

THE MUCKRAKER

THE INDEPENDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY SCHOOL STUDENTS' NEWSPAPER

Volume X, Issue XIII

Monday, July 2, 2007

Circulation: 600

PAGE 1

THE MUCKRAKER Speaks!

Can you believe it? It's the last day of school, and the long-awaited summer vacation is finally here! Now it's time to clean out lockers, return that biology book you recently re-discovered in the back of your closet, pick up your report card and sign the last yearbooks before you kiss teachers and classmates goodbye – not forever, unless you're a Senior Diploma student or an Abiturient – but at least until August. However, before you take off to a world full of freedom and no commitment; take your time to flip through this issue of The Muckraker – obviously the last one for this school year.

Doing so, you will find, among other fascinating submissions, the results to this year's Teacher survey, a feisty article concerning the G8 summit in Heiligendamm, an article by our South African correspondent, Moritz Zeidler, and of course a review of the entire school year 2006/2007 just in case you missed something!

So, enjoy the last minutes as this school year is really coming to an end! We, the Muckraker editors and staff wish you an exciting, relaxing and fun vacation and look forward to seeing all of you again in August.

Until then, cheers!

The School Year 2006/2007

The last day of school has finally arrived and the summer vacation is about to begin. With the distribution and signing of the yearbooks we all will be reminded of memorable events we witnessed during this very exciting, innovative and at times strenuous school year. Both in and outside of the school walls this school year brought with it a lot of changes. Reviewing the entire school year seems sheer impossibility especially since all departments managed to stage very interesting events.

At the start of the school year we were introduced to a new attendance policy which was the cause of a lot of heated discussion but regardless what one's opinion may be, most students would agree that some of the ABM workers truly left a mark of their own during their residencies at our school. The discussions surrounding the ABM workers were completely overshadowed by many other controversial discussions, which followed throughout the school year. The strongly publicized removal of the couches from the library proved to be a long-lasting topic of discussion amongst teachers and students alike. Although up to this day the couches haven't returned to their previous location, the Student Council in cooperation with the

library staff started tackling some core issues, which had prompted the staff to remove the couches in the first place. The most recent cause of discussion was the widely debated topic of possibly introducing the English centralized Abitur for future JFK students. The final decision regarding this topic seems all but made and now must wait and see how the entire situation will be handled. The same must be said concerning the arguments surrounding the new grading system, which has been implemented throughout the Diploma system. Only time can tell how these decisions play out in the future.

Of course the school year was made up of more than just discussions. The Student Council and the Senior Class hosted some remarkable events throughout the course of the school year. As usual the Senior Class organized multiple Senior Parties, bake sales as well as a talent show. The Senior auction also managed to attract quite a bit of attention even though the outcome of the Abitur auction seemed to have trumped that of the Seniors. Students also witnessed a well-organized Seminar Day, Fun Day and the Valentines Day Dance, which was particularly appealing to younger students of the high school.

The various departments of our school

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THE MUCKRAKER

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Volume X, Issue 11 Friday, September 11, 2006 Circulation: 600 PAGE 1

The MUCKRAKER Speaks!

It's the beginning of another year. The weather has already started to deteriorate, signaling the end of an exciting summer. Some will leave in after this year's others have not. For your journey through high school, the beginning of the year was marked with the return of old teachers, such as the delightful Mr. Feld or the endearing Mr. Chino. However, it was also marked with the absence of wonderful teachers such as Mr. McCaffrey, Mr. Myers, and Mr. Brandy.

Upcoming events that will shape our future school year, as well as our future year in Berlin, are the Student Council President elections on September 22 and the Landtags and Bezirksparlament elections on September 17. For the first time, these elections will not only affect the small fraction of students who are already 18, but also 16- and 17-year-olds, who have the right to vote.

The Muckraker encourages you to look deeper into what the candidates stand for and observe their comments critically. As to the Student Council President elections, we trust that you won't vote for the candidate who looks best or is most popular, but for the one that is most efficient and responsible.

Wer nicht wählt, überlässt die Wahl den anderen!

In ganz Berlin läuft eine Wahlkampagne. Verschiedene Kandidaten werben um die Stimmen der Wähler. Am 17. September werden die Landtags- und Bezirksparlamentwahlen abgehalten. Am 22. September werden die Student Council- und die Bezirksparlamentwahlen abgehalten. Die Wahlkampagne ist ein wichtiger Bestandteil der Demokratie. Sie ermöglicht es den Wählern, ihre Meinung zu äußern und die Politik zu beeinflussen.



Wahlern. Wer am Wahltag mindestens 16 Jahre alt ist und in Berlin wohnt, hat das Wahlrecht. Das bedeutet, dass jeder Bürger das Recht hat, an den Wahlen teilzunehmen. Die Wahlkampagne ist ein wichtiger Bestandteil der Demokratie. Sie ermöglicht es den Wählern, ihre Meinung zu äußern und die Politik zu beeinflussen.

