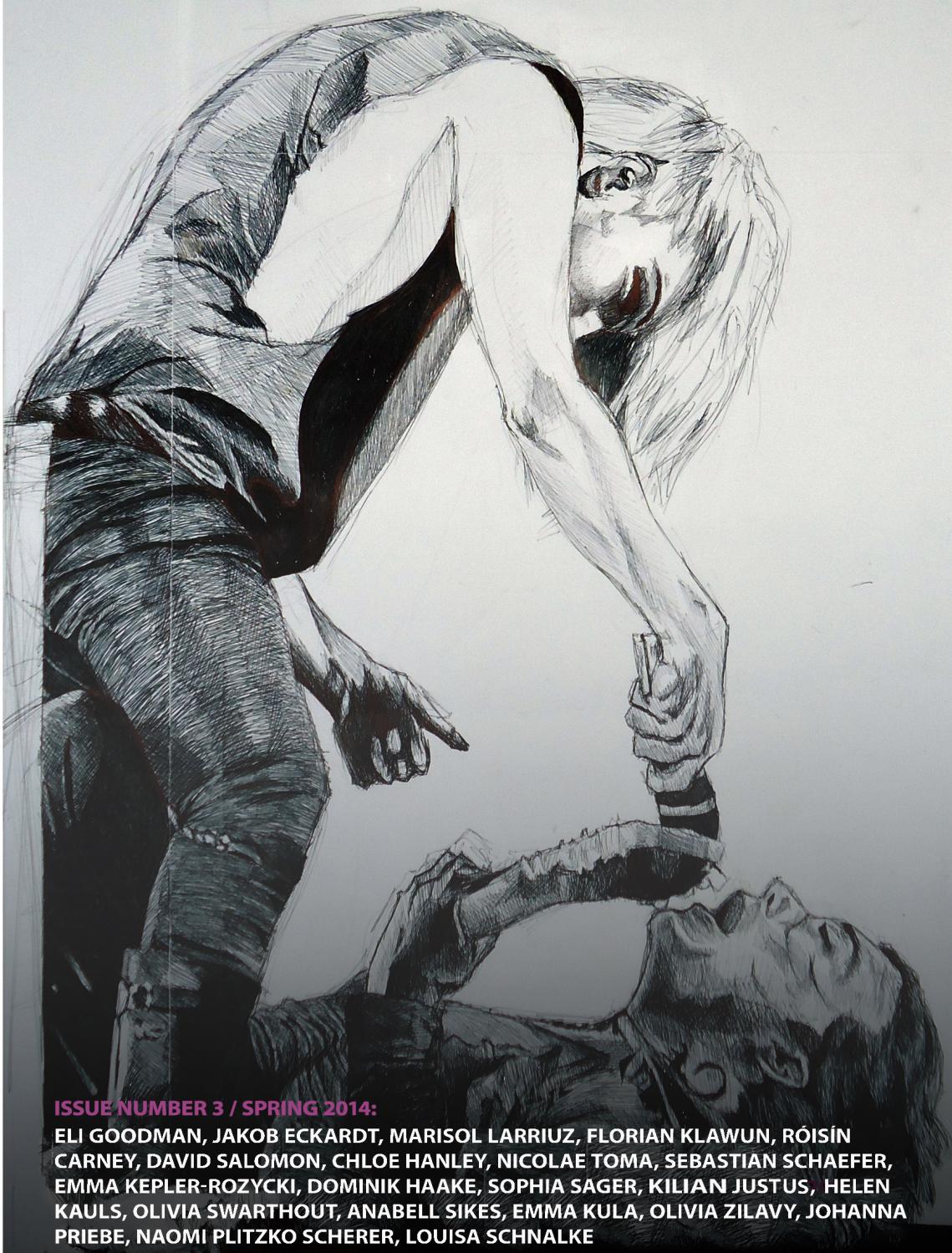


haywire

A Magazine from the
John-F.-Kennedy School in Berlin



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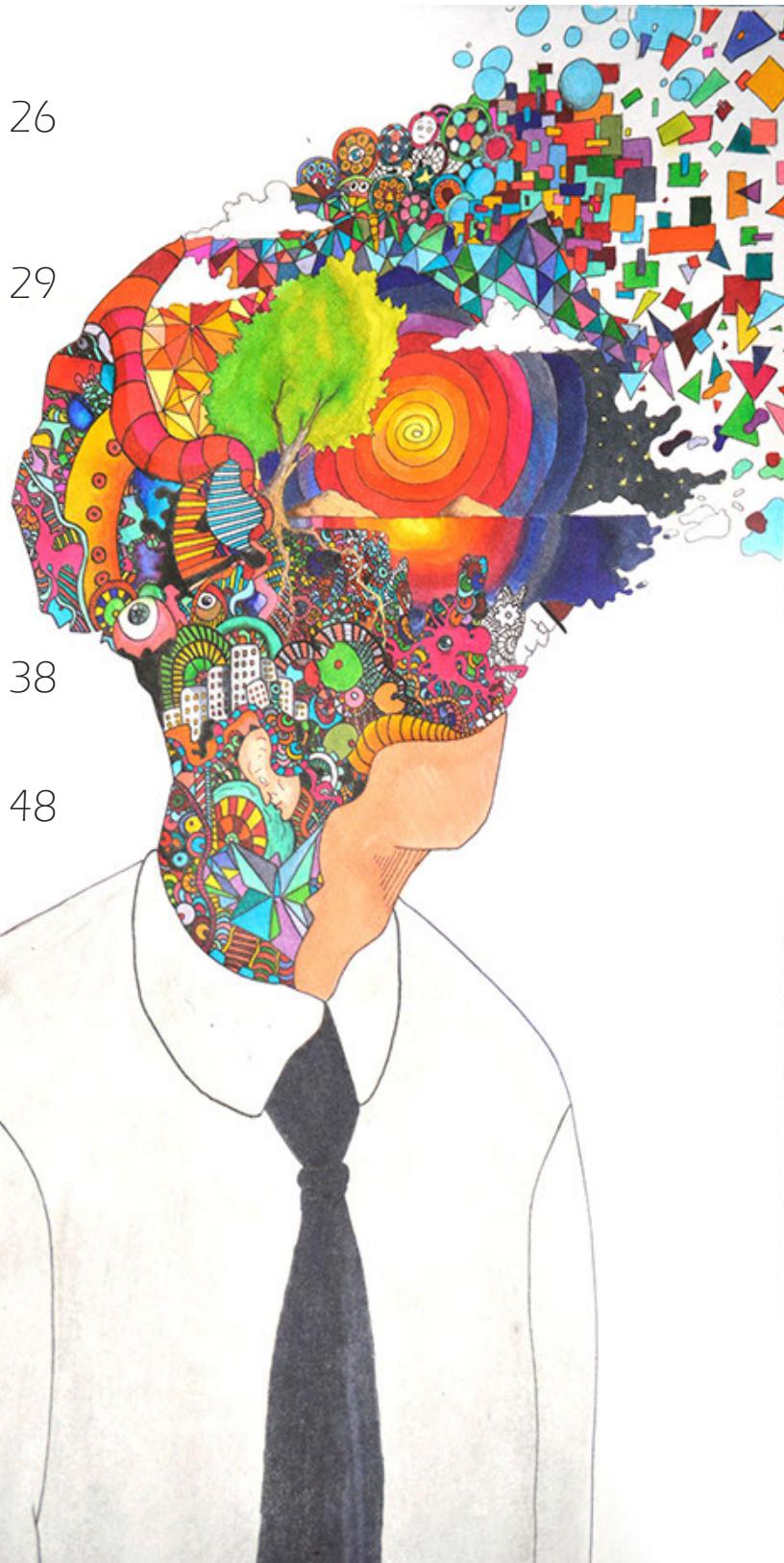
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Editor's Note

by Lovis Maurer, 12th grade

What do World War I and a rock star have in common? Do not fear a brain numbingly idiotic pun, because there is none.

They are both, simply, erratic in nature. In some aspects obviously so, and in others more subtly. Additionally, they are both featured in this issue, as part of a variety of themes. From the atrocities of war to the glory of the stage, this batch of student submissions reflects the multi-faceted nature of modern student life as well as its blend of experiences. After all, school sub-



jects students to a diverse range of information and emotions. These drastically differing perceptions include notions of silent introspection and pure, ambitious joy. Where one work in this asks the question: “Where are we going?” and another one responds with a simple “everywhere.”

The mix of submissions you are about to embark on therefore truly corresponds with its title.

The journey through this magazine might feel erratic at times, but at all moments, there will be a cohesive effect gained from its range of images.

You might find surprises sneaking up as you experience yourself relating to a submission from a student out of your age group. While sifting through the numerous texts and images, the editor team surely grew familiar with the sentiment. This goes to show how a haywire piece of work does not depend on one certain person, situation, or age, but on the erratic nature of life; perceivable by anyone. We all face circumstances in which we lack control, but we still try to gain from the experience to improve ourselves to grow.

So we trade a little bit of crazy, a teeny amount of haywire, for a whole lot of beauty. This selection of refined literary and artistic work not only mirrors the erratic process of creation but the beautiful results which derive from it.

Everybody's life, at any age and in any situation, is at least a bit haywire. I hope you enjoy what these students made out of theirs.

