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VISIONEN



Meat

Magazin des Vereins der Informatikstudierenden an der ETH Zürich (VIS)

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Editorial

Przeto raduję się wielce, iż mogę do Ciebie słowo rzec!

Auf dem Cover dieser Ausgabe fehlt wohl noch ein Warnhinweis «NSFV» (Nicht sicher für Veganer), doch dafür hat leider nach dem ganzen Steakessen das Budget nicht mehr gereicht. In dieser wohl proteinreichsten Edition der Visionen findet ihr alles, was dem Menschen wichtig ist: Der VIS Vorstand, Github, Käse, Telefonieapplikation, Geld, Sex und vieles mehr! (gelistet in der absteigenden



Reihenfolge, wie oft ein Informatikstudent damit in Kontakt kommt).

Habt ihr Fragen, Anregungen oder Drohungen, die ihr uns schicken möchtet? Bitte schreibt uns einen Brief mit all euren Gedanken, ersetzt diesen durch knusprige Entenbrust in Süss-Sauer-Sosse und schickt es an «CAB E33, Universitätsstrasse 6,ETH Zentrum 8092 Zürich». Herzlichen Dank!

For our English readers:

I will once again simply translate the text above:

Take an equal amount of meat, onions, and carrots. I personally always take chicken legs, but any other piece of chicken, lamb, beef, or others, preferably something with some fat, is good as well. Cut the meat into cubes, the onions into small cubes/fine rings, and the carrots into quarters or grate them.. Cook the meat in a large pot on medium heat until somewhat done (depends massively on the type of meat), add the onions, carrots, and plenty of salt, and reduce the heat a bit. Once the vegetables become soft (after +/- 10 minutes), add bouillon into the pot (or water and one bouillon cube). I usually put one glass of liquid per portion, but that is a very rough estimate. Bring everything to a boil, and try the soup. Depending on your taste preferences, I recommend adding spices such as pepper, cumin, coriander, garam masala, dry garlic, Hungarian paprika, curry powder, and/or a little curry paste. While you try to get it to taste perfectly, peel some garlic cloves. Put plenty of turmeric into the soup, the correct amount of rice for the water (I usually have a ratio of about 4/3 cups water per cup of rice), and distribute the garlic in the rice. Let it cook on low heat for 15 minutes or until the rice is done, mix well, and enjoy!

Ich wünsche allen ausser denen Studenten die in meiner Übungsstunde eingeschrieben sind aber nicht kommen (🙄) viel Spass beim Lesen dieser Ausgabe.

Do rychłego zobaczenia przy dzbanie miodu,

Benjamin Gruzman

Präsikolumne

JONAS - JUST WANTS TO GRILL

Dear VIS-Members,

The semester is well underway, and I hope your studies are going well. We've had a lot of internal changes in VIS. 9 new board members are joining, so everyone needed some time to adjust. The team is working well so far, though.

Right after MV, the VIS board bonded with the ICU board, the association of computer science students at UZH. It was a fun experience and we planned a joint Rage Cage tournament together.

If you entered CAB on the 18th of March, you were probably met by the smell of onions. This



was because I decided to cook French onion soup in oVIS, since we had tens of kilograms of onions left over from the hotpot event. In the evening, I made Mongolian beef for everyone who was around, it turned out to be way better than I expected. I promise I'll wait a bit until I fill the CAB with the smell of onions again.

At the time of writing, we will be going on an offsite trip to Italy. While the trip will surely be fun, we will also do work for VIS of course. I will be thinking about a strategy for VIS for the next 5 years, since the last one (that was developed in 2019) is a bit outdated now. But I'm mostly excited for the grill that is available in our house,



since I love to grill.

Speaking of grilling: Have you saved the date for VISTA yet? It's on the 23rd of May!

This leads me directly to the theme for this VISIONEN: Meat!

Love it or hate it, meat has always been a conversation starter - it's a topic that divides opinions and brings us together for shared experiences. Our numbers still show that 80% of VIS members consume meat, the rest being 15% vegetarian and 5% vegan. That percentage is certainly higher than for most other student associations, so a vegetarian VISTA will probably be unrealistic for the foreseeable future.

The board also practiced the art of meat



I JUST WANNA GRILL



consumption at the latest board dinner. We went to a Brazilian steakhouse, a bit off the beaten path in Dielsdorf. The experience was amazing and the meat was tasty and plentiful.

I hope you enjoy this edition of VISIONEN. And I hope to see you all on the 23rd of May!

Best,

Jonas



Hopokolumne

Greetings fellow students,

We are the University Politics (HoPo) Committee, here to support you with anything related to your studies, the department, or issues concerning professors. My name is Johannes, and I'm honoured to have been elected as the new HoPo President at the recent MV.

Let me give you a brief overview of what we're working on this semester:

We're working closely together with VSETH as well as the department to provide feedback and help improve the PAKETH concept. For example, thanks to these joint efforts, the latest revision of the concept ensures that the regular winter exam session will no longer start earlier than it currently does.

The Ethics in CS taskforce hosts both the Ethic Dessert and the Dilemma of the Month, a relatively new monthly event where students engage with a concrete ethical dilemma in computer science, fostering critical thinking and lively debate. I took part in the most recent session and can genuinely recommend it. These conversations are more relevant than ever, as the technologies we develop increasingly shape the world around us. It's essential that we, as future computer scientists, learn to reflect critically on the broader impact of our work.

The respective taskforce also started organizing this year's Bachelor Graduation Ceremony, scheduled for November. We're still looking for motivated people to help with the planning, so



if you're interested, don't hesitate to reach out! Other ongoing projects include the Diversity Taskforce and the VIS Teaching Awards. We also continue to represent you in the UK (Teaching Commission), the DK (Department Conference), and through the semester spokespeople of the first two years — all with the goal of improving your student experience in mind.

Lastly, six students, including Jonas and myself, were part of three BKs, which are selection committees responsible for seeking potential candidates for new professorship appointments for our department.

If you have any concerns or ideas, don't hesitate to reach out to us at hopo@vis.ethz.ch — we're always happy to hear from you! Additionally, whether you're interested in helping shape departmental policy, contributing to a taskforce, or simply getting a taste of what HoPo work is like, we'd love to welcome you to our committee. Your voice matters, and this is a great opportunity to make a real impact!















