

# haywire

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



ISSUE NUMBER 7 / SPRING 2016:

LEOPOLD ASCHENBRENNER, GABRIEL AUGUSTIN, MARIE BOHL, HANNAH BROCKMANN, HENRY BROWN, EMMA DEFTY, ELI GOODMAN, JAMES GROMIS, VIOLETA JANES, ANNA KIENBERGER, EMILIANO LARRIUZ, ZOE MATT-WILLIAMS, JACQUELINE SANDS, AMALIA SHIPMAN-MUELLER, FINNEGAN WAGNER, SOPHIA ZEPPOS, ZAHAVAH ZINN-KIRCHNER

# CONTENTS

## EDITOR'S NOTE

by Naomi Plitzko Scherer

## SHORT STORIES

### THE END OF THE DAY

by Jacqueline Sands

### DARING TO DREAM

by Leopold Aschenbrenner

## ARTIST INTERVIEW: AMALIA SHIPMAN-MUELLER

by Olivia Swarthout

## POEMS

### THROUGH THE GLASS

by James Gromis

### ALLES

by Marie Bohl

### DU

by Anonymous

### UNDERSTANDING

by Anonymous

## VIGNETTES

by Eli Goodman

## JUSTIN ROGGOW TRIBUTE

## MASTHEAD

# Editor's Note - An Ode to the Creative Process

by Naomi Plitzko Scherer, 11d

The beauty of art lies in the process of creation - the distillation of the human experience into a simplified representation. A piece of art pins a fragment of the world to paper and the timelessness of the work becomes captivating. Even the jagged edges - the obvious incompleteness, the necessitated choices and the omissions in creating anything - take on an ethereal beauty.

Oscar Wilde claimed life imitates art, yet art simultaneously presents a reflection of life, refracted by individual perspectives. And the world we attempt to transmute is such a beautiful place when we can shatter it into sensation and lose ourselves in the unassuming beauty of a reflected light beam or the music of raindrops on a speckled window pane. In an endlessly fascinating world, the battle lies in striving to create something equally interesting. But why bother, if your oeuvre is doomed to remain a candle to a bonfire from the very instant of creation? If the answer does not lie in the product, perhaps it can be found in the journey of artistic expression itself.

When contemplating something as personal and subjectively qualified as art -

and even attempting to assign it an empirical value, as we have done in crafting this magazine - one must accept that the true worth of that work will forever remain an individualized one. But perhaps you can believe you have created something worthwhile, something beautiful, when even you can be transfixed. Even you - who should be preoccupied by your intimate knowledge of the only true meaning of your art, bored by images or syntactical constructions you've already spent too much time laboring over, disenchanted by memories of hard work and failed attempts. Even

you find something to fascinate you anew. Create something that entralls you and you will discover where the true magic of creation lies.

With each new issue, Haywire Magazine endeavors to present the true variety of the students' creative expression and revel in the results of their artistic odyssey. Ultimately, it is always better to sing your song off-key rather than live in a world of silence - or to compose an unbearably pretentious editor's note rather than let your inspiration fade.

**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.

# Short Stories



Photo by Henry Brown, 11d

## The End of the Day

by Jacqueline Sands, 10d

I came back to Boston around the time that my brother's first long-term relationship started to fall apart. It was an awful end to the relationship; the girl had moved to Glasgow for university that fall and eventually the nightly calls and brief visits on holidays could no longer keep it going. They had loved each other deeply, and had gradually let their bond unravel like the seams on the stuffed snow leopard that my brother had kept in his bed since he was two. The entire thing was so grotesquely natural.

It was late June when I returned from my year in Berlin. My brother had just finished school, and was making plans to move to St. Louis for college at the end of the summer. He was waiting with my mother in the terminal the day I came home. My mother stood in the center of the terminal with a smile that was too wide and a wave that was too vigorous; she looked disconcertingly unchanged from when I came to visit six months before. Next to her stood my brother, who had indeed changed. There

was a hollowness in his cheeks that had not been present before, and he seemed to fill out his t-shirt less substantially than I remembered. As we walked out to the car and started to drive away from the airport, my brother directed my attention towards the sun that was descending onto Boston Harbor.

"It's gorgeous tonight." His voice sounded remarkably disinterested.

"It's gorgeous every night," I mumbled.

We drove out through Eastie and away from the waterfront as my mother questioned me about my friends in Germany. I articulated in as few words as possible that I had made a number of friends, that they had all been very close, and that leaving them had been very difficult. I told her of the surprise party that they had thrown for me during my last week in Berlin. That night had reminded me of my last night with my friends in Boston a year earlier in a way that was sickening, just as the death of my second dog had been sickening when I was a child: it might not have been so awful had I not knowingly

inflicted such unpleasantness on myself.

The light in the sky diminished as we moved through North End towards Back Bay. I noticed that the bakery that I had done much of my studying for finals in during my freshman year had closed down and been replaced by another bakery that was just as stylish and overpriced as the previous one. Such a transition had occurred relatively regularly with this bakery every year for as long as I could remember. We continued along the Charles River towards Cambridge. The moon was nearly full that night; its reflection quivered on the surface of the water and ran in small, uniform waves towards the Atlantic, just as it had when I left.

As we neared the JFK Bridge, my mother's Audi bounced over a series of potholes. It was impossible to determine how old these potholes were. Though the city claimed to refill each one after every winter, it was common knowledge that the relentless New England winter would simply open up new ones the next year, and some areas were unofficially deemed pointless to repair, since the repairs would undoubtedly be impermanent.

My mother turned onto the bridge and took us swiftly into Cambridge and to my house. My brother gravitated to his bed immediately upon stepping foot inside. I did the same after declining my mother's offer for dinner; I was still somewhat uneasy from the flight, and I knew that anything I ate would simply come back up in a matter of hours.

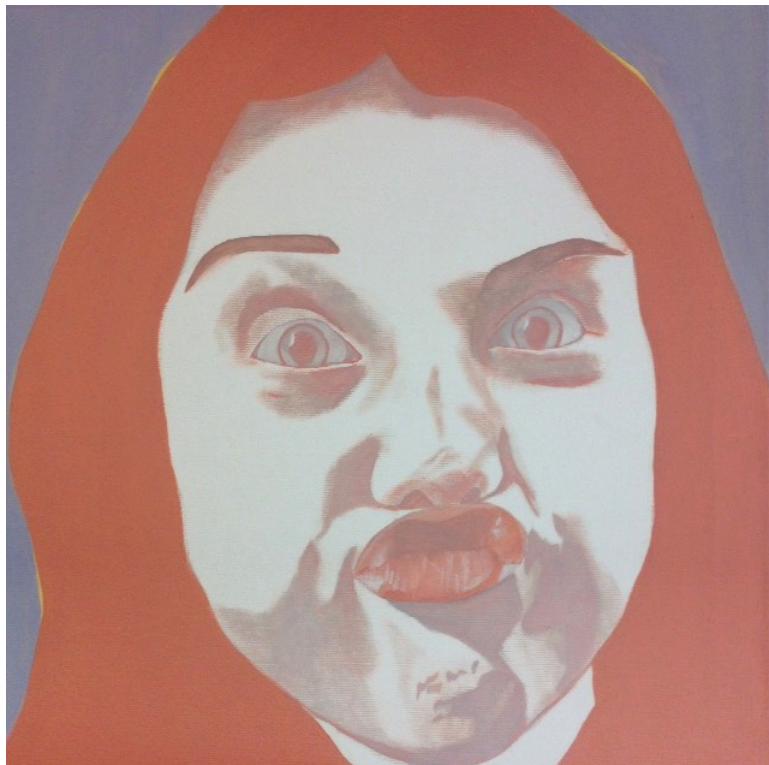
I woke up the next morning to the light of midday. I neatly made my bed out of habit; it had never occurred to me that this was an utterly pointless effort, as my bedclothes would simply be disrupted again the following night.

