

Anne Golaz: *Corbeau* is an enigma, an invisible narrator, a mediator between life and death; taking its title from Edgar Allan Poe's poem, "The Raven" retells what will never be anymore. Likewise, photography seems to be bound to a forever gone moment.

I worked on this body of work since 2004, when I started with photography. It contains images from several techniques (small, medium and large format negatives and positive films, video stills, drawings) that I mixed in order to develop my own visual language. All photographs were shot in the same place, the farm in Switzerland where I grew up. When the drawings and texts were made from "a distant North", in Finnish Lapland, where I live since few years.

The story needed time passing - one character being born, another one being gone, fundamental changes in the agricultural world to happen - in order to find its substance. There was nothing else to do than coming and going, looking at these changes, contemplating them, witnessing them, trying to understand them. But more interesting for me, were these other things seeming to remain unchanged for so many years. They were contradictory, beautiful but sad, poetical and true, but so fragile too, locked up and orientated towards the past but so precious. While I was looking at them perhaps I realized that they were already almost memories. They were these three metallic milk containers driven by my brother twice a day on a cart to the dairy. They were these small rectangle haystacks sometimes used as benches sometimes as fences. They were the cow bells music and the animals proximity, the father's sleeping room window open during the night to listen their mooings and understand them.

This period of time represents my photographic journey and its progression till today, thus without following a chronological order. *Corbeau* describe the passing of time in one closed and defined place, yet without leading to any precise denouement.

I built the sequence by dividing it in three chapters, *Le Travail* (meaning work in French but also referring to a machine used to take care of cows feet), *The Nebula*, and *The Other Side*. The story follows one main character and it traces a transition period between the father's time and the son's time. Beyond the rural world that these images depict, and the abdication of farmers, they suggest fundamental themes, such as the inescapable passing of time, life and death, mixed feelings of belonging to a place, heritage and complex family links and destiny that perhaps shapes somewhere in the claire-obscures nooks of childhood.

In 2015, I began to work with the author, playwright and screenwriter Antoine Jaccoud in order to bring the narrative further. Texts could bring the reader where photography fails to go, I thought. They also slow down the flow of the book and involve the reader with another imaginary space. But the first main reason for me to start working with text was that one day I found my images terribly silent, I started to miss the voices of the characters, and I thought that Antoine Jaccoud could tell with words what my images could not. I believed that each medium could enhance each-other. Then, together we worked on a complex elaboration of texts referring to diverse materials, sometimes mixing our voices and swaying between memories, observations, dreams, images description, dialogue transcriptions, fictions and authentic experiences.

When I recently discovered the book finished and printed, I thought that although I am most of the time far away from the place that *Corbeau* depicts, and although what is shown is mostly gone since a long time, the finished book matched deeply my perception of that place and the related sensation I still have of it, resulting in a poetical but pragmatic object, inhabited with dense and contrasted shadows, everyday objects standing alongside a few almost magical ones, nostalgia -if nostalgia is love for what disappears. And with a soil more than a sky, with mud or snow and few trees planted when a child was born. A realistic perception swaying sometimes, with nebulous, enigmatic or surrealist facets.

More recently, when I visited the place to shoot images for the umpteenth time, a friend of my mine, on a Sunday morning in the kitchen of the neighbours (that house on *the other side*) told me the following with the book in his hands: "They are images without horizon. As if everything was turned towards the inside."

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