Connections

DEBIAN	SWIFT	ARCH	WHITESPACE
GO	BRAINFUCK	CHEF	UBUNTU
HANNAH-MONTANA	QUICK	STALIN	BOGO
C#	BUBBLE	CHICKEN	HACK



Meat your Board

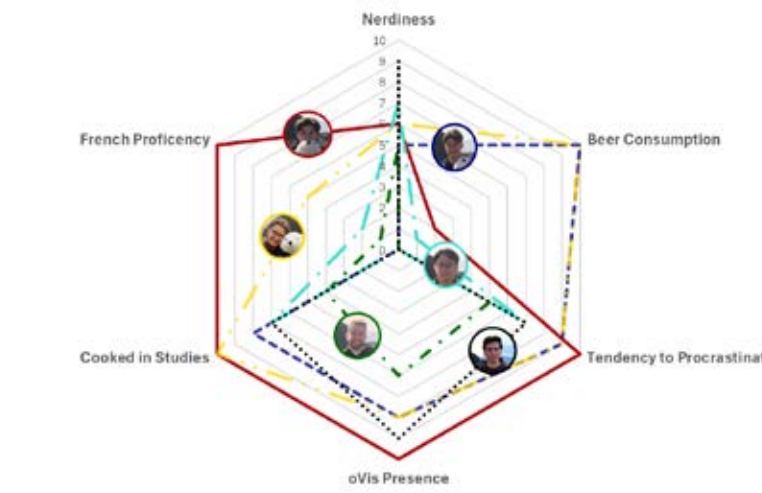
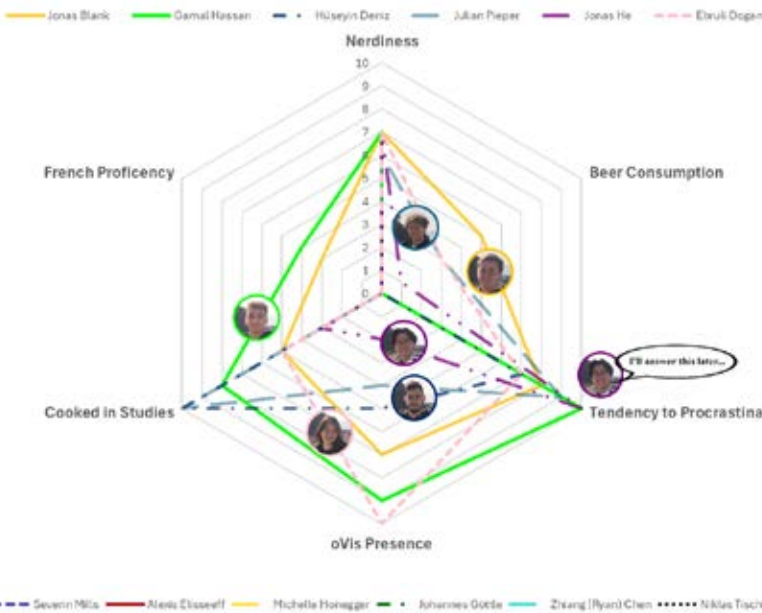
						
Name:	Jonas Blank	Gamal Hassan	Huseyin Deniz	Julian Pieper	Jonas He	Ebruli E. Dogan
Study Year:	2nd Masters	3rd Bachelor	3rd Bachelor	1st Masters	3rd Bachelor	2nd Bachelor
Board Position:	President	Syadmin and Vice President	Kommunikation	CAI president	External Relations	Infra
Favourite Professor:	Ghislain Fourny	Prof. Roscoe	Doreen Komen	Markus Putschel	Fourny	Roscoe
Nicknames:	Bonas	Gamau	Deniz	jupieper, jupe, jules	no nicknames...	evul(The Pokemon), Mili Money
Favourite type of Meat:	Chicken	Sweet Chili Chicken	Sujuk (dry, spicy and fermented sausage)	chicken thighs	Beef Entrecôte or Chicken Thigh Lamb	
Favourite Colour:	Yellow	White	Blue	Blue	Purple	Pink

						
Name:	Severin Mills	Alexis Eliseeff	Michelle Horwager	Johannes Götze	Zhang (Ryan) Chen	Niklas Trichter
Study Year:	2nd Bachelor	3rd Bachelor	3rd Bachelor	1st Masters	1st Masters	1st Masters
Board Position:	Präsident	Partyman	Treasurer	HoPo	Lernunterstützung	Akibat
Favourite Professor:	Doreen Komen	Doreen Helfwies	Rasmus King	Erno Wolf	Ghislain Fourny	Timothy (Mothy) Roscoe
Nicknames:	Sven (but don't you dare call me that)		Money Mommy	-	lucky cow, amogus person, disciple of dogman	
Favourite type of Meat:	Beef	Birket	oVVS Mongolian Beef	Grilled steak (on a summer evening with friends)	Fish	Chicken breast
Favourite Colour:	Navy	OMG0913	Gold	Blue	Turquoise	Black



Who is your partner for slotfight?

											
Although he will pass out before me											
Surely he's good at absorbing											



Review of Meat Apps

THE CS STUDENT - STILL STUCK IN A TEAMS CALL

Zoom

Zoom was initially released on October 12th, 2011 (DAMN IT'S OLD), by Zoom Communications. It's available in 15 languages and compatible with Windows, macOS, iOS, Android, ChromeOS, even Linux and accessible for ETH students via ETH Zoom. Oh, and did you know that there is a play called "What Do We Need to Talk About?" that takes place in Zoom? Like actually performed in Zoom? Yes, it's a thing and you can watch it on YouTube.

But enough about plays. Let's talk about whether it's any good or not. Zoom is easily available. Downloading it was as easy as 3.14159. However, when I opened up the app, my poor, poor retinas were immediately assaulted by this ghastly blue they use. The blue just gives me passive-aggressive vibes. Other than that, the interface is super simple and doesn't overwhelm the user with all sorts of choices and functions.

A great benefit of Zoom is that before you actually join a call, you get to decide whether your camera and mic are on or off. This way, you can avoid accidentally being heard taking shit during a meeting. You have a chat, can screen share, and starting and ending a meeting is pretty simple. Unfortunately, the background effects are limited (unless you happen to have a green screen for whatever reason). There is a bigger variety in video filters and while they are goofy, it's goofy in a cute way. The avatars are ugly though and their eyes seem to scream for help (It's giving average CS student).

Overall, Zoom is super easy to use, has all the important functions such as chats, screen sharing etc. However, the free version only allows for 40 minute meetings so you have to pay for longer meetings. Also the blue sucks!

Interface: 5
Aesthetic: 1
Personalization: 5
Personal Bias: 5
Overall User friendliness: 4

Slack

Slack was first released in August, 2013 (DAMN IT'S ALSO OLD), by Slack Technologies. Initially, it was used as an internal communication tool within Tiny Speck, while they were developing an online video game called Glitch. It's available in 12 languages and compatible with Microsoft, Windows, macOS, iOS, Android, ChromeOS and also Linux. There is no point in getting the paid version, the free version is perfectly alright.

When I first opened up Slack, the interface looked more complex than Zoom, but that's not a problem, thanks to the clearly organised interface and the obvious display of all the important functions. However, I had major issues in figuring out how to start a goddamn meeting. It was quite the moment, when I had the displeasure of finding out that calls are called a Huddle...

WHY CALL IT HUDDLE, THAT'S SUCH A STUPID NAME?!? AM I MISSING SOMETHING??

At least once I figured out how to start a „Huddle“, I simply had to click on the small headphone icon on the top right and was thrown into the meeting immediately. Thankfully I was muted and the camera was off from the get go, so no potentially awkward meetings. During a „Huddle“, you have chat and screen sharing options, but also a take notes function, which is cool except IT WAS JUST LOADING AND NEVER STOPPED LOADING SO PRACTICALLY FUCKING USELESS?!

There's an option to edit the theme of the meeting, as in the background of the meetings itself, not your background. However, there aren't any other personalization options, no fun video filters or avatars. It's the bare minimum, but for the most part, functional.