**Painting by
Jessica Schulte,
10th grade**

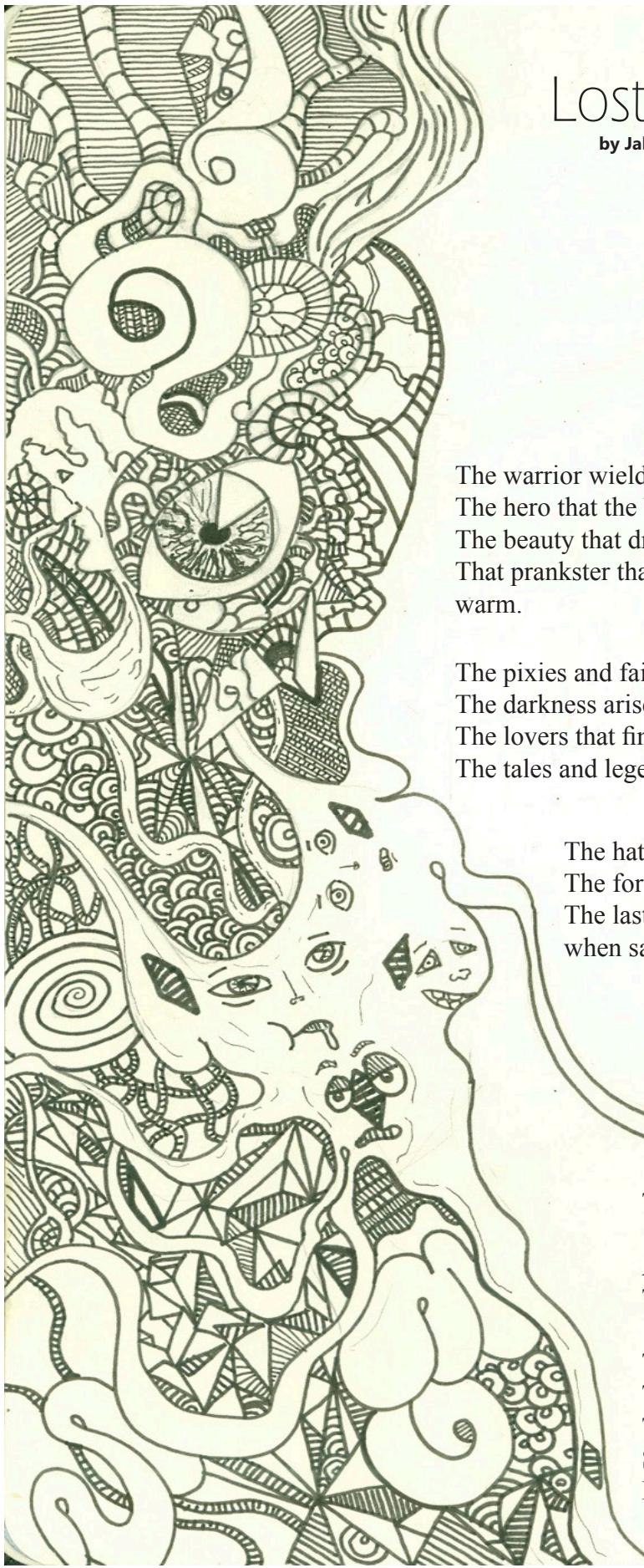
Poems

A Caressed Heart

Eli Goodman, 7th grade

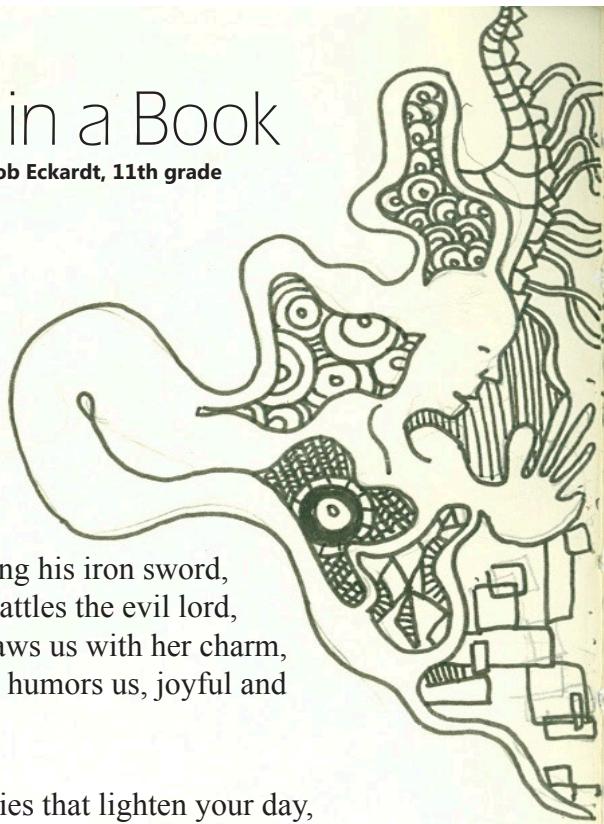
We touch each other's hearts,
And let every feeling out,
And take every feeling in.
Without hardship.
Without trouble.
But what are these people
With their open hearts...
Shoulders to cry on?
Bodies to hug?
Brains to converse with?
People to love?
Or just hearts
To help.





Lost in a Book

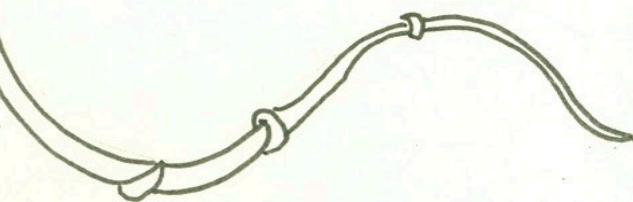
by Jakob Eckardt, 11th grade



The warrior wielding his iron sword,
The hero that battles the evil lord,
The beauty that draws us with her charm,
That prankster that humors us, joyful and warm.

The pixies and fairies that lighten your day,
The darkness arises, then fades away.
The lovers that find themselves lost between pages,
The tales and legends from ancient ages.

The hated and vengeful, the broken pride,
The forces opposing the righteous side,
The last moment wonders, that save the day,
when sacrifices and choices were made.



The excitement that binds me, that draws me in,
...If only the tale had actually been,
And once the story reaches its end,
The somber heartache takes over again.

The imagined adventures wither and fade,
Taking me back to an ordinary day.
The end of a world was all that it took.
So much seems possible when you're lost in a Book.

Drawing by Alex Guethe, 12th grade

Ein geheimer Ort

by Marisol Larriuz, 12th grade

Mein Kind, ich kenne einen geheimen Ort
 Hinten im Gebirge, weit weg an einem See
 Komm mit mein Kind, ich nehm' dich fort
 Aber es ist zu weit zum Laufen, das Laufen tut dir
 weh

Mein Kind, ich kenne eine Burg aus Licht
 Dort gibt es kein Heute, dort gibt es kein Morgen
 Komm mit mein Kind, das ist die Burg, die mit dir
 spricht
 Flüstert leise: hier bist du sicher und geborgen

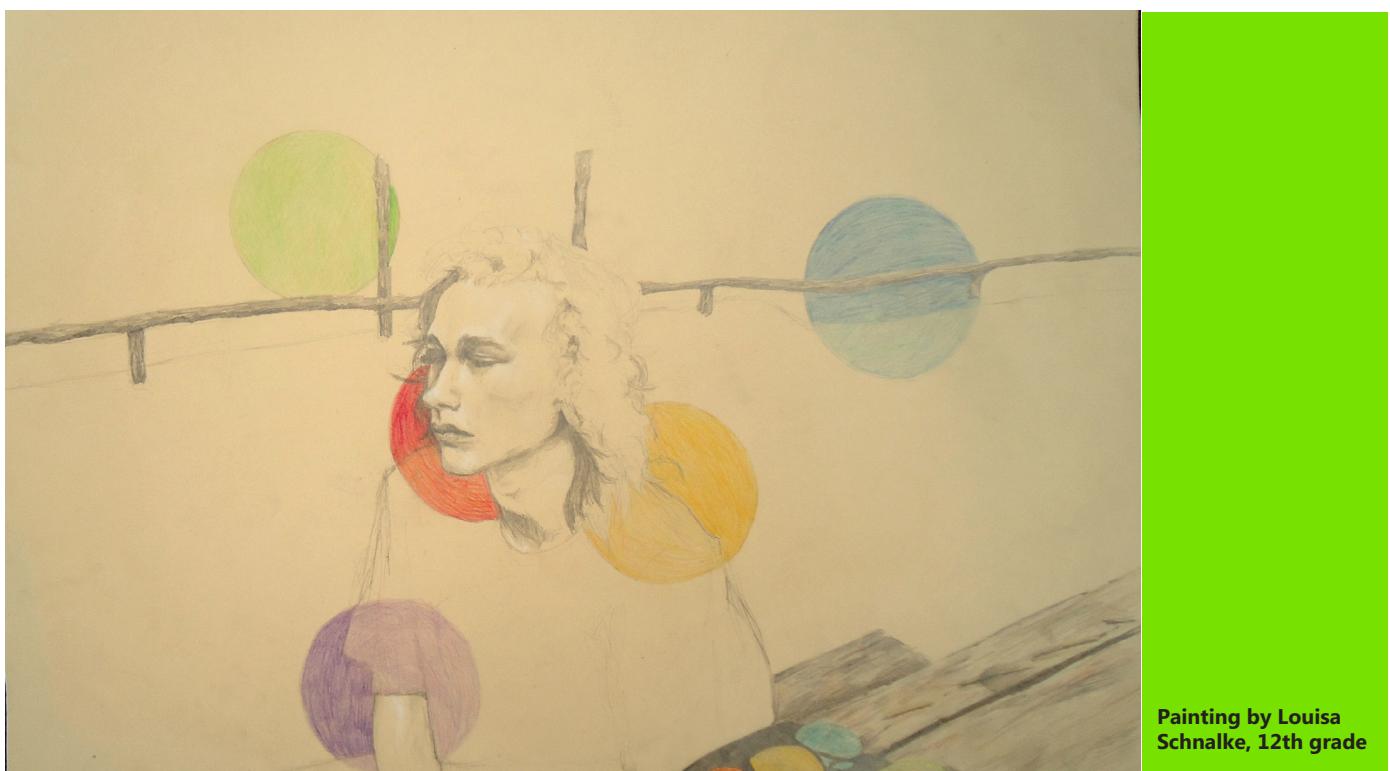
Mein Kind, ich kenne einen Spiegel ohne Grund
 Auf dem die Schiffe niemals untergehn'
 Komm mit mein Kind, da wirst auch du wieder
 gesund
 Und wenn du lang' genug schaust, kannst du dei-
 nen Engel sehn'

Mein Kind, ich kenne ein Land, wo es nie dunkel ist
 Wo jeder Klang sich mit Sonne füllt
 Komm mit mein Kind, damit du nie wieder das
 Lachen vergisst
 Und Schönheit den Schmerz verhüllt



Art by Amalia Shipman Mueller, 10th grade

Mein Kind, ich kenne einen Himmel ohne Sünde
 Wo die Krähen nicht mehr ziehen ihre Kreise
 Komm mit mein Kind, für diesen Schmerz gibt es
 keine Gründe
 Bitte verlass mich nicht auf diese Weise!



Painting by Louisa
 Schnalke, 12th grade

WWI Poems

One hundred years ago on June 28th, a member of the Serbian terrorist organization, The Black Hand, assassinated the Austro-Hungarian Empire's heir to the throne, Franz Ferdinand. What started as the death of one Duke, escalated to the death of over 37 million, women and children. Commemorating the atrocities of World War I, the 12th graders in Mr. Robertson's English class wrote poems reflecting the experiences, consequences and emotions of this tragic time that shaped the rest of the 20th Century.

I Died So They May Live

by Florian Klawun, 11th grade

The last summer leaves
The city is left alone
Only one soldier stays guard

Cloudy sky darkens
The raindrops fall heavily
Noises approaching

Voice can be heard
Marches in the distant field
The soldier is scared

Loving his family
He does what he has to do
His heart beating hard
The enemy is there
Only a bridge between them
He begins to sweat
Last prayers to God
His life coming to an end
He protects everyone

Angels are awaiting
The bridge is exploding
He saves everyone
The enemy army stops
No way to cross the river now
They cannot march on
Raindrops mixed with fire
His sacrifice remembered
His family will live



Drawing by
Anonymous

White Noise

by Rosin Carney, 12th grade

Hiss, crack, roar
A bullet
Licks my temple
Searing pain invades my head

Humming, buzzing, blank,
White noise
Fills in around
Me, like a roaring crowd

Clap, chatter, screech
The mud
Cool on my face
Embedded deep in the ground

Silence,
Darkness,
Emptiness.

Never ending glory.

The Great War

by David Salomon, 12th grade

They say: "it's my duty to fight for my family."
Every man is hungry.
Hungry to survive and leave the trenches.
The shells scream on the way to the ground.
Boom! Boom! Boom! There goes the front line.
People run to the trench to defend.
A rollercoaster of emotions are going on in my head.

The smell of the trench stings my nose like a knife,
Disease, animals, and dead bodies pollute the air.
Who could close their eyes in these conditions?
I run down the trench to seek cover.
Knee high in water, wounded, and weapons,
I try to struggle to survive.
Survive to fight for my country.



You say I am a Hero

by Chloe Hanley, 12th grade

I sit at the shore of freedom
The crystal pure water pulsates through my veins
Pleased by your words
I settle in a frenzy of delusion

I fought for you, my friend
Until the day victory stabbed me in the back
Threw me into the navy green sea of red
bleeding islands
Washed away your intruding vows.

Brother can you hear me?
I am the hero of destruction
Blindfolded from reality
Walking straight into the hands of your betrayal.

You say its dishonorable, I say it's the truth
I'm not a hero; I'm a murderer, a coward
A hero eaten by his own flesh
Suffocated by your derisive disease.

I've broken my gold-coated laurels,
Was pushed into the frozen mud
Deceived by the tale of an ordinary
mocking jay
Crippled by your lying game

I sit at the shore of freedom
At least that is what I've been told
The water slowly clouds my conscience,
Swallows my baited wounds

What Better Place To Be

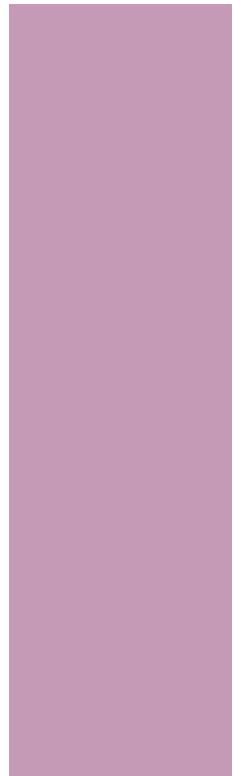
by Nicolae Toma, 12th grade

What better place to be
Fighting in the front
With pride and for glory
With burning passion in my heart.

What better place to be
With fellow soldiers
Seeking out victory and maybe a promotion
But then he stands up and becomes part of
this erosion.

What better place to be
Lying with my countrymen
Not a breath spoken
And neither man
Will ever be awoken.

With the families and friends
There is a man
Sleeping in another land
Far across the sea
What better place to be.



World War I

by Sebastian Schäfer, 11th grade

Blazing Fires,
Crying Men,
Bombs, explosions,
At Europe's end.

Families split,
Europe divides into two,
On one side Salvation
On the other the Salute.

But through the gas simmers,
A tiny light,
A tiny Hope,
That we all reunite.