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The MUCKRAKER Speaks!

Only two days ago, the Berlin elections took place. The citywide elections about red-green and red-red have passed their first hurdle. Another important election for over 600 Berlin citizens will take place on the 22nd of September. This is the election for the Student Council President.

Today you are asked to take your vote for the Student Council President. You are to elect one of the candidates running for Student Council President. The candidates are: Thomas, Michael, and Julian. Each candidate has a platform and a vision for the future of the school. It is your duty as a citizen to choose the candidate you believe best represents the interests of the student body.

What is your motivation for running? Do you want to make a change? Do you want to improve the school? Do you want to represent the student body? These are the questions you should ask yourself when you vote. The Student Council President is a powerful position and it is your responsibility to choose wisely.

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ELECTION SPECIAL

Empty Promises?

This year's Student Council election promises to be more than just a page-turner. It is a chance for the student body to elect a representative who will shape the future of the school. The candidates are: Thomas, Michael, and Julian. Each candidate has a platform and a vision for the future of the school. It is your duty as a citizen to choose the candidate you believe best represents the interests of the student body.

Interview with Dae-Kon Song
Dae-Kon Song is a student at JFKS. He is a member of the Student Council. He has been elected to the Student Council for the second year. He is a very hardworking and responsible student. He is also a very friendly and approachable person. He is a great role model for all students.

[illegible]

JFKS Life

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bies?

Mr. Marsh: Dancing. She grew up a dancer and did it in college and even tried out for the Berlin Thunders here! She picked up a lot of "other" hobbies that I've noticed: She even started knitting (giggles), which sounds rather old-lady-ish. That is a "current" hobby, and she has a lot of other smaller hobbies. She reads a lot and likes to run. Score! I got some points on the newlyweds! Mrs. Marsh: We aren't newlyweds anymore.

Mr. Marsh: Yeah, I know, we're an old married couple.

How long have you guys been married?

Mr. Marsh: Two and a half years.

Mrs. Marsh: We celebrated our first year of marriage here.

Mr. Marsh: Yeah, both even. Your turn.

Mrs. Marsh: OK, his hobbies... Some time ago he started to box. He took a class at the Freie Universität with Mr. Draft, and he rather enjoyed it. I think that's something he's looking forward to doing back home. He likes to be active at anything he can get his hands on. I think he would like to sail, but he can't really as we don't have the money for a sailboat! (laughs) He likes to read various political articles from different political sides to a story. (voice low and somewhat jokingly critical).

Do we detect an undertone?

Mr. Marsh: You're killing me!

Mrs. Marsh: I know! but it's true.

Mr. Marsh: You're right... Yeah...

Mrs. Marsh: And he enjoys being outside if outside is the place to be.

Now for the looks! One of you has to turn around and close your eyes and explain what the other is wearing.

Mr. Marsh (facing the other direction):

Pants and a shirt...and shoes. No, a kind of black blousy thing and three-quarter length brown pants and flat shoes. She always wears the diamond earrings that I bought her for our first Christmas, and she needs a haircut from her mom so she pulls it back almost every day. She always wears a watch, the shiny silver one, so I assume she's wearing it again today, and, of course, our wedding ring. Did I do OK? (applause)

Mrs. Marsh (facing the other direction): He has short hair because I cut it last week. He wears khaki short-things with a bunch of pockets, a checkered, blue and white shirt, socks, and tennis shoes. (what color?) The socks are probably white, a different color would look pretty bad (everyone laughs). And the tennis shoes are blue and grey. He's not wearing any jewelry.

Mr. Marsh: Not bad.

Back to "normal" questions. The "favorites" you know: What is your favorite city, food, drink...?

Mr. Marsh: My favorite place is anywhere in Minnesota on the lake. Favorite city would probably be London, which we both enjoyed pretty much. For favorite drink I suppose in Germany you have to say "beer". The beer here is very good. I don't really have a favorite drink, whatever is cold, really. Favorite food? Does ice cream count? (What flavor?) Chocolate! Everything has got to be chocolate! If I could live on red meat and chocolate ice cream, I would be a happy man. It's not really good for the health. (turns to Mrs. Marsh) What?

Mrs. Marsh (laughing): It's funny because it's true. OK, my turn. Favorite city? I have to say Sienna, Italy because I really liked it a lot. Favorite drink? I drink a lot of coke for non-alcoholic drinks. For favorite food, I take

seafood. I like most of things that come out of the ocean.

Now let's flip flop again! Mrs. Marsh, what is Mr. Marsh's favorite color?

