

Portfolio

Inês Amaral Almeida





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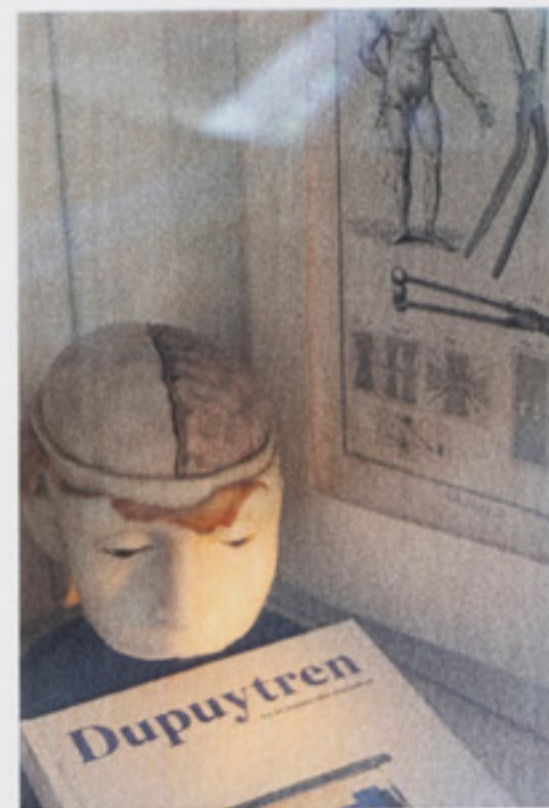




## LIBRAIRIE ALAIN BRIEUX

La librairie Alain Brieux propose des livres anciens dans les domaines de la science et de la médecine, des imprimés et des objets de collection relatifs à ces disciplines, ainsi que toutes les publications actuelles concernant l'histoire de ces domaines.

*La librairie achète également des livres anciens et des instruments scientifiques et réalise des expertises. On peut littéralement y acheter tout ce que l'on peut voir. La seule chose qu'ils ne proposent pas, c'est le crocodile accroché au plafond de la librairie.*



## DIURNE

Depuis 1982, la galerie Diurne conçoit et fabrique des tapis exceptionnels faits main, aux textures nouvelles et aux styles uniques. Diurne conçoit et produit des tapis sur mesure pour de vastes projets de design dans les domaines de l'hôtellerie, de l'habitat, des entreprises et du yachting.



*L'exposition comprend des tapis à motifs animaliers dans le style tissé traditionnel, mais aussi des tapis inspirés du cubisme et des pièces plus abstraites.*

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## Pas à Pas

The book guides you step by step through the fear of the unknown and lets you learn more about Rue Jacob with every page. It begins with photographic portraits of the residents, followed by a fanfold showing a drawn side of the street. In the final section, detailed photos of the buildings complement informative texts with fun facts, historical details and personal opinions. The compact format and the playful combination of book and leporello give the book its originality.

Year 2023

Editorial/Author's Work

Lecturers:

Ph. Desarzens

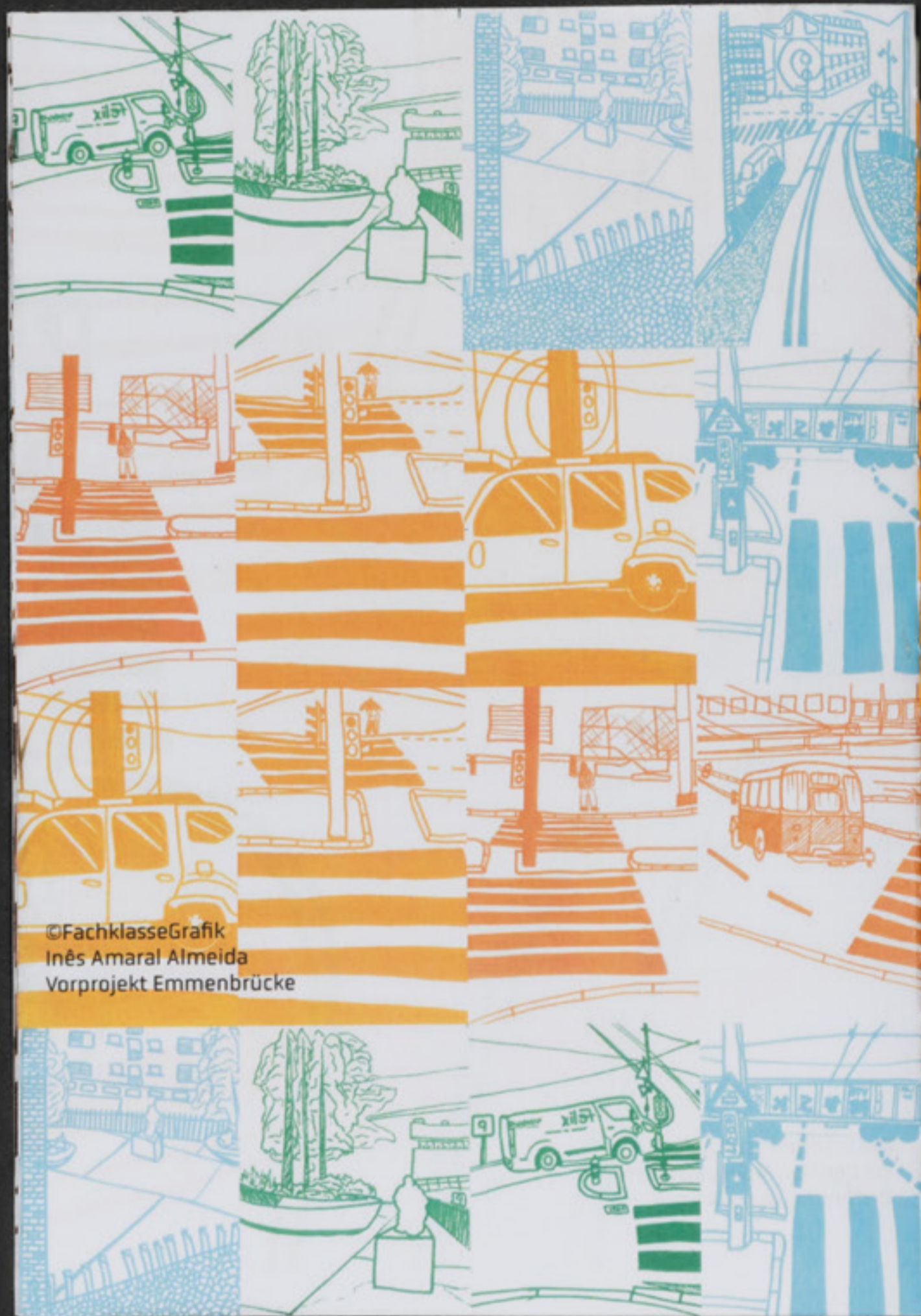
Ch. Fischer

M. Halter



Sichten

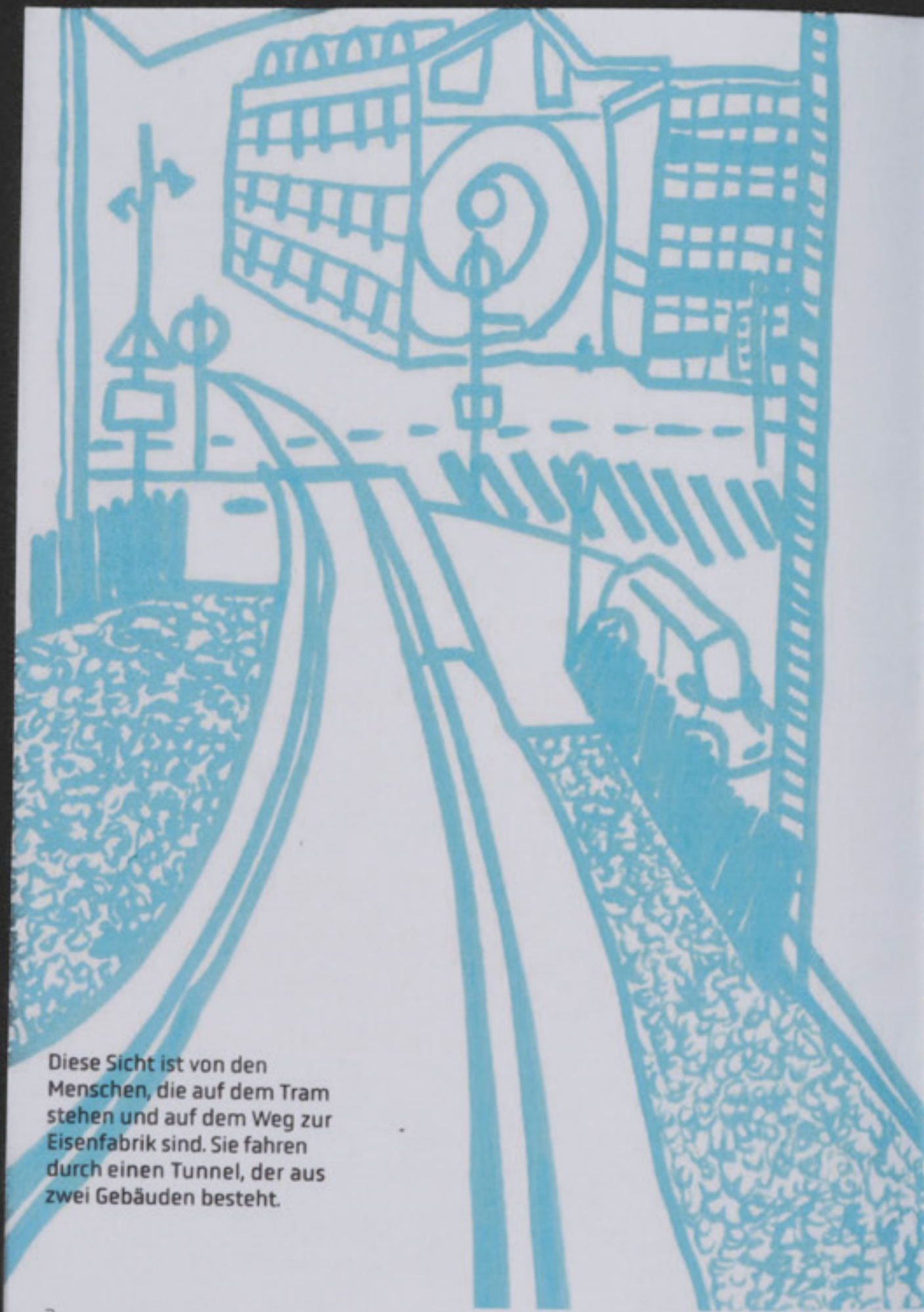
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Inês Amaral Almeida  
Vorprojekt Emmenbrücke