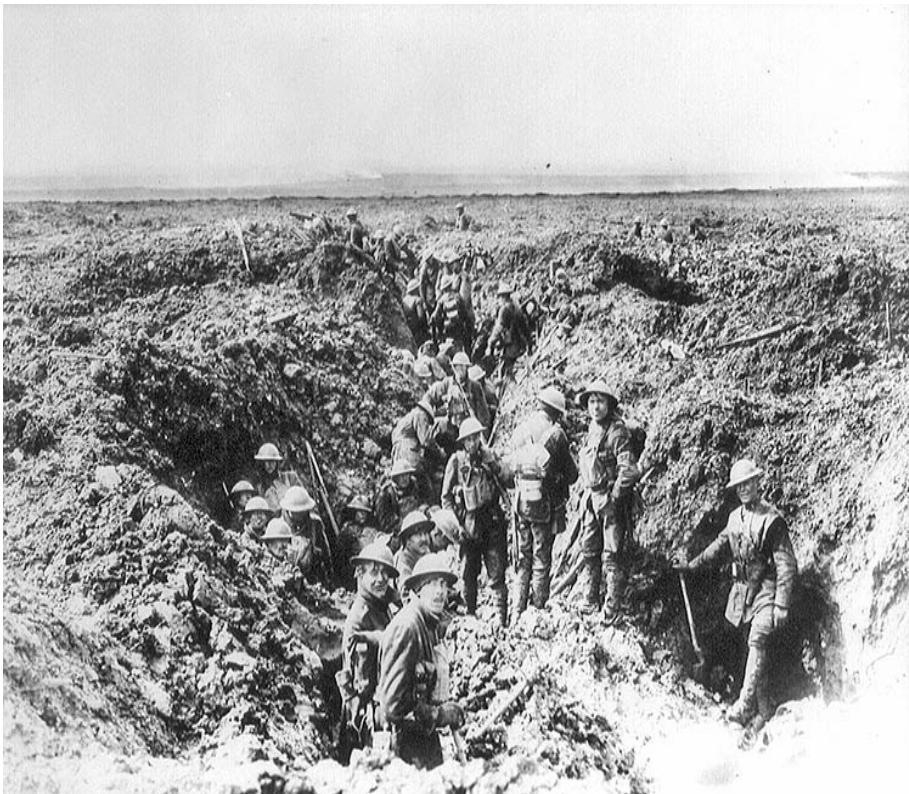
And Look At us now,
Standing so tall,
Even though we're different,
We're all really small.

Yet still a single decision,
Could turn us all into ash,
The conflict in yellow/blue,
Is sending us back.

All we've worked for,
All that we've let pass by,
All the achievements,
Gone in the blink of an eye.

Deep inside,
We're all equal,
Approach the Human in yourself,
And rewrite the horrible sequel.





Show

by Emma Kepler-Rozycki, 12th grade

I'm lying here crying
My head filled with lies
Made to believe I might not die
But death is all around me
Calling me
Taunting me
It's trying to lure me in
You're telling me not to give in?
Just let me hold the magnum to
my head
End this bullshit
Pull it
It would be through
I could be at peace
I just need one bullet
But you're holding me back
Not letting me go
You're making this death much
too slow
It's time to let go
It's time to end this show
I just want to close my eyes
And blow.

Forgotten

by Dominik Haake, 12th grade

World War I, fading like bad dreams
A dream involving inexplicable
screams.

The smashing of skulls
The building of walls
The flying of sickening shells.

The men acting as toy soldiers
Toys controlled by domineering rulers,

Rulers waging war for no clear goal
And soldiers fighting in their role.

How can we relate
To an act so abate

With technology we are more
connected
Yet seem to grow ever less effected

The click and clack of devices
Have become our daily vices.

"Out of the Depths I Cry to you, oh Lord"

by Sophia Sager, 12th grade

Dearest, oh dearest,
Oh good Love, oh child
Not once had I dreamt of return-
ing alive

At times what I saw
Had been slaughter,
blackened blood,
The losses of lives,
Great men out of luck.

Fortune had passed for the good
and the bad
As I prayed to the Lord
Wishing this would not last.

The blows of the guns, stung,
Like children's cries
Then came fear, oh, the fear of
returning alive.

Scarred men who had lived
In remembrance of all,
In mind still keep the words
and say
“De profundis clamo ad te domi-
ne.”

This forever will stay.

Short Stories

Digital Art by
Olivia Gallup,
9th grade

HAYWIRE Issue 3 Spring 2014



Hope

by Kilian Justus, 11th grade

A strain of her soft brown hair lay peacefully on her left shoulder. The curl had the graceful shape of the body of the violin I was holding in my hand. Like the instrument, its beauty felt out of place in the run-down school with the broken windows and rusty lockers.

“Focus.” Her voice startled me. For a moment, I thought she had noticed my gaze, but then I realized I had played a wrong note. I positioned the bow to recommence playing, but she interrupted me.

“Let’s call it a day,” she said. “We can continue next week. But hey, you’re starting to sound more like David!”

I laughed. David Garrett was a famous violin player who had played for the president. I’d told her that one day I would play as well as he did.

“Thanks,” I replied with a smile.

“Oh and hey, you can take the violin with you this week. I won’t need it and you can continue practicing.”

With an even wider smile, I looked her in the eyes. I didn’t need to thank her; she knew how much being able to practice at home meant to me.

I took the metro home, although the word “home” was a euphemism. We lived in a shabby vehicle in a desolated trailer park just outside the city. The place was flooded with trash and one of the borders of the park consisted of fenced train tracks. At regular intervals, massive machines going into and out of Paris thundered by, creating incredible noise.

When I ascended the two steps leading up to the door of our trailer, I saw light behind the curtain

of one of its small windows. The case of the violin in my left hand, I opened the door. A thick cloud of alcohol, smoke, and sweat welcomed me. Dad was home.

He sat in a corner with a bottle in his hand. His skin was pale and his eyes were empty. For a moment, neither of us moved. I braced myself, knowing what would come. Slowly, he got up. Staggering towards me, he picked up a plate, and, with all his force, threw it on the ground. The porcelain shattered. The sound rang in my ears to be joined by my father's voice.

"WHERE THE HELL HAVE YOU BEEN?" he screamed at the top of his lungs. The pungent smell of alcohol emanated from his mouth and I felt the warm air he exhaled on the skin of my face. I shivered. Before I could answer, he looked down at the black case.

"And what on earth is this?!" He shouted. "Have you been playing your gay little instrument again?"

I cringed. Sweat ran down my back. Before I knew what he was doing, the case was no longer in my hand. It was open. He held the neck of the fragile violin in his sweaty barbaric hand. He was strangling it. I felt it getting harder to breathe. I was helpless. One last time, I saw the graceful shape of the wood; the precise perfection of the parallel strings. Then it

shattered. Pieces of wood shot off and the neck was severed from the body. Despair overcame me. My dream lit up in flames. All hope slipped through my fingers like water. Tears blocked my vision. My father screamed.

"You're next, son! Imma kill you!"

The wreck was threatening me. Moments later, I left the trailer park, and my father was lying in a puddle of whiskey and blood.

I descended into the earth. My mind was as filled with thoughts as the metro station was with buzzing individuals returning from work. When I came back up, the sun was setting. Warm light shone into my face. I stood at the foot of Montmartre. It was a fascinating hill. At its bottom, there was the most popular red light district of Paris. Desperate women worked there to be able to make a living. Still, at the top of the hill stood an immense white cathedral, overlooking the city—its beautiful white stone shone orange in the evening light. I felt a sudden warmth inside of me. There were no trailer parks on Montmartre, but there were people playing their violins in the streets, hoping for some tourists' change.

I decided to start walking to the cathedral. I had never heard of anyone from the trailer park who had gone up the hill, but maybe I would be the first one.

Drawing by
Elise Mola,
12th grade



Excerpt from Short Story *Nika Darling*

by Helen Kauls, 11th grade

We took the carriage to Golovkin's house. When we got there I was once again in awe. He lived in number 118, which was a white house, with five stories and two columns which marked the entrance, a heavy wooden door. He opened the door and let me enter first. I looked around at the interior. It was very tasteful. Paintings, a couple of weapons and reddish wooden floor panels. He took my jacket and hung it up in a small room, which served solely for that purpose.

"Would you like a drink?" He asked as he led me into his living room.

"Yes please, some vodka would be lovely."

"As you wish. I will be right back."

In the living room there were many wooden bookshelves and lounge chairs. One wall was occupied by an opulent fire place, while another by, what looked like a family portrait. I stepped closer and shivered. Sure enough I discovered both the Golovkin brothers at a young age together with three young girls and the parents.

"My family."

I jumped a little and turned towards the door. Golovkin strode towards me and handed me a glass. He too was holding a glass, but his was filled with dark, blood colored wine.

"Sadly my brother passed away three years ago," he continued.

Yeah right, passed away. Nice way of putting it.

"I'm sorry," I said.

"Thank you, but I've overcome my sorrow. It came upon so suddenly, that I felt grief for a prolonged period, but that period is over."

Of course, I thought to myself. Over and forgotten, no feelings of revenge what so ever. I would have laughed if the circumstances would have been different, but here I wouldn't dare. I didn't feel like dying today, after all.

"Why don't we go up?" Golovkin suggested.

"Da."

Upstairs was another living room. Well I would call it a living room, but Golovkin called it his fall parlor.

"Do you play the piano?" I asked looking at the fancy example standing in the corner.

"Yes. Would you like to hear something?"

"Da, but could I maybe have some tea first?"

He looked at the still full glass in my hand. I grimaced and said, "I like to wash it down with some good tea."

"I see, well then I'll get some. You wait here. It will take a few minutes."

I nodded and walked over to the piano. When I heard him open a door downstairs I tiptoed first over to my satchel and let a couple of my knock out drops drip into Golovkin's glass, before exiting the fall parlor and peeking into the surrounding rooms. I had to be extra cautious, because this time I really didn't want him sneaking up on me. I found a room that looked like his study and entered. Quickly I skimmed through the files lying on his desk. Nothing. I moved on to his shelves. Again nothing. I groaned silently and walked to his wall. There hanging was a wooden board filled with pinnings of the tsar family. I wrinkled my forehead. What did this mean? Was he a great admirer of the tsar family? On closer observation I noticed that all of the articles were about deaths. Hmm. Only deaths... Just as I found an article that interested me I heard a door open downstairs and quickly hurried back to the parlor. I reoccupied my previous position next to the piano I tried to picture the article again. It had been in English, unlike most of the others and something about it had caught my attention.

"Here you go," Golovkin said handing me the steaming cup of tea.

"Thank you! Is that your father?" I asked pointing at the painting hanging next to the piano.

"Haha no. It's my grandfather. He's dead."

"Oh I'm sorry. I didn't mean to bring up another death."

"Oh how could you have known? Anyways it's already 25 years in the past."

"So long, wow!"

"Yes, he was a very honorable man and died fighting for what he believed in."

"Sounds honorable indeed," I agreed.

Golovkin took place on his piano stool.

"What would you like to hear?"

"Anything."

He nodded and started to play. I recognized the piece. It was from Mozart and I believe in C major. When he finished I clapped.

"You are amazing!" I exclaimed. "That was Mozart, or?"

"Very good ear! It was his Piano Concierto No. 21. In..."

I interrupted him and said, "In C major!"

"Exactly! I'm impressed."

Later we sat down on a couch. I had downed my vodka and now was sipping my tea. To my sadness, Golovkin was not doing the same with his wine. He had set it down, before he had gotten my tea and hadn't picked it up since.

"Do you actually still have a lot of contact with Russia?" I asked.

He thought for a minute before answering, his blue eyes turned up to one side, "Yes I do. I visit Moscow yearly and write many letters."

"That's nice. I wish I had more contact."

"Why don't you?"

"Well for one thing, my parents are dead and I was born in London, so this is my primary home."

"Don't you miss Russia?"

"Oh I do! I certainly do and I plan to visit soon, but I am also very busy, so is my brother."

"I see, you have to wait until your brother can find the time to go. He is a working man, I believe?"

"Correct! He is studying to become a doctor."

"That's a very worthwhile profession," he said.

"Da, but back to Russia. Do you still have family there?"

"Yes, my mother and my three sisters. One of them is married to a Russian general," he said with distaste.

"That's not good?" I asked carefully.

