AND FOLDS ON
SICKNESS

presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur expressive of disapprobation and surprise—then finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such sensation. In truth, the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out Herodotus Herod and gone beyond the bounds of even the prince's indefinite decorum. There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of the stranger neither wit nor propriety existed. The figure was tall and gaunt and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revelers around. But the rumpus had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was

Poem by Olivia
Gallup, 12d

11 11 17

Art by Julia
Hovenier, 11d



"It's Frankenstein!"

by Olivia Gallup, 12d

In a time when flowery Romanticism bloomed, a fascination with the dark and demonic sprouted into gothic literature. The natural and beautiful is juxtaposed with the nightmarish and grotesque throughout the 19th century, culminating in Mary Shelley's 1831 epistolary novel *Frankenstein*. The titular character Victor Frankenstein himself is caught in between the struggling forces of doom and gaiety.

His productivity relies on a precarious balance of the Gothic and Romantic for optimal function, failing in time colored by pronounced darkness and stagnating in times excess comfort.

Every touch of the unnatural and moral plunge Frankenstein further down a pit of despair, during which he loses his capacity for productivity. Following the masterpiece creation of the monster, Frankenstein is confined with a nervous fever, imbued

with sickly images of horror and disgust. "...for I was lifeless, and did not recover my senses for a long, long time" (62). The abject horror poisoned his taste for scientific advancement and made him unable to revive his interests

is capped off in the death of his beloved fiancée Elizabeth. "What then became of me? I know not; I lost sensation, and chains and darkness were the only objects that pressed upon me" (202). The potential of his future was decimated,

the rest of his life devoted to futile revenge. While too much gothic causes impairment, too much rosiness puts Frankenstein into kind of ecstatic stupor. He finds only fleeting and deceiving rejuvenation in nature and friends after his creation. "...I became the same happy creature

fully. A second bout of grief tears Frankenstein from his studies when his brother is murdered, to voyage on a stormy night-time journey to Geneva. "The picture appeared a vast and dim scene of evil, and I foresaw obscurely that I was destined to become the most wretched of human beings" (76). The death of his brother foreshadows further gloom and soul-sucking misery that renders Victor useless. Indeed, the dreary and terrible in Frankenstein's life

who, a few years ago, loved and beloved by all, had no sorrow or care" (71). Despite rejuvenating him, the positivity around Frankenstein blinds him and blocks all thought pertaining to innovation and to the monster. However, his guilt about the death of Justine rendered even the rejuvenating quality of his wallows in comfort pointless. "Thus not the tenderness of friendship, nor the beauty of earth, nor of heaven, could redeem my soul from woe: the very



Photo by Jeremiah Vanderkin-Jus, 12d

accents of love were ineffectual” (96). The formerly restoring effect peace and affection had on Frankenstein’s psyche give way and his clashes with romanticism precipitate nothing but purposelessness. Frankenstein even allows his environment to distract him from appeasing the monster that made his life misery in the first place. “I had now neglected my promise for some time, and I feared the effects of the daemon’s disappointment” (167). The beautiful, nostalgia-inducing scenery Henry and Victor travel past on their quest for information again distracts Frankenstein from productivity and logical courses of action. Paradoxically, it is in states of peak wellbeing that Victor allows his fear to master him.

It takes a certain amount of Gothicism for Victor to rise above and master his situation. A painting at his father’s house stands out to him due to its perfect unity of Gothic and Romantic qualities. “It [...] represented Caroline Beaufort in an agony

of despair [...], but there was an air of dignity and beauty, that hardly permitted the sentiment of pity” (79). His admiration for the picture is reflected in the nature scenes Shelley describes that he is most partial to. “The abrupt sides of vast mountains were before me; the icy wall of the glacier overhung me; a few shattered pines were scattered around; the solemn silence of this glorious presence-chamber of imperial Nature was broken only by the brawling waves or the fall of some vast fragment...” (99). The awful and majestic in nature recalibrates Victor and gives him direction again; he meets his creation in a similar setting and agrees to create a mate for him. This promise remains unfulfilled in the majestic scenery until Victor finds a suitably Gothic workstation for use as a laboratory. “The soil was barren, scarcely affording pasture for a few miserable cows, and oatmeal for its inhabitants, which consisted of five persons, whose gaunt and

scraggy limbs gave token of their miserable fare” (168). Only with a satisfactory amount of darkness and misery does Victor manage to resume his work and achieve some measurable amount of progress on solving his problems.

