



blitz

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REVERSE

BUTTERFLY EFFECT

A Farewell to Lectures

aka “This semester wasn’t meant to be a Hemingway-esque wartime tragedy about suffering and doomed love, but it certainly felt like one”

Deniz

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Look outside. The weather is finally getting decent, the lake is actually warm enough that jumping in won’t cause immediate cardiac arrest, and the city is coming alive. Naturally, this means we are all barricaded indoors, staring at PDFs until our eyes bleed.

Right now, some of our readers are making plans to jet off somewhere exotic for the holidays, or down one million beers and some more. Some are heading back home to Mawmaw and Pawpaw. And the rest of us are desperately calculating exactly how many days of prep we have left per exam just to survive this session. I should know, I’m firmly in that last group.

But as the pressure mounts, I want to ask you a question: Have you ever fucked something up so horrendously that you felt the sudden impulse to blame it on cosmic forces completely beyond your control? Like the S&P 500 crashing, or some random macroeconomic crisis halfway across the globe? (Because let’s face it, there’s always something going to shit in the news).

The thing you fucked up doesn’t even need to be catastrophic. It could be an exam you missed by a hair with a heartbreaking 3.75.

It could be a submission deadline you missed by exactly two minutes because you passed out the second you dragged yourself back to your 12-person WG. Or maybe you just forgot to buy that specific ice cream your mom likes, and now she’s giving you the dreaded, “I’m not sad or mad. I’m disappointed” look.

Well, I’m here to tell you that it’s quite alright. For millennia, humans have perfected the art of blaming absolutely anything but themselves. Here at blitz, the team and I have officially named this phenomenon the **Reverse Butterfly Effect**—the steadfast, comforting belief that every single major geopolitical event in the world was specifically crafted just to fuck you over.

Let’s be honest, the mental gymnastics we perform to avoid taking responsibility are nothing short of Olympic level. You didn’t fail that physics midterm because you spent three days learning how to set up a home bar instead of studying; no, you failed because of supply chain disruptions in the tech sector. You didn’t sleep through your morning lecture because you were up until 3 AM watching reels; it was clearly the gravitational pull of a newly discovered

exoplanet messing with your star sign's aura.

It is a brilliant coping mechanism. When the weight of your own procrastination becomes too heavy, just shift that weight onto the global economy. Let the Reverse Butterfly Effect carry you through the darkest hours of your revision.

But before you completely lose your grip on reality, take a break. We've put together

a damn good magazine to distract you from the impending doom of your exam schedule. Read it in the CAB courtyard, read it on your commute, read it when you should definitely be solving past papers.

Good luck in the coming weeks. To my fellow brethren who are writing 8+ exams this semester: Godspeed. Try to survive, and remember that if it all goes wrong, you can always blame the Federal Reserve.

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Der **blitz** ist die Fachzeitschrift des amiv an der ETH, welcher mehr als 4000 Mitglieder hat. Er erscheint jeden zweiten Dienstag, Autor:innen können ihre Artikel bis zum Redaktionsschluss über artikel@blitz.ethz.ch einreichen.



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Ein Blick zurück, ein Blick nach vorn

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Das Semester ist bereits so gut wie zu Ende, also ist es Zeit, auf die vergangenen Wochen zu schauen und einen Blick nach vorne zu wagen.

Kurzum, es ist zu viel geschehen, seit ich in Woche 2 des Semesters ins Amt gewählt wurde, als dass ich detailliert darüber berichten könnte. Die Highlights sind zahlreich und auch verschiedene zähe Momente standen an. Einer dieser zähen Momente war zum Beispiel der gerade kürzlich vergangene Rechnungs-MR, der vertagt wurde, bevor wir es zu der Rechnung geschafft haben. Ein Highlight dafür war das Vorstandswochenende, das entgegen allen Erwartungen nicht mit einer Lärmbeschwerde endete.

Insgesamt aber kann gesagt werden, dass das Semester wie im Flug verging und ich mich etwas überrumpelt fühle von dem plötzlichen Semesterende und nicht viele passende Worte bereit habe¹. Es ist mir aber ein Anliegen, den vielen Leuten, die in diesem Semester zum aktiven Vereinsleben beigetragen haben, meinen Dank auszusprechen! Besonders, wenn ich den Austausch und Vergleich mit anderen Unis

wieder vor Augen geführt kriege, bin ich immer wieder beeindruckt, wie aktiv und lebhaft das extracurriculare Leben bei uns ist.

Ein Blick nach vorne: Ich wünsche euch einige erholsame Tage, bevor es wieder mit den Prüfungsvorbereitungen losgeht und dann natürlich eine erfolgreiche Sommer-session! Auch im Sommer wird vereinzelt ein AMIV-Event stattfinden und verschiedene Dienstleistungen werden zur Verfügung stehen. Ich denke da besonders an die Prüfungssammlung...

Etwas weiter vorausgeschaut, in der zweiten Semesterwoche wird wieder eine GV stattfinden, in der ein neuer Vorstand, neue PQs und neue Delegierte gewählt werden. Falls ihr über die Sommerpause Lust bekommt, euch aktiv einzubringen, meldet euch bei uns, den Gremien oder Kommissionen. Es wird euch mit grosser Wahrscheinlichkeit niemand beiessen.



¹obwohl ich diese Kolumne mal wieder verspätet einreiche

Book of the Edition

Tintenherz – Cornelia Funke

Julia

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I felt like I could not find an appropriate book for this edition's topic at all. No, I did not want to write about Twilight—which then inspired 50 Shades of Grey—even though that is one of my favourite examples of the butterfly effect. Instead, I chose one of the books I keep closest to my heart, one of my favourite books growing up.