My brother was busy planning his freshman courses when I joined him in the kitchen. His face appeared slightly fuller than it had the night before, and his voice was pitifully cheerful when he greeted me. I sighed as I made my daily bowl of oatmeal,

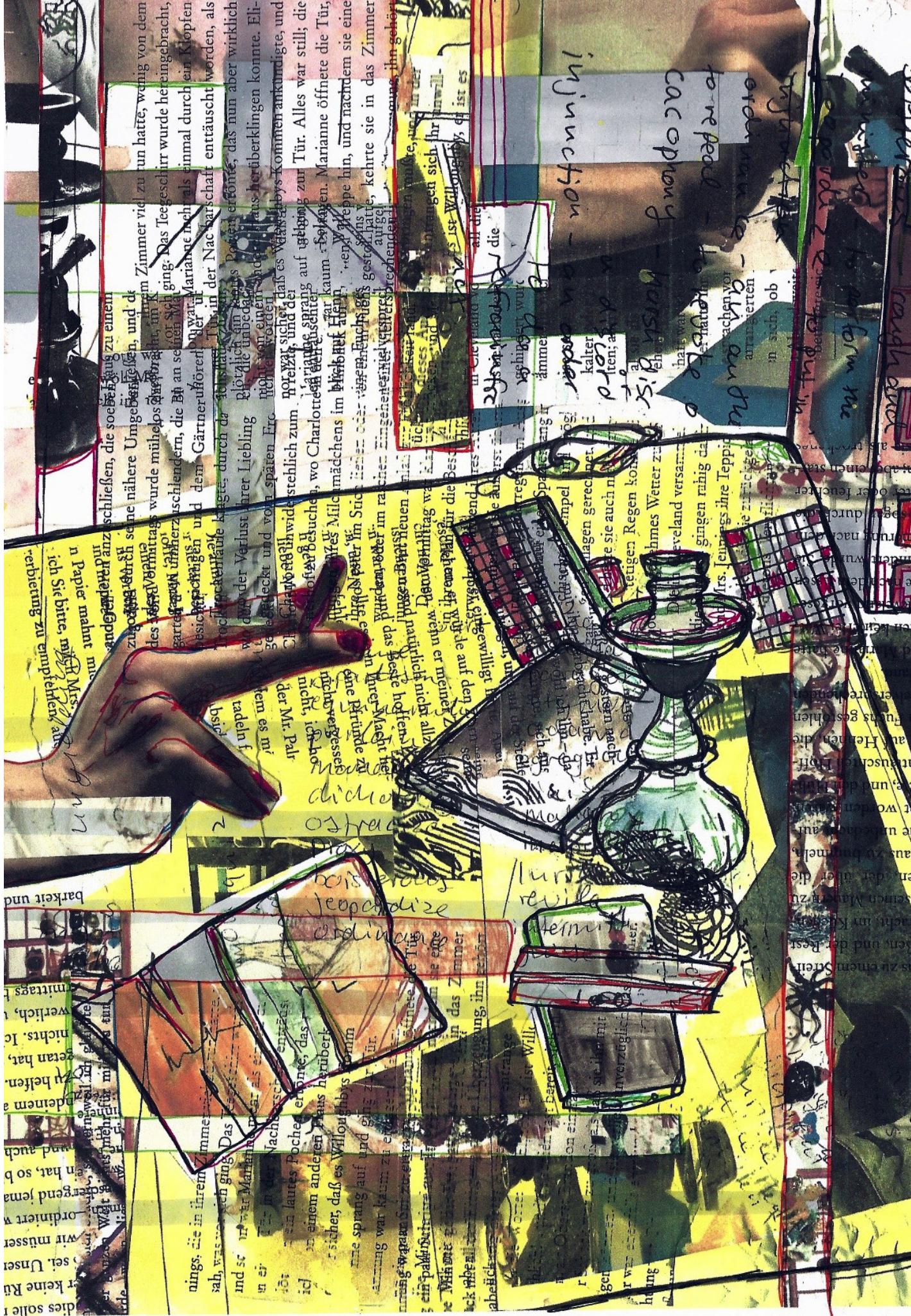
for he told me about a girl that he had met about a month ago in St. Louis during a college visit. His plump cheeks and strong voice appeared increasingly meaningless.

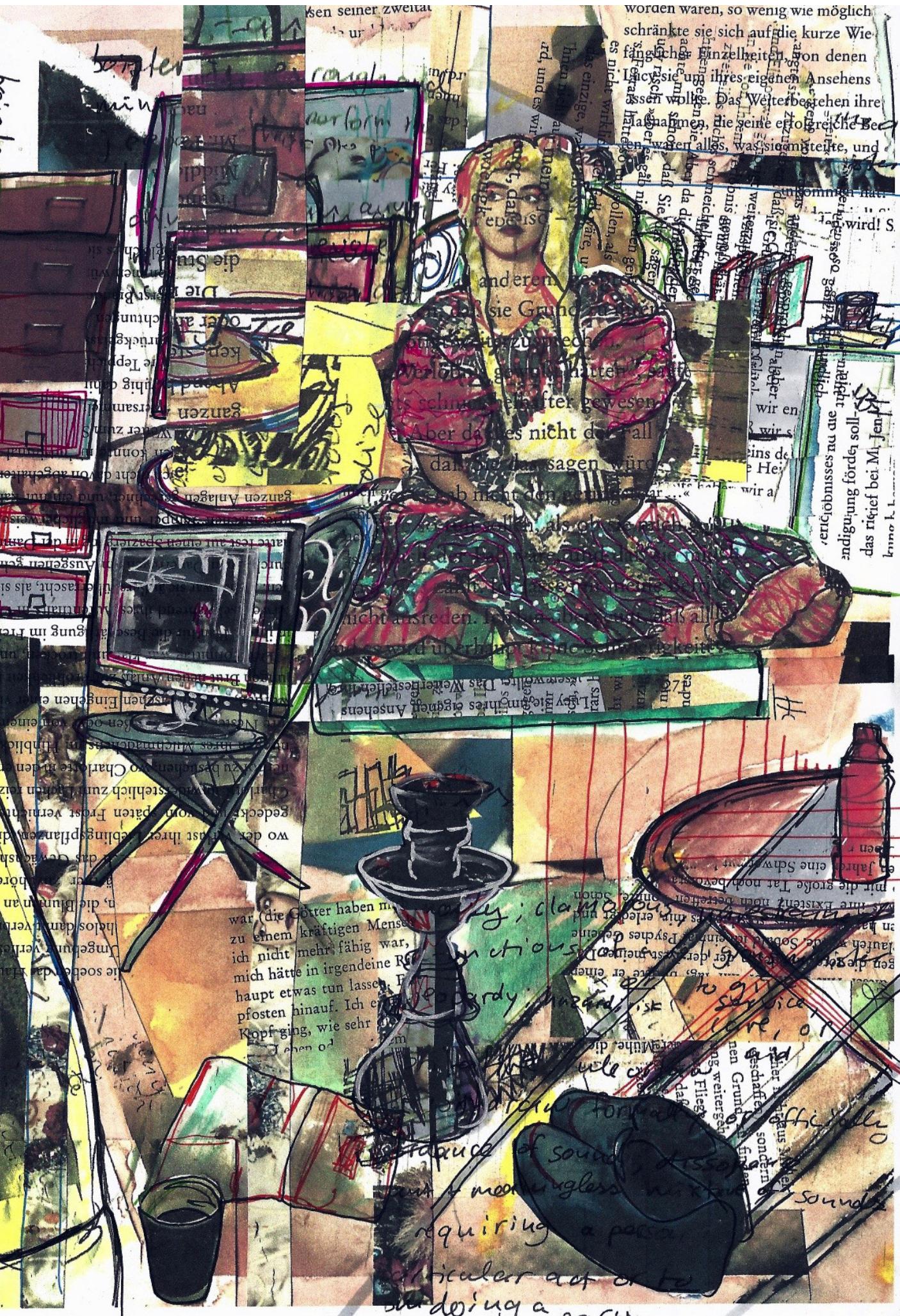
My brother moved to St. Louis at the end of the summer. He got a new girlfriend, and he fell in love. It lasted about two years; I cannot quite put my finger on how it ended. I went back to school in September and rekindled my previous friendships; we

