



WHEN GROWTH IN THE PLAIN MEANS UNDERDEVELOPMENT IN THE MOUNTAINS

A fresco on the Italian Western Alps: history and future prospects.

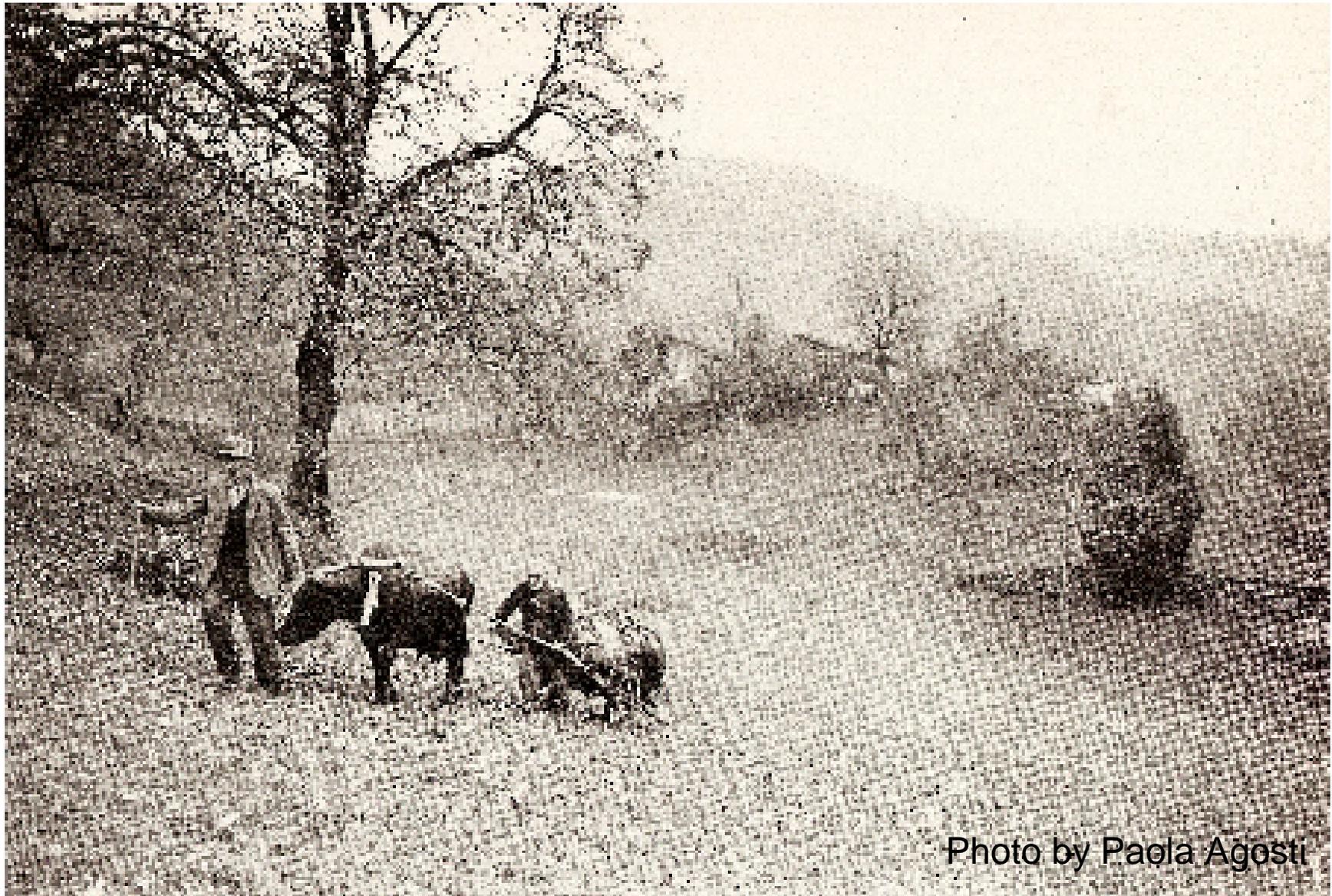


Photo by Paola Agosti

Once you leave Roccasparvera (Valle Stura), and as you explore the surrounding hills, you see India. You see a world of uncertain boundaries where the eternally forgotten souls survive. (N. Revelli)