I read a lot as a kid and I already loved to re-read my favourite books back then. I think I have read *Inkheart* about five times so far? And I still really enjoy it. Though a lot of it is probably nostalgia. But that shouldn't keep you from reading it yourselves, if you haven't so far. You're missing out!

Inkheart was published in 2003 and not only I liked it. It won several awards in children's literature categories and was also adapted into a film. *Inkheart* is part of a trilogy and is followed by *Inkspell* and *Inkdeath*. It is a fantasy series, though the first book leans heavily into metafiction as well. Books and reading are a central part of the story, and the title is based on a book very relevant to the plot, which is also called *Inkheart*. And if you know me, you know that I love a book-within-a-book.

Our *Inkheart* tells the story of Meggie and her father Mo. Early in the story, we find out that Mo has a magical ability: when he reads aloud, he can bring characters out of books and into the real world. But there is always a price to pay; if a character leaves the book, someone from our world disappears

into the story instead. Years ago, Mo read from the fictional book *Inkheart*, accidentally releasing several of its characters into reality. Unfortunately, most of them were villains. By the time the story begins, these characters are searching for Mo so he can use his powers to bring even more things out of the book for them.



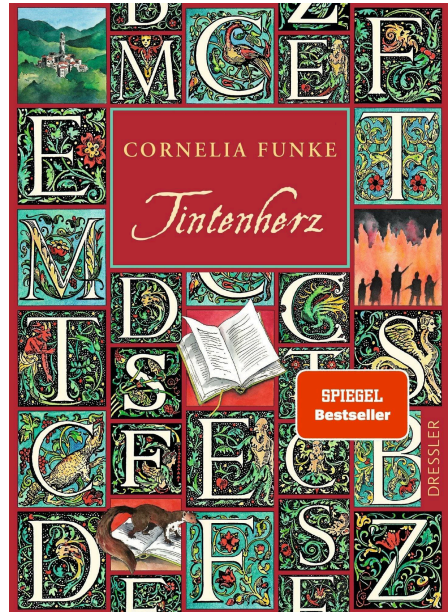
The Author: Cornelia Funke

For me as a kid, it was always fascinating to imagine that the worlds inside books might actually exist. Not just around the plot we get to read, but as complete worlds with their own lives and stories beyond the

page. Which fictional world would I want to live in? Apparently, the world of the book-within-the-book Inkheart is very beautiful, because later in the trilogy Meggie and Mo actually spend time living there. I remember desperately wishing that Inkheart, the fictional book inside the story, existed as a real novel I could read too.

The author is Cornelia Funke, a successful German children's author. She was born in 1958, studied pedagogy, and worked as a social worker before becoming a full-time writer and illustrator. Her books have been translated into many languages, and she is often called one of Germany's most internationally successful children's authors.

While writing this article, I actually found out that Funke published another sequel to the *Inkheart* trilogy about two years ago called *Inkworld: The Color of Revenge*. I will definitely pick that up!



Who is to blame for AI slop?

Antonijs

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AI is everywhere. So much of it is slop and unbelievably over-hyped. I wouldn't be surprised if ChatGPT announced some partnership to cool their data centers exclusively with Evian water, along with a rebrand of Evian to EvAI, backed by some shady ancient investors. This would, of course, cause EvAI stocks to jump up higher than the entire GDP of Andorra and North Macedonia combined as well as prices of bottled water increasing 1000x. I can't even escape AI at ETH because we now have series and even final exams being corrected with AI. It got me thinking, how did we even get here? Who is to blame for all these low quality ingots of AI? And I'm glad to say, I have the answer.

First, we need to understand why AI is so sloppy in the first place. AI is trained on human works. Specifically, AI is mostly trained on all the content on the internet. It uses this data to predict—word by word or pixel by pixel—what should come next. So the low quality of AI is, in part, a reflection of the stuff you can find online. Stuff like Furry fanfics of Obama and Trump, podcasts from Serbian women on why 5G causes autism, 20k word blog posts on why Communism wasn't that bad actually, and League of Legends are some examples of the low quality content AI is trained on. No wonder AI is shit if this is the source material it's based on.

Why is there so much low quality stuff on the Internet? Well, the answer is elementary, my dear reader. You see, that data needs to travel through kilometers of cable to reach servers dotted throughout the globe. The content can only be as good as the cables you send them through. If you look into these cables, you see that a lot of them are made of copper or at least require copper in some way...

Coincidence? I THINK NOT. They say they use high quality copper for these cables but this is just a lie propagated by Big Copper. In reality, this is all one massive coverup.

Behind every "Kanye isn't a Nazi, just misunderstood" Reddit post, behind each "Good Catch! Removing System32 doesn't fix

that bug!" AI response, behind all of it are cables. Cables made with copper. Low quality copper. Low quality copper that came from low quality copper ingots. Low quality copper ingots that were sold to us by a shady copper merchant. A shady ancient copper merchant from Mesopotamia...

THAT'S RIGHT. ANCIENT MESOPOTAMIAN COPPER MERCHANT EA-NASIR IS BEHIND ALL OF THIS. IF ONLY HE HAD SOLD US SOME GOOD QUALITY COPPER, WE COULD HAVE AVOIDED ALL OF THIS. NANNI TRIED WARNING US IN 1750 BC BUT WE DIDN'T LISTEN. IF YOU EVER SEE THIS MAN, DO NOT BUY COPPER FROM HIM. HE IS LYING TO YOU. HE IS BEHIND THE AI BUBBLE AND IT WILL NOT POP UNTIL WE BRING HIM AND HIS LOW QUALITY COPPER DOWN. BIG COPPER CANNOT STOP US IF WE BAND TOGET—



DO NOT BUY COPPER FROM THIS MAN

Erm no actually I'm a, I mean Ea-Nasir is a very trustworthy salesman and sells very good quality copper, you should definitely buy some.