He shook his head, "He is an asshole. Excuse my language. I don't usually use such words when in female company, but I can't restrain myself when I talk about him."

"Don't worry about it, after all I was the one to start the subject."

Lightly I placed my left hand on his leg and smiled reassuringly. Now one thing was clear. Those



Photography by Kilian Justus, 11th grade

articles didn't hang in his work room, because he was in mourning. I guessed it was the opposite. He seemed to really hate the tsar and his associates; I mean it seemed like he hated the general, because of his connection to the tsar. This also meant that he didn't purely hate the tsar's family, but also everybody surrounding him. That still didn't explain my family's murder. My father hadn't worked for the tsar! I was very sure of that after all my parents had met here in London 21 years ago! And my mother, ha she wasn't even Russian!

"And by the way, I'm not the biggest follower of the tsar either. They are all incestuous anyways."

He nodded sternly and didn't say anything. I sighed and pretended to look at the portrait. The silence was interrupted by the sudden gong of the clock. I looked around, searching for a clock. I didn't find one and instead counted the strikes. Twelve. Oh my it was late!

"I, I really should get going Lev," I said quickly.

"Yes, of course. I'll bring you to the door. My coachman will take you home."

"Thank you!"

We walked down the corridor to the steps, my one hand holding my little bag and the other my tea. Golovkin had finally picked up his wine glass again, but hadn't drunken from it yet. As we descended the steps I spotted two crossed épée.

"Where are actually your servants," I asked at the foot of the stairs turning to Golovkin.

"Oh I gave them the evening off, because I mean why should they be here when I am not?"

"True."

Perfect I thought. Nobody at home except for the coachman and he seriously wasn't a problem. I could easily get rid of him.

I smiled and said, "Thank you so much for the lovely evening! I had a splendid time!"

He grinned and came a step closer, "Thank you, for spending the evening with me Miss Yelena."

I smiled and looked up at him. He took hold of my chin and slowly leaned down to kiss me. I froze. This could not be happening! I don't know what turned in me, but suddenly I felt sick. I forcefully pushed him back and took some steps in the opposite direction. He stared at me. Both of his arms were raised to almost a right angle and wine was dripping from one hand. I heard my blood starting to pump in

my ears.

"Yelena?" he asked bewildered.

"What was that for?"

As he had kissed me and the date of the article had flashed before my eyes. It had been the 23rd of September. One day after my family's death and to my horror I realized it was about my family. Slowly all the puzzle pieces were falling together. My family's murder, the articles and the hate for the tsar. All the articles stood for the victory of killing the tsar's associates and family members. The only riddle here was that my family hadn't been associated with the tsar's family in any way as far as my knowledge went.

"You're killing the tsar's people!" I yelled at him.

"What? How did you get that idea?" He said trying to sound calm. "That's not true! Why would you think that?"

"I saw it! I saw it in your work room! The articles!"

"But, that doesn't mean I'm killing them. I'm interested, that's all! Any ways what were you doing in my workroom?"

"The 22nd of September."

"What?"

"The 22nd of September!" I repeated aggressively, hot tears in my eyes. "Your brother's death!"

"I know, but how do you know?"

"It was my family's death day too! Chersvennikova! Does that name tell you anything?" He stared at me and stepped closer.

"Repeat that name."

"Cherstvennikova!" I said it slowly this time and he only stared at me. "That day your brother forcefully entered my family's house and killed Kostya Cherstvennikov, Alice Chertvennikova and Zina Cherstvennikova! He killed them!" I screeched. "And then I killed Viktor Golovkin! That bloody bastard slaughtered my family! He took my everything away from me with in seconds! All these years I constantly asked myself this question: Why? Why would anybody kill my family? Huh? We were a quiet, inconspicuous middle class family!"

Voices

by Olivia Swarthout, 9th grade

"A five plus? Did you study at all?" Alice snapped. She was still there. It had been a few days since Fiona had heard Alice's voice. She had started to hope that maybe, this time, Alice had gone for good. No such luck, of course. Alice was still there, as angry as ever.

"Listen, I was going to study, I tried, but I just—" Fiona spluttered.

"No! No excuses!" Alice broke in. "You had time! Don't pretend like it's anyone's fault but yours! God, would it have been that hard just to look at your notes once? Answer me! Would it have?"

"I'm-I'm sorry Alice. I'm going to try harder next time. It's my first year in high school; you can't expect me to be perfect right away." Fiona was the much more soft-spoken of the two, making her an easy target for Alice's rage.

"No, but I can expect you to not be a complete failure! Is a passing grade too much to ask?" Alice asked scathingly. Fiona usually took Alice's anger silently, but now she was becoming irritated.

"Listen Alice, I told you already that I tried! I

don't get why it's such a big deal. Why are you even here, anyway? Can't you just leave me alone for a bit? I didn't ask for you, all right? I don't even want you!"

"I'm here because you need me, and don't you dare even try to argue with that! You'd be lost without me! No, forget that, you're lost anyway! Why don't you just let me out, Fiona. I would make things better, I promise. Just give me control for a little bit. Nothing permanent, I promise. I would let you back out after a couple of weeks." The bite was gone from Alice's voice; now it was reassuring. Her offer was almost tempting to Fiona. Almost.

"No! You know what happened last time I let you do that! They thought I was crazy! I am crazy!"

"Fiona, don't be ridiculous. You know better than that," Alice soothed. "You are not crazy. Different, yes. Crazy? No. You should just be grateful that you have me to help you. Not everyone gets this lucky, you know." Fiona ran a hand through her auburn hair, distressed.

"I know, I know. You're right, I'm lucky. I



am.”

“Exactly.” Alice agreed. “And trust me, I’m doing all I can to help you. But you know that if you let me out for a little bit, I could turn your life around. I could get you better grades, get you some friends, maybe even a boyfriend. Your parents would be so proud!” Fiona stiffened.

“Don’t bring my parents into this, okay? They already think I’m a failure! They don’t care about me! So what I’m doing, I’m doing for myself, alright?” she hissed. Alice cocked an eyebrow.

“So you’re agreeing? You will let me out?”

“No! It’s not like you could change anything in less than a month, anyway, right?” Alice recognized weakness in Fiona’s voice. Fiona had had a rough year in school, and her parents had made no secret of their disappointment in her. They were Fiona’s pressure point, and if Alice knew exactly where to push, she could bend her to her will.

“I could! You know I could. Finals week is next week, right? I would be the one taking all the tests! So you wouldn’t have to stress at all. You know how happy your parents would be if you aced the math final.”

“I told you—” Fiona began, but Alice cut in.

“Yeah, I know. You think they don’t care. But if you did well on your finals, they would care. And don’t tell me that you don’t want that, because I know that’s a lie!” Fiona’s silence was confirmation enough for Alice. “So what do you say? Let me out. I get control of the body for three weeks. No more. Twenty-one days from today, I’ll give it back. I promise. You know that I would never break my promise to you, right Fiona?” Fiona still looked unsure.

“I... I still don’t know if I can trust you, Alice. What if you don’t let me back out?” Fiona regretted the words the moment they were out of her mouth.

She had only succeeded in rekindling Alice’s anger.

“Seriously? Is your opinion of me that low, Fiona? I honestly can’t believe this! All I’ve done is help you from the moment you were born, and this is what I get? Mistrust? You’ve got to be kidding me!” Alice spat. Alice knew Fiona well, and she could tell that she was about to give in. She pressed on, her voice not as harsh as before. “I’m your best friend, Fiona. Your parents might not care about you, but I do. Let me help you. It’s what friends do, isn’t it?”

“You promise you’d let me back out after three weeks?” Fiona asked.

“Yes, of course. You know I would.” Alice assured.

“I—I suppose. I guess so. You can have control, okay?” Fiona stuttered. Alice’s eyes widened.

“Yes! You’ve made the right choice. Just three more weeks and your life will be so much better. Okay, you know what to do. Just take a deep breath.” Fiona closed her eyes as Alice went on. “Now, imagine a door. I’m trapped behind that door, you’re the only one that’s got the key. So unlock the door and let me out.”

“Fiona, sweetie, are you okay? You’ve been sitting awfully still like that for a long time.” There was worry in Mrs. Carson’s

voice. “Your father and I are making spaghetti for dinner, so why don’t you get up and set the table, alright? You’ve just been sitting there alone for a while; are you sure nothing’s up?” A grin cracked across Fiona’s face, but somehow she didn’t quite look like herself. Fiona straightened up, her eyes snapping open.

“Hey, mom. Sorry to be the one to break this to you but Fiona is, well, she’s gone, poor thing. Not coming back. But don’t worry, you’ve got me now. You can call me Alice.”



Drawing by Hanna Komes-Zinraf, 9th grade

Being Bilingual

by Anabell Sikes, 11th grade

When you talk to your American friends you're labeled as German.

When you speak to your German friends you're labeled as American.

Your grammar is only average in all the languages you know.

You don't notice you've been speaking in two languages at the same time until the people you were talking to look at you surprised and confused.

Auto correct is your enemy.

Getting frustrated at the horrible subtitles for movies when you can understand that they didn't just say what the subtitles are telling.

Your passport looks overused.

You have friends on multiple continents.

Mixing up the grammar rules of the languages you speak.

Not being able to share a joke by translating it because the humor gets lost on the way.

Always having foreign money lying around somewhere.

You find yourselves up at the late hours of the day

trying to keep in touch with friends.

Having to deal with people who constantly pronounce words in a language wrong, and not agreeing with you that they're actually wrong.

You're jetlagged a few times a year.

There's always at least one friend online that you can talk to at any given time of the day.

You have multiple homes all over the world.

You celebrate a lot of holidays.

You have a constant drive to want to travel and explore.

People think you're a genius if you can speak two or more languages fluently.

You get to enjoy a bigger variety of movies, books, and music.

You're automatically a full time translator for your friends.

You've been asked at least once to do someone's foreign language homework or help them with it.

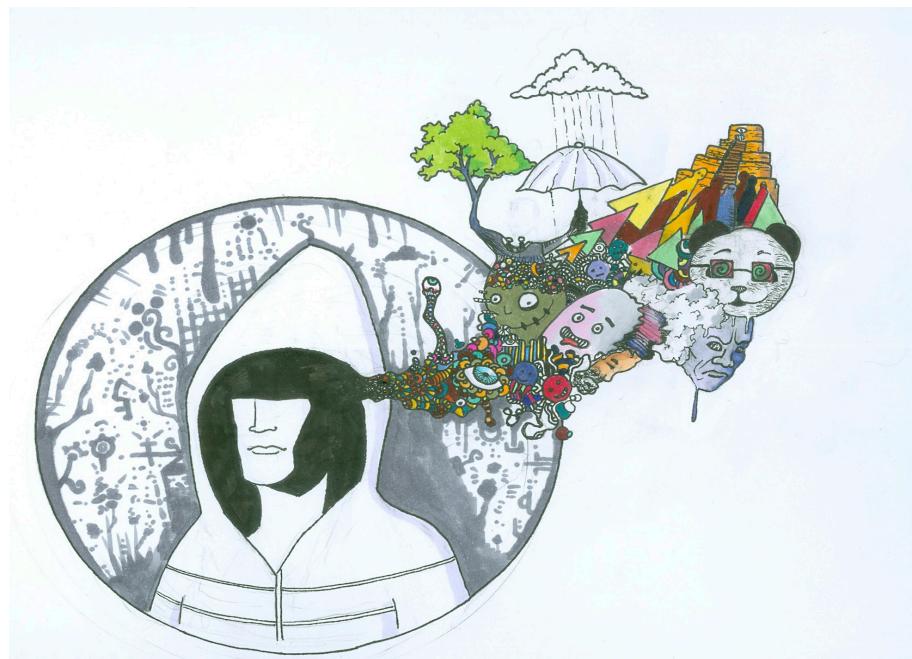
Lastly, when you're sad about not knowing where exactly to belong, you know there are always new places for you to discover.





Cartoon by Naoko Neumann, 12th grade

Essays



Drawing by Alex
Guethe, 12th grade

The Pains of Desire

in Sidney's "Thou Blind Man's Mark"

by Emma Kula, 11th grade

Throughout contemporary literature, the nebulous subject of desire has fascinated and enraptured authors and artists alike. Though desire can often be represented as romantic, even ecstatic, it also serves as the cause of many conflicts and tragedies. In Sir Philip Sidney's 16th century sonnet, "Thou Blind Man's Mark," the speaker recognizes the potentially destructive quality of desire. Although he claims to have freed himself of this apparently harmful force, the paradox of the last line reveals the perpetual influence of desire over him.