Sichten

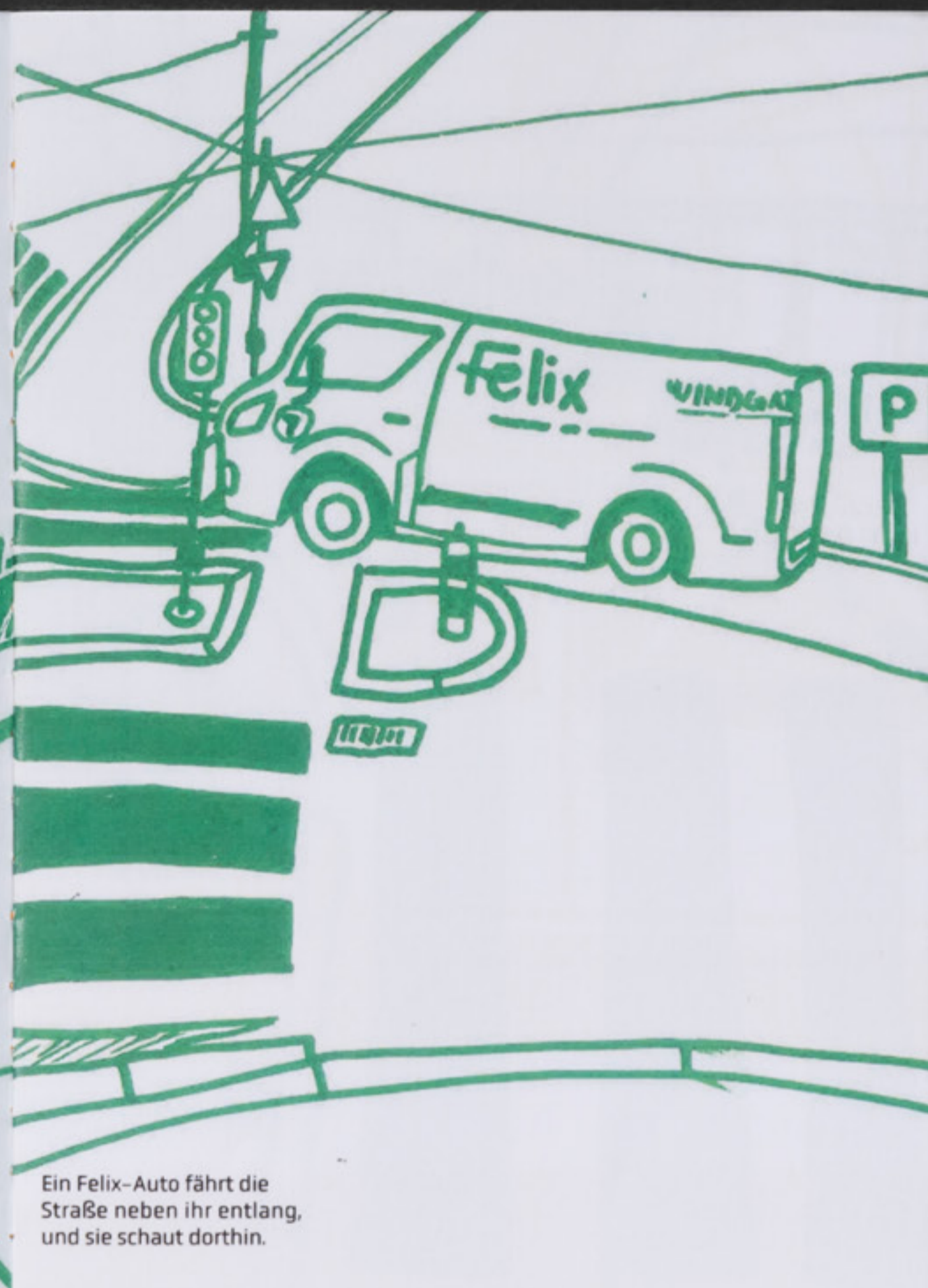


Diese Sicht ist von den Menschen, die auf dem Tram stehen und auf dem Weg zur Eisenfabrik sind. Sie fahren durch einen Tunnel, der aus zwei Gebäuden besteht.



Die Eisenbahn setzt ihre Fahrt fort, und man sieht eine Bronzeskulptur namens «Mann und Weib» von Rudolf Blättler, die zwei Affen zeigt, die sich umarmen.

Dies ist die Perspektive  
einer Frau, die auf einer Bank  
sitzt und geradeaus schaut.



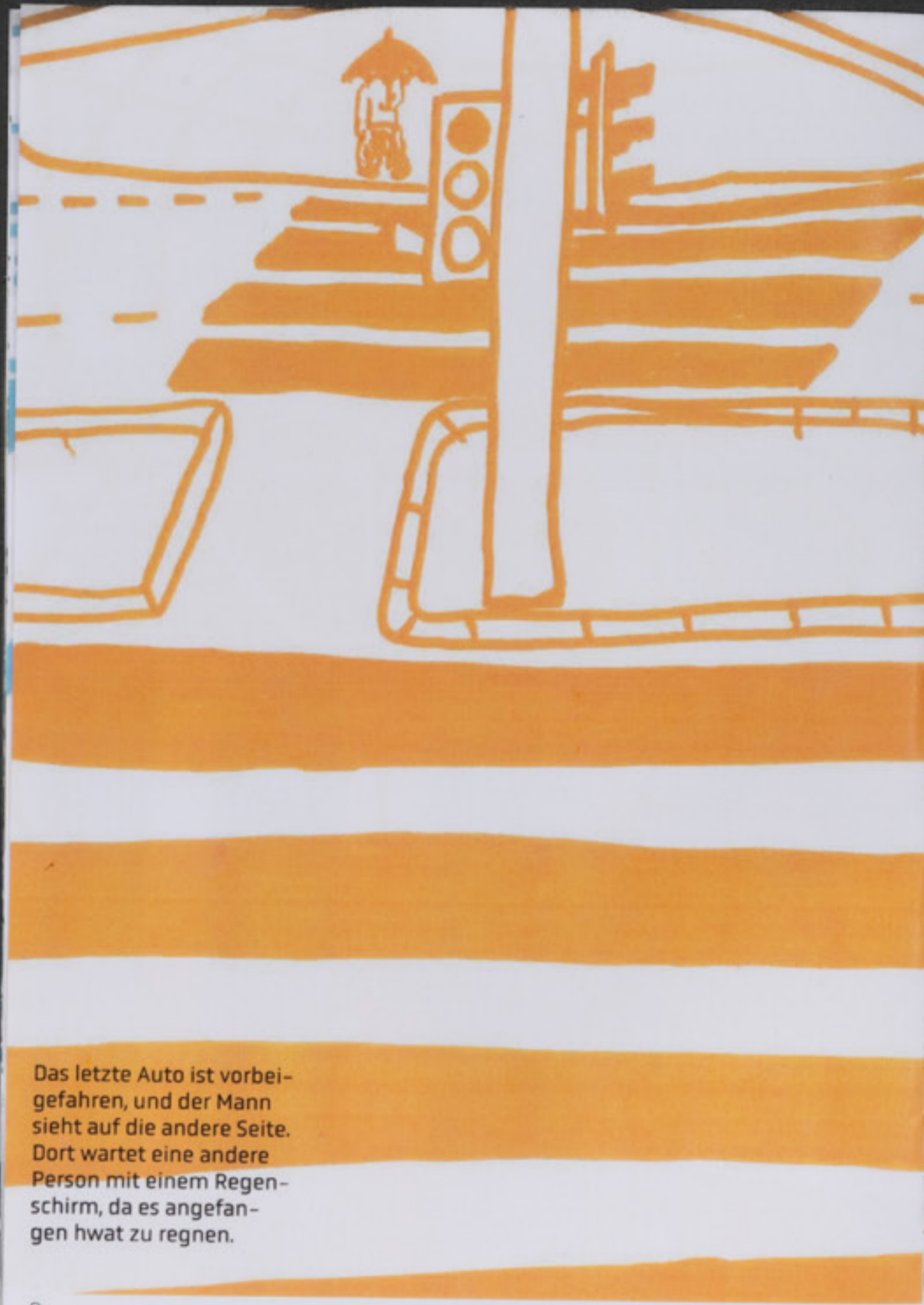
Ein Felix-Auto fährt die  
Straße neben ihr entlang,  
und sie schaut dorthin.



Der Zug fährt weiter,  
und die Autos  
müssen stehen bleiben.



Die Autos können jetzt  
weiterfahren und  
verdecken die Sicht des  
Mannes mit dem  
Pullover.



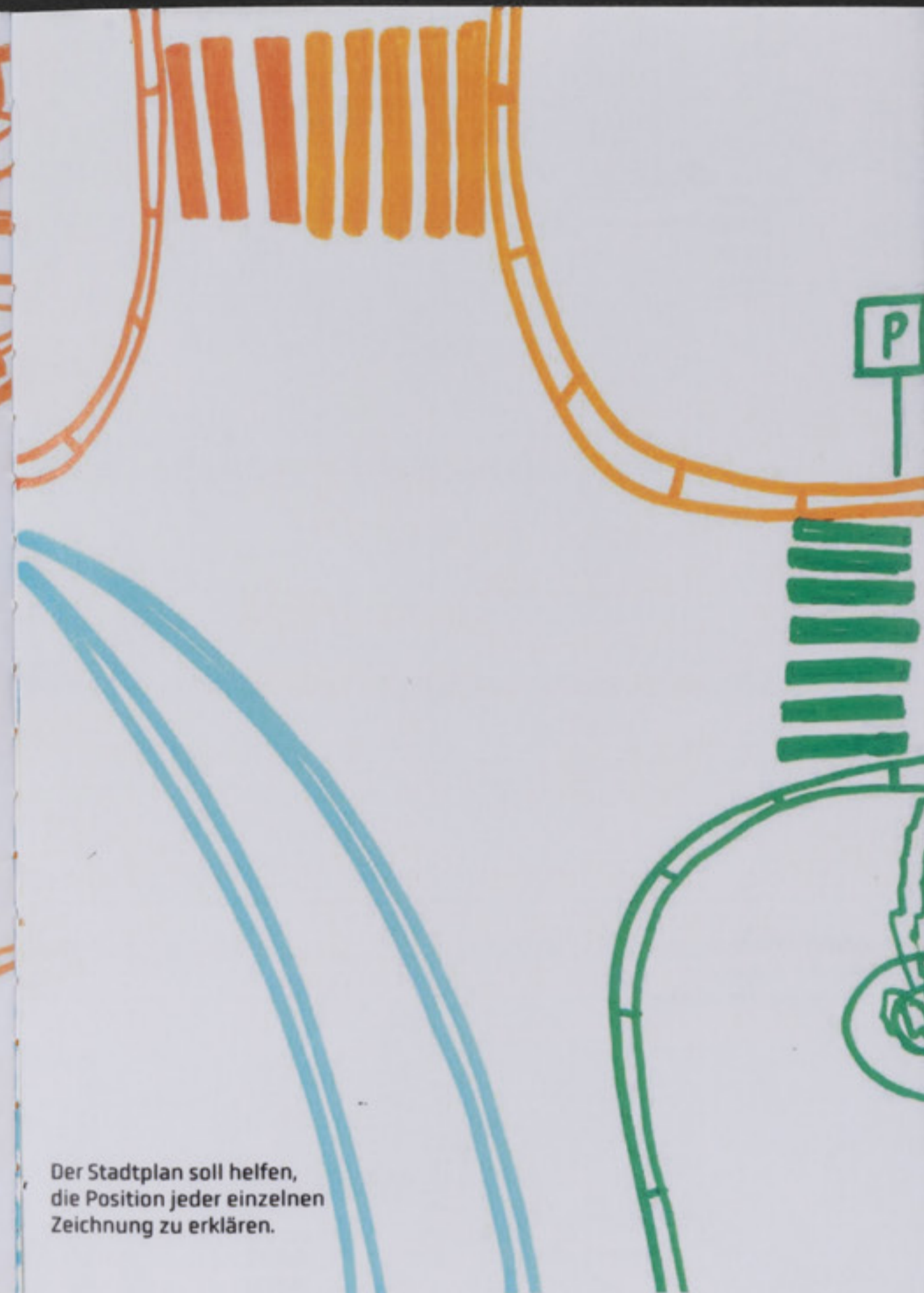
Das letzte Auto ist vorbeigefahren, und der Mann sieht auf die andere Seite. Dort wartet eine andere Person mit einem Regenschirm, da es angefangen hat zu regnen.