all moved away to college a year later. My friends moved all over the country, and I believe one even went to England. And the night we graduated, the sun set on Boston harbor in a magnificent collision of orange and red and yellow, and it was gorgeous. Then it was over and the sky went black, just as it always has and always will. The entire thing was so grotesquely natural.



**Art by Anna Kienberger, 11d**





# Daring to Dream

by Leopold Aschenbrenner, 11a

I would like to think that I have all the answers. An answer for that dad in Ohio, who is struggling to provide for his family. An answer for that trans woman in North Carolina, who must now face horrible discrimination from her government. An answer for that child in Flint, poisoned by our failure.

But I do not have all the answers.

I only have a firm belief in the values of our collective union: that every man and every women, that every human that graces this nation has opportunity: opportunity to a life of freedom, to a life of prosperity, to a life of happiness — opportunity to a better life.

And I believe that that opportunity must pervade our politics. We must elect a government to make policies for all the people, not just some of them. We must guide the progress of the free market so it benefits all of us, not just some of us. Most importantly, we must unite with love and hope, not divide with vituperation and rancor.

But that will not be easy.

A couple of months ago, I was walking with my sister. It was a cold winter afternoon, and I could see my breath hovering in front of my mouth. The side of the road was covered with dirty slush.

Out of the blue, my sister, a cute 7-year old

little girl with eyes sparkling like emeralds, said to me,

“Leopold, I want to have a cat when I’m older. They’re beautiful. But I don’t want one of those gray cats. I would like one with polka dots, or stripes.”

That struck me.

Cats, these simple creatures, had awed my sister. She knew she couldn’t have one — that had been discussed many times.

But she did not despair. She dreamt.

She had seen enough cats to know that cats did not have polka dots. They did not have stripes. But she didn’t listen to all the old folks; she didn’t care about apparent impossibility. She dreamt.

And sometimes, I wish that we all dreamt a bit more.

I wish that we dreamt of a decent life for all of us,

black or white, red or blue. I wish that we dreamt of a functional government of the people, by the people, for the people. I wish that we dreamt of the possibilities, today, of what this world could be, tomorrow.

But more than that, I wish that we dreamt of a country of kindness, of decency, of compassion. Our hope, our belief in a better world, our dreaming has paved the way for America’s prosperity. It sent us to the moon and our children to school; it



Art by Emma Defty, 11a

connected our world and our families; it gave us light bulbs for our houses and joy for our souls:

It is our dream, this uniquely American Dream, that has gotten us here. Let us remember those brave souls that came before us. Let us remember Elon Musk, Martin Luther King, Jr., my grandfather, our ancestors. Let us remember their dreams.

And let us keep dreaming.

I know: we like our habits. We like our daily routines and familiar patterns. We like to look down on our smartphone for that instant dose of frivolous gratification — a new picture of a cute kitten.

Look up.

I know: we like our habits. We like our daily routines and familiar patterns. We like to look down on our smartphone for that instant dose of frivolous gratification — a new picture of a cute kitten.

Look up.

It doesn't have to be the big things. We can lift off from this planet, sure. But there is so much goodness, right here, right now. There is so much hope to be felt; there are so many dreams to be dreamt; there is so much life to be lived — right here, right now.

Yes, we need to rebuild our government. We need to realign the incentives of our economy. We need to reinvigorate the middle class. We need help people out of poverty. We need change in our politics.

But America is not just dividing because of our politics.

It is dividing because we are leaving our neighbor behind. It is dividing because instead of helping that neighbor, we are hating that neighbor. It is dividing because we are losing that hope and optimism, that

collective spirit that has powered us. It is dividing because we have stopped dreaming. And that kind of change is on us. It starts right here, right now.

Blacks and whites, Republicans and Democrats, Christians and Jews and Muslims, New Yorkers and Californians and Texans and Coloradans and Michiganders and everyone else in this country — it is time.

It time to forgo the cheap comfort of hatred to find compassion in our hearts.

It is time to escape the lure of angst to discover hope in our souls.

It is time to dream again.

Good morning, America.

Art by Emma Defty, 11a



# Artist Feature: Amalia Shipman-Mueller

by Olivia Swarthout, 11d

*As a special feature for this edition of Haywire, we invited AP Studio Artist Amalia Shipman-Mueller to the official Haywire Headquarters for an exclusive interview. We discussed inspiration, reflection, and role models, among other things. Read on to learn about the thoughts and process behind the work of a graduating senior and veteran artist.*

HAYWIRE: How do you think you've changed or developed as an artist over the last few years?

AMALIA: I've changed a lot over the last few years personally and that has definitely influenced my art. I feel like I've grown up a lot more and just had a lot more experience and have learned a lot. I mean, I used to see my art as just something I was doing for fun and then around 11th grade I realized I could actually do something in the art world, that I could take this seriously as something to do with my life. It started developing more and more and I became more aware of the process involved and the stuff that goes behind the art and the techniques that you should know or that you can know to continue your art. And that really helped.

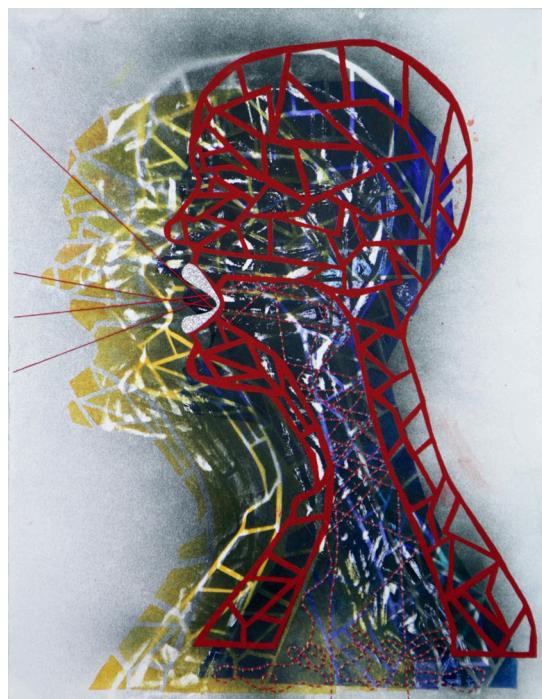
HAYWIRE: Are there any events or people in your life who have influenced your art a lot?