Throughout the first four lines, the abundance of negative metaphors describing desire depict the utterly disillusioned attitude of the speaker to this emotion. For example, the metaphor "cradle of

causeless care," shows from the speaker's perspective, completely pointless energy wasted on want. The alliteration further connects and highlights the words, emphasizing their meaning and revealing the extent of the speaker's contempt for desire.

Furthermore, the continued accumulation of negative descriptions, all named within similar sentence structures, express the strength of the speaker's frustration and rage against the subject of his statements—desire. Additionally, the fact that the speaker directly addresses desire communicates a heightened sense of his anger since the use of second person and the initial lack of a distinctly specified subject cause the reader to feel accused rather than desire.

Finally, the conclusion of the single sentence

that incorporates all previously named metaphors emphasizes the subject of these descriptions—desire. The word is also repeated, showing further intensity of frustration, and the sentence ends with an exclamation mark giving the entire first section a visceral sense of anguish and release. In this way, the atmosphere of an argument or accusation looms and the speaker's anger at desire reaches a crescendo. In general, the first sentence describes the full extent of the speaker's rage against desire through an accumulation of negative metaphors, repetition, and dramatizing punctuation.

The second part of the sonnet, lines 5-13, serves to create the impression that the speaker finally extricates himself from the tangle of his own desires. Although he shows considerable regret at past indulgence in this emotion, even repeating the words "too long," and "too dearly," (5, 7) to express his expansive anger at having succumbed to desire so much (in his opinion), his claims of triumph over want appear convincing. Further repetition of "in vain," (9-11) stands in contrast to the previous repetition in that they attempt to convey the powerlessness of desire over the speaker. He declares that he learned his "lesson," (12) in regards to temptations which implies a finished process, a final ensuring of the impotence

of desires. Through these repetitions and the speaker's diction, the reader is given the impression that the speaker has triumphed over his previously established arch-enemy—desire.

Nevertheless, the very last line disillusion the reader through its ironical paradox. Though the speaker is apparently attempting to conclusively confirm his independence from desire, his word choice destroys this image. He claims he is "desiring naught but how to kill desire" (line 14), but since the first verb stands in conflict with his supposed separation from desire, it shows that he still exemplifies the emotion he is trying to eradicate.

This shows that desire still has him in its grasp: even the need to free himself from desire is a desire in itself. The last sentence conveys the fruitlessness of the speaker's struggle and the perpetuity of desire as a human weakness.

Though the speaker successfully expresses his frustration with desire and, at first, his triumph over this emotion, the final line destroys the latter impression and reveals the speaker's continual dependence on the force he so despises. This sonnet illuminates the general state of humanity and the infinite omnipotence of its greatest weakness: wanting.

Deception

in R.L. Stevenson's *Treasure Island*

by Olivia Zilavy, 7th grade

Although people may put on a warm and friendly façade in order to gain favor, their true intentions can often be difficult to discern. Jim Hawkins' friendship with Long John Silver in R.L. Stevenson's 1883 *Treasure Island* is fake from the moment it is forged.

Jim first encounters Long John Silver at his pub, the Spy-glass. Although Long John matches the description of a vicious pirate that he was warned to avoid, Jim decides to trust him anyway, simply because he smiles

and puts forth an air of kindness. Jim is blind to plans of deception, and naive to feigned kindness, as proven by Pew's blind beggar act, the apple barrel incident, and Jim's innocent abandonment of the honest crew.

Pew deceives Jim by pretending to be a helpless, blind beggar. Jim has no idea of Pew's intention until he divulges his genuine nature, “ ‘Will you give me your hand, my kind, young friend, and lead me in?’ I held out my hand, and the horrible, soft-spoken, eyeless creature

gripped it in a moment like a vice” (17). It almost seems as if Pew is being too nice, in order to gain Jim's trust. Jim believes that Pew is completely innocent because of his outward appearance, despite his obvious dramatics. Jim is weakened yet again by the distorted affection of a character who is a master of deception.

Long John Silver is a considerably better actor than Pew. He has a powerful influence on Jim, and can easily manipulate him. Long John says, “No, not I. [...] Flint was cap'n; I was quar-



Photography by Jakob Eckardt, 11th grade

ter-master, along of my timber leg. The same broadside I lost my leg, old Pew lost his deadlights” (57). Jim finally realizes that Long John is not who he seems when he overhears a conversation about John’s days with Captain Flint. Long John also admits to knowing Pew, which shows that he could have been conspiring with Pew to steal the Captain’s sea-chest. Jim also abandons his crew, but he does it with ethical intentions.

Jim dooms his crew when he leaves them in order to find Ben Gunn’s coracle. His intent was that they could at least have a chance at escape, but in his own words: “I was a fool, if you like, and certainly I was doing a fool-

ish, overbold act...” (120). Jim later realizes that leaving them is a bad idea, but he does it anyway in order to try and make things better for them. While he succeeds in doing so, he also ensures their capture, seeing as most of them are wounded and immobilized. Jim’s naivety endangers his companions, which causes their downfall.

Jim has a virtuous heart, but his disregard for consequences can prove to be fatal.

Jim’s guilelessness and honorable purpose comes at the cost of other’s lives. Jim doesn’t see Pew as a danger because of his

non-threatening impression, regardless of his suspicious bearing. Jim allows himself to be influenced by Long John Silver, even after he unveils his true character. Jim has a virtuous heart, but his disregard for consequences can prove to be fatal. The evidence pointing to Jim’s fault in the matter of the expedition’s undoing is staggering, and in spite of the fact that many people are to blame, Jim is definitely one of the main saboteurs.

Photography by
Anonymous



Absolutismus und Aufklärung

Ein Gegensatz?

by Johanna Priebe, 8th grade

Eine Erörterung am Beispiel Brandenburg-Preußens Absolutismus heißt, es gibt einen Herrscher, der die Macht hat, so gut wie alles zu bestimmen. Ist das wirklich so schlimm, wie wir immer denken? Vielleicht lassen sich Aufklärung und Absolutismus kombinieren. Nehmen wir beispielweise den Aufstieg Brandenburg-Preußens. Am Ende des Dreißigjährigen Krieges war Brandenburg-Preußen eines der ärmsten Länder Deutschlands. Hundert Jahre später zählte es zu den Europäischen Großmächten. Wäre es ohne Absolutismus so weit gekommen?

Kurfürst Friedrich Wilhelm hatte es, kurz nach dem Dreißigjährigen Krieg, sehr schwer. Die Bevölkerung hatte aufgrund des Krieges um 50 % abgenommen und die unfruchtbaren Böden erhöhten seine geringen Einkünfte auch nicht. Friedrich Wilhelm studierte in den Niederlanden und lernte so Handel und Gewerbe, aber auch modernes Militärwesen, kennen. Als er dann zurückkam, erschuf er ein stehendes Heer, das sein Land verteidigen konnte und unterwarf die verstreuten Landesteile einer strengen Verwaltung. Das führte bei vielen Adeligen zu Widerstand, doch Friedrich Wilhelm setzte sich mit Gewalt durch. Dies machte ihn beim Volk unbeliebt,

obwohl er Brandenburg-Preußen zu einem modernen absolutistischen Staat gemacht hatte. Nun gab es Textilmanufakturen und die Hugenotten kamen aus Frankreich und brachten ihre neuesten Erkenntnisse mit. Wahrscheinlich hätte in einer Demokratie eine Verbesserung der Lebensverhältnisse viel zu lange gedauert und das Land wäre von anderen Mächten eingenommen worden. Friedrich Wilhelm I. kümmerte sich dann später viel um das Militär, Friedrich Wilhelm II., sein Nachfolger, dann später auch. Bei Friedrich Wilhelm oder Ludwig XIV. kann man schon sagen, dass Aufklärung und Absolutismus Gegensätze sind, doch beides ist durchaus kombinierbar.

Aufklärung spielt im Absolutismus eine sehr große Rolle. Das Volk findet Antworten und Lösungen. Menschen hinterfragen Traditionen und Bräuche. Das folgt zu vielen verschiedenen Meinungen und auch Streit. Denker und Gelehrte beginnen zu zweifeln. Friedrich II. ließ dies in seiner Herrschaft zu, denn er herrschte als „aufgeklärter Herrscher“. Er kümmerte sich um sein Volk und glaubte nicht, wie Ludwig XIV., dass das Königtum ein von Gott verliehenes Amt sei, sondern sah sich als „Erster Diener

des Staates“. Sein aufgeklärtes Handeln und Denken machte Friedrich den Großen „groß“. Er tolerierte alle Religionen, schaffte die Folter ab und sorgte dafür, dass alle Richter handelten, ohne die Leute mit höherem Ansehen zu bevorzugen. Er war es auch, der die Schulpflicht einführte. Auch im Handel und in der Landwirtschaft trat Friedrich II. gute Entscheidungen. Allerdings war er auch ein Militärist. Zwar erzielte er hohe Gebietsgewinne und machte Preußen zur Europäischen Großmacht, doch setzte er seine Truppen in vielen Kriegen rücksichtslos zur Machterweiterung ein.

Absolutismus hat also sowohl Vor- als auch Nachteile. Sie funktioniert direkter und simpler als Demokratie, doch für das Volk ist es profitierender, Entscheidungen selbst zu treffen. Es kommt auch viel auf den Herrscher an, ob Absolutismus schlecht ist. Wenn er in allen Bereichen aufklärerisch handelt, also Absolutismus und Aufklärung kombiniert, ist Absolutismus wahrscheinlich einigermaßen erträglich. Allerdings muss der Herrscher auch gut mit dem Volk, mit neuen Erkenntnissen und mit problematischen Lagen umgehen können.

Photography by Jakob Eckardt, 11th grade



Dangerous Absences

in Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451*

by Naomi Plitzko Scherer, 9th grade

In our modern civilization, the rise of technology has been gradually diminishing the significance of physical books. The novel *Fahrenheit 451* by Ray Bradbury, published in 1951, explores a dystopian future as the result of the destruction of written knowledge, in which Montag, a man charged with eradicating all literature, begins to question the world he has grown up in. The absence of the three things described as missing from the society in *Fahrenheit 451*, texture and quality of literature, leisure time to process information, and the liberty to act on what we learn from these, pose a rising threat to our own commu-

nity.

In the society of *Fahrenheit 451*, recreation has lost texture and the descriptiveness which ties it to everyday life. To Montag, Faber explains, “the more truthfully re-

To avoid expending effort in processing the textured representation of life books present, the population opts for fantastical, idealized portrayals.

corded details of life you can get on a sheet of paper, the more ‘literary’ you are” (79). According to him, the key to achieving literary quality lies in the ability to render

life as realistic and as textured as possible. In the years of destruction of literature, the appreciation for entertainment of a higher caliber has been lost. However, Faber also states that “the same things could be in the ‘parlor families’ today. The same infinite detail and awareness could be projected through the radios and televisors, but are not” (78). He relates the concept that while a pragmatic perception of the world has all but vanished, the potential for rediscovery remains.

The people of *Fahrenheit 451* have merely lost the ability to articulate the realities of life, without suffering the depriva-

tion of their possibilities. Instead, they prefer “only wax moon faces, poreless, hairless, expressionless” (79). To avoid expending effort in processing the textured representation of life books present, the population opts for fantastical, idealized portrayals. With the rise of technology and the expansion of the media, this phenomenon seems to be mirrored in our own society.

It is much the same with the second absence in the nation of *Fahrenheit 451*, leisure time. Even with quality literature at one’s disposal, it is still invaluable to be presented with a respite in order to process the information one gains while reading. The danger when this is left wanting lies in that the televiser, for example, “rushes you on so quickly to its own conclusions that your mind hasn’t time to protest, ‘What nonsense!’” (80). Due to the incessant input of the hyper realistic, exaggerated technology, the populace is unable to maintain its own opinion amid the onslaught of information. The government has the capability of manipulating public opinion into any form it wishes, simply because the people have no time to question the ideas they are being proffered. As Faber illustrates, “It grows you any shape it wishes! It is an environment as

real as the world. It becomes and is the truth” (80). The concepts portrayed through technology offer an alternate reality often preferable to real life.