Life cannot be all sunshine and rainbows to have purpose, and without the complementary doom and wretchedness, Frankenstein loses perspective and allows distraction to keep him from his goals. Grief spirals him down a path towards revenge and self-destruction, while elusive joy fools him into believing in freedom from his curse. One of the greatest potential scientists of his time, who could have flourished had it not been for his abhorrent creation, Frankenstein seems to pull the most constructive energy in times of balanced darkness and light. Mary Shelley criticizes both extremes for their dumbing effects and reminds readers that maintaining contact with both is central to leading a self-satisfying and meaningful life.

Losing, Winning, and Something Inbetween

by Olivia Swarthout, 12d

Tim O'Brien's novel *Going After Cacciato* follows a group of soldiers through their personal conflicts in the Vietnam War, very few of which relate directly to the motivations of the war itself. The men are not occupied with the politics of why they are fighting through vast tracts of foreign, hostile land. In fact, what one might call the "bigger picture" has little to do with how each man rationalizes his predicament to himself - smaller, more personal goals play a much more central role in how they approach their struggles. This is not, however, to say that the personal ambitions of the soldiers are any more tangible or objective than those of the Vietnam War at large. The men featured in *Going After Cacciato* must face their own internal dilemmas of identity and ideology, all the while dealing with the perils and threats of fighting

their way through miles of dense jungle, death all around and within their squad. Though Spec Four Paul Berlin claims himself unable to coalesce his thoughts and wishes into tangible goals outside of "staying alive long enough to find goals worth living for," over the course of the story O'Brien lays bare a deep set of conflicting desires within Paul Berlin; he wants to remain detached from the war yet has no way around the atrocities he must commit, and his yearning for a stable, conventional life contravenes his compulsion to carry through with his duty. When a fellow soldier, Cacciato, deserts the squad, Paul Berlin must confront the mutually exclusive nature of many of his desires. Upon ultimately choosing duty over desertion when he kills Cacciato, Paul Berlin embarks on an elaborate daydream of instead chasing Cac-

ciato through all of Asia and Europe, westward toward Paris, the unimaginably distant city of lights. Though having fulfilled his role as a soldier doesn't entirely instill Paul Berlin with the sense of triumph he seeks from the War, in creating a surrogate reality for his unfulfilled dreams, Paul Berlin is able to, briefly, seize the unattainable triumph incongruous with the practical decisions he feels must make, granting himself the victory he wishes for so badly, alongside the victory of staying alive through the war.

Paul Berlin is fundamentally different from the soldiers he fights alongside - over and over he tells himself that he is detached from his comrades and the fighting, through the steamy jungles and sun-baked fields. Perhaps it is the only way for "Paul Berlin, who had no desire to confront death until he was old and feeble" (167) to keep hold of his life and sanity in the war, as from the beginning we see that he is engaged not only in a physical but also a deep mental struggle for his identity, as he is disgusted by the senseless violence of the war but cannot bring himself to speak up or break free. As a form of escapism, he repeatedly envisions himself explaining to his friends and family back home how he was able to remain detached from the atrocities, imagining himself separate from the soldiers who have surrendered themselves to the pushes and pulls of the tides of war. In Paul Berlin's mind, "He would adjust. He would play the

Photos by Eric Groefke, 12a





part. But he would not join them.” (210) Though it is not at first made evident that Paul Berlin has fabricated the pursuit of Cacciato in his mind, one sees many situations in Vietnam with which he copes using such flights of fancy, foreshadowing the revelation that the practically the entire narrative is one such daydream.

