



Dedar, Napoli 2026



Coastal views, Posillipo



Collection 2026





Appena il tempo di lasciarsi alle spalle il rumore del centro storico e il salmastro accoglie in un'altra dimensione della città. I decibel si abbassano e le immagini da cartolina spariscono, un po' come quel pino di Posillipo che è un'icona nel mondo, anche se non esiste più da anni. Saluti da... Napoli nella presenza e nell'assenza, nella storia e nella leggenda, nella vita e sulla scena.

Ora, le orecchie ascoltano il mare come dentro una conchiglia e dall'acqua si staglia la sagoma del vulcano. La città nuova, quella delle architetture Liberty e Moderniste sospese nel blu, parte qui dove tutto ebbe inizio, da quello scoglio che accolse la sirena, come narra il mito. Non sappiamo esattamente se questa fosse per metà pesce o uccello – sì, perché le sirene nell'antichità potevano essere entrambe le cose –, ma di certo l'altra metà era donna. Partenope, su quella roccia lavica lambita dall'acqua salata, depose un uovo, subito prima di morire. E quell'uovo fragile, lucente, perfetto venne protetto in una gabbia di ferro e quest'ultima nascosta nelle fondamenta della Fortezza del Castello che da lì prese il nome. Nessuno sa, e nessuno dovrà mai sapere, dove si trova l'uovo mitico celato nelle segrete di Castel dell'Ovo, perché la leggenda vuole che, semmai si dovesse rompere, tutta l'intera città di Napoli scomparirebbe, inghiottita all'istante dal mare. L'immagine è potente: un guscio friabile, sottile, fragile che sostiene il peso di una città complessa, abituata da sempre a convivere con la caducità, il controsenso, l'immanenza, il caso magico. Una città che ha nel suo tessuto un continuo convivere di opposizioni. Anzi, una città che le opposizioni le supera fondendole in una storia comune fatta di aria e terra, di fuoco e acqua; ma anche di pesante e leggero, verticale e orizzontale, figure e segni, miseria e nobiltà.

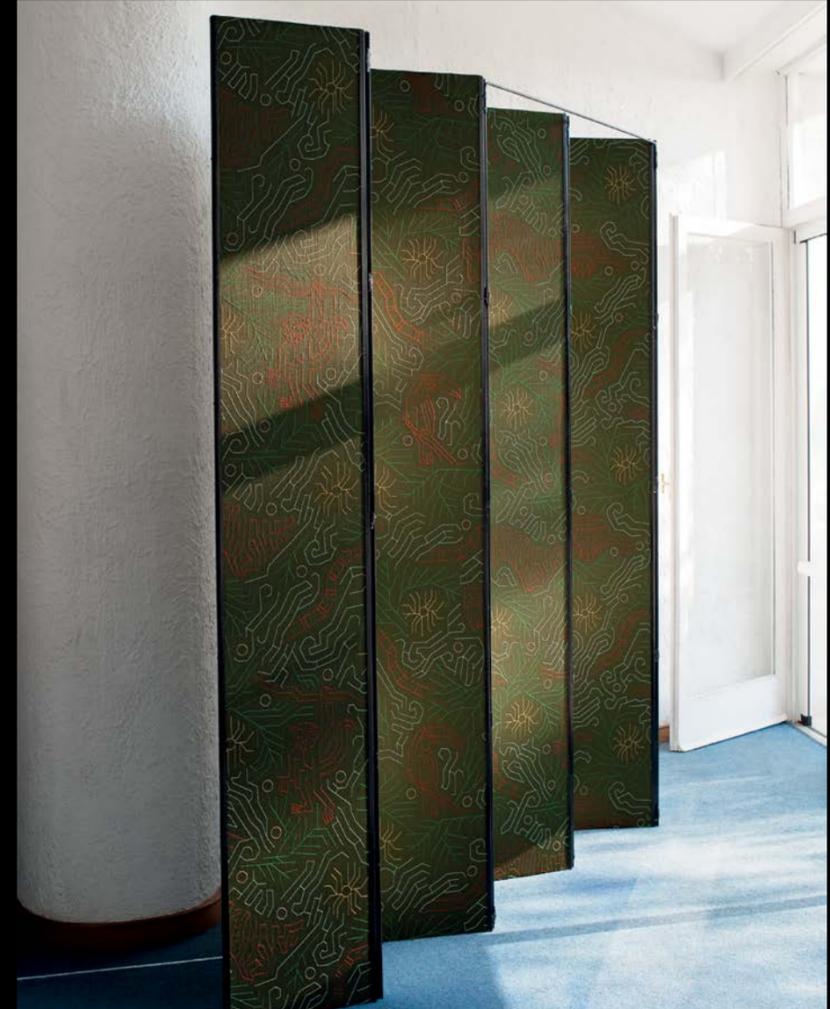
Qui ha preso vita anche un altro mito, quello del Mediterraneo in architettura, che al milanese Gio Ponti e al napoletano Luigi Cosenza insegnò un austriaco dallo sguardo controcorrente, innamorato di quei luoghi. Si chiamava Bernard Rudofsky e si mise a studiare le "architetture senza architetti", le costruzioni autoctone,

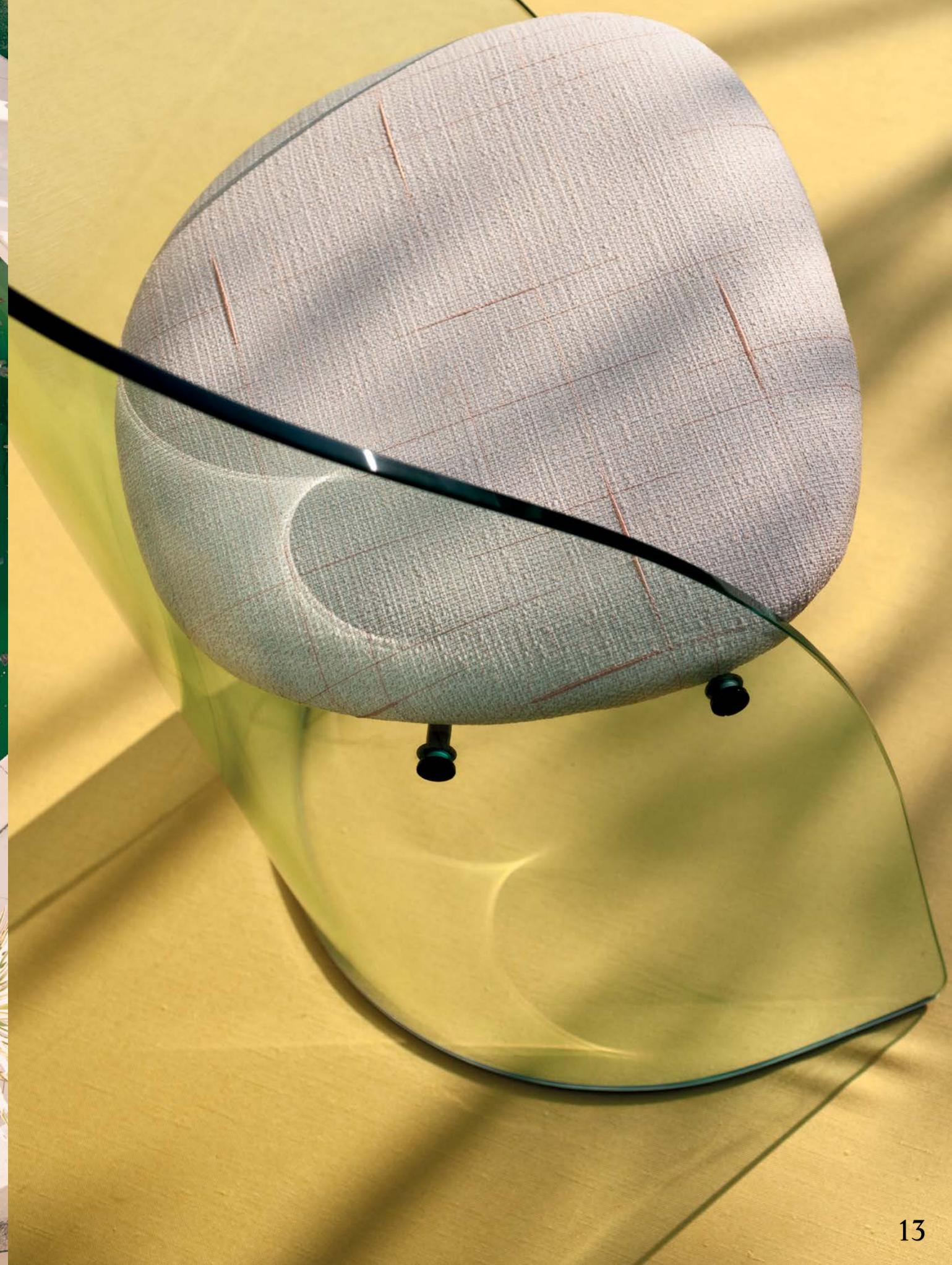
rurali, povere di mezzi e ricchissime di intelligenza. Venne rapito dalla luce accecante, dal silenzio assordante di uno spazio in bilico tra cielo e mare e vi scoprì le case dei pescatori di Ischia e Procida, ma anche dei primi abitanti della poi nobile Posillipo. Su quei pezzi di storia, mai raccontati da nessun manuale, costruirono non solo un pezzo di città, ma anche la nuova idea d'architettura del Mediterraneo, che si svestiva dei suoi stilemi internazionali per scoprirsi funzionale, diretta, semplice. E, soprattutto, tessile. Già, perché la prima origine dell'architettura, poi dimenticata da molti, è proprio nell'intreccio di fibre, nel riparo dell'habitat che diventa un abitare, un abito che si fa habitus. E, infatti, Rudofsky disegnò architetture, ma anche mostre in cui espose tessuti come architetture, e abiti come spazi dell'abitare. La sua lezione e quella del Mediterraneo furono anche di guardare con gli occhi ma, al tempo stesso, di toccare con le mani, percependo insieme gli odori e i suoni. Quell'idea dell'architettura che nasce dal tessuto parla ancora oggi di texture, consistenze, matericità. E di nuovo vive quel mito di Partenope: le superfici a scaglie e piume del suo corpo, la forza porosa dello scoglio di lava che la accolse, il tintinnio eburneo del suo uovo. I tessuti della nuova collezione di Dedar sono anch'essi architetture, protezioni, ri-vestimenti. Sono materie prime che parlano di altre materie prime, di pietra e acqua, di montagne e mare. Ma anche di segni grafici che sono quelli dell'antropizzazione di paesaggi naturali e urbani, dove è il tempo che tesse più di ogni uomo. O di consistenze granulose come una calce viva, lievi come il respiro della risacca marina, che invitano con gli occhi a godere di promesse sensazioni tattili. E poi mappature sotterranee e celesti, tentativi dell'uomo di governare sia ciò che è nel profondo, sia quello che ci sovrasta dall'alto. Un po' come pensare che la gravità di una roccia, su cui poggia una città intera, possa essere sostenuta dalla leggerezza di un piccolo uovo, che è un universo in miniatura, una rinascita, una cosmogonia.

