

Sophie Giraux
C-C-C
May 10 - June 21, 2025

A dollar-store-bought-flower-printed tablecloth.

Giroux first pours liquid rubber on the tablecloth. And once cured, she begins to peel, pull, and tug, at a stuttered pace, at the resulting cast, these pauses made visible by the marked delineations on the surfaces. While a mold produces and reproduces a fixed form, she breaks the cast, cutting and tearing at it to reconstitute it into something else.

Opposition informs and bears close in these works, as they are transferred from horizontality to verticality. From the source material's intended function to lay flat, and Giraux's working of it on the floor, to her reworking of it on the wall, and to their display here. On the floor, one could imagine the silvered surface to be mirroring a vandalized version of a tinplate tile from a gridded ceiling above. Positioned on different planes, out of design and later by choice, make aware the various axial delimitations of a space. And while they push up against physical boundaries, Giraux, too, exhausts the limits of her medium by way of incessant repetition, distorting the original image it in its process, forgoing any singular view.

What they are is a specific thing, and mobilized in part to their forming via copying, they might appear, if only momentarily, as multiple things: prints, relief paintings, silkscreens, screens. The longer the rubber remains affixed to the tablecloth, the more pronounced the image becomes. Giraux takes that which often gets reduced to the decorative, bringing its nihilistic core to the surface.

It is well contended that no single thing can ever be repeated twice. And while a copy may come near the original—may imitate it—it may only ever offer the impression of sameness. If Giraux's surfaces are an imitation of a flower—the representation of it—so is its growth, that is fated to remain compressed within the surface. Flat, and flattened through the compounded gesture of layering on the same image, they could remind of a pressed flower found between the pages of a book, placed there to savor a memory.

Though the original image dissolves into something else, the memory of its initial state remains present—the cast image certifies for its existence, but no longer is. Mutated and muted, the image still glimmers, if not more.

—Liv Cuniberti