A proclivity for getting lost in his head, however, doesn’t mean that Paul Berlin’s actions diverge from the other soldiers as much as his mind does. He still carries with him the guilt and scars from the violence he is surrounded by and takes part in. Though he wishes to tell the villagers that “he wanted to harm

no one,” that “he was innocent,” (263) of course as a soldier Paul Berlin lacks the means to reconcile the actions of the military with his own morals. The suppressed remorse over an injured Vietnamese girl “with gold hoops in her ears” and the idea that she cannot somehow “separate him from the war,” see him for who he truly is—“just a scared-silly boy from Iowa” (262) surfaces in Paul Berlin’s fantasy as Sarkin Aung Wan, a mysterious young girl with similar “gold hoops through her ears” (51). Though he is not able to save the real girl, or any of the other villagers, he imagines bringing Sarkin Aung Wan to Paris with him, saving

her from war-torn Vietnam and fulfilling her dream of visiting the city of lights. As such—despite reality often intruding on his daydreams, as they are interspersed with scenes of real-life death and carnage that interrupt the phantasmagoric journey through Asia and Europe—Paul Berlin’s figmental version of himself is free of the burdens of war and guilt, both mentally and physically, “no helmet crushing his skull, no rucksack or armored vest,” (115) to weigh him down.

Although one soldier fewer, Paul Berlin’s squad ends the novel more or less where they started—in Vietnam, miserable, with no end in sight, not very

much time having elapsed over the course of the whole story. Yet Paul Berlin, despite having killed Cacciato, is still alive, still sane and able to fight, still able to do his duty. His fantasy has dissolved in the morning light, and although its final scene in the conference hall with Sarkin Aung Wan belies Paul Berlin's inner conflict over remaining in the war, he resolves that he would not be able to find any greater measure of peace in running away than he would in fighting. More so than feeling obligated to fight for duty's sake, Paul Berlin is "afraid of running away". He fears "what might be thought of [him] by those [he loves]", "being an outcast," "being thought of as a coward". (320) Rather than feel guilty over these fears, he accepts that if there is no way around them, he will not find fulfillment in trying to defy them when. If Paul Berlin is right in believing that "peace of mind is not a simple matter of pursuing

one's own pleasure," and that he can better serve himself by giving way to these worries, then the book ends with triumph for Paul Berlin. Has he not succeeded in overcoming the compulsion to irresponsibly chase Cacciato, a different life, that far-off pleasure? Has he not, through the power of daydreams, made one more step toward living "long enough to establish goals worth living for still longer?" (26). Though many characters encountered along the fictitious way, from Sarkin Aung Wan to the college dropout girl define triumph in starkly different terms than does Paul Berlin, if victory in his eyes is staying alive, staying sane, and making his father and hometown proud, then Going After Cacciato does nothing from beginning to end but recount the measures Paul Berlin takes toward those ends.

All those who read *Going After Cacciato* may have different ideas of what victory entails,

especially within the context of the highly controversial Vietnam War. But although the feeling may be more bitter than sweet when reality comes crashing back down around Paul Berlin at the end of the story, the undeniable truth is that for this soldier, there can be no pursuit of dreams of desertion, as Sarkin Aung Wan would have liked, or rebellion against some higher power, a grand ideological statement as the girl whose van they stole thought was the case. Paul Berlin will remain a soldier, and do his duty. Yet in dreaming of breaking free, heading west, leaving the weight of the helmet and rucksack and armored vest behind, Paul Berlin can briefly achieve that distant, impossible sense of victory, all the while bringing himself, step by heavy step, closer to his release from the war. One day, Paul Berlin will truly be victorious.