AMALIA: Definitely. People? I would say my dad has influenced me a lot. He's the product manager at ARRI, a company that makes film cameras, so I've gotten a lot



of experience in and heard a lot about the film industry and the film world. From him I also have a lot more experience in photography and have learned about minimalism, which I'm getting into now. Teachers have also influenced me a lot, and besides that on my Instagram I'm always following new artists and looking through them. As for events? I would say last year had a big influence on my art – I was just having some personal issues and I wasn't doing very well and I used my art as a tool to help myself and a way to understand what was going on in my head. And then this year, sort of coming out of that and finding myself and trying to learn a new perspective of using art as not just based off of this...not really a darker place, just a more emotionally confusing place. So that's definitely helped me grow as an artist and learn that art doesn't always have to be about what I'm thinking but it can be about something bigger or about other people.

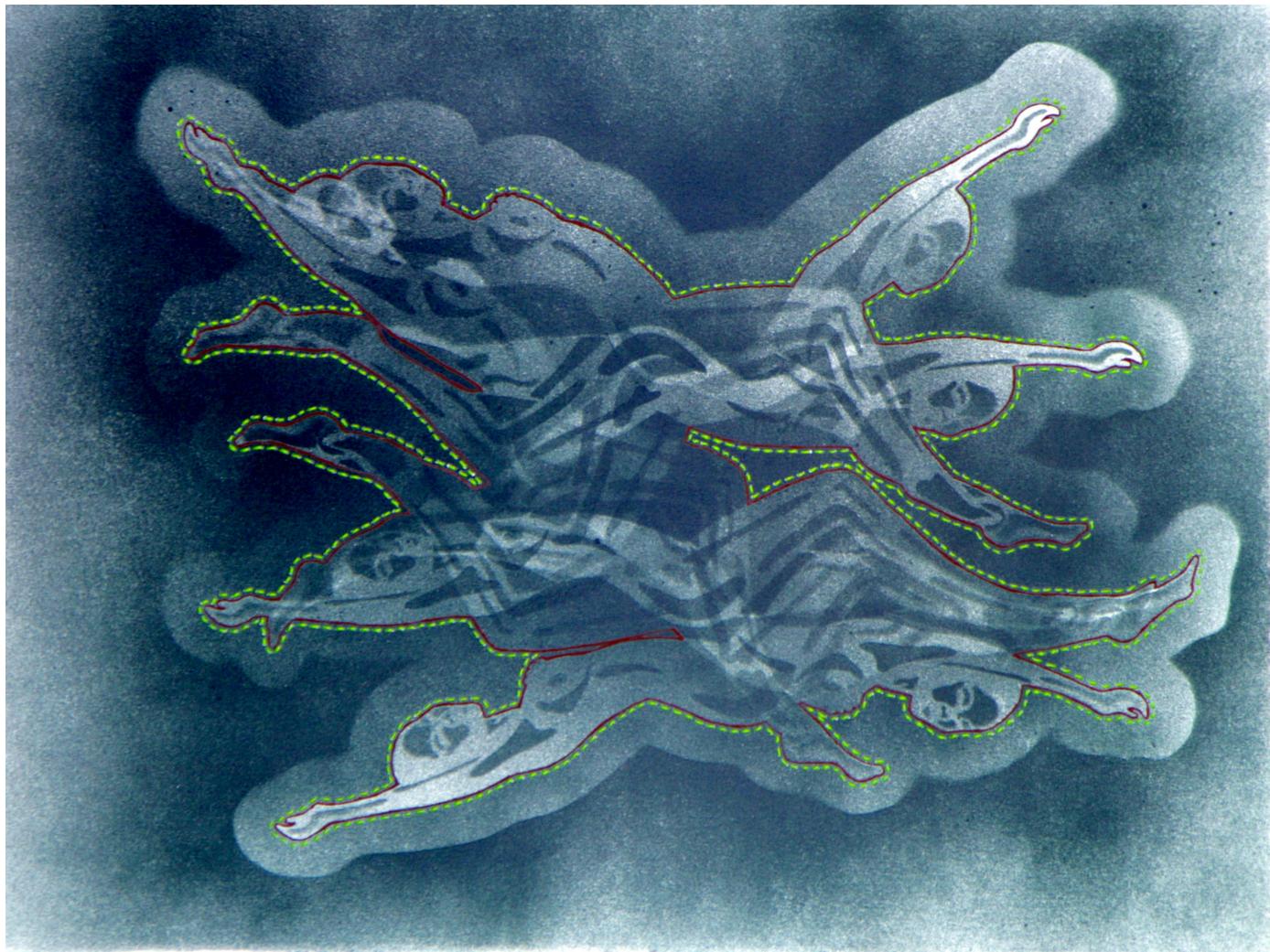
HAYWIRE: Is there anything specific you try to convey with your art? Or is there one theme you would say it focuses on?



AMALIA: I think the underlying theme in all my art is probably me. There's the whole thing of 'every picture you make is a self-portrait.' But there's two or three things I've focused on in the last couple years. In eleventh grade, what I've defined it as is how the individual functions in society. And then this year, it's been about...not sexuality, but about the idea of sexuality and what is sex and humans. I mean they're really weird and they have all these arms and they sweat everywhere and they have all these holes in their bodies. And the art that I've

you think the process of making art has made you into a different person?

AMALIA: Yeah, definitely, it has...a lot. I think my art influences me a lot and I influence my art and vice versa. Reciprocation. I've used my art a lot as a way to ground myself and help me understand people and understand how people work in relation to others. It's helped me grow in the sense that I've gotten to know a lot more people and I've gotten to know different viewpoints through a conversation



