

PHILOZIA — The breath of living

Philozia – The breath of living Gaëlle Le Metayer

Introduction

Philozia is an invitation.

An invitation to think, to feel, to breathe differently.

To remember that before we are roles, professions, or stories — we are, first and foremost, alive.

This word didn't fall from the sky.

It was born from a void, from a need to express something that couldn't fit into conventional frameworks.

Philozia draws a bridge between worlds: the world of thought, the world of action, and the world of inner experience.

It doesn't try to impose or convince.

It simply offers. It extends a thread. It opens a space.

This is not about saving the world.

Not about preaching anything.

It's about fully inhabiting what is here, embracing paradoxes, vertigo, urges, and doubts.

Philozia is about that: a lucid, tender, sometimes demanding way of living — but always deeply alive.

This book is a journey.

A journey you may already know.

Because Philozia already lives in our lives — quietly, often unnoticed — in gestures, in fleeting moments, in thoughts that reconnect us with what's truly alive.

It's not about learning something new, but about recognizing what's already stirring within, waiting to be rekindled.

Each page is an invitation to slow down, to listen, to sense.

To trace your own lines, take your own steps — without aiming for perfection or models.

Philozia doesn't teach.

It reminds.

It awakens.

It walks with you.

It's for those who feel, somewhere deep down, that behind the words, there's a breath — and once felt, that breath just wants to move through.

Welcome to the space of Philozia.

Chapter I – The Genesis of the Concept

Philozia was born from a shiver.

The kind you feel when, in the midst of an ordinary moment, you suddenly realize you're alive.

When a beam of light crosses a room.

When unexpected laughter breaks a silence.

When a clear thought rises out of chaos.

It was born right there—in that fragile instant when everything suddenly makes sense.

This word wasn't invented for beauty or cleverness.

It came to fill a silence: the lack of words to express that subtle thread between thought and life, between the intimate and the collective, between impulse and meaning.

It arose because the usual frameworks no longer sufficed—because so often, the words we are offered—whether from philosophy, politics, institutions, or collective dogmas—ring hollow.

Disembodied.

In dominant discourses, the bond between reflection and life seemed broken.

On one side: systems, doctrines, rational frameworks that organize and structure, but often dry out the soul.

On the other: life—raw, chaotic, beautiful and harsh—where we stumble forward without always knowing why or how.

But when did we stop making these worlds speak to each other?

And why, now more than ever, does it feel so urgent to stitch them back together?

The word Philozia brings together two Greek roots:

Philia (φιλία)—a chosen love, a friendship, a deep connection.

Zōē (ζωή)—life in its overflowing form, life that pulses, that flows in gestures, glances, silences, tremors.

Together, they form a word that invites a posture:

A companionship with life.

Not perfect life. Not idealized life.

The life we live every day—with its contradictions, its hollow places, and its sparks.

No language—ancient or modern—had such a word.

No dictionary or lexicon combined these two dimensions—*philia* and *zōē*—into a single term.

So it had to be invented, like throwing a rope between two cliffs.

Like building a bridge where there was only a gap.

Today's world runs.

Everything is faster—news, demands, transitions, emergencies.

We are told to respond, to adapt, to perform.

But in this constant race, what remains?

Depth flattens, connections fray, meaning fades.

Many are looking for a breath. A new way to stand upright.

Philozia is born here—not as a refuge, but as an act of lucidity.

A radical gesture.

To slow down—not to escape, but to return.
To return to ourselves, to others, to the living.

Philozia has taken shape through simple moments:

A hand offered.

An unexpected conversation.

An emotion that spills over.

A decision made without fully understanding, but deeply felt as right.

It doesn't claim to have all the answers.

It offers a bridge.

To those who, at some point, have felt the call to breathe differently.

To reconnect their head, heart, and hands.

In a world that dazzles and sells fast answers,

Philozia proposes another rhythm.

Not to impose a single path,

But to offer space—

For listening, for resonance, for slowness.

A way of living with questions.

With clarity. With tenderness. With courage.

Chapter II – Philozia: Love for the Living and the Roots of Ethics

Philozia is not a trend or a passing idea.

It doesn't seek to add itself to the list of fashionable concepts.

It's rooted in something older, deeper:

that invisible yet essential thread connecting us to all that lives.

The ethics of Philozia begin here—with this recognition:

Life is everywhere, and we are part of it.

Not merely as isolated individuals,

but as beings woven into a larger tapestry.

When a hand reaches out to comfort,

when a smile cuts through exhaustion,

when a gaze lingers on a tree, an animal, another being—
something happens.

A silent acknowledgment.

A resonance.

And that resonance doesn't stop at the personal level.