Photo by Paola Agosti

While the new industrial society advances, the old agricultural society retreats, agonizes and fades away before the disinterested eyes of public representatives and the indifference of public opinion. Depression, poverty and misery develop at the margins of industry, but no one seems to care. (N. Revelli)

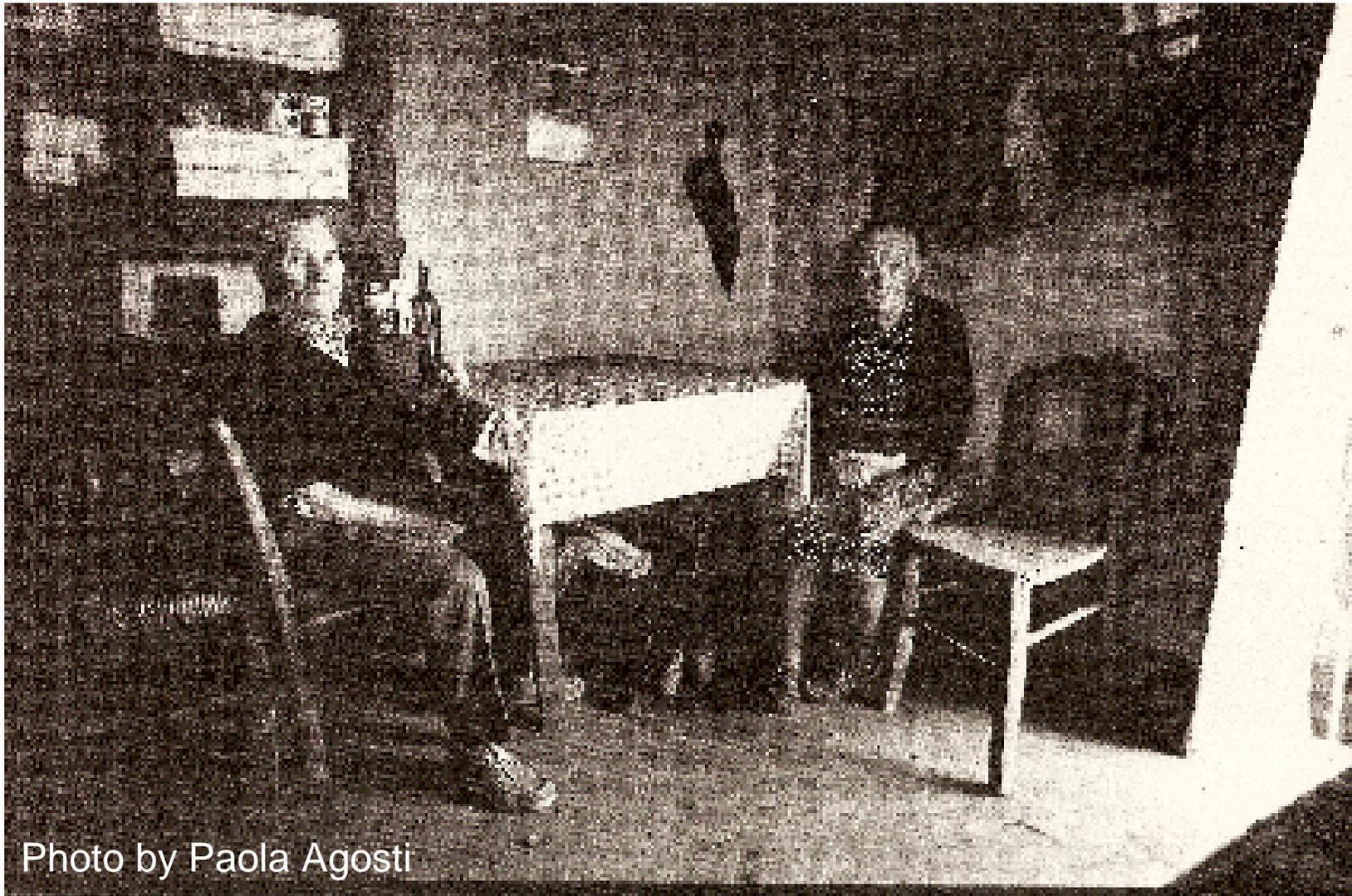


Photo by Paola Agosti

Prit, was born at Cervasca, on the hills above Cuneo.

