

CAPRITUDE

n°4

Chantecler



MARINA ABRAMOVIĆ • ROBERTO DI ALICUDI • PEPPINO DI CAPRI
LA CAPANNINA • VILLA LYSIS • LABORATORIO CAPRI • JUMEIRAH CAPRI PALACE



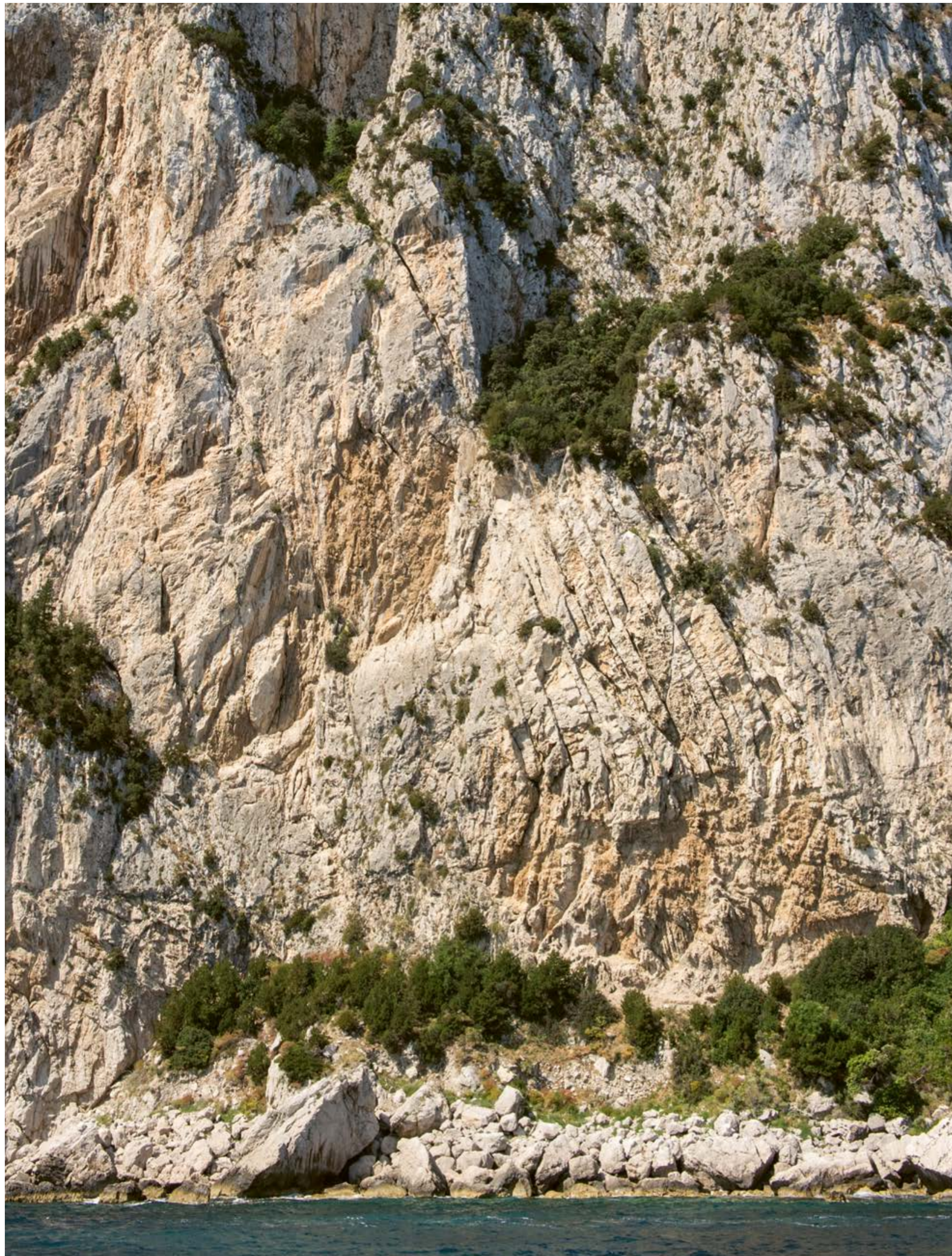


EDITORIAL PROJECT
CESARE CUNACCIA

CAPRITUDE CHANTECLER N°4







What does it mean to say, “You are an island”? It’s a poetic metaphor for solitude, individuality, and focus. It suggests a pocket of calm: an enclave, a shelter, a refuge. It’s also the striking title, set in large black letters on a sulfur-yellow ground, of a glass painting by Roberto di Alicudi – an artist who lives on a small strip of Sicilian land suspended in the sea of the Aeolian Islands.

Roberto di Alicudi is tied to Capri through lasting bonds of affection and cultural roots. “With this phrase,” Roberto explains, “*I want to affirm the irreducible uniqueness of every human being. Each of us is a complete microcosm – similar to others, never identical. A closed garden to cultivate, with its own scents, already a world unto itself, with the potential to become a living work of art. Being an island doesn’t mean shutting out life. It means safeguarding the deepest part of your soul without losing touch with others. Like islands, we are separate and, at the same time, connected by the sea of life. We don’t reject the world – we add to it through difference. What matters is not giving in to the temptation of blending in, of taking the easy route of doing what everyone else does.*”

“You are an island” reads as a call to feel and show up as yourself, fully. To choose – and choose yourself – without dilution. To commit to projects, ambitions, and desires that come from within: from emotion, imagination, and inner drive. In the end, we are all islands, surrounded by water, set against a vast, shifting horizon with endless shades and possible paths. A metaphor, and a wish. What looks like the constraint of a small space can become the encouragement to look beyond it – an invitation to stretch the boundaries of fantasy and imagination without limit. Connection deepens when individual human islands come together to form new archipelagos. It is this truthful energy – each person taking a distinct position, piece by piece – that creates a mosaic of innumerable tones – open to comparison, to dialogue, to interpretation. Island as a vocation for independence and a visionary kind of power: a semantic galaxy, a micro- or macrocosm where self-realization and original thinking take shape – bright, singular, unrepeatable. Capri, a Mediterranean rock that carries a specific spell and a dense world of symbols, has drawn creative and libertarian figures for centuries: visionary, eccentric minds – prophetic spirits who become

islands within the island, shaping its history, its fabric, its message. This year’s offering from Chantecler is entitled *You Are an Island* as a reflection of its drive toward an even more distinct, autonomous mode of expression: a concept unbound, in constant metamorphosis.

The quintessential elements of *Enchanté* and *Chérie*, along with our iconic logos shift in scale, in material pairings, in color. The silver and Bourbon gold of *Et Voilà* move through abstraction and ’60s – ’70s brutalism, barbaric flashes and baroque quotations, while haute joaillerie experiments more radically than ever – becoming a mirror of evocation and future, a weave of belonging and a declaration of independence.

For Chantecler, jewelry becomes symbolic: it holds personal aspiration and embodies an aesthetic that transcends time. The magazine’s narrative unfolds through episodes that reinforce this feeling – this need to breathe at full volume: the desire to exist as an island. From the stubborn will of Baron Jacques d’Adelswärd-Fersen, pursuing at any cost a life unlike any other, up in the esoteric enclave of Villa Lysis, to Tiberius’s decision to settle in Capri and govern an empire while stepping away from Rome as *Caput Mundi*. From the chronicle of Marina Abramović’s days during her first stay in Capri last summer, to the crooner who carried the name of his native island across the world. And finally, to a historic hotel that today serves as a platform for engagement and dialogue with the languages of international contemporary art.

Pietro Capuano, Chantecler’s founder, chose the Blue Island as the stage for a personal conversation with the world – rooted in an idea of beauty that sits outside rules and convention. He translated a whole life’s journey into jewelry, personalities forming a necklace of islands, each shaped by its own gravity – where introspection meets radiance, suspended between the individual and the legend.

Far and near at once, they are varied, meaningful fragments of Capri’s kaleidoscope: not merely a point on a map, a landscape, but a state of mind. And Capri, in this story, is Chantecler.

words Cesare Cunaccia





PEPPINO DI CAPRI
THE LAST OF THE ROMANTICS
WITH A ROCK 'N' ROLL SOUL

From nightclub pianos to international stages, from the Twist revolution to the immortal *Champagne*, this is the story of an artist who has transcended seventy years of music with innate class.

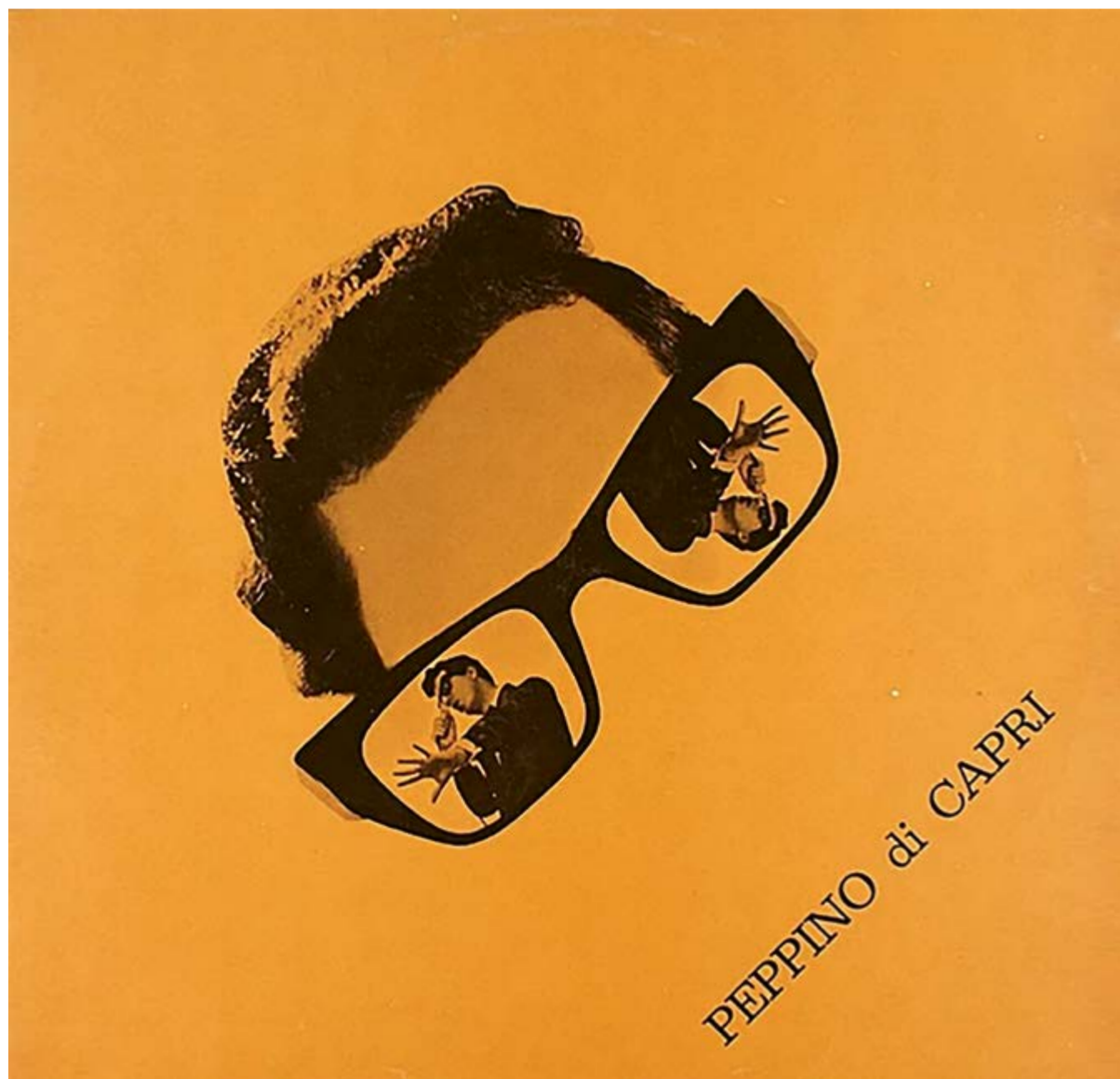
Born in Capri in 1939 into a modest family with a strong musical vocation, Peppino grew up surrounded by music. Blessed with absolute pitch and a fearless spirit, he was already performing in front of American soldiers stationed on the island at the age of four. Though always tempered by an innate shyness, this very fearlessness led him at a young age to Milan, and on to success.

"I prefer singing to speaking," he says even before the interview begins. *"Shyness often holds me back. I think it also comes from a certain sensitivity."*

*Tu me guarde cu ll'ucchie 'e passione
Io te parlo e me tremmano 'e mmane
Ma si chesto pe' te nun è bene
Me saje dicere 'o bene che rè?*

So goes the famous song *Nun è peccato*, capturing the emotional tremor of a young man struggling to express his feelings. Peppino never followed trends – he set them. A pioneer in introducing new sounds to Italy, from beat to rock 'n' roll to twist, he infused





Peppino di Capri, born Giuseppe Faiella in Capri on July 27, 1939, was a child piano prodigy. During the Second World War he performed for American soldiers stationed on the island. The influence of American music – swing, rock’n’roll, rhythm and blues – shaped his early formation, guiding him toward a musical language that combined Neapolitan tradition with international rhythm. In the 1950s he founded the Rockers, one of the first Italian groups to perform rock’n’roll and twist. His breakthrough came through the Festival di Sanremo, which he won in 1973 and 1976. In 1973 he represented Italy at the Eurovision Song Contest. In 2023 he returned to Sanremo to receive a lifetime achievement award, cementing a career that spans more than seven decades.