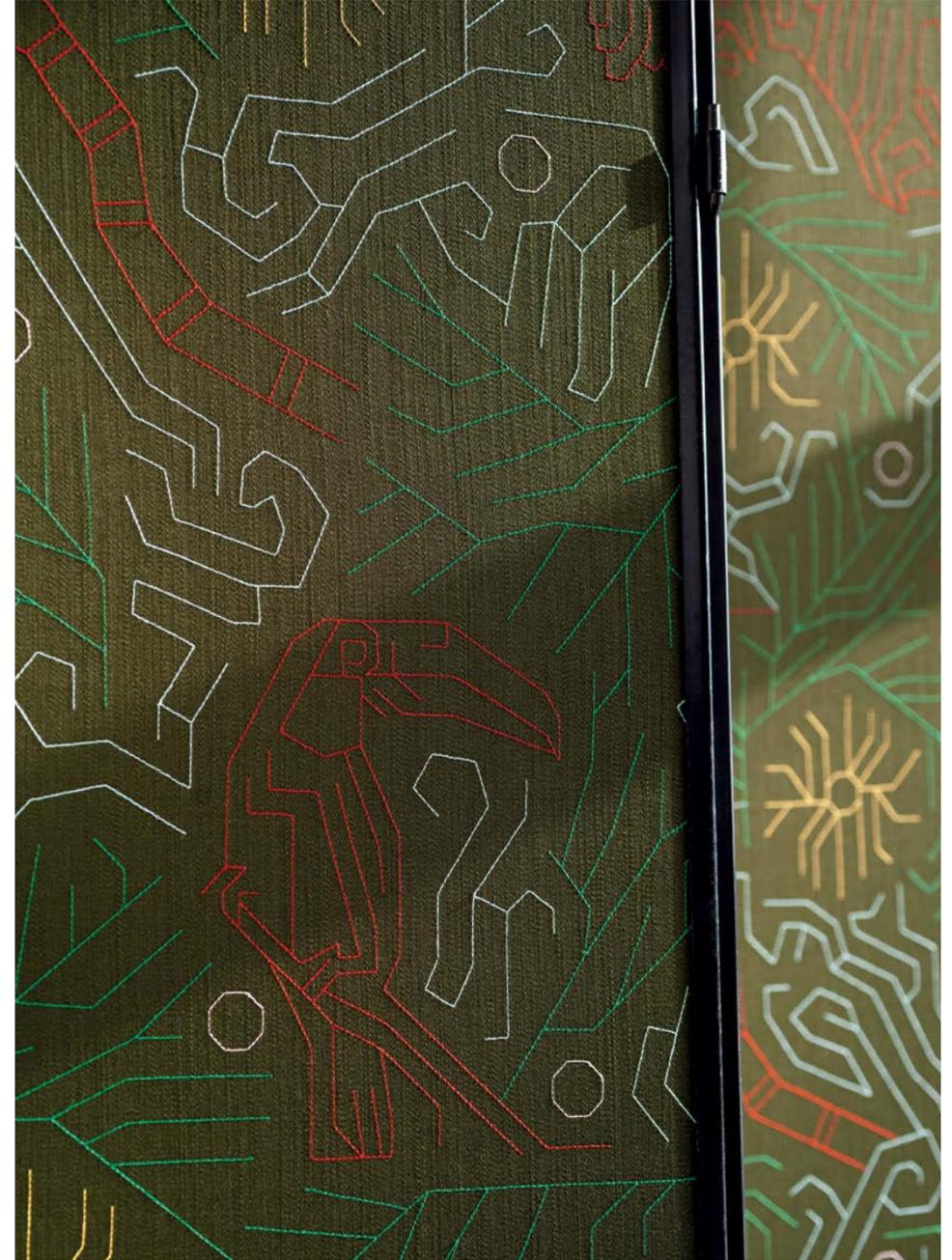
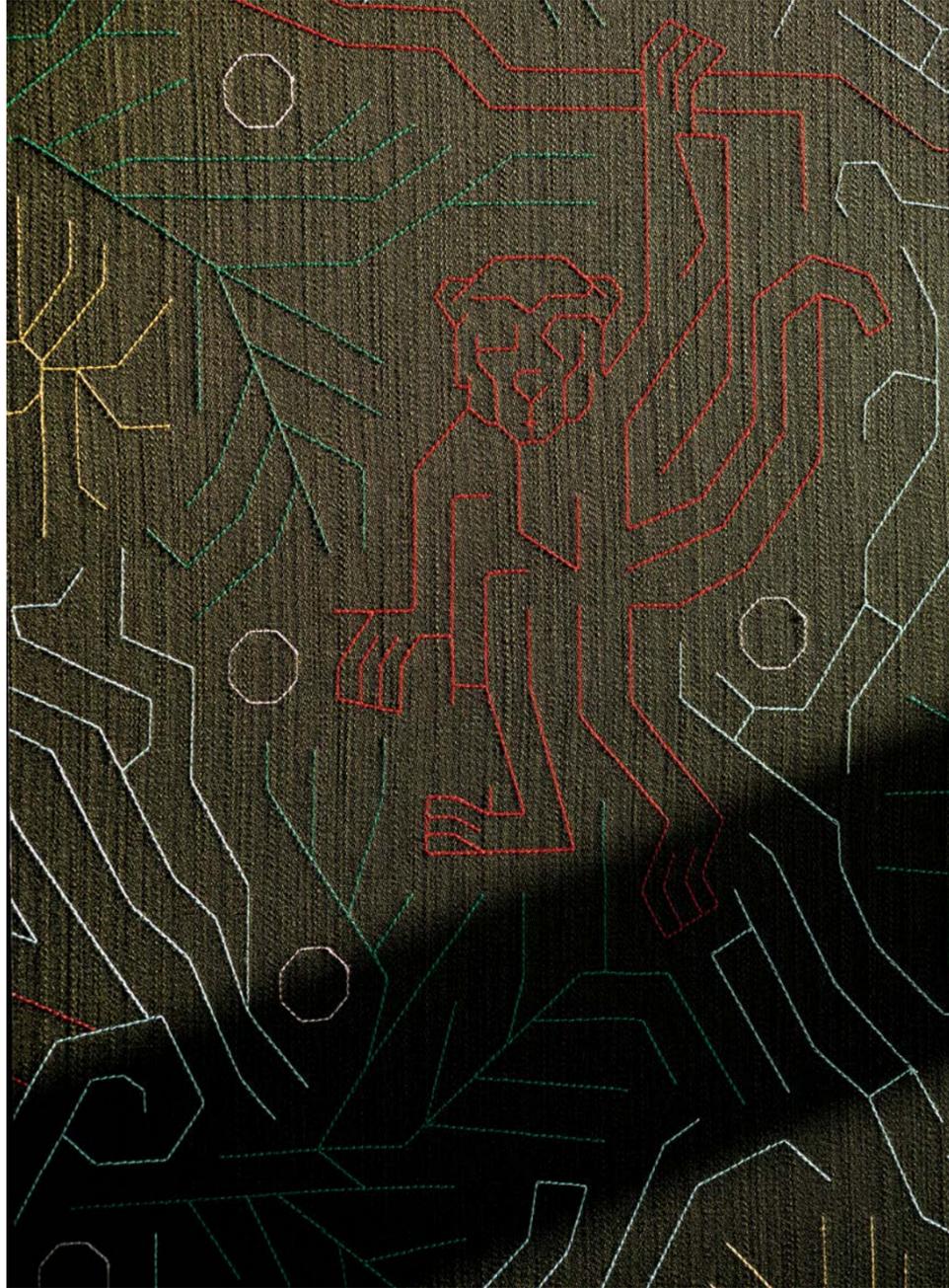
Domitilla Dardi, febbraio 2026



