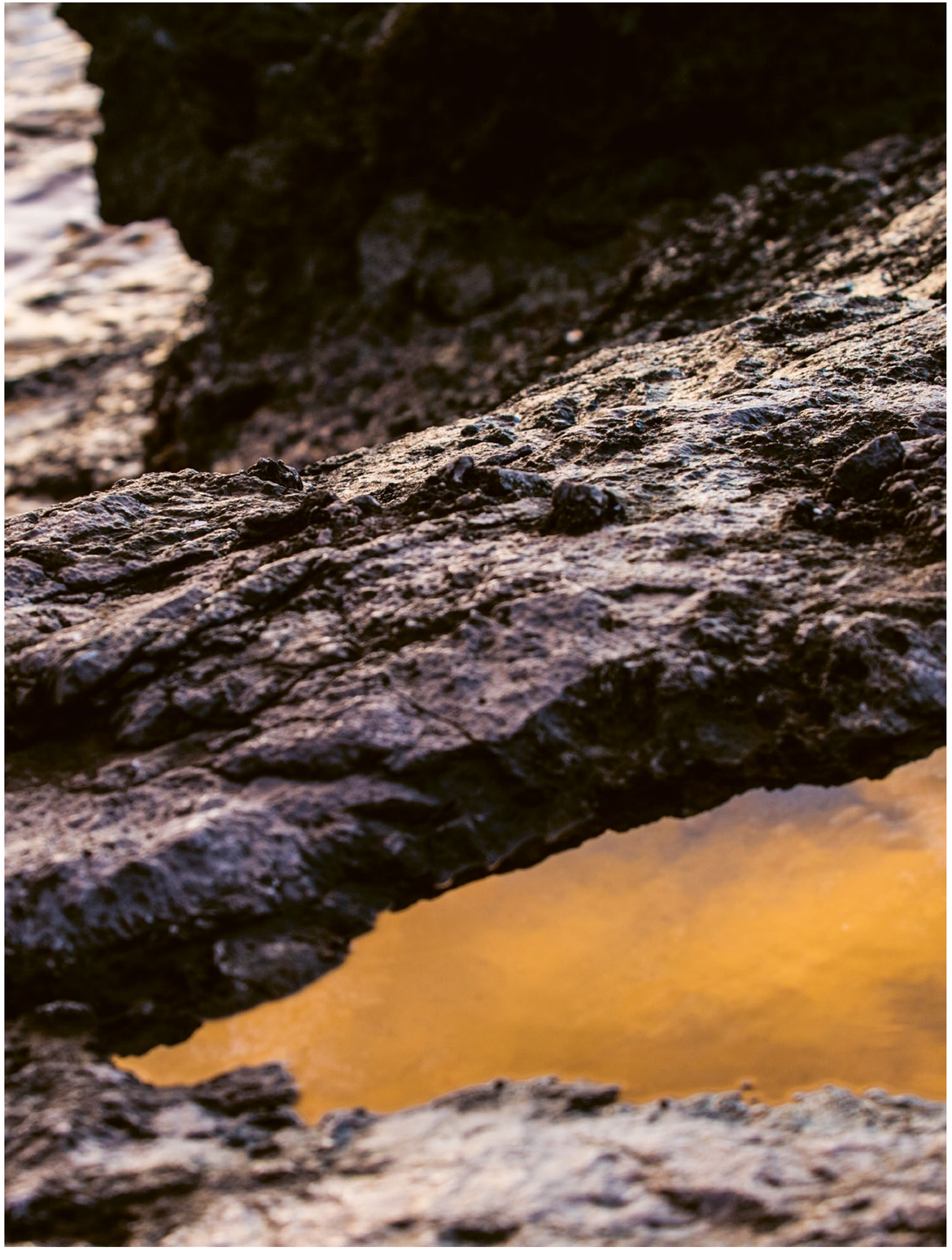
L'oro di Capri

EDITORIAL PROJECT CESARE CUNACCIA

CAPRITUDE CHANTECLER N°3


Chantecler
CAPRI



L'ORO DI CAPRI

CHIMERA, LIGHT, LEGEND

The Gold of Capri is the leitmotif of the 2025 Chantecler collections. Capri is the island of treasures. Local myths and fairy tales centered on this theme, passed down by Capri's women from generation to generation, bear witness to it. Imperial treasures of Tiberius lie hidden here and there, guarded by fantastical beings lurking in inaccessible places—inside caves and rocky crevices beyond reach. From Castiglione to Matermania and up to Monte San Michele, some are lapped by the waves or submerged in chests deep beneath the sea. Byzantine monastic goldwork or personal riches kept safe from the greed of pirates and corsairs but lost in the mists of time. Arcane legacies watched over by fairies, *janare*, and sirens, who now and then let slip glimmers that can drive mortals mad.

The Gold of Capri also refers to the honey and olive oil cultivated on the island's slopes, made fragrant by the salty winds, by sage and myrtle, rosemary, and hardy flowers that open their pop-hued petals at the first springtime sun. The tiny mosaic tiles adorning the Ionic columns of Villa Lysis gleam with flickers of light, as though lit by a crucible's flame. Gold as transmutation and metamorphosis, as a wish for happiness and a promise of change. Gold that layers and confounds reality, symbol, and legend.

The Gold of Capri is likewise the Dolce Vita. It takes shape in that Mediterranean joy which blossomed here more than anywhere else and still captivates the whole world. Nights cut too short, a guitar arpeggio by Scarola, Mina and Peppino at the Number Two, stolen kisses among the breakers, Brigitte Bardot and Jackie 'O in palazzo pajamas vanishing into the pale dawn like apparitions. Gold like the work of artists and writers, poets and thinkers who for centuries have landed on Capri's cliffs from every corner of the earth in search of inspiration.

Capri was meant to become "*Artopoli*", a Futurist figure once hoped: the ideal center of a universal creative communication network. Destinies seized by love for the Siren Island, bewitched by its hypnotic song, its sunlit aura, and a beauty that reveals eternity. Gold signifying the infinite, a realm of dreams and imagination. In the medieval hierarchy of materials, only precious stones surpassed it, and it was linked with the sacred. In ancient Hellas, it was the very substance of the Olympian gods.

How many scientists, magicians, and necromancers have lost themselves chasing the mirage of the Philosopher's Stone. Dawn and dusk streaked with golden webs: the chemical symbol for gold, Au, indeed derives from the concept of *aurora*. Light and shadow conquered by the force of the noonday sun, the Faraglioni radiant in early morning. The Piazzetta in August, glowing at the end of the afternoon, bathed in a quivering amber-gold luminosity the eye cannot quite control or comprehend. Everyone seeks the Gold of Capri, everyone yearns for it.

LETTER FROM SHANGHAI

a text by Maria Elena Aprea,
Creative Director of Chantecler

To participate in such a special moment in the artistic parabola of an art legend of our time like Marina Abramović was something profound and indelible.

Thirty-seven years after her famous performance on the Great Wall in 1988, Abramović returned to China last July. Her project, *Marina Abramović: Transforming Energy*, was exhibited at the MAM–Modern Art Museum in Shanghai. It was her first solo exhibition in a Chinese museum and closed on February 28, 2025.

Marina explores her ancestral roots in Chinese culture, spirituality, and the concept of q'i–energy in metamorphosis. This concept is also the starting point of many things I create. I felt connected to her line of thought and the interpretation she derived from it. Marina's creative tapestry has always fascinated me, and I have followed her evolving work. She transcends nationality, gender, age, and roots. She pursues universal themes in her performances, crossing borders and traditions while breaking down cultural prejudices.

In China, a country she has approached culturally through every stage of her career, Marina studies the intrinsic qualities of certain metals and minerals She examines their properties and translates them into the elaboration of *Transforming Energy*.

She remembers that China in the late 1980s was very different—isolated and hard to understand. Yet, it held surprising revelations, unexpected warmth, and a millenary breath that felt vibrantly intact.