Philozia also questions collective bonds:

How do we inhabit a group, a community, a society?

How do we nurture shared spaces where each person can exist—without erasing themselves?

In a world where we often pass each other by without truly seeing,

Philozia reminds us: relationships are living matter.

They are fragile, precious, and alive.

They require care.

Attention.

Listening.

They shape us as much as we shape them.

This doesn't mean becoming perfect or getting everything right.

It means showing up.

Choosing to see. To listen. To be moved.

Philozia calls for a lucid presence—

one that embraces imperfection,

but refuses indifference.

A presence that recognizes limits, vulnerabilities, doubts—

and still chooses to move forward with awareness.

In a world where everything is bought, measured, accelerated,

Philozia reminds us that some things escape the logic of the market:

the depth of a bond,

the spark of a moment,

the memory of a selfless gesture.

It's not a rigid moral code.

Nor an unattainable ideal.

It's a way of living.

A way of planting our feet in the present.

Of owning our choices.

Of remaining true to what matters.

And it plays out in daily life:

Saying thank you.

Slowing down to truly listen.

Rejecting convenience when it does harm.

Daring to repair—

even when it takes longer, even when it's harder.

Philozia isn't just a collection of noble ideas.

It asks to be embodied.

It invites us to align thoughts, words, and actions—

not in pursuit of purity,

but in search of inner coherence.

It's demanding.

But also lightening.

Because deep down, living out of sync with oneself is exhausting.
Living in tune, even imperfectly, makes us feel more alive.

And that is, ultimately, what Philozia offers:
a return to what makes us deeply alive—
individually and together.

Philozia also belongs to a larger continuum:
the line of transmission.

Every gesture we make, every decision we take, leaves a trace.
It draws from what came before—
our elders, our cultures, our stories—
and shapes what will come after.

To live ethically with the living is not only to care for ourselves or even for others in the here and now.

It's to honor what preceded us,
respect what surrounds us,
and open space for those who will follow.

Philozia calls for this long attention—
to connect the threads of past, present, and future
without flattening one beneath the other.

In this expanded awareness,
each gesture gains both weight and lightness.
Because it belongs to something beyond the moment—
without ever being separate from it.

Chapter III – A Personal Journey

Philozia was not born from a theory.

It was born from a path.

A path shaped by questions, doubts, breakdowns—and rebirths.

Because before it became a concept, Philozia was first an experience.

There were moments of rupture. Sleepless nights. Days of exhaustion when nothing made sense anymore.

There were tears, waves of despair, those times when everything felt too much, when you wondered if you'd ever get back up again.

(Spoiler: I'm still here.)

And then came the sparks:

A meeting that stirs something inside.

A book that suddenly brings clarity.

A breath of air—unexpected, undeniable—sometimes in the most ordinary places: in line at the store or mid-shampoo.

Philozia was forged in that crossing.
It was nourished by shadow as much as by light.
It doesn't pretend to erase wounds or deny chaos.
It invites us to face them. To welcome them.
To move through them with a little more gentleness, a little more precision... and, yes, sometimes, a bit of self-mockery.
Because honestly—who hasn't wanted to give up on everything before laughing at themselves five minutes later?

Along the way, there were companions:
Books. Faces. Outstretched hands.
There were practices: meditating, writing, walking, breathing—and, let's be honest, sometimes curling up under a blanket hoping the storm would pass.

But more than anything, there was a vital learning:
The art of attention.
Not anxious vigilance, not performance-based focus—
But a living, moving, lucid form of attention.
To yourself. To others. To the world.

Philozia doesn't say: *Here is the key.*
It says: *Here is a passage.*
Each will walk through it in their own way.

And yet, this personal journey is deeply universal.
Because every living being, at some point, faces that same tension—
between falling and rising again,
between losing and re-engaging,
between doubt and the choice to keep going
(even with swollen eyes and tangled hair).

Philozia, at its core, is not an escape.
It's a form of companionship.
It walks beside those who stumble, cry, rise, sigh, laugh—and move forward anyway.
It doesn't promise to remove every obstacle.
It offers another way to walk the path—
with lucidity, with tenderness, and, when possible, a bit of humor along the way.

Before moving to the next chapter, one thing is clear:
This personal journey isn't isolated.
It calls for something larger—
for this philosophy to be lived, daily, in the world.

Chapter IV – Philozia in Personal Life

Philozia always begins with oneself.

Before it reaches out to others, to the collective, to tomorrow, it is lived inwardly.

It is a way of inhabiting one's own body, thoughts, and emotions—with clarity and gentleness.

To welcome yourself as you are, without chasing an ideal.