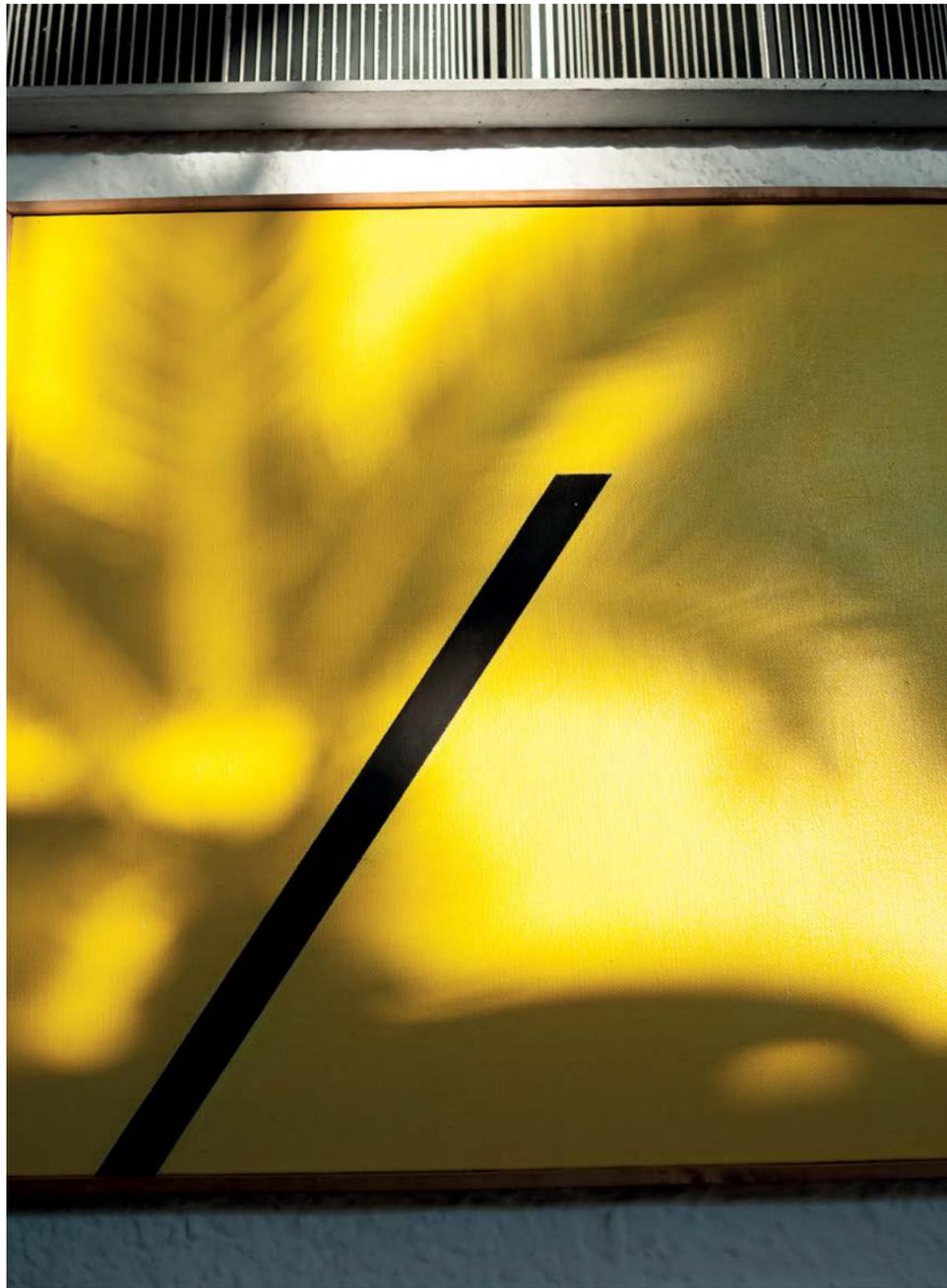
Parco Virgiliano, Posillipo







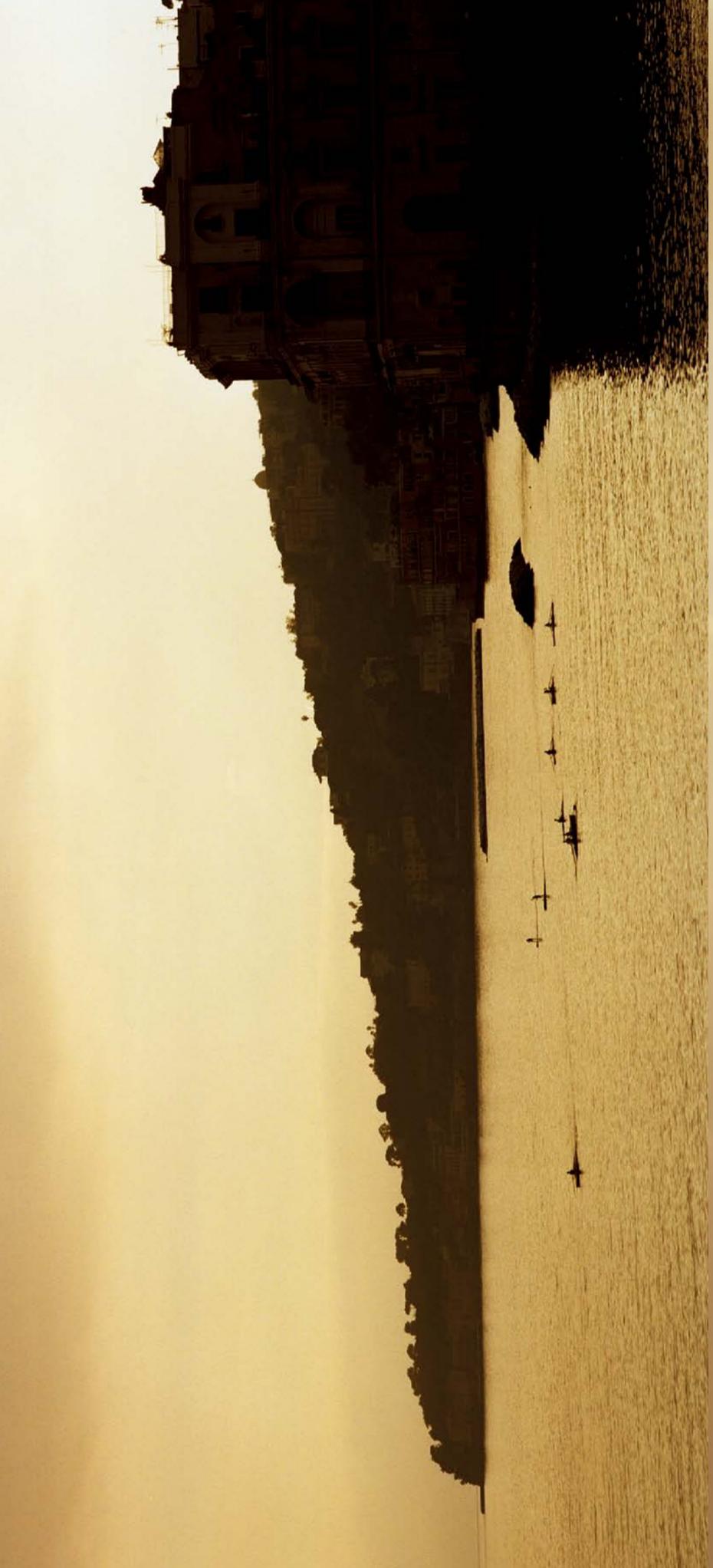












As soon as you turn your back on the noise of the historic city centre, the brackish air ushers you into another urban dimension. The decibel level falls, and the picture postcard images disappear, rather like that famous stone pine of Posillipo, a world-famous icon despite having been felled many years ago. Greetings from... Naples, in presence and in absence, in history and in legend, in real life and on stage.

Now our ears strain to hear the sound of the sea, as if pressed to a seashell, and the outline of the volcano stands out against the water. The new city, that of Art Deco and Modernist buildings suspended amidst the blue, starts from here, the origin of everything, from that rock that gave shelter to a siren, as narrated in ancient myths. We do not know precisely whether she was half fish or bird – indeed, the sirens of ancient times could be both – but her other half was certainly that of a woman. Moments before dying, Parthenope laid an egg on that lava rock lapped by salt water. And that same shiny, fragile, and perfect egg was safeguarded in an iron cage, then to be concealed in the foundations of the fortified Castle to which it had lent its name. No one knows, and no one must ever know where that mythical egg is hidden in the secret meanders of Castel dell'Ovo because, according to the legend, should it ever break, the entire city of Naples would disappear and be instantly swallowed up by the sea. The image is a powerful one: that of a thin, fragile, and brittle eggshell bearing the weight of a complex city, ever accustomed to coexisting with frailty, contradiction, immanence, and magical fate. A city whose very fabric is pervaded by an endless coexistence of opposite forces. Or rather, a city that surmounts oppositions by fusing them in a common story made of air, earth, fire, and water; but also, of all that is heavy and light, vertical and horizontal, figures and signs, poverty, and nobility.

It is here that another myth was born, that of Mediterranean-style architecture, which was taught to Milan-born Gio Ponti and Neapolitan architect Luigi Cosenza by an Austrian with a non-conformist vision, who had fallen in love with such places. His name was Bernard Rudofsky and he took it on himself to study forms of “architecture without architects”, the vernacular rural buildings that were built from humble materials yet steeped in a wealth of intelligence. He was fascinated by

the blinding light, by the deafening silence of a space poised between sky and sea, and it was there that he discovered the fishermen’s dwellings of Ischia and Procida, as well as those of the early inhabitants of what was to become the noble district of Posillipo. On those segments of history that had never been described in any textbook, not only did they build a piece of the city, but they also gave birth to the new architectural concept of the Mediterranean, which shed its international styles to discover how functional, spontaneous, and simple it could be. And, above all, textile. Precisely, because the earliest form of architecture, a fact that is generally forgotten, lies in the plaiting of fibres, in the shelter of a habitat turned dwelling, from habit (as in tunic) to habitus. Indeed, Rudofsky designed buildings, but also exhibitions in which he displayed fabrics as architectural forms and garments as living spaces. The lesson he hands down to us, together with that of Mediterranean architecture, is one of visual and tactile perception melded with sounds and odours. Even today, the concept of architecture stemming from fabric continues to speak of texture, consistencies, and materiality. Just as the myth of Parthenope has come to life once more: the scaly and feathery surfaces of her body, the porous strength of the lava rock where she found shelter, the ivory-white clink of her egg. The fabrics of the new Dedar collection also constitute architectural elements, shelters, coverings. Raw materials that refer to other raw materials, such as stone and water, mountain and sea. As well as to the graphic strokes testifying to the anthropization of natural and urban landscapes, where time has woven more fabric than any man. Or to grainy consistencies such as quicklime, as light as the breath of waves in their ebb and flow, whose eyes invite us to enjoy promised tactile sensations. And then there are underground and celestial maps, representing man’s attempt to govern whatever lies down below and high above. This is somewhat similar to the idea that the gravity of a rock, on which an entire city rests, may be supported by the light weight of a tiny egg, which in itself is a miniature universe, a rebirth, a cosmogony.

