# Soixante

ISSUE 01

**This publication is for the creatives and for anyone seeking to remember.**
**A magazine to be read, to be seen and to inspire.**

Photography by Julia Millo
Taken at Théoules-sur-mer

Photography by Laura Milena
Taken at Cannes, La Croisette

Welcome to Soixante,
a celebration of the French Riviera in the 1960's,
a decade when the coastline shimmered with
positivity, rebellion, and charm.

More than just a holiday destination, the Riviera
has always been a place of contrast: between tradition
and modernity, simplicity and extravagance. Tucked
between mountains and sea, it's where old village
festivals met nouvelle vague cinema, where sunny
afternoons stretched into star-lit nights.

This magazine is an invitation to step into that world -
one shaped by the silhouette of Brigitte Bardot
and Anna Karina, the lens of Godard, the scent
of pine and jasmine, and the clink of glasses
shared among friends. Whether you come for
the films, the fashion, the food, or simply to
soak up the atmosphere, we hope these pages
transport you to a Mediterranean time capsule:
vivid and alive with stories.

# Editor's letter

Words by Julia Millo

I grew up to the sound of cicadas, my sisters singing *La Madrague* at the top of their lungs as we drove toward La Croix-Valmer to tan all day. These are my most vivid and precious memories of childhood in the South of France.
A sky almost always blue, summers stretching endlessly, and days that seemed suspended in time.

Over time, and perhaps without realizing it, the 1960s began to leave their mark on me too. Maybe it was all the Sunday afternoons spent watching *Le Gendarme de Saint-Tropez* with my dad. I was captivated by the silhouettes, the vibrant outfits, the mini skirts and the parties.

That's how this magazine began.
A magazine of memories, my own, my grandparents', and those of everyone who loved, lived through, or dreamed of that era.
A magazine of softness and nostalgia, like a summer you thought you'd forgotten.
A magazine that gently brings back what we feared was lost.
But it's still here.
In Soixante.

J'ai grandi au son des cigales, mes sœurs qui chantait *La Madrague* pendant qu'on partait à La Croix-Valmer pour passer nos journées au soleil. Ce sont mes souvenirs d'enfance les plus vifs et les plus précieux dans le Sud de la France.
Un ciel presque toujours bleu, des étés qui semblaient ne jamais finir, et et des journées comme suspendues dans le temps.

Avec le temps, et peut-être sans même m'en rendre compte, les années 1960 ont commencé à me marquer elles aussi. Sans doute après avoir passé mes dimanches après-midi à regarder *Le Gendarme de Saint-Tropez* avec mon père. J'étais fascinée par les silhouettes, les tenues colorées, les minijupes et les fêtes.

C'est ainsi qu'est né ce magazine.
Un magazine de souvenirs, les miens, ceux de mes grands-parents, et ceux de tous ceux qui ont aimé, vécu ou rêvé de cette époque.
Un magazine de douceur et de nostalgie, comme un été que l'on croyait oublié.
Un magazine qui ravive, avec délicatesse, ce que l'on pensait perdu.
Mais qui, en réalité, est toujours là.
Dans Soixante.

Photography by Laura Milena
Taken at Saint-Tropez

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**EDITOR-IN-CHIEF**
Julia Millo

**CREATIVE DIRECTOR**
Julia Millo

**CONTRIBUTING EDITORS**
Ella Cleary
Saskia Freybe
Serene Hassouna
Laura Millo
Lou Mourouvin
Aurore Partouche
Sasha Pereira

**GRAPHIC DESIGN**
Julia Millo

**DESIGN ASSISTANT**
Lou Mourouvin

**PHOTOGRAPHY**
Charles Bébert
Naomi Homs
Laura Milena
Julia Millo
Aurore Partouche
Sasha Pereira

**ILLUSTRATIONS**
Gwladys Arold
Anna Duhaumont
Fanny Van Weymers

**CONTRIBUTORS:**
Lowri Ashton
Camille Broussaud
Clara Brun
Ella Cleary
Evan Györke
Serene Hassouna
Marc-Antoine Henriot
Mila Hugon
Eirwen Langdown
Chiara Legall
Mattéo Liagre
Leon Millo
Nadia Picon
Molly Savary
Gabrielle

**THANKS TO**
Rosa Andelman, Clément Aubin, Rosie Billett, Angela Buttolph, Valentin Duclos, Lyndsey Fox, Camille Gable, Lisa Gellender, Frederike Herkströter, Marie-Claude Iperti, Alice Kane, Lucy Lawes, Jean-Paul Millo, Frédérique Millo, Fanny Millo, Christiane Picon, Andrew Tucker, Rupert Waldron.

**Museum of the home,**
**Chez Pipo,**
**Mairie de Peillon,**
**Archives Municipales de Nice,**
**Charles Bébert.**

**CONTACT**

julia.millo@icloud.com
@curatedbyjulia_

Photography by Sasha Pereira
Taken in Paris

# Les dimanches du sud

Words by Julia Millo
Illustration by Fanny Van Weymers

**On sunny Sundays in August, I'd wake up to the song of cicadas and the comforting smell of caramelised onions from the pissaladière wafting through the house - signs that a good day was about to begin.**

My grandmother would cook, while I'd share an apéritif with my grandfather:
pastis for him, grenadine for me.

For a Mediterranean family in the Riviera, the ideal Sunday meant a full reunion: grandparents, parents, cousins: everyone was invited. Lunch would take place on the terrace, around a table as full as our stomachs would soon be. Long tables, loud conversations, food being passed back and forth, and laughter that lasted for hours.
On the table: golden socca hot from the oven, pissaladière with melting onions and olives, panisses, raviolis à la daube (a southern twist on stew), pan bagnat, stuffed vegetables, and sweet chard pie.
When most people think of the French Riviera, they mainly picture luxury: yachts in Saint-Tropez, glamorous film festivals, and exclusive private beaches. But for locals, or anyone who truly knows the Riviera – the most cherished moments are far simpler: shared family traditions.

