

Marie Hascoët



Molène is a drop of earth placed on the surface of the ocean, a marine dew distilled in Bannec, Balanec, Trielen, the island of Christians, litiri, Quéménès, Béniguet, forming, among other emergence, its archipelago. She rubs shoulders with discreet rivalry, the Sentinel Ouessant, her neighbor, who, despite the shackles of the waves, seems more devoted to immutability. Molène disappears under the mist where, in skyscrapers, in the great game of optical illusions when the light of this end of the world refracts, even more than elsewhere, and that the vibrating ether mixed mixed of the sea and the wind.

Molène is a stopover, a shelter, a rest for who knows how to reach it, in the tangle of the pitfalls, taking the path of the beacons and relying on the bausover to pass the large roof, the hare, the big c'hromm and Men-Ar-Roued, before seeing, at the entrance to the island, the white turret of Trois-Pierres. Those who prefer the Helle channel will cross the perceaux, the faix or the luronne. And on the Sea of ?? Iroise, everywhere these names resonate, which tell stories of stars, animals, colors or hooks thus keeping the memory of roads, sea fortunes and the secret of fishing corners. Molène is a tide in the alternative, high or low, with dead or lively waters. And life is organized to the rhythm of this swelling and deflation, orchestrated by the waltz of the Moon and the Sun: the laying of the nets, the rise of the lockers, the Goémon Cup, the fishing with elmals or the strils. With the spread revealed, the estrans entrust their treasures always renewed to birds, flies, fleas or who will know, the first, lay its stone on the precious pinsé.

Molène is a trip to the country of a suspended time where you pass or root. They are the trees these men and women drawn up on the baldness of the island when the vegetable reign crawls to escape the fire of the spray. In Beg-Ar-Loued, the soul of their ancestors is, with small sips, swallowed by the greedy ascent of the ocean; Elsewhere, she lives these giants of granite with curious forms,



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