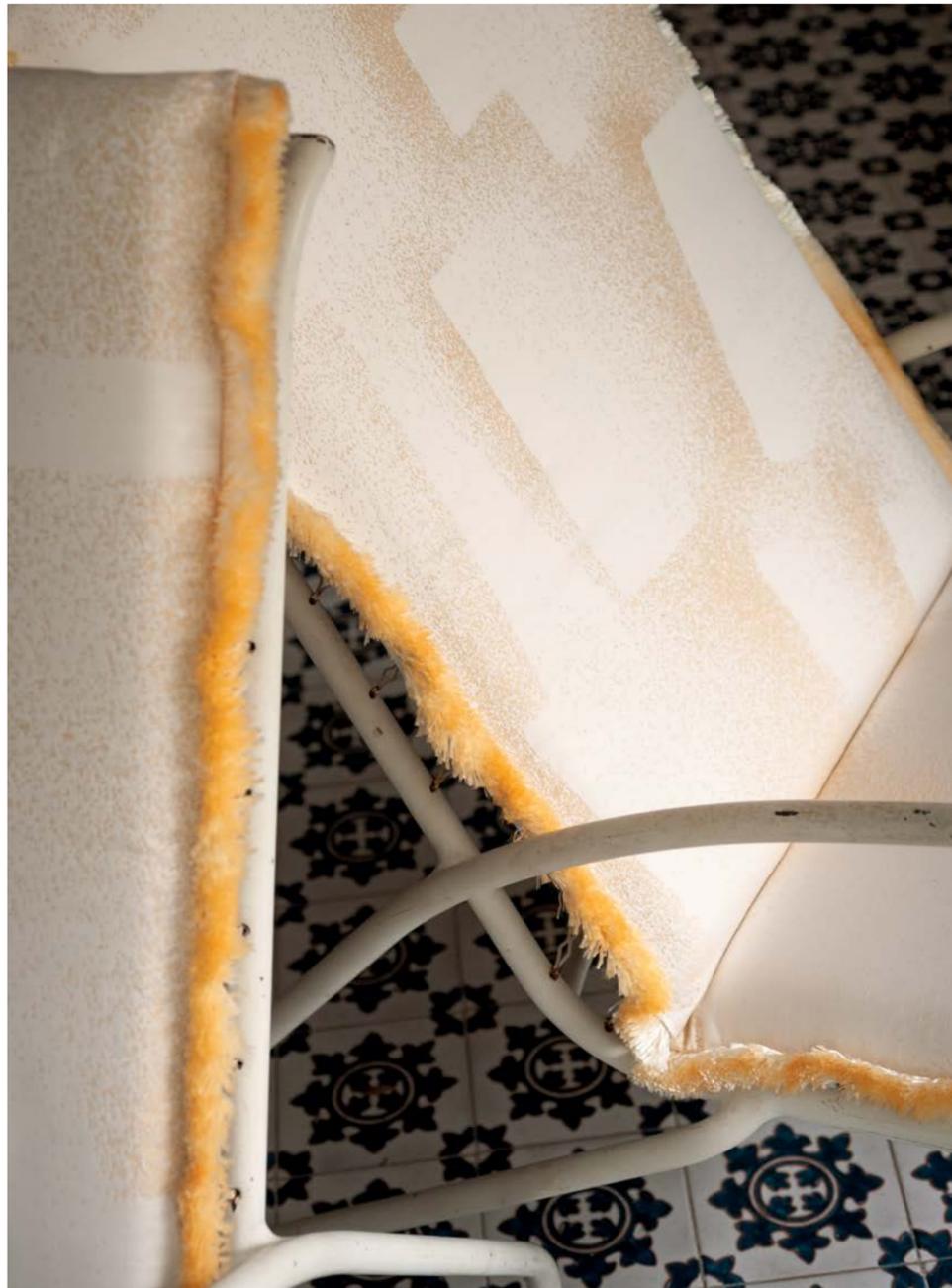
Domitilla Dardi, February 2026





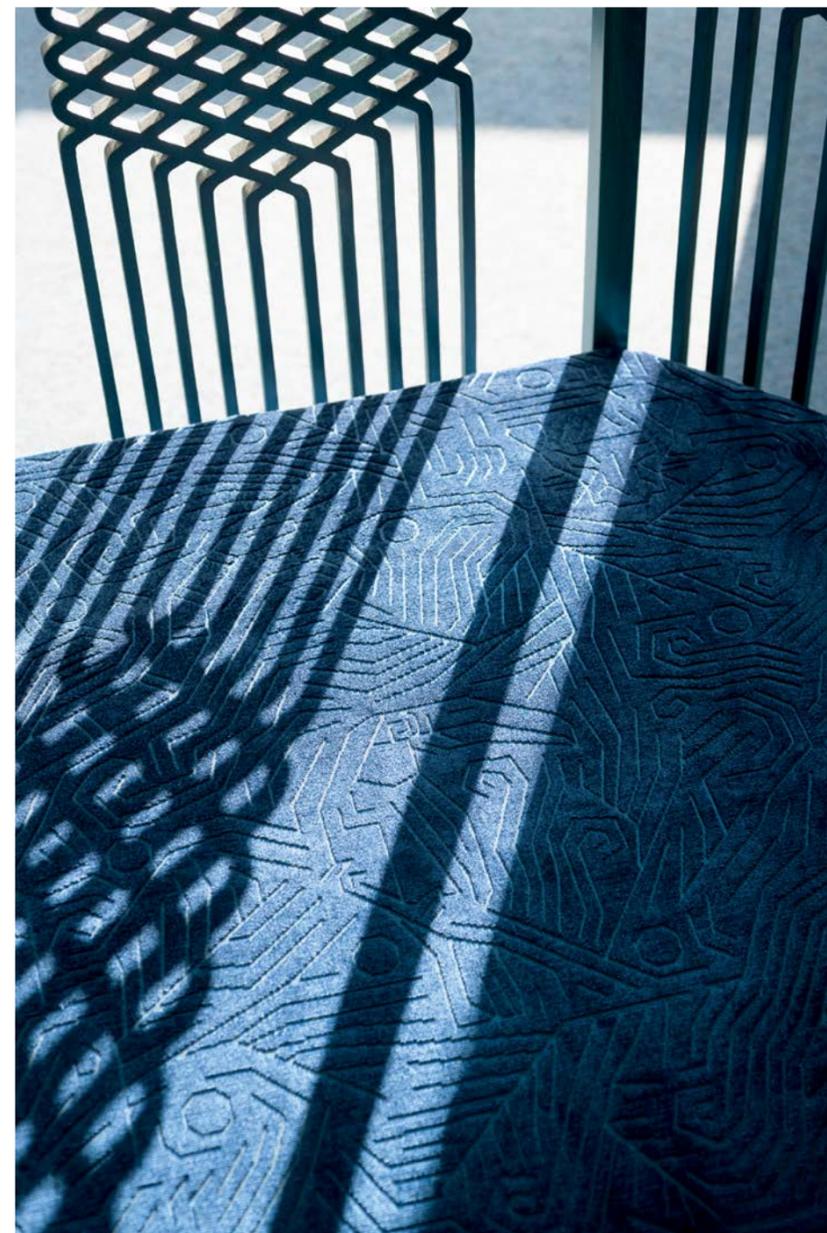
