



<< Advanced 1960s. If you notice, you can also see the swifts or lesser kestrels flying in the Sassi basin. Today their flight has moved more towards the Murge. Then they had remained undisputed rulers, and guardians in place of man.

Advanced 1960s. Not enough to change the places, emptied less than ten years earlier. Enough to eternalize them, which would not have been if the Sassi had not remained unchanged over the millennia, in an infinite repetition of ancestral daily liturgies, and then suddenly emptied and muted.

As of the second half of the 90s, the restoration has fortunately saved them from crumbling and collapsing. But, despite restoration efforts, there has always been something "Venetian" in Matera, a beauty that can genuinely express itself only in decadence and slow disappearance, becoming dust day after day, drop after drop, and that in the meanwhile continues testifying what it was at the origin and telling stories.

This happens to few rare ancient settlements that have survived across generations: those sites that have reached such a perfection in embedding man's efforts, inventiveness, beliefs and dreams into an unrepeatable space and time, that any change, even any positive progress, ends up obscuring pieces of beauty and wonder. Venice has always been perfectly wedged between water and land (more water than land), Matera perfectly wedges between the above world and the below world, between ground the level and the underground one (more underground than ground).

The beauty of the natural decadence is rarer, and in fact not everyone knows how to recognize and enjoy it. Matera has it. A beauty that feeds on multiple contradictions. Above all the fact that it is humanly impossible to slow down its fading without mystifying it. One can only ask the hours for mercy. >>

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