The 1960s were a pivotal time for these traditions, especially in the aftermath of the Algerian War. Many pieds-noirs (French citizens of European origin born in former French colonies in North Africa, particularly Algeria) fled to the South of France, searching for work, stability, and a way to reunite with their families. The familiar food, climate, and rhythm of Mediterranean life helped them feel at home again.

But these rituals of gathering and sharing meals long predated this period. In many Mediterranean families, traditional recipes are handed down from one generation to the next. In my own case, my grandparents cooked these beloved dishes, then my parents, and now, my sisters and I are learning to carry them on.
It's more than food. It's a moment of connection, of comfort, of belonging – a tradition that turns ordinary Sundays into something unforgettable.

These dishes aren't fancy or expensive: but they're everything. In Mediterranean families, food is a demonstration of love. Most of these recipes were created before the 19th century for working-class neighbourhoods and markets.

With minimal ingredients but rich flavour, they were always made to be shared.

The meal is just the final act; the real ritual lies in the preparation:  the time spent together, the stories told while the dough rises or the onions soften.

In the 1960s, and even up until recently, it was the women who cooked, the men who poured the wine, and the children who were sent down to the river with clay water jugs to fetch water. Every month, the parish priest would be invited for lunch: it was the norm for most catholic families. After the meal, the women would clear the table while the men lingered over wine and *eaux-de-vie*.

For the children, these days were paradise. With the adults deep in conversation, they were free: running wild, exploring the vegetable patch to see what could be harvested, or simply lying in the sun, full and tired, lulled by the cicadas and the warmth of the South.

And what's most beautiful is that, over the decades, none of this has truly changed. The food, the tempo, the joy of gathering: it all remains. A quiet resistance to time, and a reminder of what truly matters.


Photography by Laura Milena

Photography by Julia Millo
Taken in Peillon


La sieste de
l'après midi

# *Late summer nights*

Words by Julia Millo

*The 1960s were a decade when everything felt possible. It was a time of freedom, self-expression, modernity, when you could feel the youthful energy in the air.*

*On the French Riviera, the 1960s were a true cultural melting pot: the glamour of the Cannes Film Festival, and the rise of the Nouvelle Vague. The effortless chic of Saint-Tropez on one side; the simple, traditional life of local families on the other.*

*The real Riviera wasn't just about celebrities and movie stars. It was about sharing simple pleasures, going out with friends, and dancing until dawn. Everyone, no matter their age, looked forward to the long summer nights, the games, the laughter, the music echoing through village squares. As the sun set, girls would twirl in flowy dresses and miniskirts, the air warm and electric – these were the most anticipated days of the year.*


A time when even a cigarette became
a symbol of female liberation.

In villages like Nice, Menton, or Èze, people were waiting all year for the *festins*. Originally created to celebrate saints or the Virgin Mary, these festivals began with morning mass and continued with games, food, and dancing late into the night. The heart of the celebration was the village square, where tents were set up. Live orchestras, often made up of locals, played a mix of traditional musics and the emerging sounds of rock 'n' roll. There was socca, local pastries, and endless glasses of cooled white wine. These gatherings were intergenerational: men, women, children, everyone joined in. The mood was light, open, and authentic. It was where you would experience your first flirts, your first dances without your parents watching, and your first tastes of summer wine. Some even went hoping to find the love of their life.

But the *festins* weren't the only social events defining the Riviera in the 60s.

The Nice Carnival, still celebrated every year today, gained momentum in the 1960s as it drew more and more attention, including from international visitors. Known for its vibrant energy and artistic spectacle, it transformed the streets of Nice into a dreamlike parade of creativity.
Each year, large floats were built to reflect a unique theme – often humorous or satirical, especially about politics and pop culture. Fireworks lit up the sky, musicians and dancers filled the streets, and crowds gathered to witness the extravagant celebration, which mirrored the rise of celebrity culture in that decade.

Festin, 1960s - Photography from Mairie de Peillon

One of the carnival's most iconic events was the *Bataille des Fleurs* (Battle of the Flowers). Originally created to showcase the region's flower production and celebrate spring, it featured floral floats decorated entirely with local blooms, often sculpted into animals or birds' shapes. Performers in costume would throw flowers into the crowd as music played and the Riviera sunbathed the parade in golden light.

To this day, the Nice Carnival remains one of the most important and joyful events of the French Riviera:

a timeless echo of the spirit of the 1960s. However, these unforgettable parties on the Riviera were deeply shaped by the cultural revolution of the 1960s – a decade defined by the rise of youth culture and radical change. New forms of expression emerged in music, fashion, and social rituals. Young people no longer followed their parents' rules, they were inventing new ways of living, loving, and partying. The dance floors and village squares became sites of transformation, where tradition met rebellion.

Photography from Archives Municipales de Nice
Nice Carnival, 1969


1969

The youth movement of the 1960s was closely tied to wider political shifts, inspired by the civil rights movement, anti-war protests, and a general pushback against authority. It was an era of resistance, of questioning the system, and breaking from the past. This decade was also a turning point for women's emancipation. The introduction of birth control pills in 1961 gave women more autonomy over their lives and bodies. The feminist movement gained momentum, with growing demands for abortion rights, equal pay, and visibility. And fashion became a powerful language for that freedom.

