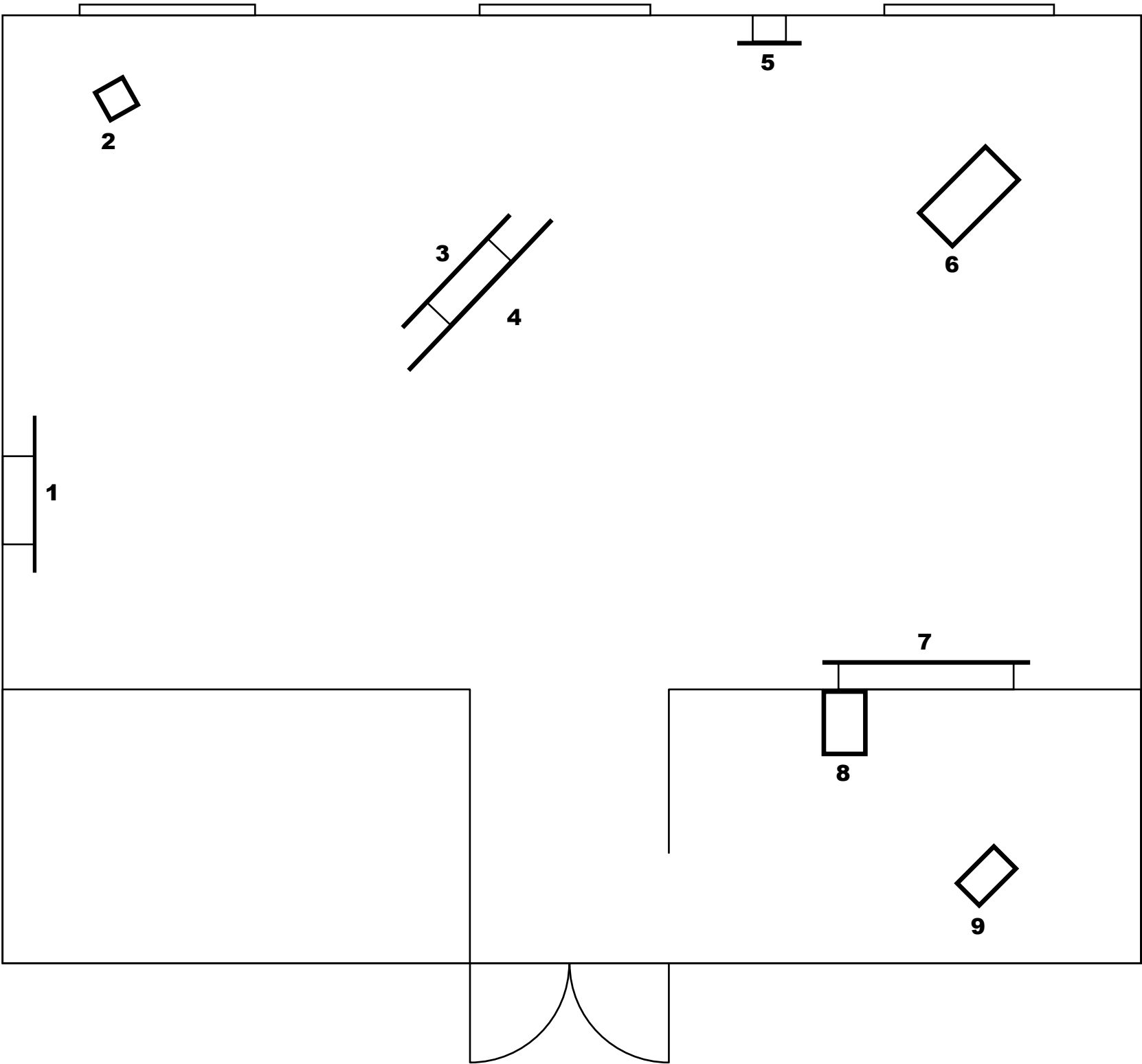




- 1 *Bei da Lindn*
Vitus Jonas Lindbüchl
video, 16 min 30 sec
- 2 *Peephole 30°59'48"N, 119°54'09"E*
Yuchen Ye
video, 6 min 4 sec
- 3 *Cosmos 482*
Siyang Zhang
video, 15 min 48 sec
- 4 *A Dramatic Recount of What I Think I Remember*
Quirin Brunhuber
2-channel video, 12 min 27 sec
- 5 *Die Zeit hat uns verschlungen, die Tage haben uns verloren*
Lena-Maria Stupitzky
slide-show, 8 min
- 6 *Mexico Dreams but Does Not Sleep (Living with the Wound)*
Arnol Segovia Pozos
video-sculpture, 90 cm x 40 cm, 5 min
- 7 *Waldlingen-Neuschönburg*
Emma Kleiner
2-channel video, 7 min
- 8 *i am ocean, i am bird*
Nicolas Maximilian
arrangement of eternal atoms, 10 min
- 9 *Meet Me at Rodina*
Maria Zaikina
video-sculpture, 7 min