Port District, Naples













Coastal promenade, Naples

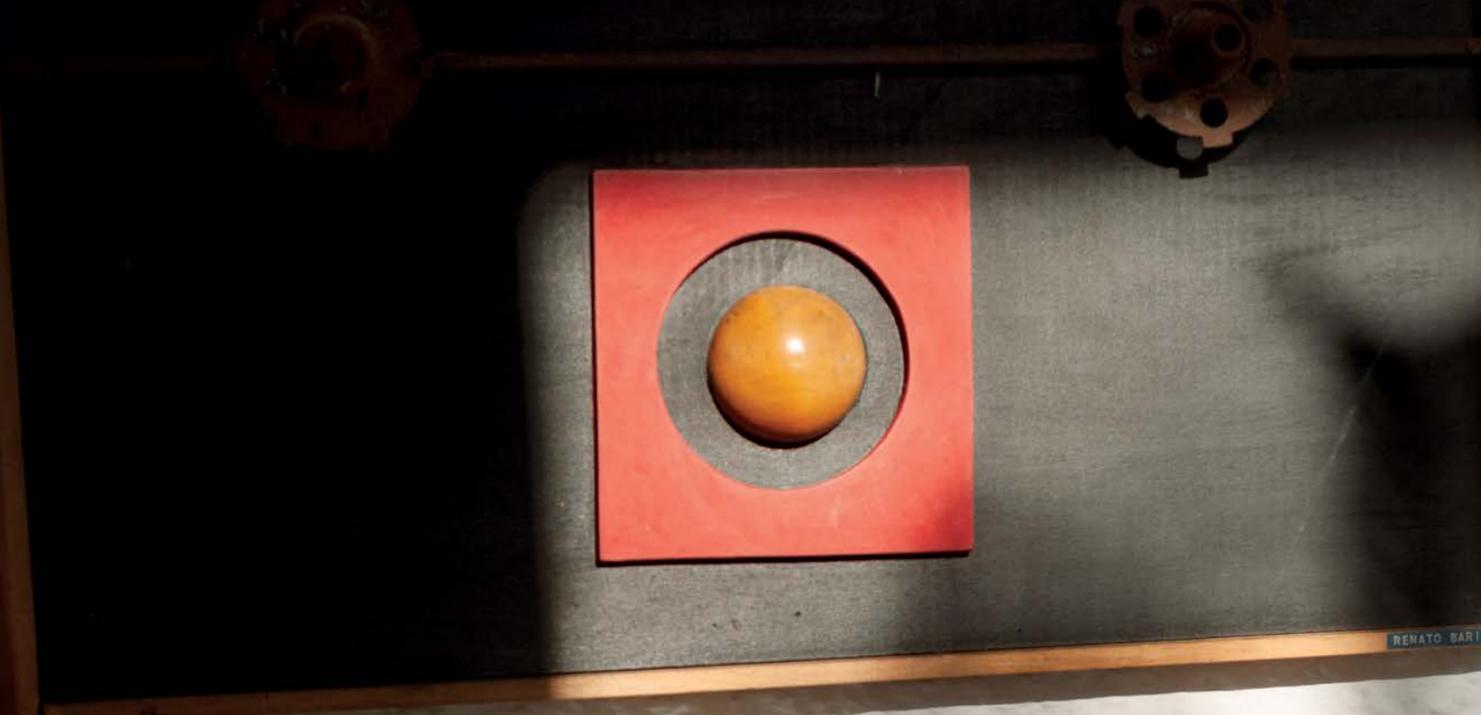


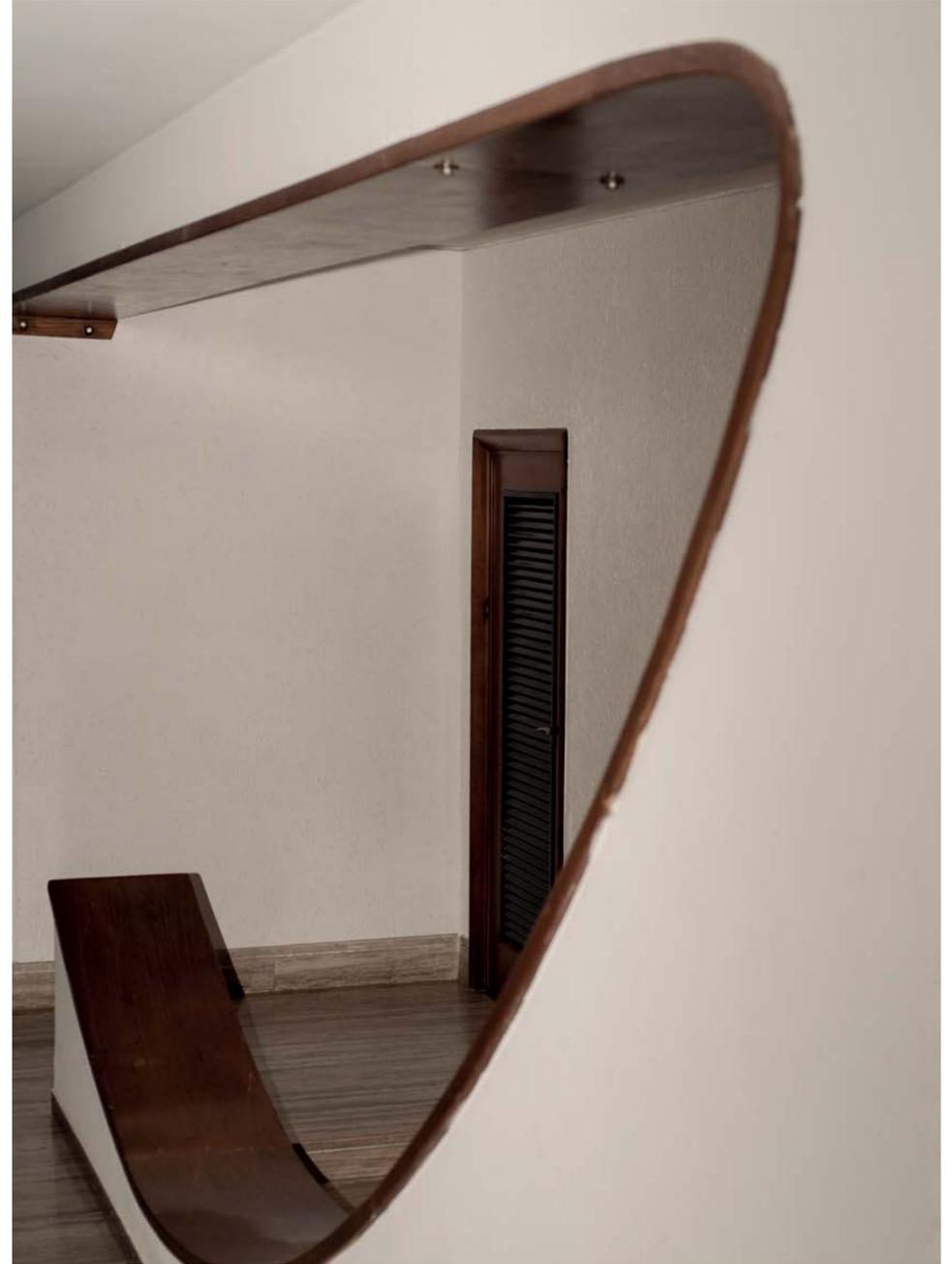