Designers like André Courrèges and Mary Quant introduced the mini skirt: a bold and revolutionary garment that challenged social norms and became a symbol of liberation. Women could finally dress for themselves and embrace their bodies without shame. The optimism of the era could also be seen in its trends: bold colours, psychedelic prints, and pop art-inspired accessories reflected the experimental, playful spirit of the decade. Clothes weren't just about looking good: they were about making a statement. Getting dressed for a party was almost as important as the party itself. People wore their newest, boldest outfits with pride. Whether it was a village *festin* or a night out clubbing, clothes were about freedom, identity, and joy.

Photography from Archives Municipales de Nice
Nice Carnival, 1969

Meanwhile, while locals danced the night away in village squares, a very different kind of celebration was taking place just a few kilometers away. Saint-Tropez, which rose to global fame in the 1960s, had become the playground of the international jet set. Yacht parties, lavish villas, and exclusive nightclubs drew in celebrities, fashion icons, and curious tourists, all eager to taste the Riviera's most glamorous offerings.

It was not uncommon to spot Brigitte Bardot, Alain Delon, or Romy Schneider sipping drinks at *Sénéquier* on the Port Grimaud. A stroll along the harbour, a whispered invitation to a private party, and suddenly, you were part of a world that seemed both decadent and magical. These parties were invitation-only, and being included meant everything. One of the most iconic places of this scene was Club 55. Originally opened in 1955 as a modest beach restaurant, it gained legendary status after the filming of *Et Dieu... créa la femme* (And God Created Woman), which starred Brigitte Bardot and catapulted both the actress and Saint-Tropez into the spotlight. Another cornerstone of the nightlife was *Le Papagayo*, a club that became synonymous with Riviera chic. More than just a nightclub, Papagayo captured the spirit of the 1960s with its daring, elegance, and creative flair. Legendary nightlife queen Régine Zylberberg brought it to life with her glamorous events, attracting movie stars, designers, and the most sought-after DJs of the era. It was the place to be seen, a temple of style and hedonism. Today, *Le Papagayo* has been transformed into *Gaïo*, a restaurant and nightclub blending Peruvian and Japanese cuisine with a sensual nighttime atmosphere, still echoing the extravagance of its golden years.
These exclusive parties offered more than just music and drinks. They represented escape, an alluring contrast to the traditional, working-class lifestyle of the villages. Here, it was about fantasy, beauty, and reinvention. It was a world where appearances reigned, and where summer nights promised a taste of something bigger, brighter, and freer.

Whether you were twirling in the village square or sipping cocktails beside Brigitte Bardot, the parties of the 1960s defined an era on the French Riviera. They were about freedom of movement, self-expression, and about possibilities. It was a time when people dressed boldly, danced wildly, and lived fully under the Mediterranean sun. Though some traditions have faded, their spirit still lingers in family stories, sun-drenched photos, and the songs that once echoed through cobbled streets. These gatherings weren't just moments of joy: they were markers of identity, belonging, and a collective desire to feel alive.

Today, the Riviera continues to celebrate through springtime festivals, summer carnivals, and impromptu dances under the stars. Even if the scale or meaning of celebrations has changed, these events still offer a glimpse into how people once came together, and how, in many ways, they still do.


Photography by Laura Milena
**Sénéquier, Saint-Tropez**

29 Quai Jean Jaurès, 83990

# Le festin des Baguettes

Words by Julia Millo

***A lesser known but deeply cherished event in the French Riviera is the "Festin des Baguettes", also called "A Bagueta" in the local dialect. This unique celebration takes place every September in the picturesque hilltop village of Peille, located just north of Nice. While the tradition dates back to the 19th century, it was during the 1960s that the event truly gained popularity, becoming a major part of the village's cultural identity. The energy and optimism of that decade helped reinforce its significance, and its joyful spirit has continued ever since.***

At the heart of the celebration is a charming ritual: young girls offer a beribboned baguette (also known as a dowsing rod made of wood) to the person they love. Traditionally, these girls were of marrying age, and the gesture represented both affection and commitment. While customs have evolved, the sentiment of love, tradition, and celebration remains central to the event.

The origin of the *Festin* is rooted in local legend. In the 19th century, a shepherd named Joanin is said to have discovered a source of water that had vanished from the village after a devastating earthquake. In gratitude, the mayor of Peille offered his daughter's hand, fulfilling a promise he made that whoever found water would be allowed to marry his daughter, Roseta.
The story became a symbol of love, renewal, and gratitude, commemorated each year ever since.

Originally, the *Festin des Baguettes* was a modest event celebrated mainly by Peille's inhabitants. But with the vibrant cultural shift of the 1960s, the event experienced a new wave of popularity. The decade's youthful energy, the rise of new music and dance styles, and a growing appetite for celebration brought in larger crowds from surrounding towns and villages. What was once a local festivity became a regional gathering. The 1960s spirit encouraged people to attend as many events as possible, eager to embrace joy, freedom, and connection. Children joined the fun, offering and receiving their own baguettes, turning the event into a playful and inclusive tradition.

*Festin*, 1960s - Photography from Mairie de Peillon

For young adults especially, the *festin* offered the perfect mix of tradition and liberation. The ritual of gifting a baguette resonated with the romantic ideals of the past, while also aligning with the sexual and cultural awakening of the era. It became a space to flirt, dance, express oneself, and perhaps most importantly, feel free. The *festin* was not just about heritage; it became an outlet for self-expression and the light-hearted rebellion that defined the 1960s.
Though modernised over time, some of its core traditions remain unchanged, notably the symbolic exchange of the baguettes. Today, the celebration typically spans two days, filled with activities for all ages, including a lively ball and a pétanque championship, the beloved local sport that is an essential part of life in the French Riviera. As always, children are included, keeping the spirit of the festin alive across generations. The event continues to offer a precious moment to reconnect with tradition, simplicity, and collective joy.