American rhythm into Italian popular music and reinterpreted Neapolitan tradition with a modern, cosmopolitan sensibility, repositioning it for a younger generation.

Looking back at your long career, is there a moment you consider a true turning point?

“The twist was love at first sight: I heard Let’s Twist Again on the radio and understood that Italy was ready to shake its hips.”

Peppino’s versatility even led him to open for The Beatles during their only Italian tour – a detail that highlights not only his musical stature but also the cultural impact he wielded internationally. Capri is not just home, it’s not just his origins: it’s a character in his music. Peppino’s songs – from *Luna caprese* to *E tu ci sei* – drew inspiration from the island itself and are linked to specific moods. *“Capri is the love of my life: a place of contemplation for the magnetism of its rocks and sea, but also of frenzy, for the countless artistic encounters it offered me. I have so many memories...”*

Can you share one?

“Once I performed in front of Aristotle Onassis, who stared at me through his large dark glasses, his elbow resting on the piano. I didn’t recognize him at first, so I signaled to my uncle, who owned the club, to have him removed. Only later did I realize my gaffe – when he approached me and invited me to have breakfast on his yacht, the Christina.”

Despite the passing decades, Peppino remains timeless. He influenced entire generations, making them fall in love with lyrics immortalized by his voice – songs that invite you to celebrate the end of a love affair, toast to a new encounter, make a living selling dreams, or leave poetry lingering on the lips.

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Do you see an heir to your musical tradition today, someone who feels close to your style?

“There are several contemporary artists I admire, but music evolves. It wouldn’t make sense to speak of a new Peppino di Capri today. It wouldn’t be the same. Recently I joked with the Måneskin, who were guests alongside me at the Sanremo Festival when I received the lifetime achievement award in 2023. Many saw two different worlds, yet music is a continuous dialogue – it’s contamination.”

If you had to choose one song to describe yourself, which would it be and why?

“Il Sognatore – the dreamer – because, like me, he sings with his eyes closed to capture the world.”

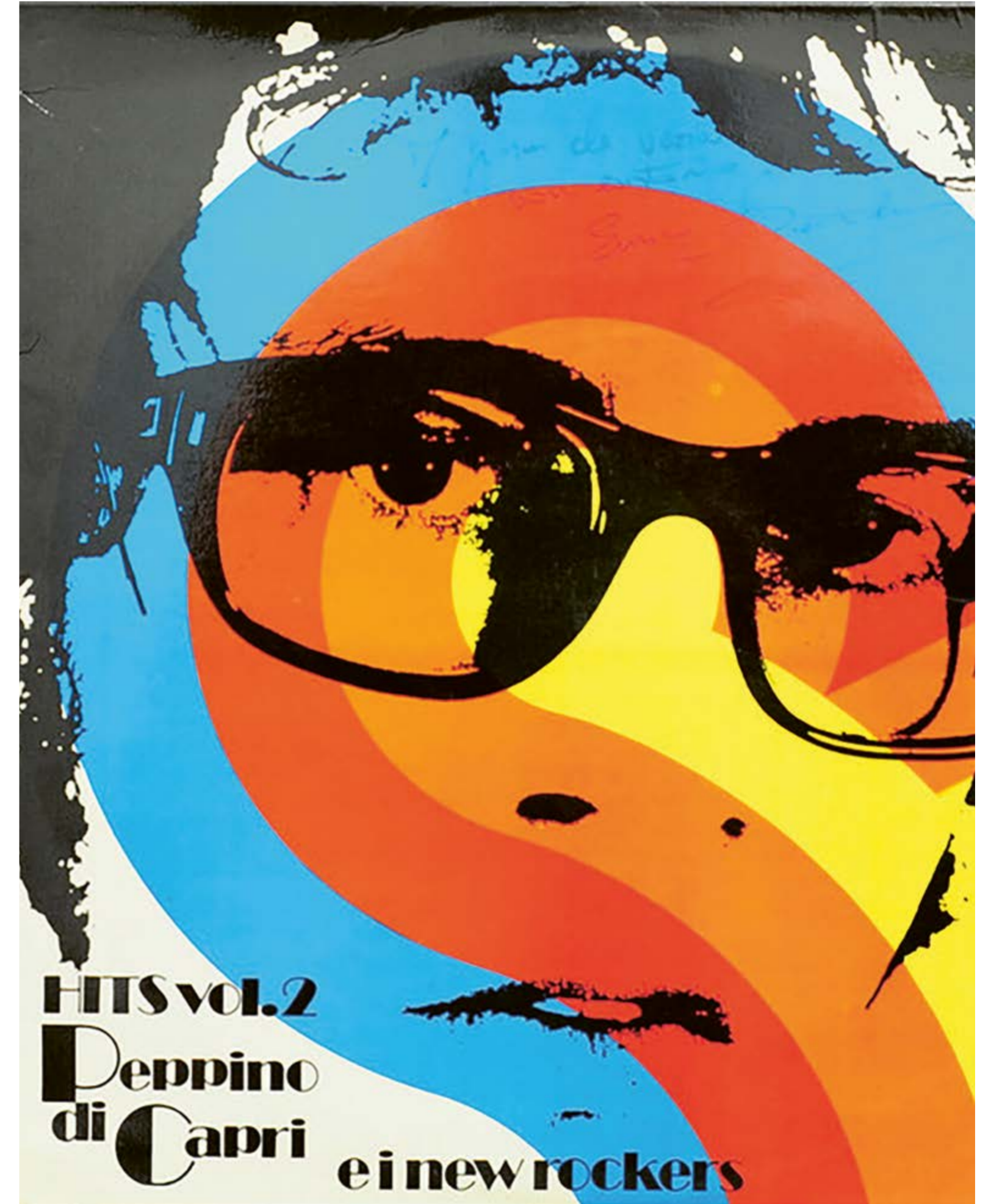
How much of Peppino the artist is in Peppino the person?

“I have never played a character. Over so many years I have always remained true to myself. That’s why the love songs I performed feel as if they were written for me, like tailored suits.” Tailored and worn with ease. Songs that do not seek to astonish, but to endure. Success, after all, was never something Peppino chased – it simply happened.

“It happened naturally, spontaneously. When, barely more than a teenager, I called my father to tell him I had won Sanremo, his reply was: ‘So what?’”

Di Capri never sought to become an icon. Instead, he became a constant presence – a voice that has traveled across decades, accompanying love stories, moments of longing, waiting, and reunions. Perhaps that is the secret of his appeal: not simply that he marked the history of Italian music, but that he traced the many seasons of love and life for those who listened to him.

words AnnaChiara Della Corte





LA CAPANNINA NINETY YEARS OF CAPRI

La Capannina opened in 1931. Founded by the De Angelis family – who still run it today – it remains one of Capri’s best-known restaurants still in operation. Some of its signature dishes have traveled far beyond the island, landing on menus in hotels and restaurants in Japan and the United States. The story begins with Francesco De Angelis, a cook from Abruzzo who moved from Rome to Capri and never looked back. After working as chef at Hotel Quisisana, he decided to build something of his own. Capri captivated him, and so did Teresa Esposito, a local young woman with the same instinct for cooking. They married. Francesco opened a small trattoria, first near Piazza Umberto I, then in its current home on Via Le Botteghe – one of the most atmospheric streets in central Capri, branching into narrow lanes and a vaulted passageway that still feels tied to the town’s older layers.

From the start, La Capannina held onto a simple structure: family-run, tightly knit, consistent. After the first generation – Francesco and Teresa – the restaurant passed in the 1950s to their son Antonio De Angelis, who carried forward his parents’ work with focused dedication and cemented the restaurant’s reputation. Today Antonio’s children, Francesco and Renata, lead the establishment alongside the next generation – Andrea, Piero, and Matteo – continuing La Capannina’s culinary journey while keeping its historic recipes intact. They welcome guests with

a kind of hospitality that feels native to the island: direct, practiced, unmistakable, shaped by nearly a century of service and renewed daily through contact with an international clientele.

From its earliest years, La Capannina also became a gathering place. Prestigious names, celebrities, and international visitors made it a regular stop – turning the restaurant, decade after decade, into a fixed point in Capri’s social map. Among the many names tied to the restaurant over the decades, Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy and Aristotle Onassis stand out. During the years they were married in the 1970s, and as devoted Capri regulars, they would spend quiet evenings here accompanied by the sounds of the guitar and voice of Scarola – Jackie’s favorite, ever since her much-discussed stays along the Amalfi Coast in the early 1960s. An iconic photo of Jackie O and the Greek tycoon – all smiles, seated before a group of Caprese musicians and tucked away from the paparazzi – has come to symbolize the couple’s jet-set years and the unique balance that La Capannina has managed to keep: glamorous, yet unmistakably intimate. The dining rooms are lined with images like this – faces that helped build the place’s mythology, some of them returning often, like Marcello Mastroianni.

Over the years, La Capannina has welcomed figures from American cinema: Julia Roberts, Dustin Hoffman,

Sylvester Stallone, and Michael Douglas with Catherine Zeta-Jones. But the list extends well beyond film stars too, spanning artists, Italian and international political figures, business leaders, writers, and fashion icons. Michael Kors is among the most consistent presences – on Capri every September, often after New York Fashion Week. His relationship with the island runs deep enough that he folded it into his corporate identity, naming his group Capri Holdings Limited. Kors also brought La Capannina into one of his philanthropic initiatives. In August 2022, alongside Michael Kors, Antonio and Francesco De Angelis appeared in an episode of “*What’s On My Table*,” a video series supporting Watch Hunger Stop, the designer’s campaign for the World Food Programme (WFP). In this episode, they teach Kors how to make the restaurant’s signature Caprese ravioli – one of his staples whenever he’s on the island.

La Capannina’s interiors feel cool and welcoming: white plaster set against turquoise *riggiolo* floor tiles, and a dense green spill of plants that even hangs from the ceiling. The same botanical theme runs through wall panels, the linens, and even the plates. The mood is reminiscent of a veranda – bright, soft-edged, enveloping. Every so often, the staff – many of them the same faces year after year – will spontaneously break into a musical interlude, keeping alive an old, affectionate habit.

More than a restaurant, La Capannina is a symbol of traditional Caprese cooking – an island institution carried forward across four generations. The menu is a tribute to Capri and the broader Mediterranean table, built around historic dishes, the freshest ingredients, and a disciplined respect for tradition. House-made pasta is a constant – often featured in the daily specials – along with Caprese ravioli. An icon and staple, La Capannina’s ravioli have, since the 1930s, contributed to defining the grammar of Caprese taste. A thin, hand-rolled sheet of pasta encloses a filling of local cheese – traditionally *caciotta caprese* – dressed with a pared-back tomato sauce, bound with fresh basil. The ravioli have passed through generations of the De Angelis family without substantial alteration, becoming a recognizable marker of the restaurant.

Alongside meat and a strong lineup of local vegetables – especially eggplant *parmigiana* and other rarities like *cicerchie ciammurre* – seafood takes center stage.

Dishes move from *scialatielli* with shellfish to linguine with scorpionfish, stuffed squid, raw seafood, tuna tartare, and the house fish soup. Fresh catch, local flavors, and recipes that cling onto Capri’s culinary memory – season after season, beyond trend cycles, indifferent to the pull of globalization. Dessert, inevitably, lands on *torta caprese*: the island classic, offered in different variations. Many of La Capannina’s dishes have gained wider recognition through Italian TV – *Gambero Rosso* among them, which in 2025 dedicated a program to the island titled *L’altra Capri* – as well as through international food media, most notably the widely followed shows hosted by Italian-American chef and TV personality Giada De Laurentiis. Beyond the main dining room, La Capannina has expanded with La Capannina Più, an enoteca and gourmet boutique where guests can buy fine wines, spirits, and a curated selection of Italian specialties. La Capannina Bar – ideal for a glass of wine, a cocktail, and small bites in a setting that feels like a Caprese villa – becomes an easy base for summer evenings and, off-season, a social hub in the island center as Capri returns to its slower, natural rhythm.

The wine list is a serious statement: hundreds of Italian and international labels, patiently curated based on the family’s own meticulous, hands-on research.

Since opening in 1931, La Capannina has moved through changing eras and shifting expectations in local hospitality and dining – from postwar Italy stepping onto the international stage, through the global tourism boom, and into the present – without ever losing its roots. It has become a fixed point of a more authentic Capri: the Capri that built its myth worldwide. It’s this steadiness, and a sense of unforced originality, that continues to reward this historic address. It’s a piece of the island’s history, where cooking and hospitality intersect – direct expression, warmth, and a measured dose of glamour. To eat at La Capannina today is to taste Capri’s foundational cuisine, while stepping into tradition – into the stories and the unmistakable imprint of the Island of all islands.

words Cesare Cunaccia



SPAGHETTI DELLA CASA

In recent years, alongside the ravioli alla caprese – the signature dish of the restaurant – the Chef has undertaken a further specialization in the production of fresh pasta, with particular focus on spaghetti. These are prepared artisanally and dressed according to the seasonality of ingredients, making the most of the products available at the market to ensure freshness and quality.

The basic recipe for preparing the Spaghetti is as follows.