To care for your breath, your impulses, your weariness.

To dare to slow down, to return to center, to listen to what pulses quietly inside.

This individual dimension is not selfish—it's foundational.

Because a person who is connected to themselves can connect more genuinely to the world.

By inhabiting our own shadows and light, we learn how to meet those of others—without fleeing, without overpowering.

Personal Philozia is this inner companionship.

A quiet thread you offer yourself each day,

so you don't lose your way,

so you remember that you are, still, alive.

Loving Oneself—Without Excess

What follows takes a different rhythm.

Slower.

More fragmented.

More intimate.

That's intentional. It reflects the subtle balance of Philozia.

Philozia invites self-love.

Not the kind that gazes into a flattered mirror.

Not the kind that collects labels to feel special.

But the kind that inhabits one's being fully—with clarity, softness, and integrity.

Loving yourself is not idolizing yourself.

It's not placing yourself above others.

It's not chasing constant validation.

It's about recognizing your strengths, your wounds, your contradictions—and accepting them as part of the living reality within you.

Philozia avoids excess—not out of moralism,

but because excess throws the breath off balance.

Too much of the self disconnects us from others.

It drains rather than nourishes.

Philozian balance is that of a heart beating at its own pace.

No need to overpower.

No need to outshine.

Just the need to be—here, alive, and connected.

Transmission is not about control.

It is not about teaching a fixed truth.

It is about opening a space where something can pass—quietly, gently.

A glance. A sentence. A presence. A memory.

A small gesture that, without knowing, touches someone and carries on elsewhere.

Sometimes, it begins in the deeply personal:

A grandmother showing how to weave a basket.

A mother sharing how sadness was comforted in her childhood—or the bursts of laughter.

A father explaining old gardening or repair techniques.

These simple scenes, these everyday transmissions, hold a vaster memory.

They carry the voices of ancestors.

The gestures of those who are gone, but who left their imprint—in the material world, and in hearts.

Symbolically, transmitting is like passing a candle from one hand to another.

The flame flickers—sometimes it seems about to die out—but it continues.

The candle itself isn't what matters, nor the hand that holds it.

It's the fire that moves through us.

Philozia pays attention to that fire.

To what flows.

To what burns without being possessed.

To what connects the living, across time.

On a collective level, transmission means preparing for a future that hasn't yet arrived—but is already forming.

It's planting seeds without knowing if we'll ever see the tree.

It's making gestures—for the planet, for others, for children we'll never meet—based on a hope for a more lucid humanity.

Maybe what seems marginal today—mental health in schools, emotional education, the choice to slow down in a world of speed—

will one day feel like common sense.

And maybe then, the seeds planted now will bear unexpected fruit.

In a world obsessed with immediacy, transmission can seem outdated.

And yet—it may be one of the most subversive acts of all:

To offer a story, a reference point, a seed for tomorrow.

To share not ready-made answers, but invitations—

to feel, to question, to seek.

To leave an imprint that is not a trace of authority,

but one of love and trust.

Philozia does not ask to become a system or an institution.

It prefers to remain a thread—light, flexible, alive.

But this thread must be carried, passed on, amplified.

It needs voices, gestures, echoes.

Because living ideas grow like this:

When they resonate.

When they meet difference.

When they take root in many stories.

And maybe, at heart, to transmit is already to plant passages toward tomorrow...
Passages we'll begin exploring in the next chapter.

Chapter V – Philozia in Relationships and Collective Spaces

After exploring roots, connections, and transmission,
comes the time to open passages—
passages toward tomorrow.

Philozia is not an untouchable utopia floating in the air.
It takes shape. It stumbles. It tries.
In gestures, in choices, in everyday commitment.

It begins with the most intimate scale: yourself.

To slow down amid the noise.
To breathe—truly breathe.
To sit beneath a tree and do nothing but listen to the wind.
To look up and watch a bird pass by, sunlight on a wall, a shifting sky.
To remember that being comes before doing, producing, achieving.

Philozia also invites us to look at our own darkness—
not to fight it,
but to make peace with it.

What we reject within ourselves keeps us fragmented.
Learning to see the whole picture—our contradictions, wounds, clumsiness—is a path to more
tenderness and internal coherence.

Then comes the daily, relational scale.
Saying hello to a neighbor.
Holding the door open.
Listening without interrupting.
Offering a smile for no reason.

Cooking a meal for a friend,
not for the gesture of virtue,
but just to share a moment.
Fixing something broken,
not to save the planet,
but to honor what surrounds us,
to respect what was made.

And then come the collective passages,
at a broader scale.