It's fine, looks simple enough at first, but I had to figure out that the small headphone icon on the top right starts a „Huddle“. There aren't a lot of personalization options, unless you do something with your profile picture. Themes are limited, the most important functions work, if you ignore the useless take note option. It's a little cursed. Unlike Zoom, it at least isn't just an online meeting platform, but has a variety of other uses.

Interface: 3
Aesthetic: 4
Personalization: 2
Personal Bias: 5
Overall User friendliness: 3

Teams

Microsoft Teams was released on March 14, 2018, by Microsoft... obviously. It's available in an impressive number of languages - 48, to be exact. Teams is compatible with Windows, macOS, iOS, Android, and whatever the fuck Web Skype is. Technically speaking, Microsoft Teams launched for Linux in 2019 but was discontinued in 2022. The Microsoft Cloud Subscription through the IT shop also includes Teams.

So after downloading and logging in, I realized I could start calls, but I needed someone to answer my call, in order to test the features. However, there was an issue where when a test person called ME, I couldn't see the incoming call, but when THEY ended the call, I saw THAT I MISSED THEIR CALL?!?! Eventually, it worked by me calling. Off to a great start.

Once on the call, I found out that there are many background effects to choose from, a pretty decent chat function, and you can screen share. Overall, the interface during a call is easy to navigate. There was one big issue, though. I joined the call with the camera on, which sucks if you're doing your business in the bathroom. Aesthetics wise, the blue colour used by Microsoft Teams at least doesn't assault my eyes like Zoom Blue did. Teams was a bitch to use. I'm sure it's technically functional and decent to use, but it soured my mood quickly.

Interface: 3
Aesthetic: 3
Personalization: 3
Personal Bias: 5
Overall User friendliness: 4



Google Meet

Google Meet was first released on March 9, 2017, and there is no point in saying by whom. For whatever reason, I couldn't find information on how many languages it is available, sooo... tough luck? It's compatible with Android, Android TV, ChromeOS, Fuchsia (lol), iOS, iPadOS, and Windows users just have to contend with using the browser version. At least, if you happen to be a Fuchsia user (and were not fired by them in 2024), you finally have a meeting platform you can use. Congrats!

When I started the application, I was barraged with one pop-up after the other, which was annoying. It asked me twice if the app could send me notifications, and I said no, TWICE. Other than that, the interface is incredibly bare bones, which makes it easy to use but boring to look at. You have the important things like a chat, reactions, and screen sharing. There is a selection of backgrounds, filters, and avatars to choose from, allowing for a good amount of personalization. However, I didn't like the layout of the call itself, it felt whack.

Google meet fulfills the purpose of allowing calls perfectly fine. It doesn't stand out in any other aspect, except that it has outlived the average lifespan of any other Google project.

- Interface: 3
- Aesthetic: 3
- Personalization: 4
- Personal Bias: 5
- Overall User friendliness: 4

Skype

On August 29th, 2003, Skype was released by Skype Technologies, which is basically one Swedish, one Danish and four Estonian dudes. It's the platform available in the highest number of languages, an impressive 108. It's also compatible with a shitload of things, including Windows, Windows Phone (lol), macOS, Linux, Android, iOS, iPadOS, watchOS, Wear OS (lol), HoloLens, Xbox One, and Xbox Series X/S. Oh, and it will be shut down by May 2025. So I don't even know why I'm reviewing it.

Logging in was easy enough, and the interface is pleasant to look at. I actually really like the aesthetics. That's where my positivity ends because when I tried calling someone, it failed twice, and when the other person called me instead, it at least worked until it randomly crashed about 30 seconds into the call. In that short amount of time, I was able to confirm that it has a chat function, screen sharing, and changes to the background. And I guess I could make hearts pop up? I mean, what else is there to say about Skype except for it being one of the biggest fumbles in history. Just use something that will still exist after May 2025 instead.

- Interface: 4
- Aesthetic: 4
- Personalization: 2
- Personal Bias: 5
- Overall User friendliness: 2



Cheeseaffair

BENJAMIN GRUZMAN – IS IN DIRE NEED FOR SYNONYMS FOR CHEESE

What would Switzerland be without cheese? Chääs comes in many, many varieties, from tasty golden Alpkäse to extremely disgusting molding blue “cheese” (this article is 100% objective, other opinions are wrong), the world of milk loaf offers something for everyone. And no, cheese is not just limited to what you find in Coop: Appenzeller, Emmentaler and Gruyère are only but a trivial part of the diversity found within the Helvetic Realm.

Thankfully, discovering cheese from the most rural unreachable corners of Switzerland does not necessitate four hours of Postauto and seven connections: Travelling to Aarau suffices. Cheeseaffair is not the first random exhibition I'm visiting solely for the reason that I can. However I do believe that this will be slightly less controversial than my previous journey to Eurosatory in Paris (if you like heavy military equipment more than cheese, read the edition 2024/4).



The ride to Aarau is very nice, but then at the train station you're confronted with the first obstacle to achieving cheese: Getting to the fair. Passing by ugly brutalist parking buildings and a main street without pedestrian crossings, you have to go through a shady backstreet following the scent of cheese (and the directions given by swisstopo). In the entry tent, they give you a badge with your name misspelled for 20 franks (entry open to anyone brave enough to venture to this mid provincial city), but then the true adventure starts.

Arriving early, the hall isn't crowded yet, but it smells like after FIGUGEGL: 65 cheese exhibitors (and some random companies selling milking devices, cheese labeling machines and other things only Rucki would be interested in) show off their cheeses, merchandise and flyers in an area roughly the size of the area it is in. Every stand (unless from aforementioned MAVT enthusiasts) offers free samples of their products at the exorbitant cost of actually talking to the people there.



This immediately reveals the benefits and disadvantages of visiting cheeseaffair: You do get to eat about as much cheese as could possibly fit within you, which is great, but unlike at Olma or similar popular events, you're expected to be social (like, ewww). As such, the stand owners kept asking me whether I owned a cheese store (in German, I could now make a pun that actually, I'm from a Saftladen), which I am not entirely sure is a compliment or an insult to my appearance.

Overcoming my social anxiety inherent to any sober ETH student, I got to try many cheeses I've not eaten before: This includes some very fancy cheese like Bärlauchkäse (cheese with wild garlic) from Toggenburg, Bernese truffle cheese, very spicy cheese from Thurgau and swamp cheese from the Engadin.

The exhibitors are usually very friendly. They walk you through the different products they have (perhaps because I told them I'm a journalist, which I suppose isn't completely wrong considering that the people at 20 Minuten also call themselves that and their content is

even less professional) and seem even rather happy to feed you. One Bernese stand was even trying to lure me into visiting their farm in the middle of nowhere, claiming that this would be extremely interesting to the readers.



You might have the impression that this event is just an eating competition, but that is not true. Not only can you eat your sorrows away with cheese, there are also many lectures aimed at increasing your cheese knowledge. The three highlights are obviously the 45 minute symposiums on beer, bread and wine paired with cheese respectively. (Now that's what I call interesting symposiums, dear Viscon!)