“Yes, we know we are forgotten. We live like 100 years ago, with the light of an oil lamp. Our young people have left us to work in the factories, so we have lost their strength. One of these days they will build a road to the village, but it will be too late, it will serve the tourists, not us”.

A rugged table, a cupboard, three chairs, the chimney; everything within 10 square meters. Hanging from the ceiling, a small oil lamp. Nothing to remind us of the outside world, of consumerism. (N. Revelli)

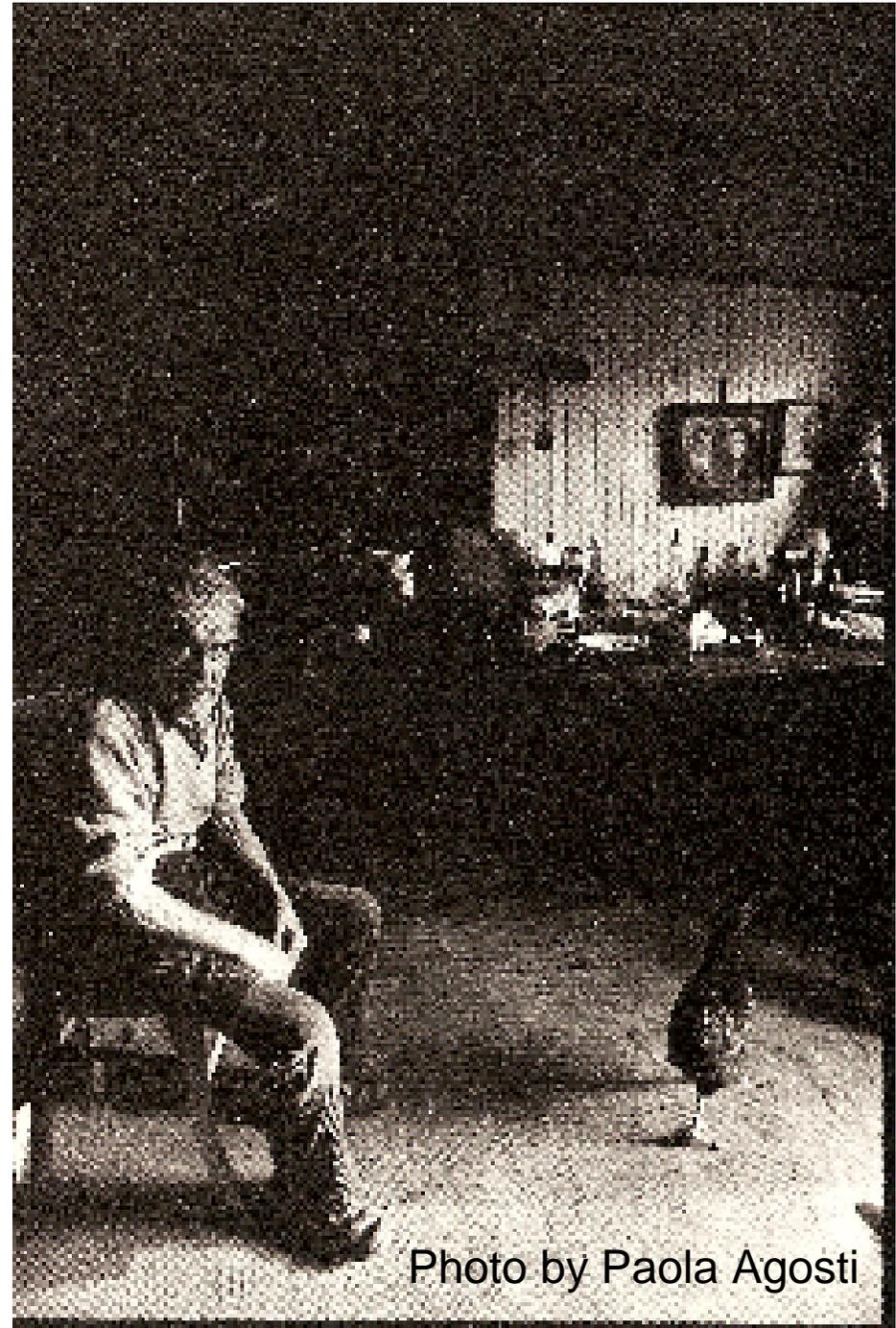


Photo by Paola Agosti

Thousands of people, thousands of Italian citizens still live in our valleys.
Abandoning them is genocide. (N. Revelli)