Heißt es wirklich „Gott spielen“?

Sprachliche und soziologische Bemerkungen

Mehmet Arslan

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Die Redewendung „Gott spielen“ findet allerlei Anwendung in jeder Sprache. Obwohl die grammatikalische Struktur nicht immer dasselbe ist, ist die Bedeutung immerhin gleich mit ziemlich unverkennbaren Unterschieden. Zuweilen heißt sie in einer literarischen und theologischen Hinsicht allwissend, übermenschlich; in der Politik- und Mediensprache weist sie allerdings auf die unlösbare Macht und die übermäßige Kontrolle über Menschen hin, die einer besitzt und ausnutzt. Leicht versteht man die Redewendung im Kontext, denn sie stammt aus dem menschlichen Leben; Menschen wollen allwissend, allmächtig und verehrt sein, etwas erleben, das das weltliche Leben transzendiert, etwas Extravagantes schaffen, das niemals gemacht wurde und so weiter. Gott ist da genau die Figur, der man diese Attribute in den meistverbreiteten Religionen zuschreibt: eine un- und übermenschliche, allschöpferische, verehrungswürdige und gnadige Figur, die irgendwo im Universum oder in einer anderen Dimension als wir existiert und auf alles herabschaut. Was aber das Jenseits, die Existenz des Jenseits und die Existenz Gottes betrifft, wird hier nicht davon Rede sein, denn die Antworten auf diese Fragen sind nun irrelevant. Das Wort

„Gott“ existiert wahrhaftig und es ist wahrscheinlich eins der Wörter, die jeder kennt.

Hierin ist zu erkennen, dass die Redewendung „Gott spielen“ die Eigenschaften Gottes vereinzelt lässt und den Begriff „Gott“ irgendwie beschränkt und vermenschlicht darstellt, was eigentlich den Begriff und wie man ihn wahrnimmt, verachtet und dessen Bedeutung willkürlich abschätzt. Der Begriff „Gott“ vor den Augen der Mehrheit ist nicht nur allwissend oder unfassbar mächtig, dies erkennt man auch in den Wörterbüchern, wenn man nach der Bedeutung von „Gott“ sucht. Stets ist er mit dem Guten eng verbunden. Er ist sowohl selbst nicht verbrecherisch, als auch jemand, der dem Glaubenden, dem Verehrer verbrecherische Taten verbietet; er hat keine hinterlistigen Absichten. In der Redewendung aber wird bloß ein einziger Teil der wortwörtlichen Bedeutung zurückgegeben, was den Menschen den falschen Eindruck von der Bedeutung des Wortes „Gott“ geben kann; somit könnten Menschen in den meisten Fällen das Gute und das Böse vertauschen. Sie ruft eine gewisse Konfusion hervor, die überhaupt nicht nötig ist, um die Bedeutung aufrichtig weiterzugeben¹.



¹Einem kann erscheinen, dass die vorerwähnten Eigenschaften anfänglich sehr persönlich sind, jedoch ist das nicht der Fall, es wird nur angedeutet, dass die meisten Menschen und die weit verbreiteten Religionen das Wort „Gott“ wie dargestellt begreifen.

Bisher wurde nur die Hälfte der Redewendung linguistisch und soziologisch so gut wie möglich untersucht, jedoch spielt das Spielen auch eine wichtige Rolle, um die Zwecklosigkeit und Widersprüchlichkeit dieser Redewendung zu enthüllen. Das Verb „spielen“ ist in diesem Zusammenhang dem Verb „nachahmen“ nah, denn beide Verben stellen deutlich fest, dass das Subjekt, das „nachahmt“ oder „spielt“, in Kontrolle ist und selber für sich entscheidet. Demzufolge sollte es für die Redewendung heißen, das Subjekt spiele – gleichgültig wie gut oder schlecht – den Gott und er oder sie wisse das. Genau an diesem Punkt tritt der Unsinn ein. Wenn jemand wüsste, dass er oder sie Gott spielt, dann würde die Person den Verboten Gottes fernbleiben und versuchen, dem Guten näher zu bleiben. Das ist aber das Umgekehrte was mit dieser Redewendung meistens gemeint ist. Stellt man jemanden in den Medien als gottspielend vor, dann weiß jeder, dass diese

Person auf irgendeine Weise eine Hybris besitzt, sich Gott gleichstellt und meistens mit etwas Unmoralischem assoziiert wird, doch hat „Gott“ damit eigentlich nichts zu tun. Wir ändern somit die Bedeutung des Wortes „Gott“, die wir selber kreiert haben, und daraus wird nichts.

Mithilfe einer nüchternen Logik ist zu schlussfolgern, dass die gottspielende Person tatsächlich ein Vorbild sein und sich selbst nicht anmaßend in Betracht ziehen sollte, wenn man „Gott“ wortwörtlich betrachtet. Die verschwenderische, verwirrende und falsche Art und Weise der Anwendung der Redewendung in sozialen Medien stört mehr als sie zum Verständnis beiträgt. Vielleicht soll man statt „... spielt Gott“ eher „Spielt Bitte den Gott richtig!“ sagen, damit der Vorwurf an Tyrannen deutlicher wird, ob sie sich darum kümmern werden, ist eine andere Frage.

