

SWEETWATER,

How come the painting doesn't fall?

by Georgia Sagri

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When it comes to hanging a painting, you will definitely need a hammer. Any hammer will do the job but some prefer to use a small framer's hammer, as it is less likely to bend your nails. Most prefer a traditional claw hammer that has some weight to it. Weight helps you drive the nails in more quickly. An occasional bent nail is a minor inconvenience. A good tape measure is also invaluable. Cheap tape measures will bend and jam—spend a few extra to get a sturdy one. Some people can sense how level a painting is by pure instinct. I'm not sure this is the way to go with Sofia Defino Leiby's paintings, therefore, I recommend you to have a level handy at all times. The level has to be one of the greatest inventions of the last millennium. Several years ago, I purchased a laser level. The laser creates a line that extends the length of the level, and it makes you feel somehow certain and high-tech. I've found that I end up using the laser function quite a lot but an old-fashioned way will do the job just as perfect. What you must not forget is the pencil and the hangers that come in several forms and types. Painting hooks are available at most hardware and home improvement stores. The variety they carry is okay. Most of the spaces nowadays come with drywalls, or thick cement brick walls therefore you will definitely need another type of hanging system. Most paintings will come wired on the back, ready to hang. However, it's always a good idea to verify that the hardware Leiby provided is sturdy and well mounted. Her paintings may not be presented in a traditional frame, or the mounting may not work with wire and hooks. In those cases, or if the piece is heavier than you expected you may need a heavy-duty drywall anchor in order to mount the piece. A number of different types are available. I prefer the expanding metal screws that are driven into the wall with a hammer, and then screwed in, to expand a kind of flange behind the drywall. Plastic drywall anchors, and metal drywall screw mounts are also available, but I haven't found these to be as stable as the expanding screws. Some of the most difficult hangings have been on stone or block mantles. My advice in this kind of situation is to get professional installation help. These installations can be very tricky, and a professional will have the experience and tools requisite to handle almost any scenario.

Immediately we realize that this object called painting is not part of the wall, it is hanging on the wall. By that simple move of hanging it creates an illusion that it shares similar strength as of the wall's and the context of the building that supports it. The gravity here is presented as a support phenomenon for the frame and this possibility for this object to lean on a surface and maintain its stability. It suggests that a complete world could exist within the support system that holds it, effortless, and unquestioned.

What a great thing to not be productive with painting.

There is a lot of training involved for such a sin to occur, especially when Sofia Defino Leiby insists on using painting as a navigator's tools—sextant, compass, calipers, rule—navigation can determine exact location and purpose. If the navigator is also proficient in survival, then could grant them some sense of safety. By taking careful measurements a navigator could determine their position on a map, any chart and the time of day. The role of a navigator involves flexibility, adjustment, moving and in moments of the changing weather they need to predict the shifts and effects on a voyage, keeping detailed notes of the journey and be able to deduce any unnecessary accident or misfortune while out there, in the unknown. The role of painting or—to phrase it better—the role of the act of painting is to plot the voyage's course, to determine Leiby's exact location out in the open sea of signs, textures, materials, expressions, extreme sensations, passing by, ephemeral and unfamiliar voices. Any change of weather might affect her voyage. Without painting, she would probably turn into a lost ship with no sense of horizon, unprepared for the harsh waves.

To do so, to navigate, let us assume that Leiby creates her own rules to adopt herself and us into her travel system. To present us with the location of the horizon, for each painting the horizon is changing. The light is flat, it is the white well-prepared soft surface of canvas or wood. It is the handmade fabrics

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from Portugal, the antique wallpapers from Paris. We already know that the sun is above our heads, every little detail is burned out and what is left for us to look at are the billboards, advertisements of city centers, rude slogans, tags, marks—including hers—on the street. By admitting that her eyes are burned with info, the paintings give us hours, which can happen during short rests of our gaze on any random detail. Leiby studies the skies, the ocean currents of the progress' leftovers, in her path, she compasses how this depression feels. Her paintings are not craving to embody the extraction's power and the frame as is. The ambiguity of her paintings is that they invite us to see the precarity of the paintings' rectangular mid-size shape—they fit perfectly in hand luggage, amongst t-shirts, lingerie, and dirty clothes. They don't ask us to look at them, they are asking us to hold them like a book, to track down the navigation tasks, the list of groceries, the note, stuck by a magnet on a fridge, dropped from a plastic bag, found on the street. Her paintings are not welcoming simply the act of representing an already digested viewership. They are dizzy, slippery steps of linguistic crossword games. When the tongue is strict on finishing a sentence it can certainly complete paintings. To hang out, to stroll, to run away, to return with no logical reason, ritournelle, to find the meeting point but being completely lost on random streets that you have no concern to know anything about. A cathexis of tourism, and its privilege to access what it is already known, aiming to become the master of survival, which reveals the desperation to touch something familiar. What an oxymoron, to make paintings with objects, words and places that you would love to be part of but stumble upon the syntax of their specific articulation.

Photographs glued on canvases, plastic pigments imitating street signs and slogans, landscapes that situate the thing and the place in conflict. The dream and the real are part of a distant narration that situations are painted as if they are already in the past and forgotten. Remembering a city but still living in it. Forgetting a place that you were for so long inhabiting, rejecting it by trying to recall. The word and the sentence in a book. The book sometimes has blue lines, or it is blank. Perhaps the words are under the bottom of a date. It is a calendar of unknown listed tasks, most of them unresolved.

Is it a scribble, a mumbling or a humming painting? To not speak the language is to abandon all the standards of communication. She doesn't speak Greek and she stayed in Athens for a few months at γλη[matter]HYLE where she frequently returns. She doesn't speak German and she insists on living in Berlin, to explore the surprising paradox of insisting to speak through the most conventional medium of our times.

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