

ALEXIS PICHOT

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## I N S U L A

Deep within our brain lies an island that is both remote and yet connected to the world: the insula, the birthplace of our emotions. The creation of these images enabled me to discover its existence. It emerged from within me when I faced my fear of rising tides, when I shouted my joy at the moon, when I thundered my anger at the rain or welcomed my surprise when faced with impermanence. I feel these emotional oscillations more deeply when shooting long-time exposure, precious moments of conversation with my deep being.

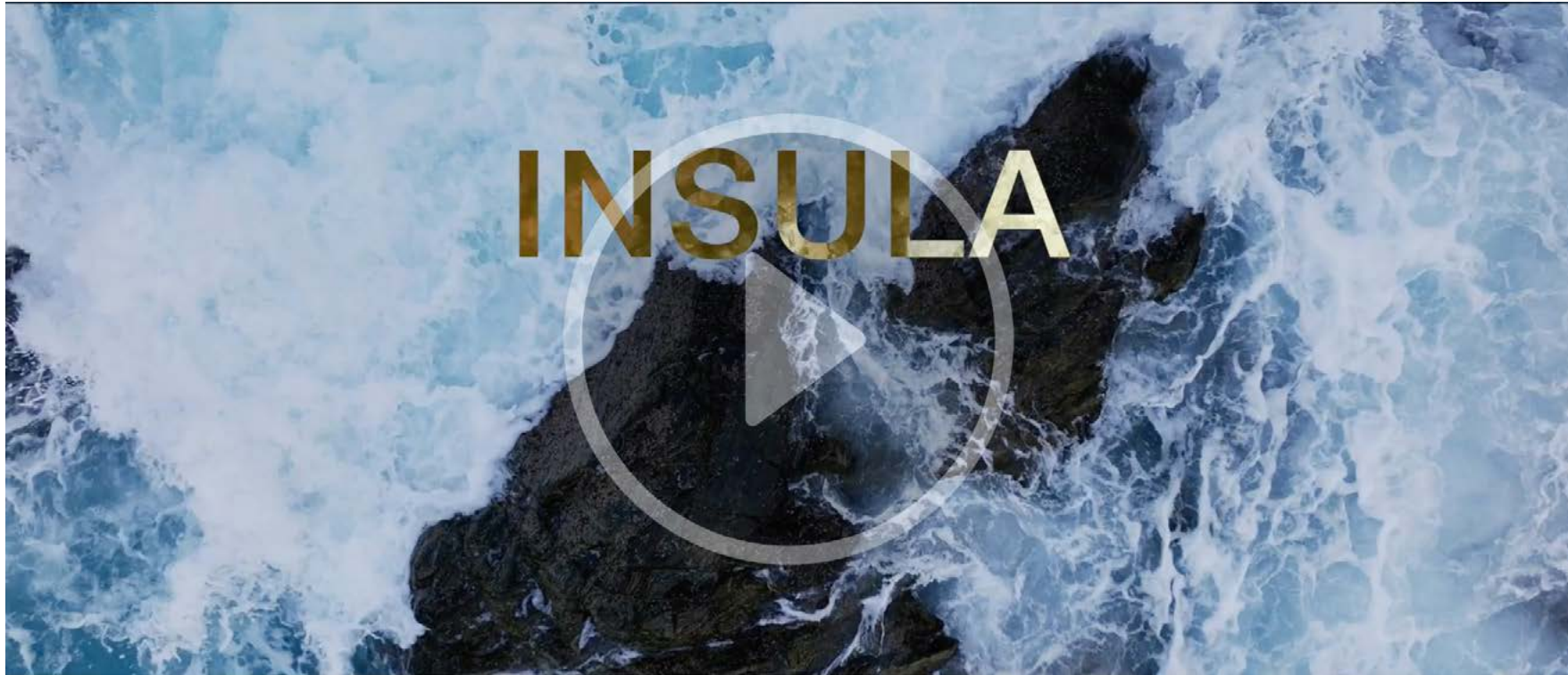
In Latin, insula means island. Thus, approaching my inner island has become an essential journey for my creativity to fully blossom. Its source is the earth's energy from which I draw the will to move forward in the night and explore its every corner. Water's energy can sometimes be fire when it becomes fog or foam and envelopes me in the feeling where everything is connected, like the white matter of the brain carrying messages between neurons. The energy of the sky and the full moon radiate around me and in my beating heart. This moon is relentlessly present, visible or not, during each of my navigations.