1 *Bei da Lindn* - Vitus Jonas Lindbüchl - video, 16 min 30 sec

Bei da Lindn bin i gssesn, bei da Lindn sitz i gern, |: da kãnn ma, wann's schee wind-staad is, as Herz klopfa hearn :|. Von da Seitn, von da Leitn, kimmt a scheens Diandl her, |: hat's Fürta auf der Seitn schaut kloa verzwickt her. :|. Jetzt möcht i gern wissn, soll i bleibn, soll i gehn, |: des Diandl is so liab und die Welt is so schee! :|

2 *Peephole 30°59'48"N, 119°54'09"E* - Yuchen Ye - video, 6 min 4 sec

Triggered by an anomalous spatial event—a personal encounter shared by the artist and a friend. This work probes our reliance on measurement and spatial discipline. Rather than illustrating the paranormal, it uses this rupture to ask: what remains when we dismantle the grids and coordinates that anchor our existence? When the liminal state of suspended calibration is materialized, does the loss of metric certainty leave us with nothing but a pure void? Or could the dissolution of these cognitive shells be the very condition that allows for the instinctual liberty of wandering?

3 *Cosmos 482* - Siyang Zhang - video, 15 min 48 sec

Why do we come to believe in signs that are, in fact, unreliable?

In 1972, a Soviet probe bound for Venus failed at launch and was renamed Cosmos 482. Part of its debris fell onto a New Zealand farm that same year; the rest remained in Earth orbit, drifting for more than fifty years, until it recently re-entered the atmosphere and fell into the Indian Ocean. No one actually saw the moment it touched the water.

The film begins with this fall. It wants to approach a slow process of transformation: how an object, over half a century, detaches itself from technical plans, political naming, and archival records, and becomes a sign drifting at the edge of the world—and how we, relying on incomplete evidence, build a relationship with it.

4 *A Dramatic Recount of What I Think I Remember* - Quirin Brunhuber - 2-channel video, 12 min 27 sec

I don't think I remember correctly. Which is strange, because I was actively thinking about how this moment would feel as a memory. It is all very vague now.

I went home to see if everything is still there. My father helped me navigate the people and places, as I had forgotten a few. Some places changed a lot and some people were gone.

I remember boots, the church, parents waiting and this one song.

Filmed in Bacău, Romania - January 2026

5 *Die Zeit hat uns verschlungen, die Tage haben uns verloren* - Lena-Maria Stupitzky - slide-show, 8 min

Six long years—marked by the pandemic and the spread of Russia's war of aggression across the entire country—passed before we were able to see our grandparents in Ukraine again.

For three weeks, their property was the center of our lives. An entire world condensed into a few square meters of land in the Podolia region. During that time, I wrote and took photographs to capture—but also to process—what I had experienced. These are moments from an endless stretch of time: three weeks in the midst of war. They are glimpses of everyday life that, in times like these—times of separation and uncertainty—hold everything together.

To ensure the safety of my Family and the local people, I cannot provide any specific locations. That's why, even while taking photos, I had to limit myself to close-ups or non-specific images—being located by the Russian military would put their lives in danger.

6 *Mexico Dreams but Does Not Sleep (Living with the Wound)* - Arnol Segovia Pozos - video sculpture, 90 cm x 40 cm, 5 min

The work approaches belonging not as a stable point of origin, but as an experience transformed by distance, loss, and the impossibility of return.

In Mexico, a territory shaped by migration northward (United States) and by the persistent reality of enforced disappearances, displacement can simultaneously contain the search for another life (better, different, or simply possible) and a definitive rupture from what one recognizes as home.

The structure operates as a space of transit, containment, and protest. Its folds, joints, and repairs remain exposed: they neither restore a former wholeness nor bring absence to a close, but instead hold it materially.

To access the image, the viewer must approach the work and place their face inside the device. This voluntary gesture (in contrast to journeys so often defined by the absence of choice) transforms looking into a bodily experience and temporarily positions the viewer within a space shaped by waiting, uncertainty, and the desire to find.

Here, Heimat does not refer solely to the place to which one belongs, but to that which continues to inhabit us when return is no longer possible.

7 *Waldlingen-Neuschönburg* - Emma Kleiner - 2-channel video, 7 min

eins, zwei, Polizei — warum? und andere Kinderfragen:

drei, vier, Offizier — nichts bricht die Selbstverständlichkeit.

fünf, sechs, alte Hex — Zeitung, Märchen und Gesetz,

sieben, acht, gute Nacht-Geschichten, gute Nacht Gesang

neun, zehn, auf Wiedersehen — ohne Wahrheit: Widersinn.