Mrs. Marsh: I'm guessing blue. He owns a lot of blue. Yeah?

Mr. Marsh: Yeah... I mean I don't really have a favorite color, but if I had to pick one I would take blue. I'll buy that. Oh my goodness. (laughing) I say red.

Mrs. Marsh: I own a lot of red.

Mr. Marsh: What's your favorite color?

Mrs. Marsh: Periwinkle.

Mr. Marsh: It is not.

Mrs. Marsh: I just never wear it. I like it, I just never wear it.

Mr. Marsh: I didn't know that...

Mrs. Marsh: I do wear a lot of red. My mom made me wear a lot of red. She said it looked good on me.

Mr. Marsh: You make it sound like therapy.

Mr. Marsh, do you know who Mrs. Marsh's idol is? It's a difficult question.

Mr. Marsh: That's a very difficult question! I have no idea, I would have to totally guess. I've never heard her say that she had an idol...

Mrs. Marsh: I don't really have one. No. Maybe parts of different people that I admire.

Mrs. Marsh: I would say that his idol is his grandfather. He went through rough times but always managed.

Mr. Marsh: Both my grandfathers probably, yes. I admire them a lot. Pretty good, pretty good!

Mrs. Marsh, tell us something that no one in this school knows about your husband.

Mrs. Marsh: He has six toes on every foot. (everyone laughs) Just kidding! He actually first started to go to college as

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The JFKS Verein and High School Lockers

Hard to believe, but the school year is already nearly over. Why is that? First of all, the high school population is decreasing. Additionally, the seniors and the tenth graders are leaving for their summer break. Second of all, no more tests or assignments. And third of all, the school year is over. The first issue of the Muckraker for this school year. The first one will come out on July 2nd, the last day of school.

We have a few new things in this issue. The cover page features an article written by the President of the JFKS Verein about a topic that will probably interest and concern you all: the locker situation. Then we have an article by a former JFKS student, Herr Zedler, who now goes to school in South Africa and will be our correspondent from South Africa. On page three you will find this year's Muckraker polls, which are at figuring out just what students think of their teachers. To participate in this poll and give your vote on the Muckraker, just drop your filled out survey into the Muckraker mailbox by June 11th. Last but not least, the Muckraker has a new website, which features a few interesting articles, a glossary, a forum, and much more. Check it out at www.freewebs.com/muckraker.

Even in the wide field of politics, something spectacular happened. The 32nd G8 Summit took place last week, and the right most powerful conference of the world discussed issues deemed important. Not to mention the rate prior to the summit, which attracted more media attention than the actual topics on the agenda. Anyway, enjoy the issue and your last two weeks of school!

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The School Year 2006/2007

Can you believe it? It's the last day of school. The school year 2006/2007 is over. It's time to look back on the year that was. The Muckraker is proud to present the School Year 2006/2007. This year, the Muckraker has been a great success. We have had a lot of interesting articles, a lot of photos, and a lot of fun. We have also had a lot of feedback from our readers. We are very grateful for all the support we have received. We hope you enjoyed this issue. We will be back with more issues in the future. We will be back with more issues in the future.

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If you didn't get the chance to read them all, check them out online!

VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT:

**www.
freewebs.
com/
muckraker**

JFKS Life

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a business major, but then he switched. He's still kind of has an interest in that. Oh, and he enjoys building houses!

Mr. Marsh: And you're actually a secret master carpenter! (ta-daa!) Nobody knows that, but you're actually good at that.

Mrs. Marsh: (quietly to Mr. Marsh) "Secret master carpenter"?!? (squinted mystery eyes)

Mr. Marsh, please tell us about one of your wife's most embarrassing moments.

Mr. Marsh: Oh my goodness. Not counting marrying me? (long pause, then giggles) There was a week some time ago, in which she had problems riding her bike and she would fall off a lot. She had one where she just fell over sideways. She was quite embarrassed by her biking ability.

Mrs. Marsh: My turn? I can't really think of anything. There might have been a time here in Germany where he said something embarrassing.

Mr. Marsh: Yeah, do you remember when I was walking the dog?

Mrs. Marsh: Oh yeah, instead of saying that he took the dog for a walk he said that he slept with the dog - Not "Ich laufe", but "Ich schlafe" The people he talked to were like, "oh?!" (everyone laughs)

Mr. Marsh: (laughs) Whenever I speak German it's kind of embarrassing.

Who of you proposed and where?

Mrs. Marsh: It was April 2nd and it was a Saturday. We were moving into the house we had built together, and we knew that we would eventually get married and engaged but hadn't yet. We planned to eat in a restaurant with our parents and everyone who had helped us build the house. And then he said that this was the house in which he wanted to have children with me and grow old with me. So, the dinner which was meant to be a plain old dinner ended up being an engagement dinner!