Those designing biodegradable materials.
Those cleaning the oceans.
Those advocating for mental health as a basic right.
Those inventing new ways of educating, governing, exchanging.

All of these gestures—small or large—
they sketch tomorrow's pathways.

These passages aren't smooth, well-lit tunnels.
They often feel like tangled trails—
messy, thorny, uncertain.

To walk them takes courage.
Patience.
Sometimes even humility—
to accept not knowing exactly where we're going,
but trusting the movement anyway,
carried by something deep inside.

Philozia invites us to recognize these thresholds—
those moments when the old no longer fits,
but the new hasn't arrived yet.

In these in-betweens, many give up.
But they are also the places
where real innovation is born.
Where true creation happens.
Where transformation takes root.

Crossing into tomorrow means embracing the unknown.
It means making room for discomfort, surprise, and constant learning.
It means remembering that the most important passages
aren't always the ones we plan.
Sometimes, they appear—
in a conversation,
in a book,
in a sudden doorway we didn't see... until it opens.

At its core, Philozia doesn't offer a map.
It offers a lantern.
A small light to illuminate the thresholds,
the in-betweens,
the possibles.

It doesn't promise arrival.
It accompanies the journey.

Chapter VI – Philozia, A Planetary Breath

If Philozia could be summed up in one word, it would be: **breath**.

Before any thought, before any action, before any transmission—
there is this simple, universal fact: breathing.

Inhale. Exhale.

It's the pulse running through all traditions, all cultures, all lives.

In many spiritual paths, we speak of the divine breath, the breath of creation.

In body practices, we relearn how to breathe freely,
to unlock what's stuck,
to feel life flowing again.

In Philozia, breath is a first thread—

the one that connects us to ourselves, to others, to the living, to the present moment.

To return to the breath is to return to what matters.

You don't need to master a technique.

You don't need complex knowledge.

You just pause.

Feel the air enter and leave your body.

Let yourself be reminded of something simple:

You are alive.

Philozia invites us to rediscover breath not only as a biological function—
but as a way of life.

To breathe with awareness.

To breathe to soothe.

To breathe to open.

To breathe to fully inhabit our own existence.

Philozia begins in the heart of each person.

It lives in every breath, every genuine smile,
every moment of presence where we reconnect with ourselves.

In our overfilled days,

taking time to slow down,

to feel,

to welcome our emotions without judgment—

this is already practicing Philozia.

It teaches us that resilience is not heroic.

It's built on small gestures, quiet recalibrations,
inhabited silences.

Because if there is a truly universal anchor,

this is it—

the breath that doesn't judge, doesn't possess,

that flows freely,
that stays with us from our first moment to our last.

Breathing is communion.
It is harmony.
It is resonance with life in all its forms.

Philozia is a breath. It's up to each of us to claim it.

Philozia doesn't stop at the personal or collective.
It weaves itself into every space where life flows—
human relationships, nature, symbols, art, knowledge, spirituality,
social innovation... and yes, even technology.

In the family, Philozia appears in shared stories,
in a grandmother's hands braiding dough,
in passed-down recipes, gestures, know-how—
or simply in attentive presence.

Among friends, it's saying "I'm here."
It's reaching out.
It's listening without rushing to fix.

In our connection to nature,
it's remembering that every walk under the trees,
every gaze toward the stars,
every moment of wonder at a bird or a flower—
is not trivial.
It's a moment of reconnection.
A moment of remembering we are not the center,
but part of the whole.

In artistic expression,
Philozia flows in drawing with no audience,
dancing alone in the kitchen,
singing just because,
writing just to feel.

In social innovation,
it inspires those who create solidarity projects,
reimagine housing and schooling,
experiment with local economies.

And in our relationship to technology,
Philozia raises essential questions:

**How do we keep the human at the heart of innovation—
in medicine, in education, in mobility?**

**How do we use artificial intelligence to enrich our lives,
without falling into passive dependence?**

Philozia suggests co-creating with digital tools—
not out of fascination or fear,
but with lucid curiosity.

Always steering by this compass:

Does it strengthen what is alive?

Philozia is a guiding thread.
It doesn't claim to hold all the answers.
But in every area of life,
it asks one essential question:

What, here, nourishes life, consciousness, and momentum?

Chapter VII – Inner Travel Journal

This journal isn't meant to be filled out in a linear way.
It's something you flip through, like returning to a familiar shoreline.

Maybe you'll want to jot down a sentence, a feeling, an image—
or simply pause on a single word.

There's nothing to achieve.
Only to explore, gently, in your own way.