My gaze probes these archipelagos where sovereign contemplation suggests silence, altering the very functions of my senses. Why am I led to reveal landscapes where space and time are no longer defined? There can be a need for transformation and a need to personify what is present there in front of me. A desire for stillness, an invitation to observe what is hardly recognizable. For this, I dive into intense nights where the sound of the waves does not cease, where the air element unfolds, carried by the invisible force of the wind. This aria which plays with water and dances with minerals comes to caress my envelope of flesh and sometimes lash it. I then measure the precariousness of my rootedness.

I lived by the water or was surrounded by water for three years. I became intoxicated with its energy, imbued with its incantations and nourished by the sea air filling my lungs. A cycle ends, rich in emotions, in insula... These images reflect all the magic that I experienced there. A new horizon is announced, an imaginary line is drawn, the observer that I am is the center: the sky and the ocean no longer merge.

INSULA

THE VIDEO OF THE SERIES :



AND BELOW THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SERIES:











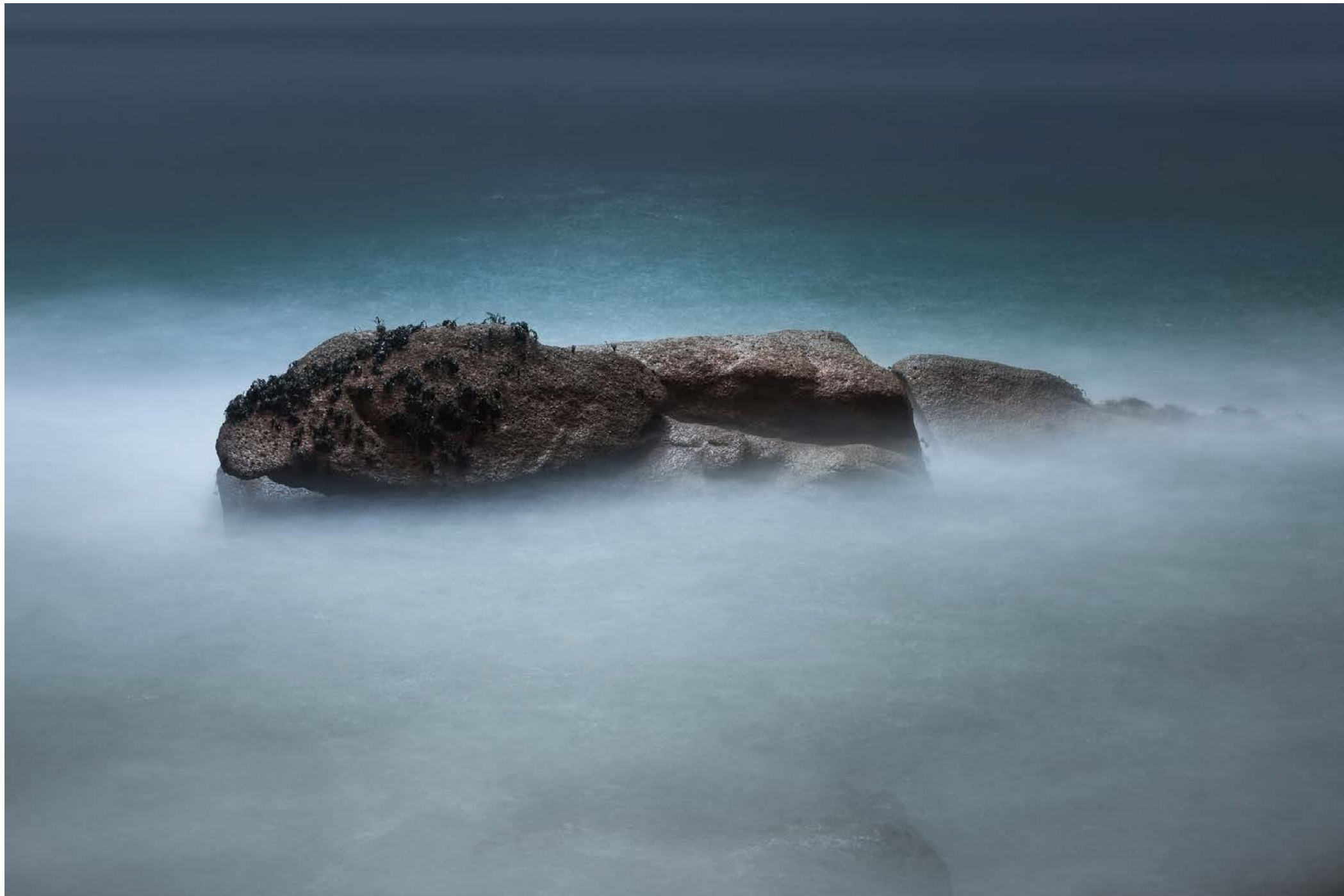










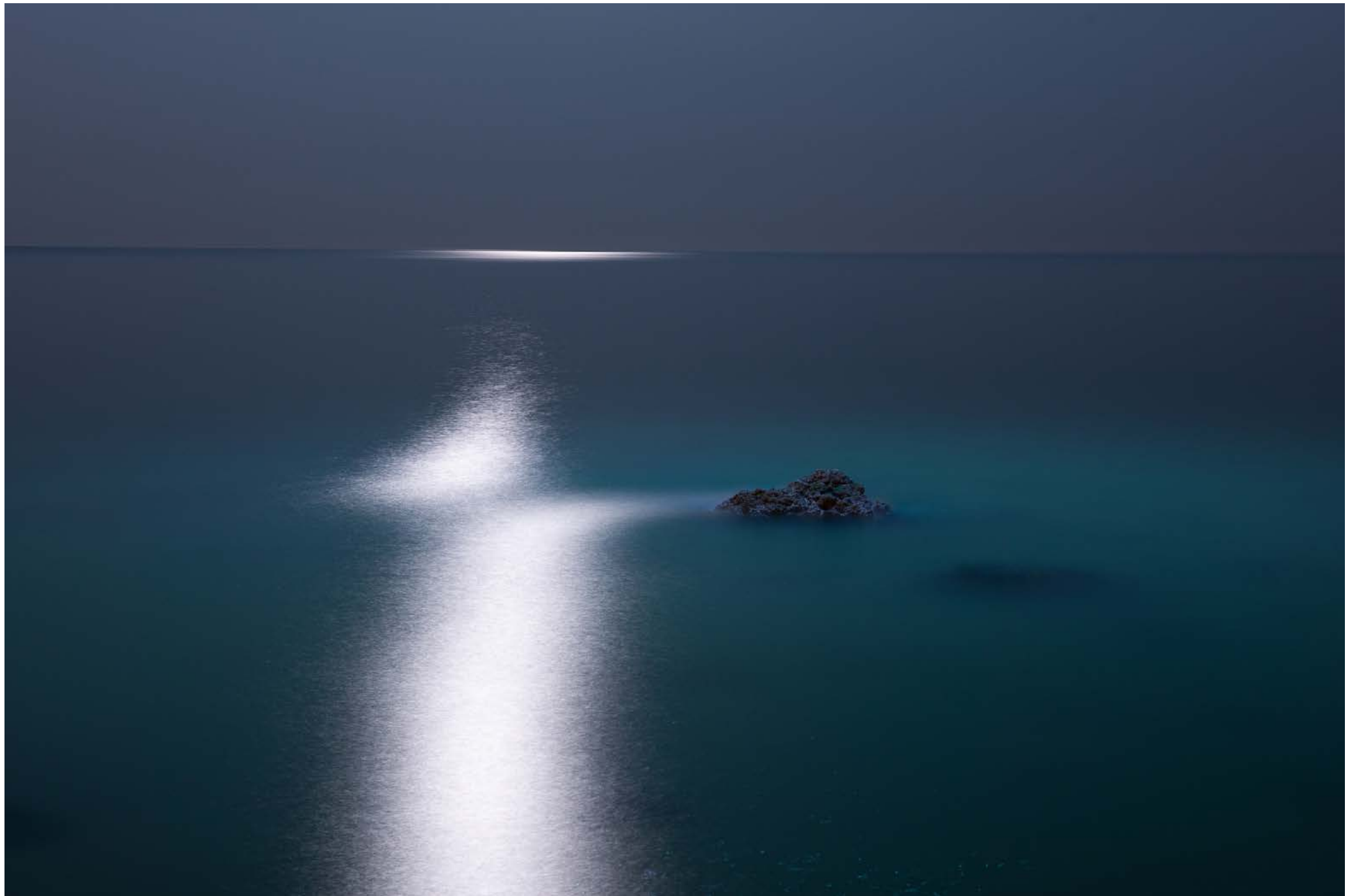












































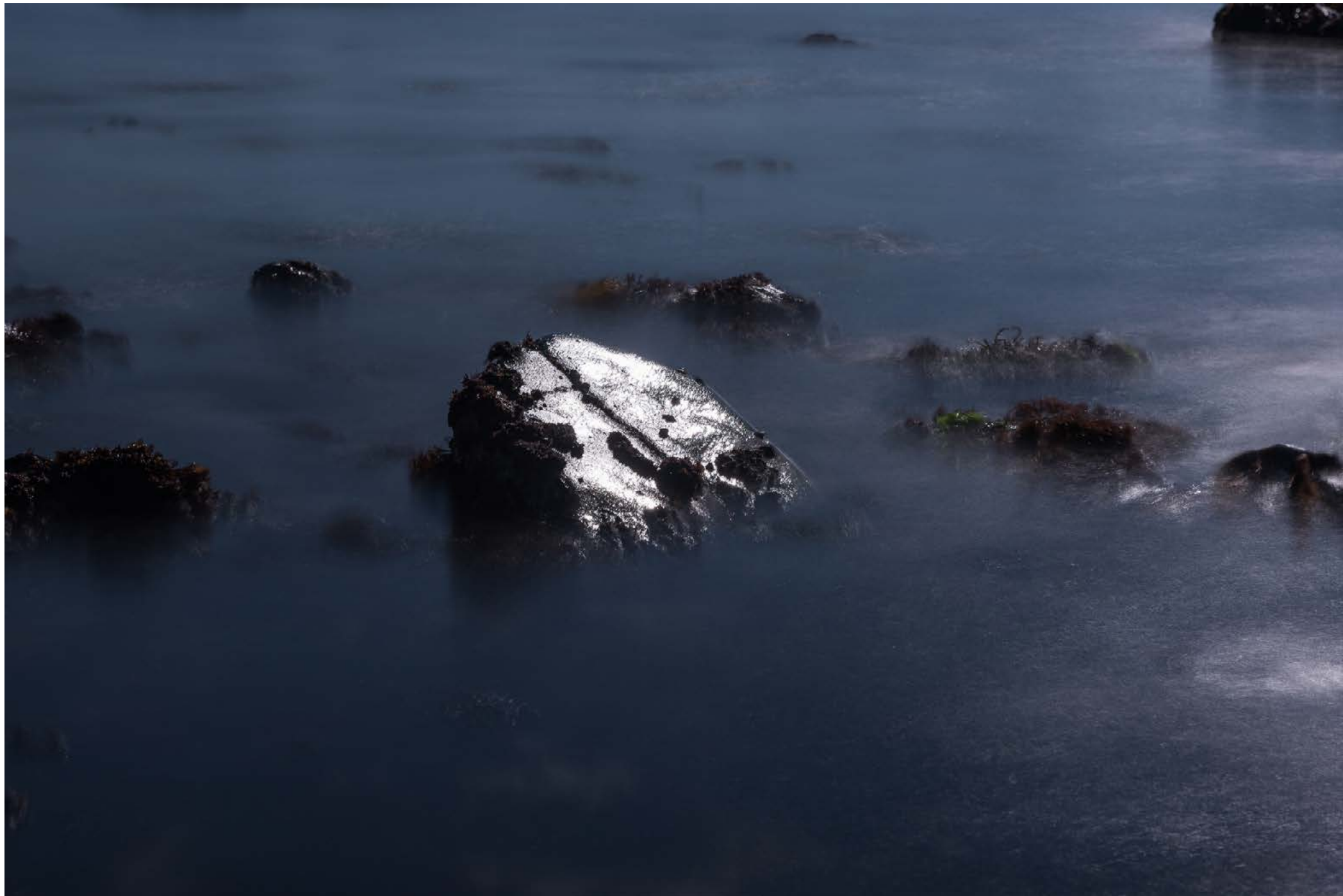
























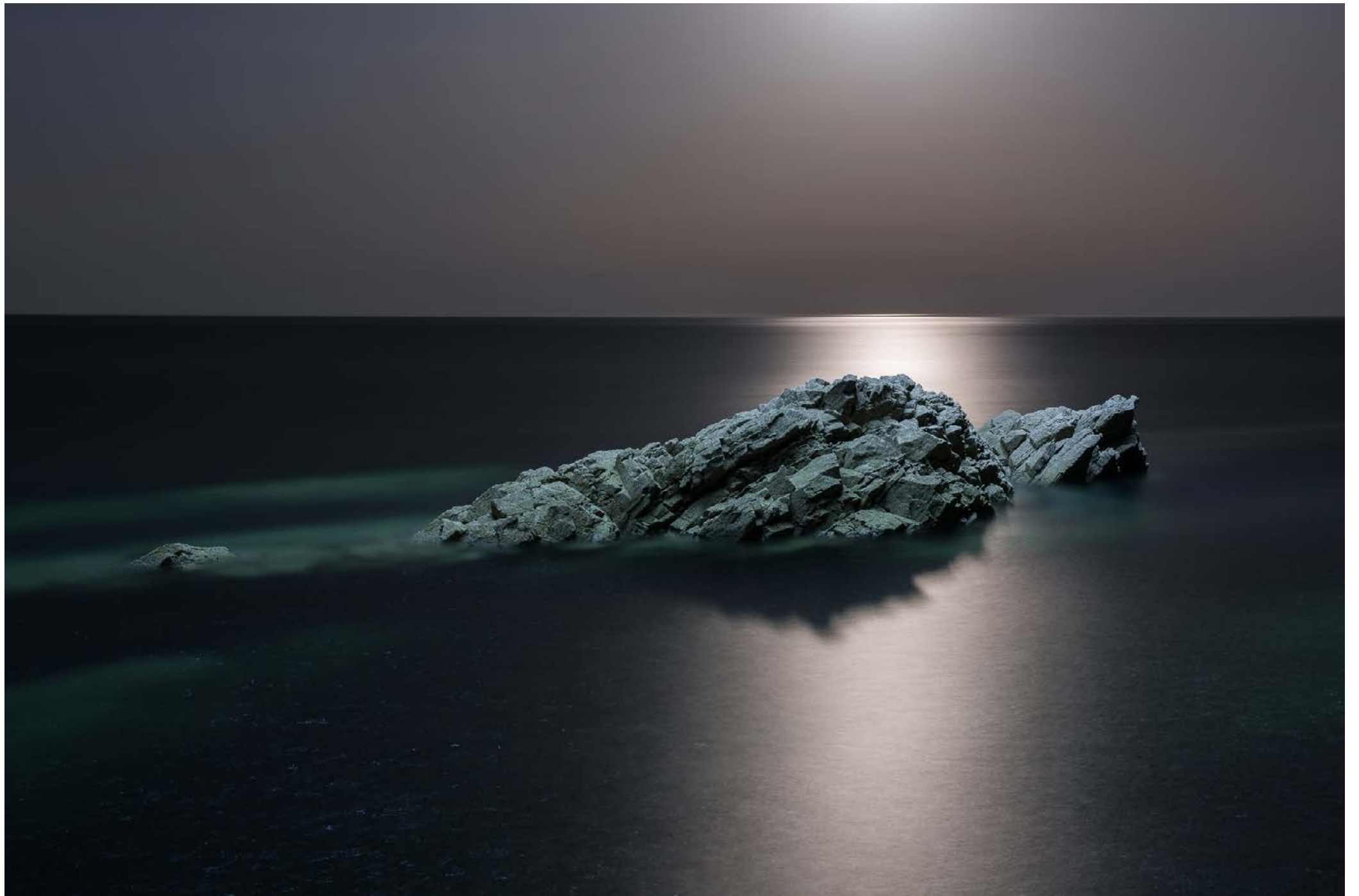


















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