Stoned Alcoholic Apes

Mindnight Brainrot

Nachdem Affen psychedelische Pilze konsumiert haben, haben sich deren Synapsen erweitert. Der intelligenter gewordene Affe wurde zum Homo¹. Dieser Homo wurde

sesshaft und betrieb Landwirtschaft um Weizen, Hopfen und Malz zu züchten, nachdem eben dieser Homo die Fermentation von zuckerhaltigen Getränken ent-



¹Uns ist der genau Homo nicht bekannt und da wir uns 45 min vor Redaktionsschluss entschieden haben, diesen Text zu schreiben, werden keine Quellen besorgt oder auch nur konsultiert, selbst wenn Zweifel herrscht.

²Trotz der Buchstabenfolge ETH hat dies anders als Bsp. das Wort GETHs nicht's mit der Eidgenössischen Talalon³ Hochschule zu tun.

deckt hatte. Diese fermentierten Getränke beinhalten ein Neurotoxin mit der Summenformel $\text{CH}_3\text{CH}_2\text{OH}$ und sind unter dem Namen Ethanol² oder im Volksmund auch Alkohol bekannt. Dies markierte den Start der neolithischen Revolution⁴. Mit der Neolithischen Revolution kam es zu 6000–8000 Jahren des Alkoholismus und der Besäufnisse. Der nun sesshafte Homo hat sich dadurch weiter vom Gigachad weg und zum Chud hinentwickelt. Andere nicht sesshafte Homos, welche weiterhin

Gigachads waren, haben daraufhin einen Grossteil der Chuds dezimiert⁵. Nun denn, natürlich waren auch diese Gigachads nichts anderes als Alkis und wurden selbst auch sesshaft, um saufen zu können.

Auch heute geben sich die Chuds, Gigachads und alles dazwischen die Kante. Dies führt zu verkehrt aufgehängten St. Pattys-Day-Plakaten, Eisbär-Kuchen, welche den 11/12 Plätzen erreichen & ...⁷

Trainingslager Tafelwischen

Tafelwisch Toppers

paosdifu.ch

Sometimes, all it takes is one person. One person at the beginning of the Basisjahr choosing to record how long their Analysis Professor takes to clean the chalkboard is all it takes to create something huge. An innocent measurement; taken for the love of the game, and fleeting in nature: That small action marked the beginning of our collective obsession with Herr Ziltener and Tafelwischen—and I'm overjoyed to report to you, dear reader, that this butterfly effect culminated in the most perfect storm!

On Thursday, the seventh of May, we reveled together in our love for chalkboard maintainance by taking part in the “Trainingslager Tafelwischen”. Together, we

congregated to HG F1—the holy lecture room where we have all our Analysis and Mathematische Methoden lectures. There, after a quick introduction and a few



³Spätestens seit Covid ist bekannt, dass es keine Technische Hochschule ist, ansonsten würde so Zeugs wie eduroam funktionieren.

⁴Die Neolithische Revolution fand nicht im Oktober statt, ansonsten würde sie ja Oktoberrevolution heissen aber faktisch gesehen war es eine neue und ziemlich „lite“ Revolution, wodurch sich der Name „neolithisch“ ergibt.

⁵Der Begriff „dezimiert“ stammt aus der Zeit des SPQR, wobei ein Zehntel der eigenen Leute nach Zufall ausgewählt und zu Tode geprügelt wurden. Dies hat die Motivation merklich gesteigert und auch den Verbrauch an Ressourcen um etwa 10%⁶ reduziert.

⁶Fragt den VMP für eine genaue Berechnung.

⁷Es sei dem Leser selbst überlassen, die Aufzählung fortzusetzen.

¹Shoutout AMIV and their unique obsession with the stuff

sips of complementary beer¹, we trained together and competed against each other to obtain the fastest Tafelwischzeit!



Dirtying up the board for another round of wiping

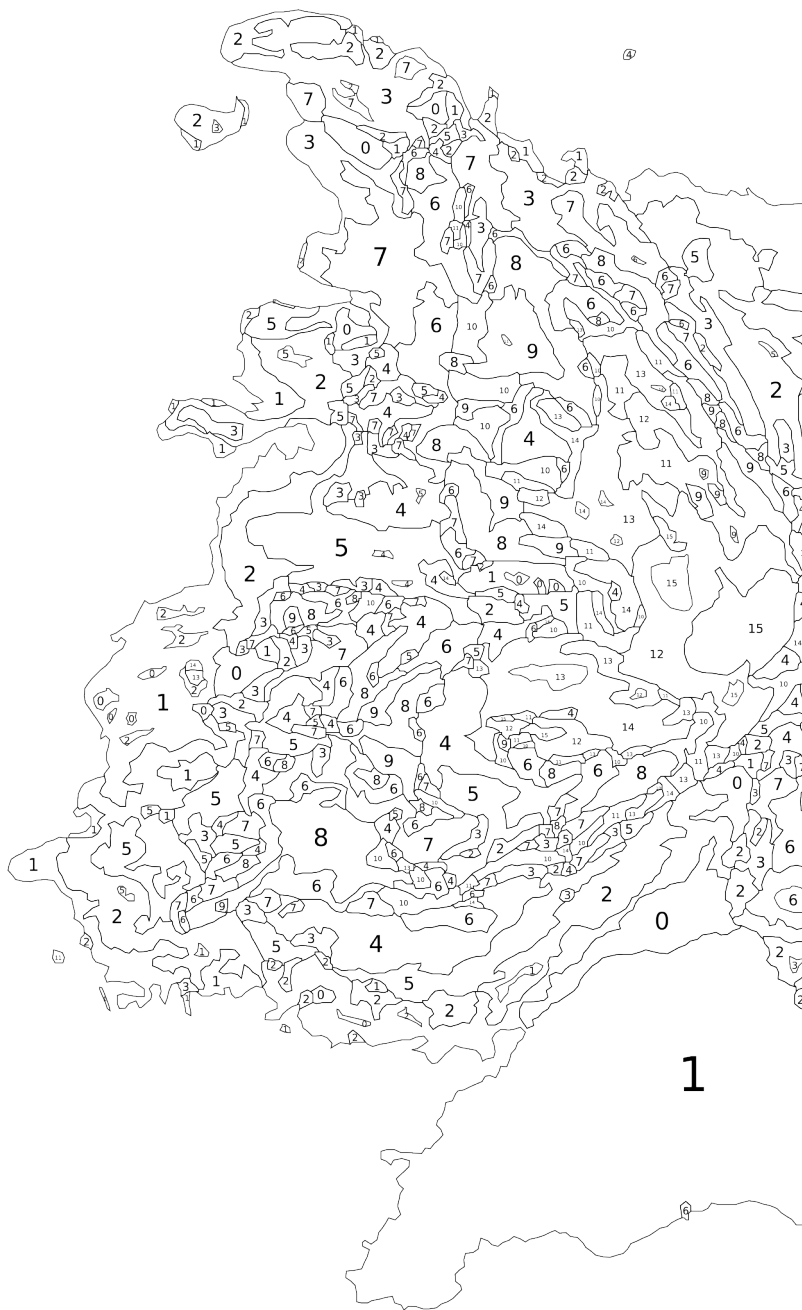
At first, we doubted anyone would be able to get a sub-30 second time. But as tensions rose and adrenaline pumped, the vision of one of us managing to break through their limits and outpace the rest triggered rousing anime-style flashbacks in each and every one of us, each and every time it happened. The dreams of those who have wiped the board us thus far... The hopes of those who will wipe it in the future! Those two sets of desires weave together into a singular squeegee, wiping a path clear and true! **That's** what it means to Tafelwischen!