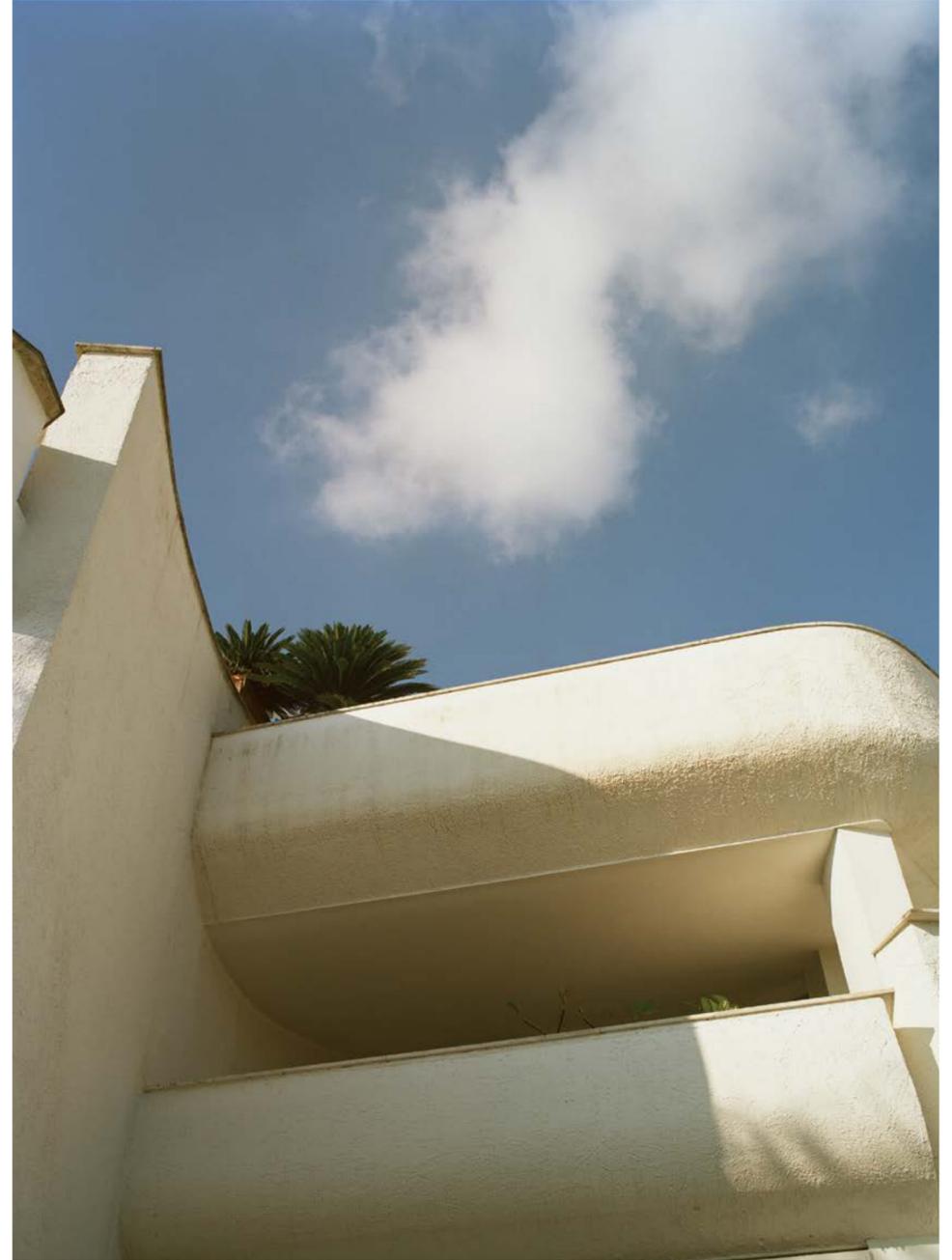








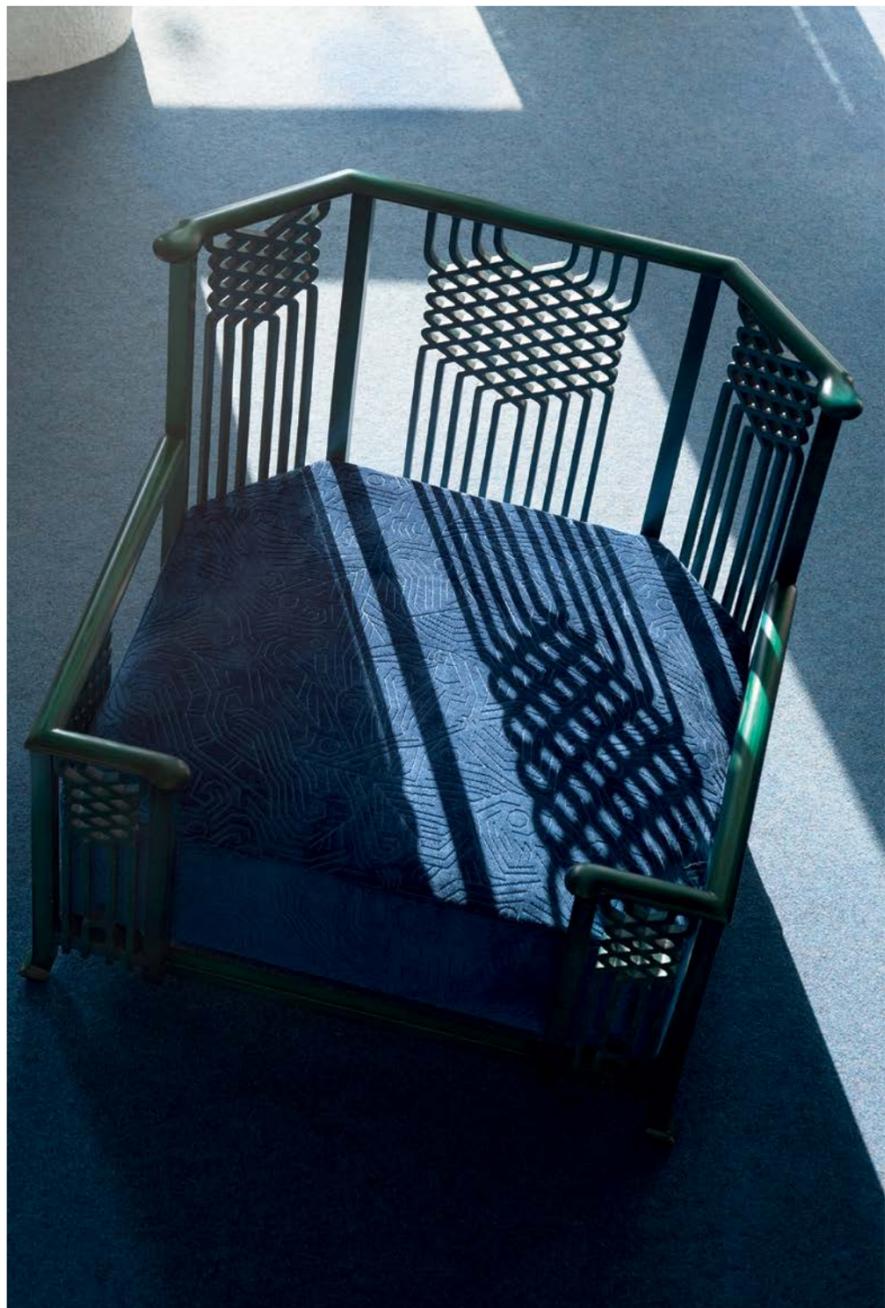


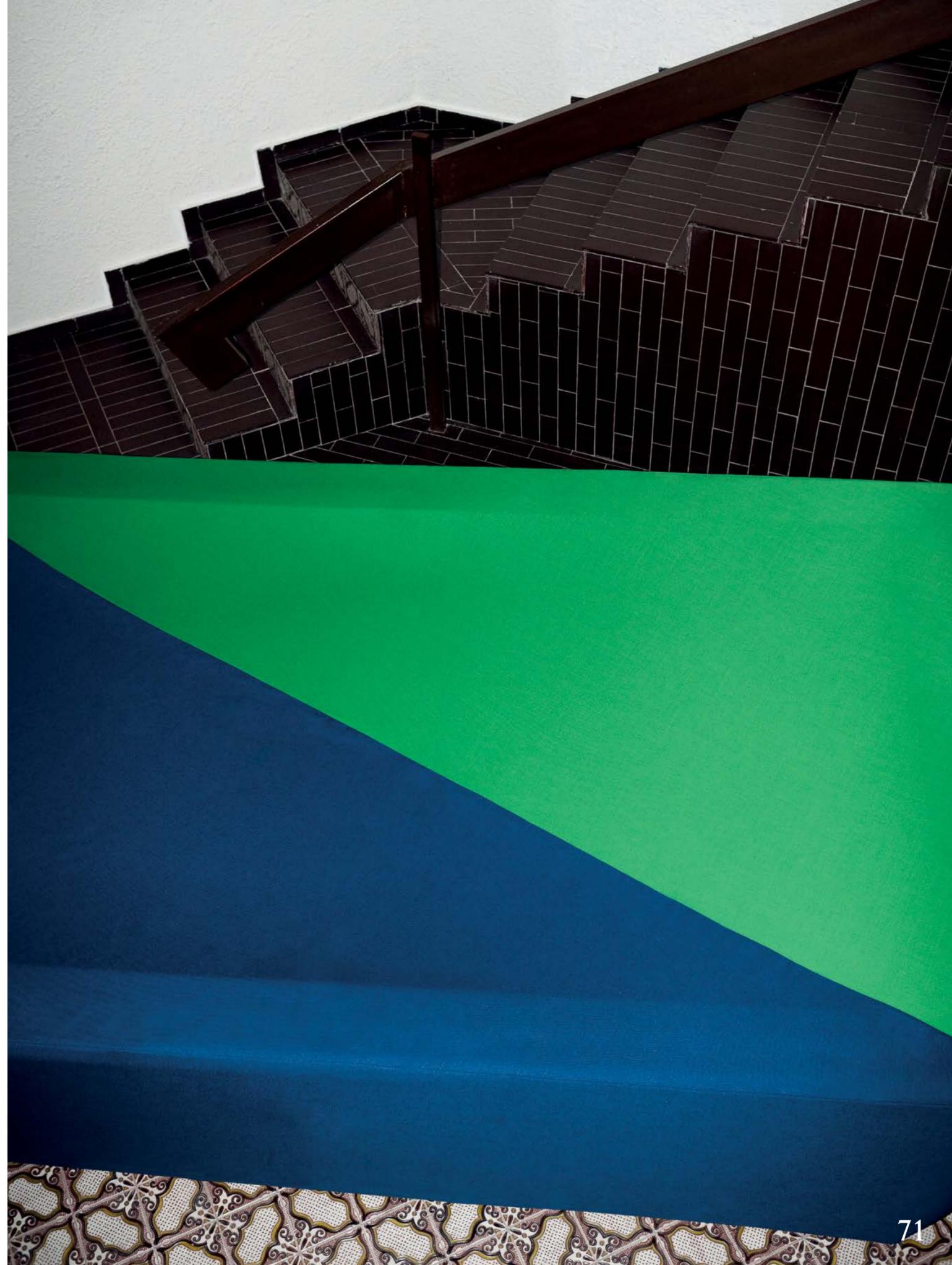