"*I used to go to villages*," Marina recalls, "*asking people, especially the elderly, to tell me stories about supernatural energies, big snakes, and other mysteries. I used a translator because no one spoke a word of English. I was interested in acupuncture, one of the world's oldest medical traditions. Everything captured my curiosity. The Chinese invented many things, including pasta, which has become central to Italian cuisine. Pasta reached Europe thanks to Marco Polo, who brought different types of flour in a hollow stick.*"

I am very grateful to my friend Andrea Lazzari and Shai Baitel, director of the MAM and curator of the project. They involved me in an adventure that taught me many things, allowing me to witness the telluric and radiant force of this extraordinary artist. Seeing this authentic shamaness in action and talking to her inspired me to immerse myself in a familiar world, the one of stones, under a different light. Stones have always been part of my life. As a child, I watched my father examine them carefully, unwrapping each one with reverence. Later, I studied gemology, which gave me the opportunity to dive into the essence of minerals. I explored their formation, dynamics, and fascinating natural and historical characteristics.

The nuclear idea of *Transforming Energy* emerged when Marina visited precious stone mines in Minas Gerais, Brazil. She developed the general concept and thought up various works. Some of these, created soon after her famous Great Wall march, were called "Dragons". The name refers to the Chinese image of the Great Wall as a sleeping dragon. Stones also inspired her *Transitory Objects*, which center on transformation and the flow of energy.

"*China seemed so far away at that time*," Marina says. "*Ulay and I walked alone on the wall after receiving permits. We encountered different terrains—clay in some places, light-colored stones elsewhere, and black stones with ferrous matter. Some stones were greenish, containing copper. Others, like quartz, had a shiny, flickering effect. These shifting landscapes produced different sensations. My mind was changing. I had countless dreams and wanted to understand them. Many of these threads connect* Transforming Energy *to our 1988 performance,* The Lovers: The Great Wall Walk."

The MAM exhibition featured three main sections. The first section focused on Marina's background: her mother, her father with wartime medals, the books she read, and communism. There were 1,200 images, many of them unpublished, including those from her Great Wall march. Marina points out that the wall is one of the few structures, along with the Egyptian pyramids, that is visible from the moon.

Of the 150 works displayed, 75% were created specifically for this exhibition. These works emphasize energy-centered practices rooted in ancient Chinese medicine, which Marina discovered in 1988. She alludes to the need for healing and renewal, as well as the desire for unification and sharing. Her message transcends rhetoric and feels crucial, especially in times of global tension like today.

The crystals' energy and their positive effects guide spiritual journeys, catharsis, and healing. The overarching theme of the exhibition ties into Marina's exploration of resistance, the body, and energy flow awareness.

"*I see the human body as corresponding to the body of the planet,*" Marina explains. "*Human blood relates to hematite, which is 99% iron. The liver connects to tourmaline, the heart to rose quartz, and the eyes to*

Stones have always been part of my life.

hyaline. Amethyst corresponds to the mind. These minerals have incredible properties, and our bodies can benefit from them."

The exhibition in Shanghai displayed many crystal objects and about 30 quintals of various minerals collected during her travels. There were 35-million-year-old geodes, grey limestone that absorbs negativity, and wooden beds on platforms of mineral slag. Visitors walked among these elements, interpreting their own journeys of energetic renewal. Telepathic red telephones encouraged people to metaphorically connect with their souls, including their hidden and darker sides. The interactive setup enhanced involvement, pushing people to reflect on themselves—a necessary foundation for tackling life's challenges.

In my experience creating jewelry, I often think about stones' symbolic and mystical significance. Their geometries, colors, and refractive qualities inspire healing, both physical and emotional. I believe in this deeply. Some of my high jewelry pieces—like the *Aqua* titanium and diamond earrings, the *Maiolica* necklace, and the *Enchanté* Kogolong necklace worn by Marina—suddenly felt more powerful to me. They seemed imbued with a spirit that elevated their timeless stories and forms.

Marina, a performance art pioneer, uses her body to transform her environment. She interprets telluric forces and communicates individual or collective inner experiences. Born in Belgrade in 1946 under the sign of Sagittarius, Marina shared a surprising detail with me. A DNA test revealed traces of Italian origins in her predominantly Balkan ancestry. "*Just 1%,*" she confided, "*but it shows up in my art. I am very loved in Italy, and I return that love. Italy played a crucial role early in my career. I've worked in volcanic areas and have deep connections to places like Naples, Venice, and Milan.*"

In Naples, she performed *Rhythm 0* in 1974 at Studio Morra. In 1997, she won the Golden Lion at the Venice Biennale. Her relationship with Naples continued through her recent performance, *The Seven Deaths of Maria Callas*, at Teatro di San Carlo in 2022. She also has a strong connection with Lia Rumma and lived for five years on Stromboli, an island she holds close to her heart.

However, Marina has never been to Capri. I wonder what inspirations or ideas she would draw from this island, a hub of artistic and cultural innovation throughout the 20th century. How would Marina interpret its heritage, values, and symbols? Capri is a laboratory of history and aesthetic narratives.

"*Technology has taken over so much,*" Marina reflects, "*that it distracts us from connecting with our souls. The Shanghai exhibition encouraged visitors to engage with objects instead of their phones, limiting the time spent taking photos for social media. It became a meditative microcosm within a massive technological city. We must return to simplicity to survive as human beings.*"

We must return to simplicity to survive as human beings.

TU SEI UN'ISOLA

PAOLINO
A SKY OF SUN-YELLOW FRUITS

Paolino," recounts Michele De Martino–known as Michelino, or simply Lino to everyone–*"was born before the Second World War. My grandfather had a bocce court and used to make sandwiches with homegrown produce cooked in summer: tuna, eggplants, and artichokes preserved in oil for the boys who played soccer on the old Marina Grande field. My father's friends would come by for a glass of wine from the vineyard and to play a round of bocce. Intellectuals and writers like Graham Greene would sometimes wander in, too. It was a garden-orchard that my father, Paolino–who worked at sea, and whose name the restaurant now bears–looked after with my mother, Michelina. In 1976, once we got our license, we opened the trattoria. From that point on, as the clientele grew, my brother Vittorino and I expanded it every year, adding a new section. Our uncle, Dad's brother, joined us after leaving 'Il Pescatore' on Ischia, where he'd been working with our aunt."*

Paolino, across the world, is synonymous with lemon trees. A sky of bright yellow fruit among the green leaves, stretching under the pergolas that cover the restaurant. Here once stood an Augustan seaside villa. *"There are still at least four trees my grandfather planted in his youth. I planted all the others myself, over the course of fifty years. It's part of the magic of this place. Everyone comes here seeking the scent of lemons, chasing the idea of an enchanted Mediterranean–one alive with natural fragran ces and unmistakable, evocative flavors."*

The Capri of the Sixties was teeming with visitors: a grand stage, a movable feast of eccentrics, artists, and jet-setters. *"I used to work in a hotel by the Piazzetta and then at the Quisisana bar, which at the time was Capri's showcase–people would slip in just to spot VIPs. I remember Pablo Neruda, Ted Kennedy, and Soraya, the former Empress of Iran, who wound up here in exile after the Shah cast her aside. A classic Capri vacation lasted four months back then. Now it barely covers Friday, Saturday, and off they go. There were such lovely people then. No rush-in, rush-out tourism. I could see Mona Bismarck's Fortino from the rooftop; I lived next door. I'll never forget Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier of Monaco on their honeymoon, staying a good ten days with that American socialite. She wasn't yet a countess then, just the widow of the immensely wealthy Mr. Harrison Williams. Her secretary–Albrecht Edzard Heinrich Karl von Bismark-Schönhausen, an aesthete and decorator, also a grandson of the German chancellor–married her only a year later in the U.S., then in a religious ceremony in Rome in 1956. The Grimaldis reached the Fortino on April 16, 1954, the day after their fairy-tale wedding on the Rock. That countess from agrarian Kentucky was formidable–stern with the staff;*

I'd hear her shouting sometimes. She spent hours in the garden, which she had designed entirely, much like the villa itself. She came to our place maybe a couple of times with her fifth husband, Dr. Umberto de Martini, fourteen years her junior, formerly the physician of her fourth spouse (who died in 1979)."