Also nowadays, because of the appeal and popularity such technological advances have

of entertainment and can manage the input of information, whereas the televisors’ and parlors’ uncontrollable flow of knowledge control the opinion of the public. As computers, televisions, and tablets gradually repress printed books, this threat of inescapable outside influence seems ever more ominous in our present civilization and can sometimes curb our actions.

This, the freedom to react to the quality information processed in the available leisure time, is the third matter missing from the society of *Fahrenheit 451*. However, unlike the first two absences, to solve this issue “isn’t as simple as just picking up a book you laid down half a century ago” (83). Faber attempts to communicate that the final solution does not lie solely in literature, but must be fought for with actions inspired by convictions formed while reading. Merely privately processing new comprehensions does not suffice to resolve this matter; instead it requires public undertakings. Of the social structure, Faber states, “The whole culture’s shot through. The skeleton needs melting and reshaping” (83). According to Faber, educating the public on thinking and withstanding the barrage of information by the government would not be sufficient to repair the damage of years of literary destruction. It would require drastic



gained by the distractions they provide, they are gradually consuming more of the population’s leisure time ordinarily spent with conscious thought. This is in contrast to books, which “can be beaten down with reason” (80). Unlike technologically created realities, books are susceptible to control by the reader, and do not pose the same threat of being completely unarguable. The consumer still holds the supremacy over this form

action to restore the society to its former, preferable state.

More personally, Faber also explains, "Do your own bit of saving, and if you drown, at least die knowing you were headed for shore" (82). As Faber describes, it is worth it to every individual to make the ultimate sacrifice in pursuit of a meaningful goal. Rather than look to others for rescue and exertion, he clarifies one should take responsibility for oneself, and that consequential actions and the

right intention can make any loss worthwhile. This last dearth in the nation of *Fahrenheit 451*, at least, is one that our own society has remained relatively sheltered from, as a physical undertaking is still valued above a persuasion not acted upon.

Our nation faces the danger of losing the things so dearly missed among the people of *Fahrenheit 451*. If the rise of technology and the acceleration of the speed of everyday life are left un-

checked and continue to overtake the appreciation of literary value, the disappearance of leisure time and the liberty to act will soon follow the loss of written works of quality. While we have not yet arrived at the level of destruction present in the novel, we must remain heedful of maintaining comprehension of the threats upon our familiar way of life and avoid submitting to the temptations of distraction and entertainment of a greater magnitude.



Art Talk

Haywire interviews 12th grader Alina Albrecht about her artwork

Haywire: What helps you overcome artist block or a lack of creativity?

Alina Albrecht: As an artist, I think it's easy to get stuck to the point where you're cranking out the same thing over and over again. It can be difficult to figure out where that line is, between deepening your exploration of a certain theme or motif and simply recreating the same piece without coming to any new realization. I can't say I have the perfect solution to this issue, but I'll often start removing an intrinsic piece of what I thought my painting needed. That can kickstart the creative process and lead you on a new path.

HYWR: What's your primary source of inspiration for your works?

AA: I find people fascinating, so many of my pieces deal with figures to some degree. Specifically, I have been painting video stills of group dynamics within the John F. Kennedy High school.

HYWR: What artists are you drawn to and why?

AA: My paintings of high school life certainly owe a lot to Tim Eitel. His work immediately struck me last year because he sets these figures against nondescript, grey backgrounds. In terms of figurative painting, I cannot get enough of Jenny Saville and Egon Shiele.



I think I'm naturally drawn to artists who confidently convey what excites them about their subject or lack thereof. You really can make anything interesting.

HYWR: What medium of art do you prefer and why?

AA: I primarily use oil pastels in my work. Although they can be a little rough, they allow me to paint in a gestural manner and their coarse texture means I don't have to worry too much about little details. I've also begun working with oil paint, which allows me to achieve a smoother texture. But I guess I find it

difficult to stick to one medium at a time, since many of my paintings incorporate disparate materials.

HYWR: In your future as artist, who would you want to model your work after?

AA: I'm really fascinated by kitsch, especially paired with darker themes and violence. So hopefully I can move into a David Lynch infused with Quentin Tarantino style coupled with My Little Pony. Something like that. Alternatively, I'd also like to work more with comic book appropriation.





HYWR: Do you feel like artists receive proper recognition for their work? Your own?

AA: I suppose it depends upon the artist. But this age is surely a great time to be producing art, simply because you can showcase your work online and reach a greater audience than ever before. As an artist, I think it is difficult to gage the quality of your own work and its place in our larger cultural landscape.

So I guess to answer your question, I'm uncertain exactly what kind of recognition befits my work.

HYWR: What are your future art plans?

AA: At this point I plan on pursuing fine art at Lancaster University next year. But who knows what the future holds. I do hope to remain engaged with the arts upon my completion of high school.

HYWR: If you were stranded on an island and only had one color of paint, what color would want and why?

AA: I guess I'd have to go with a raw ochre. That way I could paint my body and thus camouflage myself against all the predators on the island.

HYWR: What captured your interest in art? Was it gradual or did a specific moment occur that captured your interest?

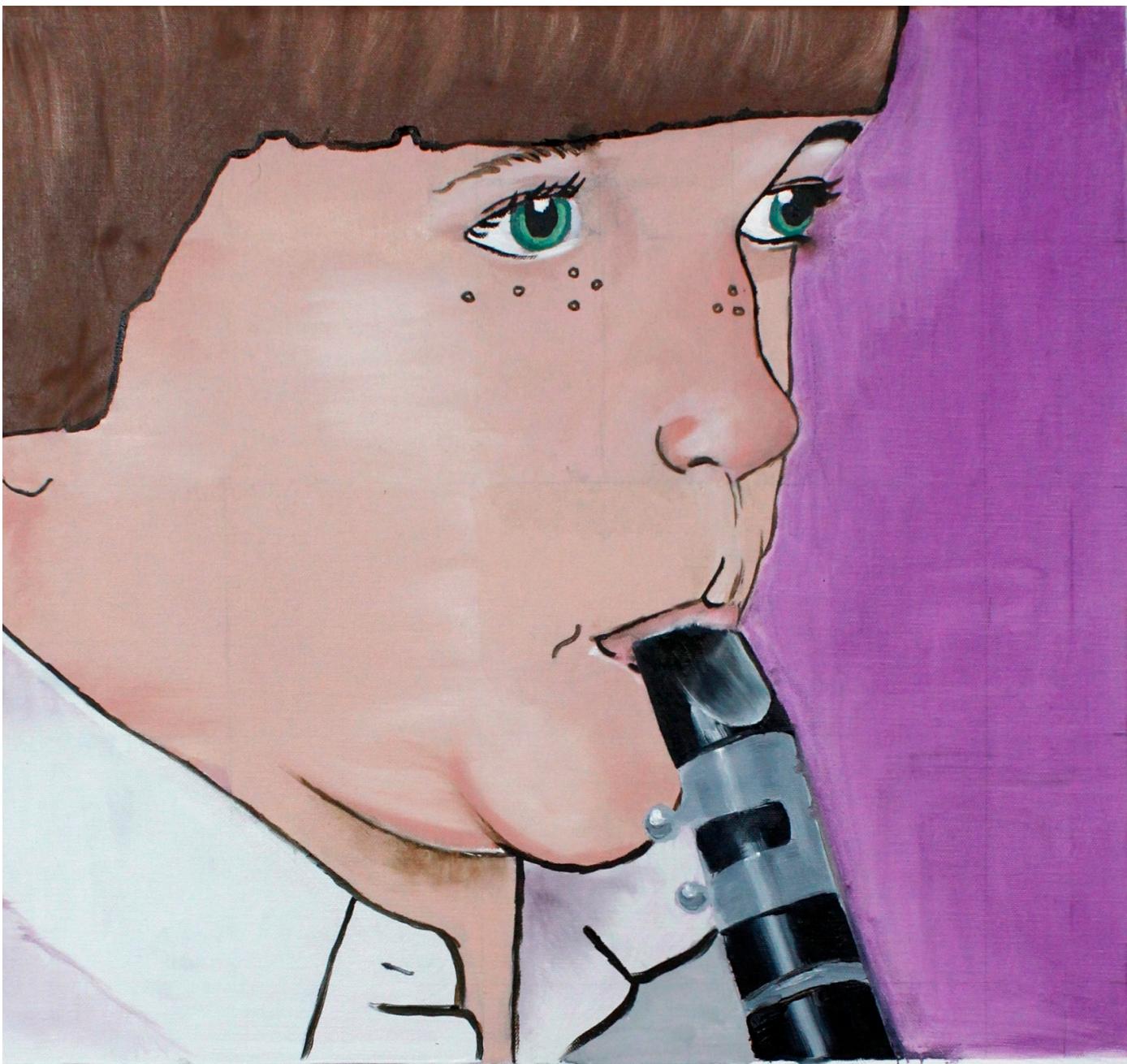
AA: My exploration of art has been a gradual one. Early on my father took me to lots of art galleries and fostered an appreciation for art within me. I've certainly been painting all my life, but it really wasn't until I took Mr. Rubloff's AP studio art class that I

began to develop and execute more conceptual pieces. He really encourages independent thought and the skills I've developed in that class have led me to become a more self sufficient and confident person in many other aspects of life.

HYWR: How do you get started?

AA: Usually a photo I've taken or another artist's work will strike me in some way and prompt me to create something. From there I'll choose the appropriate medium and next thing you know, I'm in full on painting mode!





**I LIKE TO STARE DEATH
STRAIGHT IN THE EYE AND
MAKE HIM BLINK! IF YOUR
ADRENALIN ISN'T PUMPING,
YOU'RE NOT REALLY LIVING!**

Paper Dresses

by the 11th grade Art Leistungskurs with Frau Stahl

During our first semester of Leistungskurs Art, which was all about media and design, we were given a project to design our very own dress, influenced by a specific culture free of our choosing. Later we then used these designs to create our very own, 3D, life-sized dresses out of paper and paint.