Jetzt wechselt die Perspektive zur Person mit dem Regenschirm, und sie sieht den Mann auf der anderen Seite.



Die beiden stehen schon eine Weile dort und warten darauf, dass die Ampel wechselt. Aus der linken Seite kommt ein altmodisches Auto gefahren und lenkt die Person mit dem Regenschirm ab.



Der Stadtplan soll helfen, die Position jeder einzelnen Zeichnung zu erklären.

## Sichten

Each person views the world through their own lens, perceiving the world of others from their unique perspective. My publication showcases the viewpoints of different people, illustrating how each person sees others and thereby shifts their own perspective. The drawings are simple yet capture all essential elements. The intentional color choices highlight the various perspectives, making the dialogue between the depicted individuals clearer and easier to understand. In this publication, the drawings take center stage and convey the core message.

Year 2023

Editorial/ Pre-project

Lecturers:

Ph. Desarzens

Ch. Fischer

M. Halter

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VT-C-Hanwell-HelenaMüller.jpg



VT-D-Hanwell-HelenaMüller.jpg

What do you see?  
by Lilly Bernhard

### Behinde the doors

Hanwell, a neighbourhood in west London, is a place that is often simply overlooked. When you step out of Hanwell underground station, you are greeted by a strange silence. The small, covered station may seem a little lost, but it is still well maintained. The sounds of the city seem to have disappeared into the distance. You suddenly find yourself in a world characterised by terraced houses and small gardens. No more skyscrapers or large shopping centres. These simple, often

identical buildings stretch endlessly along the deserted streets.

The first steps on the pavement are accompanied by a soft echo, the sound of my footsteps in the air and the gentle rustling of leaves that heralds autumn. There are no crowds of people bustling around here; instead, you only see a few people who seem to be deep in thought.

Each of these houses harbours a kind of story for me. Behind the doors live people with their own dreams and experiences. Perhaps an elderly lady is sitting at the window looking out onto the street while reminiscing about times gone by. A young woman might have just moved into her first flat with her best friend. And yet they all have one thing in common, I can neither hear nor see them. I can only surmise what is going on in the lonely streets of Hanwell.

Hanwell has its very own charm that draws me in more and more. The quiet streets make me feel a little lonely, but never in an unpleasant way. It's more like they make me think and enjoy the silence.

But the most intriguing question for me remains: what happens here on the quiet streets of Hanwell?

What should I see?  
by Sophie Nova

### Comfort and Boredom

Comfort: I like it here. There is almost nothing, and the terraced houses remind me of home.

Boredom: There's nothing happening here. No people on the street.

Comfort: That's exactly what's great. You can find peace in a foreign place that feels like home, far away from home.

Boredom: But that's boring, I want to see people, cars passing by. But what's the point if you don't experience anything? Why travel at all then?

Comfort: You travel to escape. Not every trip has to be full of adventures. Sometimes it's about escaping the noise and just being.

Boredom: But without experiences, you have no memories. I want to gather new impressions, feel the energy of a city, meet new people.

Comfort: New impressions can be more subtle. The sound of the wind, the play of shadows as the sun sets, or the taste of simple bread in a small bakery. These small moments bring peace.

Boredom: Yeah, that might be calming, but at some point, you also want to feel alive. The hustle, the chaos — that gives me energy!

Comfort: And that's exactly what tires me. I like to organise my thoughts in silence without constantly being distracted. Sometimes it's the pause that teaches us the most.

Boredom: Pausing is good but standing still for too long feels like you're missing out on life. There's so

time I started enjoying the unexpectedness and diversity.”

“So, is it mostly just shops?”

“Not at all. As I was getting familiar with the surroundings, I visited the library, the graveyard and even the Gurdwara. Its golden domes were shining in the sunlight and a group of people in festive clothing caught my attention as I walked through the abandoned graveyard on the opposite side.”

“What is a Gurdwara?”

“It’s a church of the Sikh religion. Sikhism, like Hinduism, is a religion that is popular in India.”

“Wow! I have never heard of this religion. What was everyone wearing?”

“The people were all dressed in the same shades of pink with beautiful, embellished jewelry. The men had a turban on their head and the women a scarf around their hair. As I overlooked the crowd, I spotted a beautiful woman in a white wedding sari that was bigger, brighter, and even bolder than the other ones. She was a real focal point.”

“Did you go in?”

“Yesss! We asked an elderly couple if we were allowed to go in. They said we just needed to cover our heads with a scarf and take our shoes off and then we could go in. That’s exactly what we did. In the main hall on the ground floor, I felt a moment of peace while hearing the Giani, who is like a priest, talk in a language I didn’t understand.”

“Sounds like sensory overload.”

“Yes, but in the best way possible. Southall is like a watercolor palette.”

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FA-Southall-AnnaBirrer.jpg

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FA-Southall-InesAmaralAlmeida.jpg



FA-Southall-LielleKulmer.jpg



FA-Southall-LinNiederhauser.jpg



VT-I-Paddington-AnnaBirrerr.jpg

What do you see?  
by Sophie Herger

## Individuals

S: I walk out of the train station and see some high buildings, but one that really catches my eye is the Capital Group building.

B: Well, yes, I am quite tall, so it makes sense that I captured your attention.

S: Since you're so tall, I have a question for you. What do you see from up there? Clouds and sky?

B: Ah, I see quite a lot. I have eagle eyes. My view stretches far and wide. But what I find most intriguing are the small people moving around the train station. Each one seems to have their own story, their own purpose. I see waves and waves of new people every day. Some I see every day and some only once.

S: That's fascinating! What else do you notice about them?

B: I notice their rhythms — the way they hurry or pause, the patterns in their movement. Sometimes, I catch glimpses of their interactions, the small gestures that might seem insignificant but mean a lot. Even small moments seem important from up here.

S: Do you ever wish you could join them or see things from their perspective?

B: Sometimes I wonder what it's like to be among them, but I enjoy my view. Seeing the city from above gives me a different perspective. I get to watch the big picture and the small details.

S: It's cool that there's always more to see if we look from a different angle. Sometimes I wish that I could see from your perspective.

B: Remember we all have different perspectives, that is what makes every individual unique.

What should I buy?  
by Anna Birrer

## The Banana Pieces

Looking for an inexpensive lunch, I made my way to the train station. I looked around a bit and I came to the conclusion that it has a pretty good selection. Sushi, burritos, pies, sandwiches and a convenience store. I was hungry so I decided to buy eight pieces of cucumber sushi and vegetable gyoza. I looked around on the street. My first impression: quite an average and normal place with a few restaurants, cafes and a few souvenir shops for the tourists. But none of this interested me. So, I decided to go to Paddington Basin. According to the pictures on Google, it looked very cozy there.

I sat on a bench and unpacked my sushi. Google was right. It's very beautiful here. I heard rustling in the bushes next to me. Once. Twice. Again. Probably a bird, I thought. Suddenly I spotted an animal, but it wasn't a bird. It was a brown rat. It looked at me and I looked at her. Then she disappeared back into the bushes. During my lunch I kept seeing rats. They looked very neat and incredibly cute. I started thinking about what a rat would buy here. Cheese or a snow globe from the tourist shop? What would make rats happy? I informed myself on what rats like to eat.

The next time I was in Paddington I went to the supermarket and bought a banana for them. From my research, I knew that they were supposed to love bananas. I sat down again on a bench next to a bush, peeled the banana, cut it into small pieces and placed it next to a tuft of grass. I observed the banana pieces in high anticipation. Sure enough, after a few minutes a rat appeared and grabbed a piece of banana and quickly disappeared back into the grass. I smiled to myself. I think my purchase was worth it, for both of us.

What do I not see?  
by Fabienne Murpf

## Above Yourself

People are here, but I think humanity is missing. Nobody's laughing out loud and all you get to hear are a few quiet and suppressed giggles. Not a single person is dancing to the music they're listening to on their headphones, even though their favourite song might be playing. They're walking around in perfectly tailored suits and skirts, while their desired choice of clothing is nowhere to be found. There's a uniformity in the air, a quiet expectation that everyone follows the unspoken rules.



VT-A-Woolwich-JaelKlaus.jpg



VT-C-Woolwich-SuamiRizzo.jpg

What do you see?  
by Jael Klaus

### The Park is Dangerous

When I arrive at Woolwich station, the first thing I notice is the striking orange-red brick walls surrounding the place. The station itself has a solid, old-fashioned look, making me feel like I've stepped into a place rich in history. As I explore, I come across a small, quiet park with a few people taking a break from the city's hustle. Nearby, old pirate cannons sit casually with people resting on them, adding a unique touch to the area.

The mix of old and new in Woolwich is fascinating, with modern coffee shops like Starbucks blending into the historic surroundings. However, the presence of an ambulance near the station, surrounded by police, with the medics looking

after a distressed woman, is unsettling and reminds me of the unpredictability of city life.

As I continue walking, the atmosphere shifts. The familiar sounds of English give way to a mix of languages like Turkish and Italian, which I feel is reflecting the area's cultural diversity. Despite its rich history, this part of Woolwich feels run down and less vibrant than other parts of London. The small parks and fascinating old buildings, for instance a church, turned into a mosque and ammunition factories turned into luxury flats. Architectural changes like that offer moments of reflection.

What do I not see?  
by Jewel Ulrich

### On People's Minds

The first thing I see when leaving the Tube station in Woolwich is a nice park, tall buildings, and a real sense of calm. The area is clean and well-organized, with neat paths and tidy lawns. Young people in their twenties, all dressed in suits, hurry to work, eager to keep up their fancy lifestyles. They move with purpose, their shoes tapping on the pavement, their faces set with determination. But what I don't see is how stressed their lives must be.

