

1796 - Horace-Bénédict de Saussure - *A Trip through the Alps*

In its first leap, the water falls perpendicularly into a kind of diagonal crevice of rocks, similar to a giant shell. The spray bounces a long way, leaving huge, spectacular wakes. All the water drops onto convex rock, enveloping it and forming a kind of semi-circular column that shatters onto the rocks beneath, similar in colour and declivity to the Gries ones. The water then runs along these rocks, creating an infinity of multicoloured mirrors and sloping in every direction.

L. Hess, Toce Waterfall, Formazza Valley, 1786



These constantly changing spectacles are what attract the traveller... to the point where the monotonous plains become unbearable

H.B. de Saussure

1805 - Friedrich von Matthisson - *Memories*

It is six times higher than the Rhine Falls, while it is only one-third narrower. However, thanks to all its picturesque, evocative effects, the



K. Ott, Toce Waterfall, 1835

Toce Fall should leave the Rhine Falls far behind: in that way, it would amaze anyone who wants vividly to imagine the eighty times five hundred feet in height size, with almost the same fullness and abundance of water. For some time now, the Toce Fall would have

taken over the crown of fame from the Rhine Falls if painters, poets and authors of travel adventures could have come to Val Formazza in their dressing robes and slippers, just like they walk from the pleasant "zur Krone" inn, in Schaffausen, towards the castle.

*Sink into
the dust, or
wayfarer, lift
your eyes to
its perfect, full
thundering roar*

F. von Matthisson



W. Brockedon, Toce Waterfall, 1829

1824 - Charles-Alexandre Snoeck - *A Walk in the Alps*

A tiny zig-zag path travels across the valley. It is next to the magnificent Toccia or Tosa Waterfall, which is more than 300 feet high. There are three different steps.