Russian Dress
by Alessa Reschke



African Village Dress
by Christopher Lewin



French Dress
by Conor Carney



Indian Dress
by Helen Kauls



European Dress
by Serena Stauffenberg



Palestinian Dress
by Jakob Eckardt



Japanese Kimono
by Hannah Langhäuser



Ancient Greek Dress
by Maja Melchinger



Indian/1950's American Dress
by Pia Höhfeld

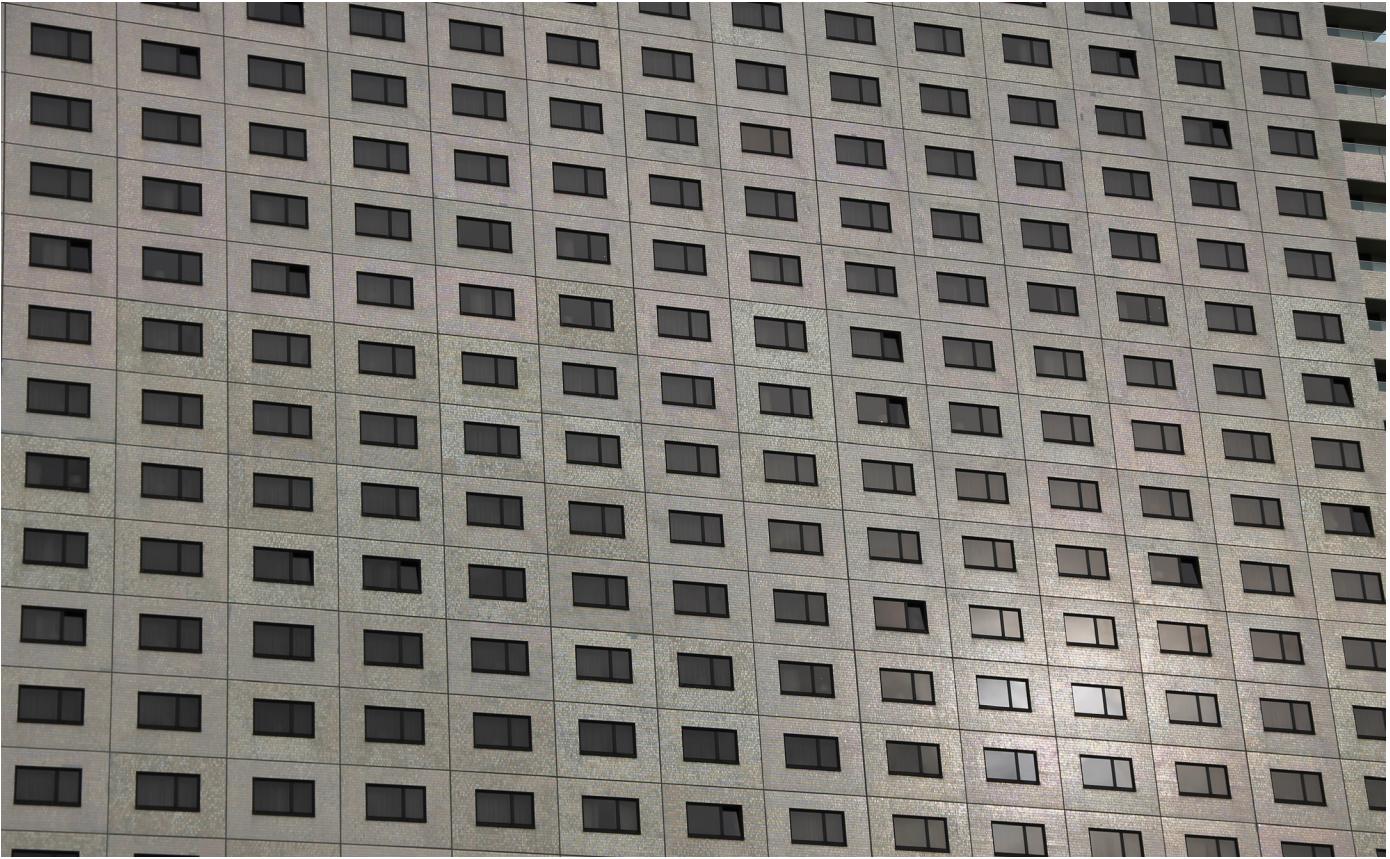


Hawaiian Dress
by Melissa Kuna



South American Dress
by Maria Schubert

Drawings and Photos

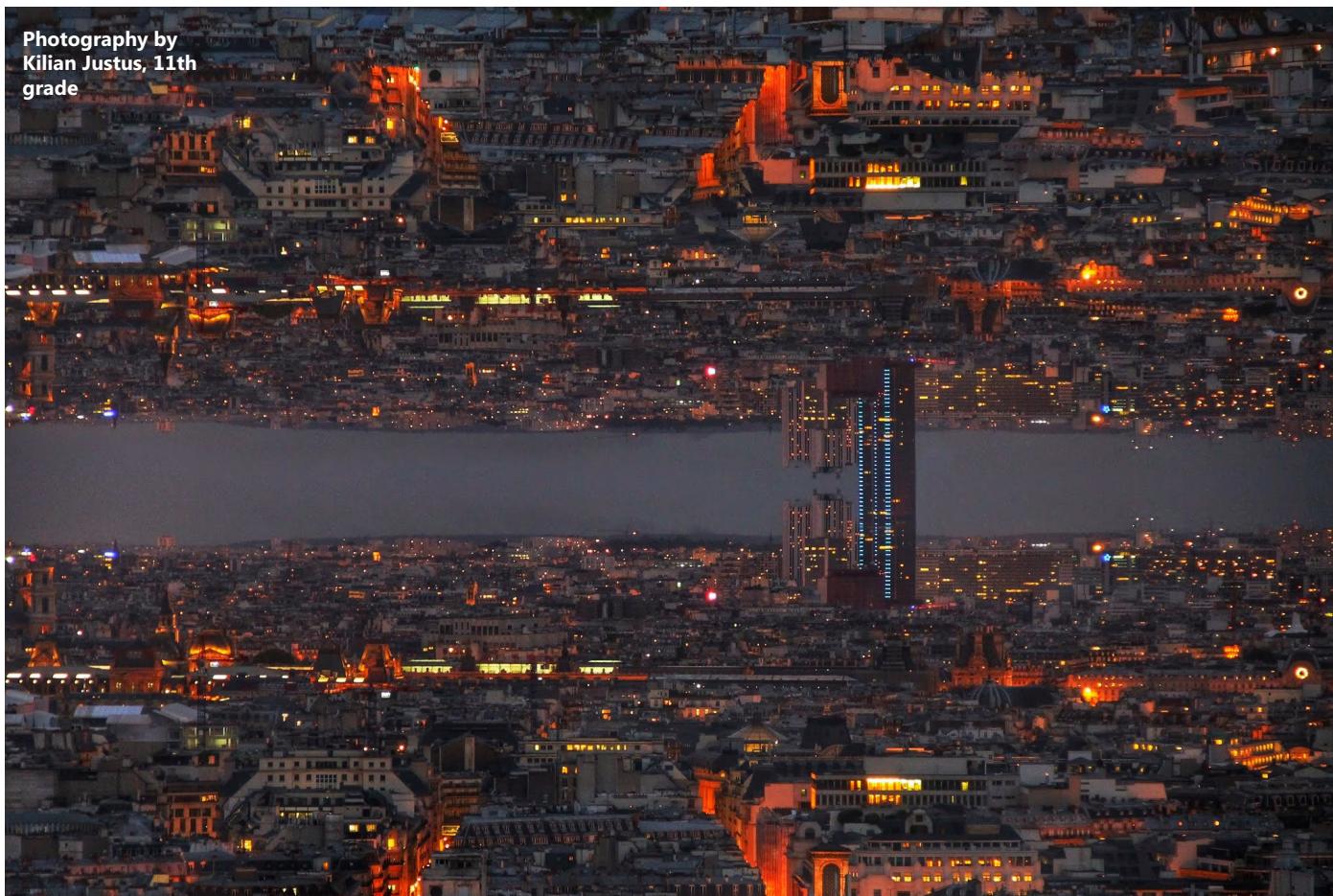


Photography by
Kilian Justus, 11th
grade



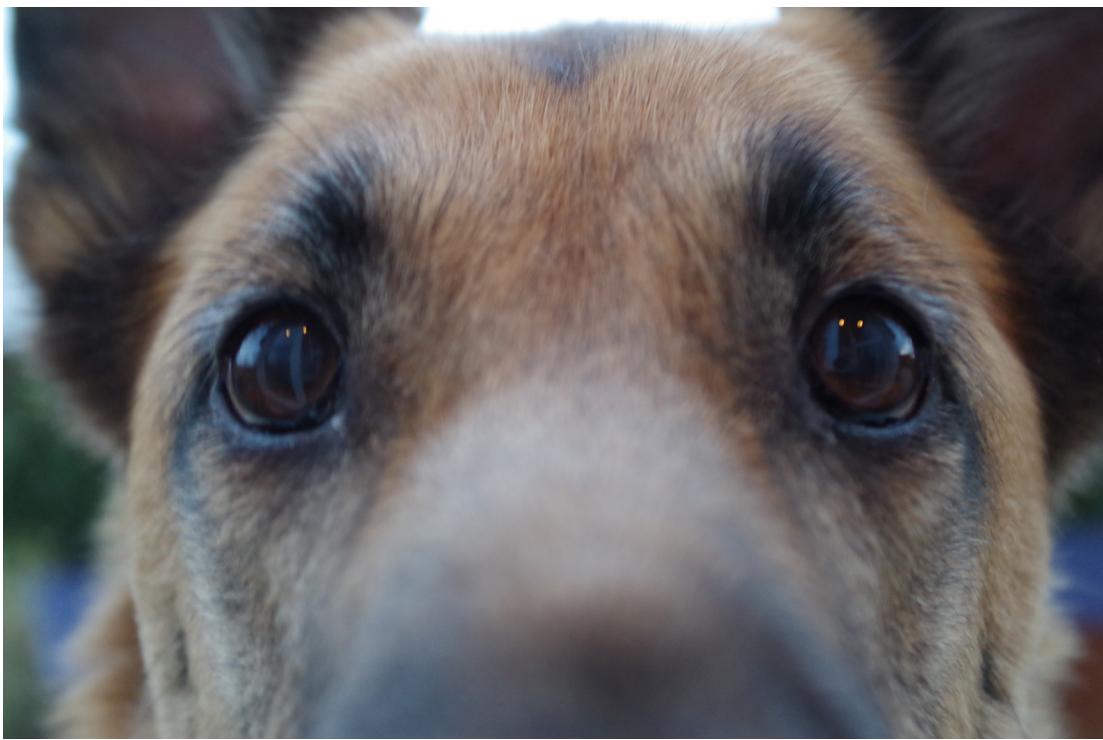