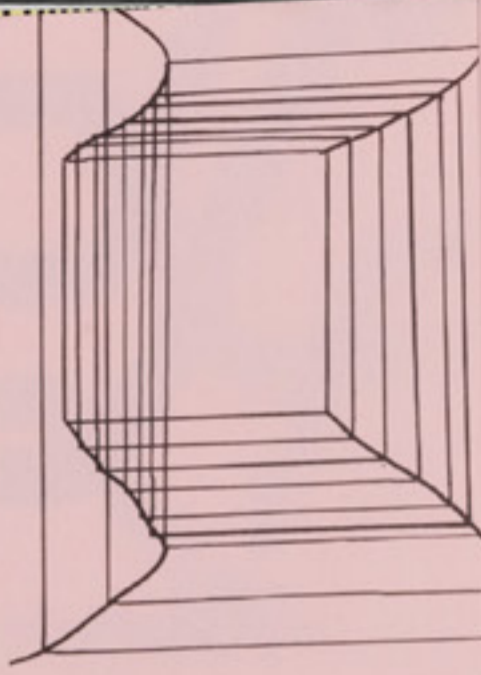
As I walk by, I overhear a conversation between three young men talking about their daily routines. They're dressed sharply — suits, ties, and polished shoes — looking like they have it all. But there's something in their voices that doesn't match their confident appearance. One of them says he struggles to stay consistent with his gym routine. His friends agree, sharing their own difficulties. They talk about the pressure to do well at work, eat healthy, and avoid smoking or drinking.

"That would be the perfect lifestyle," one of them says, but it's clear that it's not easy to achieve. They admit to each other it's hard to keep up with these habits, and that trying to do everything right causes a lot of stress and frustration. Their voices drop as they talk about how tiring it is to always strive for perfection and how they often doubt themselves.

As I watch them walk away, their conversation stays with me. On the surface, they seem successful and confident, but underneath, they're struggling with the pressure to be perfect. In Woolwich, where everything looks so calm and orderly, these young professionals carry hidden burdens. It's a reminder that what we see on the outside is often only part of the story.

What should I see?  
by Nurel Özdemir

### Artillery Rather Than Unity



VT-B-Stratford-JanaKayser.jpg

What should I see?  
by Jeanne La Belle

### Preferably My Fantasy

Instead of tall buildings and cranes  
People, shopping centers and trains  
I'd prefer little brick houses, plants and trees  
Music, birds and the rustling of leaves

I would walk along the river and past the pond,  
Sit on a bench and watch the swans  
I would look up and see the sky  
Not the tip of a skyscraper piercing my eye

Miles and miles of grass green or brown  
Even clouds wouldn't make me frown  
It doesn't have to be overromanticized  
Just more natural and not xxl sized

The tips of tall buildings I see from anywhere  
Cranes growing like trees everywhere  
But what if it would be what I wanted to see  
Would it only be appealing to me?  
Is it what I actually should see or just a fantasized reality.

What do I not see?  
by Lili Beck

### In A Place with Many but Still Alone?

A place.  
A place with a lot to see.  
A place with a lot of memories.  
A place with a lot of people.  
People in this place.  
with different stories.  
with interesting thoughts.  
with problems.  
Problems that won't get solved.  
Problems that others will share.

But these two people won't meet in this place.  
The place may not be here for that.  
But could be used for that.

Humans often have more in common than they think.  
Many share a similar feeling, even villains.  
Honestly, no one's really special.  
Every time someone opens up about something, someone  
else can relate.

They always come to the conclusion: you're not alone.

But then why does it feel that way?  
Even in a place filled with people,  
filled with experience,  
filled with thoughts  
and with problems.

You don't see the stories they don't tell.  
You don't see the thoughts they don't say.  
You don't see the problems they deal with.  
You don't see the experience they don't share.  
You don't see the memories they don't explain.



VT-C-Stratford-NoraZinsli.jpg

## R2GBO-Colour Contrast

If you look out of the window of an Elizabeth Line train, you can see how different each station is. The contrast between landscapes, architecture and culture creates a different atmosphere at each station. I wanted to show this contrast and tell about it in my publication. The layout, which extends over a continuous text area, emulates the continuous movement of a train and gives the design a common thread. The use of different colors makes it clear when you have arrived at a different station.

Year 2024

Editorial/ Author's Work

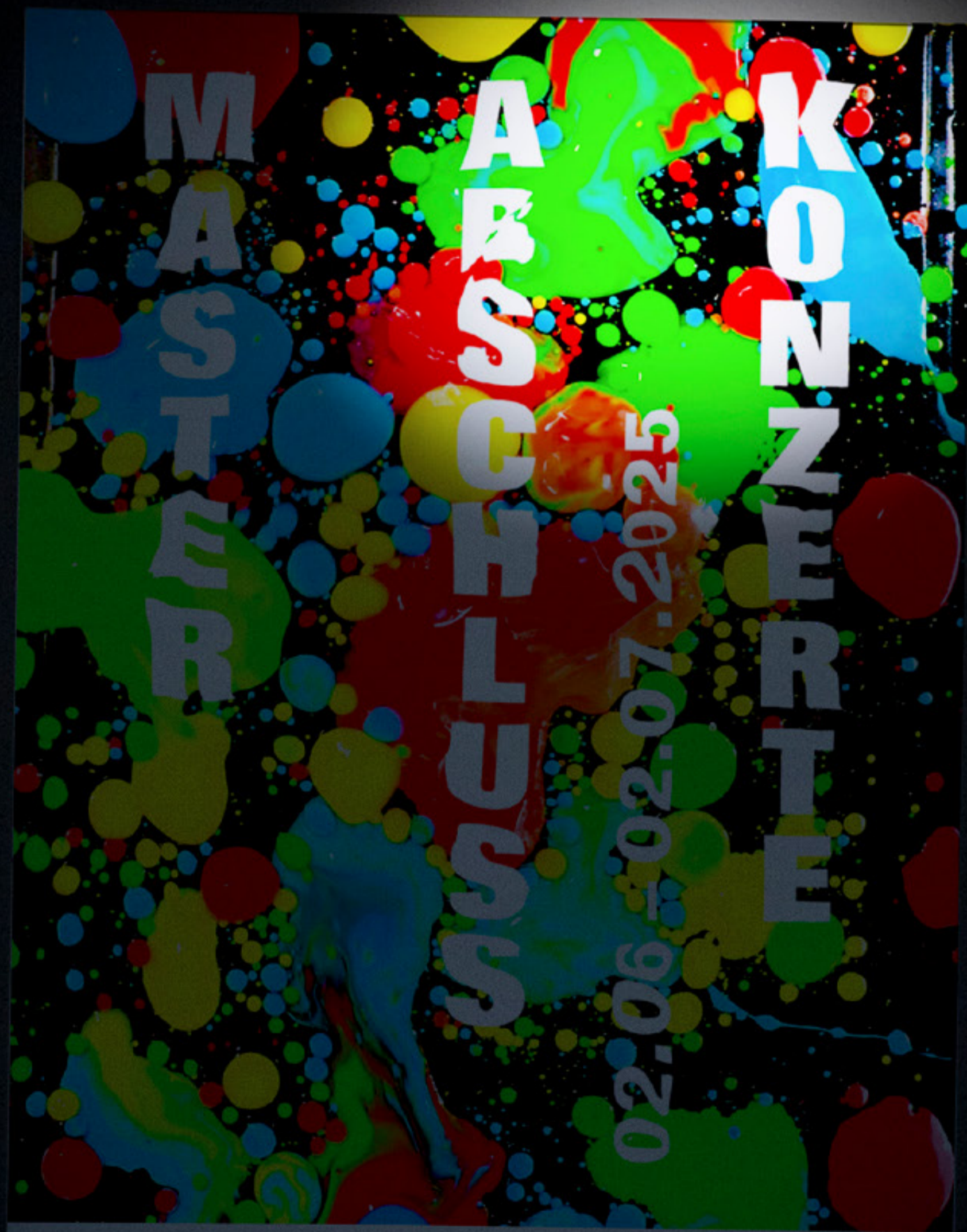
Lecturers:

M. Wicki

V. Bonin

P. Strähl

H. Küenzler



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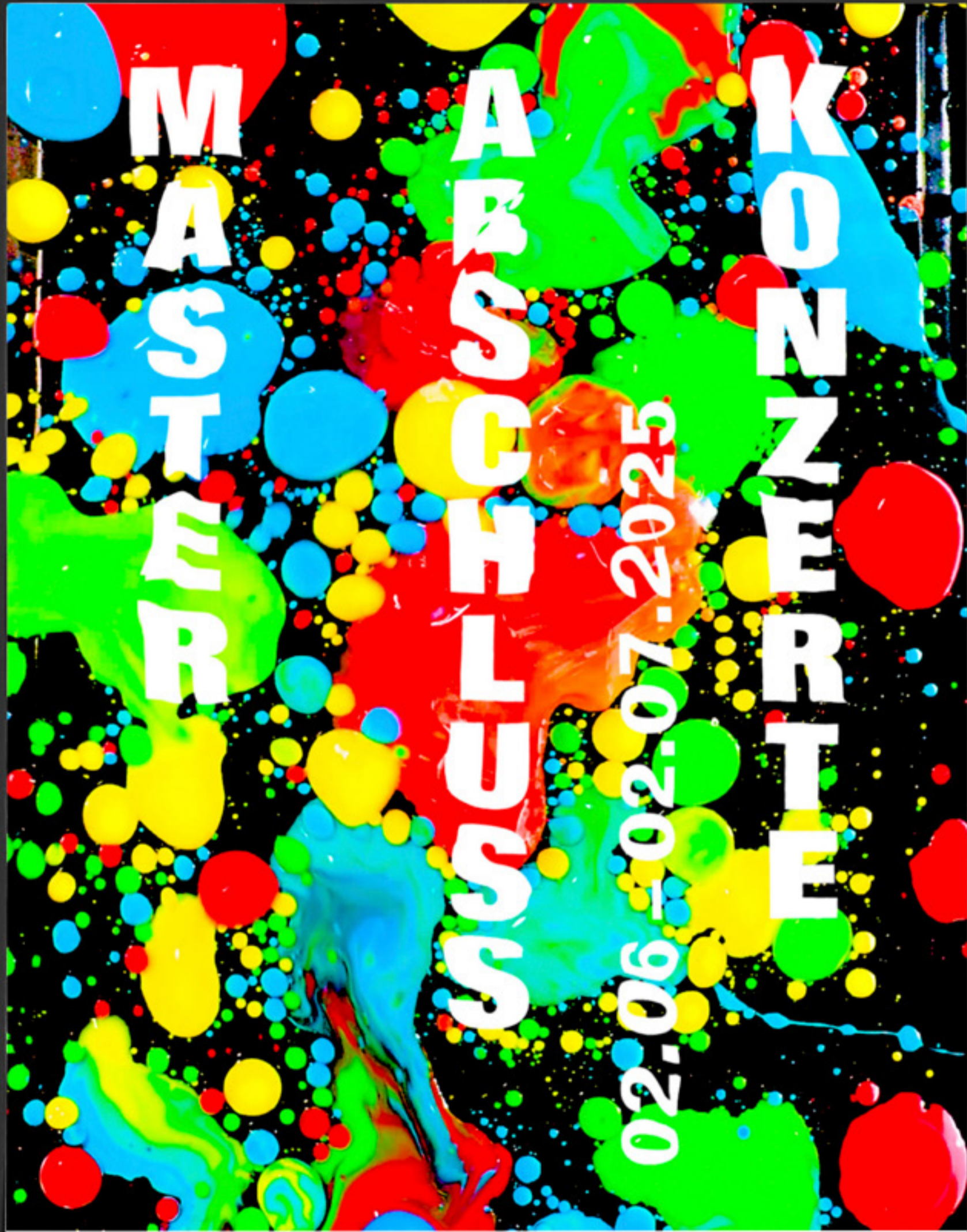
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02.06 - 02.07.2025

