



## RIVAZ

If you walk along the northern lip of the Lac Léman, between Montreux and Lausanne, you will see before you the lake's flat shine all across to Évian-les-Bains in France.

On steep slopes you wend your way past the wine-growing villages of Corseaux, Saint-Saphorin, Rivaz, and Chexbres, feeling in your legs the pleasure of a long walk along narrow old roads, some of which have new surfaces. We are a small group, we walk in solitude. There are people working in the vineyards. In one grove, a man harvests by hand, onerous-looking work. Farther along, in about half an hour, we will taste the white wines of Lavaux. Our mouths will be explored by nectar of landscape we have crossed. For now, below us are brown-roofed hamlets, and pair of twin boys, around ten years old, come laughing up the road. «Do you live here?» «We have always lived here!» «Do you like it?» «We love it!» Their answers are in unison.

I rest at a concrete outcrop with a bunting of vintners' blue nets, a blue the same color as the lake. It is as though something long awaited has come to fruition. A gust of wind sweeps in from across the lake. The curtain shifts, and suddenly everything can be seen. The scales fall from our eyes. The landscape opens. No longer are we alone: they are with us now, have been all along, all our living and all our dead.

*Teju Cole, Blind Spot, London, Faber & Faber, 2016*