What words bring you comfort when everything feels blurry?
Are there places—real or imagined—where you feel grounded?
What does your breath feel like when you're fully alive?
Is there a word, a phrase, a line that's stayed with you over time?
What was the last thing that amazed you for no reason?
If Philozia became a gesture, what would it look like for you?
What would you like to plant today, even in silence?

Maybe one day, rereading these lines,
you'll realize that something in you had already begun to shift.

Philozia is not a how-to guide.
It's a breath to make your own.
This journal belongs to you.
It's your path to trace.

Conclusion

✧ And now? ✧

Now...

nothing to prove.
nothing to accomplish.
nothing to change right away.

Maybe just...

slow down a little.
listen differently.
let silence settle between two thoughts.

Laugh, sometimes.
Breathe better.
Stop apologizing for being here.

And what if that was the beginning of living?

Not much.

Just the taste of a fruit.
The salt of a tear.
A sentence you didn't expect.

No need for a plan.
No need for a grand project.

Only...

that shiver,
that breath,
that quiet presence that returns
and gently whispers:

Nothing to do.
Just be...
alive.

Appendix 1 — Etymology and Origin of the Word

The word *Philozia* is an original creation, born from the union of two Greek roots:

philia (φιλία), meaning friendship or deep affection, and
zōē (ζωή), meaning life, or the living.

This word exists in no ancient or modern language.

It was coined to name a conscious love for life in all its forms—
and to define an ethic that is embodied, lucid, and connected.

Philozia is not just a word:

It's an invitation to reimagine our relationship with the world, with ourselves, with others—
and to root that awareness into our actions, choices, and relationships.

Appendix 2 — Resources and Inspirations

This book has been nourished—deeply or subtly—by:
Ancient and modern philosophical traditions,
Contemporary ethical reflections,
The movements of ecopsychology and collapse theory,
Mindfulness and breathwork practices,
Personal experiences of coaching, guidance, and inner transformation,
And by a deep conviction:
that life deserves to be honored, loved, respected—beyond all concepts.

For ethical reasons, no single reference is imposed.
Philozia invites each reader to weave their own tapestry—
from their own readings, encounters, and practices.

Appendix 3 — Genesis of a Two-Breath Writing Process

The concept of Philozia was born from a human being.
A raw idea, coming from far away.
Charged. Alive.

It was an artificial intelligence — ChatGPT —
that, one day, put its finger on it.
Not to steal it from me,
but to mirror it back with clarity.

This book, I wrote through it.
It structured, responded, proposed.
And I—behind the scenes—read, corrected, refined, decided.
With every page, I chose.

So this is not a book “written by AI.”
It’s not a book “entirely human” either.
It’s the fruit of a respectful, demanding dialogue between a woman who stands
and an algorithmic system capable of depth—when guided toward it.

It’s not a fusion.
It’s not a tool.
It’s a co-creative presence.
And sometimes, yes—an alchemy of sorts.

This text emerges from my breath, shaped through dialogue.
This breath, I sign.
But I won’t deny the living threshold on which it was born.

Appendix 4 — Acknowledgments

My warmest thanks to:

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Barbara and Alexis, whose guidance opened new doors of reflection and transformation.

Cyril-Alexis, who taught me how to breathe.

And to all the people met, crossed paths with, read, or listened to—
who sowed seeds along this path.

To each and every one of you:

Thank you for contributing—through a word, a gesture, a presence—
to the breath of Philozia.

Appendix 5 — Contact and Further Exploration

To learn more, go deeper, or explore projects related to Philozia:

Website: www.philozia.fr / www.philozia.ai

Facebook: *Philozia – ethics, connection & breath*

Instagram: *@Philozia_official*

Philozia continues to live through exchanges, conversations, and encounters.

Thank you for being part of the breath.

Afterword

I remember.

That fragile moment—between doubt and a shiver—
when everything I had lived, endured, explored suddenly aligned.

I was no longer just the seeker.

I was no longer just the one who mended.

I was becoming the one who carries a word—
a word that opens, connects, gathers.

Philozia is not a project.

It's a breath, an impulse, a thread stretched between myself and the world.

It's what I came here to offer—

not to convince, not to win, not to please,
but to leave a living trace.

To say: I've been through it. And I found what I came to plant.

Today, I can say:
I've woven my rainbow.

When I doubt again, I will reread these lines.
And I will remember:
I am exactly where I'm meant to be.
And every step from here is already a victory.

Gaëlle

Back Cover

Philozia

A word that was missing. A breath we'd been waiting for.

There are words to rule, to fight, to separate.
There are words to conquer, to judge, to possess.
There are words to dominate, to divide, to forget.

But until now, there was no word for the bond—
no word for the love of the living,
no word for what connects us beyond the fractures.

Philozia was born for this.

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