Paolino's fame took off in the Eighties. Having gained the trust of the big hotels, the first Americans arrived from the Scalinatella and the Quisisana. It was still a simple little eatery, but its unique charm and good local cooking attracted guests of a certain standing. "The Lawyer", Gianni Agnelli, became a regular. Getting started was tough, because their father never wanted the second generation in this line of work, given that the family still didn't own the land. *"At least until 1985, we kept the original bocce court going. Count Corrado Agusta, like Stavros Niarchos, loved that game and held tournaments every evening with the sailors from Marina Grande. We stayed open all night for him, and he'd leave a mountain of tips when he went home at dawn. The clientele was made up of those who frequented Capri at that time. The young Borlettis, the Barillas, the Gazzonis—especially Giuseppe—who got rich thanks to 'idrolitina,' that powder that made tap water sparkle. The Gazzonis' boatman, who still lives on Capri, was nicknamed, and remains for everyone, 'idrolitina.' Stavros Niarchos, the 'Golden Greek,' when traveling from Monte Carlo to Venice, would break his journey for one night in the port so he could dine with us. His son Philip and now his grandson Stavros III have kept the tradition alive. The first two mega yachts we ever saw in the harbor, many years ago, were Niarchos's 115-meter Atlantis II and Onassis's 99-meter Christina O."*

During the Eighties, Gianni Agnelli became a fan of Lino's mother Michelina's cooking. Stopping in to visit Mona, he'd swing by the restaurant to say hello and reserve a table for the evening. If there happened to be a bundle of basil in the kitchen, he took it back on board. *"On the yacht, they often had tomatoes with basil for breakfast. In the evening, The Lawyer would come up for dinner. I even spent one New Year's Eve with him at Montezemolo's villa nearby. My mother invented the 'Chiummenzana,' or 'crew-style' sauce—named after the fishermen's crew prize when they'd return with their catch. It's straightforward, and like all simple things, not easy to perfect. I still make five hundred jars, which I give out to clients in winter. I remember Mom cooking spaghetti in that blackened copper pan, worn yet shiny. A sprinkle of oregano, a handful of basil, and cherry tomatoes cooked for seven or eight minutes, stirred with the wooden spoon the bagpipe players would bring us at Christmas. While the water boiled, the spaghetti was tossed right in. My grandmother ran a beach spot at Bagni di Tiberio. I learned how to light charcoal there—no gas, no fridge. A sailor taught me to make squid with potatoes, the same recipe we still serve at Paolino. We'd cook pasta with cicerchia, a legume grown in Anacapri back then because the land was tough under the olive trees. Now it's brought in from the mainland, but it tastes exactly the same. From early July onward, a local farmer just below the restaurant supplies us every morning with 'oxheart' tomatoes for our buffalo mozzarella."*

As the season begins, tomatoes are bought at the market, but they aren't as flavorful as the ones grown on Capri, which have a distinctive tang. *"You need to make the 'tomato oyster-style' right by the sea, like my brother does on his boat, taking tourists around Capri's cliffs, to Nerano and Positano. You dip the tomato in sea water and slice it, drizzle it with salt and lemon. When you taste it, it's like eating an oyster."* The dessert room is a paradise of sweet indulgences of all kinds: cakes, pastries, sumptuous fruit displays, gelées, and creamy desserts. *"We have three pastry chefs—our head pastry chef and two assistants. In mid-season we serve brunch, while the appetizer buffet remains only on Sundays."*

If he's in the right mood, Lino enjoys sharing anecdotes and reciting poetry, while Alberto plays classics of Neapolitan song on the mandolin. Standing beside their uncle at Paolino's helm are nieces Michela De Martino and her sister Arianna, daughters of Vittorino. They both started at nine years old, as they proudly point out. Paolino has now reached the founding family's fourth generation. Leonardo is in the kitchen, Arianna's son Vittorio works the tables, and Jacopo helps with bookkeeping as well as serving. *"Family involvement is key—otherwise, our story would have ended. Humility comes first. Never let success go to your head. That's why people keep coming back to Paolino."*

Demi Moore and Bill Willis, Elton John, Tom Cruise, Quincy Jones, Valentino. Paolino is a must for Jennifer Lopez, Beyoncé, Leonardo DiCaprio, Orlando Bloom, Katy Perry, Kris Jenner, Julia Roberts, Mary J. Blige, Michael Kors, Tommy Hilfiger, Emma Stone, and Samuel Johnson. Mariah Carey is also a frequent guest who loves to linger late beneath those fragrant pergolas.

FAMILY GROUP GATHERED AROUND A TABLE IN THE GROWING LEMON GROVE.
GIANNI AND MARELLA AGNELLI ON CAPRI WITH THE DE MARTINO FAMILY, OWNERS AND MANAGERS OF THE RESTAURANT.

ON THIS PAGE AND THE FOLLOWING TWO PAGES, HISTORICAL PHOTOS FROM THE SCIALAPOPOLO ARCHIVE.

SCIALAPOPOLO
A FAMILY STORY THAT BECAME A WORLDWIDE SYMBOL OF CAPRI'S FOLKLORE

Over a century of activity, Scialapopolo's values have never changed: a welcoming spirit, the ability to spread good cheer, and the pride of upholding Capri's name around the world. Today marks 100 years since Costanzo Spataro founded the island's most famous band. In the early days, shows were spontaneous events, fueled by a sense of joy and community. On New Year's Day, band members would knock on the doors of Capri homes to exchange holiday wishes. They would then meet up again in the spring and summer for local celebrations, roping the first island tourists into their performances.

Every year on July 4–Independence Day in the United States–the band would play the American national anthem in the streets of Capri's downtown, from the famed Piazzetta, known as the "world's living room," to Via Vittorio Emanuele, festively decked out with stars-and-stripes flags and red and blue balloons, to celebrate American visitors vacationing on the island.

One hundred years of singing and dancing. Costanzo learned the tarantella by observing dancer Carmelina, a beautiful farm girl who performed near Villa Jovis (an imperial residence on the summit of Mount Tiberio) and would enchant tourists with her dance to the rhythm of the tambour, known as the *Tarascone*. He then taught the steps to his relatives.

However, the real turning point came when Maestro Pasquale De Rosa, grandfather of singer Peppino di Capri, was so impressed by the Scialapopolo's artistic talent that he offered Costanzo Spataro a full set of traditional folk instruments, along with his musical expertise.

The band's leadership continued to be passed down from father to son, with the Scialapopolo family now in its fourth generation at the helm. Even the costumes remain unchanged to this day, hand-sewn by local tailors based on the original designs. Isabella, Costanzo's granddaughter, carries on the ancient tarantella tradition, choreographing Capri dances such as the *Pulcinella*, the *Saracena*, and the *Tamburriata Nera.*

"He was a man who looked to the future and was guided by emotion. Ever since we were children, he's always taught us the value of conviviality and lightheartedness. The tarantella is deeply rooted in our heritage."

Over a hundred years of activity, the band's values have remained the same: a welcoming spirit, the ability to spread good humor, and pride in representing Capri across the globe. Encounters on the island with clients hosting parties and celebrations have led to lasting friendships, and the name "Scialapopolo" has gained international renown. For over fifty years, thanks

17 MAY 2024, THE FEAST OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE BELL. CHANTECLER IN THE PIAZZETTA ON CAPRI. IN THE IMAGE ABOVE, YOU CAN RECOGNISE GABRIELE APREA, CEO OF THE CAPRI BRAND. BELOW, ANOTHER MOMENT OF THE EVENT WITH COSTANTINO PATURZO, SCIALAPOPOLO BAND LEADER.

mainly to the determination of Costanzo Paturzo—an irrepressible bandleader from the 1970s until 2016—the group's success has been uninterrupted. It was during Paturzo's era when the band began traveling to far-flung destinations: from Argentina to the United States, the United Arab Emirates and Australia, as well as Thailand, Egypt, Indonesia, and numerous European cities. They have even performed at prestigious institutions like the European Parliament in Strasbourg, Italian consulates and various cultural institutes across the globe.

In 2015 at the Columbus Day Parade on New York's Fifth Avenue, Scialapopolo used the power of music to connect with Italian communities in New York and New Jersey—capped off by a grand finale at the Rainbow Room in Rockefeller Center, a longstanding gathering place for Italian Americans.