Whose idea was it to come to Germany?

Mr. Marsh: That was pretty mutual.

Mrs. Marsh: Yeah.

Mr. Marsh: We were at a point where we felt we needed a change, and we both love to travel. So we decided to have another adventure before having kids.

And you're looking forward to going back?

Mrs. Marsh: Yes, we are. It's one of those points where one chapter is over. It's obviously not going to be the same back home, as we have changed, and we have quite a lot more experience now.

OK, thank you for the interview!

Mr. & Mrs. Marsh: Thank you.

We wish them all the best in their old new home!

*Lena, Farsane,
Joanna, Tatiana*

Seminar Day – A Resumé

This article will be a brief comment on Seminar Day 2007, an event which some of you may have heard of or have even attended. This year, there were over 30 different seminars to choose from. They included an extraordinarily wide variety of topics. The themes ranged from insights about Community Service to Sign Language to information about cervical cancer. With such a large number of seminars, reviewing every single one of them in one article is impossible. Nevertheless, one new phenomenon appeared at this year's Seminar Day, which is worthy of mention. This year's Seminar Day featured a sort of new trend: In addition to seminars hosted by adults, many students held their own seminars about unconventional topics with great enthusiasm and widespread success. For example, one of the best visited was 10th grader Ina Fischer's seminar on alcohol-free cocktails (not to be confused with „free alcoholic cocktails“), at which surprisingly many students from grades 9 and below attempted mixing their own non-alcoholic drinks. At a slightly more serious seminar, 10th graders Dominik Bong and Eileen Wagner spent forty-five minutes talking about the „Kaffeekrise“ and the Fair Trade campaign. In the „Fashion“ seminar, Justin Reddig

(11th grade) informed students about the many advantages of wearing designer clothing. In addition to these student-organized seminars, there were several others, which aimed at recruiting students for various extracurricular activities, such as Community Service Activity, Best Buddies and Barbershop, which featured a live performance by the 10th grade boys' quartet „Three Trees and a Bush“. The best visited of these events was the „MUN Mock Debate“ with Lennie (Leonard Sandow) and Ellie (Erik Wiedenmann), which attracted a large number of young students. Alex Schaper presented the „Youth, Sex and Aids“ seminar, which dealt with a highly disputed and extremely controversial topic. On the other hand, all those students who hoped to learn to communicate with the deaf at the sign language seminar in merely three quarters of an hour were severely disappointed. Instead, the attendees of the seminar had to be content with learning a couple of fundamental words and then listening to a large amount of information on deaf people in general.

Apart from the increasing trend of students holding seminars for fellow students, there was another new practice introduced at this year's Seminar Day:

This time, the registration was taken care of electronically. Last year, students had to sign up on sign-up-sheets. This method failed to be effective, since the sheets frequently got lost, or because students could not be bothered to get out a pen and write down their name, or because the handwriting of those who did bother was illegible. The Student Council representatives who sacrificed their lunchtime in order to sign students up for Seminar Day received this procedure rather positively. On the other hand, the students who managed to overlook the single unobtrusive person sitting at a desk with a laptop across from B113, or simply forgot to sign up, viewed the procedure less positively. These unfortunate individuals were signed up for random seminars with free spaces. This resulted in unlucky male students being scheduled to attend seminars on cervical cancer.

For the majority of the students who signed up for the event on time though, Seminar Day 2007 was a welcome reason to miss class and maybe even have a bit of fun.

Randolf Carr

Comments, Replies?

send your opinions and articles to:

themuckraker@gmail.com

Culture

MySpace – A Place for Friends?!

Research can be strenuous, difficult and time-consuming. However, my online-research for this article was worse than any I ever had to do for school.

It all started when I added the German band "Beatsteaks" to my friends list on the well-known networking-web-site MySpace. I had heard they were playing a "secret" Berlin gig one could attend for free if you had added the band to your friends list, and it sounded like a good idea. I ended up not going to the concert, but still checked out the band's profile for updates once a while. One day, I read one of their "bulletins" (news-feeds) entitled "Keep your MySpace tidy". The title didn't really intrigue me to read further, but I didn't really feel like studying for my upcoming MSAs either, so I decided to check out what the Beatsteaks had to say and – boy, it was interesting. Basically, they were fighting open fascism on MySpace.

For those of you not familiar with MySpace, it's just like Facebook, Bebo, Ringo and a million other networking-sites on the web. You sign up for free, merely an email address is necessary for activating your account. Then, you are free to design your profile any way you want – tell others about your hobbies, what you did on the weekend, promote your band or share pictures with your

friends. However, not everyone does this with good intentions.

