

*These few pages are the unpretentious continuation of a series of works written by much more respected and titled experts than she who is writing.*

*The project of writing a new and brief text about the history, the places, the beauties, the traditions and the scents of this little territory set between mountains and sea arises from the need to report the events of the more recent years and from the need to tell once again about the charm of this small plot of Ligurian inland.*

*And, just as important, from the wish to convey this culture to the many tourists and foreign inhabitants who have taught us to rediscover its peculiarities and its uniqueness which we sometimes overlook.*

*She who is writing has no gifts which can make this work either unique or even less better than those written before.*

*I nevertheless hope that having heard, as a little child already, all the stories about the history of these places, having followed many times the paths which wind in the beech wood, having admired with a bit of pride all beauties which here find their place – and living each day breathing this still pure air – can grant authenticity to these pages.*

*The deep-rooted affection for my origins I tried to express in them will, I wish, make readers more benign.*

Elisa Berutti

Once somebody wrote:

*'The mountains are mute masters who make for silent pupils.'*

Johann Wolfgang Goethe

*'I live not in myself, but I become Portion of that around me; and to me, High mountains are a feeling'*

George Gordon, Lord Byron

*'These mountains wake in one's heart the sense of infinity, together with the wish to raise one's mind to what is sublime.'*

John Paul II

*'Believe me, you will find more lessons in the woods than in books. Trees and stones will teach you what you cannot learn from masters.'*

Bernard of Clairvaux

*'[...] There in the Alps, a gleaming night still delays and, composing Portents of gladness, the cloud covers a valley agape. This way, that way roars and rushes the breeze of the mountains, Teasing, sheer through the trees falls a bright beam, and is lost [...].'*

Friedrich Hölderlin