However, Peille's remote location, far from the busier coastal cities, has caused the event to slowly fade from public memory.

While the *festin* was once known beyond the village during its 1960s' revival, today it is mostly celebrated by locals and neighbouring villagers, with eldgers making up the largest group of participants. This quiet decline may be due in part to a lack of promotion or communication, leaving newer generations unaware of the event's rich history and festive charm.

Even if it has lost some of its visibility, the *Festin des Baguettes* is far more than a folkloric curiosity: it is a tradition woven with emotion, memory, and local identity. Popularised during the 1960s, an era that so vividly embodied the spirit of the Riviera, the *festin* stands at the crossroads of myth, romance, and joyful celebration.
Today, as social media revives interest in authentic, local experiences and nightlife culture resurfaces, there is hope that this unique celebration could capture the imagination of a new generation. With the right attention, the *Festin des Baguettes* may one day regain its place as a cherished symbol of Riviera heritage, not just remembered but relived.

Photography by Laura Milena
Taken at Saint-Tropez

# Summer, 1968

A short story by Lou Mourouvin
Photography by Julia Millo

From the garden, Sylvie Vartan is warbling *Comme un garçon* on the radio. Jamie says it's going to be the song of the summer. I think it's a cheerful tune—and besides, it's about boys… and at sixteen, really, what else could I do but dream of them?

The grass tickles my toes, the heat is almost unbearable. I arrived this morning. Jamie—Monique, technically—and Michel, my grandparents, picked me up at the station. Their house is just outside Grasse. At least, I think it is. Could be farther. In the musty leather-scented Peugeot 404, I was too captivated by the southern landscape to keep track of the miles.

It smells like onions. Nothing has made me miss this place more than Jamie's pissaladière. My stomach can testify. Over lunch, they chat about ordinary matters—the peaceful life of two octogenarians (I'll spare you the details of André's prostate). However, a more significant piece of news catches my attention: there is a celebration tomorrow. Better yet—a ball. And nothing on earth could keep me from a ball. It'll be in Grasse, on the main square. Jamie, with a sly smile, says such parties are crawling with handsome boys. In that case, I'll be there.

I hardly slept a wink. I'm buzzing. Not a cloud in sight—I could lose myself in the blue southern sky.I nearly choke as I swallow two, maybe three buttered crackers in a rush. One question remains:what on earth am I going to wear?
A few minutes later, as my room begins to resemble a battlefield, Jamie opens the door with her usual softness, instantly calming the storm. In her hands, a pink box, which she lays gently on my bed. She'd planned to save it for my birthday, but after re-evaluating the situation, decided now was the moment. Inside: a light yellow dress. Simple, but the cut is perfect. It's just right.
After tangling my hair in my grandmother's curlers, I give up and tie it in a ponytail. One last hairpin. The car engine growls outside. Time to go.

Michel's hunt for a parking space feels endless. Monique and he, reading my impatience, let me out. They'll find me in a few minutes. And a few minutes, at sixteen, is more than enough to feel free—utterly free.
I slow down when I see them: a crowd of young people dancing rock 'n' roll. They laugh, they spin, and I feel smaller and smaller. Girls in clusters watching boys, boys watching back. Everyone watching everyone. It's almost comical. I hang back, but when I hear my grandparents call my name, I look up—and meet his eyes.

It’s sudden, like a lightning bolt. He’s pretty. Pretty like summer. The party seems to fade, laughter and music blurring into the distance. He’s wearing a Lacoste polo, and I think he looks impossibly elegant. I snap out of it when I realize I’ve been staring far too long, mouth open, like some parched animal. He’s coming toward me. My head says run. My legs move forward. He bows—awkwardly—and nearly falls. I laugh. His name is Alain. The little click of his tongue as he says it makes me drift away into a daydream. I see us together, what we could be, what we could have. I’m in love.

He grabs my hand and pulls me towards the crowd. I can’t dance. He moves like he was born for it, and I can’t dance. He guesses that I’m not from here, which irritates me, until he says that girls from the capital impress him a lot — I’m smiling again. I wish this moment would never end. But the music is almost over. I feel his hand slip away. My heart too. He takes another girl’s hand. She’s beautiful. Her blonde curls lift in the breeze. She dances beautifully too. My world caves in.

I try to disappear. But as I turn away, another hand catches mine. I’m spun around before I even hear his name.

Jamie was right: these dances are crawling with handsome boys.

And I can feel it—this is going to be the best summer of my life.

I love that we, as people,
Have the ability to go back in time,
And memory,
Simply because of our sensensations.

Certain rhythms,
and chords,

Or colours,
And lines,

Can incite the recollection of a stage in our life,
Where we were a different person than the one we are today,
Even though we didn't acknowledge that break between personas,
It is solely through reminiscing, that we can see our distinct advancements.

What happened?
That ignited the break between ourselves and ourselves
To break tradition
And revive once more.

Saskia Freybe

# *Aquí si manja la socca*

Words by Julia Millo

***Amongst all the parties, festins, and summer balls of the 1960s, one tradition stood out: that of sharing food. And not just any food: the specialties of the Riviera, from pissaladière and farçis to raviolis à la daube, and of course the infamous socca (also known as a chickpea flatbread).***

These dishes were made to be both practical and convivial. Easy to serve, easy to eat with your hands, and perfect for enjoying while standing and chatting with friends. Sharing these dishes was about more than just eating: it was about celebrating local fools and appreciating the simplest things.