**HSLU** Hochschule  
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**02.06 - 02.07.2025**

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## Farbrausch

Inspired by the fact that every music genre shares certain similarities and yet remains individual, I developed this concept based on this inspiration. The slow blending of colors with baby oil symbolizes the different music Master's degrees in music. Each degree is unique, but together they form a harmonious musical entity. The poster combines different styles of music as well as hand-crafted and digital techniques. The movement of the colors and typography was first recorded in non-digital form and then merged digitally, with the typography being added digitally afterwards. This fusion of tradition and modernity reflects the versatility and creativity of music.

Year 2024  
Poster

Lecturers:  
F. Mosele  
P. Portmann

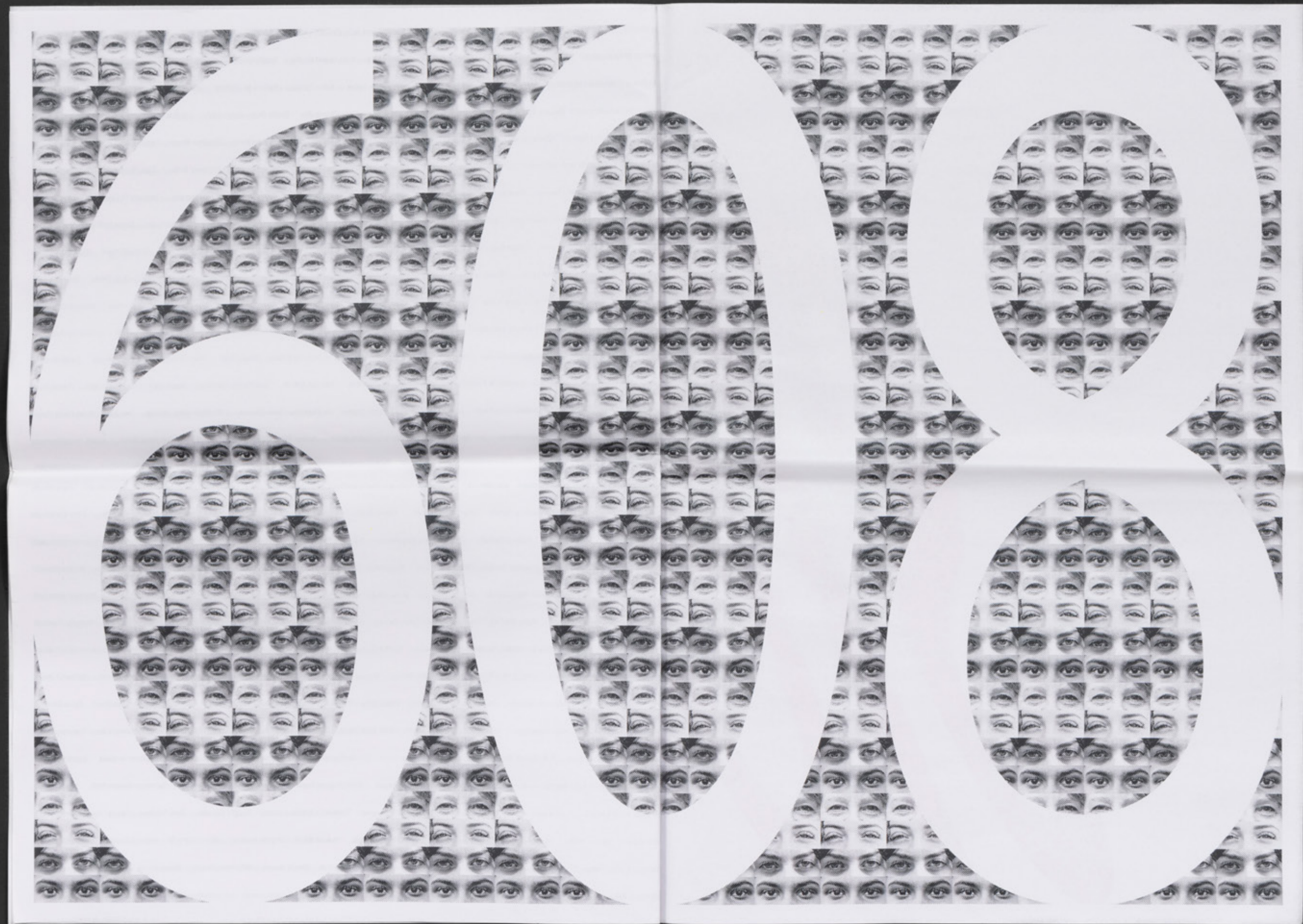
HERP



USF

FRAR

Ada Lovelace. Amalie Emmy Noether. Annie Easley. Ann Tsukamoto. Annie Jump Cannon. Alice Ball. Arete von Kyrene. Aspasia. Arria. Asklepigenia. Aidesia. Anne conway. Anna Tumarkin. Aspasia Zerva. Aglaonike. Adelaide Ames. Agnes Mary Clerke. Alice Grace Cook. Aliz Derekas. Anna Frebel. Andrea Ghez. Amina Helmi.  
Anne-Marie Lagrange. Anny Chantal Levasseur-Regourd. Amy Mainzer. Alla Genrichowna Massewitsch. Annie Maunder. Antonia Maury. Anneliese Schnell. Alenoush Terian. Antoniette de Vaucouleurs. Alice Savoie. Aniko Veres. Alice Savoie. Angie Turner King. Alma Levant Hayden. Aprille Ericsson-Jackson. Alexa Canady. Annie Alexander. Amy Scharf.  
Agnodice. Anna Filosofova. Alva Myrdal. Aung San Suu Kyi. Alice Munro. Andrea Ghez. Annie Ernaux. Anne LHullier. Annemarie Pieper. Adriana Cavarero. Angelika Krebs. Ariadne von Schirach. Ayn Rand. Anna-Teresa Tymieniecka. Ágnes Heller. Asklepigenia. Barbara McClintock. Ban Zhao. Bertha von Suttner. Bette Graham.  
Beulah Louise Henry. Bessie Coleman. Beatrix Potter. Benedetta Ciardi. Bärbel Koribalski. Brigitta Sipócz. Beatrice Tinsley. Betty Williams. Birgit Recki. Barbara Zehnpfennig. Barbara Neymeyr. Barbara Schmitz. Barbara Bleisch. Brigitte Weisshaupt. Chien-Shiung Wu. Cecilia Payne-Gaposchkin. Caroline Lucretia Herschel. Christine de Pizan.  
Christiane Nüsslein-Volhard. Caroline Herschel. Conny Aerts. Catherine Jeanne Césarsky. Charlotte von Sachsen-Meiningen. Caroline Ellen Furness. Charlene Heisler. Caroline Herschel. Christine Jones Forman. Carole Jordan. Christine Kirch. Chryssa Kouveliotou. Charlotte Moore Sitterly. Carolyn Porco. Claudine Rinner. Caterina Scarpellini. Cornelia Schultz.  
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Dorothy Crowfoot Hodgkin. Dorothy Lavinia Brown. Diotima. Dame Jane Goodall. Dian Fossey. Debra Elmegeen. Dilhan Eryurt. Debra Fischer. Daria Guidetti. Dorrit Hoffleit. Dorothea Klumpke. Daria Petrova. Dorothy Andersen. Doria Shafik. Doris Lessing. Donna Strickland. Dorothea Frede. Donna Haraway. Donatella Di Cesare. Dorothy Emmet.  
Émilie du Châtelet. Emmy Noether. Elizabeth Blackwell. Elsie MacGill. Esther Lederberg. Elizabeth Magie Phillips. Elisabeth von der Pfalz. Elena Lucrezia Cornaro Piscopia. Emilia Nobile. Edith Stein. Edith Clark. Esther Sana Takeuchi. Emily Warren Roebbling. Evelyn Boyd Granville. Elsa Gidlow. Edith Flangien. Elaine Heffner. Ellen Ochoa.  
Elizabeth Blackburn. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson. Eva Ahnert-Rohlf. Erika Böhm-Vitense. Eva Cassirer. Edmée Chandon. Ewine van Dishoeck. Eva Grebel. Eleanor Hein. Elisabeth Hevelius. Emily Lakdawalla. Elisabeth von Matt. Edith Alice Müller. Elisabetta Pierazzo. Elzbieta Oginska-Puzynina. Elizabeth Roemer. Elizabeth Scott. Elisabeth Vreede.  
Emma Vyssotsky. Elizabeth Langdon Williams. Ellen Gould Zweibel. Emanuela Conidi. Erica Carras. Elizabeth Bates. Euphemia Haynes. Eunice Newton Foote. Elizabeth Smith Friedman. Emily Greene Balch. Elfriede Jelinek. Elinor Ostrom. Eilen Johnson Sirleaf. Esther Duflo. Emmanuelle Charpentier. Élisabeth Badinter. Elisabeth List.  
Elisabeth von Samsonow. Elizabeth Anderson. Eva von Redecker. Edith Stein. Elfriede Walesca Tiefsch. Elizabeth Ancombe. Elisabeth Ströker. Frances Giessner Lee. Fanny Mendelssohn. Flossie Wong-Staal. Fanny Hesse. Florence Parpart. Frances Arnold. Fanny Bullock Workman. Florence Nightingale. Françoise Combes. Florence Cushman.  
Fiona Harrison. Feryal Ozel. Françoise Praderie. Fiorella Terenzi. Fiammetta Wilson. Floy Agnes Lee. Frances Dunne. Flemma Kittrell. Flora Patterson. Françoise Barré-Sinoussi. Frances Hamilton Arnold. Gertrude Belle Elion. Grace Hopper. Gladys West. Gerty Cori. Guinevere Kauffmann. Giovanna Tinetti. Gisela Weiss. Gudrun Wolfschmidt.  
Grazia Deledda. Gabriela Mistral. Gisela Striker. Geneviève Fraisse. Hedy Lamarr. Hypatia von Alexandria. Henrietta Leavitt. Helen Rodriguez Trias. Hipparchia. Heloisa. Hildegard von Bingen. Helene von Druskowitz. Helene Stöcker. Helen Greiner. Hannah Wilkinson Slater. Hayat Sindi. Hilde Mangold. Heather Couper. Heidi Hammel.  
Hanna von Hoerner. Helen Battles Sawyer Hogg. Henrietta Leavitt. Hiranya Peiris. Henrietta Hill Swope. Herta Müller. Helga Kuhse. Helen Longino. Herta Nagl-Docekal. Hanna-Barbara Gerl-Falkovitz. Herlinda Pauer-Studer. Hedwig Conrad-Martius. Hannah Arendt. Isabelle de Charrière. Irene Greif. Inge Lehmann. Irmela Bues.  
Ingrid van Houten-Groeneveld. Inga Plönnings. Inez Beverly Prosser. Irène Joliot-Curie. Izydora Dąmbska. Iris Murdoch. Jocelyn Bell Burnell. MaAddams. Josephine Cochran. Joy Mangano. Jane Wright. Jane Goodall. Jun Chen. Julianne Dalcanton. Jeanne Dumée. Jo Dunkley. Jane Greaves. Julie Marie Vinter Hansen. Jane Luu. Janet Akyüz Mattel.  
Jean Mueller. Jewgenija Leonidowna Ruskol. Jean Swank. Jana Tichá. Jung-Lee. Jessy Randall. Jewel Plummer Cobb. Jessie Isabelle Price. Joan Murrell Owens. Juana Ines de la Cruz. Jane Addams. Jody Williams. Jennifer Doudna. Julia Kristeva. Judith Butler. Juliane Rebentisch. Jeanne Hersch. Judith Nisse Shklar. Judith Jarvis Thomson.  
Katherine Johnson. Katharine Burr Blodgett. Katharine McCormick. Katie Hafner. Kathleen Lonsdale. Kyongae Chang. Katherine Freese. Katie Mack. Kathleen Ollerenshaw. Katharine Way. Kseniya Samarskaya. Klára Dán von Neumann. Katie Hafner. Kate Sheppard. Katalin Karikó. Karen Gloy. Kate Hamburger. Katharina Kanthack. Lucy Cartwright.  