Unfortunately, the three talks are not held on the same day, and the wine masterclass was the one happening on my visitation day. As such, presenting to an audience consisting of 75% suit wearers, 20% stereotypical farmers, and 5% random ETH students, a master of wine guided us through optimal wine & cheese pairings. The first part was important theory, while the majority of the remaining time was spent on trying three different wines with multiple kinds



of cheese. Thankfully, you can take as much wine as you want (the suits usually only take the bare minimum, so the bottle is almost full when it reaches you), and the blue cheese was at the end, so I was already too drunk to feel how genuinely repulsive blue cheese is.

Overall, I'd say that the event is decent. Cheese enthusiasts should definitely check it out once, as you simply cannot eat as much cheese as is offered, but that's the catch, as in the end, the entry fee is not trivial in comparison to the service. Furthermore, this happens yearly at the start of February, which is completely disrespectful from the organizers as they ignore the winter exam phase window! Nonetheless,



I got to try many cheeses, got to talk to people not typically met at ETH, and learned a lot about wine and cheese pairing, so I give Cheeseaffair a solid Eurosats out of Eurosatory.

ANZEIGE



**Soft- und Hardware-
Lösungen, so
einzigartig wie du!
Mach mit uns
den Unterschied!**

David, Software Engineer



Noser Engineering AG
Winterthur | Luzern | Bern | Rheintal | Basel | München



Well-Done or Rare? Why Rating Scales don't Sizzle

JOHAN STETTLE - 5/7 RECOMMENDER SCORE

Humans are generally obsessed with ratings for everything. We usually book hotels with better ratings, eat only at restaurants with at least 4 stars on Yelp or Google, and only watch movies with a Rotten Tomatoes score of 80 percent or above. So much of what we choose is decided by the collective. I am not against a good rating system—it helps us separate the bad from the good, but we should also be aware of its downsides. Many rating scales are just ridiculous. What even is a 10 on a scale? The best in the whole universe? The best you have ever seen? The best you can imagine? It seems it is up to me to rant about this in more detail, recommend a better system, and hopefully have an impact on society.

Ratings should reset from time to time for several reasons. Take my local döner stand, for example. It used to have a bad reputation—the food was mid, and the staff was not particularly friendly. Naturally, its Google rating reflected that. I still went there because, honestly, most döner places are not very different, and this one was close to home and cheap. But here is the thing: they actually listened to feedback and improved a lot. The food got better, the service became friendlier, and recent customers were leaving positive reviews. But the overall rating? Stuck at an average of 5 out of 10. The bad reviews from the past weighed it down, even though the



current experience was way better. That's why rating systems should include a "recent reviews" metric, showing scores from the last year or three years. That way, businesses (and media) are not forever haunted by their past mistakes. This would have also saved me from watching Citizen Kane. It has a stellar rating, but let's be real—it is from 1941. Sure, it is a classic, sure, it pioneered a lot of film techniques, but did I enjoy watching it? Not really. Most people from my generation probably do not either. Some ratings, just like döner stands, should come with an expiration date.

Another problem is our obsession with comparing everything. What is better, an apple or an AH-64 Apache attack helicopter? It obviously depends on the context, but ranking one above the other

is just nonsense. So why do we do the same with movies or music from completely different genres? Sometimes, a dumb comedy is exactly what you need—way more than some French lesbian art film that won ten awards and only played in snobby indie theatres. Yet, we still try to rank them on the same scale. It is ridiculous. Personally, I rate both "We're the Millers" and "Portrait of a Lady on Fire" as fantastic—but one is not "better" than the other. They are just different. There is no universal ranking that makes sense here. Ever heard of lattices? They are a mathematical concept used for partially ordered sets—and that is exactly what we are dealing with when it comes to ratings. Not everything has to be totally ordered.

Which leads me to the next problem: the expert opinion. A perfect example of this is the 1976 "Judgment of Paris." In a blind tasting, French judges—expecting their prestigious French wines to dominate—ended up rating Californian wines higher. The results shocked the wine world, proving that even so-called experts aren't immune to bias and preconceived notions.



3.5/5

7/10



And yet, most people still defer to expert opinions rather than just going with what they personally enjoy. But why? There is no objective measurement for subjective taste, yet we act as if there is. The same thing happens with average ratings. How often do people rate something a 6/10 just because the current average is around there? Instead of forming their own opinion, they just follow the crowd. It's like a safety net—sticking to the consensus rather than actually thinking about what they personally feel. People also use scales differently. This breaks the whole idea of an average score if some people never rate anything above 8.

Then, my worst enemy: the one-to-ten scale. Why do most people say anything below a 6 is bad? If that's the case, why do we even need numbers 1 to 5? I once did an experiment where I asked people to rate my looks on the scale, and most (potentially just to be polite) said, "6 out of 10, above average." Yet their actual average rating for guys was a 7, and they never rated anyone below a 5. So, 6 was clearly not above average. I might still be a bit offended by this scale, but putting my personal drama aside, I saw the same flaws in any other rating using the same scale. Most people believe 5 is average on the scale, just because it's the middle. They seriously require some maths tutoring, especially considering that 5.5 is the actual middle and not 5. A 1-to-5 scale

with half points is just the same broken system in disguise. So, seriously, screw your star ratings with half-stars. And don't even get me started on quarter-stars. Nobody thinks this scale through. Cooking again with the need to totally order things, once they place something on the 9, everything else is then an 8.75 and the next thing is an 8.9. I am just curious to see if someone pulls out imaginary numbers soon. And does this difference of 0.1 actually matter? And what is THE 10? The best, obviously, but what is the best? The best thing I have seen or the best thing I have yet to see? Even worse, "nothing is perfect, so nothing is a 10" is just plain stupid. You just end up with the one to nine scale, which has the 5 in the middle, I give you that one, but if you just continue this path, you end up with the one and only one scale. Just horrible.

All we actually need is a rating system of 3 categories.

Bad - It is not good. It is not what it's supposed to be or do. I can name objective facts why it is not what it's supposed to be. The wine tastes like mayo, the movie jumps between plots which do not even make sense, or this banana is a bad choice for transportation.

Good - It is not bad. It is what it's supposed to be or does what it is supposed to do. Nothing else matters. The movie was indeed a movie with a



story and plot. You can use the bike, the tram, or your feet to move around Zürich. They are all decent options. And wine is wine, let me just get drunk.

Your personal favourites - Obviously you like some stuff more than others and that is the category for that very reason. I prefer the tram over anything else to go around Zürich. Fight Club is an amazing movie, but hell, I still pick SpongeBob the movie over it. All Pokémon are cool, but Umbreon is just the coolest in MY opinion.

So please, stop using horrible rating systems, embrace the lattice, and stay true to yourself and your opinions.



The heat of your Grill

ELEANOR WARBLER - BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE AUTHOR OF SOMETHING BETTER THAN BEER

The tram rattled along its tracks, humming with the quiet murmur of passengers lost in their own worlds. Amid the blur of buildings streaming past the windows, she saw him. A stranger, yet not entirely. They had exchanged glances before—just brief flickers of curiosity, never lingering too long.

She sat by the window, pretending to be immersed in the passing scenery. The road up to the airport wasn't particularly special, but she needed to distract herself. After all, she had a VISTA helper shift to get to. Alas, her thoughts strayed. The way he ran a hand through his dark hair, the way his eyes occasionally flickered toward her—she noticed everything. Did he notice her, too?

He did.