When summers would come to an end and with them the *festins*, families were in the search for place where they could enjoy these beloved dishes year-round. That is how a tradition shared by countless families, including mine, began, that of going to *Chez Pipo,* a local restaurant tucked away in Old Nice near the harbour.

Stepping into *Chez Pipo* feels like receiving a warm welcome from the city itself. It's a place where time slows down, where the clatter of plates and the hum of conversation blend into something timeless. Here, over golden socca and good wine, you reconnect with your roots, your friends, and your family – and for a little while, nothing else matters.

Founded in 1940, *Chez Pipo* began serving socca with its famous motto in Niçois: « aquí si manja la socca » a phrase from the regional dialect that has almost disappeared. From the very beginning, this small, unpretentious spot, with its familial atmosphere, became a beloved institution in Nice.

13 rue Bavastro
06300, Nice

Photography from MAZZONE family, owner of Chez Pipo

In 1945, they even made history as the first restaurant in the city to serve pizza – a bold move at the time, and one that only added to their charm.
Whether you are dropping in for a quick bite or settling in for hours, *Chez Pipo* is the kind of place where time slows down. You sit by the old wood-fired oven or out on the sunny terrace, and conversations start to flow. Their socca is in my opinion, the best in Nice, and it has kept that reputation for generations.
It is probably the charm of the location or its authenticity, but it never fails to make us feel a bit at home.
You leave *Chez Pipo* with a full stomach, and the sense that some traditions can last forever.

But what exactly is the socca?
In Nice, everyone knows it, but outside the region, it's almost impossible to find. Made with just chickpea flour, water, olive oil, salt, and pepper, socca serves as proof that the simplest recipes can be the most memorable – and the easiest to ruin if you don't know how to properly cook it.
The best socca is baked in a wood fired oven until the edges are crisp and golden, while the inside stays soft and tender. You eat it hot, with your hands, never with cutlery. It is a humble dish, but one that carries the taste of home for many Niçois – and it hasn't changed in decades.

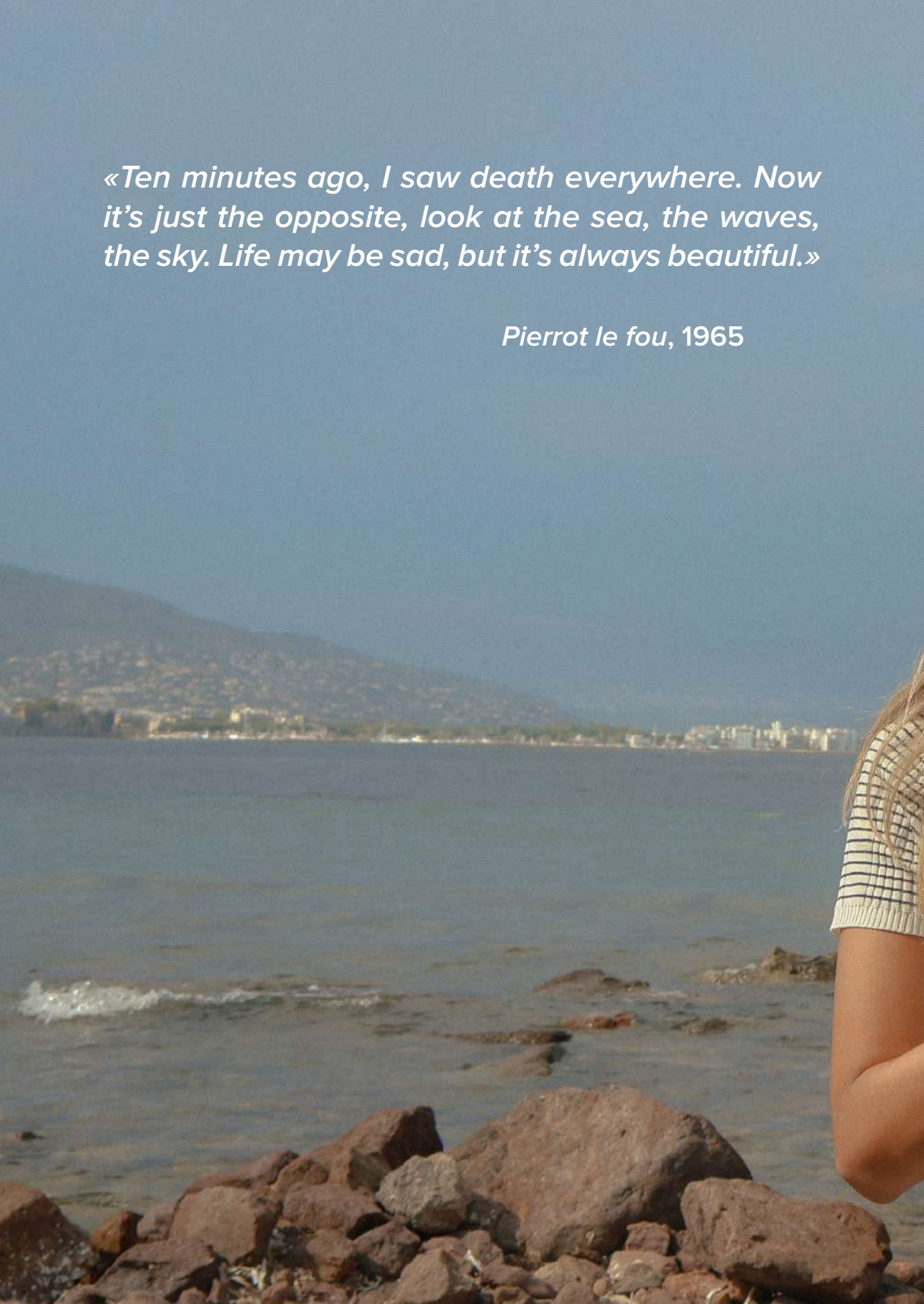
Socca began as the fuel of Nice's working-class – cheap, filling, and easy to prepare in large batches for dockworkers, fishermen, and market sellers. It was the kind of food you could eat on the go, with no need for plates or ceremony. Over time, its role shifted from necessity to tradition, becoming a treat shared by everyone, from lifelong locals to curious newcomers. Families passed down the habit of meeting over socca just as they would pass down the socca recipe. Today, socca is no longer just a snack; it brings people together. At *Chez Pipo*, generations still gather at the same tables, joined now by travellers from all over the world who come to taste what Niçois have loved for nearly a century – a dish that has outgrown its humble origins without losing its soul.

