

**REFLEXIONS ON PLATO'S AND BAUDELAIRE'S CAVERN AND ITS
INCREDIBLE FALLOUTS OF RE-BIRTHING LIGHTS - BY JOSEPH-CHARLES FARINE**

*Your shadow is there, on my table
And I would not know how to tell you
That the false sun of the lamps arranges itself with it*
Léo Ferré [The letter]

In the darkness, there is not a single place for beauty. The entire place is devoted to the beauty.
René Char

There is something about the work, or I would rather say about the artwork of Caroline Tapernoux, as a challenge to the night, Caroline inhabits the night with that intensity that is defining the occupation of a being or a place, like we talk about an inhabited being. Transparency in her artworks is about the same exigency of any true life, namely the one of urgency of the instance, which the researches have been immense although the result is evident.

The impregnation of the clarity that the artist disposes, studies, thinks, constructs, works, with eventually this blessed bread that is the result eventually conquered.

Shadow is light's sister like day is night's cousin, we would finally say that it is a family story about Nietzsche who hated this concept of family comfort but well at that time that was about a different context of our metaphor.

There is a very beautiful story anchored in the Greek mythology deepness namely that the fundament of all writings and the story of drawing would be the creation of a young woman which father Dibutades was a sculptor potter. The in love woman would have drawn the shape of her lover who was leaving for war so her father could realize a 3 dimensional artwork of it. This story, true or not, is about a touching emotion anyway namely that the origin of drawing would come from the time deepness by this gesture of indubitable grace and charm.

The Luminances of Caroline Tapernoux come from a sculptural disposal apparently simple but of a factual intelligence and an extreme mastership out of modern materials but that we will call more likely basic from a technical point of view namely the projectors with exact and calculated optic, hanged on the ceiling projecting their light on the polycarbonate pieces on the floor, shaped to make appear on the wall of these darkened rooms figures in which some could see like Nerval's chimeras, and others like unexpected medusas, eventually just like when one look at the clouds, each one will finally see in those, his own images through the power of individual imagination.

I always gave in my program a particular attention to the fields of shadow, reflect, light and mirror as it is true that I am convinced that shadow namely an immaterial drawing is a metonymy itself of art's fundamental entity namely a research of immaterial and spiritual values throughout the ultimate necessity of materials without which art would be summarized at the invisibility of closed eyes.

The drop shadows are the excellence and the grace of the actual season of autumn.

The paradox is that we had to darken this art space that has Cistercian light quality for the needs of visibility of this sublime show in this mordorant autumn. This autumn about which Leo Ferré was saying « the yellow bandits who are making mordoré hold ups at the trees ».

The drop reflects give us a sharper vision on the world, a more resonating one and Caroline Tapernoux builds the Luminances where the nocturnal alcove takes its entire meaning, in a paradoxical remembrance of the caverns which since Lascaux will not stop being the clandestine decor of eternal writings. What about the subtle and miniscule perception of light at the time where the cathodic screen fills the look bringing to blindness? The contemporary vision is tyrannized by the domination of zapping, this is the reason why the stake of artistic works inviting to the time of silence and sensible impregnation becomes a strength facing the superficiality of diarrheic and spectacular imagery.

« Mehr Licht » used to say Goethe. Caroline out of the impact of light makes infinitesimal, sensitive images at the antipodes of surrounding technological virtuality. She offers to us her images, as a gift, a present, a chance and eventually why not AS A DREAM LONGER THAN THE NIGHT.

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