As I had discovered after reading the Beatsteaks' bulletin, there are a LOT of people displaying their fascist/neo-Nazi ideologies and beliefs in their profile. Along with the before-mentioned news bulletin came a list of about 50 profiles fitting this description, most of which carried terms like "Aryan", "Adolf", "white" etc. in their MySpace-URL. I browsed through a few of these, at first shocked, then frightened and finally disgusted. I had never imagined people would display their affection for Hitler or their hatred towards Jews, African-Americans or non-Aryans so openly through pictures, songs and bold statements on popular and well-known websites such as MySpace. However, what I saw was so bizarre and disgusting; it literally made my stomach turn. Pictures of girls sporting pistols, walls decorated with different knives, images of wolves tearing apart bloody animal corpses or bearing their shiny long fangs, young men wearing bizarre masks and holding up signs, all of these images accompanied by captions reading "hail the Fuehrer", "long live the Aryan race", "hate for breakfast", etc. could be found on almost every profile listed in the bulletin, as well as on many others. One boy even dedicated a whole

picture album to Franco, Hitler, Mussolini and others, naming it "those were true heroes..." Another one left a very alarming blurb in his "About Me" section which reads the following, (quote) "I'm proud of what I am, judge me all you want, well I don't give a damn, I'm a white European true skinhead, loyal to my race, until I'm dead I'm proud of my bloodline, of my white ancestry... well if that makes a racist, then I'm proud to be!".

While there isn't much one can do to change these extremist's views, you can help a little bit by at least having their profile removed from MySpace, thus sending them the message that attitudes like theirs are not welcome. To do this, simply click on the "Report Abuse" button at the bottom of each profile. While it might not be a lot to help fight fascism and neo-Nazism, it still sends a clear message to everybody. I reported quite a few of these profiles, all of which were deleted only days afterwards. For more info on the topic, read the Beatsteaks' profile on www.myspace.com/beatsteaks and/or add them to your friends list. You may also want to check out http://www.myspace.com/gegenrassismus_bant or <http://www.myspace.com/keinbockaufnazis>.

Ina Fischer

Gangster Goethe – Scenes from a Prison Courtyard

The late afternoon sun shines down on dark red bricks, the building seems empty, a forest surrounds it, a grocery store or a gas station lies across the street – only the tall cement watchtowers and the barbed wire on its roof are reminders that this is no ordinary Berlin building.

The Tegel JVA is Berlin's largest prison. What brought visitors to its gates that June evening was a flyer advertising an inmate theatre production called "Räuber.Götz". A few dozen audience members made their way through a series of security checkpoints: Passports had to be shown, every last coin locked up in visitor lockers, followed by a few skilled pats over arms and legs by the police and off into the jail court yard.

It was the 10th annual performance by the Tegeler ensemble, a group of inmates, among them felony perpetrators, brought together by a theatre project called "aufBruch". This evening, the open air stage was set for a piece based on the works of Schiller, Müller, Hölderlin, and Goethe's "Life of Götz von Berlichingen" mixed with less mundane script additions by the prisoners. Goethe's play fit; it dramatizes the life

of a heroic lawbreaker, who gives provocative insights into the life behind bars. "My cell. My sanctuary. All I got!" an inmate exclaimed.

The simple but effective stage and the audience risers were awkwardly placed on a large lawn space surrounded by a five-story barred window façade. An eerie silence filled the air. Viewers knew not where to look. Murmurs rose as they noticed the faces peering from windows here and there. In some cases, only a silhouette, surrounded by darkness, shyly observing the spectacle; in others, tattooed arms dangling out from between the bars or two men in one cell whispering to each other skeptically. The viewers' straight backs and pondering self-control faded and their faces turned from thoughtful to staring, gaping. A row of police officers stood by the risers and looked on with stern demeanors. What a scene!

Finally, "outlaws" and "inlaws" were spared further moments of odd, ping-ponging glance exchanges and the actors stormed on stage. At first, all viewers were quiet; the audience was presumably examining possible incriminating idiosyncrasies in the performers.

But soon their dynamic movements and expressive tone transported viewers into the world of the 1524 "Bauernkriege", a Feudalist system and the growing passionate rage of its subordinates. Audiences became engaged: those with the "visitor cards" laughed and clapped; the inhabitants were more verbal and felt, well, more at home, by bellowing out "Hey, Du Alter!" and "Ruhe!" when opera was sung.

Long applause and satisfied smiles, proud of the brotherliness they had shared with the banned, followed. Each performer was handed a rose. Their eyes shone of bliss. It had been a real performance with even a cast party afterwards. "The buffet is now officially open!" one of the prisoners called. Then, viewers from outside tried to mingle with inmates, who plunged into the cherries and even scooped hand-fuls into their pant pockets saying, "I haven't had these in forever!"