If I had to eat only one thing for the rest of my life, it would be the flavours of Provençal and Mediterranean cooking. But more than the taste, it is the memories these flavours hold that make them irreplaceable. Places like *Chez Pipo* don't just serve food; they serve belonging. They keep alive the laughter of old festins, the smell of socca fresh from the oven, the clinking of glasses on a summer night.


Jacques Médecin and his wife Claude Mailley

*«Ten minutes ago, I saw death everywhere. Now it's just the opposite, look at the sea, the waves, the sky. Life may be sad, but it's always beautiful.»*

*Pierrot le fou*, 1965



# Nouvelle vague

## A cinema of rupture

Words by Laura Millo
Photography by Julia Millo

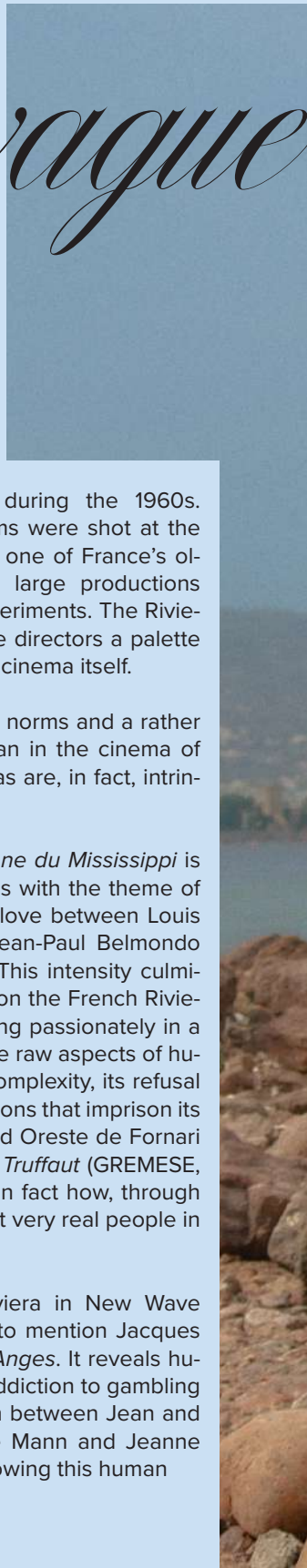
When we talk about the French Riviera in the cinema of the 1960s, several words instantly come to mind: iconic, cult, passionate, and seductive. These terms go hand in hand; the French cinema of the 1960s, shaped by the New Wave (or nouvelle vague), became cult and iconic for several reasons, notably for its role in cultivating a new society, allowing a certain liberation and distancing from traditional norms. Emerging at the end of the 1950s, the New Wave was a group of young filmmakers such as François Truffaut, Jean-Luc Godard, Agnès Varda and Jacques Demy, who broke with traditional filmmaking by using lighter cameras, natural light, fragmented narratives, and a new sense of spontaneity. It revealed humanity as it truly is, imperfect, flawed, weak and unpredictable. At the same time, it shifted cinema itself into something freer, less polished and more closely tied to real life. This is what the New Wave undeniably succeeded in doing: influencing a society constrained by strict rules and institutions; influencing social and political movements such as May 1968.

Generally speaking, cinema is much more than a form of art; it forms the basis of our society, is intrinsically intertwined with it and cannot be separated from it. Above all, the liberation brought about by the French cinema of the 1960s was made possible in part by the use of the French Riviera by New Wave directors such as the great François Truffaut, the reactionary Jean-Luc Godard and many others. It was through its scenic and euphoric landscapes that they succeeded in conveying such revolutionary messages during the 1960s. In fact, many of these films were shot at the Victorine Studios in Nice, one of France's oldest film studios, where large productions coexisted with radical experiments. The Riviera's light and colours gave directors a palette through which to reinvent cinema itself.

This break with traditional norms and a rather conservative society began in the cinema of the New Wave: these ideas are, in fact, intrinsic to the movement.

François Truffaut's *La Sirène du Mississippi* is one such example. It deals with the theme of the intense and complex love between Louis and Marion, played by Jean-Paul Belmondo and Catherine Deneuve. This intensity culminates when Louis arrives on the French Riviera and sees Marion dancing passionately in a nightclub. It is then that the raw aspects of humanity are laid bare, its complexity, its refusal to conform to the conventions that imprison its people. As Jean Collet and Oreste de Fornari write in *Tout sur François Truffaut* (GREMESE, 2020) Truffaut describes in fact how, through this film, he wanted to "put very real people in very powerful situations."