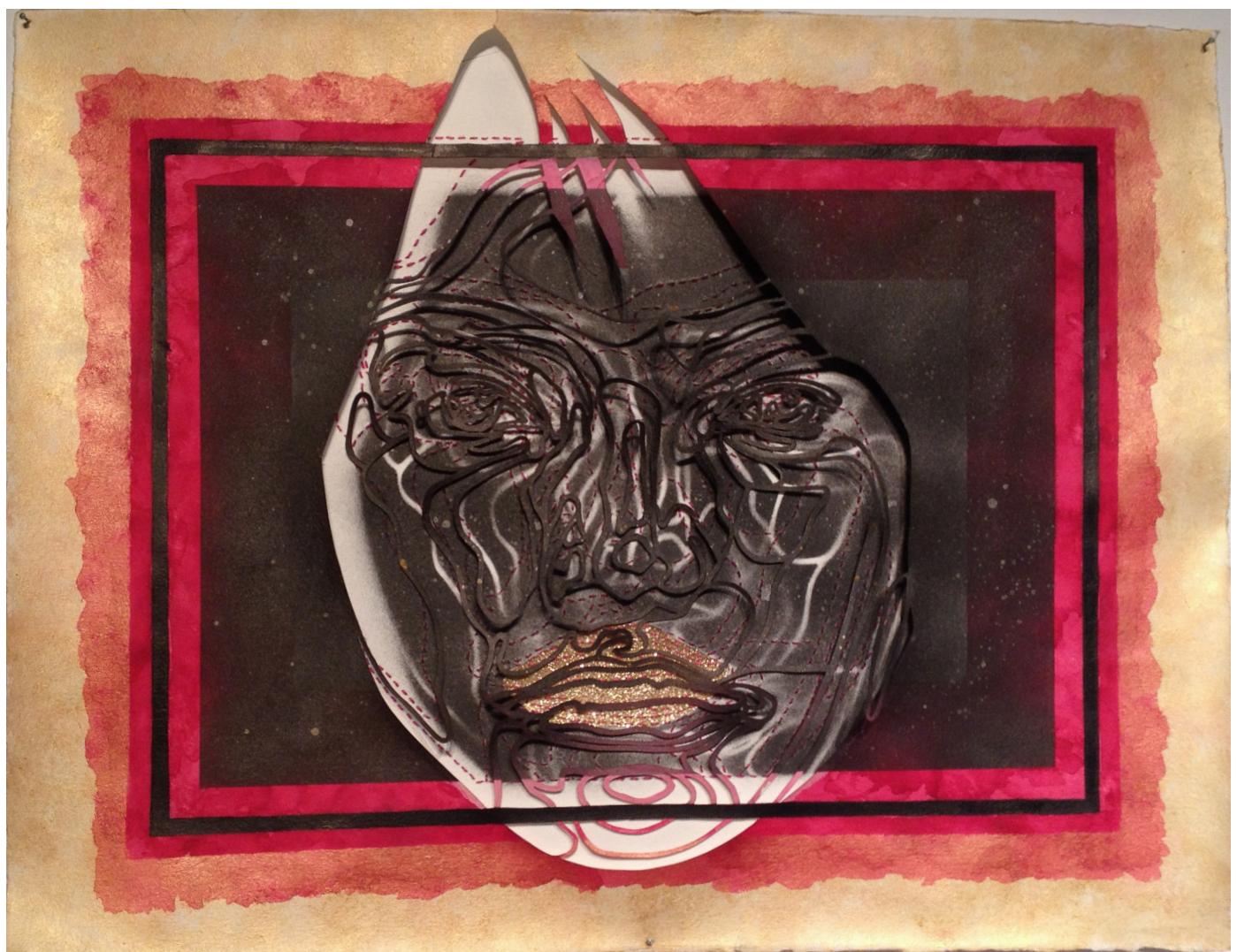
submitted to you was about trying to understand the body and how it functions and then understanding this idea of beauty. Through that idea I used the typical, mainstream idea of beauty as almost a satire, like 'Is this really beautiful? Are we just thinking this is beautiful?'

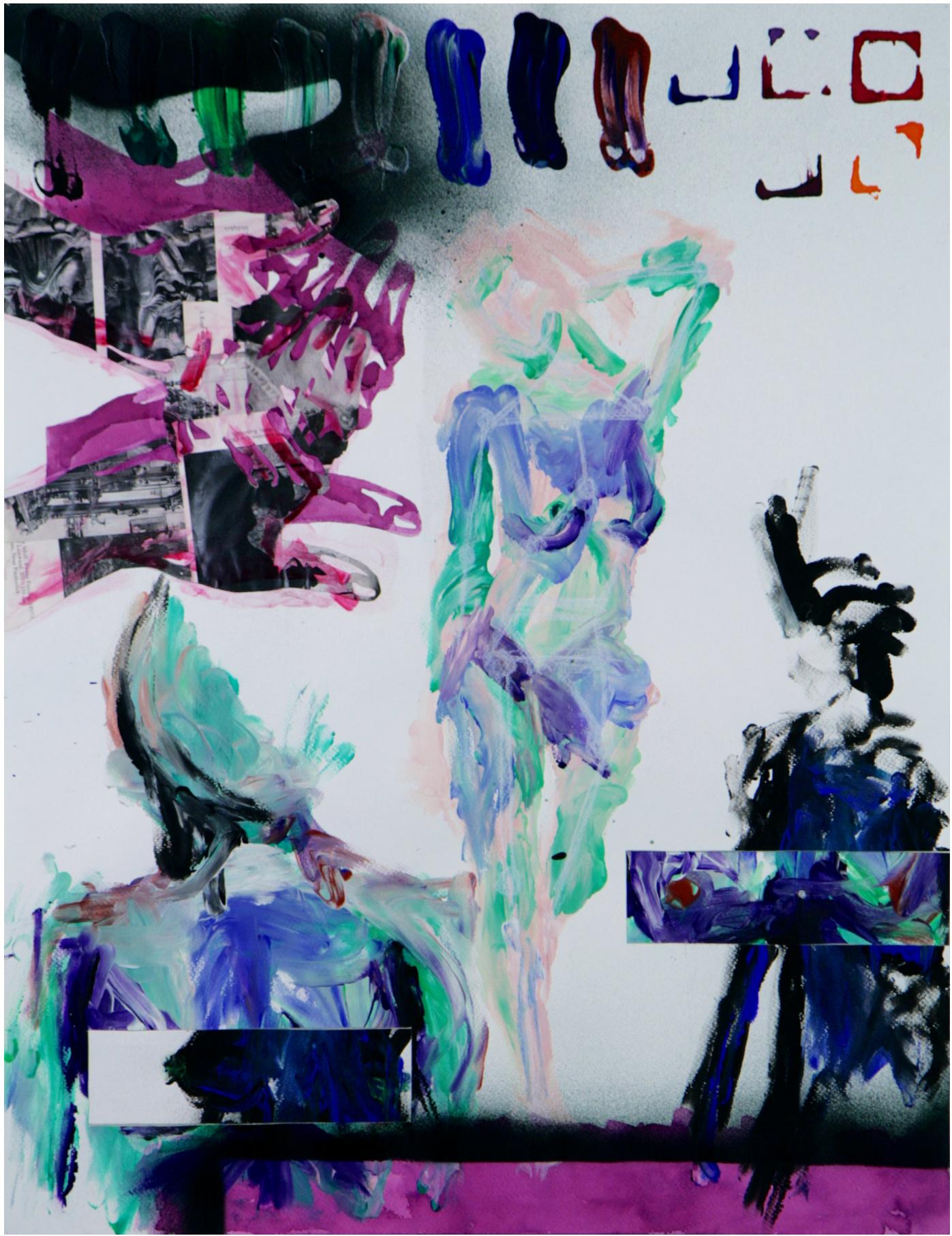
HAYWIRE: So we talked about how your *art* has changed, but how have *you* changed as an artist? Do

started with an art piece or started through this 'Oh, you do art too!' and it's such a way to get to know people and a facet of life that I've not experienced until the past two years.

