



The person Falko Götz



Vita:

Born on March 26th 1962 in Rodewisch. Married with Rita, daughter of a conveyance family in Bergisch-Gladbach.

His parents own a bakery. He has got two younger sisters (Sylvia and Evelin). Childhood and primary school in Bergefeld, Removal to Berlin-Treptow, finished secondary school there after the 10th grade.

Grade point average: 1,6. „The lessons came naturally to me“.

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| 1969 – 1971 | He starts playing football at the FC Vorwärts Berlin. Then he moves to Dynamo Berlin. „I began to play ambitious.“ |
| 1978 | Apprenticeship in electromechanics in Berlin. |
| 1983 | Escape to the Federal Republic of Germany on November 3rd. Over Belgrade and Zagreb to Munich. First contacts to Bayer 04 Leverkusen helped by another fugitive, Jörg Berger, former coach in the German Democratic Republic. |
| 1984 | Training with the professionals of Leverkusen during his one-year ban, also employed in the sports section of the Bayer store. |
| 1986 | Marriage with his wife Rita. |
| 1994 | Trainer licence in Hennef (A certification). |
| 1996 – 1997 | Distance studies in sports management with a national certified degree. |
| 1997 | End of his career as a football player at Hertha BSC Berlin because of an injury. |
| 1998 | Graduation as a football master of the German Football Association at the sports college in Cologne. |
| Hobbies: | Reading, musicals, cinema, go out for a comfy dinner. And to care about family and friends. |



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Memories:



Skates and slices of the cake

The bakery Götz in Bergfelde, Schönfließerstraße 25: It's my home. Even today I can smell the freshly baked fruitcakes. Sometimes I was allowed to help my father Gerd in the baking room. I did the sugar onto the Berlin donuts – and ate a lot by myself.

A kiss to attract

Suddenly there was hair on places there wasn't before. And my mates began to look after the girls. But I had something more important to do: Focus on my football. At age 14 I was a selection player and could go to training courses. Training, training, training. In school I suddenly became someone special. And one year later the first kissings with an ice skater. She was nice, and brisk. But I wasn't really interested, only focus on football. So the girls wrote me off and I was not unhappy about it.



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Handsome or souped-up?

When I was young, the people complained about my hair: „Go let your hair cut! Don't you have money for a haircut?“, and so on. And now, as a trainer: „The handsome Falko! The vain guy with the blow-dry hairstyle!“ Whatever: My outward appearance seems to be mentionable for several people. But that's okay with me. And my proper hairstyle has got nothing to do with blow-drying work but is only natural.



The wall

1974: We are moving. From Bergfelde to Berlin-Baumschulenweg. Vis-à-vis to the Sonnenallee. There it is, the wall. Every morning, when I go to school, it stand right in front of me. Long, tall, massive. Just like all the houses and streets. But it takes me several years to understand that this is not a protection wall but that it separates me from one thing: My freedom. And after a while I was sure that I can only live how I want when I live in freedom. And this wall won't detain me.



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The desire for freedom

The 3rd of November, 1983: It's the day I leave. It could have been another day, another opportunity to escape the Stasi on a trip abroad. Because until this day I only wanted to escape. The escape is not a spontaneous thing, but only the logical consequence of my previous life. I have to play in the West, because I will have no chances in the East. Why this? Because some people think that I'm not credible in a political sense. After all I have some relatives in Western Germany. I'm a suspect.

Nobody would have put his shirt on me. But after all I could go abroad with the others because they didn't want to forego my qualities. I was ambitious and very versatile. And nobody could foresee that I focus only on football because it is my only chance to leave the country.



The escape

It's the day before the cup match Belgrade – Dynamo Berlin. The whole team strolls in a mall. My teammate Dirk Schlegel and I go unseen to the exit and in a taxi to the embassy of the FRG. They smuggle us by train over Zakreb and Ljubljana to Munich. Once arrived, we want to inform us about our match.

But the headlines in the newspapers tell us: „GDR players escaped! Where are they?“ At first we go to a mall, get a new dress. We still wear the official Dynamo dress.