"We have never betrayed our true nature," says the current bandleader, Costantino Paturzo, the fourth generation of Scialapopolo. "*The public appreciates our enthusiasm and energy. Beyond being a folkloric band, we want to share a message, to show a way of being in the world and relating to others. 'Allegria'—joy—is the word we live by.*"

Though the band's repertoire pays tribute to classic Neapolitan music, there is also a nod to contemporary sounds. Over the years, alongside traditional instruments such as the accordion, snare drum, scetavajasse, putipù, and *triccheballacche*, the band has expanded its musical horizons with the mandolin, guitar, and bass, incorporating Italian songs that are now familiar abroad like *That's Amore* or *Nel blu dipinto di blu*.

Over the last century, Scialapopolo has performed for the likes of Soraya, Gracie Fields, Clark Gable, Totò, Sophia Loren, and Jackie Kennedy—among many others—and in recent times has become highly sought-after by prestigious fashion brands such as Kiton, Pucci, Valentino, and Dolce & Gabbana.

To mark its centennial year, the band is planning a photography exhibition, a screening of archival footage, and a documentary film. A commemorative book is also set to be released, recounting the band's first hundred years, and fans will be able to enjoy a summer evening filled with dancing and music.

in memory of Franco

One hundred years of activity. The values of the band have remained the same: the spirit of welcoming guests, the ability to transmit good humour, the pride in keeping Capri's name high in the world.

L'ORO DI CAPRI
LANDSCAPE, TRADITION, AND BIODIVERSITY

Capri's history with olive trees and olive oil dates back millennia. In 2014, a group of enthusiasts decided to breathe new life into the island's ancient olive-growing tradition, founding the association L'Oro di Capri. Over the years, they have reclaimed more than 50 hectares of olive groves—many of them abandoned—particularly in the northwest area of the island.This initiative has transformed the agricultural landscape of Anacapri, contributing to the resurgence of a slow, sustainable form of tourism. Today, the members of L'Oro di Capri not only help produce high-quality, organic extra-virgin olive oil but also promote the local landscape and its time-honored traditions.

The EVO oil produced on Capri has an intense, aromatic flavor that embodies the very essence of the island. Thanks to the efforts of L'Oro di Capri, this oil has once again found favor among discerning consumers who prize its unique characteristics and storied past. The Association involves the entire community in its mission to foster a culture of environmental respect and nature conservation, strengthening human connections in the process.

"*Walking the Fortini trail is an immersion in the peace of nature. I discovered olive groves—uncultivated since the 1950s—overtaken by Mediterranean scrub. That's how the idea to restore balance and harmony to the vegetation came to be*," explains Honorary President Gianfranco D'Amato. He adds, "B*y sharing our commitment to reviving the almost-lost tradition of olive oil production, the members of L'Oro di Capri have found an opportunity for cultural renewal and a way to foster deeper human relationships. We hope to instill stronger environmental awareness in younger generations*."

The Association is non-profit and also works with local students, organizing educational workshops, walks among the olive trees, and tasting sessions aimed at increasing environmental awareness. "*Today, Anacapri is part of the National Association of 'Città dell'Olio.' Every September, during olive-harvest season, the entire community gathers to rediscover its pride in its roots,*" concludes L'Oro di Capri President, Pierluigi Della Femina.

CENTURIES-OLD PLANTS WITH SCULPTURED ROOTS STAND OUT IN THE ANACAPRI LANDSCAPE.

THE SMALL CHURCH OF SANT'ANNA IS A SECRET JEWEL, HIDDEN JUST BEHIND THE BUSY LE BOTTEGHE STREET. PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY DARIO BORRUTO IN FEBRUARY 2025.

FRAGMENTS OF ETERNITY
CHURCH OF SANT'ANNA

Although it stands just a few steps from one of Capri's main arteries, Via Le Botteghe, not many are aware of its beauty: the small church of Sant'Anna, whose roots date back to at least the Tenth Century, when the island was under the domain of Amalfi, like other places in Capri, represents a compendium of signs, symbols, and timelines. It embodies a recomposition in dialogue among the remnants of lost eras. Now under the jurisdiction of the parish of Santo Stefano Protomartyr, which rarely officiates there, and managed by the local branch of the Unitalsi, this tiny church is a treasure trove of simple spirituality, cultivated over generations in the daily life of the native population. Formerly dedicated to San Pietro a Calcara and later to Santa Maria delle Grazie, it has a white lime façade of Baroque inspiration, topped by a single-arch bell gable, facing a small churchyard flanked by three rustic masonry columns which likely once supported a pergola.

Roberto Pane recalls these columns for the way they place an element typical of a country house in front of a church, renewing that sense of intimacy inspired by the finest religious buildings on the island, which often resemble private homes. The sacred building later took the name *Sant'Anna* for two main reasons: the presence of a canvas depicting the Virgin's mother, patron of childbirth, and the general custom of performing the rite of purification here, which took place forty days after a child was born. Protected by the an-

ROMAN ARCHAEOLOGICAL FRAGMENTS, SUCH AS LARGE MARBLE CAPITALS AND COLUMN SHAFTS, HAVE BEEN REUSED OVER THE CENTURIES TO BUILD THE CHURCH.

THE APSE FRESCO DEPICTING THE *MADONNA ENTHRONED AMONG SAINTS* IS RELATED TO THE 14TH CENTURY NEAPOLITAN SCHOOL OF PAINTING, INFLUENCED BY THE PRESENCE OF SIENESE ARTISTS IN THE ANGEVIN CAPITAL.

cient town walls, the church of Sant'Anna served as the parish of Capri until 1596 and once had three entrances corresponding to the internal aisles—asymmetrical and angled toward the façade—though only one, the central portal, remains. The central aisle is covered by a barrel vault, while the two lateral aisles have groin vaults resting on six slightly raised arches. Of these, the first two that enclose the presbytery stand on reused column drums crowned by worn Corinthian capitals, salvaged from the Roman ruins scattered across the island.

For centuries on Capri, it was common practice to reuse *spolia* taken from abandoned imperial buildings—collapsed or semi-destroyed vestiges of what, under Augustus and even more so under Tiberius, had been one of the world's power centers. Such practices continued to dot the island with a fragmented, picturesque archaeological thread that can still be recognized in various locations. They also fueled further plundering, such as the systematic removals destined for the Bourbon royal collections, primarily through the expeditions organized by *Norbert Hadrava*, assisted first by Bolognese engineer Sante Serantoni and then by Giovanni Malavasi from Calabria, in the second half of the eighteenth century, under authorization from Ferdinand IV. Even those incongruously colossal fragments—remnants of a lost splendor repurposed with humble poetry—are enough to enchant anyone visiting Sant'Anna. The arches nearest the entrance rest on two reused column shafts. The church itself is an incunabulum of architecture and art. Based on the typical Byzantine plan with three apses, its history features subsequent interventions, notably decorative ones like the stucco work from the eighteenth century, as well as structural reinforcements and modifications carried out during the nineteenth century.

The church once had four altars and was enriched by a significant body of frescoes, now reduced to four fragments emerging from the masonry. Dating to the fourteenth century, the apse fresco depicts the Madonna Enthroned, draped in a garment adorned with Stars of David as she nurses the Child, and can be linked to the Neapolitan painting school of the fourteenth century, influenced by the presence of Sienese artists. The Virgin, both gentle and austere, is flanked by Saint Peter, the church's original patron, and Constantius the bishop, Capri's local patron saint. The coat of arms of the Paragallo de Paragallis patrician family—two black roosters on a white band over a crimson field—indicates that this space was a noble chapel with burial rights. Of the donor, who once appeared in the left foreground, only a fragment of the forehead with hair and praying hands remains. In the upper lunette stands the Christ Pantocrator, ruler of the universe, while at the base one can read part of an inscription—never fully deciphered—bearing the name Costancio.

In the right-hand aisle is the sixteenth-century *Deposition*, filled with symbols of the Passion around Christ, shown half-figure in the tomb. Above, a sorrowful Mary appears between two mourning angels. Around the scene runs a Renaissance grotesque frieze, and the noble coat of arms of the patron is difficult to interpret. An oval fragment framing Saint Thomas Aquinas—book in hand, a radiant sun on his chest, and a cross attesting to his authority as a Dominican theologian—can be seen on the inner side of the second arch in the left aisle, probably painted between the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In the sacristy, in a niche in the first chamber, is a severely damaged fresco of the Crucifixion, discovered in 2010 thanks to photographer-artist Vittorio Pescatori and fully restored four years later through private initiative. It dates back to the Angevin period, in the second half of the fourteenth century. Sadly, the central Crucifix that must have dominated the composition has been lost. Surrounding the angels are Mary and, on the right, Saint John. A papal coat of arms with crossed keys adds an element of mystery to this painting, akin to one in the Church of San Giovanni del Toro in Ravello and connected to the body of frescoes of Amalfi's first cathedral.