All art by Amalia Shipman-Mueller, 12d









# Poems

## Through the Glass

by James Gromis, 7d

Sometimes I wonder just a bit

yet you should not think me a fool for doing so

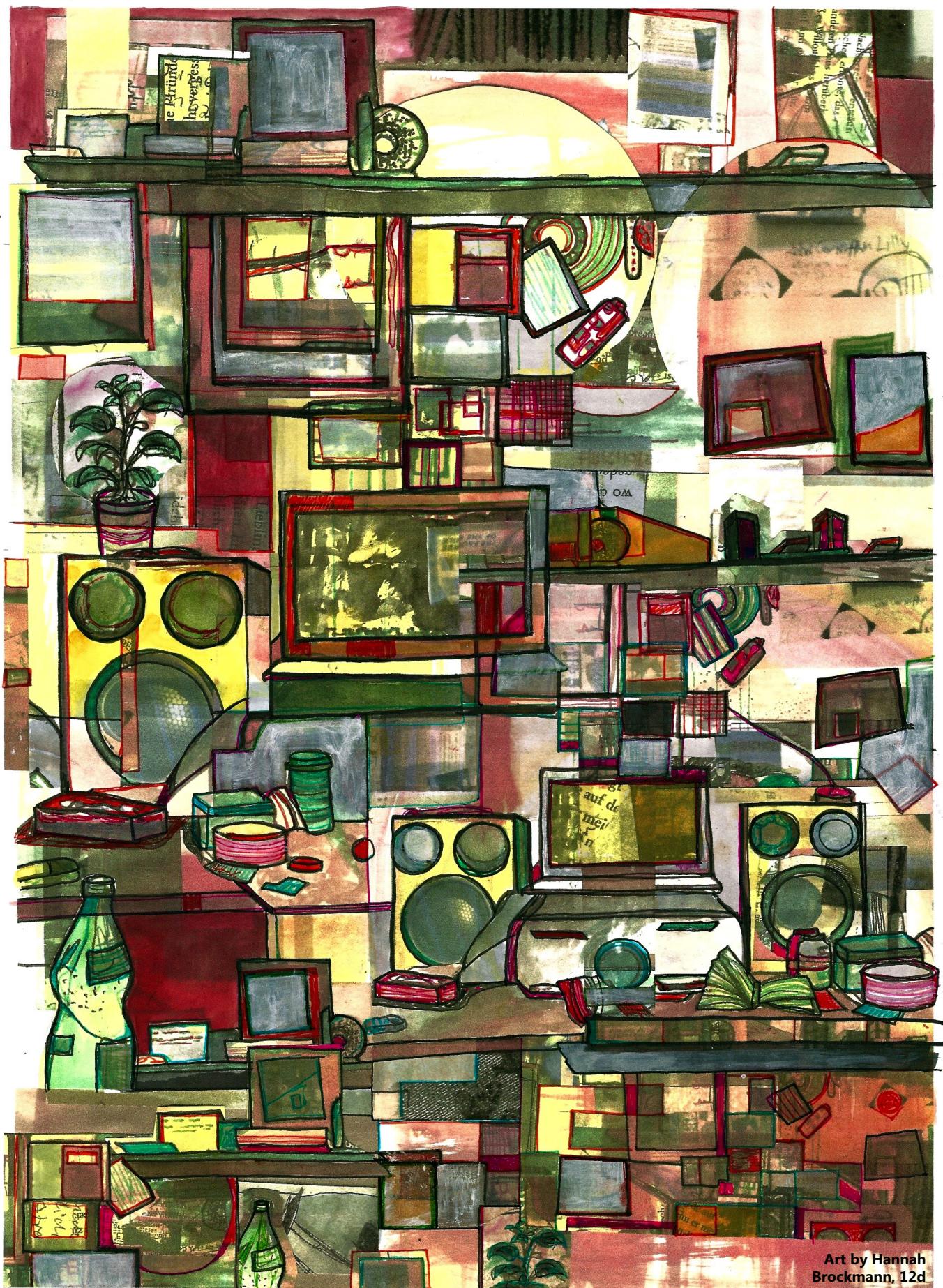
what lies beyond the window pit

the thing with such an amber glow. Is it a star

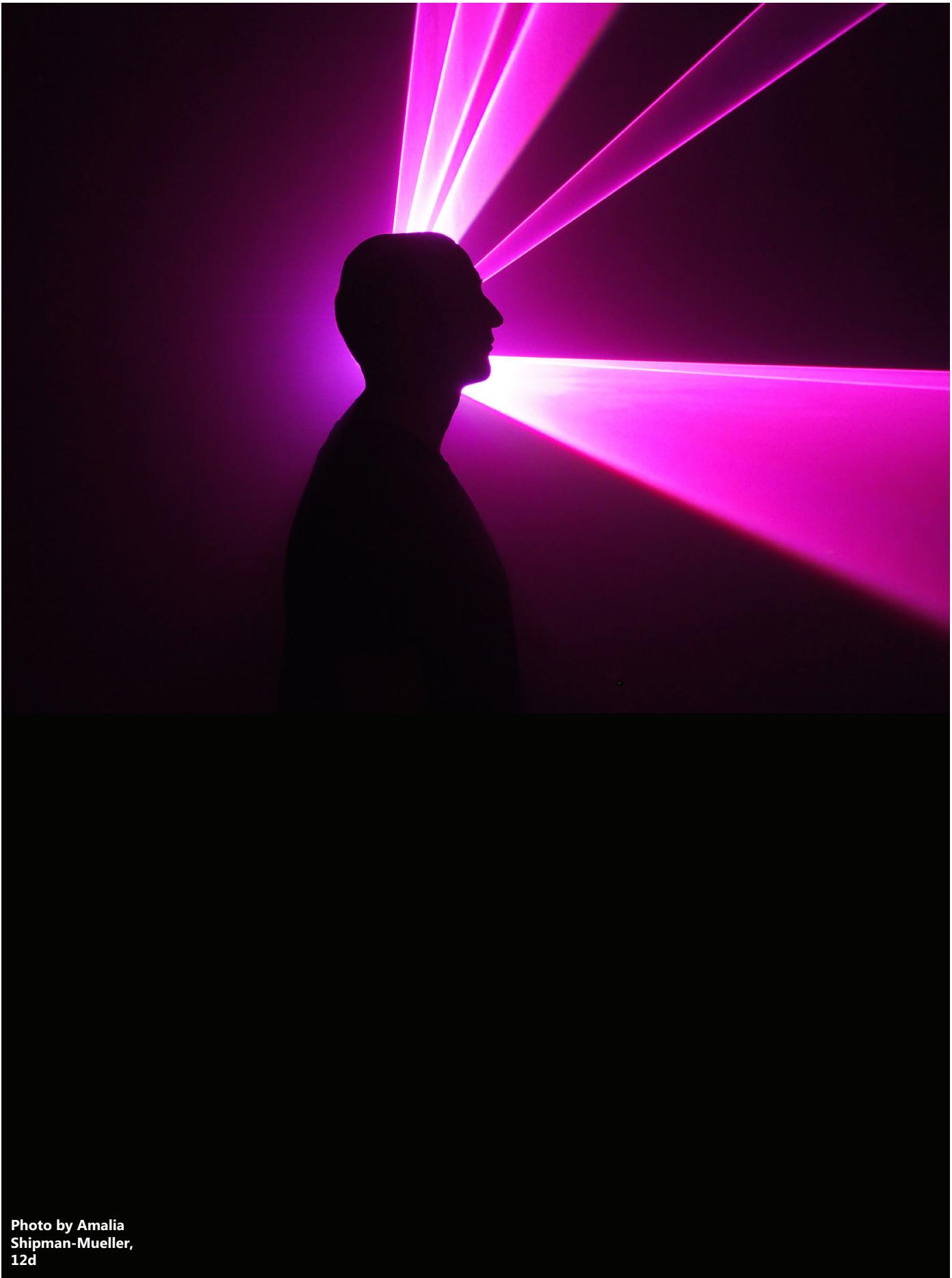
which struck the earth, a gift, its gleaming bow?