Handshakes were exchanged as well as hugs between prisoners and their girlfriends. For a good hour, the beautiful weather and the powerful words that they had uttered still ringing in people's ears invited the world into the prison

Goethe... continued to page 9

Politics

Cocktailkurs für politisch Fortgeschrittene: G8 in Heiligendamm

Was gibt es schöneres als einen guten, abwechslungsreichen Cocktail? Spritzig, aber auch ein bisschen provokant muss er sein. Unsere Staatsmixiner Angela Merkel weiß das sehr wohl und servierte der Welt eine unterhaltsame Mischung – 1 Zaun, 8 Staatschefs, 100.000 linke Demonstranten und eine ostdeutsche Provinzstadt am Meer, die zur Ostseeutopie ernannt wurde – das war nötig, um Mensch und Medien den Atem anhalten zu lassen.

Keine Frage, der G8-Gipfel in Heiligendamm vom 6.-8. Juni war eine atemberaubende, explosive Mischung, die das Volk gespalten und die Gegner zum Brodeln gebracht hat. Viel Geld wurde für das Spektakel ausgegeben und umso mehr Kritik hagelte es deswegen. War es notwendig, Millionen von Euros in einen Gipfel zu investieren, der so wieso kein Entscheidungsgremium ist, der die Unentschlossenheit der internationalen Politik unterstrichen und uns das erzwungene, verbissene Lächeln Putins vorgeführt hat?

Tatsache ist, dass konkrete Lösungsvorschläge eher dürrig ausfielen, und doch lieferte dieses Treffen etwas, das durch einzelne Diplomatenreffen nicht hätte erreicht werden können: Gewissheit. Gewissheit darüber, dass der Kalte Krieg seinen Schatten weiterhin auf uns wirft, Gewissheit darüber, dass Europa, stets bemüht diplomatisch zu vermitteln, sich von den beiden Giganten Russland und die USA in die Knie zwingen lässt.

Die Macht der Acht

Seit 1975 treffen sie sich nun – die Wirtschaftsmächte der Welt. Mit 5 fing es an, nämlich Deutschland, den USA, Großbritannien, Kanada und Frankreich, und weitete sich aus zum G7 mit Hilfe von Japan und Italien aus. 1998 wurde Russland zum politischen Kaffeeklatsch eingeladen – ein wichtiger, wohl bedachter Schritt, immerhin besitzt Russland die größten Erdgasvorkommen der Welt. Es ist vor allem ein Zeichen der politischen Reife: Seht her, wir haben den Eisernen Vorhang runter gerissen. Nicht mehr Russland und die westliche Welt, aber ein Bündnis von ebenbürtigen Staaten, die füreinander und nicht gegeneinander entscheiden.

China, der Verlierer

Und doch fragt sich der eine oder andere, ob es mit rechten Dingen zu gehen kann. Wenn es die globalen Vorreiter sind, die über die Zukunft von Klima, Krieg und Koalitionen bestimmen sollen, wie kann es dann sein, dass Großmächte wie China nicht mit Merkel ein Bierchen trinken? Die größte Wirtschaftswachstumsrate, ein Sechstel unserer Weltbevölkerung und seit neustem Deutschlands härtester Konkurrent um den Platz des ExportvizeWeltmeisters – ist es gerecht, ist es genehmigt, dass die Chinesen nicht gefragt werden? Das Gegenargument ist recht kurz: Sozialismus und Unübersichtlichkeit.

Die G8 Staaten meinen, es würde schwierig werden das sozialistische China im demokratischen Kreis zu integrieren. Eine Erweiterung um 5 mögliche Anwärter zur heiß diskutierten G13 erschwere eine demokratische Entscheidung – unübersichtliche Diskussionen, zu stark abweichende Positionen knallen aufeinander. Doch halt: Demokratisch? Entscheidungen? – schöne Schlagworte, die schöner klingen als sie wirklich sind.

Lupenreine Demokraten

Die G8 ist ein Treffen demokratischer Länder – dabei wird mehr auf Aussagen als auf Inhalte vertraut. So versteht sich Wladimir Putin, der russische Präsident, als „lupenreiner Demokrat“. Schade nur, dass sich niemand zutraut die Lupe zu nehmen, um dies zu überprüfen. Während Putin mit Bush um die Wette lächelt, muss der Anführer der einzigen lauten Opposition in Russland, Kasparow, um sein Leben fürchten. Sein Vergehen: Kritik, demokratische Kritik. Es ist kein Geheimnis mehr, dass die Presse- und Meinungsfreiheit in Russland nicht ganz zum Zug kommt: Die russische Journalistin Jelena Tregubowa, die erst kürzlich ihren Bestseller „Die Mutanten des Kreml“, eine Putin-kritische Streitschrift, veröffentlicht hat, versteckt sich seit Monaten in London. In einem Interview mit dem Spiegel erzählt sie von einem Bombenanschlag auf ihre Wohnung in Moskau. Ihre ehemalige Kollegin und Kreml-Kritikerin Anna Politkowskaja ist bereits tot. Die Massen gedenken mit Blumen

auf den Straßen, die ausländische Presse berichtet von zusammengeschlagenen, verhafteten Demonstranten, die Menschen sind empört und die Politik schweigt. Demokratisch nennt Putin seine Herrschaft, vielleicht hat er das gelernt als er KGB-Agent in der DDR war – die war ja wohl auch angeblich demokratisch.