For 1 kg of dough:

- 700 g “00” flour
- 300 g re-milled durum wheat semolina
- 10 eggs (550 g)
- 5 g salt

METHOD

Combine all the ingredients together with the beaten eggs. Knead for about ten minutes, until the mixture forms a smooth dough ball. Let it rest for approximately 30 minutes. After resting, work the dough again and roll it out with a rolling pin until it becomes a thin sheet. At this stage, cut the pasta into the desired shape using a sharp knife or a pasta machine.

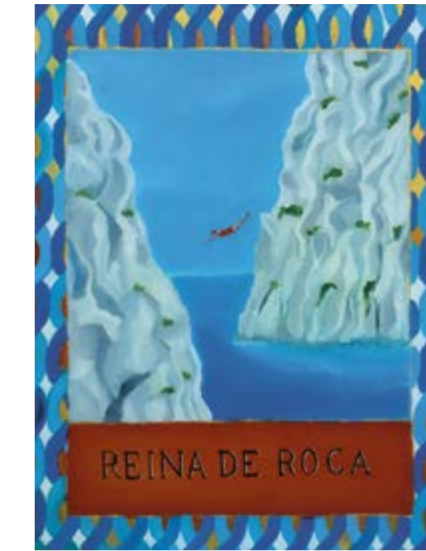
The sauce can range from simple preparations – such as cherry tomatoes and basil – to more elaborate options, for example with shrimp carpaccio. The choice is yours.




Chantecler
 CAPRI



CHANTECLER X MARINA ABRAMOVIĆ
June 2025



MARINA ABRAMOVIĆ
A JEWEL CHARGED WITH CAPRI'S ENERGY

The energy of the Faraglioni runs through me. A silent exchange has formed with these giants rising out of the sea. I wanted to study them closely – their composition, their chemistry, their symbolic weight. They're behind me right now, yet it feels as if I could touch them with my hands. They fill me with light, with a force so intense I can't resist it. This is the first time in my life I've set foot on this island, and it feels like I've known it – loved it – forever. And it's the first time I've ever created a jewel. Stones become energy. Emotions become form."

Marina Abramović shared these words as a lava-and-mother-of-pearl sunset dropped over the Belvedere at Punta Tragara, facing the Faraglioni. On June 21, 2025 – the summer solstice – around seven in the evening, she stepped out of Hotel Punta Tragara, where she was staying, wearing a simple white silk tunic, lightly lifted by the breeze. A large crowd, mixed in age and background – collectors, insiders, and familiar faces including Alessia Marcuzzi, Ema Stokholma, and Cristina Parodi – greeted her with sustained applause. Then, as the light softened into amber, the terrace fell into a respectful quiet, almost liturgical. Abramović's voice stayed calm, steady, hypnotic as the story unfolded. The icon of performance wore a twisted-cord necklace in gilded titanium: a one-of-one piece created with Maria Elena Aprea, Chantecler's creative director, and Andrea Lazzari. A sculptural torque, with a concealed clasp and an archaeological finish, set at its



PHOTOGRAPHY CLARA MELCHIORRE, FASHION DIRECTOR ANDREA LAZZARI, HAIR NICO ROCCATANI

ends with an oversized lapis lazuli and oval-cut obsidian. She explained that she chose these stones – and no others – for what they hold. The necklace feels both ancestral and future-facing, embodying Capri’s charged exchange with the human presence and the island’s natural world.

Maria Elena Aprea wanted to bring Abramović to Capri after meeting her at the opening of *Transforming Energy*, Abramović’s solo show at Shanghai’s MAM, curated by Shai Baitel, in October 2024. A friendship followed – along with an ongoing exchange of ideas. In Shanghai, Maria Elena made her promise she would come to the Blue Island as soon as possible. It seemed almost impossible that Abramović had never been to Capri, given her many ties to Italy – and especially to Naples – dating back to the mid-1970s. After remarks by Mayor Paolo Falco, the narrative moved into themes central to Abramović’s practice, including shamanic thought, with a focus on the healing and cathartic force she associates with stone. The thread ran back to the Golden Lion she won at the Venice Biennale for *Balkan Baroque* in 1997, and to *The Lovers: The Great Wall Walk* – made with Ulay – in 1988. She also returned to *Rhythm 0*, performed at Naples’ Galleria Studio Morra in 1974, one of the most iconic and punishing works in her trajectory. Born in Belgrade in 1946, Abramović spoke of that night as a test of endurance that still defines the terms of her practice. In the audience were people who had witnessed the event firsthand – an episode that shook public opinion in Italy and abroad. For six hours, Abramović stood still. On a table: seventy-two objects, instruments of “pleasure” or “pain,” available to the audience to use – gently, or with threat, or with violence – on her body.

“Because I have a home on Stromboli,” Abramović said, *“I knew Capri through images – through cinema and literature. That dreamlike waiting turned into reality. It was essential to understand the island’s soul, its history, its mineral dimension – to understand its corals, its seabed, what kind of beauty it carries. The crucial question was what material could capture Capri’s singularities in a piece of jewelry. Something you wear around your*

neck, something you put on when you need more energy. An object that satisfies aesthetically – a fragment of creation on your body.”

A private dinner for a handful of close friends followed in the terraced garden of Ca’ del Sole, the Castiglione home of Achille and Brunella Davanzo. Candlelight, fragrant lemons and bougainvillea, local flavors. Abramović offered an unexpected interlude: the aching notes of a Neapolitan standard, *O’ surdato ’nnamurato*, performed solo by Mario Bindi of Gruppo Scialapopolo, accompanying himself on guitar. Pure atmosphere. Abramović improvised a brief choreography, moving only her arms and hands in the air – tracking the melody, turning gesture into something light, almost butterfly-like.

The next morning, at City Hall, she was presented with keys to the city by the Mayor, before being taken on a cruise around the island with Cultural Councillor Melania Esposito. Then came a final stop as guests of Ermanno Zanini, manager of the Jumeirah Capri Palace in Anacapri: cocktails in the hotel’s rooftop garden, followed by an intimate dinner. A long white table set into the vegetation, low voices and candlelit conversation. Capri’s instinct for hospitality, in a place that maintains a constant dialogue with contemporary art. Abramović, wearing a Nino Lettieri haute couture caftan, suddenly looked as if all fatigue had vanished. Singer Veronica Simioli navigated the Neapolitan repertoire from Baroque to the present, weaving it together with timeless standards and international hits. This year the Venice Biennale celebrates Marina Abramović’s eighty years – an artist of rare force, a figure that sits outside time and edges into myth.

words Cesare Cunaccia



COUTURE DESIGN AWARDS 2025

NAUTILUS, A WINTER SPIRAL



MARIA ELENA APREA, AWARDED AT THE 2025 COUTURE DESIGN AWARDS, LAS VEGAS

Now in its tenth edition, the Couture Design Awards recognize outstanding excellence in jewelry, with a focus on exceptional design, creativity, exclusivity, and research-driven craftsmanship. Held last July in Las Vegas, Nevada, the 1st place went to Chantecler for Nautilus, a one-of-a-kind high jewelry necklace conceived by the brand's creative force, Maria Elena Aprea.

The necklace anchors the full parure, built around the nautilus form with earrings and a ring to match. Its marine inspiration shifts into a winter register: the sparkle of diamonds set against the warmth of yellow gold, the iridescence of pearls, and accents of white enamel that sharpen the lightness of a titanium structure: a piece that draws on a vocabulary of influences and references that have long defined Chantecler's world. Moving between eccentricity and spellwork, myth and refinement, Maria Elena Aprea reworks a narrative theme and an aesthetic language aligned with her own practice, always in motion. Her inventiveness is bold and deliberately off-kilter – rooted in a visceral relationship with the island, then refracted through literary, artistic, and natural inspirations gathered from across the globe. A visionary impulse made tangible by the kind of Italian hands that still carry centuries of technique, combined with a spirit of experimentation pointing toward what's next.

"We're thrilled to have been selected as winners by a jury of peers from all over the world," Maria Elena Aprea says. *"Our heritage – the Mediterranean imaginary in constant transformation – along with compositional and formal freedom, and the specificity of every vivid, unexpected color pairing, feeds the energy of every piece I design. That's what has set Chantecler apart from the beginning, from the late 1940s. The 'capriness' embodied by Nautilus continues to tell our story and tradition. It interprets a tapestry of references and inspirations that form the base of an evolving, original DNA. A hymn to the beauty around us. The treasu-*

res of the winter sea, and at the same time the magic of the Wunderkammern kept in Mannerist and Baroque palazzi – where science and alchemy, astonishment and marvel, lived side by side – come through in a decisive, forward-looking design, in materials that feel both ancestral and futuristic, and in the meticulous – almost obsessive – precision of so many details shaped by expert and innovative techniques. Different elements that converge into a final result that is sculptural and weightless, figurative and abstract."

The necklace, driven by a sculptural thrust, is composed of fourteen Nautilus shells, their surfaces adorned with engraved patterns and iridescent highlights. The spiral cephalopods that inspired it – often called "living fossils" – are found mainly in the tropical Indo-Pacific, from the Coral Triangle and the Strait of Malacca to the islands of the South Pacific. As early as the 16th century, they were known and used in jewelry as prized rarities with a symbolic aura, circulating through trade routes connected to the East Indies. Maria Elena set her titanium Nautilus forms – brought to life with colored finishes – inside a kind of astral light, built from shifting reflections, to evoke life in the ocean's depths. Around them, branches of underwater flora alternate in titanium as well, coated in green enamel and punctuated with diamonds. The palette moves through off-white and gray gradients, enriched with blues that recall waves and the glassy transparency of the sea's surface in the cold season.

The result carries strong visual impact and a fairytale charge, while remaining refined, versatile, and timeless. Alongside the necklace, a dynamic, lightweight earring echoes the same spiral motif – the concentric logic of the Nautilus. And completing the set: a ring that wraps the finger in soft, luminous lines and the brilliance of 18k yellow gold, white enamel, titanium, and diamonds.

words Cesare Cunaccia





PHOTOGRAPHY ANDREA LAZZARI





VILLA LYSIS AMORI ET DOLORI SACRUM

White, remote, almost unreachably pure – Villa Lysis reads like a mirage suspended above Marina Grande, caught between the green crown of vegetation and the cliff’s vertical rock face. Originally called La Gloriette, it takes its later name from Plato’s *Lysis*, the dialogue on friendship with its openly homoerotic undertone. Exposed to salt winds, hard sun, and the blunt force of the Mediterranean elements, the villa commands a view that breaks open between the Gulf of Naples and the Gulf of Salerno. It fuels a legend that remains contested, and it carries an appetite for myth and solitude – imprinted by the man who chose to build it in a secluded corner of Capri’s northeast.

“*Amori et Dolori sacrum*,” the inscription reads – borrowed from Maurice Barrès – running across the entablature of the Ionic entrance colonnade, accessed by a marble staircase that catches the light with golden mosaic tesserae. Around it stretches a shaded garden of pines, palms, cycads, and laurel, poised at the edge of the drop, hovering above a blue expanse where sea and sky begin to merge. A steep, barely visible path leads down toward the water.

The circular temple with its Ionic columns still stands, though Francesco Jerace’s bronze – depicting Nino Cesarini, Jacques Fersen’s lover, as a gloriously nude Greek god holding a shell turned *buccina* – has been lost. A heroic portrait of Nino – painted in 1906 by Paul Höcker – does

appear however in a Wilhelm von Plüschow photograph above a sofa in a salon where, on velvet, an unidentified youth lies stretched out. And Gemito, in turn, immortalized Cesarini in profile, dressed in an Oriental style, in a 1920 drawing.

Born in 1880, Baron Jacques d’Adelswärd-Fersen – an ethereal dandy, descended from the Swedish chevalier linked to Marie Antoinette, and heir to the Longwy-Briey steel fortune – arrived in Capri in the early 1900s, fleeing Paris. In 1903, a sexual scandal had destroyed his reputation and ended in a six-month prison sentence, dragging the family name into public disgrace.

Capri at the turn of the century – “*a blue madhouse where a man can find himself*,” as painter and philosopher Willie Kluck put it – had already built a libertarian, eccentric aura. It drew artists and misfits, dissidents and spies, adventurers and theosophists. Self-exiled among Capri’s rocks, Jacques, backed by immense wealth, decided to turn the island into his private Parnassus, choosing a life of excess – deliberately outside limits and convention.

Unlike other outsiders who passed through, he found a measure of early acceptance from the island’s mixed local elite, along with steady complicity from many Capresi – above all Donna Lucia Morgano, the doyenne

of the famed café-and-emporium Zum Kater Hiddigeigei. That protective network helped preserve his enclave, allowing him to live the provocative, decadent existence he had claimed as his own. In 1905, after a run of “exotic” travels that brought him close to Buddhism, Jainism, and Hinduism – and also into heavy use of opium and other drugs – Fersen settled into the house with his companion Nino Cesarini, “*more beautiful than the light of Rome*,” the city where they had met. Designed by Édouard Chimot in an eclectic mix of neoclassicism, neo-Gothic, Art Nouveau, and other borrowed languages, the villa stood tall on a plot a short walk from the Tiberian aura of Villa Jovis.

Jacques turned it into a pagan sanctuary devoted to *jeunesse d’amour*. Rumors started circulating even while it was being built. They surface in *Memorie di un uomo inutile* (*Memoirs of a Useless Man*), the autobiography of Pupetto Caravita di Sirignano, who sublet the villa in 1936 for two thousand lire. Sirignano ties the mythology to a chain of scandal: Fersen’s brutal breakup with Blanche Maupéou – his fiancée, who discovered his homosexuality on the eve of their wedding – black masses and tableaux vivants involving “improper” minors and, considered unforgivable, sons of respectable families. Out of that, Sirignano claims, Fersen developed a furious hatred for anything feminine.