8 *i am ocean, i am bird* - Nicolas Maximilian - arrangement of eternal atoms, 10 min

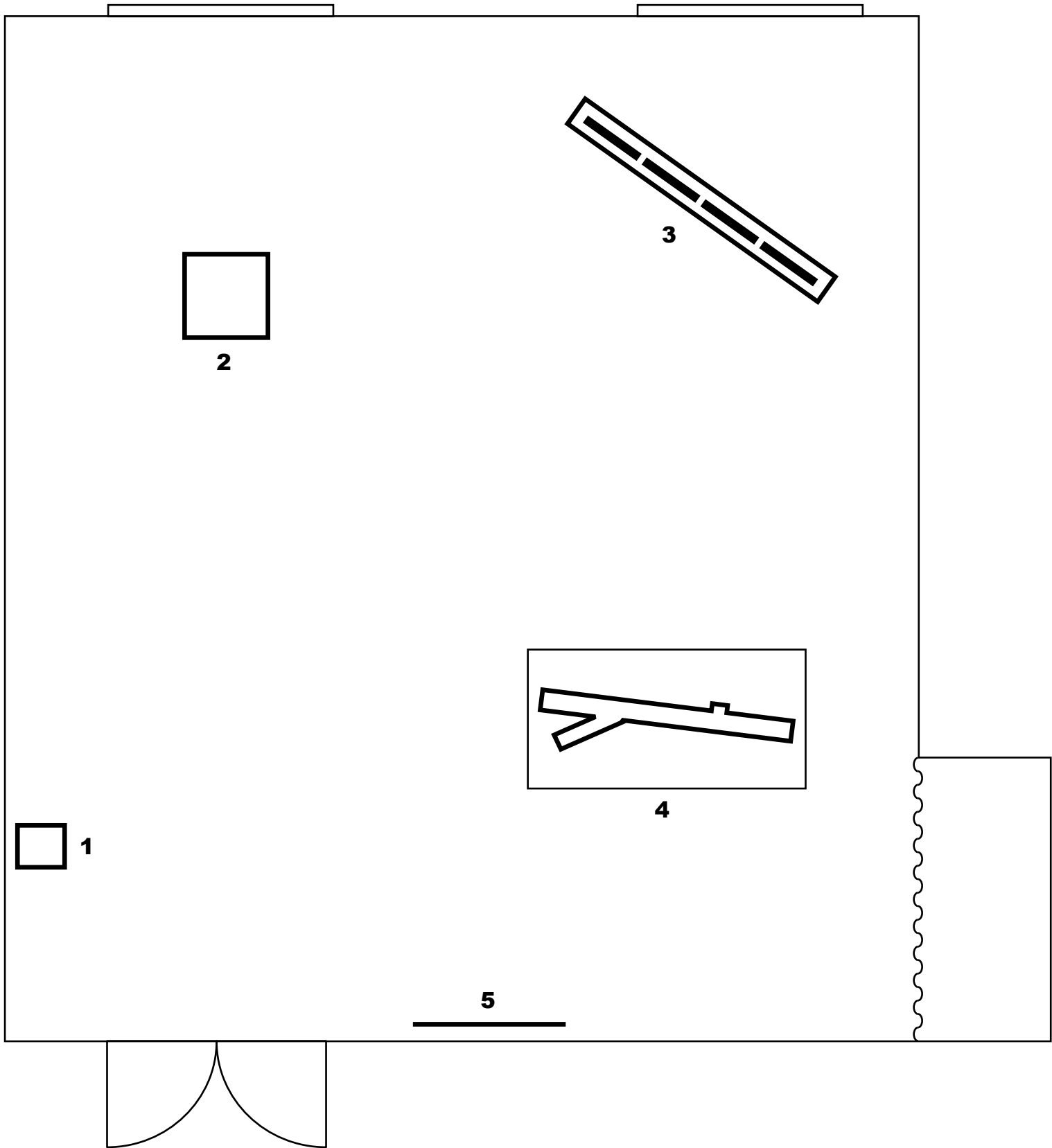
I am ocean, I am bird / The water that makes up most of my weight / has been around forever / so has every atom that I call part of me.

Every glass I empty, I receive molecules / that have seen everyone who has ever lived / that still remember what it was like / to be glacier, to be cloud / to rest in the deep sea, to become a mammoth's tear / I have been ocean, I have been bird. I will be rock and I will be countless human beings.