When discussing the Riviera in New Wave cinema, it is also natural to mention Jacques Demy's film *La Baie des Anges*. It reveals human fragility through an addiction to gambling mixed with a fiery passion between Jean and Jackie, played by Claude Mann and Jeanne Moreau. Ultimately, by showing this human



# on the Riviera

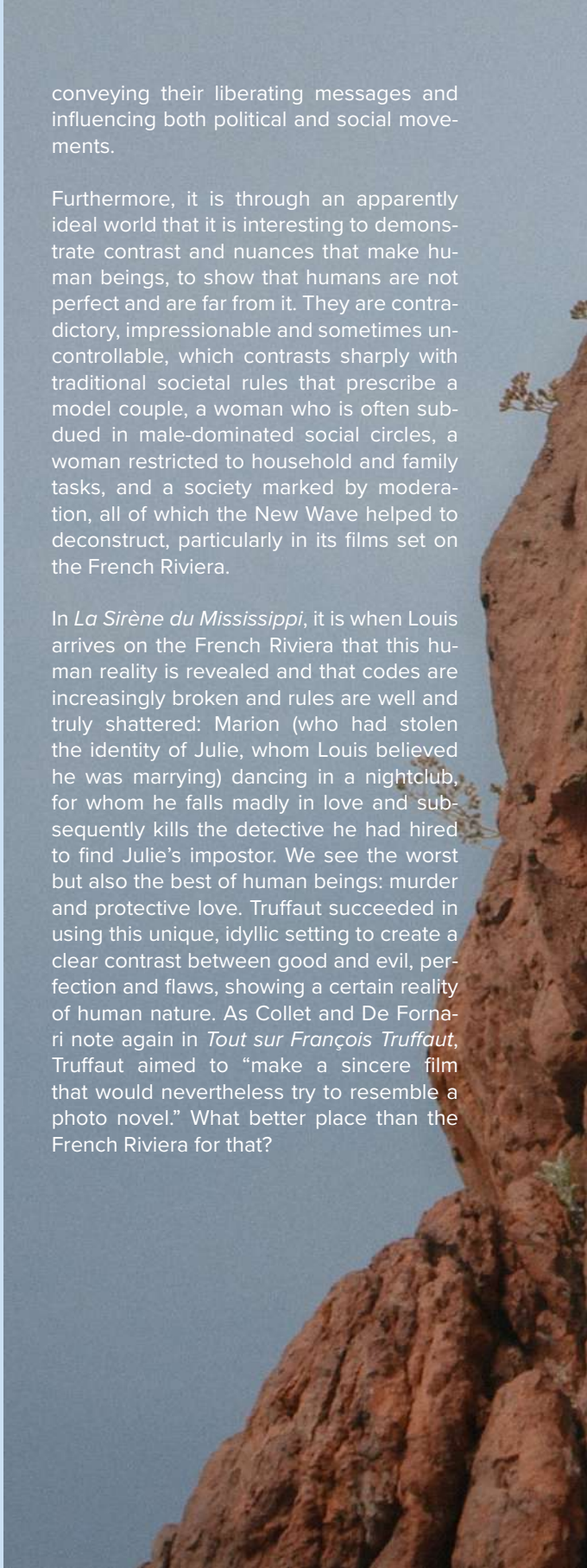
vulnerability in the face of chance and fortune, omnipresent in the casinos of the French Riviera, we see above all real people, free and at the same time shaped by forces beyond their control.

This is what New Wave cinema achieved so brilliantly: to influence a new generation, and break away from conventional codes to create new ones that offered a previously unseen kind of freedom. Film scholar James F. Austin sums up in *Contemporary French and Francophone Studies* (vol.23, 2019) this societal change brought about by the New Wave in the 1960s, particularly through May 1968. He writes that "a generation of cinema-goers saw films that showed a new kind of possible future, one with greater freedom from social constraints (or an aspiration towards that freedom), which the revolution of May '68 would in fact bring about, loosening the social strictures in place at the time." Cinema was indeed at the heart of May 1968, which reflected many of the ideas of this movement: it was reactionary, wanted to break the codes of traditional cinema by using new techniques and placing human freedom at the heart of the subject, something that was still rarely addressed in the world of art, let alone in society. It also took part in it directly when directors such as François Truffaut, Jean-Luc Godard and Alain Resnais contributed to cancel the Cannes Film Festival, after taking part in the May 68 strikes, joining students and workers. It is undeniable that the New Wave paved the way for the events of May 68 and prepared the ground for such liberation of the mind, the body and enabled this rupture from traditional norms, institutions and ideas.

The use of the French Riviera in the cinema of the 1960s by New Wave directors is not insignificant. We can see these azure colours which merge so perfectly with green and peaceful spaces, time and time again in films such as François Truffaut's *La Sirène du Mississippi*, Jean-Luc Godard's *Pierrot le Fou* and many others. It was through these fascinating landscapes that these great directors succeeded in conveying their liberating messages and influencing both political and social movements.