Und so sehen wir verbissene Gesichter über den Bildschirm huschen, wenn die europäischen Staatschefs und Putin sich gegenüberstehen. Sogar der vorsichtig formulierende Tagesschau-Sprecher hat leise „wie im Kalten Krieg“ gemurmelt, als Präsident Bush Radarsysteme in Osteuropa aufbauen wollte. Der eine oder andere spürt noch immer den faden Nachgeschmack der Kuba-Krise – auch damals fing es mit der Aufstellung von amerikanischen Raketen und Radarsystemen auf europäischem, Russland nahe, Boden, an. Schließlich einigten sich Bush und Putin auf eine Aufstellung in Georgien, die Welt atmete auf und Putin freute sich, dass das Erdöl noch schneller fließen wird, sobald die Amerikaner die lokale Infrastruktur im Erdöl reichen Land aufpeppen werden.

Große Erkenntnisse

Nun gut, drei Tage debattierten sie, drei Tage wurde vom Medienspektakel berichtet. Altbundespräsident Schmidt kritisierte diese „Mediengeilheit“ – auf einer kleinen, abgelegenen Insel sollten sie sich treffen, die G8-Repräsentanten. Doch ob das demokratischer wäre, ist zu bezweifeln – die Demonstranten hätten jedenfalls weitaus mehr als mit einem Zaun zu kämpfen, der die Meinung des Volkes von den wichtigen Herren fernhalten soll.

Am Ende jedoch freute sich Merkel über Komplimente, Putin pries die Demokratie und Herr Bush stellte fest, dass der Klimawandel ein wirklich ernstzunehmendes Problem sei und schlürfte sein aus Amerika mitgebrachtes, alkoholfreies Bierchen. Über mögliche politische Schritte wird demnächst irgendwann auf den Konferenzen X und Y nachgedacht. Na dann Prost!

Agata Bossy

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Staff

Culture / Entertainment

Goethe... *continued from page 7*

courtyard, spreading its chatter and cheer. Careful looks in the direction of the windows that had been occupied by inmates during the performance were few. It seemed the performance had lifted all shame, gloominess, and guilt right out of that yard.

But then a loud command from a suited guard ("Visitors' time has expired!") hit the crowd like a strong blow. Quietly, audiences filed out. And why weren't the performers coming? Oh that's right, they were already at home. Luckily, this disturbing moment passed quickly. S-Bahn, bike, or car brought visitors

safely back to where it's comfortable. Directors were proud of their project. A prisoner said, "This theatre group is a home. One is needed. It is about respect, reliability, and trust. It's a job. These are all things that become important in prison, that strengthen our self-trust and our self-esteem". Of course, in a jail setting, one is apt to question the positivism propagated. How would such a performance shape victims' self-esteem? Does Goethe reach those prisoners who might be inarticulate in conversation? Or is the project an act of ambitious directors that are pleased by

a combination of rough and smooth and the glory of innovation?

Such an event would probably be unthinkable in most countries and this alone makes it interesting to discuss. It certainly takes a large leap in the direction of a more integrated "rehabilitation and correction" system; one that brings society closer to those who have gone astray and also closer to understanding what has pushed these individuals out.

Lena Walther

Beachflair am Nordbahnhof

Auf den weitläufigen Beachvolleyballcourts tummeln sich mehr oder weniger braun gebrannte Menschen. Es ertönt lockere Urlaubsmusik von der Bar, an welcher eine Gruppe Studenten sitzt, den just-got-out-of-bed-Look bis ins kleinste Detail perfektioniert und fruchtige Cocktails schlürfend. Die Sonne scheint und die Temperatur bewegt sich stramm auf die 30°C zu. Hierbei handelt es sich keinesfalls um das bunte Strandtreiben an einem exotischen Urlaubsort, denn das oben genannte, bunte und Urlaubsgefühl-versprühende Fleckchen Erde befindet sich zwischen Baustellen und Hochhäusern direkt am S-Bahnhof Nordbahnhof. Bei vielen Schülern eher für die BVG-Dienststelle (40€, bitte!) bekannt, befindet sich der Nordbahnhof auf der Linie S1, ca. 5 Minuten vom Potsdamer Platz entfernt.