Indeed, by the end of the event, we had multiple times under 20 seconds. The best of us even got tantalizingly close to the sub-15 mark, but fell just short. Oh, how unfortunate! If you are looking to get into the fantastic sport of Tafelwischen, dear reader, just remember one thing: A person who aims to wipe the entire board clean will **always** wipe less than one who aims to simply wipe what's in front of them!

Wiper	Time / s
Max	27.26
Jakob	23.79
Karthik	37.5
Lina	23.47
Lukas	19.68
Maren	22.13
Lior	22.55
Elia	20.78
Ash	25.38
Felix	24.45
Tommy	21.26
Adrian	23.14
Milan	20:05
Nils	17:39



A message from our leader, the organiser of the Trainingslager



The first properly
colored picture
will be displayed
in the AMIV office
and we'll print it in
blitz 01, HS26 if
you would like us to.

3 14 15

0



So locked out

oooohhhhh shinyyyyy

Alex3

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It's the final blitz edition for the semester¹ and I can't think of a half decent topic to write my text about for the life of me. Head full, thoughts empty. I am neither locked in on studying nor anything else for that matter. I spent a good long time brainstorming yesterday for blitz, pacing for more than an hour and still as of writing this I am .3 days past the submission deadline, not knowing what my article will be about. That being said, it is a good lesson on the fact that creativity can't be forced, you can somehow only create an environment for it to organically prosper².

And it's not that there is a particular lack of topics either. I could easily just stay in theme of reverse butterfly effect, write about how AI is replacing me before I even hit the workforce (AI being trialed to correct exams is scary as is and god forbid TAS are next in line to be replaced³), or analyze some random quote like last time, or nerd about how the betrayal of Jesus is in gnostic texts not a betrayal but a necessary step in Christianity's narrative, thus deterministic on Judas' behalf or a premeditated discussed plan between the .3 figures. But none of these topics speak to me. None of these are actively in my head or life

enough for me to genuinely try to write about them, nor are they stupid enough topics for me to just shitpost about. Writing about them would be possible, but would feel like writing an essay for school. Ew. I am an engineer, being forced to write something sounds like the 10th ring of hell Dante never discovered. What is currently in my life is how unanchored and bobbing my headspace is. But I'm sure people can relate to this.

Head still full, thoughts still not cohesive. So locked out of any meaningful thought. Continuing to regress to the state of a potato. Continuing to spiral in the emptiness of my head. What was my text about again? Oh look, a butterfly, how pretty.... :-.

Pokémon-Rätsel

Es ist... (Lösung auf Seite 21)



¹how far we have all come :.)

²or at least this is how I'm coping for my lack thereof

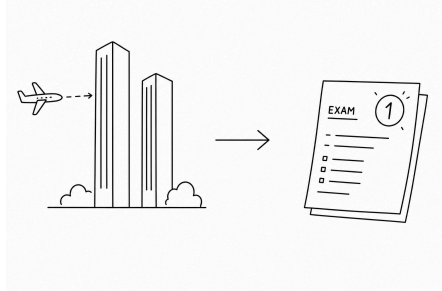
³please dearest Analysis professors, as far as I know your stance on AI, I am hopeful you won't opt for this

How 9/11 Will Make Me Fail My Basisjahr

Luis

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We all know that the effects of this tragic disaster were devastating. But did you know it will also be the reason I fail my Basisjahr?



Event Diagram

It all started on a sunny day in September. Two metal birds smashed into two piles of steel and concrete, leaving the US-American ego shattered to pieces. However, instead of shattering the US, it strengthened them by giving them probable cause to overthrow multiple governments, kindly lowering their oil prices, and increasing their military budget to pull it all off.

This increase in the military budget hugely strengthened the US-American defense industry, increasing its demand for engineers.

This increasing demand for engineers caused other industries to lose their valuable personnel. One specific company that suffered from this was the German giant BMW. Their growth was essentially stalled for the next ten years.