Lise Meitner. Lillian Glibreth. Leontion. Lucretia Marinella. Laura Bassi. Lou Andreas-Salomé. Leticia Geer. Lilian Bland. Lynn Margulis. Lisa Barsotti. Lisa Kaltenegger. Ljudmila Georgijewna Karatschkina. Lenka Kotková. Lisi Oterma. Ludmila Pajdušáková. Louise du Pierry. Ljudmyła Schurawlowa. Ljudmila Iwanowna Tschernych. Licia Verde. Leona Woods.  
Lilli Hornig. Leona Zacharias. Loveness Mudzuru. Linda Diane Brown Buck. Leymah Gbowee. Louise Glück. Luisa Muraro. Linda Martin Alcoff. Mary Anning. Marie-Sophie Germain. Maria Gaetana Agnesi. Margret Hamilton. Mileva Marić. Mary Jackson. Marie Curie. Mary Somerville. Maria Mitchell. Mary Cartwright.  
Maria Goeppert Mayer. Marie Tharp. Mildred Dresselhaus. Mary Whiton Calkins. May-Britt Moser. Matilda Joslyn Gage. Margaret Rossiter. Maria Reiche. Maryam Mirzakhani. Mária Telkes. Maria Beasley. Mary Anderson. Mechthild von Magdeburg. Moderata Fonte. Marie de Gournay. Mary Astell. Mardaret Cavendish. Mary Wollstonecraft.  
Marianna Bacinetti Florenzi Waddington. Maria Montessori. Margarete Adam. Maria Ossowska. Marga Faulstich. Marion Donovan. Margaret Knight. Margaret Wilcox. Marie Van Brittan Brown. Mary Beatrice Davidson Kenner. Mary Dixon Kies. Mary Bellis. Mary Phelps Jacob. Martha Coston. Mary Sherman Morgan. Mae Jemison. Martha Costello.  
Mary Eliza Mahoney. Margaret Mead. Mary Leakey. Mary Edwards Walker. Maria Montessori. Maria Antonietta Barucci. Mary Adela Blagg. Margaret Bryan. Margaret Burbidge. Marcella Carollo. Merieme Chadid. Maria Cunitz. Megan Donahue. Maria Clara Eimmart. Maria Firmeis. Margaret Geller. Monica Grady. Margherita Hack. Margaret Harwood.  
Martha Haynes. Mary Lea Heger. Margaret Lindsay Huggins. Margaretha Kirch. Maria Margaretha Kirch. Margaret Kivelson. Marie-Jeanne de Lalande. Marguerite Laugier. Marie Mahrová. Maddalena Manfredi. Maria Mitchell. Mazlan Othman. Mary Proctor. Maria Teresa Ruiz. Martha Betz Shapley. Michelle Thaler. Maura Tombelli. Margaret Turnbull.  
Maria Wähnl. Mary Watson Whitney. Magdalena Zeger. Melba Phillips. Maria Doreuli. Maria Smilios. Marie Maynard Daly. Mary Elliott Hill. Margaret Collins. Marie Nyswander. Mairead Corrigan. Mutter Teresa. Malala Yousafzai. Maria Ressa. Martha Nussbaum. Maria Nühlen. Martine Nida-Rümelin. Mari Mikkola. Maria Antonia González Valerio.  
Marija Selak Raspudić. Maria Ossowska. Maria Kokoszyńska-Lutmanowa. Maria Schätzle. Mary Hesse. Mariateresa Fumagalli Beonio Brocchieri. Nettie Stevens. Nicole-Reine Lepaute. Nancy Johnson. Nicole Cliquot. Nina Tandon. Nancy Grace Roman. Natalie Batalha. Nicole Bel. Nergis Mavalvala. Nancy Roman. Naomi Livesay. Nadine Chahine.  
Nina Stössinger. Nelly Sachs. Nadine Gordimer. Narges Mohammadi. Nancy Cartwright. Nancy Fraser. Olga Ladyzhenskaya. Olympe de Gouges. Odette Bancilhon. Olga Tokarczuk. Patricia Bath. Patsy O'Connell Sherman. Pamela Margaret Kilmartin. Paris Pijmiş. Pelageja Fjodorowna Schain. Paula Szkody. Pearl Buck. Patricia Churchland. Petra Gehring.  
Philippa Foot. Radia Perlman. Rosalind Picard. Rosalind Franklin. Rachel Carson. Rosalyn Yalow. Rózsa Péter. Rachel Zimmerman. Ruth Handler. Ruth Wakefield. Rosie Revere. Rita Levi-Montalcini. Renée Canavaglia. Robin Canup. Rita Gautschy. Ruth Grützbauch. Renée Herman. RubyPayne-Scott. Rita Schulz. Rachel Somerville. Rosemary Wyse.  
Ruth Ella Moore. Rebecca Crumpler. Raichō Hiratsuka. Rigoberta Menchú. Ruvimbo Tsopodzi. Rosi Braidotti. Renate Breuninger. Ruth Hagengruber. Rahel Jaeggi. Rebekka Reinhard. Rosa Luxemburg. Ruth Barcan Marcus. Ruth Millikan. Stephanie Kwolek. Shirley Ann Jackson. Shirin Ebadi. Shafi Goldwasser. Sofia Kowalewskaja. Susan Stebbing.  
Sarah Goode. Sarah Breedlove. Sally Fox. Sylvia Earle. Sophie Brahe. Sandra Moore Faber. Svetlana Gerassimenko. Sara Seager. Silvia Torres-Peimbert. Sachiko Tsuruta. Sonja Vriemann. Sofja Wassiljewna Woroschilowa-Romanskaja. Sandrine Nogue. Sarah Loguen Fraser. Selma Lagerlöf. Sigrid Undset. Svetlana Alexijewitsch. Susan Haack.  
Susan Moller Okin. Seyla Benhabib. Sally Haslanger. Sadie Plant. Svenja Flaßpöhler. Simone Rosa Miller. Susan Stebbing. Susanne Katherina Langer. Simone de Beauvoir. Sofia Vanni Rovighi. Simone Weil. Sarah Kofman. Sandra Harding. Tu Youyou. Theano. Tabitha Babbitt. Temple Grandin. Tiera Fletcher. Teresa Lago. Tracy Slatyer.  
Tamara Michailowna Smirnowa. Toni Morrison. Tawakkol Karman. Ulrika Bablaková. Uta Fritze von Alvensleben. Unity Dow. Ursula Wolf. Ulla Wessels. Ute Guzzoni. Vera Rubin. Victoria Welby. Valentina Tereshkova. Virginia Apgar. Vassiliki Kalogera. Victoria Kaspi. Virginia Trimble. Verena Gerlach. Victoria Rushton. Veronika Burian.  
Valerie Thomas. Vandana Shiva. Vanessa Albus. Valentina Vladimirovna Matviyenko. Wangari Maathai. Wang Zhenyi. Williamina Fleming. Wendy Freedman. Wioleta Iwanowa. Waltraut Seitter. Wang Zhenyi. Willie Hobbs Moore. Wislawa Szymborska. Wangari Muta Maathai. Wendy Brown. Wilhelmine Wright. Wanda Jones. Yvonne Brill. Yvonne Clark.  
Yiqin Wang. Yalow Rosalyn Sussman. Yingluck Shinawatra. Yvonne Maddox. Zsuzsanna Heiner. Zdeňka Vávrová. Zaha Hadid. Zelda Fitzgerald. Zainab Salbi. Zarina Bhimji. Zubaida Habib Rahimtoola. 608 Frauen 1 Gemeinschaft – Im Schatten



5% 8% 10% 10% 11,3% 12% 14% 17%  
 18% 20% 24% 27% 30%  
 18% 21% 24% 27%  
 22% 1/4 28%  
 37%  
 36%

140

70:100

5% der Nobelpreisträger. 8% der CEOs. 10% weniger zitiert. 10% der  
 Ingenieurabsolventen. 11,3% aller nationalen Parlamentarier im Jahr 1995.  
 12% der Preisträger. 14% weniger Lohn in STEM-Berufen. 17% in der Techno-  
 logiebranche. 18% der Bachelor-Absolventen in Informatik. 18% weniger Lohn  
 in der Schweiz. 20% der Landbesitzer. 21% der Führungspositionen in  
 STEM-Berufen. 22% aller nationalen Parlamentarier im Jahr 2015. 24% weniger  
 Lohn weltweit. 24% der Professuren. 1/4 Personen, über die man in den  
 Nachrichten hört oder liest. 27% der Autoren in Fachzeitschriften im Jahr 2002.  
 27% der Führungspositionen in Medienunternehmen. 28% der Forscher Welt-  
 weit. 30% der Forscher in STEM. 36% der Autoren in Fachzeitschriften im Jahr  
 2017. 37% weiblichen Antragstellern. 140 Länder gewährleisteten Geschlech-  
 tergleichstellung in ihren Verfassungen. In Subsahara-Afrika absolvieren 70  
 Mädchen von 100 Jungen eine tertiäre Ausbildung.

