



## CAP D'ANTIBES | *CÔTE D'AZUR, FRANCE*

In the late afternoon, when the air is calm and the sun is beginning to set, you might see locals hopping a cement wall to reach the narrow, hidden beach just below Boulevard Maréchal Juin, a winding road that snakes its way down the craggy coast of Cap d'Antibes, where the villas face the sea. This is the land of the Hôtel du Cap-Eden-Roc, of gleaming white yachts bobbing gently in the harbor, of vacationers who lounge under striped umbrellas while sipping Bellinis served by attentive waiters. But on that pebbly, unnamed spit of sand exists an altogether different type of glamour—the kind that takes some knowing to find, far from the air-kissing crowds. Here, a couple lingers in the last hours of the day, undisturbed, their bodies intertwined in the summer heat. —LINDSEY OLANDER

KATHERINE WOLKOFF