Across the aisle, he gripped the metal pole, sneaking a glance. She was effortlessly beautiful in that way some people just are—without trying, without knowing. The soft glow of the tram lights painted her face in a golden hue, and he found himself wondering what her voice sounded like. Would it be soft, like the way she tucked her hair behind her ear, or bold, like the red of her coat?

Stop after stop, neither of them moved. The hesitation hung in the air like a fragile thread—one word could break it, one step could change everything. But neither spoke, neither stepped forward.

The tram slowed. Another stop, the Zurich airport. A pause. And then, as if by some unspoken agreement, they both stood. Their eyes met, really met, for the first time. The doors slid open with a soft hiss. They stepped off together, the air crisp against their skin.

The tram pulled away, leaving them in the quiet hum of their surroundings. The stop was small, perched at the base of a hill, the airport lights flickering in the distance. A plane roared overhead, its shadow sweeping across the pavement. But neither of them looked up.

They had noticed each other on the tram, in fleeting glances stolen across the aisle. Now, they walked in the same direction, side by side, with just enough space between them to preserve the fragile moment.

She kept her gaze ahead, her breath steady against the cool afternoon air. The hill was steep, and each step felt like a silent conversation waiting to happen. She could feel him there, matching her pace, his presence both familiar and strange. There was no way they are both going to the same place, right? Although, what else is there to do, on a calm spring day up here, other than VISTA?

He stole a glance at her, the way the airport glow caught in her eyes, the way the wind tousled her hair. He wanted to say something. He wanted to know if she had noticed him too, if she had wondered the same things he had. He tried not to



read too much into this. Soon, he would be at the top, preparing to grill sausages for this huge grill event from his university - VISTA. And besides, what would he even say to her? Compliment her red coat? That seemed cheesy to him— even though it did flow nicely on her.

A plane descended, its landing lights casting long shadows over the path. She turned slightly, as if to look at it, but instead, her eyes met his. A quiet, knowing glance. They both smiled—small, barely-there smiles, but real ones.

The hill stretched ahead, the city behind them, and the airport at their side. Though no words had been spoken, something between them had shifted. They kept walking. Maybe by the time they reached the top, one of them would finally say something. Maybe.

The hill levelled out as they neared the top, the sound of the airport behind them giving way to the faint glow of VISTA. The event was still coming to life— tables were being arranged, the grills were being set up, equipment of all kinds was being moved place to place. A few volunteers moved around, setting up trays and stacking plates, their voices carrying in the quiet.

She slowed, just slightly, and so did he.

For the past ten minutes, they had walked side by side, silent yet aware. Each step had been a quiet confirmation of something unspoken—first on the tram, then up the hill, and now here. The realisation settled between them at the same time.

She let out a small, breathy laugh. “You’re going to VISTA too?”

His lips quirked into a smile, equal parts amused and relieved. “Yeah. Guess we were headed to the same place this whole time. You arrived here pretty early though...”

“I have a helper shift!” she laughed, “and why are you up here this early?” “Same reason you are,” he replied with a soft smile.

The event space was mostly empty, aside from rustling of preparation around the two helpers. Neither seemed in a hurry to join the scattered helpers.

“You, uh... been to one of these before?” he asked, shoving his hands into his pockets. She shook her head. “First time.” A pause. Then, a small smile. “You?”

“Same.”

Another shared glance, another quiet beat.

The day stretched out ahead of them, filled with possibilities. Maybe they’d wait for the grills to start up together. Maybe this was the start of something. Maybe it already had been. The head organiser strode toward them, clipboard in hand, scanning the scattered volunteers. Without much of a glance, he pointed between the two of them.

“You two— grill station over there. Setup now, fire up in half an hour.” And just like that, he was gone, shouting instructions at someone else.

She blinked, turning to him with a half-smile. “Well. Looks like we’re working together.” He let out a quiet laugh, shaking his head. “Guess so.”

The grill station was still bare—just an empty metal surface, a can of gas beside it, and a stack of utensils wrapped in plastic. She reached for the tongs, turning them over in her hands, while he busied himself unscrewing the gas.

“So,” he said, breaking the silence as the gas can began to hiss, “Do you actually know how to grill?”

She smirked, setting the tongs down. “Not really. You?”

He shrugged. “I was hoping you would know.”

A laugh bubbled out of her, light and unexpected. “Great. Two clueless people in charge of an open flame. What could go wrong?”

He grinned and brushed off his hands. “At least we’ll fail together.”

The soft hum of the airport lingered in the background punctuated by the occasional roar of a plane overhead. Around the two, other volunteers moved in and out of sight, setting up tables and lighting the first grills. Yet at this moment, the gathering felt like just the two of them.

She rolled up her sleeves. “Alright. Let’s figure this out.”

The hesitation from earlier was gone. Maybe it was the shared task, or something else entirely. Suddenly, this didn’t feel like just a chance

encounter anymore. It felt like the start of something. And neither of them minded.

The air was crisp with the freshness of spring, the scent of blooming flowers drifting in from the hillside. The sky stretched wide and clear, a soft blue brushed with wisps of white clouds. A gentle breeze rustled the young leaves on the trees, carrying the faint hum of conversation and laughter, as the many guests began to arrive. The event space, once quiet, was now slowly coming to life. Students trickled in, some setting down picnic blankets, others greeting friends with warm embraces. The string lights overhead swayed lazily, catching the golden afternoon sun. Music played from a speaker near the entrance, blending into the easy rhythm of the day. The promise of good food and better company hung in the air, settling over everything like the warmth of the season itself.

Finally, it was time for them to start up the grill and start cooking.

The grill hissed as sausages hit the hot grates, the sizzle filling the air with a rich, savoury scent. She leaned over, careful to position each one just right, her fingers grazing the metal tongs with practiced ease. The sausages were plump, their skins tight and ready to burst—just the way they were meant to be.

He watched her for a moment, his eyes lingering on the way she gripped the tongs, twisting them with an evident confidence. “You really know how to handle those,” he said, in a low, almost teasing voice.

She shot him a look, her lips curling into a sly smile. “It’s all about the right grip,” she said. Her



eyes briefly caught his. “You can’t be too rough or too soft. You’ve got to know how to work it.” He couldn’t help but smirk. The heat from the grill added to the flush that had begun to creep up his neck. “Yeah, that’s the secret, isn’t it? Find that perfect balance between pressure and control.”

She chuckled and flipped another sausage with a flick of the wrist. “Exactly. Overdo it, and you might burn the meat. But underdo it... well, no one likes raw sausage.”

He raised an eyebrow, watching her carefully. “No, they don’t. So, I guess that means you know how to keep it just the right amount of hot.”

She met his gaze with a knowing glint in her eyes. “I’m all about keeping things hot. But, too much heat, and you’re left with something... unappealing.”

A natural grin began to spread across his face. “I see that. And you know how to turn up the heat just enough to make it sizzle.”

The sausages continued to crackle under the heat, their skins beginning to brown to a perfect hue. Their eyes met for a second longer than necessary, the air thick with something more than the smoke from the grill.

She moved a little closer, the heat from the grill now mingling with the tension between them. “You’ve got to know when to turn them, though,” she said, her voice dropping an octave as she flipped another sausage. The meat sizzled in response. “Get it too late, and you’re left with something too hard to savour.”