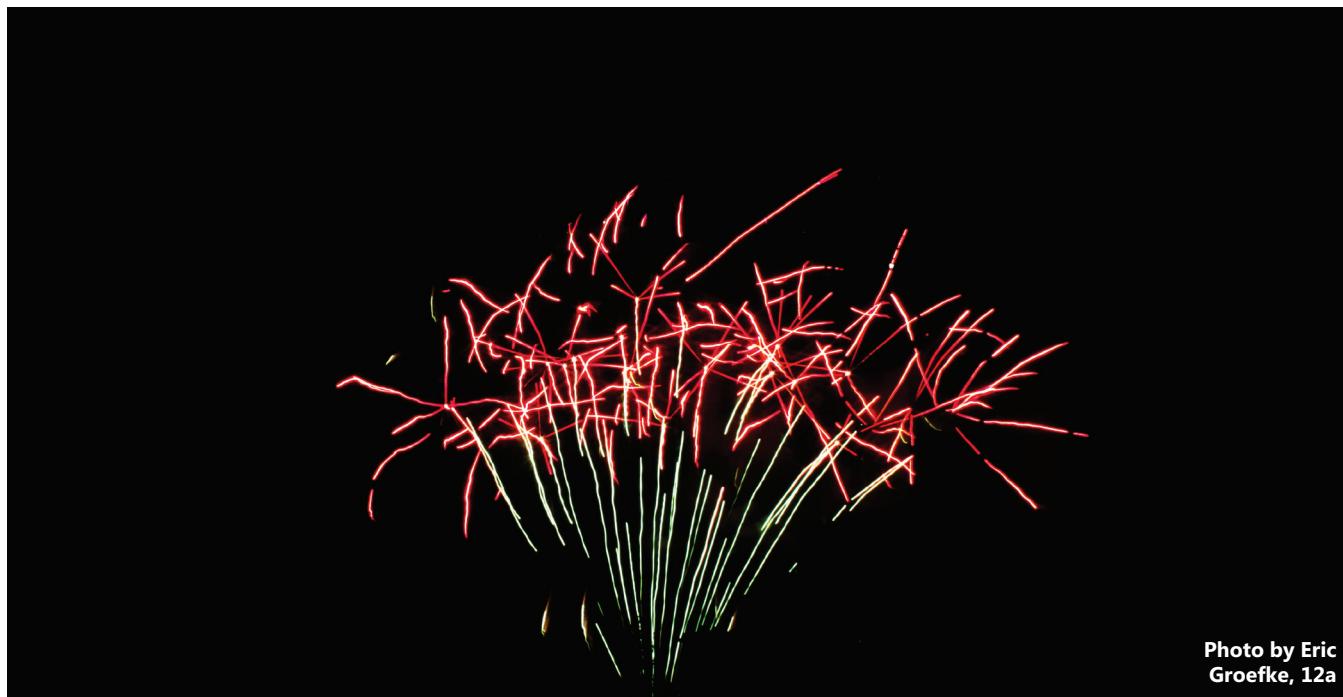


Photo by Eric Groefke, 12a

Was zur Kunst?

With Zoe Schneidereit

HAYWIRE: What is your creative process?

Zoe: So typically I work from images, so I'll see something that I like, whether it be fashion related or just art itself, for example for this one piece 'The Red Room', the woman on the left with the overdrawn lips and the messy bob hair was inspired by a photograph I saw by Parker Day. There was just an essence to this character that I really liked and tried to recreate. That happens a lot, where I'll see an element to something that I want to recreate. I'll take the image, switch it around, add things to it and then that's how it typically goes.

HAYWIRE: What do you draw inspiration from?

Zoe: Recently I've been interested in kitschy stuff... so like 50s gaudy, gross, colourful things, which I actually hate, but I want to draw it; it's very strange. When I see it I'm like 'that's disgusting', but I want to draw it - it's so intriguing. It creates an emotion, and in a way that's what people want to go for. You want your audience to feel something. In my case I try to evoke disgust, or go into the melancholy. That's what

I've been doing for my past couple of pieces.

Oh, another thing I've been really interested in drawing are pigs. I don't know why, I've just been really interested in drawing pigs and little creepy girls holding their heads.

HAYWIRE: What gets you over creative drought?