G. Lory, Toce Waterfall, 1829

*A dark forest of fir
trees makes
the walk even
more scary*

H.B. de Saussure

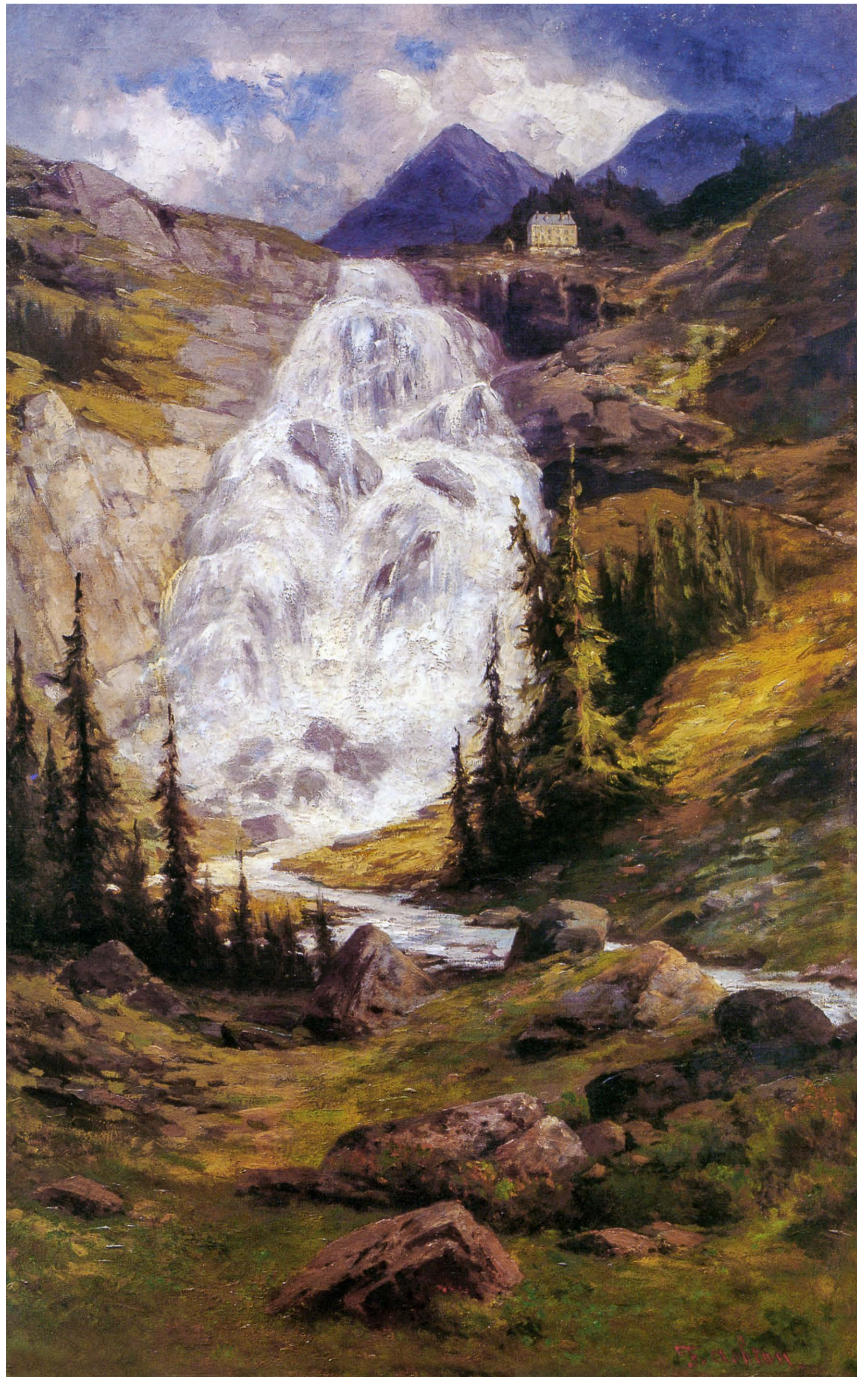
Apart from the Rhine Fall in Schaffusa, there is no waterfall in the whole of Switzerland with such an imposing volume of water. I found it to be the most impressive of all the ones I had seen. It has a pyramid shape. From any side you look at it, it offers superb, ever-changing, spectacular views, surrounded by extremely high rocks on all sides and crowned with larches. Hearing nothing but the racket from the water, a traveller would feel almost terrified if it weren't for the group of houses in the village of Frutwald that soon comes into sight.



1845 - John Ruskin - *Letters to his Parents*

When one could deduce from the look of the slopes that Toce Fall could be no more than an hour's walk away, the last ploughman wished me gute nacht, while on his way home with this rake over his shoulder and the flickering light of the candles lit up the farmhouses spread here and there in the valley below.

The din from the waterfall got louder and louder, as night was falling. The wind from the Gries glaciers in front of me was icy cold and stung; and the almost-full moon rose over the St Gotthard mountains: its dark shadows spread over the stones on the path. I sat down on a rock and watched the glint of the stream flowing alongside the road for a while.