„BeachMitte“ nennt sich das Areal, welches 47 Beachvolleyballcourts, ein



Beachsoccerfeld, eine Strandbar und viele Tische und Stühle sowie gemütliche Strandkörbe zum entspannen beherbergt. Hier treffen sich Amateure und Profis an allen Tagen der Woche von 10.00 – 24.00 Uhr im Zeitraum vom 6. April bis Ende September, um für 8€/Stunde (bzw. 12€/Stunde am Wochenende) einen Platz zu mieten und Beachvolleyball zu spielen. Da die Anlage bis

Mitternacht geöffnet ist, können Nachtschwärmer ab Anbruch der Dunkelheit für 14€/Stunde auf den von Flutlichtern beleuchteten Courts spielen.

Das Personal an der Bar, wo die Plätze gemietet werden können, ist freundlich und zuvorkommend, passend zum Wohlfühl-Ambiente in welches man bei Betritt der Anlage sofort katapultiert wird. Gleich neben der Bar befinden sich Toiletten, Umkleieräume sowie Duschen; Duschmarken für heißes Wasser können für 1€ an der Bar erworben

werden. Wenn man mehr als nur ein Partie mit seinen Freunden bestreiten möchte, kann man auch eine Saisonkarte zum Preis von 45€ (Erwachsene zahlen 60€) erwerben und dann den gesamten Sommer kostenlos spielen. Hierbei ist für Schüler und Studenten ein Beachkurs im Preis mit inbegriffen. Auch für diejenigen unter uns, die lieber mit einem Latte Macchiato im Strandkorb entspannen wollen, ist gesorgt: regelmäßige Turniere laden zum Zuschauen ein. „BeachMitte“ bietet besonders jetzt im Sommer eine gute Alternative für alle, die im Sommer nicht verreisen. Lediglich das Meer fehlt, um die Anlage zum perfekten Urlaubsort zu machen zu machen. Doch wenn man nach eine schweißtreibenden Partie Beachvolleyball mit einem Cocktail im Sand sitzt, sich sonnt und die Augen schließt, kann man sich fast in die Karibik denken.

Ina Fischer

Shrek der Dritte

Es ist bestimmt nicht leicht, ein Oger zu sein. Shrek zumindest sieht nicht so aus. Als dann auch noch sein Schwiegervater Harold, Frosch und König des Reiches „Far Far Away“, auf deutsch „Weit Weit Weg“, erkrankt, sieht Shrek rot, denn er wünscht sich nichts sehnlicher, als in seine Hütte im Sumpf zurückzukehren. Stattdessen müssen Shrek und Fiona nun die königlichen Pflichten übernehmen, allerdings sind eine Schiffstaufe und ein Ritterschlag nichts für Shreks in solchen Dingen ungeübte Hände. Kurz darauf stirbt Harold, und Shrek macht sich auf die Suche nach Fionas Cousin Arthus, denn vor nichts hat der grüne Held so sehr Angst wie davor König zu werden, vom Vater werden mal abgesehen. Wenn Shrek Arthus davon überzeugen kann an seiner statt König zu werden, dann geht dieser Kelch am Oger vorbei, vor seiner Vaterschaft jedoch kann er nicht

davonlaufen, denn Fiona ist schwanger. Flugs schiffert er sich, von Baby-Oger Albträumen geplagt, nach England ein, um Arthus zu finden. Dieser jedoch hat gar nicht die Absicht König zu werden, und muss im Laufe der Rückreise erst



noch davon überzeugt werden. Unter dessen geschehen im Königreich Weit Weit Weg düstere Dinge, denn Prinz Charming plant mithilfe von Captain Hook, Rumpelstilzchen, Schneewittchens böser Stiefmutter und vielen anderen einen Staatstreich, um selber König zu werden. Die Frauen des Kö-

nigreiches stellen sich ihm entgegen, wobei Königin Lilian schon mal mit dem Kopf durch die Wand geht. In einem furiosen Finale überwinden Shrek und seine Freunde Prinz Charming, Arthus wird neuer König von Weit Weit Weg, und Shrek und Fiona kümmern sich um ihre drei kleinen Ogerbabys, logischerweise im Sumpf. Natürlich sind auch der gestiefelte Kater, nebenbei bemerkt grandios gesprochen von Benno Fürmann, und Esel mit von der Partie und sorgen für Momente höchsten Entzückens. Bei der anschließenden Pressekonferenz gaben sich fast alle Akteure ungezwungen und unterhielten die anwesenden mit einigen Späßchen, wobei eine vierte Episode aus dem Leben des lebenswerten Ogers ausdrücklich nicht ausgeschlossen wurde.

Moritz Elle

*Entertainment***Summer 2007 in Berlin***Eileen Wagner*