Photo by Paola Agosti

Communities crumble, schools shut down, the postman no longer reaches the villages, the mail stops at the main town, the isolation increases day by day. (N. Revelli)

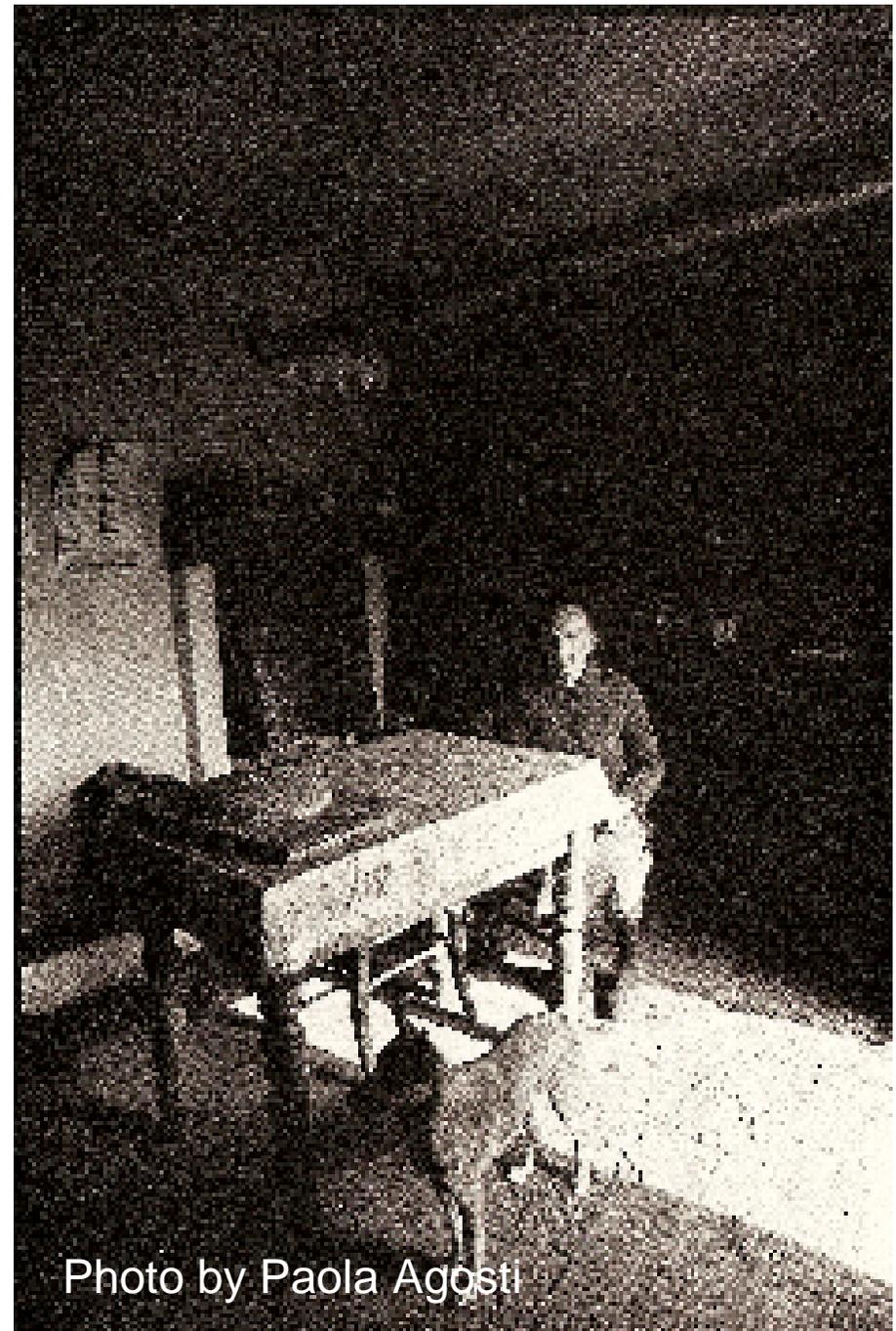


Photo by Paola Agosti



Photo by Paola Agosti

“Even the animals no longer can graze sufficiently to survive. So, just like humans, they migrate”.