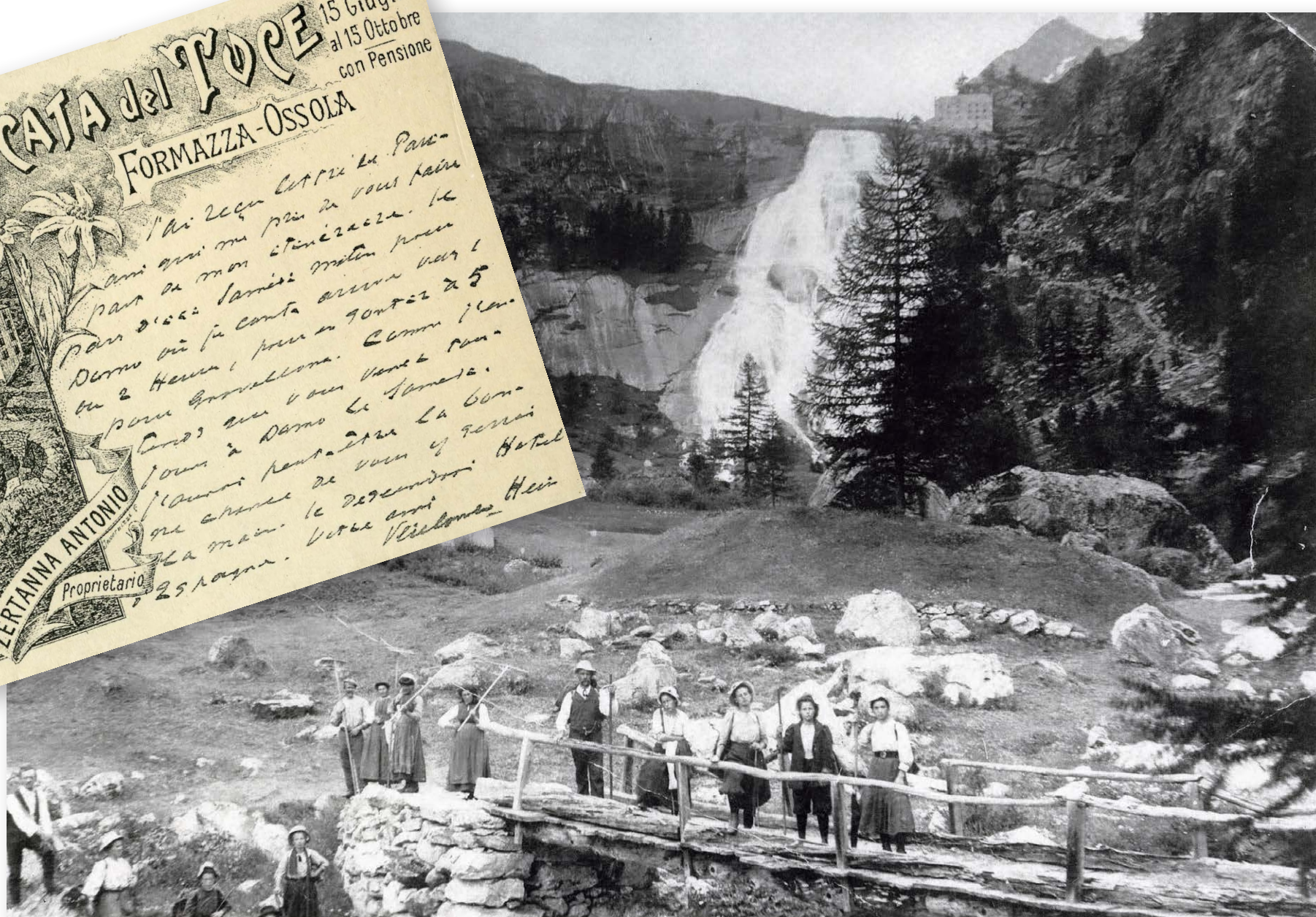


F. Ashton, Toce Waterfall, 1894



1852 - Richard Wagner - *My Life*

Bettel-Matt was the name of the first paltry meadow that the animals could access again, and the first human I came across was a marmot hunter. The solitude liv-
ened up again thanks to the amazing sight of the Toce Fall, a mountain tor-
rent that suddenly plunged into three unbelievably beautiful drops. I continued to climb down, and the lichen and moss was replaced by grass and meadows, pine shrubs and fir trees that were increasingly slender. We finally reached the village of Pommath, or Formazza as it is known in Italian, the delightful valley floor, which was that day's destination for our excursion. That was where I ate marmot for the first time in my life.



*You will never guess what kind of roast meat
I ate in Valle Formazza! Your loving Richard
Murmeltierbratenfresser*