He shifted and tightened his grip on the tongs. The tension hung between them like the smoke in the air. “And you’ve got to know when to give it a little... space to breathe.”

She laughed, her eyes sparkling. “Exactly. You don’t want to crowd it. You need to let the sausage do its thing. Get it hot, but don’t smother it.”

“Right,” he said, swallowing hard as he flipped another sausage with a deliberate, slow motion. “Let it work its magic.”

She leaned over and reaching past him to grab a few more sausages. Her hand brushed his. “You’ve got to let them sizzle... and know just when to take them off.”

He nodded, his voice barely above a whisper now. “Right. Just the right moment. When they’re... perfectly done.”

The sausages were nearly ready, their skins crisp and golden brown. The sizzling had softened, leaving in its wake the smell of perfectly cooked meat. It was clear they weren’t just talking about grilling anymore. Both he and she felt the simmering tension as much as the food on the grill.

“Well,” he said, a soft laugh escaping his lips, “I’d say these are looking pretty good. Might just be the best sausages I’ve ever made.”

She glanced at him, and her smirk softened into something more genuine. “Maybe we should grill together more often.”

He grinned back, and his gaze lingered for a beat longer than usual. “I think we’re just getting started.”

The sausages were perfectly done. The skins were crisp, the meat was juicy, and the aroma was intoxicating—rich, smoky, and spicy. She picked up one of his sausages with the tongs, and her fingers brushed against the hot surface as she lifted it from the grill and watched the juices glisten. She looked at him for a moment, her lips curling into a mischievous smile.

“Alright,” she said, her voice lowering just a little, “time to see if it’s as good as you promised.”

He raised an eyebrow, intrigued. She held the sausage close to her mouth. She took her time, rolling it between her fingers before bringing it closer. Her lips parted slowly, and for a moment, the world seemed to still. With a soft, teasing motion, she brought it to her mouth, and the heat of the sausage radiated against her skin.

She let the tip of her tongue flick out, brushing against the surface, tasting its warmth and smokiness. Her eyes fluttered closed as she savoured the bite. “Mmm,” she intoned in a low and suggestive murmur. “That’s... a good start.”

He leaned in closer, watching her with a mix of amusement and something else— something more focused. “Yeah?” he asked, his voice thick with anticipation.

Her lips lingered around the sausage. Her mouth wrapped around it just enough to taste the edge of the juicy meat. She pulled back slowly,

sucking her lips in as if savouring every second. She took another bite, this time deeper, with a smooth movement of her jaw. The flavour was rich and the texture firm but tender. She let out a small exhale of approval, before slowly licking a stray bit of juice off the tip of her finger.

“This is... definitely satisfying,” she said, her voice teasing, eyes flickering up to meet his, “Perfectly cooked. You didn’t burn it... or undercook it.”

He watched her, his throat going dry as she slowly chewed. “Glad you approve,” he said. His tone was more hushed now.

She leaned in closer, her face inches from his as she took another bite, letting it linger between her teeth for just a moment longer than necessary. The silence between them was charged, and their eyes locked as she slowly swallowed. She dragged her tongue over her lips, ecstatic as if from something more decadent than grilled sausage.

“You know,” she began, her voice dropping even lower, “sometimes it’s all about the right texture. Not too tough, but not too soft. You’ve got to have that satisfying taste, something that makes you want more.”

He swallowed hard. His gaze fixed on her mouth as she spoke. “And you think it’s got the right... texture?”

She tilted her head, a playful glint in her eyes as she took another long, slow bite. The sausage slipped into her mouth with a hint of deliberate slowness. “Oh, yeah,” she said, pulling back with



a satisfied sigh. “Definitely. You handled it well. Didn’t rush it, but didn’t take too long either.” He chuckled, watching her. “Glad to know I’m doing it right.”

Her fingers lingered over the sausage, her eyes never leaving his as she took another, even slower bite. “You’ve got to be careful. A little too much pressure, and it all falls apart. But if you know exactly when to apply just the right amount... it’s perfection.”

She licked her lips again, enjoying the last of the bite. “And you,” she said softly, “definitely know how to handle it... just right.”

Her voice lingered in the air. As she finished the last of the sausage, she tossed the tongs aside, and her eyes still on him. “That was... really good,” she said, and a playful smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. “You really know how to make a sausage... irresistible.”

The air was warm but not too hot, and a gentle breeze drifted through the open space, rustling the tips of the tall grass that framed the event area. It was one of those perfect spring days when the sky seemed endless—clear and bright, with just the right touch of clouds lazily drifting by. The scent of freshly cut grass mixed with the smoky undertones of the grill and created an inviting, almost nostalgic aroma that tugged at the soul.

Around them, people were filling the space, lining up to get their food or a new drink. Groups of students, laughed and chatted as they

spread out on blankets under the shade of a few scattered trees. All around, people sat at tables talking to their friends. The sound of chatter and light laughter buzzed in the background, an easy, carefree soundtrack to the day. The distant hum of the airport provided a subtle, constant reminder of the world just beyond. But this moment felt like a separate, peaceful bubble, untouched by the rush of the outside world.

The music from the speakers filled the air, upbeat and lively, adding a cheerful vibe to the atmosphere. A soft beat pulsed from the corner where a DJ had set up. The music was catchy and light and it filled the space without overpowering the conversations. People swayed and tapped their feet. Some even danced in small, carefree circles as they waited for more food.

A few helpers moved through the crowd, checking on tables and refilling the beer fridges, while others hung out near the grill stations, eager for their chance to get a taste of the freshly cooked sausages. The mix of voices, the soft clinking of glasses, and the occasional burst of laughter were a perfect contrast to the steady sizzle coming from the grill.

The grass underfoot felt soft and welcoming, the vibrant green a sharp contrast to the blue sky above. A few stray leaves fluttered through the air, caught in the wind, before they landed lazily on the ground.

The sun began to set behind the airport and the giggles of friend groups began to fade. VISTA was coming to an end.

The event slowly wound down, and the last of the music faded into a gentle hum. The lively chatter around the grill station turned into a quiet murmur. The coolness of the night had already settled.

By the time the two of them walked toward the tram stop, the stars above had begun to glisten softly. The warmth of the sun had vanished, leaving the air crisp and fresh, perfect for the late hours of the night.

The few people who remained were gathering their things and heading off, and their steps slower and more relaxed. She tugged her jacket a little tighter around her, feeling the cool night air brush against her skin. Without thinking, he adjusted his position beside her, walking a little closer. His presence was a subtle warmth against the night’s chill.

“I think we did pretty well today,” she said, her voice quiet but still carrying the same easy smile from earlier. The playful spark between them was softer now. The pressure of the day had gone, leaving in its place the easy calm of the night.

He glanced at her, and smiled back in return. “We did. I think you made me look good on the grill,” he teased. His voice was low, like the night itself.

She chuckled, her breath visible in the air as they walked side by side. “You did that by yourself. Not bad for a beginner.”

The tram stop was ahead now, and the streetlights casting a soft, amber glow over the

pavement. There was a peaceful quiet in their surroundings as they joined the small group of people waiting for the tram. The sounds of the city at night seemed muted here—just the occasional passing bus and the sound of the airport that blended into the background.