Photo by Paola Agosti

Marietta Ponzio, Colletto di Canosio,
Valle Maira.

“There’s only a few of us left where,
once, one hundred people lived. Our
future? To migrate to the city and to die
in those boxes that look like prisons”.

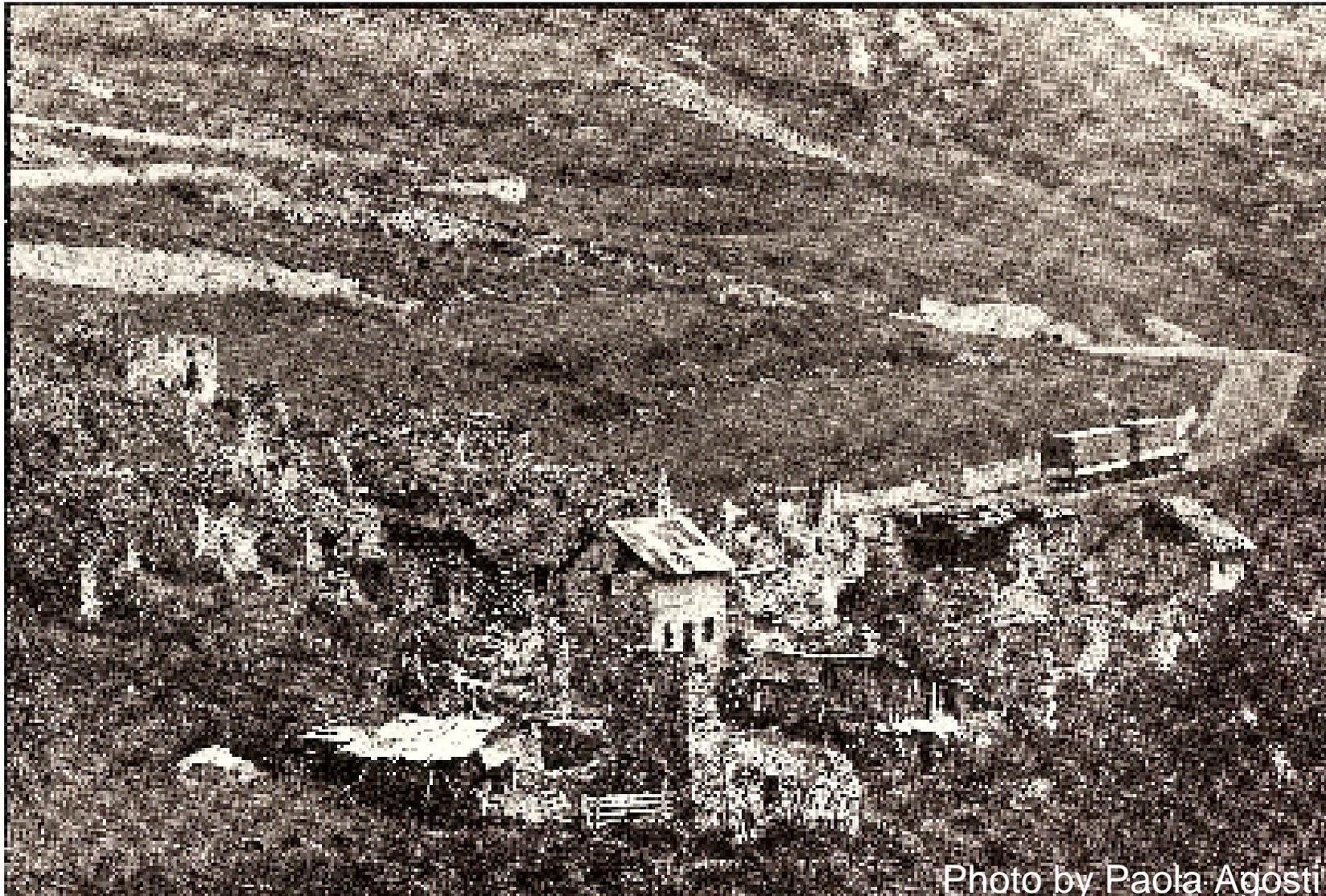


Photo by Paola Agosti

Grange (Valle Stura) reminds one of the Nazi retaliation. There is not even a house left standing, only scraped walls and stones, and thornbushes. The international road of the Maddalena Pass runs nearby. Those who drive on it take no notice; and those who do know, drive on. (N. Revelli)