So, the story goes, he ordered the foreman, Mastro Desiderio, to only women transport all the materials needed for construction – no men or animals allowed. It’s a seductive thesis, and not a very plausible one. Still, it echoes the satirical novel *Lord Lyllian* and, earlier, in poetry collections *Chansons légères*. An orgiastic ceremony held in the Matermania grotto for Cesarini’s twentieth birthday – staging him as a divine figure, complete with a Mithraic priest, invocations of Tiberius, incense, and sacrifice – set off a new wave of vicious gossip and pushed Fersen into a first period of forced distance from Capri. The whispers turned cruel, suspicion hardened into public clamor, the legend took on a poisonous edge. Only in 1913, through careful mediation and on the advice of Lucia Morgano, was the baron able to regain his footing on the island. In the meantime, Nino – who survived mustard-gas poisoning after serving on the frontline in World War I – grew increasingly detached. After the war, with Nino watching through newly disenchanted eyes, Jacques initiated a ménage à trois with another handsome young man, Corrado Annicelli – renamed Manfredo – whom Nino had met in Sorrento. The noise around Villa Lysis – disapproval, fascination, and a kind of hungry curiosity – intensified like a fire

fed by fresh oxygen, building toward a peak. Until 1923, the year of the baron’s death, Villa Lysis was an international crossroads for artists and intellectuals: a refuge for queer fugitives, esoteric circles, and self-declared free spirits; a beacon for visionaries, writers, muses, and opium users. Otto Sohn-Rethel and Gilbert Clavel passed through, as did Clavel’s circle around Depero and the Futurists. So did the fatal Marchesa Luisa Casati Stampa, Princess Ephi Lovatelli, Norman Douglas, sculptor Vincenzo Gemito – and photographers such as von Glöden and Hans Paule – the Austrian “*pictor spaeus*” remembered by Edwin Cerio. Poet Ada Negri described a soirée at Villa Lysis with admiration edged by critique: “*The scent of incense, mixed with roses and some other Oriental essence, saturated the air and made me dizzy. Everything was too beautiful, including the secretary with a coin-like profile [...] and his master, a gentleman of great breeding – courteous, with an austere elegance – who spoke perfect French and could read poetry like no one else.*”

Left to Nino Cesarini under a usufruct arrangement, the villa was soon abandoned following a brutal legal battle – no holds barred – and after Fersen’s family leveled an unfounded accusation: that Cesarini had removed valuables and artwork from the house after it had been locked up following the baron’s death. The residence ultimately passed into the hands of Germaine, Jacques’s sister, married to Neapolitan patrician and conservative politician Don Alfredo Capece Minutolo, of the Marchesi di Bugnano.

It was this pious lady, Pupetto Sirignano suggests with a pointed irony – recasting her, with narrative flair, as a nun from Paris’s Sacré-Cœur convent, worn down by the need to atone for her brother’s sins – who demanded a systematic purge of every “indecent” trace left behind in what had once been a temple of transgression. Later inherited by Countess Maria Gabriella di Castellbianco, Germaine’s daughter, the villa was quickly sold off: perhaps out of embarrassment over the site’s sulfurous “*uranian*” reputation and the growing cult around the scandalous uncle, perhaps because the cost of upkeep had become unsustainable.

A long season of decline followed, marked by thefts, abandonment, and vandalism. The last meaningful maintenance dates to 1934. In 1985, Italy’s Ministry for Cultural and Environmental Heritage issued a protection order, made definitive in 1988. Only in the 1990s was the complex fully restored, funded by the Associazione Lysis

and the Municipality of Capri – a project that led to the house reopening to the public, rumored by some to be haunted, at the start of the new millennium.

Today Villa Lysis hosts exhibitions, theater and dance events, and, at times, parties and weddings. In the summer of 2024, painter Roberto di Alicudi mounted a solo show titled *Jeunesse d’Amour*, retracing Fersen’s Capri chapter. What has disappeared, however, is the astonishing decorative repertoire that once defined the villa’s singular character: an obsessive accumulation of lavish furnishings and antiques; a layered palimpsest of chinoiserie and bric-à-brac; Flemish tapestries; embroidery and Oriental rugs; copes, chasubles, and censers; rococo snuffboxes and incense burners; prized memorabilia tied to Marie Antoinette and the eighteenth-century Fersen; classical casts; ceramics; and crystal chandeliers that would chime in the evening breeze. Then came Japanese erotic prints, engraved eighteenth-century Venetian mirrors, Louis XVI consoles and armchairs, and a whirl of sculptures and paintings from different periods and places – arranged throughout the rooms by the owner as demiurge, with a carefully picturesque sensibility.

“*For the main staircase,*” Pupetto Sirignano says – *amused, or rather, he imagines* – “*the baron commissioned the Chiu-razzi foundry in Naples to cast a bronze handrail on which a sequence of male anatomies, caught at different stages, were displayed in all their glory. During a trip to China, Fersen had admired certain very specific erotic trompe-l’œil paintings and decided to have them recreated in an underground room used as an opium den, a habit he indulged in.*”

Roger Peyrefitte, who went deep into archival research for *L’exilé de Capri* (1959), offers a corrective: the ornamental world of Villa Lysis, he argues, was less overt and less suggestive than the legend claims. The staircase railing, Peyrefitte writes, was a Pompeian-style frieze of vine leaves. In the entrance hall was a monumental library along the back wall, and a copy of Verrocchio’s *David* set on a plinth.

A veranda clad in blue majolica with white Greek key motifs – packed with oversized kentias and orchids – ran in front of the adjacent salon. Three large windows opened onto a balustraded terrace overlooking the Gulf of Naples and Vesuvius. Four Corinthian columns in gold mosaic held up the domed ceiling, while a corner stove provided heat. Upstairs were Nino’s room, with its private terrace, and Jacques’s much larger suite, ending in an exedra: three windows toward

At the turn of the century, Capri, described by painter and philosopher Willie Kluck as a “blue madhouse where man can rediscover himself,” enjoyed a reputation for freedom and eccentricity.

the Gulf, three more toward Monte Tiberio. Across the corridor sat the guest room and a dining room served by a dumbwaiter built for private dinners. A collection of imperial opium pipes – ivory, jade, cinnabar, gold – completed the décor of Villa Lysis’s most secret core: the “Chinese room,” the fumoir d’opium hidden in the basement. The kitchens, staff quarters, and a second guest room were down there as well. A lowered sail-vault ceiling; strange rocks breaking through the floor; damask cushions placed with studied care; Buddhas in wood and gilded bronze; perimeter sofas with arabesque lines – each element sharpened the suspended, languid atmosphere befitting the erotic and mystery rites performed within. Golden Chinese characters ran along the walls, framed by mosaics that glittered in the complicit half-dark. A pair of columns wrapped in liana motifs, topped by an architrave of symbolic figures, marked off a kind of patio lit by small windows fitted with yellow glass.

As the years passed, the baron’s dependence on drugs deepened, and it eventually cost him the acceptance of Capri’s upper set. What remained was his stubborn commitment to writing and poetry, pursued as a form of private resistance. His final novel, *Et le feu s’éteignit sur la mer*, met with only modest success, as did his poetry collection *Hei Hsiang. Le parfum noir* (1921), a book later cited as an influence on Yves Saint Laurent. At the end of his self-destructive arc, Jacques – damned in his own mythology – took his life in the *chambre chinoise*, despite the constant watch kept by Nino and Manfredo. The scene reads like something out of Huysmans, or a character pulled from D’Annunzio at his most nihilistic. The cause was a cocaine overdose: five grams casually dissolved in champagne, drunk from a silver cup shaped by Vincenzo Gemito’s hand – an object fit for Tiberius, or a Byzantine basileus. A black, theatrical finale that could have been lifted from a déco novel by Pitigrilli.

Jean Cocteau, with whom Fersen shared real affinities, judged him with unexpected severity: “Fersen,” Cocteau wrote, “like Ludwig of Bavaria, belongs to that type of decadent, that aesthete who, unable to create a masterpiece, tried to make a masterpiece of himself and his own life.” Was old Jean, at least in part, jealous? Worn down by *taedium vitae*, at odds with the idea of aging, and perhaps unsettled by the moral tightening that arrived with fascism – at a time when Capri itself was beginning a harsh campaign against those labeled “perverts” – Jacques found himself shut out of the social world he came from,

wrapped in the dark legend he had helped author. He decided, abruptly, to exit the world that had begun to feel too small. He acted alone, self-determined to the last moment, without warning, as he always had. He entered the mystery of permanence on the night of November 5, 1923. A storm was raging over the island, among the most violent in living memory. It was an almost perfect crescendo for the final scene of a life built on spectacle.

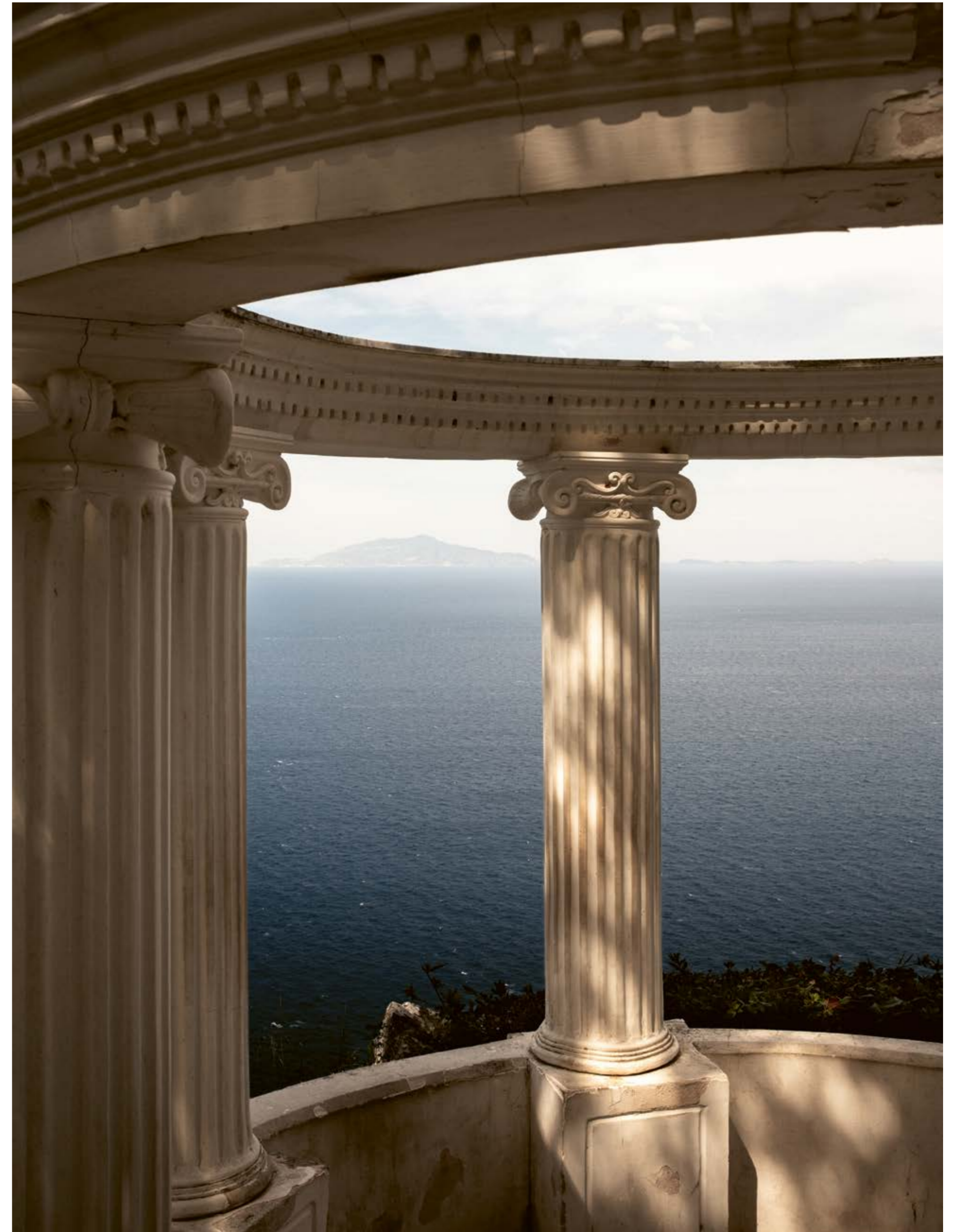
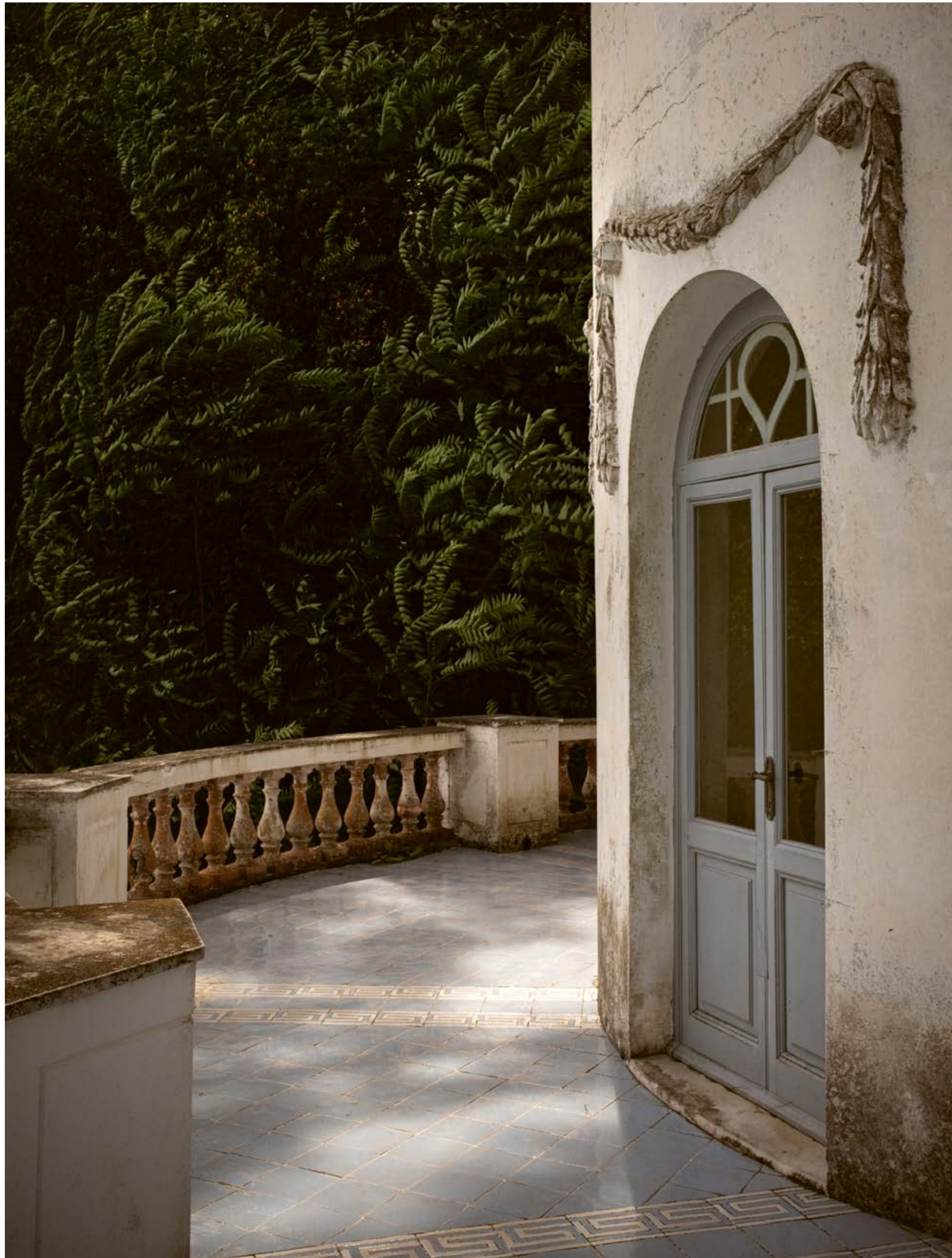
The arrangements were handled by his loyal friend Ephi Caetani Lovatelli – an angular sibyl of sorts, an academic and archaeologist of Roman and Polish nobility – who nonetheless chose not to attend. Jacques d’Adelswärd-Fersen’s body was wrapped in his signature red-and-silver silk sarong, while Gemito took a death mask from a face that had been carefully made up, a last act of tribute. His ashes rest in Capri’s non-Catholic cemetery, in a white marble sarcophagus with a curved pediment, supported by a gray stone stele.