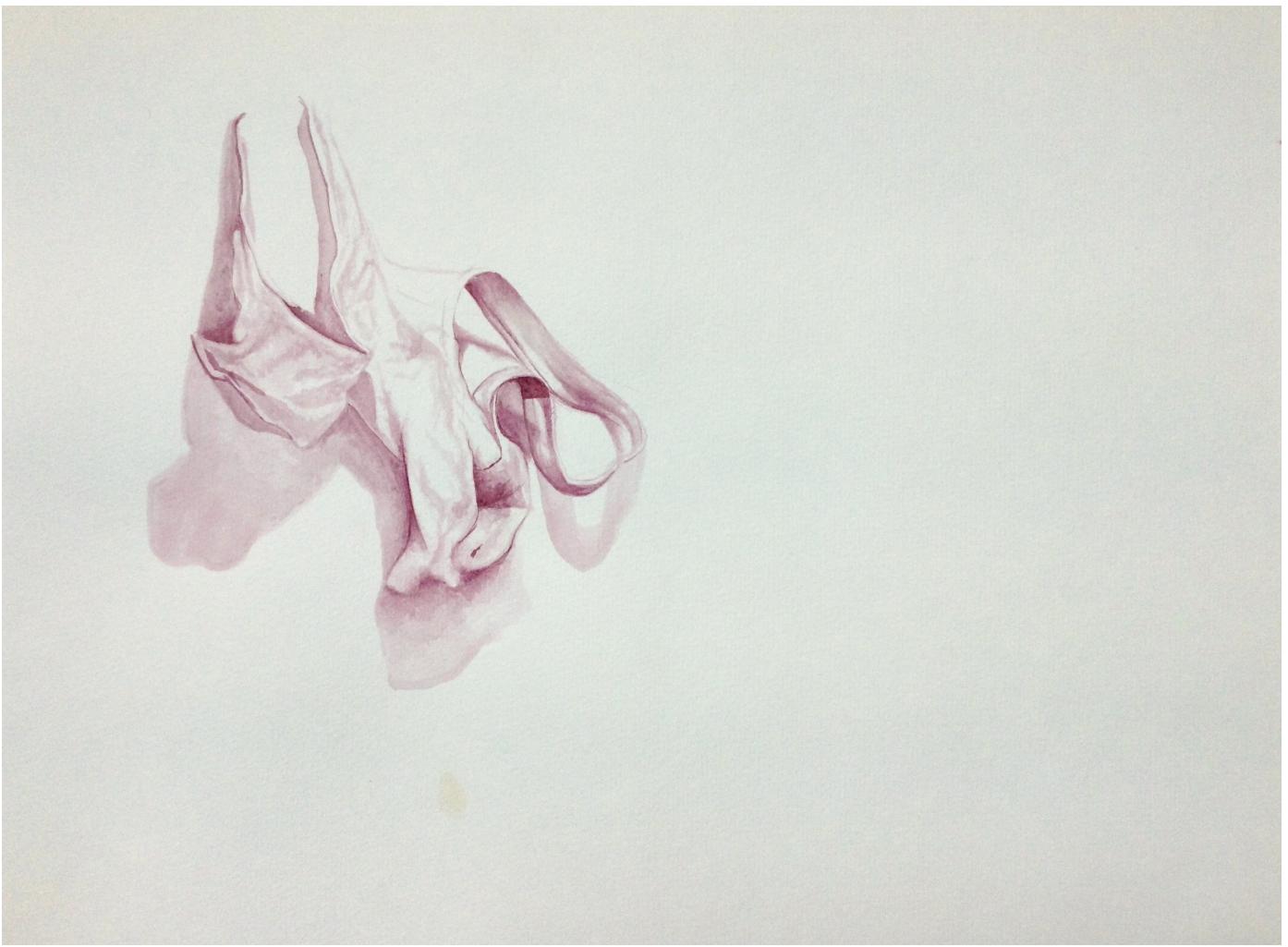
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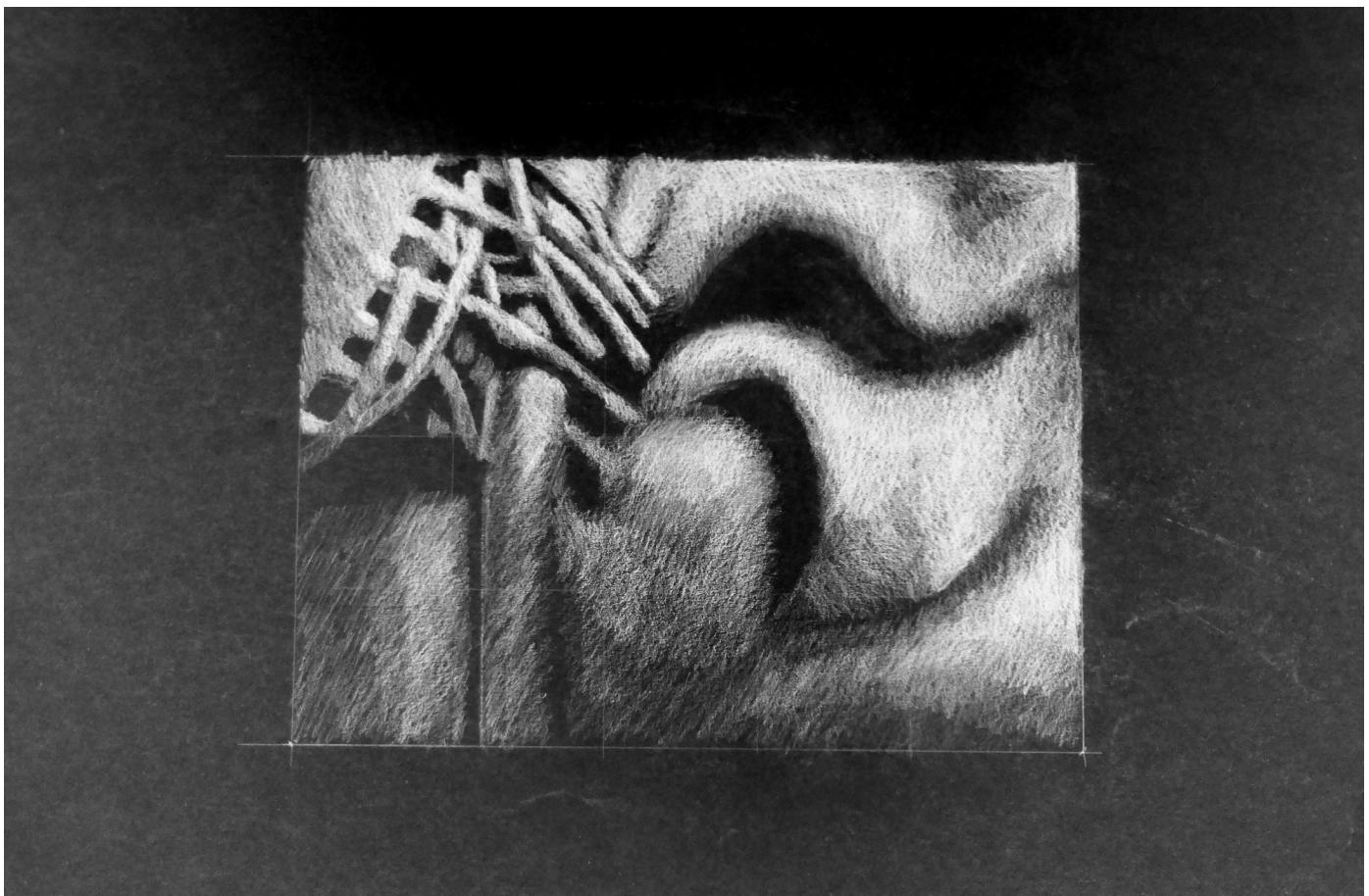
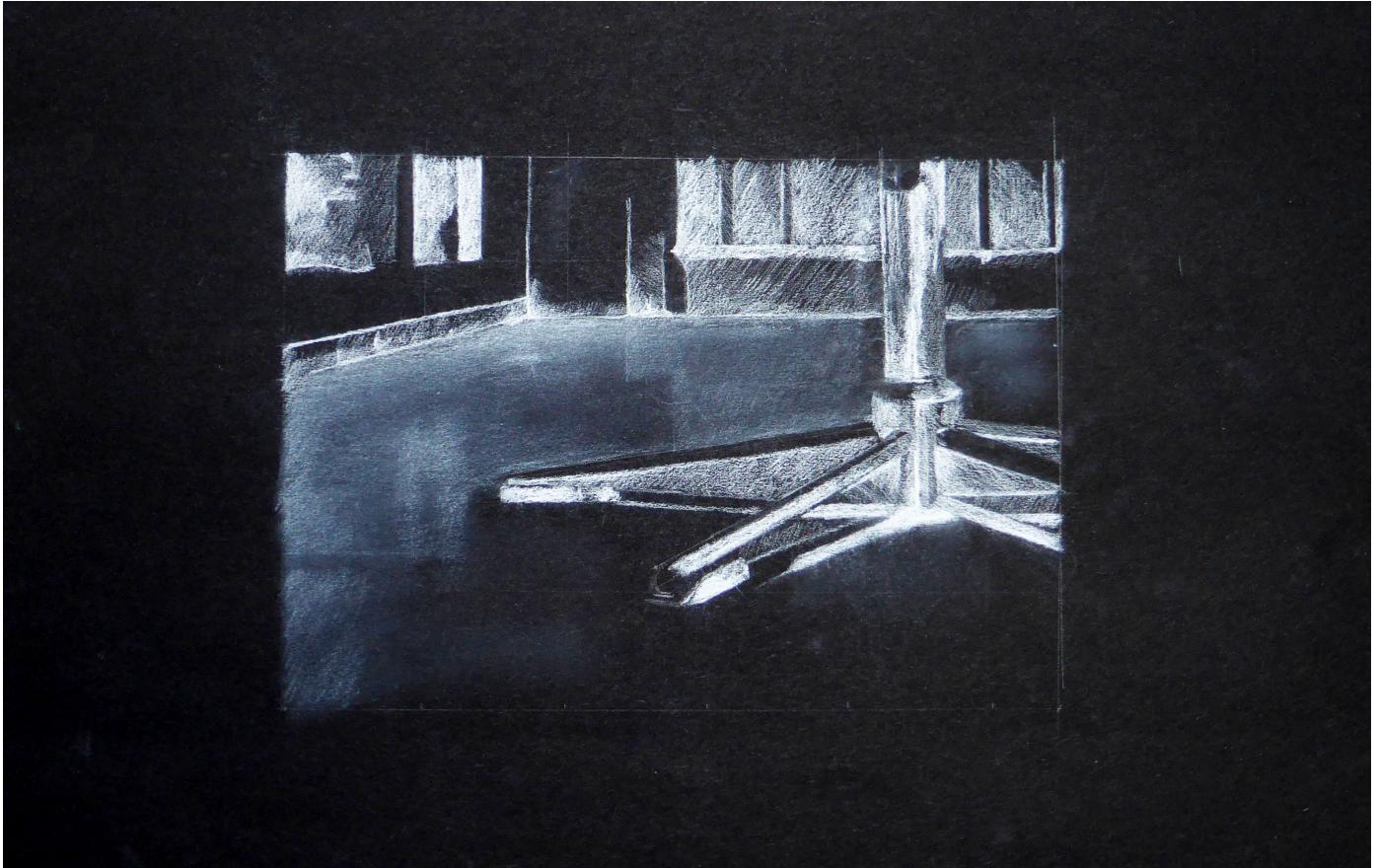
Photography by Laura Herold, 8th grade





**Paintings by Olivia Albrecht,
11th grade**



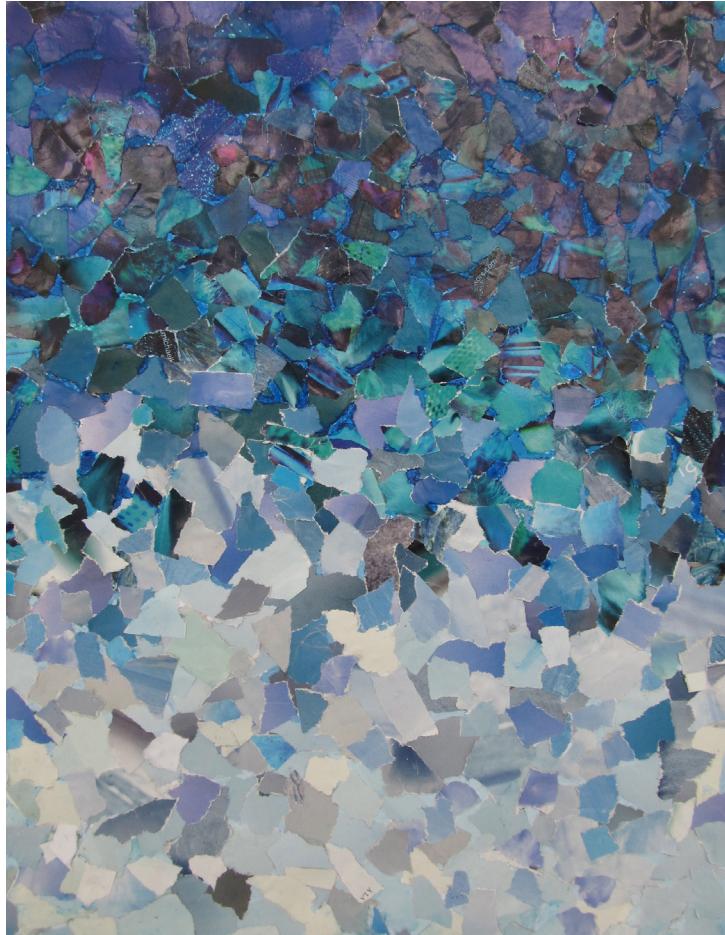


**Drawings by Elise Mola,
12th grade**



Drawings by Elise Mola, 12th grade

**Collage by Lilly Kuhnert,
12th grade**



**Art by Louisa Schnalke,
12th grade**

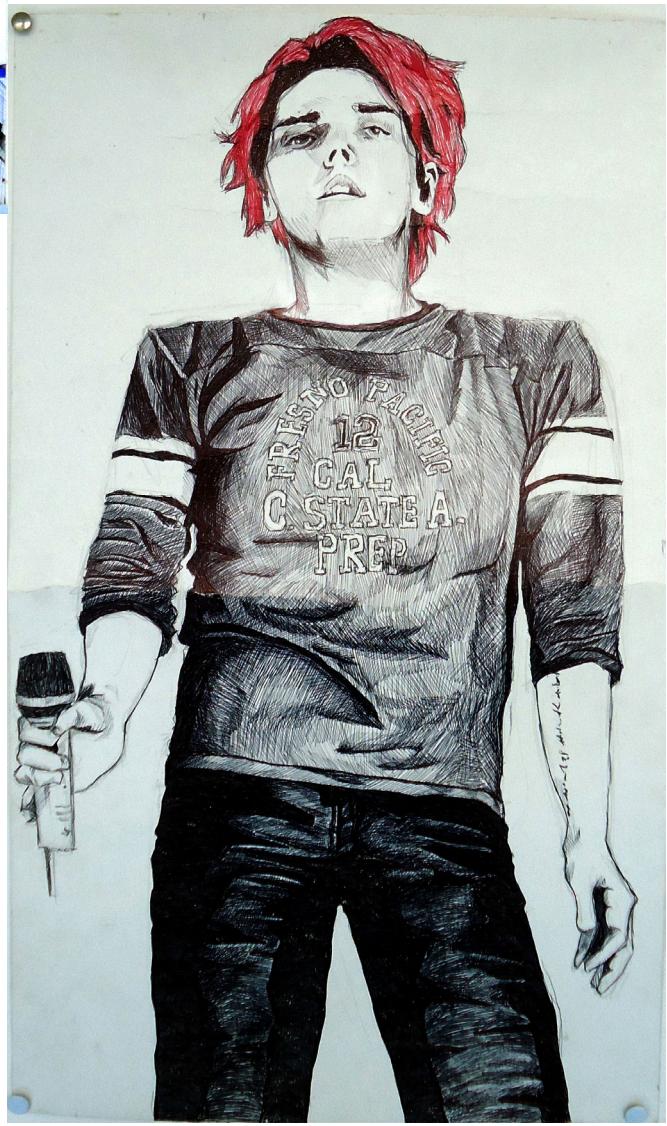


Art by Louisa Schnalke, 12th grade





Art by Louisa Schnalke,
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