Zoe: I'm not sure if I'm the right person to ask about that, since it's something I struggle with a lot. I guess I'll take Rubloff's word for this: steal. If you like the composition of a painting, just steal. For example one of my pieces, 'The Dinner Table', was actually based on a painting I saw. So just take what you like, give it a spin and then in a way you've created your own stuff. With creative drought there's really no easy answer.

HAYWIRE: Do you think original ideas even still exist in that sense then?



Zoe: I think they do exist, but most things are always based on something. It's hard, because the way we live is so similar and so close to each other and our expression through language is limited, so of course it has to be based on something. However I don't think it's necessarily a bad thing to have. There's too much of a pressure to be completely original, while in reality it's more your own interpretation of the world.

sance paintings. What got me into art at first was going to these art history museums and seeing these perfect paintings. It's intimidating, but I feel like there's something still very beautiful about them. Inka Essenhigh has also been an inspiration to me for my oil paintings. She does some surrealist things, but also some more realistic works - I like her take on things. There's also this other photographer called



HAYWIRE: Who inspires you?

Zoe: Recently the photographer Parker Day. She has a series called 'Icons' where she takes random people and turns them into icons. It goes into the kitsch, but you should definitely take a look at it. Of course I've always loved the classics, just looking at old renais-

Cindy Sherman and she mostly does self-portrait photography. She dresses herself up and uses a lot of special-effects makeup. She sort of uses it to comment on feminism with some really funky stuff, for example she recreated a classical painting for one of her untitled pieces, which I think is a good example of taking something already existent and putting

your own spin on it. The way she handles the photo gives it a whole new meaning.

HAYWIRE: What is your favourite medium?

Zoe: Recently I've been trying to get into oils, and it's a very strong love-hate relationship. When I see oil paintings, that's what I want to make, but when it actually comes to it, I haven't wrestled with it; I think the oils control me, instead of me owning the oils. It's a lot harder than it looks- or at least for me.



HAYWIRE: What would your message to future artists be?

Zoe: I guess... That's a hard question, because a lot of the answers are very straight-forward and typical. I guess just do what you want, explore what you want, go into the grotesque, be weird. Because a lot of the time with art you can't always know what it means to you in the beginning. A lot of people are pressured to have meaning behind their work, and know exactly what that meaning is. I think art is more identifying things that have been recurring, and once you've identified that, you can go after it and really see what it means to you.



Ryu and the Wood

by James Gromis, 8d



Photo by Gus Bergold, 9a

The branch violently glided into a bed of leaves, making a mark that robbed the wood of its enforced silence. Ryu saw this and was by this so occupied, that he had forgotten his earlier practiced tangent of self-collection. He had no remembrance of what wood he was in, or how he had come to it; in fact, he barely remembered where he had last been before his daily talk with nature. Ahh yes. He had been at the fish market, inspecting the long rows of wooden stalls and shacks and watching the sunlit, grassy earth pass beneath his feet. He had been inhaling the smell of fresh monkfish being slaughtered in the traditional manner, just wafting in from one of the countless stalls ahead of him. He had been feeling his cane, making sure it upheld its rhythmic drum in unison with his sandal cloaked feet. But enough of the fish market, for no true tranquility could be sought there. The chanting voices of the many sellers standing at the booths made sure of that. He brought himself back to the wood. It was an old wood, the many trees rising far above his tilted head. He could see amongst the trees many who had once been familiar to him. In a radiant oak, crowned with bright yellow leaf, he

saw his wife, who had left him many years ago. He could still see the light leaving her eyes. In a young birch tree, he saw his son, who had for many years helped him tend to the rice farm Ryu used to run. He had gotten married, had children of his own, and had joined his wife, in the mystical land far across the sea. In a bending cherry tree, he saw himself, bent, scrunched, alone. Yet this recognition did not trouble him. His solitude supported him now, in the final and most solemn part of his journey, just as his parents had in the transition from youthful innocence to manhood, and as his wife had in the transition from young love to old age. And now he would transcend, like her, from old age into the nothing. He smiled at the blue sky, peering out jubilantly from behind the wooden roof. He knew it would not be long now. And curiosity surrounded him, as if he were once again a little boy, receiving a gift. He breathed in the air, for he wanted to hold the reality of this wood for as long as he could still experience it. Over the years he had familiarized every cairn, every cluster of trees, and every part of the winding water, tearing through the wood like a serpent. Ryu closed his eyes and faded away.