The tram soon arrived, its headlights slicing through the darkness before it pulled up to the stop. The soft hiss of the doors opening broke the stillness. They both stepped on, the warm air inside welcoming them in from the cool night. The tram was quieter than on their first journey. Most people were tired or content after the event, and all settled into their own private thoughts as the vehicle began its slow journey.

The two found a spot to stand near the pole, their proximity comfortable. Neither said much at first. The rhythmic motion of the tram and the faint noise of the wheels on the tracks felt like a lullaby that matched the peaceful end to their evening.

She glanced at him and the soft light of the tram cast shadows over his features. “Funny, isn’t it? We started out as strangers, and now here we are. Same tram, same stop.”

He nodded, and the corner of his mouth curled into a smile. “Yeah, kind of ironic, huh?”

There was a brief silence, but with none of the awkwardness from earlier. It felt like the calm after a storm—the tension from earlier in the day had dissolved into a more relaxed, natural connection. Outside, the city lights flickered by,

the glow of street lamps and neon signs dancing across the windows as a blur of colours against the darkened streets. The tram’s steady motion was a reminder that the night was carrying them both forward.

“I guess this is it for the day,” he said softly, though his voice held no finality. It was just the simple truth of the moment.

She looked over at him, her eyes lingering for a moment longer than before. “Yeah. But it’s been good. I’m glad we both stuck around until the end.”

He smiled, the corners of her lips curling up. “Me too.”

“You know, it doesn’t have to be the end...” she said with hope.
“Yeah?”

“Yeah, we can take what we learned today, and use our meat handling skills at my place?” She smirked.

“I would like that” he smiled.

The tram rattled on through the night, the city fading outside the windows as the lights dimmed. In that quiet, cozy space, with the cool night air pressing against the glass, they felt no need to say more. It was enough to simply be there together as the day, now fully night, came to a close.

The tram rattled along its tracks, humming with the quiet murmur of passengers lost in their own worlds. Amidst the blur of buildings streaming past the windows, she looked at him, no longer a stranger. They had exchanged glances before, as they did now. But this time, they know they would arrive together. ■

Solution to Connections



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What's Next for CS Graduates?

INSIGHTS FROM THE IAETH JOB SURVEY

Hey everyone,

When I think back to the day I started at ETH, it is hard to imagine that 6 years have passed already. But I can still remember the rosy picture people around me used to paint when talking about career & job opportunities after my studies. “If you go to ETH, you will not have to worry about getting a job”, they said. 6 years later, it is time for a reality check!

Thankfully, every two years, IAETH (Informatik Alumni ETH) runs a job survey of ETHby ETH Computer Science graduates working in different fields of industry. This year, 585 alumni shared their experiences, giving us a picture of what's waiting after graduation.

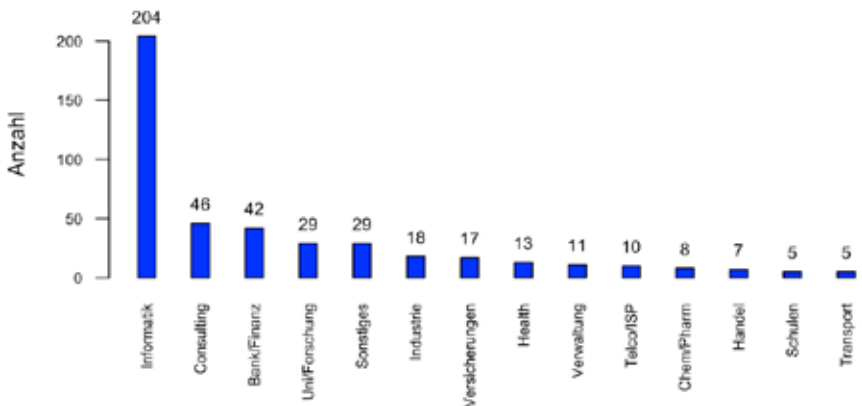
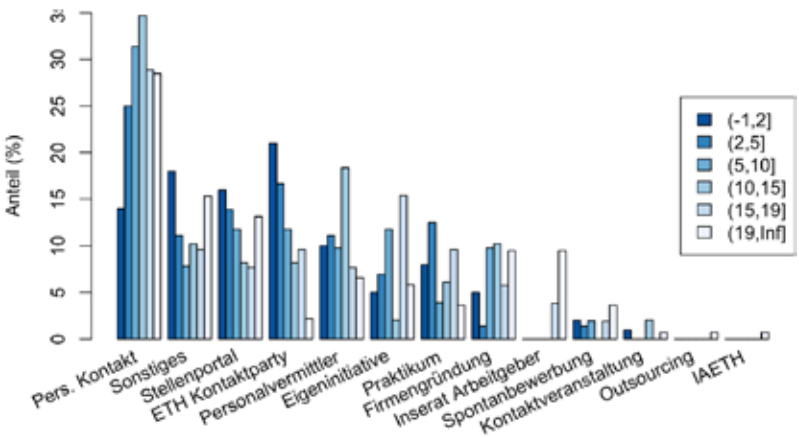


Job Search

The survey gives some insights into how graduates and alumni found their jobs. A sizable number of young graduates get their job through the VIS Kontaktparty, and later in their career, personal connections grow increasingly valuable. Hence, building a career network now can really pay off later!

Where Do ETH Graduates Land?

No surprises here—most graduates kick off their careers in the IT sector. But some also go into Business Consulting and Finance.

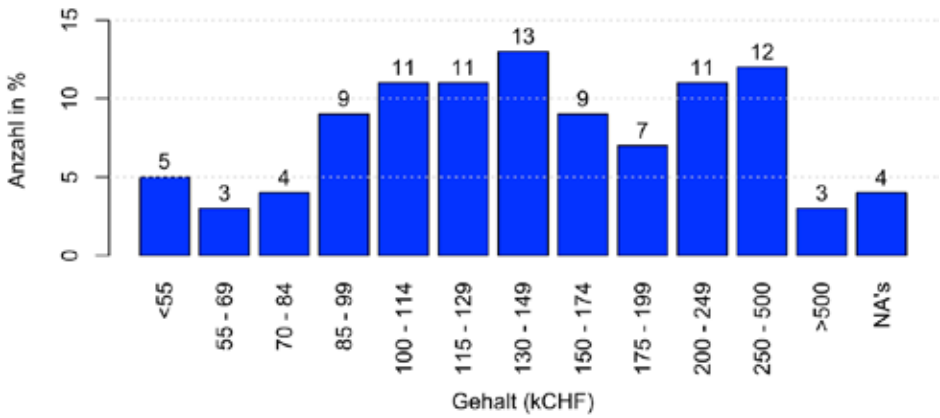


Let's Talk Money

The survey showed a pretty big range when it comes to salaries. On average, though, ETH CS graduates earn around 175,000 CHF per year, but do not expect not. Probably don't expect this figure to reflect on your first payment slip, though. It was compiled across people with varying years of experience and in different branches of industry. It is however, it is a good sign that our skills are still in high demand.

The IAETH job survey makes one thing clear—there's light at the end of the tunnel! Sure, the job search can feel like a rollercoaster, but the good news is that we are most certainly gonna land on our feet. If years of coding, debugging, and LaTeX struggles didn't break you, the job market doesn't stand a chance.