The entire church floor, mentioned in documents from the Twelfth Century, is laid with painted majolica tiles donated by the Catuogno family in 1878, replacing an earlier eighteenth-century tile floor—of which a single piece remains on the lowest step of the main altar, dating back to the late eighteenth century. Beneath the paving, ancient burials very likely lie undiscovered.

THE FLOOR IN NEAPOLITAN MAJOLICA TILES WAS DONATED IN 1878 BY THE CATUOGNO FAMILY TO REPLACE A SIMILAR 18TH-CENTURY ONE, A PORTION OF WHICH REMAINS ON THE LAST STEP OF THE HIGH ALTAR.

LA BOUTIQUE PARISIENNE IN CAPRI. PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY DARIO BORRUTO IN FEBRUARY 2025.

LA PARISIENNE
ZEITGEIST SIGNED CAPRI

Francesca Settanni is the creative soul of the boutique-atelier that symbolizes Capri's Piazzetta – a story of women spanning one hundred and twenty years, still looking toward the future. The story begins almost like a Bildungsroman: A young woman becomes fascinated by her family's business, breathing in the atmosphere of the tailor's workshop as if it were a vital component of her being: An immersive experience and an initiatory rite blending day-to-day routine with embryonic ideas still waiting to be realized and endless artistic insights. *"Even during my high school years, I was already helping my mother in the boutique. I instantly knew what I was destined to do,"* confides Francesca Settanni.

Francesca's formal education, first in Rome and then in America, provided the perfect platform for her career: *"I spent four years in the capital, at the Accademia di Costume e di Moda, going to various ateliers to 'steal' with my eyes the mastery of artisanal craftsmanship. Then I completed a semester at FIDM in Los Angeles."*
However, Francesca's heart and roots remain firmly in Capri, where she eventually returned to fully throw herself into the family enterprise. Back then in the '80s, the island radiated a vibrant energy–elegance without pretense, fluid lines and airy geometries, Mediterranean hues and patterns imbued with spirit. Joining the family firm brought a *frescata* as Francesca calls it, sparking a creative dialogue with her mother, Adriana Di Fiore Settanni, the company's mainstay.

INTERIOR DETAILS OF THE BOUTIQUE, DESIGNED BY MARIO SETTANNI, ARCHITECT AND FATHER OF THE CREATIVE SOUL OF LA PARISIENNE, FRANCESCA SETTANNI, AND HER SISTER LUCIANA, WHO TAKES CARE OF THE ADMINISTRATIVE SIDE.

"I would sketch designs, collaborate on our in-house collections, and also the two collections launched by my mother and marketed under the labels Adrian's Original and Adrian's Capri. I helped out at fashion shows and trunk shows, and manned our booth at the Pitti in Florence, where we exhibited multiple times. I even stepped in as a mannequin. There was no separation between family and business."

A pivotal chapter for La Parisienne is tied to Livio De Simone, a designer and bon vivant who found fertile ground on the azure island through which to express his artistic talent . In the 1960s, De Simone began collaborating with La Parisienne through his hand-painted fabrics, born of an intuition that emerged from the artistic avant-garde of the era. De Simone originally debuted in the 1950s with the Neapolitan collective known as *Movimento Arte Concreta.*

"For years, the awning of La Parisienne displayed the name 'Livio De Simone.' Capri was a hotbed of creativity and a media amplifier for talents like Emilio Pucci and other personalities enriching the island's cultural, social, and commercial fabric. La Parisienne became a privileged showcase to interpret the zeitgeist and the art of dressing. It stood out then, as it does now, for its ability to combine its own unique creations with a curated selection of brands that made history in Italian and international fashion. Roberto Cavalli, just starting out with his swirling prints and textural overlays, Gianfranco Ferré's architectural genius, Fendi's farsightedness—these and other Made in Italy names found a stage in our boutique, thanks to an attentive and distinctive editing of their collections."

The essence of La Parisienne remains bound to its signé production, exclusively dedicated to the Capri boutique. *"We research fabrics extensively, working with an array of cloqué silk, satin, , jersey and multicolored shantung. The Jackie pants, inspired by Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis—who was our customer for decades starting in the early Sixties, often through a friendly store on Madison Avenue in NYC—have become the emblem of the Parisienne style."*

Today, La Parisienne is run by two sisters: Luciana, who manages the administrative side, and Francesca, who is the creative soul and the face of the boutique. *"My children will shape La Parisienne in ways that make sense for them,"* Settanni reflects. Amid floating caftans, patchworks of fabrics, and prints often drawn from the family archives (such as those designed by Mario Settanni, Francesca's architect father, in the Seventies), La Parisienne remains a beacon of inspiration in the fashion world.

La Parisienne is a story of women that all starts with a local entrepreneur, Mariuccia Di Fiore, Francesca's grandmother. In 1906, Mariuccia opened a shop selling silks and lace, which later shifted toward a fashion-boutique concept. She understood that, on the island, women wished to live more freely, wearing more comfortable clothing inspired by maritime contrasts and cosmopolitan living. In the late 1930s, Mariuccia was forced to replace the sign *La Parisienne* with the more Italian *Seterie – Lavori a mano. M. Di Fiore*. She experimented with new fabric prototypes during the challenging years of autarky, including broom fiber, anticipating future concerns about sustainability. Mariuccia was also the mother of seven children—six girls and one boy—among them Adriana, the youngest, and Maddalena, who followed in her footsteps beginning in the 1940s. The Di Fiore sisters came to prominence with the Margherita circle skirt, crafted from overlapping petals of fabric with contrasting piping, and the Bora Bora sarong style with side slits—an early vision of what we now consider casual wear. In the 1970s, Mare Moda Capri catapulted the brand onto the international scene, driving the development of various product lines.

"We are a destination," concludes Francesca Settanni. *"Our goal is to continue being a place where fashion is not just about industry and product, but also about art, about a dream. A window into the world."*

Francesca Settanni is the creative soul of the boutique-atelier. Symbol of the Piazzetta of Capri - a hundred and twenty years of women's history and reaching into the future.

LIBRARY LA CONCHIGLIA A CAPRI. THE SHELL IN CAPRI. PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY DARIO BORRUTO IN FEBRUARY 2025.

NINO
THE SUN OF ROME, THE MOON OF CAPRI

C.M. D'AMBROSIA

This book is an autobiographical and confessional account that invites the reader to follow a narrative mixing real and plausible episodes, addressing themes still considered taboo today. The story unfolds in a nearly cinematic way, alternating between two temporal layers. The present (1941/1943) recounts the hypothetical return of Nino Cesarini to Capri and the final stage of his life in Rome; the past sees the protagonist reliving earlier events through occasionally delirious visions fueled by a long-standing drug dependence. These moments, highlighted graphically in a style similar to italics, include memories of true occurrences—such as the encounter and romance between Jacques Fersen and Nino Cesarini, and their time spent at the famous Villa Lysis in Capri.
As the narrative progresses, these memories merge into a single account of the present, restoring a sense of regained serenity. Thus, the book becomes the story of a simple life composed of intense and meaningful moments—a story that could reflect countless forgotten lives and that, once told, asks only to be understood and accepted with compassion.
Moreover, the author C.M. d'Ambrosìa—who grew up on the shores of the Gulf of Naples and has a deep passion for theater and music, which led him to perform on some of the world's most prestigious stages—offers, through this book, his personal life testimony. It is a journey shaped by experiences and encounters that have enabled him to grasp the complexity of reality and the delicate balance between greatness and misery.