Murder Stories

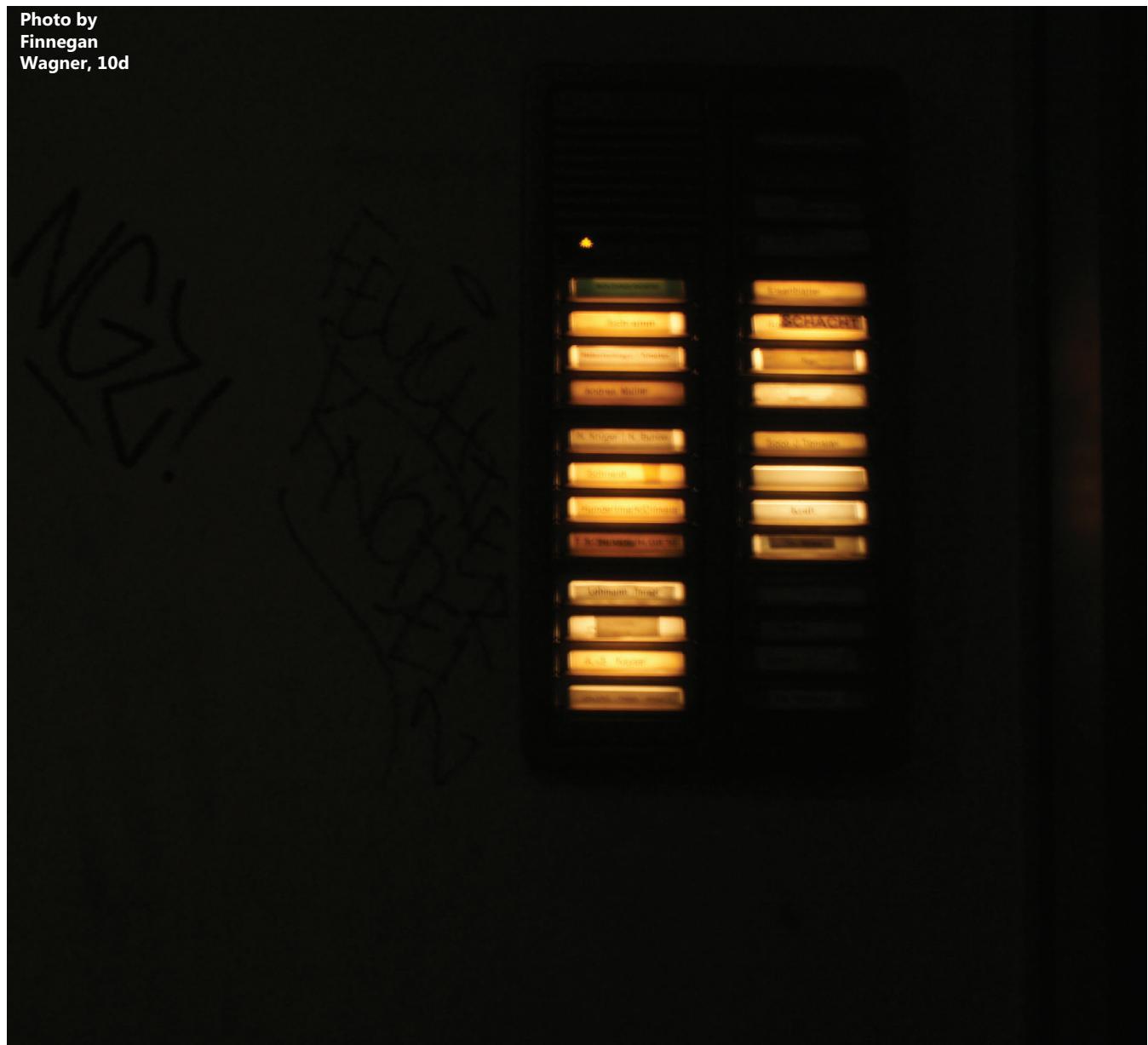
by Anne-Sophie Pedusse, 7f

Prologue

My lungs hurt. I can't breathe. I turn back to see if the man is still following me. I've been running away from him for hours now, still I can't go home or he'll know where I live. Suddenly the man sprints toward me with a knife in his hand and I scream so loud that someone must hear. I wait, no one comes, we are in the middle of nowhere. "You must go!", shouts the man, holding me. "I can't let you live or you'll tell everyone who

I am! I can't let that happen!" I scream for help and still no one comes. I feel one of his hands leaving my body and feel a kiss on my cheek. "Goodbye, honey," says the man. With that I feel a sharp pain and the color drifting out of my face and I feel myself dropping to the ground. My eyes close and I feel the knife being pulled out of my stomach. I feel the life drain out of me to find a new person. Then all goes black and I'm gone.

Photo by
Finnegan
Wagner, 10d



Chapter 1

It's cold today and I'm walking home. It's 1:00 in the morning when I get home. I run to my room and change quickly, putting my knife and my black mask away underneath one of my floorboards. I get into bed and fall asleep quickly. In my dream, I dream of Lucy. I love her, but she knew too much. She had to go or she would have told everyone that I'm the kidnapper for an association. I remember what I did when I was sure that she was dead. It was wonderful. Her lips were cold but that didn't matter, because I still kissed her. After that, I searched her to see if I could find money or jewels to make it look like a robbery gone wrong. I found both. I kept them and decided to wear one of her bracelets that has her name on it.

"Love!" I wake up to a shout. My mother. "Get ready for school." I get dressed and hide the bracelet under my pillow. I go downstairs, eat my breakfast, grab my bag, and kiss my mom goodbye. Then I go to school.

When I get to school Mary walks up to me and I think, 'oh no, she is going to ask me where Lucy is.' Indeed, I was right.

"Hey Lukas, have you seen Lucy?", she asks.

"No," I answer. "The last time I saw Lucy was last night when she asked me something." Mary looks at me suspiciously.