Well maybe then, I think, it might just be

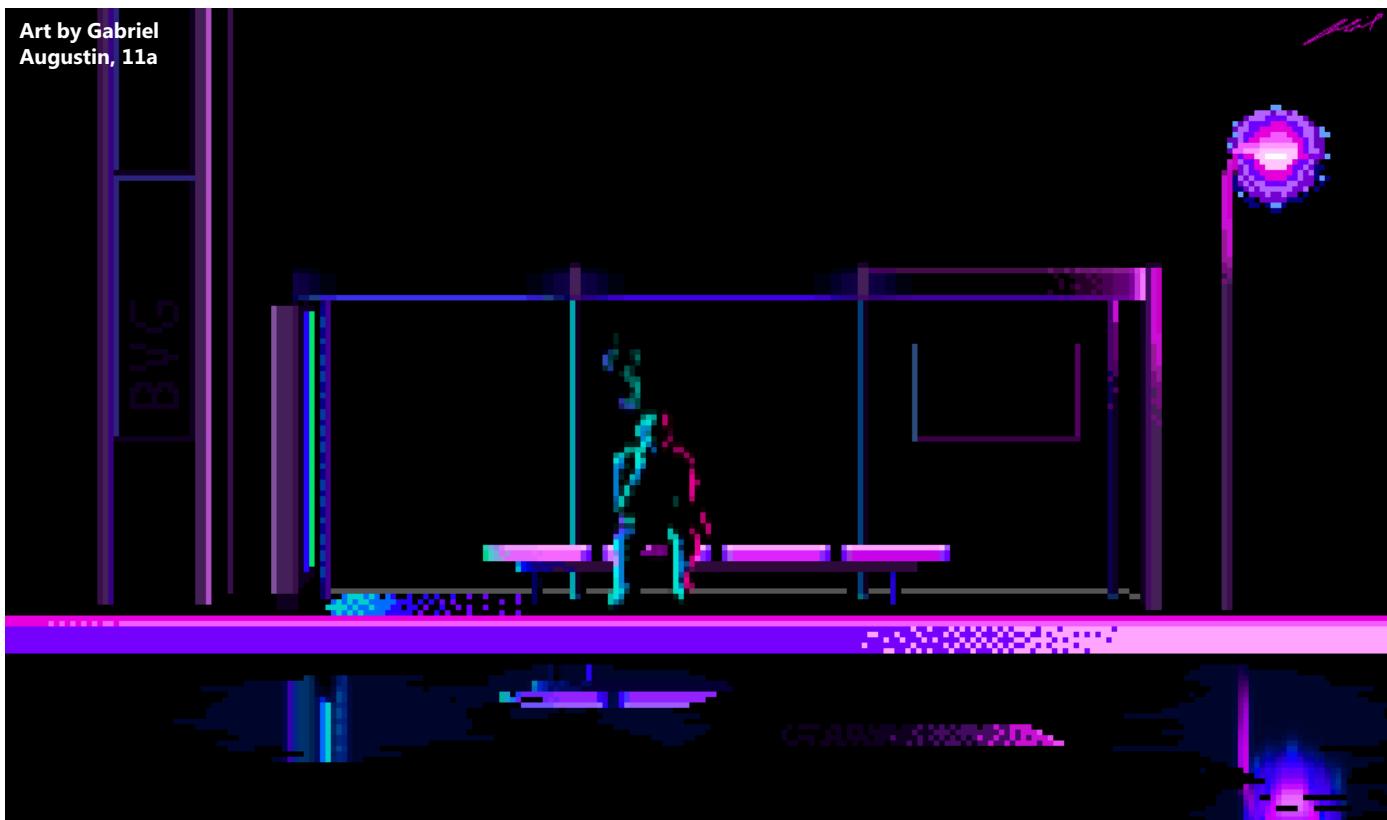
the light upon the snow.



Art by Hannah  
Brockmann, 12d



**Photo by Amalia  
Shipman-Mueller,  
12d**



## Alles

by Marie Bohl, 9d

Tanzen  
weil mich sonst nichts  
verändert  
Lieben  
weil mich sonst nichts  
berührt  
Kämpfen  
weil ich sonst allein bin  
Rennen  
weil ich vergessen muss  
Verstehen  
weil mich nichts anderes  
nach vorne bewegt  
Einfach alles  
denn sonst gibt es keinen  
Sinn

## DU

by Anonymous

Du musst vergessen  
wer ich gewesen bin  
Die Neuanfänge retten mich  
Und du zerstörst alles  
Folgst mir wie ein unsichtbarer  
Schatten  
Aber niemand glaubt mir  
Denn niemand sieht dich so wie ich  
Wann werde ich vergessen  
Das Gedächtnis von Zeit gewaschen  
Ich steh allein  
Du auch  
Aber wir sind nicht gleich  
Denn ich lebe  
Und du stirbst  
Und niemand lacht jetzt