IL CORAGGIO DI RIFARSI VIVO
THE COURAGE TO COME BACK TO LIFE

ANDREA IMPERIALI

This novel tells the story of Tommaso Sanseverino di Altavilla, who was declared legally dead and forced to live under a false name in Milan for over 25 years. Determined to reclaim his life, he returns to Naples to restore his identity as the youngest son of a wealthy family and reconnect with his roots. Reuniting with old friends and reclaiming the city of his youth, Tommaso embarks on a legal battle against his two older brothers—both of whom are judges—to win his inheritance and achieve personal vindication.
Over the course of the story, the protagonist confronts the injustices of the Italian judicial system and the arrogance of the "Napoli bene," the social elite of the city from which he fled in his youth. His experience becomes an inner journey marked by nostalgia, understood as the "pain of returning to one's origins," a central theme intertwined with the major social and urban changes in Naples and Italy from the late twentieth century to the Covid era.
Written in a brisk, incisive, and ironic style, the novel captivates from the very first pages and culminates in an unexpected finale that prompts the reader to reflect on the value of identity and the power of money in life's choices.

THE PAINTER ROBERTO DI ALICUDI WAS BORN IN NAPLES BUT LIVES MAINLY ON THE SMALL AEOLIAN ISLAND WHERE HE PRODUCES HIS WORKS IN THE COMPANY OF HIS DOG FIOH.

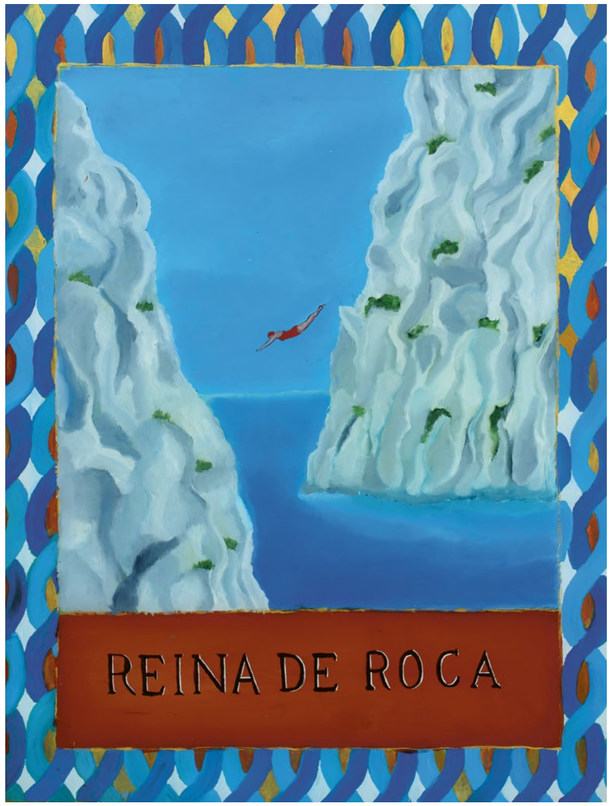
Roberto di Alicudi

DREAMING OF CAPRICUDI

The enchantment of Capri lives anew in the painted glass of Roberto di Alicudi: from the Blue Grotto, amid mermaids, coral, and dancing roosters, ancient tales and memories blossom in a dream of light.

"Ever since I was a child," says Roberto di Alicudi, *"the Chantecler window display represented my entryway into a world of fantasy. The gilded sedan chair made me think of Perrault's fairy tales. Jewels that looked like candies and toys sparked all sorts of imaginary adventures—jellyfish made of pearls, fish as improbable as they were fabulous, bristling with gemstones and flashes of diamond. I remember my grandmother and the Chantecler ring she wore as a sort of talisman, a kind of seal that fascinated me. It was a rooster's claw enclosing an iridescent pearl. As a child, it wasn't just a piece of jewelry or a precious object. It was something magical and mysterious. Chantecler creations serve as evocative portals. They can convey stories, symbolic figures, and legends—just as I hope to do with my painted glass. My encounter with Chantecler now gives me the chance to reconnect with that imaginative universe. It's another way to recapture the island's original magic, all in just a few centimeters of antique glass."*

For Chantecler, Roberto di Alicudi has devised a Blue Grotto that blends the nature of an imperial nymphaeum with baroque grandeur, the notes of *Maruzzella* and Giambattista


REINA DE ROCA


S. LUCIA

Basile's fables with the aquatic acrobatics of Esther Williams. Mermaids sweep gracefully through turquoise waters sealed within the rocky treasure box. Carrying coral branches drawn from the seabed, they flank Pietro Capuano's sedan chair—an occasion for jest, feasting, and masquerades, from which, with 18th-century flair, a little rooster peeks out. There are lemons with a good-omen gaze and the vow of *Silence*. Other roosters sail across the Gulf on vessels propelled by an enchanted wind toward the Reina de Roca Faraglioni described by Neruda. Donkeys appear, wearing around their necks multicolored gemmed bells; naïve flowers in neon hues bloom right down to the sea in spring; and the most apotropaic gesture of all holds sway. Don Pietro appears, saluting politely with a straw top hat—this founder of the Capri Maison exuding all his Piazzetta-directing charm. Only she, the blue lizard, has the true secret, poised sinuously on an Indian pink background alongside a butterfly with amber wings and black tracery. Who knows what it all might mean.

"What unites me with Maria Elena Aprea," says Roberto di Alicudi, *"is the drive toward a life imagined. We both move in the realm of dreams. I'd like this collaboration to serve as an invitation to fuga mundi, a call to nurture the bright and playful part of ourselves."* Roberto di Alicudi employs the old oil-painting method on reclaimed glass sheets once used by the *pincisanti*. Born in Naples—a city of endless layers—he weaves intersections among eras, cultures, and widely varied domains. He adopted his nom de plume from the tiny Aeolian island where he chose to live, and which, in the summer of 2024, he reconnected in spirit to his beloved childhood Capri through an exhibition at Villa Lysis titled *Jeunesse d'Amour*. Staged in Jacques Fersen's former residence, the show closed a circle, reaching back to the moment when, as a boy, the word *Island* became the axis around which the artist's life began to revolve. *Capricudi* is a concept uniting those two islands of his heart, combining their distinct yet subtly related souls.

Standing before Roberto's paintings, one must avoid the trap of naïve simplification. The significance imprinted on them is always sophisticated and unexpected. Roberto loves to change the outcome of established stories, winking at fate and arranging unthinkable encounters. A cultivated approach—punctuated by an original viewpoint—suffuses this imagery, which may seem playful, vividly brushed onto the transparent fragility of a glass sheet that thereby gains new life. As curator Valentina Rippa observes: though an allusive, ironic element prevails, at the same time one senses in Roberto di Alicudi's gesture and thought an ancient grace, rooted in study and painstaking detail, in respect for the spirit of places, in devotion to silence. Imagination of words and shapes takes precedence over reality—*Reality Doesn't Exist* and *You Are an Island* are indeed the titles of a pair of Roberto di Alicudi's works. An overflowing theater of daydreams that stands as an antidote to the cacophonous chaos of our present age.