Art by Ailie Gieseler, 10c

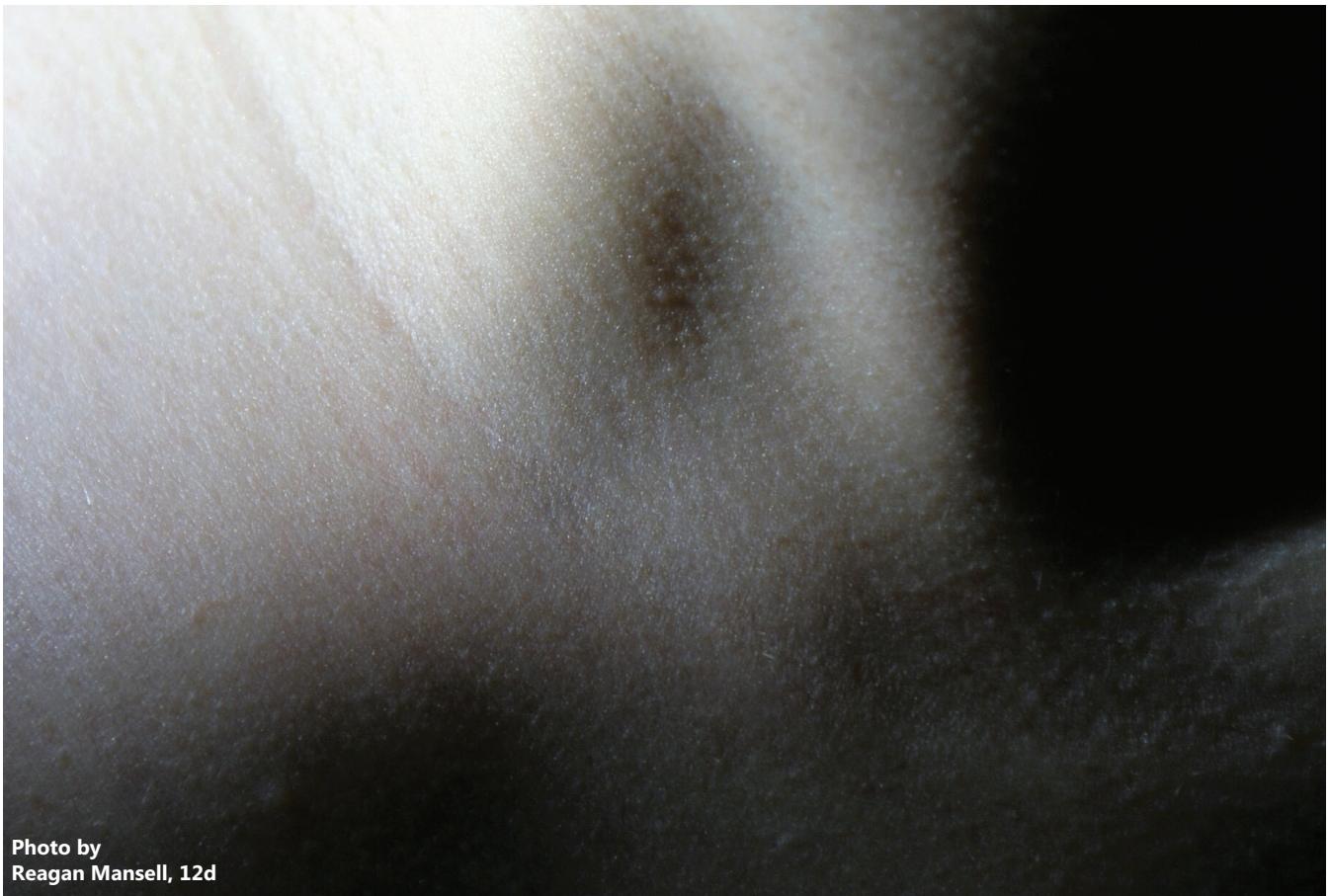


Photo by
Reagan Mansell, 12d

“Oh ok... um Lukas? What exactly did Lucy ask you?”

“Well,” I start, “she asked for my help with her French and I explained everything. Then, as it neared six o’clock, she said she needed to go home and left. I let her leave and that was the last time I saw her.”

‘I’m lying to you,’ I think in my head. Then I think about what a horrible person I am. Lucy did come to ask me about French but that wasn’t the last time I saw her. The last time I saw her was when I killed her. I’m horrible.

“Okay,” says Mary. “Well, Lukas, I’ve got to go to class now, but I’ll see you later, right?” For a second, I just stare at her. Then I answer,

“Um... yeah. Sure. I guess.”

“Lukas, are you alright?”

“Um... yeah. Yeah, I’m fine. I just don’t know why Lucy isn’t here, I mean she’s always at school,” I say, rushing a little.

“Yeah, I don’t know either,” she says. “I have to say, though, she has been acting a little weird these days.” When I get to French class, I sit in my usual seat next to Lucy. Our French class is composed of almost-fluent and fluent kids. Lucy isn’t there and for a second I feel very sad. Maybe she didn’t know anything, or she might have been willing to forget it because I’m her friend? No, she would have probably reported me to the police. But maybe she told someone else, maybe she told Mary all about who I really am and that was why she eyed me suspiciously.

“Lukas,” someone says. I jerk away from my thoughts as my teacher calls my name. “Je suis là,” I answer.

“Lucy,” she calls, without looking up. Nobody answers and my teacher looks up. “Lucas, elle est où Lucy?”

I immediately answer in French, “Lucy n’est pas là, je ne sais pas où elle est.”

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