The stall of BMW's success caused them to listen more to their engineers, giving a gifted young PhD student named Dirk Mohr even more room to demonstrate his excellence. This mildly contributed to the success of Dirk Mohr, allowing him to become a professor at ETH.

Professor Mohr's lectures attract many students, which made me realize my insignificance to this world and the lives of others.

This realization caused me to fall into a deep depression that I tried to recover from using meditation exercises.

I achieved a state of meditation so pristine I felt phenomenal, and realized that this world and the lives of others are actually insignificant to me.

Nepal offered me citizenship to move there and demonstrate my meditating capabilities.

I accepted their offer and quit my studies at ETH. Bye bye, everyone! तपाईं सबैलाई शुभकामना!

No, I wanted the blueberry lollipop

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I absolutely have to drink the ink of the pen now.

I need my tongue stained ballpoint blue.

This tongue I need to stick out and point at the sky.

Why?

Go ask Claude.

Hold on, don't just ask why, draft a more precise question, follow with a follow-up question.

Go burn those tokens.

Those tokens borrowed and waited for, but never bought by yourself.

My idea was to go to Portugal this May.

Calm down in Piódão, sitting on the steps in the Serra do Açor.

But, alas, those steps are not calm.

It's burning, it burns around Piódão and the burn is spitting all over the steps.

Where the steps are is no place to be.

So I'm here in Australia.

Spare yourself the 'why', I am in Australia because why not?

I've been thinking about Australia for quite some time now.

It's still hot in Australia in May.

It's flaming up here as well.

The bushes are burning.

The nests are ashing.

Laughing kookaburras¹ are screaming while they're being chased out of the scorching shrub by the scorching heat.

Worms crumble in the dusty earth.

In this heat, I feel my skin peeling off.

In this heat, I freeze.

In swarms, the laughing kookaburras fly towards me.

Laughing furiously, yes, maniacally.

And I remember.

They eat lizards.

But blue-tongue lizards² are lucky, they have their blue tongues.

This blue of their tongue reflects UV —

Glaring beams of strobe in the eyes of the laughing kookaburras.

Blue-tongue lizards stick their blue tongue out and point it to the less blue sky and blind the hungry angry tiny big-headed feather-balls temporarily.

And once they're over the lizard, they'll have forgotten.

Thus, the blue-tongue lizard is saved.

May this ballpoint blue reflect ultraviolet.

And save me.

Unpalatable.

The kookaburras laugh.



¹<https://www.nationalgeographic.com/animals/birds/facts/laughing-kookaburra>

²<https://www.australiangeographic.com.au/fact-file/fact-file-eastern-bluetongue-lizard-tiliqua-scincoides/>

I promise this article is not about Twilight

Who is Kim Jong-un's K-pop bias?

Florian Hoffmann

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In the late 2000s and early 2010s the Twilight saga took the world by storm. It was a cultural global phenomenon that was beloved and hated by people all around the world. In particular, Yeri from the (South) Korean Kpop group Red Velvet has been outspoken of her love of vampires and specifically Twilight.

In 2018, the K-pop group would perform at the Spring is Coming concert in Pyongyang North Korea. They would perform two songs: Red Flavour and Bad Boy.

Could Yeri's love of Twilight perhaps have contributed to the choice of the second song? After all Twilight is famously full of "bad boys"¹.

Could the seminal sensation Twilight have somehow lead to "Who dat, who dat, who dat boy?" being sung in front of Kim Jong-un, ~~who, one could argue, is also some sort of "bad boy"~~? Perhaps in some sort of reverse butterfly effect², where a gigantic sensation, that is Twilight, has had a minor effect, that is, Red Velvet deciding to perform, of all their songs, Bad Boy?

Well no. Most definitely not.

...

Anyway, let us today have a brief look at the somewhat bizarre story of how South Korean girl group Red Velvet came to perform in North Korea.

After the attendance and performances of North Korea's Samjiyon Orchestra during the 2018 Winter Olympics in South Korea, in April of the same year, South Korea's Ministry of Culture, Sports and Tourism organised a "reciprocal cultural visit", the

Spring is Coming concert, ahead of the April 2018 Inter-Korean Summit. Taking place on the 1st and 3rd April, it involved 190 South Koreans that would travel to the North for the event. The concerts would include performances from K-Pop, to Jazz,



¹or so I have been told

²I am going to be honest, I have no idea what exactly reverse butterfly effect is supposed to mean

Classical, as well as North Korean covers and joint orchestral stages.

Amongst the many South Korean travelling North was, of course, the K-pop girl group *Red Velvet*.

The SM group was chosen by South Korea's Ministry of Culture, Sports and Tourism most likely to represent modern youth culture and due to being, at the time, at their peak popularity. However, rumours would soon emerge that Kim Jong-un had himself specifically requested them due to being a massive fan. These rumours would soon be fuelled by Kim Jong-un notably changing his schedule to attend the first day of the 2-day concert instead of, as originally planned, the second day. *Red Velvet*, of course, would be performing on the first day. But that would not be all. Kim would later specifically be heard saying "There had been interest in whether I would come and see Red Velvet. I had initially planned to attend a performance the day after tomorrow but I came here today after adjusting my schedule(...)". Kim Jong-un would be reported to have been enjoying himself and he would later even highly praise the event.

But from afar, viewing onto the stage would not be the only contact that Kim Jong-un would have with *Red Velvet*. After the concert, Kim Jong-un and *Red Velvet*³ would meet in person backstage. In partic-

ular, Kim Jong-un would shake each of the members of *Red Velvet* hands individually. If that was not bizarre enough, a group photo would spark particular interest, with Irene standing right next to Kim Jong-un, notably apart from her group members. Perhaps it was a specific request of Kim Jong-un that Irene should be standing next to him? Could Kim Jong-un have somewhat specifically organised for *Red Velvet* to come to North Korea, just so he could meet his favourite idol Irene? Could the first inter-Korean summit in eleven years have been nothing but a ploy such that Kim Jong-un could meet his bias?