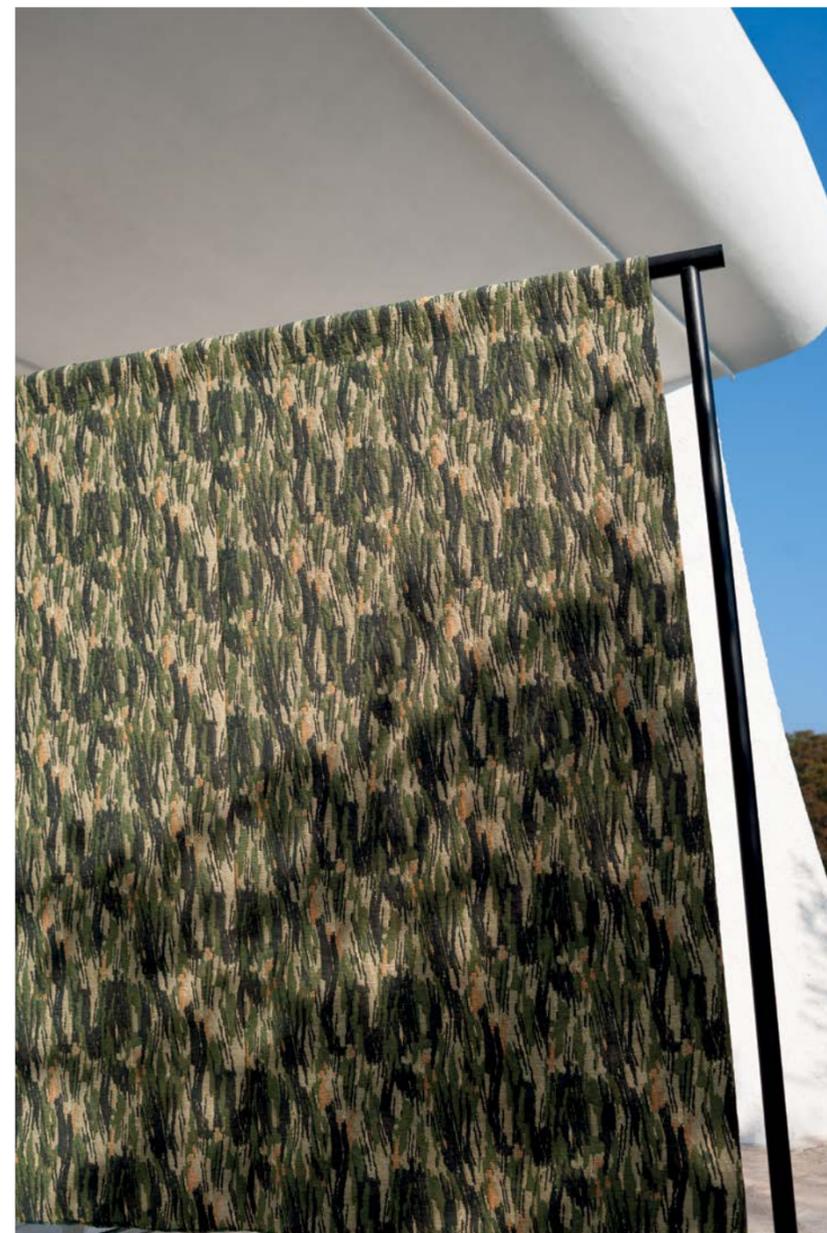
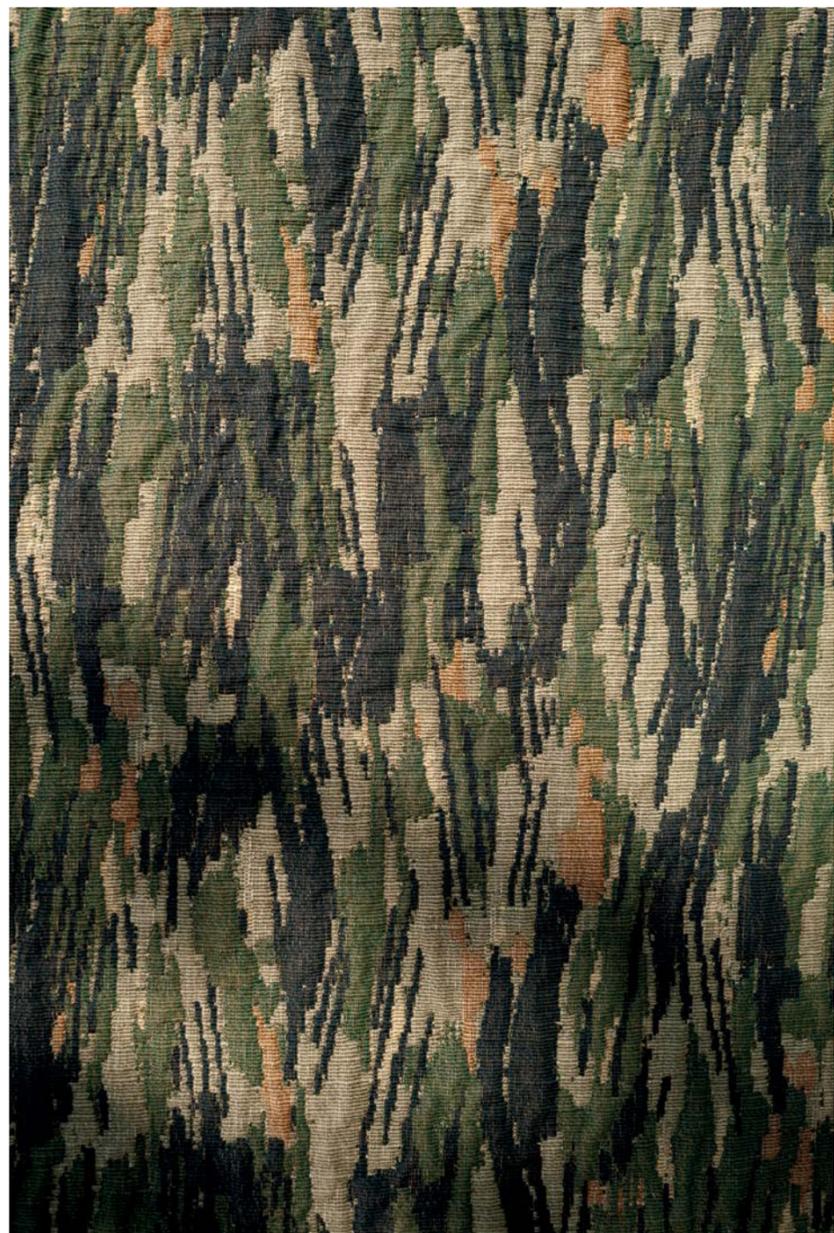