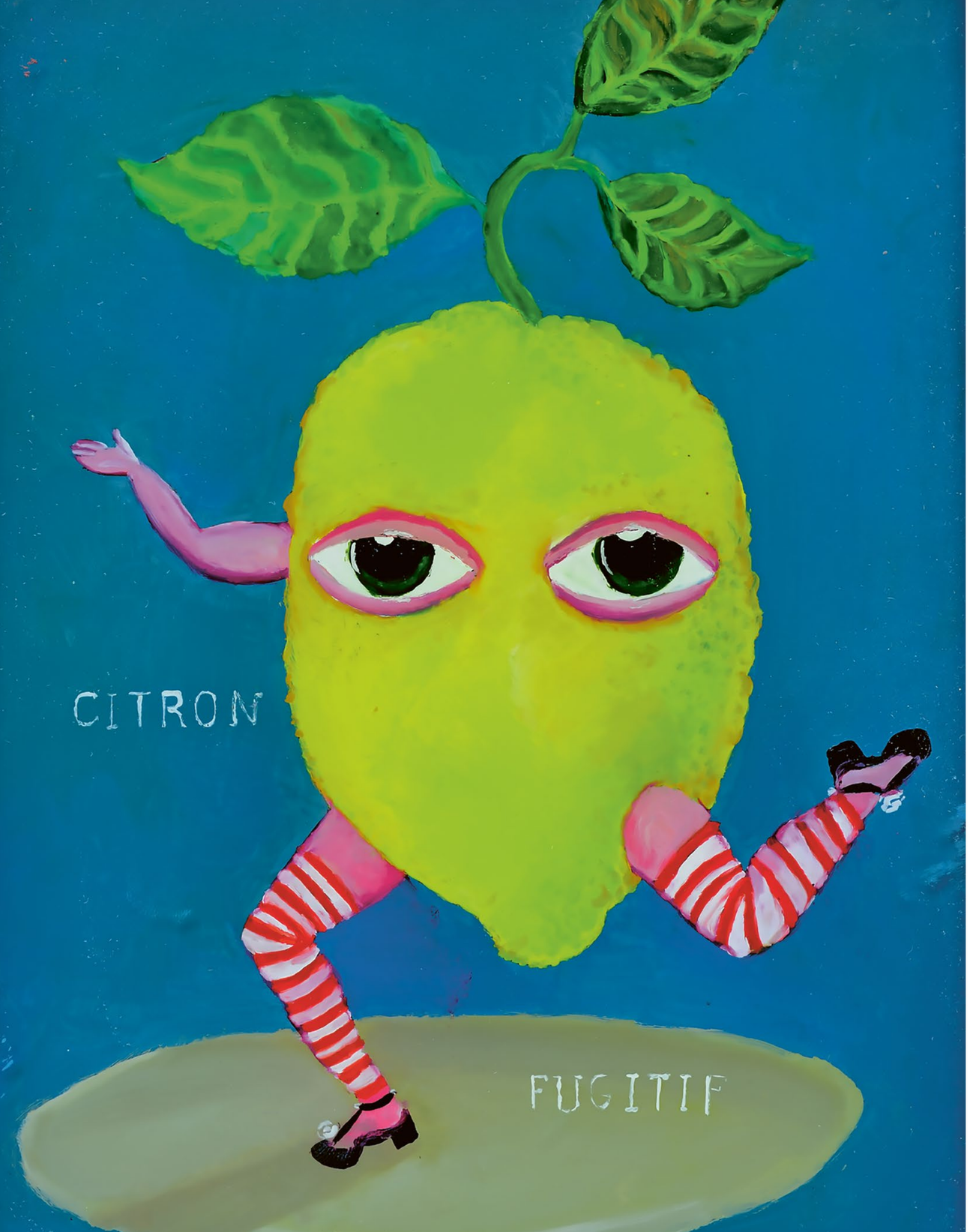
The enchantment of Capri lives anew in the painted glass of Roberto di Alicudi: from the Blue Grotto, amid mermaids, coral, and dancing roosters, ancient tales and memories blossom in a dream of light.

Scoglio delle Sirene


ΚΑΠΡΑΙΑ


BAR
TIBERIO


SANTAMARINA


CITRON
FUGITIF


SI NA SFACCIATA

AURE D'ORO VILLA MONETA

PHOTOGRAPHY
FEDERICO DE ANGELIS

ART DIRECTION
RICCARDO RUINI

GOLDEN AURAS AT VILLA MONETA

In Capri, people whisper tales and myths about this house, frozen in time and sealed within its own mystery. Among the legendary residences in the Tiberio district of Capri—built during the island's golden era between the late 19th and early 20th centuries—Villa Moneta has slipped into a faraway, suspended dimension, almost enchanted.

The true story of Villa Moneta unfolds between 1920 and 1953, when it became the private haven of Carlo Siviero, a Neapolitan painter, academic, writer, and art critic. Once you pass the Salita della Croce, you enter a more authentic, secret Capri. This is the area with an agricultural soul, rising gradually toward the Tiberio zone, dominated by the remains of the imperial Villa Jovis. The road winds between walls and gates of villas bursting with greenery, gardens, cycads and trellises of fuchsia, white, and coral bougainvillea. The canopies of ancient trees offer friendly shade in the scorching sun.

Sheltered by a thicket of pines and oleanders, Villa Moneta—erected between the late 1800s and early 1900s—nestles among palms and flowering shrubs that hide it from view beyond the fence. Bougainvillea garlands weave together with ivy and Virginia creeper over the weathered façades, while secluded corners invite conversation. The different wings of the property cluster around a central courtyard with a metaphysical aura, playing in a rhythm of uneven forms. Projecting arches and loggias alternate patches of shadow and light. Access to the villa is via a long lane marked by masonry columns characteristic of Capri's tradition. A pattern of red bricks paves the path. On Capri, one hears mythic fables about this house, still unmoving in time, enshrouded in its own enigma. Golden auras dissolve the dark-green expanse of the park, letting sunlight filter in and scatter in fleeting kaleidoscopes.

Villa Moneta's origins date back to the late 18th century, a tumultuous time for the island, then contested between the Bourbons allied with the British fleet and Napoleon's Murat forces. Its name derives from a cache of ancient Roman coins—yet another Capri treasure—found during excavations that brought to light a temple dedicated to Juno. At the close of the 1700s, the Polverino family built the first structure atop the remains of ancient cisterns once part of Emperor Tiberius's complex. Later, the property went to Rosa Auriemma, daughter of the new owners. In 1819, during the Restoration, Rosa married Joseph Bourgeois, a follower of Napoleon who, after the exile on Elba and Napoleon's downfall, headed to Capri and stayed for good. He became a justice of the peace and then twice mayor. After his death, his son-in-law Pasquale Mongiardino renovated the villa in the historicist style still evident today. Mullioned windows, twisted marble columns, remnants of reliefs, sculptural fragments, and inscriptions were incorporated into the walls. This ensemble—with its faint theatrical flair—crowns the building's simple, squared-off volumes typical of local construction.

Villa Moneta's most remarkable chapter took shape from 1920 to 1953, when it became the retreat of Carlo Siviero, a Neapolitan painter, academic, writer, and art critic. Born in 1882, he gained recognition as a portraitist for the House of Savoy and was captivated by the island and its international community of eccentrics and creatives who had chosen Capri as a sanctuary. Already esteemed after successes in various exhibitions, he arrived on Capri in 1907. He befriended the Parisian poet Jacques d'Adelsward Fersen and his circle, based at nearby Villa Lysis, and formed a bond with the sculptor Vincenzo Gemito, who depicted him like an ancient warrior in armor. Gemito was often a guest of Fersen, that decadent "Exilé de Capri" described by Roger Peyrefitte, who had fled to the Mediterranean island following a homosexual scandal.