Cheers,
Joel



AND NOW, THE MOST SERIOUS, MOST FACTUAL, MOST EVIDENCE-BASED ARTICLE AT ETH...



THE ETH MONARCHIST





Report: 65% of revenue from tuition increases already spent on waterslide

Inside: ItgETHsWorse: ETH to replace survey with warning label | New Mensa Menu to contain one gram of beef, 65,000 grains of rice

Reported by Andrew Lee (andrew.lee 'at' inf.ethz.ch)

Bern. The Federal Parliament dissolved into fighting on Monday as a budget report revealed that over 65% of revenue generated by increases in ETH tuition had already been spent on the university waterslide. The slide, a 400-meter tube descending from the cupola of HG, already travels in, out, and through the dome before depositing riders at the base of the university tram stop.

The cost overruns are notable in a country known for timeliness and budget efficiency.



With seven additional phases of construction, the polyslide will rival the Gotthard Base Tunnel, the Large Hadron Collider; and the Polymensa entry queues as the largest manmade objects in Switzerland

But project personnel stood by a desire for quality. Testifying before the assembly, project commissioner Marta Keller defended the use of federal funds.

“There is one thing we don’t compromise ahead of educational excellence, and that is thrilling aquatic fun.”

First approved last year, the scope of the project has rapidly grown to encompass water attractions at CAB, CHN, and a downhill extension to the ETH Link transporting students from the Höggerberg campus to the Polyterrasse bus stop.

Despite objections from parliamentarians, funding cuts are not expected as revenue from further tuition hikes continues to pour in. Several representatives of the ETH Board privately emphasized that it was important for ETH to retain its reputation as the most fun-filled university in Europe.

Speaking on the condition of anonymity, a member of the senior administrative staff emphasized approval for the project.

“We’ve received complaints from students about the price, but all the feedback from the voice recorder in the slide sounds like, ‘Whoa! Whooo! Yippee!’”

At press time, the parliament had quickly voted through a proposal to quintuple tuition to fund a 70-kilometer slide that would rapidly deport foreign students to Germany.



The Juiciest Linux / GitHub Repositories

WANGLEI SHEN (WASHEN) – “PRIME CUTS OF OPEN-SOURCE GOODNESS”

Scrolling through GitHub is like flipping through a restaurant menu—so many options, yet it’s hard to decide what’s truly worth your attention. With countless repositories out there, how do you separate the ordinary from the extraordinary? Now, I won’t claim to have the holy grail of repos, but what I do have is a long-lost, much-traveled secret recipe. Legend has it that this recipe has changed hands countless times, its origins obscured by time. No one knows who first created it—all that remains is a faint inscription on the back of the parchment: "washen."

Hors d'oeuvre - Grand Linux-terminal Appetizer

"Get the best experience with command: `sudo apt install`"

Nostalgic Classics - sl: Indulge in the brilliance of mistyped "ls", reimagined as a glorious steam locomotive chugging across your screen. With its charming ASCII artistry, sl is a beloved classic in every sysadmin's collection.

Wintry Delight - xsnow: Enter a winter wonderland as delicate ASCII snowflakes gently descend onto your desktop. If you are lucky, you may even spot Santa gliding across the screen. A timeless seasonal treat, ideal for cozy terminal sessions.

Digital Rain Refreshment - cmatrix: Drift into cinematic hacker aesthetics as cascading neon green text falls like rain across your screen. Inspired by The Matrix, this stunning visual experience will provide you with an immersive experience from Neo...



Spell: cmatrix

Appetizer - The AI-Powered Terminal Companion

"Any AI assistant with vim-like taste"

A delicately crafted offering, *aider* blends seamlessly into your terminal, delivering AI-assisted coding with the elegance and efficiency of a masterful pair programmer. With an intuitive presence, it refactors, debugs, and generates code effortlessly, ensuring that you never have to step away from the comfort of your shell.

Salad - The Swift Seeker

"Artfully refined recipe from *sharkdp* to achieve faster speed and delightful experience"

A modern delight infused with regex sophistication and color-enhanced presentation. *fd* perfectly balanced fusion of speed and elegance, it delivers a refined search experience, effortlessly uncovering hidden treasures within the filesystem. Crafted with a minimalist touch, it boasts multithreading precision and intuitive syntax, leaving behind the complexity of its predecessor. While *find -iregex* plods along at 19.9 seconds and *find -iname* struggles to 11.2 seconds, *fd* completes the same task in just 854 milliseconds, showcasing a breathtaking 23x speedup while maintaining the same accuracy.

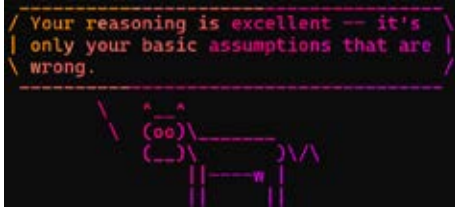
Main course - The Streamlined Test Maestro

Like a perfectly balanced entrée, *shorttest* offers a refined yet powerful experience—removing the excess, enhancing efficiency, and allowing you to focus on what truly matters: writing great software. Whether you're running quick checks or orchestrating comprehensive test suites, this exquisitely light framework ensures your tests are as seamless as they are effective.

Dessert - Oracle's Whisper in a Crisp Shell

"Artfully curated and elegantly assembled with `sudo apt install cowsay fortune lolcat`"

A velvety-light confection of wisdom and whimsy, this delicately crafted creation unveils a playful "bovine proclamation", encasing a fleeting whisper of fortune and fate within each artful presentation. With another seasoning, the "lolcat", it will enhance the experience with a splash of color for a dazzling crescendo of flavors



Spell: fortune | cowsay | lolcat



v.l.n.r. Oben: Jonas Blank, Yulia Avilova, Benjamin Gruzman, Hüseyin Deniz
Mitte: Nicolas Wehrli, Mikail Gedik, Cédric Girardin, Yannick Hinnen, Kiara Chau Garcia, Basil Feitknecht, Selin Nayki
Vorne: Hannah Osswald, Franziska Schneider, Martin Shen, Wanglei Shen, Alexis Elisseeff, Joshua Durrant, Selina Turhan
Nicht anwesend: Andrew Lee, Ebruli Dogan, Fiona Pichler, Florence Kissling, Johan Stettler, Kamelia Ivanova, Kata Tóth, Pascal Strebel, Stefano Lanza

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Inserate
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inserate@vis.ethz.ch

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VISIONEN Team
Yulia Avilova
Stefano Lanza
Kata Tóth
Mikail Gedik
Johan Stettler
Ebruli Dogan
Florence Kissling
Hannah Osswald
Pascal Strebel
Selina Turhan
Wanglei Shen
Hüseyin Deniz
Fiona Pichler
Alexis Elisseeff
Jonas Blank
Franziska Schneider
Joshua Durrant
Kamelia Ivanova
Johan Stettler
Andrew Lee

visionen@vis.ethz.ch

und freie Mitarbeiterinnen und Mitarbeiter

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Verein der Informatikstudierenden
CAB E31
Universitätsstr. 6
ETH Zentrum
CH-8092 Zürich