## Matilda-Effekt im Rampenlicht

This newspaper sheds light on the “Matilda effect”, which focuses on the invisible work of women in science and research. I have documented over 600 female researchers, mathematicians, inventors and philosophers who have been or are affected by this. My aim is to make their names known so that their contributions receive the recognition they deserve. I have portrayed the 608 women in portraits to show how often their achievements have been overlooked, even though they have achieved great things in the background.

Year 2024

Newspaper

Lecturers:

M. Woodlli

F. Pfäffli

M. Infanger









ER Sie



## Matilda-Effekt

The combination of a feminist theme with a corny design makes the concept provocative. The more challenging the topic, the bolder the visual approach needs to be. When HE stands in the spotlight with equally bold lettering, while SHE appears in simple, sans-serif font and in pink as a shadow, such a poster sparks discussion. HE casts a shadow over the names of women who have made great contributions to science but remained unknown: the so-called Matilda Effect.

Year 2024  
Poster

Lecturers:  
M. Woodlli  
F. Pfäffli  
M. Infanger















Michael  
Smith  
1970-2023  
R.I.P.

Michael  
Smith  
1970-2023  
R.I.P.

Mary  
Smith  
1972-2023  
R.I.P.



- Familie ~~Smithers~~ Haus

- Mörder ist psychopath

- Erster Mord Vater Tot geschlagen 1970-2020

- 2. Erstochen Mutter 1972-2021

- 3. Mord Son/Tochter gehängt 2015-2023  
kann nicht drauf sein

- 30 cm x 30 cm

- Blutspuren im Grab

↳ Son von Mörder zerstückelt da auch blut

- ~~Stunde~~

- USA kleiner Haus weil Backyard

- Son wollte fliehen  
schaffte es aber nicht  
Mörder hängt ihn um das Blut zu entfernen  
dann zerstückelt ihn

↳ Blutpfütze mit Augen und Zähne

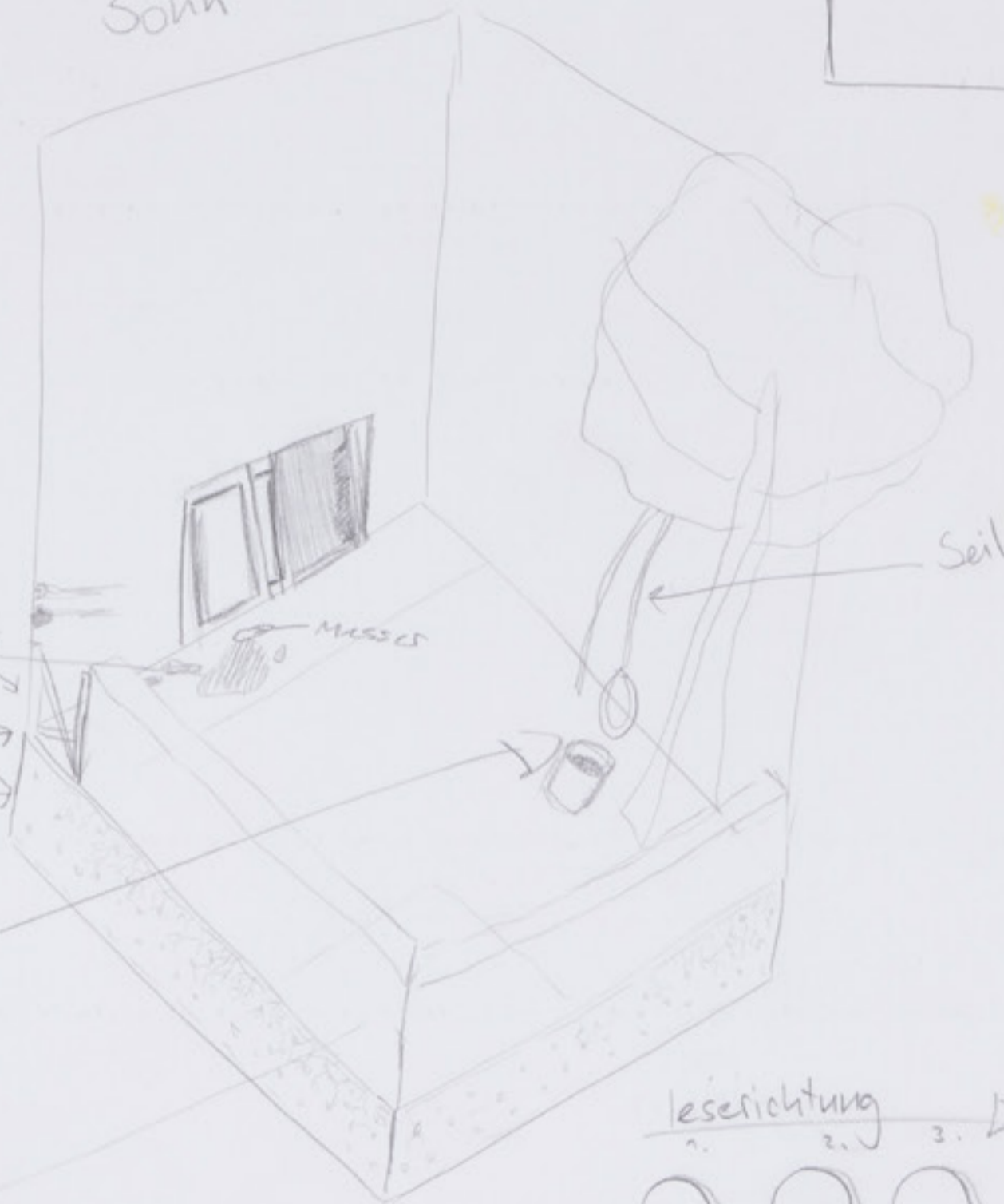
Mensch  
Fleisch  
nach roh/schwarz gebraten?



dort zerstückelt kleine Reste

Kaput

Erde



- Vergräbt Leichen mit Grabstein  
Vater : Michael Smith  
Mutter : Elias Smith  
Sohn : Mary Smith

Leserichtung 1. 2. 3.



Erde kann aufgeklappt werden

Messer geogen

Knochen mit noch anhängig Fleisch

## Hinter dem Backyard

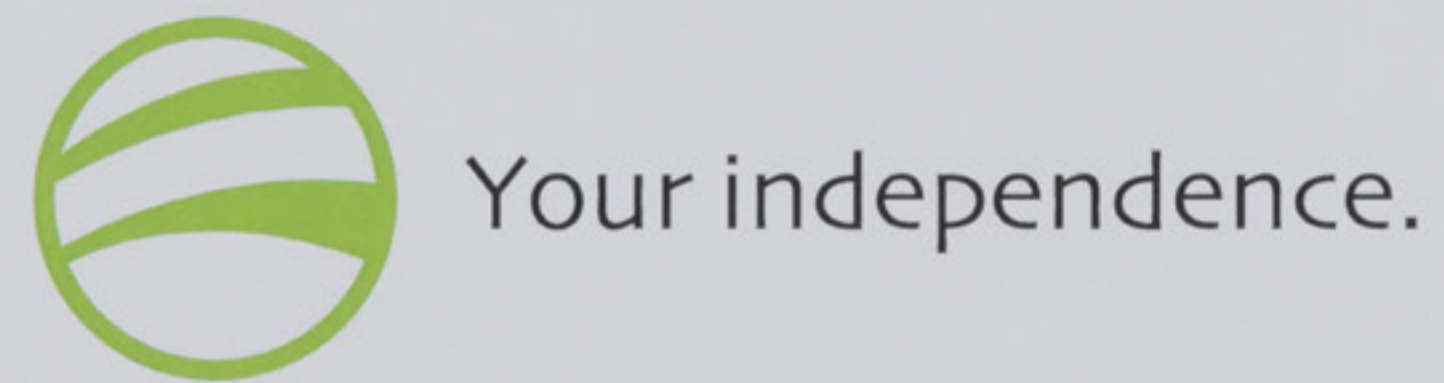
A “backyard” refers to a garden hidden behind a house, designed to ensure privacy. The term “backyard” is particularly relevant in the United States. After an extensive research phase, I came across American murder-mystery stories and wanted to incorporate this concept to explore the idea that you never truly know what happens behind the scenes. Using cardboard, polymer clay, and air-dry clay, I created a 3D model of a family house. A murder scene is visualized in a way that invites discovery and reflection, encouraging viewers to engage with the narrative themselves.

Year 2023  
3D-Model

Lecturers:  
L. Meier  
F. Bruno  
M. Halter



**CAILLA**  
Your independence.





Your independence.



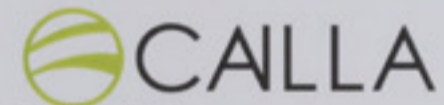
Your independence.



Your independence.



Your independence.



Your independence.



Your independence.



CALLA

Your independence.



Your independence.



CALLA

Your independence.



CALLA

Your independence.



CALLA

Your independence.

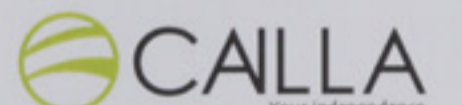


CALLA

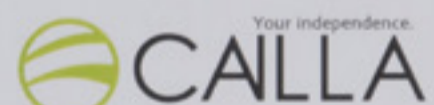
Your independence.



Your independence.



Your independence.



Your independence.



Your independence.



CAILLA

Your independence.



CAILLA

Your independence.



CAILLA

Your independence.



 CAILLA



CAILLA

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 Cailla



Cailla

Pantone 382 CMYK

Pantone 382 RGB





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Cailla



CAILLA



Caill



Coilla

Your independence.



Coilla

Your independence.

Bild

Schäler

Wortmarke

Cailla



CAILLA

Claim

Your independence.

---

Your independence.

## Cailla

Artificial intelligence is becoming increasingly important. As part of this project, I developed a complete corporate design with clear visual concepts, drawing from the idea pool of several graphic designers. For the app “Cailla”, which supports people worldwide in becoming more independent and offers social services, I chose green as the primary color. It not only symbolizes friendliness but also fresh ideas, trust, and sustainability. This color perfectly aligns with the mission of “Cailla”, to provide people with long-term social support and confidence.