On his tomb, every last title has been stripped away, even the noble particle: only his first and last name remain, along with a birth date moved back by a year and a death date shifted forward by a day – one last, quiet adjustment of identity. Capri had never seen so many flowers and wreaths for a single death. In the background: Vesuvius, and Villa Lysis at a distance. Less a setting than a symbol – the ghost of a life of lavish indulgence, an exaggerated fiction, sensual and melancholy.

Even now, someone will often leave fragrant flowers on the grave. A silent gesture, perhaps unconscious, that revives the secular cult of a figure who defies any single label: dandy, exile, self-made martyr, demiurge – failed and accomplished at once. Villa Lysis remains there, suspended above the sea, a monument to the extreme will to turn life into a work of art, and to pay the full cost of that choice.

words Cesare Cunaccia









HAND-SEWN ISLAND LABORATORIO CAPRI

From the early 1900s on, Capri became a refuge for aesthetes, glamorous crowds, and eccentrics – artists and muses arriving from everywhere. The island established itself as a natural laboratory of style: a place that radiates a powerful imagination, one that leaves a mark over time and generates a recognizable visual language. Until relatively recently – when it served as the stage for Capri Mare Moda, the fashion showcase launched in 1967 by Italian-Brazilian Count Rudy Crespi and held through September 1978 – Capri was also a production hub. A wide range of textile businesses, large and small, prestigious and highly specialized, often built around a single family’s vision, helped construct the myth of “Made in Capri.”

It was a constellation of workshops powered by serious craft, reading the island mood and updating it through international references and constant stylistic reinvention. Tailor’s shops were the pivot of a production and aesthetic network unlike any other: Made in Capri. Today, in an era dominated by conglomerates and flattened market expectations, only a handful remain active – still carrying forward a tradition that helped secure Capri’s reputation for excellence. Among the names that once shaped the island’s landscape, the sartorial house of Gigino Esposito was widely known. From the 1950s onward, it was an institution and a point of reference for a refined, cosmopolitan clientele – mostly men – owing to its inventive,

original approach and impeccable tailoring. At his side was his wife, Maria Luisa: curly black hair, a sculptural, almost Hellenic profile, oversized charcoal-toned glasses, and around her neck strands of red coral beads, to match her signature lipstick. Maria Luisa speaks fast, with an edge, and she carries with her an entire world of experience. She delivers a rush of memory and images that’s hard to resist – a natural heir to an oral tradition kept alive for centuries by the island’s women, built through practice and constant enrichment. Before stepping back nearly fifteen years ago, Gigino made his name above all as a trouser maker, famous for his almost legendary speed. And then, after a little coaxing, he’d also produce shirts, jackets, and outerwear.

Gigino dressed generations of Capri regulars. Stars, dandies, and figures from politics, literature, and the arts carried his work across the world. Clients came to him for a signature style that was bold – sometimes outright eccentric – in fabric choices, silhouettes, the emphasis on detail, and the play of pattern. I’ve still got one of his last pieces: ivory-and-gunmetal trousers in toile de Jouy, printed with scenes drawn from La Fontaine’s fables, made well before Dior’s recent rediscovery of the eighteenth-century textile – traditionally used more in interiors than in clothing. Today the mantle has passed has gone to Gigino and Maria Luisa’s sons, Michele – Michi, to everyone – and Augusto.



PRINTS OF THE CAPRI ISLAND ON A DRESS, SHOWCASED AT THE LABORATORIO CAPRI, IN VIA IGNAZIO CERIO

After careers in mainstream fashion between Milan and London, they returned to the island and founded Laboratorio Capri. Compared to the atelier's origins, the focus now leans more female, although select menswear items remain in the mix, including knit pullovers and camp shirts with asymmetric pockets.

Michele is Laboratorio's creative engine and its public face. Over time, it has become a go-to address for clients looking for something specific – something that reads as Capri, not generic “resort.” Steps from the luxury storefronts that run uninterrupted between Via Vittorio Emanuele and Via Camerelle, there's a steady stream of insiders who slip past the façade of Hotel Quisisana and turn into Via Ignazio Cerio, shaded by trees and oleanders, sloping gently down toward the Certosa. They are looking for something local, distinctive – something they can find only here. Laboratorio draws from a real Caprese story: codes of elegance and pivotal characters, décor and local glamour, reimagining them again and again. It draws energy from Capri's golden years – the 1950s and '60s of La Dolce Vita, when the island became an outpost of “Hollywood on the Tiber.” It also looks back to earlier decades, when modernity was being invented, and to the 1970s gypset moment, which found unusually fertile ground on the Blue Island.

The boutique – where Maria Luisa can still often be found in the back room, needle in hand, finishing hems or making small repairs – is furnished with vintage pieces, wicker, ceramics, and old-stylee display cases. Color and pattern hit immediately: emerald green, sun-yellow, turquoise and electric blue, black-and-white, fuchsia, orange, the red of poppies and coral. There are florals and marine prints, along with designs that reproduce vintage postcards of Capri views. Cashmere plaids are stamped with an early-1900s image of the Grotta Azzurra, sepia-toned and uncanny. It's a kaleidoscope: tie motifs, playful geometries lifted from antique riggiolo, bright polka dots, crisp gingham checks, stripes in every register. These prints define palazzo trousers and Capri pants, cloqué-silk skirts and bermudas, floating shirts and caftans, shirt-dresses cinched with quilted obi belts. Laboratorio also produces accessories – multicolor espadrilles and the classic “spider” thong sandal in crocodile with Mediterranean-toned tassels. Crocodile leather also appears on the handles of straw totes with lining, and, in very small runs, as an all-over material for limited pieces. The whole language runs on layered, celebratory imagination – solar, referential – where Capri becomes

a way of suspending time, narrating an un-dated summer. Every Laboratorio fabric and print is exclusive, designed specifically for each new collection, which inevitably shifts its story and its palette.

The workshop, where everything is made by skilled hands under Michele and Augusto's direction, sits not far from the boutique, inside a bright white space with vaulted ceilings, opening onto green gardens with the sea glinting beyond. Here “Made in Capri” regains its full meaning – proof of both quality and creative vitality.

“When people spend a lot,” Michele Esposito says, “which is what happens in Capri, they want something that feels specific, something with a clear identity – and it has to be tied to a place with myth built into it, like this island. Our customers already have everything, and they don't want to see too many clones out in the world. They want exclusivity, and they want the freedom to be original – not one of many. That's why they come here, in person, to our only location, to shop. You can also order through our online store at manecapri.com. We have American, Brazilian, and Asian clients, and also Italian and French women who've been coming back for years. With many of them we've built a close relationship, sometimes even friendship. They want to take a fragment of Capri with them when they go home. Each year we make only a handful of pieces in the same style, using a precious, distinctive textile base that – by choice – will never be repeated. It's a basic rule for us. It opens up new momentum and a wider, more project-driven creative approach. And it creates a relationship that isn't just about selling clothes and accessories – it becomes personal, a platform for mutual understanding, for suggestion and growth. I genuinely enjoy starting from a challenge – working with specific requests or needs, even difficult ones, even constraints that look limiting on paper. It's rewarding to meet someone new, understand what they want, and give them a response that holds their attention and truly satisfies them.”

words Cesare Cunaccia



CAPRI, UN'ALTRA STORIA
REGINE, SANTE, PECCATRICI E IMPRENDITRICI
NELL'ISOLA AZZURRA

MARCELLA LEONE DE ANDREIS

From Livia Drusilla to Jacqueline Kennedy, via Angevin queens, mystics, American heiresses, and key figures of twentieth-century culture. This mosaic of biographies spans over two thousand years, with Capri not as backdrop but as an active force of transformation. Reconstructed by Marcella Leone de Andreis, these are the women who have shaped the island's politics, urban development, artistic life, and collective imagination. By placing distant figures in dialogue across time and status – united by a nonconformist approach to life and a tangible impact on Capri's social fabric – this book constructs a counter-history that reframes the island through its female protagonists.



CAPRI È PURA SETA
L'ISOLA AL TELAIO, DA OMERO AI NOSTRI GIORNI

GIUSEPPE APREA

A textile nostos that begins in Homeric times and moves across centuries of craftsmanship. From sails and ribbons produced in antiquity to twentieth-century workshops associated with figures such as Edwin Cerio, Ephi Lovatelli, and Clarette Gallotti – alongside the rise of Emilio Pucci – Giuseppe Aprea interprets weaving as cultural infrastructure: an artisanal practice, economic engine, and symbolic language. Capri emerges as an international crossroads of art and fashion, where the loom becomes a metaphor for human connections and creative exchange: a history of craft that repositions the island within a legacy of Mediterranean textile traditions and its evolution into a modern cultural and artistic hub.



IN ANACAPRI, ART INHABITS ARCHITECTURE
JUMEIRAH CAPRI PALACE

*J*umeirah Capri Palace speaks to a version of Capri that asks to be discovered – less immediate, more layered, more private. Anacapri, set high above the port with its symbolic distance, has always carried a sense of identity and cultural resistance. It was an agricultural center before it became a destination, a vantage point for looking at landscape rather than performing social life. This is where, at the end of the 1950s, the property that would become Jumeirah Capri Palace first took shape – at a moment when the island began redefining its place in the contemporary Mediterranean. The original project was entrusted to Gianfranco Frattini, an architect and designer known for an ethic of attention. His approach belongs to an Italian modernism that holds a conversation with nature. The geometry is open and airy, never chasing icon status. The goal is insertion – almost a kind of fusion – with the surrounding terrain and light.