Again, most definitely not.

Whilst definitely somewhat surreal, meeting up with the girl group was simply a diplomatic exchange⁴. The positions in the photo, as Irene would later explain, were just a coincidence: since it was simply a chaotic moment, everyone was just trying to find a spot for the photo⁵.

The *Spring is Coming* concert would, in the end, feature many bizarre moments. Another example would be the North Korean audience clapping for Irene for breathing, or simply the fact that the Supreme Leader was enjoying music that is otherwise banned in North Korea, and the consumption of which, by ordinary citizens, could lead them to face punishments up to execution.



³as well as Kim Jong-un's wife, other performers, and of course staff etc.

⁴is what the official explanation would be

⁵you can decide yourself if you believe this explanation

The *Spring is Coming* event and the subsequent summit would thaw the inter-Korean relationship for a bit. Kim Jong-un would even suggest a reciprocal concert *Autumn has Come*. There would be an optimistic window of time, where relations would improve and tangible progress would be made, such as the establishment of a joint inter-Korean liaison office or the dismantlement of several guard posts. However, the *Autumn has Come* concert would not come to fruition. Relations would soon get worse again; a variety of economic and social events would eventually cause the era of good feelings to deteriorate and many of the previous changes, would be reverted. Kim Jong-un would even call k-pop a “vicious cancer”⁶ ~~perhaps the glamour of his first fascination had worn off and the impossibility of a liaison had kicked in and turned to resentment.~~ Since then, of course, the relation between North and South Korea has remained tense, with the political climate taking a notable turn for the worse after the suspensions of the 2018 Comprehensive Military Agreement⁷ and after Kim Jong-un declared South Korea the “principle enemy”.

To summarise: Ultimately, it is highly unlikely that Kim Jong-un is an Irene stan. It is even more unlikely that they performed *Bad Boy* due to *Twilight*. However, it is fun to imagine⁸.

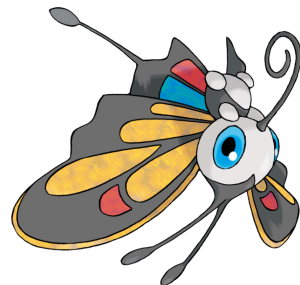


Who dat who dat who dat boy?



K-pop idol Irene standing next to the supreme leader (on his left)

Pokémon Lösung



...Reverse Papinella!



⁶just two days after a new album from *Red Velvet* was announced—coincidence? most probably

⁷the abandonment of this agreement would include North Korea sending feces-filled balloons to South Korea

⁸well I guess it depends on what you define as „fun“

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We got squatters

A Public Service Announcement

blitz Editorial Team

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Dear readers,

If you've picked up this copy of blitz from our designated blitz box in CAB, congratulations—you managed to find us underneath the latest batch of Visionen.

We need to talk about a phenomenon that has been quietly plaguing our distribution network since eons. It seems our friends over at VIS have developed a highly efficient, yet entirely parasitic, real estate strategy: whenever they print a new issue, they skip the logistical planning and simply colonize our rack.

I see the... Vision, but let's appreciate the sheer absurdity here. The computer science association—masters of spatial complexity and sorting algorithms—somehow can't compute that a stand painted black with the word "blitz" written on it in giant letters *is, in fact, meant exclusively for blitz*.

What makes this truly baffling is the geography of the situation. There is a perfectly fine, empty patch of floor right next to the VIS door. It's practically begging for a magazine rack of its own. They could easily acquire an identical box, slap their

logo on it, and distribute Visionen in peace. Instead, someone is making the conscious, physical effort to lug their surplus over to our turf and drop it into our shelves like an uninvited software update.

We love a good inter-association reading exchange, but we aren't running a public library. So, to our colleagues at VIS: we humbly request that you stop squatting in our infrastructure. Get your own box. Put it by your door. Think of it as a very simple, offline hardware upgrade.

Until then, if you happen to find a Visionen in a blitz box, just remember: It's not a feature, it's a bug.

Happy reading,

The Editorial Team



Nonogramm

[illegible]

Das Spiel besteht aus einem Gitter aus unterschiedlich vielen Kästchen (z. B. 10×10 oder 15×15). Ziel ist es, die Zellen eines Gitters einzufärben (bzw. nicht einzufärben), wobei die Zahlen vor jeder Zeile und über jeder Spalte angeben, wie viele zusammenhängende Zellen einzufärben sind. Die Zahlenfolge „4 2 1“ vor einer Zeile enthält somit die Information, dass in dieser Zeile (mit mindestens einem Kästchen Abstand) ein Block von 4 zusammenhängenden Zellen, ein Block von 2 zusammenhängenden Zellen sowie eine einzelne Zelle in dieser Reihenfolge einzufärben sind. Aus der Kombination von Zeilen- und Spaltenangaben lässt sich eine (meist eindeutige) Lösung logisch herleiten.

Lösung auf Seite 27

Willi Wills Wissen

Wo ist die Seife hin?

Anaa

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Es fehlte eine Tür und man ersetzte sie prompt, jedoch wo bleibt die Seife gopf?