Year 2022  
Corporate Design/  
Identity

Lecturers:  
M. Paolozzi  
L. Meier

# 24-Stunden

00:00 – 01:00

01:00 – 02:00

02:00 – 03:00

03:00 – 04:00

04:00 – 05:00

05:00 – 06:00

06:00 – 07:00

07:00 – 08:00

08:00 – 09:00

09:00 – 10:00

10:00 – 11:00

11:00 – 12:00

12:00 – 13:00

13:00 – 14:00

14:00 – 15:00

15:00 – 16:00

16:00 – 17:00

17:00 – 18:00

18:00 – 19:00

19:00 – 20:00

20:00 – 21:00

21:00 – 22:00

22:00 – 23:00

23:00 – 24:00



00:00 - 01:00  
01:00 - 02:00  
02:00 - 03:00  
03:00 - 04:00  
04:00 - 05:00  
05:00 - 06:00  
06:00 - 07:00  
07:00 - 08:00  
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18:00 - 19:00  
19:00 - 20:00  
20:00 - 21:00  
21:00 - 22:00  
22:00 - 23:00  
23:00 - 24:00

Obrigado. **Flavia Guilherme**  
Flavia lächelt. Als die Kellnerin zu einem anderen Tisch geht.

**Restaurant, Ecke des Restaurants – Innen/ 12:45**  
Flavia blickt den Teller an. Sie nimmt die Gabel in die Hand und genießt den Geschmack vom Essen in den Mund. Sie machte die Augen zu und geniesste den Geschmack. Die Atmosphäre wurde heller und die Menschen lauter. Dann hörte man Fado im Radio. Auch wenn der Musikstyl Fado vor allem über den Schmerz der Liebe, von Verrat, Eifersucht, Rache und Unglück handelt, sind alle Menschen am Lachen, am Reden und manche sogar am Tanzen. Es fühlt sich alles an wie zuhause, ihr zuhause.

A-12-01/ A woman walking down a street with a red umbrella



A-12-02/ A clock tower with a large clock on it's side



A-12-03/ A woman walking down a street holding a red umbrella



A-12-04/ A person walking down a street with a red umbrella



12:00 – 13:00

A-12-05/ A woman is looking inside a restaurant while smiling



## Drehbuch Szene 04:00 – 5:00 Uhr, Nadine Purtschert

### Fridas Zimmer, Bett – Innen / 04:00

Frida Gross (21) hat langes braunes Haar und trägt ein weisses, schlichtes Nachthemd. Frida befindet sich in einem unspektakulär eingerichteten Raum mit nur sehr wenigen Möbeln. Sie liegt angespannt und mit intensiver Atmung in ihrem Bett und versinkt gerade in ihren Träumen. Neben ihr steht auf dem Fensterrahmen ein Wecker, der auch im Spiegel erkennbar ist, er zeigt die Ziffern 4.05 an.

#### Fridas Traumstimme

*Raus, ich will raus, raus aus diesem dunklen Quadrat. Schwarz, es ist alles schwarz. Da vorne eine kleine Tür, winzig klein, unerreichbar.*

Frida steht abrupt auf. Sie bewegt sich in einem langsamen Tempo auf die Tür zu. Ihre Augen sind starr geöffnet und auf ihrem Weg stolpert sie über ein Buch.

#### Fridas Traumstimme

*Endlich bin ich bei der scheinbar unerreichbar kleinen Türe angekommen. Ich bin 20 Stunden durch die Dunkelheit gelaufen, um zu dieser Tür zu kommen, ich kann nicht mehr! Sie ist verriegelt, es ist eine Bunkertür. Doch ich habe Erfahrung, es ist nicht die erste verschlossene Türe, die ich aufbreche.*

### Vor der Schlafzimmertüre – Innen / 04:10

Frida befindet sich vor einer Tür. Die Tür ist mit dreissig Schlössern abgeschlossen und auch die Fenster sind mehrfach verriegelt. Frida schaut die Schlösser emotionslos an und beginnt eins nach dem anderen aufzubrechen. Dies tut sie mit einer Haarklammer. Die gekonnten Bewegungen erleichtern ihr diese Handlung. Frida hat 14 Minuten um 29 Schlösser zu knacken.

#### Fridas Traumstimme

*Fast geschafft nur noch ein Schloss. Diese Bunkertür ist kein Hindernis für mich. Was sich wohl hinter dieser Tür befindet?*

Frida greift mit ihrer linken Hand an den Türgriff und öffnet die Tür. Sie durchqueret die Wohnung und läuft durch das dunkle Treppenhaus nach draussen in den Garten.

#### Fridas Traumstimme

*Es ist so wunderschön hier, die Sonne scheint, die kräftig grüne Wiese mit den schönen Blumen und da vorne ein kleiner Teich. Ich kann sogar die goldglänzenden Fische darin sehen.*

04:00 – 05:00

### Garten – Aussen / 04:30

Frida bewegt sich barfuss durch die leicht feuchte Erde, zwischen Blumenbetten und Sträuchern direkt auf den grossen See hinter ihrem Haus zu.

#### Fridas Traumstimme

*Ich kann nicht widerstehen, ich muss in diesen wunderschönen Teich, er ist ja nur knietief.*

### Garten – Aussen / 04:45

Frida bewegt sich nun immer weiter auf den See zu. Je näher Frida kommt je grösser wird der See, es wirkt als sei der See ein riesiges schwarzes Loch. Sie ist nun nur noch einige Meter entfernt.

### See hinter Fridas Haus – draussen / 05:00

Frida ist eins, zwei, drei Schritte im Wasser bis schlussendlich schon fast der Kopf Unterwasser ist. In letzter Sekunde rettet sie ihre WG-Bewohnerin und führt sie zärtlich wieder zurück in ihr Zimmer. Einige Sekunden später erwacht Frida und merkt, dass sie es schon wieder getan hat.

#### Frida

*Morgen werde ich ein weiteres Schloss befestigen.*

A-04-01/ A woman laying in bed with her head on a pillow



*Flavia Guilherme*

*Obrigado.*

Flavia lächelt. Als die Kellnerin zu einem anderen Tisch geht.

**Restaurant, Ecke des Restaurants – Innen/ 12:45**

Flavia blickt den Teller an. Sie nimmt die Gabel in die Hand und nimmt etwas vom Essen in den Mund. Sie machte die Augen zu und geniesste den Geschmack. Die Atmosphäre wurde heller und die Menschen lauter. Dann hörte man Fado im Radio. Auch wenn der Musikstyl Fado vor allem über den Schmerz der Liebe, von Verrat, Eifersucht, Rache und Unglück handelt, sind alle Menschen am Lachen, am Reden und manche sogar am Tanzen. Es fühlt sich alles an wie zuhause, ihr zuhause.

A-12-01/ A woman walking down a street with a red umbrella



A-12-02/ A clock tower with a large clock on it's side



A-12-03/ A woman walking down a street holding a red umbrella



A-12-04/ A person walking down a street with a red umbrella



12:00 – 13:00

A-12-05/ A woman is looking inside a restaurant while smiling



A-12-06/ A woman sitting at a table with a red umbrella beside her



### Drehbuch Szene 18:00 – 19:00 Uhr, Sophie Herger

#### Wiesenlandschaft mit Famke auf einer Picknickdecke – von vorne / 18:13

Eine einsame Wiese. Die Sonne scheint und es lässt die Bäume grün glänzen. Auf einer orangen Picknickdecke liegt ein Mädchen mit braunem, langem Haar. Neben ihr liegt eine Tasche mit einem Buch darauf. Famke liegt mit ihrem Gesicht in der Sonne und macht einen Powernap. Ein Wecker läutet auf Famkes Handy. Sie sitzt auf und schaut auf ihre Uhr. Es ist 18:13 Uhr.

#### **Famke (innerer Monolog)**

*(gähmend und sich streckend)*

Ach, das tat gut. So schön, wieder an meinem Lieblingsort zu sein. Endlich Frühling! Ich liebe die Sonne und den Duft des Klees.

*(Magenknurren)*

*Hmm, ich sollte mal was essen.*

#### Wiesenlandschaft mit Famke auf einer Picknickdecke – von der Seite / 18:15

Famke sitzt auf, in die Mitte der Picknickdecke. Sie nimmt etwas aus ihrer Tasche. Sie hat ein Tupperware in der Hand, das mit etwas Grünem befüllt ist, es ist Guacamole. Ein Lachen schleicht sich auf ihr Gesicht, als sie die Guacamole sieht.

#### **Famke (innerer Monolog)**

*Boah, das sieht so geil aus.*

Sie nimmt einen Brotsack und eine Wasserflasche aus der Tasche und setzt die Sachen auf die Picknickdecke. Famke sieht glücklich aus. Sie schaut in die Landschaft und genießt den Sonnenschein. Sie reißt ein Stück von ihrem Brot ab und dippt es in die cremige Guacamole.

#### **Famke (innerer Monolog)**

*Boah, das ist so geil. Das habe ich voll gut gewürzt. Ich wünschte ich könnte mal nach Mexiko, da wo die Avocados wachsen. Ich würde jeden Tag am Strand in der Sonne liegen und einfach nichts machen, doch hier ist es auch schön. Hier kann ich auch draussen sein und einfach nichts machen, einfach ein Buch lesen, Musik hören, skizzieren und die Sonne geniessen. Ich wünschte, es könnte für immer so sein. Einfach nichts machen. Aber ich mache gar nicht nichts, ich mache, was mir gefällt! Doch man sagt, die Jugend sei die wichtigste Zeit! Partys, Freund, erste Liebe, solche Dinge halt. Da muss ich doch mitmachen. Muss ich?*

*Stopp, das muss ich gar nicht. Ich kann auch in Ruhe mein Leben geniessen. Ich muss nicht immer alles machen. Ich bin erst 17, ich habe noch genug Zeit. Und es ist schön nichts zu machen. Es ist schön einfachen den Moment in der Natur zu geniessen.*

Während sie in Gedanken schwebt, genießt sie ihr Essen.

#### Wiesenlandschaft mit Famke vor einer Picknickdecke - von vorne /

## 24 Stunden

The project spans 24 hours and 24 scripts, placing the passage of time at its core. Each hour is represented by a script, illustrating how the flow of time shapes the book's structure. As you turn the pages, time moves forward. Together with scripts and photographs from 23 other graphic designers, I designed the book. The concept visually portrays the passage of time. To reinforce this idea, I included a black bar along the page margins, which also serves as a navigation tool.

Year 2023

Editorial/ Photography

Lecturers:

M. Infanger

Ch. Suter

M. Wicki



## About me

My name is Inês Amaral Almeida. I am Portuguese but was born and raised in Switzerland. I am currently in my third year at the Fachklasse Graphic. What excites me most about graphic design is its versatility and the wide range of creative possibilities it offers. Music plays an important role in my life. I played the flute for seven years and have been taking singing lessons for six years. Through my various interests, I aim to create meaningful and impactful projects that are both visually and emotionally engaging.

Indesign \*\*\*\*\*  
Illustrator \*\*\*\*\*  
Photoshop \*\*\*\*\*  
Lightroom \*\*\*\*\*  
Aftereffects \*\*\*\*  
Figma \*\*\*\*\*  
VS Code \*\*\*\*

CH German \*\*\*\*\*  
German \*\*\*\*\*  
English \*\*\*\*\*  
Portuguese \*\*\*\*\*  
French \*\*\*