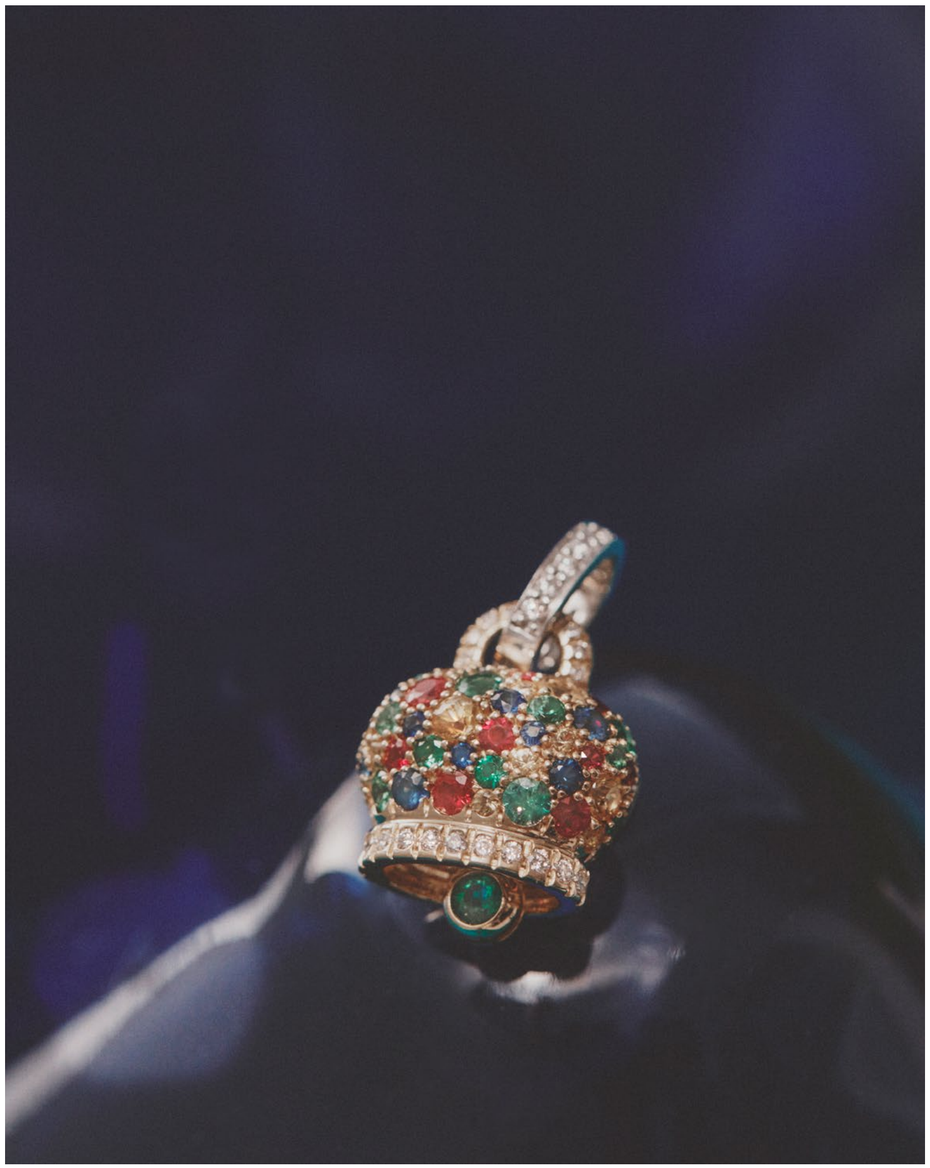
Siviero also befriended the dissident Russian intellectual Maksim Gorky, who lived on Capri for a long period, while the island's landscape became a recurring theme in his painting. In Naples' artistic milieu, he interacted with Antonio Mancini, Tommaso Celentano, and Francesco Paolo Michetti, among others. He took part in the Venice Biennale, exhibited in Munich, Paris, and Barcelona, as well as in the Netherlands in 1911. In the French capital he met Guillaume Apollinaire and Matisse, drawing on the influences of Europe's avant-garde to refine his figurative style. Elected academic andPresident of the Royal Academy of San Luca in Rome—his main residence—he joined the Società Amatori e Cultori di Belle Arti and stood out as a professor at the Neapolitan Academy, which he later directed in 1935. He contributed art criticism to the cultural pages of several national newspapers. Siviero's career grew until the Fascist era, when his anti-fascist views forced him to resign in 1939. Only after that twenty-year regime ended was he reinstated to his positions.

Carlo Siviero reached his zenith in 1923 with his portrait of Princess Iolanda of Savoy, earning much acclaim at its public showing at the Cortona Gallery in Naples. After World War II, he continued to be a central figure around the globe. At home, he gained new honors at the Rome Quadriennale and at the Figurative Arts Exhibition at the Mostra d'Oltremare in Naples. In 1950, he published a moving book, almost novel-like, titled *Questa era Napoli*. Siviero passed away in his island home, which he had loved so deeply, on September 11, 1953.

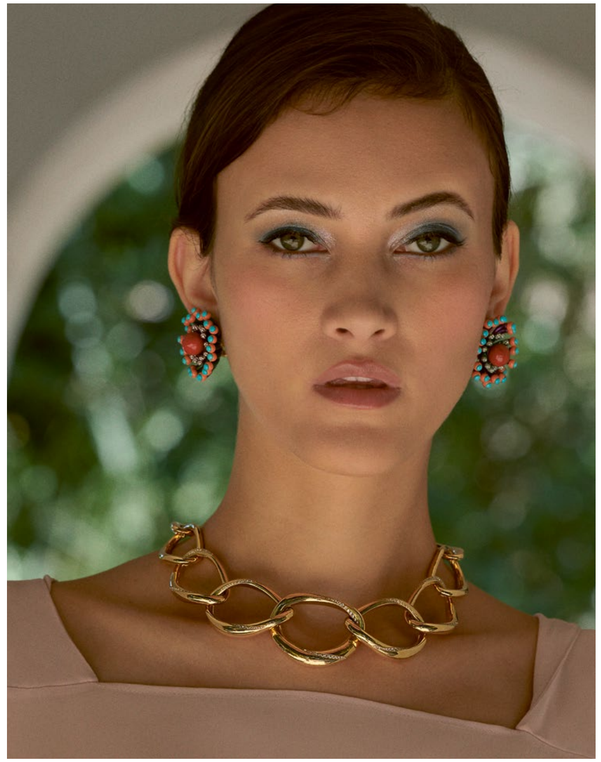
Even today, the villa reflects his art. Still lifes, flowers, and interiors—sometimes actual glimpses of the residence—appear everywhere inside. They converse with the late 18th-century furnishings from the era of Ferdinand IV, along with much older pieces, large and small fireplaces adorned with salvaged tiles, white stuccoes, sculptures, and wood or stone ornamental details. Eighteenth-century doors in white and gold reflect in floors of multi-colored majolica. A sort of internal façade with baroque ironwork imitates a Spanish viceroyal courtyard. Throughout the rooms are mirrors, stoves, moldings, and gilded bronze chandeliers, alongside ancient ceramics, sacred paintings, 17th- and 18th-century fresco fragments, lanterns, and period busts and sculptures.

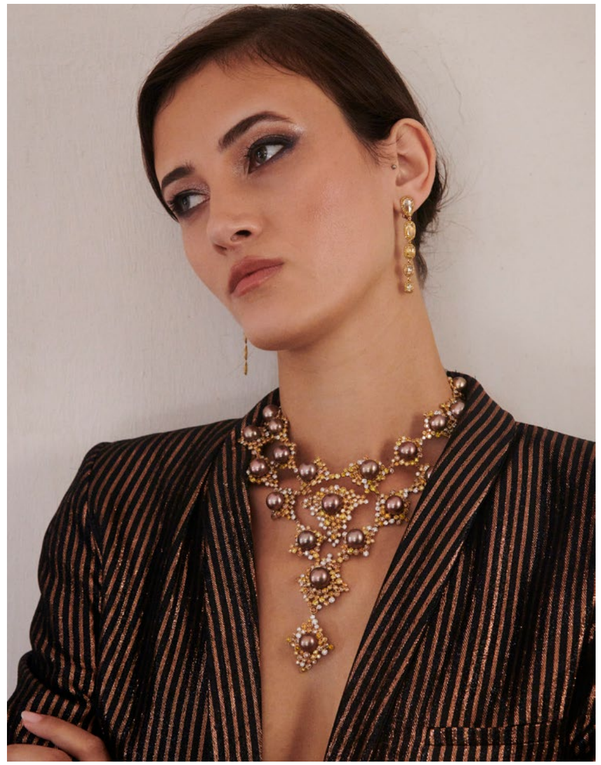
Villa Moneta,
named after a discovery
of ancient Roman coins - yet
another of Capri's treasures.
The coins emerged from excava-
tions that brought to light a
temple dedicated to Juno.

THE CAMPANELLA, A SYMBOL OF CHANTECLER SINCE 1944 - EVEN BEFORE THE BRAND WAS FOUNDED - IS DECLINED IN SILVER AND COLOURED RESINS IN THE *ET VOILÀ* COLLECTION.



POSIDÔNIA HAUTE JOAILLERIE NECKLACE. A COLOURED AND IRIDESCENT TITANIUM WEAVE OF THE HIGHEST WORKMANSHIP EVOKES FLOATING UNDERWATER GARDENS. GLEAMS OF DIAMONDS AND SAPPHIRES.





Among the mythical dwellings in the district of Tiberius on Capri, built in the golden age between 19th and 20th centuries, Villa Moneta has consigned itself to a distant, suspended, almost fairy-tale dimension.

FUGA

MUNDI

PHOTOGRAPHY

ALECIO FERRARI

SET DESIGN

CHIARA TALACCI

IMMERSION IN MYTH: *SIRENS IN THE BLUE GROTTO* EARRINGS WITH MICRO PAINTINGS ON GLASS BY ROBERTO DI ALICUDI, BAROQUE-INSPIRED FRAME ENDING IN TITANIUM AND YELLOW GOLD.


CHANTECLER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