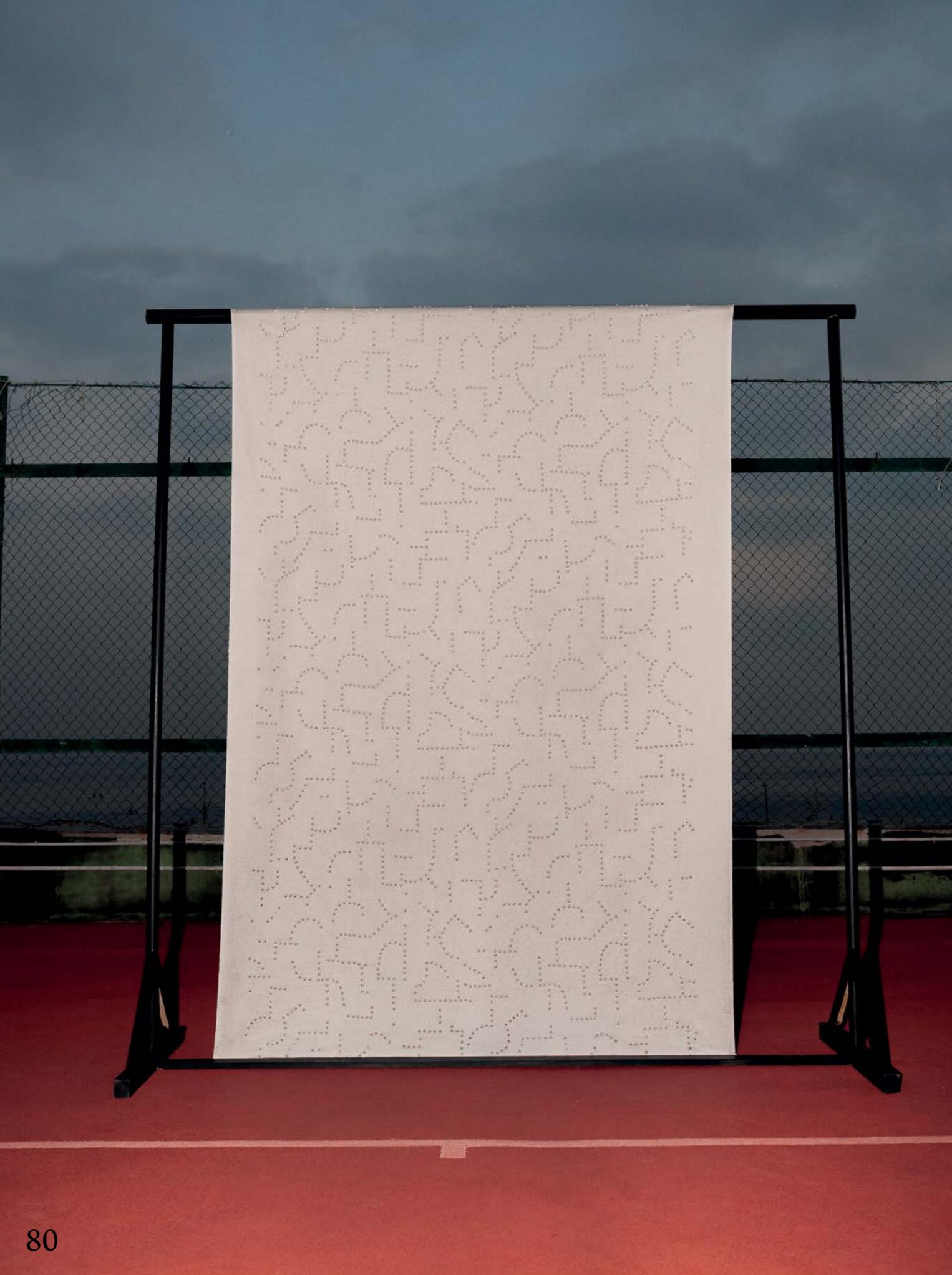












Overlooking Naples, Posillipo







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