

# A SEQUEL SEEPING NEARBY

## 4.7. – 23.8.2025

Leolie Greet  
Prix Anderfuhren 2024

With my brown briefcase in hand, I wonder—like so often at this time—why I wear this. I mean the strictly pressed two-piece suit, with its sharp crease running down my legs and the fine pinstripes that bend and move with me. My steps clack against the asphalt, louder even than on cobblestones. Both still radiate warmth. The room I've just left—where I spend most of my time—has a hole in the window, from which a hose looms. A hose that exhales air, breathes for the room, making it always a bit too cold for me. That's why I wear this.

Next to me, Mo's black briefcase swings, dancing with mine—if we were to look. Mo, too, wears a buttoned shirt beneath the jacket. Together, we walk along the restless main road, as always. We walk side by side. Others, too, walk at a brisk pace, chasing after themselves, heading straight ahead. The lines intersect without disturbing one another. We create a rhythmic clicking that disappears into a dense bed of surrounding noise.

I rush around the corner, where everything seems to slow down. The sun feels stronger here—perhaps because, on that freestanding house, all the blinds behind the windows are drawn. We stop and stare at the imprint of an ear at the edge of the otherwise shiny pane. An oily mark, clearly outlined, slightly smudged downward. An imprint where one might expect hair, but there is none. We see ourselves in the glass. We watch the questioning furrows form on our foreheads, where beads of sweat slide down like on a slide. Droplets straying into our eyes, falling onto our shirts, gliding along the stripes.

I press the door handle with anticipation. Pull. Reflexively push. It's locked. Arms stretched out, torso leaning against the glass, head turned sideways to the facade, Mo's eyes are closed. I make space below, sit on my briefcase, press my right shoulder and ear against the window. Beneath me, there's a crackling of creased paper and cardboard—documents I meant to go through again at home, check, file properly. Some muscles in my legs are tense.

I search my memory for what lies behind the blinds. We pass this house nearly every day. I've forgotten, but I listen to the dull humming, unfamiliar, unplaceable, unidentifiable. I think of the hose's hum, breathing, gently cooling a floor lamp. But this hum is deeper, duller, and dissolves in all audible directions. It dissipates, like my longing for a clear shape I could cling to. Small droplets form on my nose. The humming tightens. A drop rolls to the tip. I wonder if it's gotten warmer. It smells sour, dried. My hands are damp, yet cold. I'm nervous. Or is it fear? I don't know. Maybe the room is breathing. Maybe it's exhaling. Maybe it's cooling itself down. Because it's too much. Because it's overheated.

The grooves on my fingertips give me grip. I close my eyes and see something grow, without knowing how. I listen to the hum expanding, pausing, turning, then dissolving again, running along the slats of the blinds. I hear how the walls' pores must absorb some of the moisture. How surfaces relate to one another, connect or clearly repel. Brief, high-pitched tones, as if something has come to a halt. I press my ear harder, even though my back aches. It feels as if the glass has become more porous – but the beads of sweat run down my earlobe in a clear path, seeping into the ground. I wonder how the room endures this, how long it can go along with these movements, whether the house will hold up.

Something sticky brushes my pinkie. I see more hands and ears approaching the surface of the house beside us, turning toward one another. They stand there, expectantly. Nervous, curious, fearful, and relieved. I don't know how long we've been here. It's grown tighter. But above all, it's become quieter around us. I look at Mo and search for words to fit the images moving in my mind. I search for words that won't freeze the movements, but I say nothing.

– martian mächler

## Anderfuhren – A Prize for Regional Artistic Creation

The Anderfuhren Prize is the main award dedicated to supporting and promoting the contemporary art scene in Biel/Bienne. Every two years, the Anderfuhren Foundation awards emerging artists under 40 from the Biel region. The prize is endowed with CHF 15,000 and is followed the next year by an exhibition, supported by the foundation with an additional CHF 15,000. In 2024, the prize was awarded to Leolie Greet, accompanied by an exhibition at KRONE COURONNE.

Since 1976, the Anderfuhren Prize has recognised more than 90 artists from the Biel region. In recent years, the laureates have included: Leolie Greet (2024); Laurent Güdel (2022); Beth Dillon and Janosch Perler (2021); Jérôme Stünzi (2020); Maya Hottarek (2019); Céline Ducrot and Lea Krebs (2018).

### Leolie Greet

Through her objects and installations, Leolie Greet (\*1995, lives and works in Biel/Bienne) constructs poetic narratives based on visual and linguistic associations. These stories are not limited to the individual elements of the exhibition. On the contrary, Leolie Greet connects them through a spatial arrangement that is both subtle and surprising. The jury awards the 2024 Anderfuhren Prize to Leolie Greet for her thoughtful and masterfully executed work.

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## FRONTROOM

Leolie Greet

### 1. *unfoldings*, 2025

Mdf, cardboard, pvc canvas, paper, eyelet and file levers

### 2. *sweating the dust away*, 2024

Folding chairs, epoxy resin

### 3. *inverted piles could be vessels, for example*, 2025

Mdf, metal trolley, latex, lacquer residues and others

### 4. *untitled (Jalousien)*, 2025

Modified aluminium jalousies, various strings

### 5. *a sequel seeping nearby*, 2025

Two channel video, 17:33 min, loop

Production: in collaboration with Thalles Piaget

## FOYER

A. Ise Schwartz

B. Laura Veenemans

*Stretch the limit*, 2025

110x90cm, mixed textiles on wooden frame

C -D. Laura Veenemans

*LVL 1, LVL2*, 2025

50x40cm, mixed textiles on wooden frame