Elena and Paolina Rosso live among the ruins of Grange. They share their existence with their animals, a mule, six chickens, two dogs, numerous mice and vipers. They are civilized persons, incredibly marginalized by our “welfare society”. They are victims of both ancient and modern inequity, but they defend their ghetto like a trench. (N. Revelli)

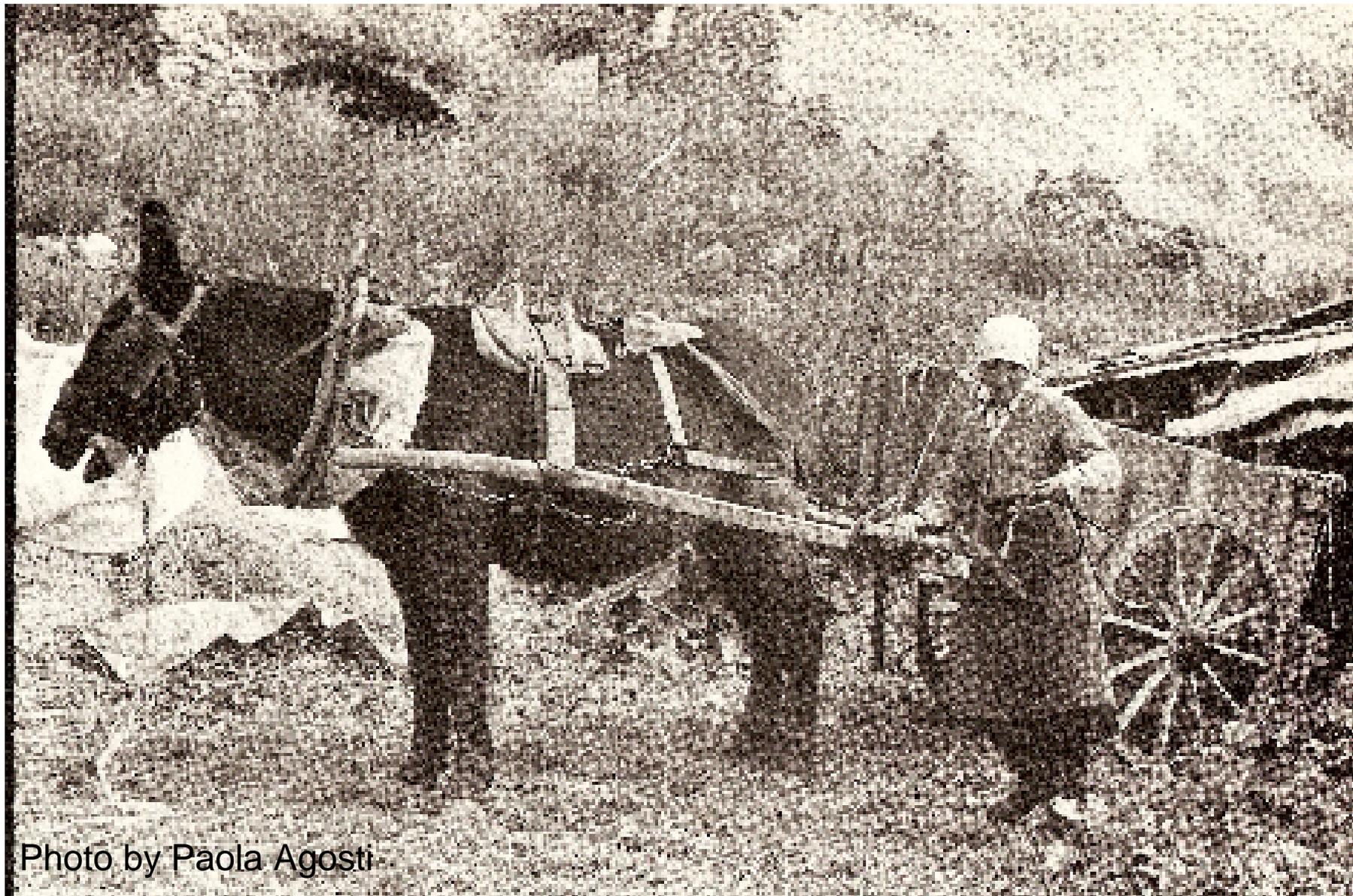


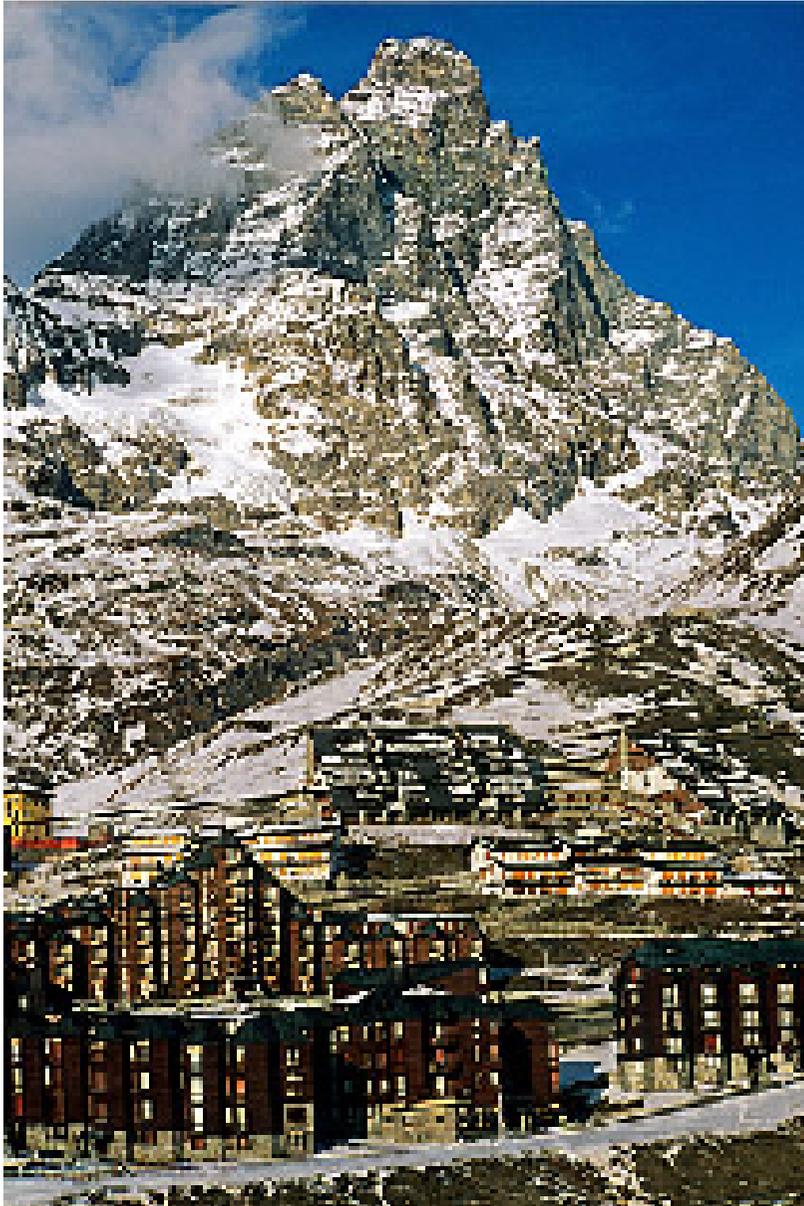
Photo by Paola Agosti



Ski business in Breuil-Cervinia, Aosta Valley, the day before yesterday (early 1930s)



Ski business in Breuil-Cervinia, Aosta Valley, yesterday (1938). The road has been built, and right after that, the first cable car.



Ski business in Breuil-Cervinia, Aosta Valley, today...