The volumes are compact: white cubes and clean parallelepipeds articulated into terraces and loggias that follow the ground's irregular morphology. Plastered surfaces and carefully calibrated openings cut into thick walls, drawing on local building knowledge with deep roots, reinterpreted with restraint. Before later transformations, the building was conceived as a porous organism – crossed by wind and light – more concerned with its relationship to the landscape than with self-display. In this first phase, Capri Palace



The suites designed by Giuliano dell’Uva, now part of the Pool & Garden Wing, introduce a dimension of intimacy that dialogues with the tradition of historic Capri residences.

condensed an idea of hospitality built on continuity and time spent slowly. Common areas were not designed as theatrical backdrops; they were functional spaces meant for lingering and for the quiet repetition of daily rituals. Terraces operated as landscape instruments – observation points, not showrooms. Architecture supported the stay without dictating a pace, letting the landscape and the changing light structure the day. It was a vision aligned with a period when international tourism was growing, but had not yet shifted into a fully spectacle-driven experience.

Later, the hotel’s potential as a cultural site became clear – before it was simply an infrastructure for lodging. Here art entered the project not as décor, but as a system of meaning, a critical counterweight. A decisive moment arrived with Arnaldo Pomodoro’s site-specific intervention *Rive dei Mari* (2008): the monumental sculpture wasn’t “added” to the architecture – it became part of it. Capri Palace began to define itself as a place where languages meet: art, design, and the idea of contemporary living.

Over time, the property expanded through successive layers. Each intervention added a chapter without fully erasing the previous one. That logic of sedimentation has become central to Jumeirah Capri Palace’s identity: an architecture that never claims to be final, always in process, open to new readings and new forms of the present. Art, in this context, isn’t an ornamental afterthought – it runs as a structural thread through the hotel’s self-definition. The art collection has grown into more than 100 works, an evolving body that began with a visionary gesture by Tonino Cacace in the late 1990s and expanded under Ermanno Zanini, General Manager and Jumeirah’s Regional Vice President. Among the collection’s key works are Giorgio de Chirico’s *Ettore e Andromaca* (1960) and *Azzurra*, Fabrizio Plessi’s video installation dedicated to the Grotta Azzurra.

The itinerary unfolds through sculptures, photography, and painting by Mario Schifano, Keith Haring, Mimmo Paladino, Allen Jones, Arman, Lello Esposito, Aldo Mondino, Massimo Sandulli, Maurizio Galimberti, Maurizio Orrico, Stefano Cantaroni, and Matteo Lucca. By the pool, a mosaic sail by Velasco Vitali stands out as a fixed marker in the landscape of the hotel.

The suites designed by Giuliano dell’Uva – now part of the Pool & Garden Wing, introduce a quieter, more intimate register that resonates with Capri’s historic houses. The reference is never literal. Dell’Uva works by subtraction, isolating the structural principles of local architecture: the threshold, the sightline, the tight relationship with the garden. The entry is conceived as a sequence that guides the eye, not a fixed point. A tiled “box” in deep blue marks the transition from outside to inside, creating a perceptual pause. Thick walls, slightly curved paths, perspectives that align like stage wings toward the vegetation. The garden becomes part of the lived space. Majolica surfaces continue from interior to exterior, dissolving the boundary between the two. Hand-painted ceramics, drawn from the island’s historical motifs, avoid nostalgia. They operate as traditional junctions rewritten through a contemporary lens.

Hand-pulled Murano glass – chosen for its imperfections – adds a luminous quality that gives depth to the rooms. Resin, marble paste, and cement surfaces establish a measured materiality that works with natural light, amplifying it. Patricia Urquiola’s intervention marks another shift. Five new and private suites, designed to host groups and temporary communities. Capri is filtered through a more fluid reading of its landscape. Forms soften, surfaces ripple, and color builds a Mediterranean palette through subtle tonal variation. Palladiana floors and Vietri ceramics become tools of visual continuity, while furniture



GIORGIO DE CHIRICO, ETTORE E ANDROMACA, 1960. COURTESY OF JUMEIRAH CAPRI PALACE



CLARISSA BALDASSARRI, QUANDO PIOMBÒ IL SILENZIO E IL TEMPO SEMBRÒ ESSERSI FERMATO
WINNING ENTRY IN THE RUINA DEL FESTIVAL DEL PAESAGGIO CATEGORY, JUMEIRAH CAPRI PALACE PRIZE



CLARISSA BALDASSARRI, CLARISSA BALDASSARRI, WINNER OF THE FIRST EDITION OF THE JUMEIRAH CAPRI PALACE PRIZE

*Here, art enters the project not as mere ornamentation,
but as a device for meaning and dialectical counterpoint.
Jumeirah Capri Palace begins to define itself as a place of
dialogue between languages, achievements, and inspirations.*

and finishes connect to craft traditions reinterpreted rather than reproduced. Sustainability enters as a concrete, non-negotiable practice. Durable materials sourced through local production, and close attention to the life cycle of objects, define an approach that favors responsibility over replacement. The selected materials – from Cimento and experimental glass to recycled textiles and regenerated fibers – trace a coherent narrative across furnishings, lighting, and surfaces. Choices that shape an idea of luxury based on longevity and awareness: objects meant to last, ceramic surfaces that privilege color and texture, seating made with biodegradable materials. Lighting systems designed to be dismantled and recycled, rugs in regenerated fibers – environmental accountability embedded into the hotel’s language rather than declared as a slogan.

In parallel, Jumeirah Capri Palace continues to extend its cultural work beyond the island. Its collaboration with Galleria Continua – which has locations in San Gimignano, Beijing, Paris, and other cities – has led to temporary exhibitions such as “Riflessioni d’acqua” in 2024, featuring works by Serse Roma, followed in 2025 by the group exhibition “Colore Luce,” featuring works by Pistoletto, Cecchini, Ward, Ozzola, and Pascale Marthine Tayou, among others. Recent projects sit within this continuity of experimentation, reinforcing the hotel as a dispersed exhibition space where art and architecture generate new ways of seeing. Light becomes narrative material. Color becomes a tool for interpreting space, in a constant exchange between artwork and environment.

The same approach extends to the external initiatives the hotel supports and promotes. Participation in EDIT Napoli, a leading independent fair focused on authorial and contemporary design, signals an investment in practices that question the relationship between object, culture, and sustainability. General Manager Ermanno Zanini’s presence on the international jury underscores direct involvement in the debate shaping contemporary design. Support for Panorama Pozzuoli by Italics has similarly confirmed an interest in projects that weave together art, architecture, and place-based value. Within this framework, the concept of the restaurant aMaRe Capri introduces a dialogue between visual culture and food culture, reinforcing the idea of an experience that moves through the senses without strict separations. Jumeirah Capri Palace tells a story of continuity, achievement, and transformation. From the clean architectural lines of its early years to the complexity of contemporary interventions, the hotel holds an identity that anticipates rather than follows – and resists the dispo-

sable. Capri, seen from Anacapri, is not a backdrop but a constant interlocutor. In this ongoing conversation – architecture, art, project – the hotel finds its voice, able to move through time without losing coherence or intent.

The first edition of the Jumeirah Capri Palace Art Prize was strongly championed within Anacapri’s Festival del Paesaggio, now in its ninth edition, by Ermanno Zanini in collaboration with Arianna Rosica and Gianluca Riccio, the festival’s artistic directors. The competition unfolded through two categories: *Travelog*, *Landscapes with Ruins* and *RUINA*, *Searching for an Identity in the Ancient and the Present*.

The winners of the prize were the duo Masbedo and Clarissa Baldassarri, announced during an evening at Villa San Michele on September 6, 2025. Two special mentions were also awarded: to Angelo Mosca, for the dreamlike and psychological quality of his painting, and to Irene Macalli, for her ability to draw poetry and memory from inert materials such as cement.

words Cesare Cunaccia



ARNALDO POMODORO, RIVE DEI MARI, 2008. COURTESY OF JUMEIRAH CAPRI PALACE

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PHOTOGRAPHY
ALESSANDRO TIMPANARO
STYLING
ARIEL CÂMARA BRETAS

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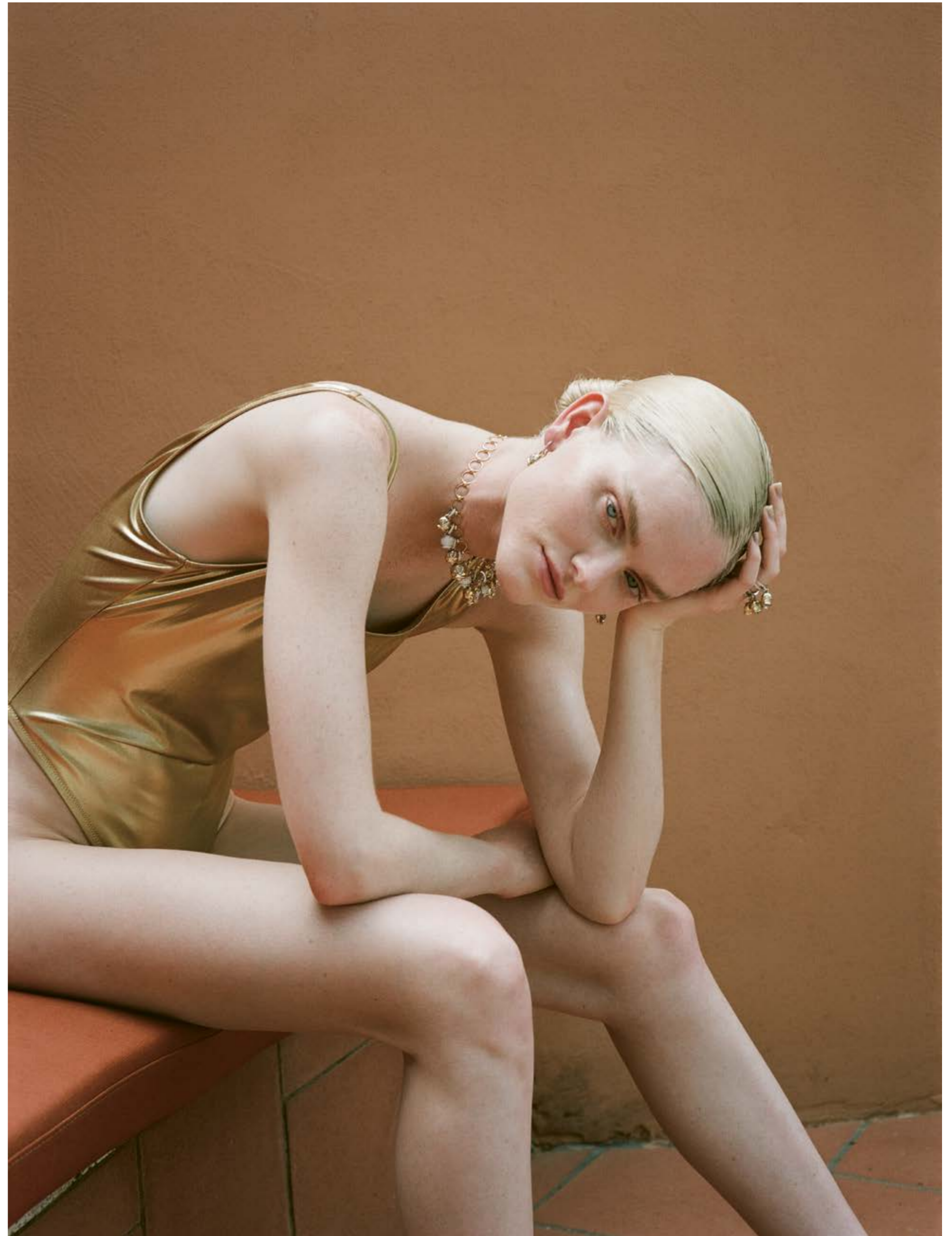


BLUE LIZARD BROOCH. UNIQUE PIECE, THIS CREATION FEATURES A PAINTING BY ROBERTO DI ALCUDI SET IN TITANIUM AND GOLD.

The Hotel Punta Tragara transforms its architectural forms and ziggurat staircases into an exotic escape and dreamlike projection. The dance of the cacti is a geometric and rhapsodic pattern, a linear progression born from nature.