9 *Meet Me at Rodina* - Maria Zaikina - video sculpture, 7 min

«Родина», «Rodina» or «Heimat» - one of the most common names for cinemas in Russia, my country of origin, and the countries of the former Soviet Union. These signs can still be found in many cities as traces of a

In this work, I play with scale: the large illuminated sign "Rodina", familiar from cinema facades, appears not above a building, but above a small broken television set. The image changes its context: what once invited people into a space of dreams and cinema now rises above a source of distorted images and noise. The television remains one of the most common objects in Russian homes and has historically been not only a window to the world, but also a tool for shaping collective consciousness. The interference of an old television becomes a metaphor for a disrupted connection with the past and a feeling of anxiety about the present. The work explores a complex relationship with the idea of «Heimat» as a place of memory and personal attachment, but also as a source of pain. It reflects on a country that exists between memory and reality, between the image presented to us and what we actually feel.



- 1 *Abuela Mari, Abuela Dosi*
Lucas Bernal Herrero
video, 1 min
- 2 *Das Dantezimmer*
Mehmet Reşat Başer
video, 1 min 50 sec
- 3 *Photocopies*
Casper von Bülow
4-channel video installation, musical composition, ~8 min
- 4 *Wenn ich woanders bin, fühle ich es auch*
Klara Weber
sculpture, 1 m 90 cm
- 5 *Kraftwerk Thierbach / Kraftwerk Lippendorf*
Fabian Röntgen
video, 9 min 31 sec

1 *Abuela Mari, Abuela Dosi* - Lucas Bernal Herrero - video, 1 min

I am no longer welcome here, there's no one to open the door for me. I now inhabit my own city from a inn, yet I still do the same paths I used to.

This work follows said path, the route from Abuela Mari's house to Abuela Dosi's house —grandmother from mother's side and father's side respectively; set in Salamanca, Spain. As both members have passed, there's no one to visit, and as both houses have been sold, there's nowhere to stay. The streets have been renovated, the locks have been changed, therefore the only way to inhabit the city as I have known is virtually, either in memory or with recovered footage from Google Earth.

Just as memory works, so does the material recovered. Shapes abstracted from the real image, distorted streets and blurred out people conform the space meant to be walked, only to remain screen-recorded and played endlessly. The video lets the viewer get a glimpse of the city, welcoming to follow the steps, stoping only on those places privately meaningful, which are left to be only noticed.

This way, Heimat doesn't respond to a real place, but to a ritual in an ever-changing space, preserved in both virtual realms, memory and internet.

2 *Das Dantezimmer* - Mehmet Reşat Başer - video, 1 min 50 sec

To those such as we, no love is granted. Forsakenness weighs heavier than mere solitude. It is our lot to fade away in silence, like a candle left behind in an empty chamber. O Lord, grant me not such an end. For only that which was once found can truly be lost.

3 *Photocopies* - Casper von Bülow - 4-channel video Installation, musical composition, ~8 min

Photocopies takes a look at young people in times of mounting uncertainty and crisis through a series of decelerated, non-narrative scenes. Presented entirely in singular one-takes, the work turns toward the private – silence, solitude, the moments in which we feel unobserved – as a way of articulating a shared generational feeling.

Each scene depicts young people in intimate, personal and everyday moments: a dancer rehearsing alone at night in his studio; a young girl walking home from school, absorbed in a game she is playing by herself; a group of sleeping teenagers at dawn who have fallen asleep, strung out at some afterparty; a hotel clerk, sitting in silence.

Time appears to have halted – each moment preserved indefinitely and stripped of its inherent transience. At the same time, a subtle and quiet discomfort lingers in every scene: a melancholic uncertainty, as if the installation's characters are silently waiting for a catastrophe that could erupt at any moment.

4 *Wenn ich woanders bin, fühle ich es auch* - Klara Weber - sculpture, 1 m 90 cm

My childhood home is a dot on the map, is a spot in the landscape, is a piece of earth. 90 years before, my grandmother ran around on the same grass, beneath the same trees.

Two different lives, divided by time, connected by place. How many feelings linger here? How many have I picked up? She remembers and describes a place I could never recognize. I know only a fraction of what the trees know.

5 *Kraftwerk Thierbach / Kraftwerk Lippendorf* - Fabian Röntgen - video, 9 min 31 sec

Braunkohle formed here fifty million years ago, and by the twentieth century it had become the fuel the GDR ran on — a quarter of the country's entire energy production came out of the Leipzig district alone. Lignite for the power plants, lignite for the chemical works at Buna and Leuna, lignite mixed into the two-stroke exhaust of every Trabant. People called it the Leipziger Geruch, the Leipzig smell, and on windless days it sat over the city thick enough that you couldn't see across the street. The government kept the actual pollution figures classified. Hospitals filled with children who had chronic bronchitis anyway. Two power plants, one gone, one still running. Thierbach shut down in 1999; Lippendorf took over — same coal, same grid.