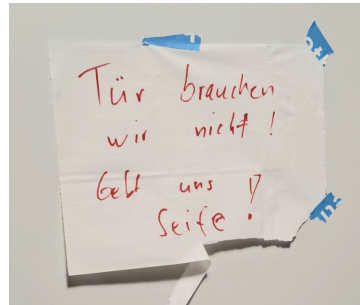
Auch der Willi wundert sich beim Lavabo in der CAB-Toilette, wie es sein kann, dass die Seife fehlt. Wohin ist die? Ist die weggekrochen oder in der Luft verdunstet? Er probiert an dem Behälter zu drücken, in Erwartung eines Schubs Seife, wird aber enttäuscht. Tatsache: Die Seife ist verschwunden.



Somit bringt er einen Experten zum Klo. Doch der Experte ist selbst verblüfft, gibt ihm jedoch eine Idee. Er solle eine für die Seife verantwortliche Person ansprechen und sich dort auf die Suche nach der Seife machen. Jedoch ist am nächsten Tag die Tür des Klos verschwunden. Darüber hat sich eine Menge beschwert, da beim üblichen Verkehr vor dem Aufenthaltsraum die verschwundene Tür sehr auffällig gewesen sei. Da ist etwas in Gang gesetzt worden, hätte man sich denken können. Eines Tages ist die Tür wieder da gewesen, jedoch keine Seife, nicht einmal Desinfektionsmittel.

Jetzt hat Willi eingreifen müssen, denn er hat's gecheckt. Mit voller Macht löste er die

Haken an der Tür, setzte sie unbeschädigt vor dem Klo ab und schrieb eine Aufforderung an alle. So hätte man gedacht wäre das Problem der unauffindbaren Seife gelöst. Da irrt man sich. Aus den zahlreichen Beschwerden und der entnommenen Tür wurde nichts. Dies versteht Willi noch nicht. Vielleicht sieht man ihn mal wieder in diesem Semester.¹



Fire is Bad

A Tale of Keys, Tunnels and Turkish Landlords

Berg

Did you know Switzerland has a VKG? Fancy name, huh? Vereinigung Kantonalen Gebäudeversicherungen. Very federal, very Swiss. Apparently, the Swiss came up with this idea after a bunch of land burned in Glarus (very ländlich Kantön, Landsgemeinde pun intended) in the 1800s. But it took some years until the beginning of the 20th century to finally vereinigen the

Gebäudeversicherungen. Well, fire is bad, I guess, so not a bad idea.

Thing is, it feels like much of Swiss fire safety history is just a compilation of dangerous historic cases that are common sense but not discovered—and therefore not taken care of—until the issue has actually sich ereignet hat. For example: you don't make your goddamn S-Bahn train



¹Neuer Stand laut Gerücht: Zur Seife gibt es jetzt auch einen Seifenspender und ein Lavabo dazu

stop in the Hirschengraben tunnel even if there is a fire, right? Well, it took some random dude in 1991 pulling the emergency stop lever during a fire in this very tunnel for a new safety mechanism to be born (or for someone to notice the existence thereof): Notbremsüberbrückung!

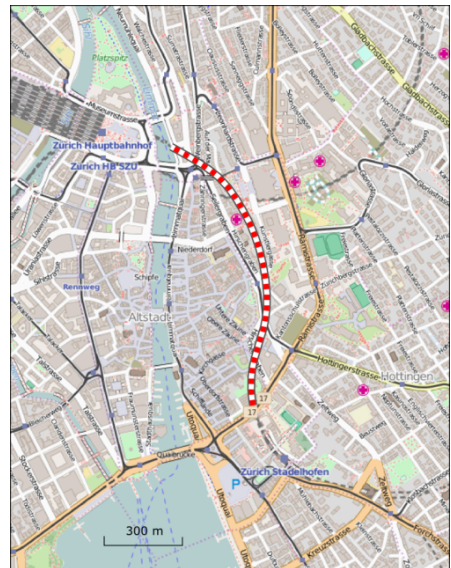
Well, as said, fire is bad. What's worse is landlords in Zürich. Like those who make you live with 3 Schlüssel in a 4er WG, resulting in me being inadvertently locked inside once (thankfully not an exam day). This led to me inventing an improvisational solution: a printed table I created in MS Word where everyone marks a cross with a pen while exiting. Only when there are three crosses can the last person to leave lock the apt. door and put the keys in the post box.

That same landlord you are entitled to because you come from Turkey and the landlord dude is Turkish as well—but well, there is a famous saying: Turks f* each other outside Turkey. That was how he added a 4th artificial Zimmer to the 3-room apartment with artificial walls, hence the missing 4th key.

What is worse: the reason I was locked in was because the apartment door could only be unlocked from the inside with a key. How is it not common sense that all apartment doors should be mandatorily equipped with thumbturn locking mechanisms on the inside, eliminating the requirement for a key? As someone interested in fire engineering and having noticed the blatant

fire hazard, this “locked-inside-incident” sparked my nerd energy and I wrote to Schutz und Rettung Zürich about this, mentioning previous catastrophic incidents i dä Schwiiz and why my argument is valid.

Then some random dude from the department called me. I first responded: “Sorry, Hochdeutsch bitte,” as my C2 Hochdeutsch certificate wasn't yet enhanced by the presence of two beers in my body that magically enable Swiss German effects. The dude told me: “Good point, but our Brandschutzvorschriften don't mandate thumbturn mechanisms on private domiciles, only public spaces.” Well, too bad I guess. So in the end: fire is bad. Make sure not to cause, take part in, or be in fires.



Map of the Hirschengraben tunnel

Engagement Bait

A simple linear equation

 = 12

 =  + 2

 =  + 3

 =  - 4

 =  + 6

 =  + 

 = 2 · 

 =  - 1

 +  = 

 +  +  -  = 

5 =  +  +  - 

 = ?

Solution: teh funny number

Nonogramm Lösung