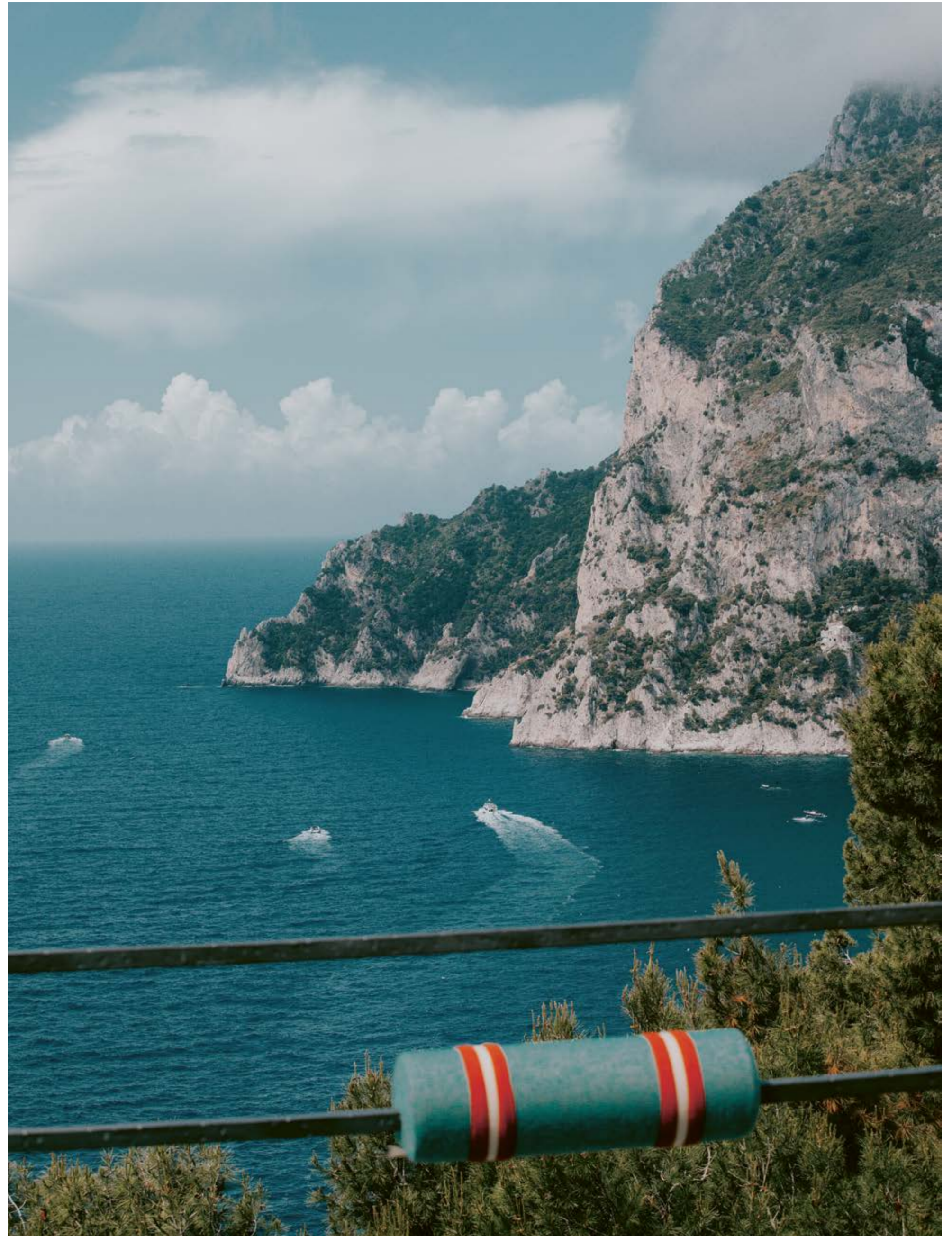






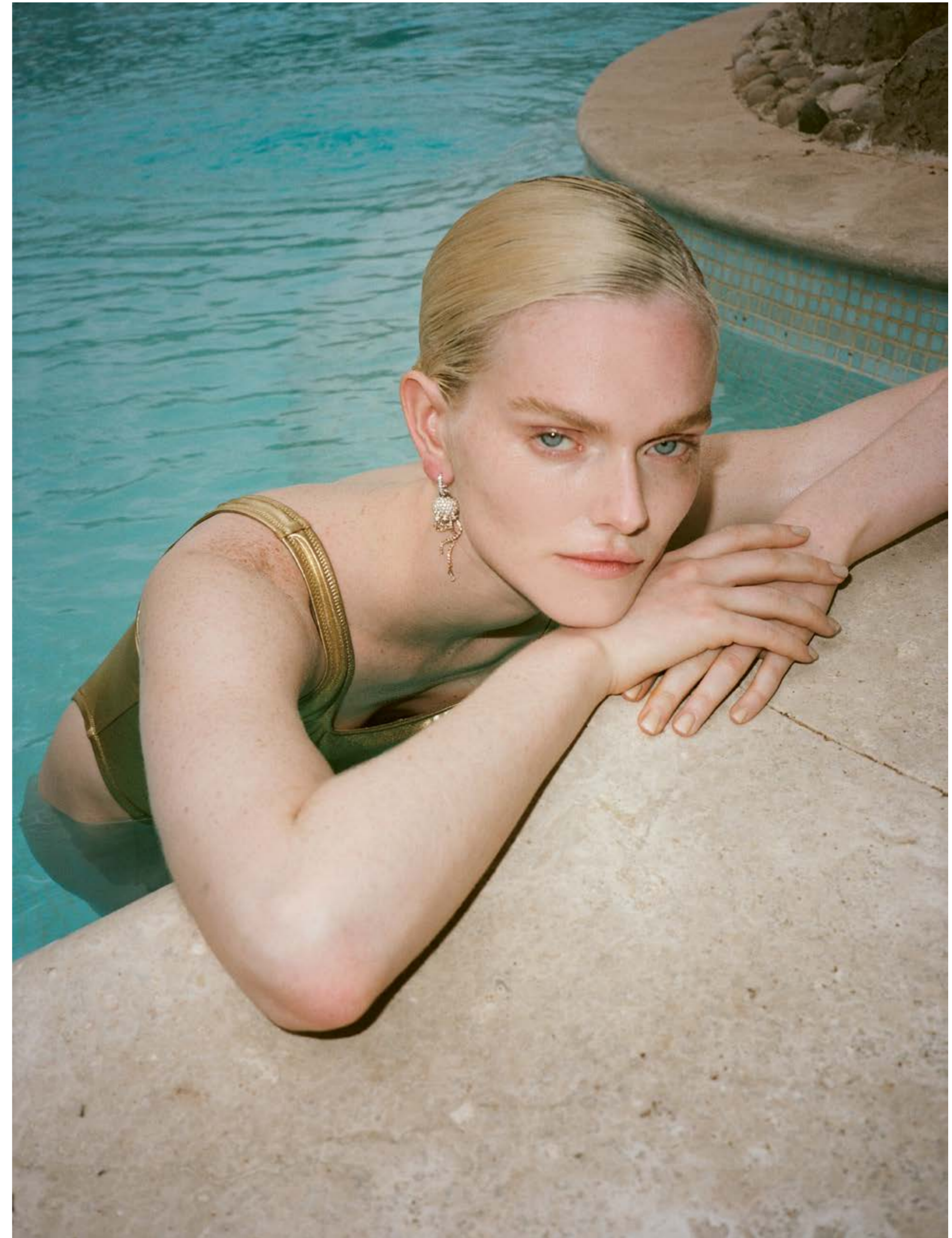






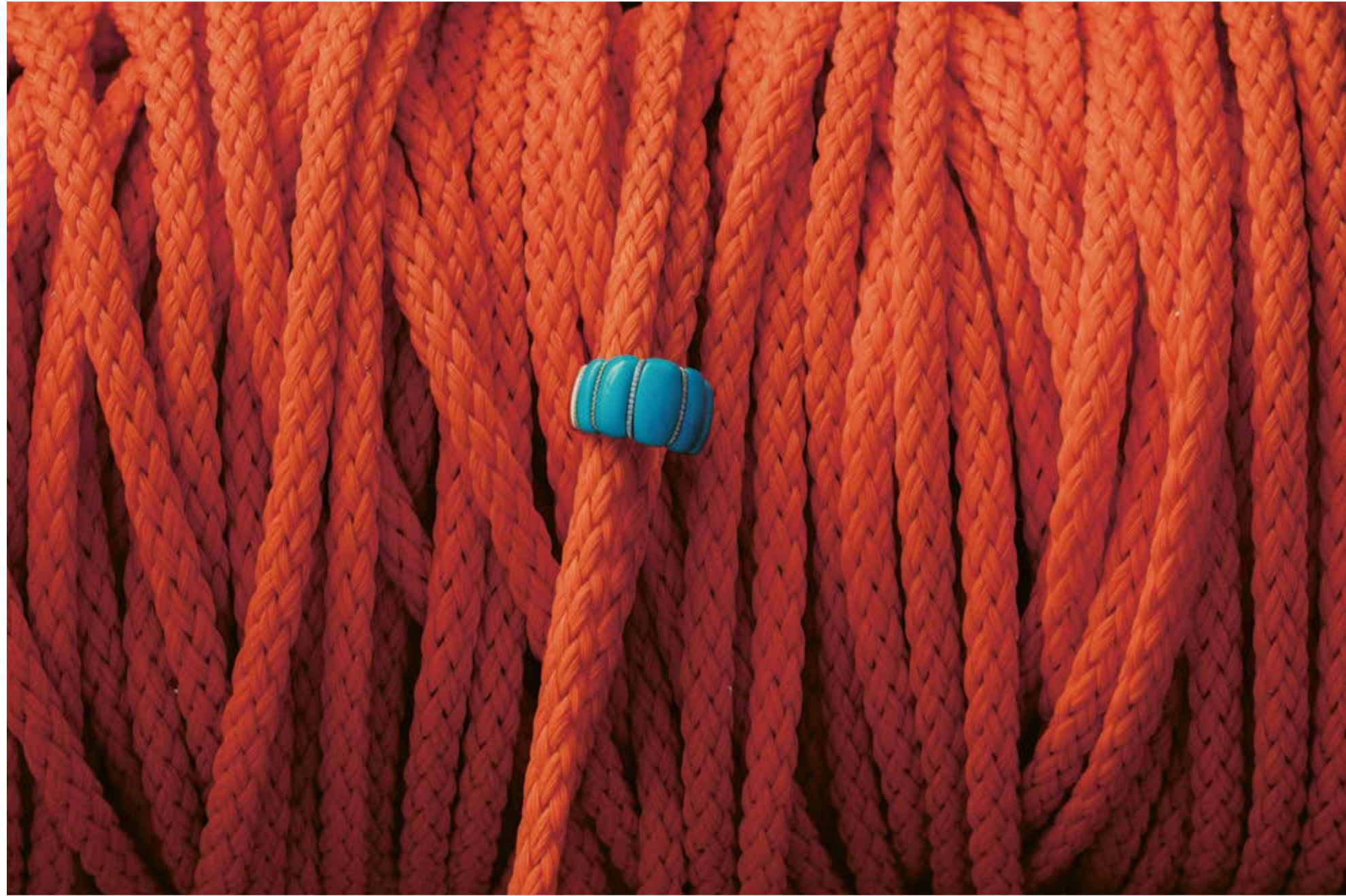
The swimming pool at the Hotel Punta Tragara, reminiscent of some famous photographs taken by Slim Aarons in the early 1970s, is like a blue eye set in the geometric brick buildings that make up the hotel's architecture.

The hotel, formerly Villa Vismara, overlooks a breathtaking view of the Faraglioni rocks and has become a compendium of the endless stories and imaginations of those who have stayed there. Among them was Sir Winston Churchill, a regular guest who devoted himself to painting watercolors, almost obsessively, of the contours of the giant rocks emerging from the Tyrrhenian Sea.











UNIQUE HIGH-END JEWELRY NECKLACE. A SUNBURST OF BAGUETTE-CUT DIAMONDS COMES TO LIFE FROM A SKETCH DRAWN FROM SALVATORE APREA'S PERSONAL ARCHIVE. 1,106 GEMS ARE SET ON MOVABLE, INDEPENDENT RAYS CRAFTED IN WHITE GOLD.