R. Wagner

1859 - Henry Warwick Cole - *A Lady's Trip around Monte Rosa*



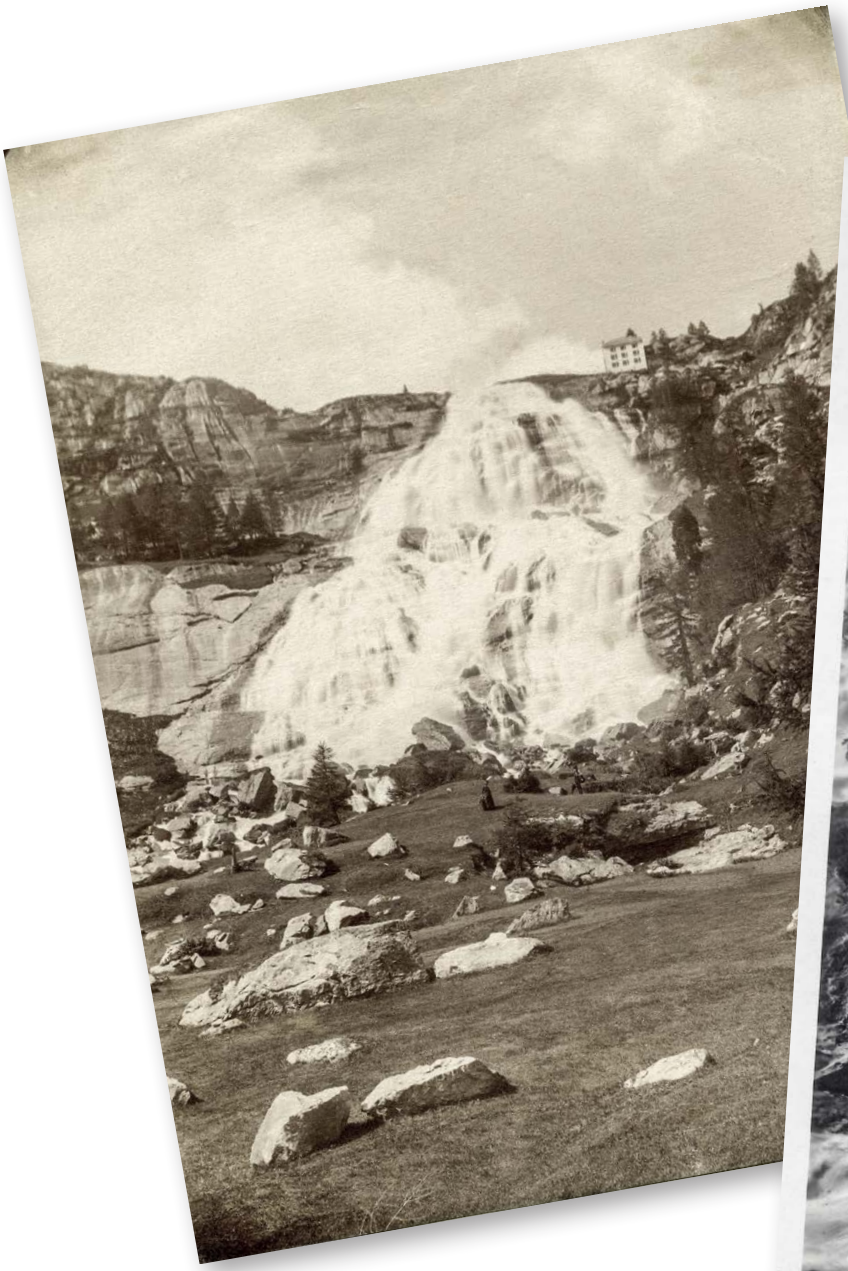
The Toce Falls do not fall just straight down. The waters throw themselves wildly from one rocky cornice to another, so violently that it turns the water into foam and clouds of liquid dust. The roar of the water is unbelievable. Except for the Sciaffusa, there are no waterfalls in the whole of Switzerland with such a large volume of water. The entire landscape above the water-

fall looks desolate. The valley lies below, entirely covered in woodland, offering gorgeous pictures.



Photos by Vittorio Sella, 1895

1876 - Antonio Stoppani - *Il Bel Paese*



Carlo Nigra, 1887



The river, already split into several waterfalls where the leap began, was divided again, descending in a thousand different small falls. One hits the cliff in the shape of a white bow and bounces off, split into a nimbus of flashes, another that drips down, down, ever so lightly, onto the po-

lished rock, like a thread of cottonwool, like a flowing ribbon of white silk. Another that scatters, forming a silver mesh, and one hundred different fabrics that continuously split and join, descending step by step, to the left, then to the right, meeting up, tangling, and scuffling.