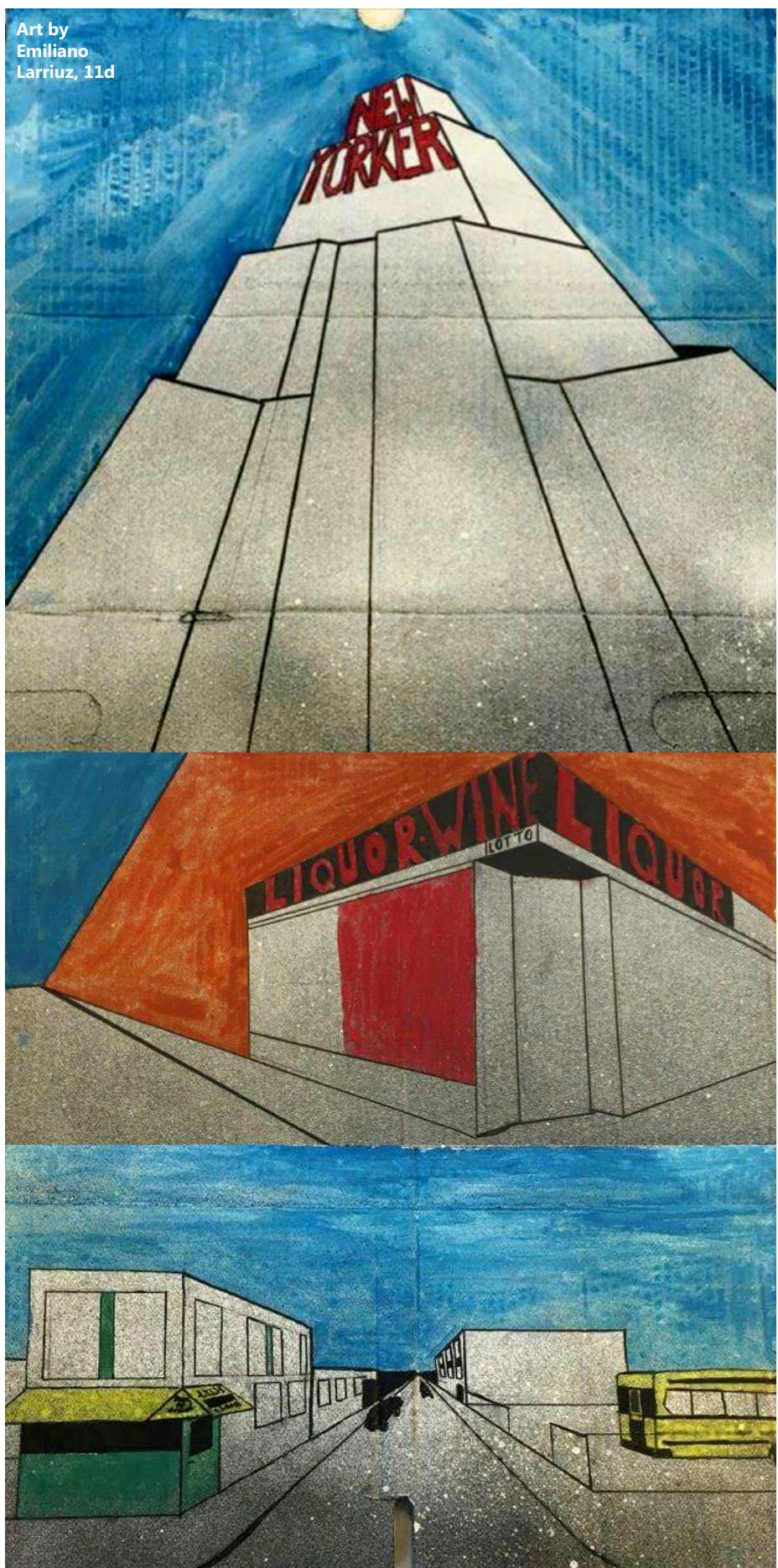
Photography by  
Zahavah Zinn-  
Kirchner, 10c

# Understanding

by Anonymous

Understanding  
Is underrated  
We learn the importance of  
Memorization  
Without ever connecting  
The facts  
With the thin, silvery thread of  
Logic.  
So much prejudice,  
Misunderstanding  
And hate  
Evolve out of half finished statements.  
Understanding.  
Do we truly understand  
Anything worthwhile  
Politics, art,  
Ourselves?  
We are driven to find ourselves,  
But never exhorted to understand.  
Differing the facts from  
Opinions.  
Understanding  
How beautiful differences can be.  
The one defensive things that protects  
Us  
From brainwashing.  
Understanding  
Is underrated.

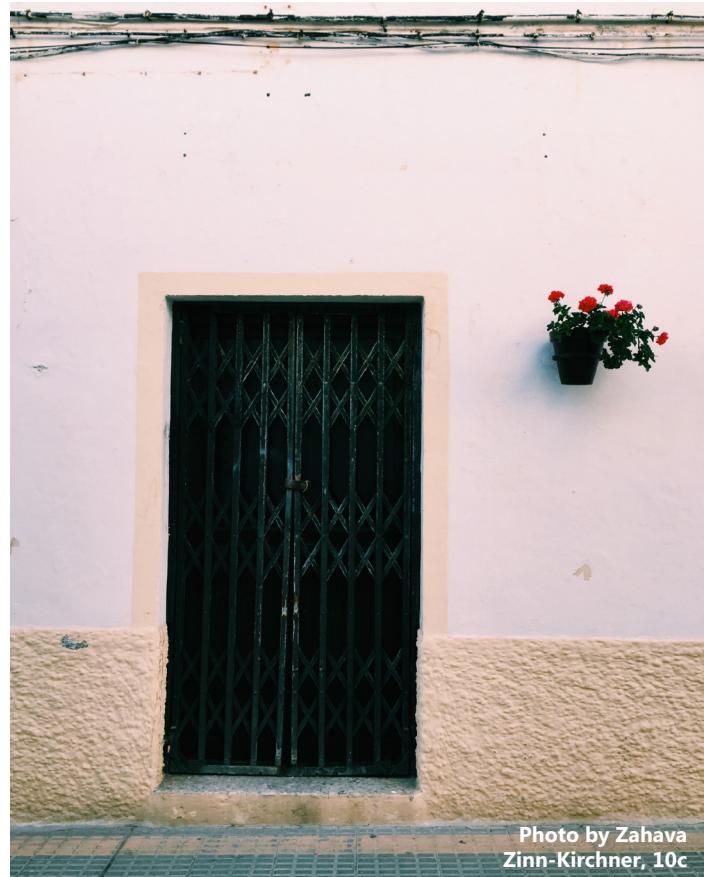




# Vignettes

by Eli Goodman, 9d

It is the year 2667. A rich man has bought an asteroid for himself, he proceeds to build a small house on it with a garden and live the rest of his life there, alone.



Art by Zoe Matt-Williams, 11a

"Do you find any reasons to smile anymore?" Asked the shrink.

"Spite," she said.



Photo by Finnegan  
Wagner, 9d

Join me, darling?

He stood atop a pile of corpses, in a tuxedo. He had his arm outstretched to the fair maiden who stood atop a large grandfather clock. The smoke that came from his mouth conjured the words:  
“We all die in the end, so do you care to join me, darling?”



Photo by Finnegan  
Wagner, 9d



Photo by Sophia  
Zeppos, 11d



Photo by Finnegan  
Wagner, 9d

# In Memory of Justin Roggow

Our thoughts and prayers go out to you and your family. You will always be remembered.

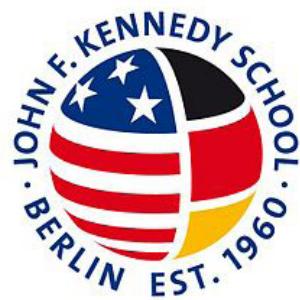


*No one can pass through life, any more than he can pass through a bit of country, without leaving tracks behind, and those tracks may often be helpful to those coming after him in finding their way.*

- Lord Baden-Powell

*Condolences can be emailed to [justin1999@yahoo.com](mailto:justin1999@yahoo.com)*

A Literary and Arts Magazine from the  
John F. Kennedy High School  
Teltower Damm 87-93  
14167 Berlin, Germany



PUBLISHERS

Lee Beckley

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Naomi Plitzko Scherer

EDITORS

Olivia Gallup

Zahavah Zinn-Kirchner

Emiliano Larriuz

Jessica McClure

Naomi Plitzko Scherer

Lena Sawert

Olivia Swarthout

Zoe Matt-Williams

Andrea Zurich

ART EDITORS

Libby Evans

Emiliano Larriuz

Gabriel Augustin

PUBLIC RELATIONS

Henry Brown

Finnegan Wagner

COVER ART

Violeta Jannes

DESIGN

Olivia Gallup

Christine Heidbrink

Olivia Swarthout

Sophia Zeppos

WEBSITE

Miles Grant

SUBMISSIONS

haywire@jfks.me

Published in Germany

Issue Nr. 7, Spring 2016 (publication date 28.06.2016)

[www.jfks.org/haywire](http://www.jfks.org/haywire)