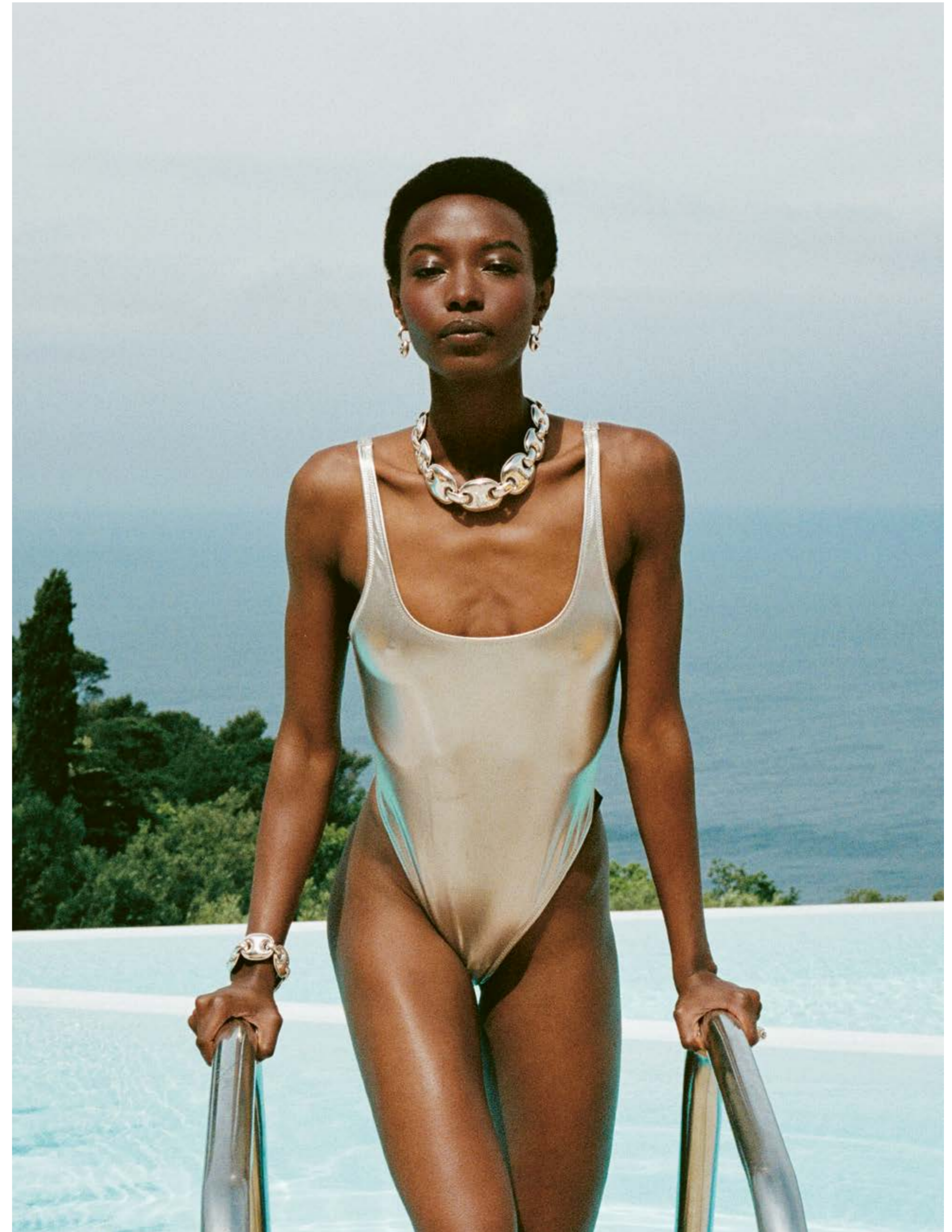


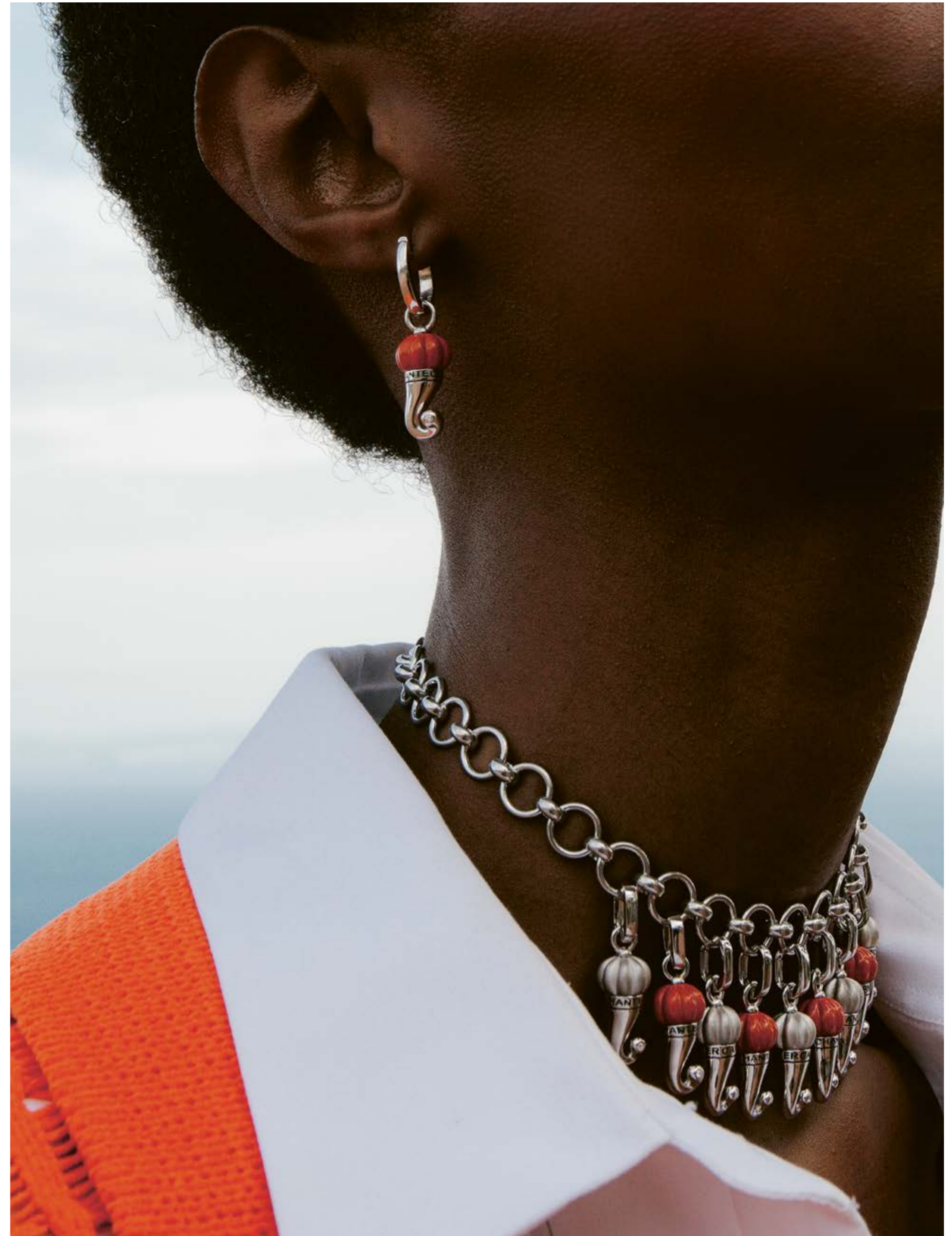
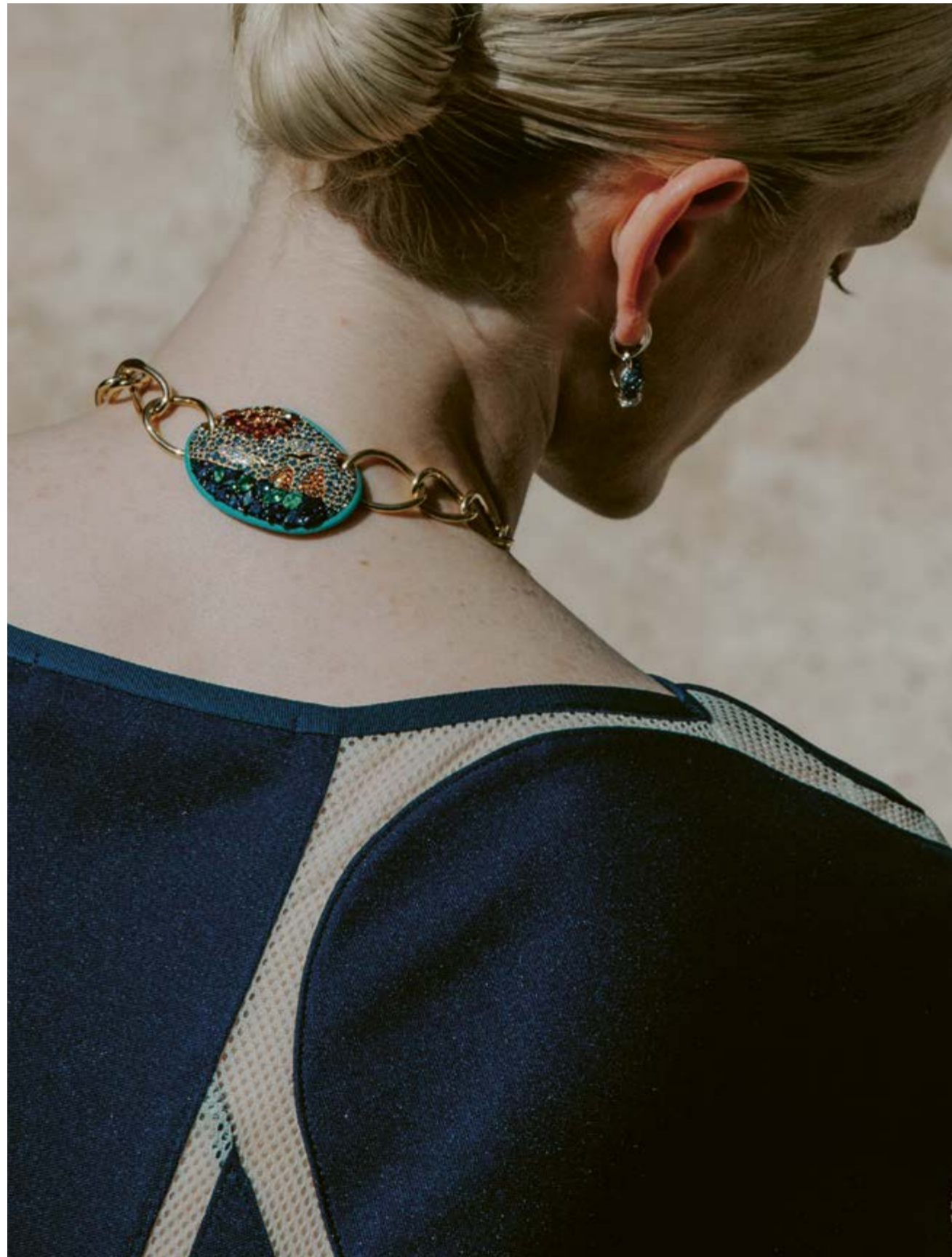


UNIQUE HIGH JEWELRY SET AQUA. WAVES OF TITANIUM, SHAPED ONE BY ONE, TAKE ON THE HUES OF THE SEA OF CAPRI, WHILE THE EDGES SHIMMER UNDER THE LIGHT OF A REFINED DIAMOND PAVÉ.

*The infinity pool, suspended on the cliff,
dynamically translates this blue tension hovering
beyond the limit. Water is not merely a decorative
or functional element, but a surface of continuity
and belonging. The edge coincides and liquefies
into the exploding horizon lost in the sea.*

*Caesar Augustus is architecture pushed beyond
all boundaries and constraints, a breath of air
and a vocation for freedom.*







PHOTOGRAPHY
PAOLA DOSSI

L'ORO DI CAPRI

SET DESIGN
MARTINA ALESSANDRA FESTA







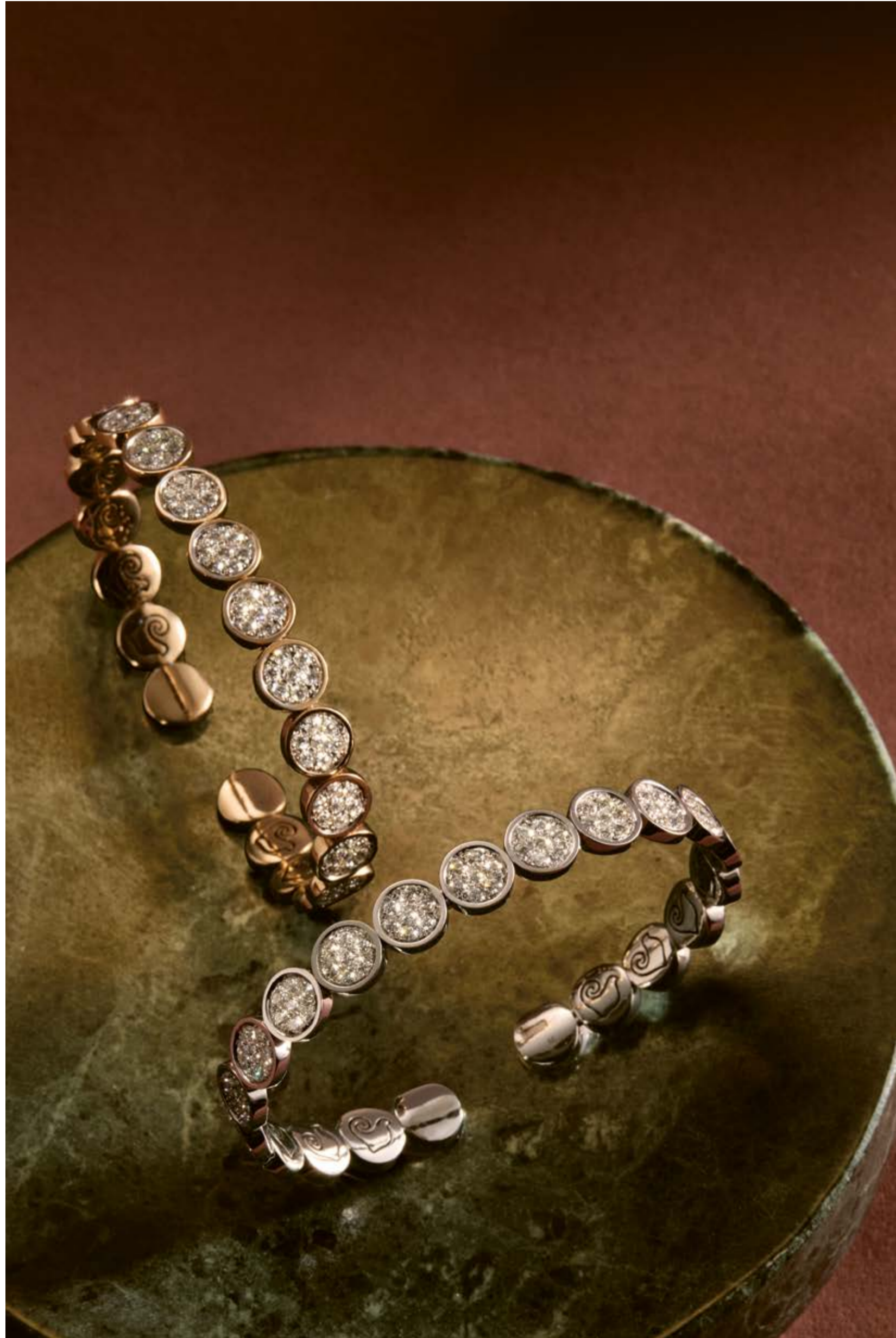


MINIATURA EARRINGS FEATURING THE ICONIC CHANTECLER ROOSTER. YELLOW GOLD, DIAMONDS, RUBIES, SAPPHIRES, TSAVORITES, AND COLORED ENAMELS.











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OSTIA ANTICA




Chantecler
CAPRI