*As I saw it in all its splendour,
of intangible opulence*

G. D'Annunzio

1939 - Mario Rigoni Stern - *The Last Game of Cards*

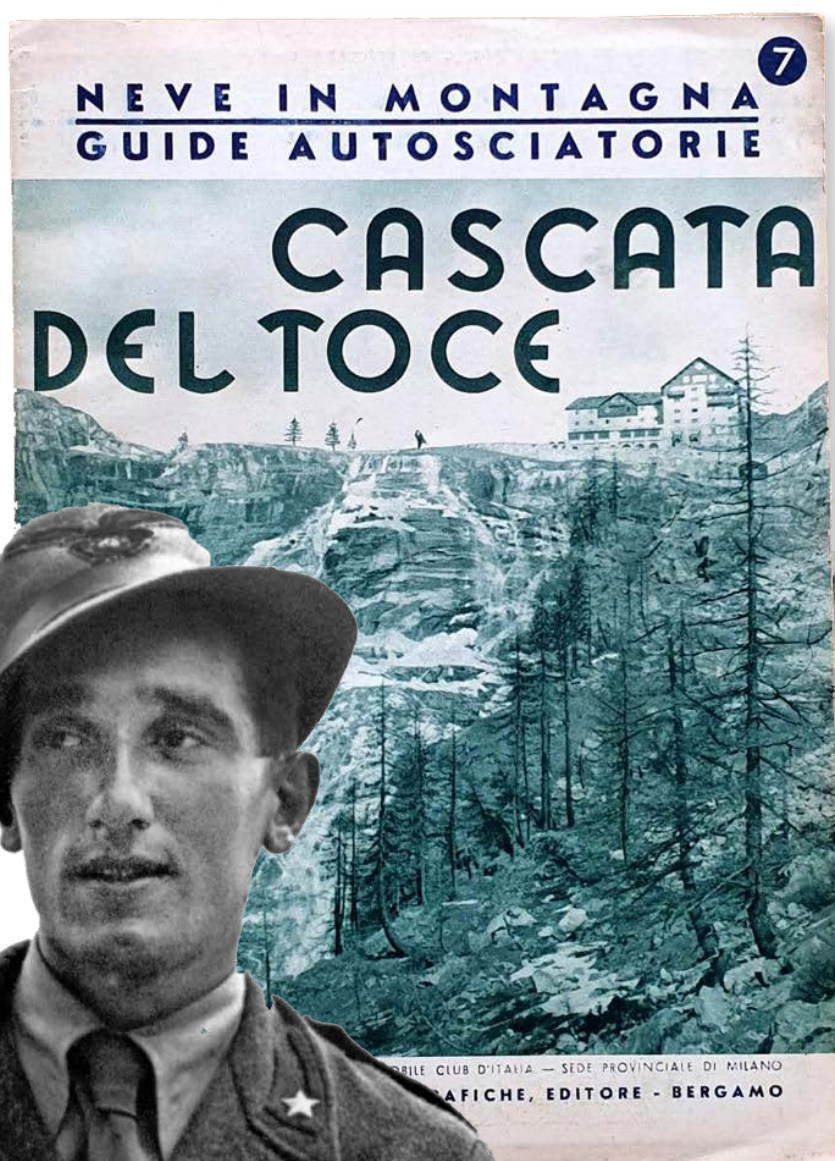


Sometimes, After the skiing practice led by Sergeants Panei and Chiara, and Lieutenant Chabod, before sunset I would slide down that canal between the high snow as far as the Cascata Hotel and I would go and post letters and do shopping for those who asked me to: tobacco, cigarette papers, matches, candles, stamps, writing paper and envelopes. After drinking a glass of mulled wine, I would go back up, struggling the steep climb, in total

solitude, under the deep sky. It felt like the stars were making sounds. I stopped to listen sometimes and got lost in my thoughts.



King Vittorio Emanuele III visiting the Toce Waterfall, 6 September 1925



= CARTOLINA RICORDO =

*We were alone with the mountain
up there for forty days*

M. Rigoni Stern, *The Last Game of Cards*