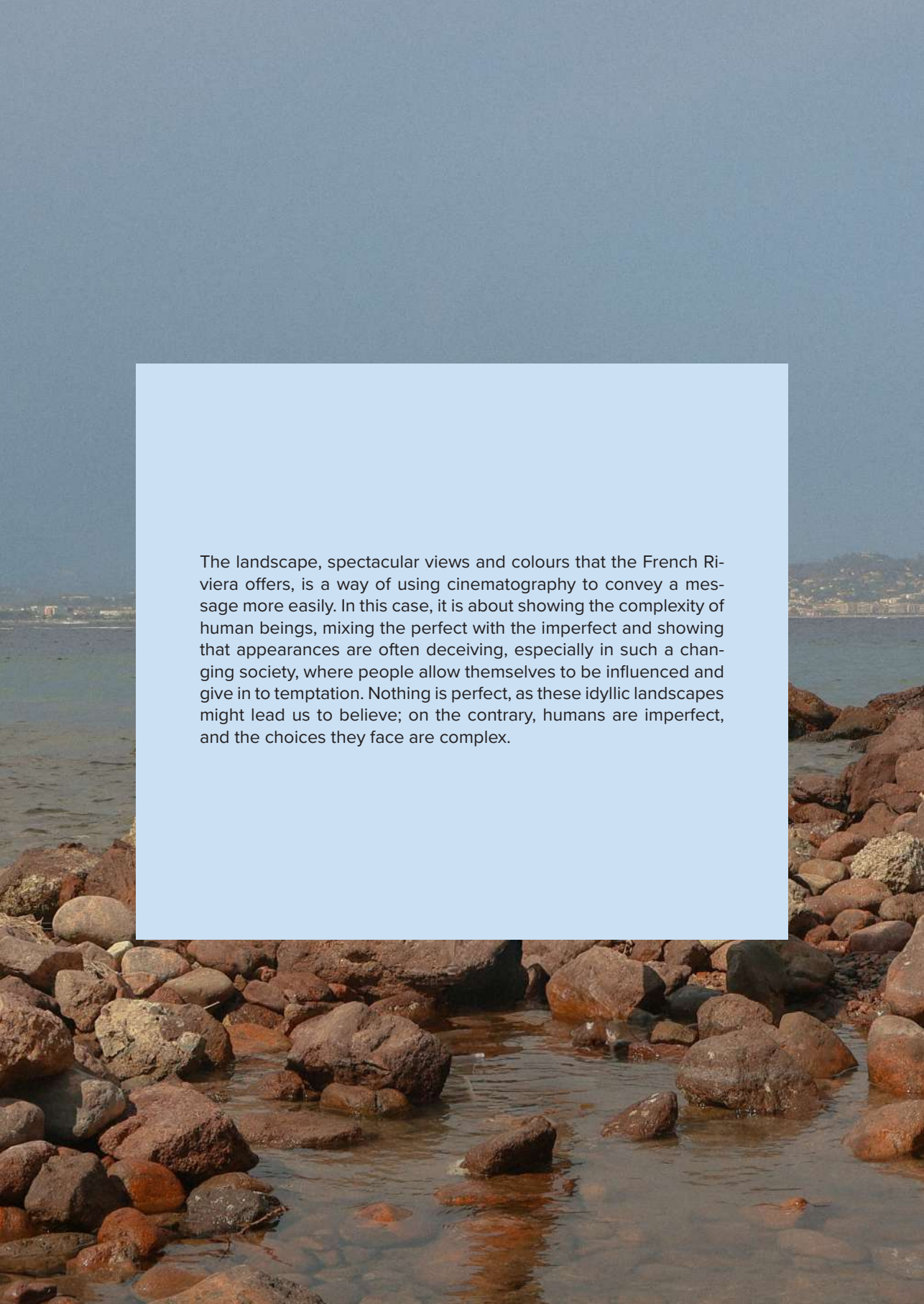
Furthermore, it is through an apparently ideal world that it is interesting to demonstrate contrast and nuances that make human beings, to show that humans are not perfect and are far from it. They are contradictory, impressionable and sometimes uncontrollable, which contrasts sharply with traditional societal rules that prescribe a model couple, a woman who is often subdued in male-dominated social circles, a woman restricted to household and family tasks, and a society marked by moderation, all of which the New Wave helped to deconstruct, particularly in its films set on the French Riviera.

In *La Sirène du Mississippi*, it is when Louis arrives on the French Riviera that this human reality is revealed and that codes are increasingly broken and rules are well and truly shattered: Marion (who had stolen the identity of Julie, whom Louis believed he was marrying) dancing in a nightclub, for whom he falls madly in love and subsequently kills the detective he had hired to find Julie's impostor. We see the worst but also the best of human beings: murder and protective love. Truffaut succeeded in using this unique, idyllic setting to create a clear contrast between good and evil, perfection and flaws, showing a certain reality of human nature. As Collet and De Fornari note again in *Tout sur François Truffaut*, Truffaut aimed to "make a sincere film that would nevertheless try to resemble a photo novel." What better place than the French Riviera for that?



The French Riviera is also a place where one can escape from overly strict rules and regulations that govern society. It is often associated with the idea of escape, particularly an escape from rules. Jean-Luc Godard explores this theme in *Pierrot le Fou* when Ferdinand (Pierrot), played by Jean-Paul Belmondo, who has left his wife for Marianne, and Marianne, played by Anna Karina, flee to the French Riviera to escape the OAS.

It is an idea, and sometimes a reality, that the French Riviera is a place where anything is permitted and the rules are less rigid. Jacques Demy, in *La Baie des Anges,* also uses this theme through the dangerous addiction to gambling that the French Riviera naturally encourages through its famous casinos; it allows for extreme frugality and constant temptation. The French Riviera is in fact an allegory of this false perfection and broken rules.



The landscape, spectacular views and colours that the French Riviera offers, is a way of using cinematography to convey a message more easily. In this case, it is about showing the complexity of human beings, mixing the perfect with the imperfect and showing that appearances are often deceiving, especially in such a changing society, where people allow themselves to be influenced and give in to temptation. Nothing is perfect, as these idyllic landscapes might lead us to believe; on the contrary, humans are imperfect, and the choices they face are complex.

The present inches forward. Occasionally it quickens, perhaps it stalls, but every moment shall begrudgingly plunge after the other. We stand stuck in the present while simultaneously never still.
I read once that reminiscing is simply being depressed by reality. Truthfully, retrospection over unlabelled stages of life leaves me yearning. Certain sensations that captured my past lifes are absent in the current.

Morning light symbolizes a time of most beneficial pain. A homey smell wraps hearts in more warmth than any burning flame. A song can rip out lungs more efficiently than a mad man.

It is easy to forget that every person around you is equal in their innate humanistic desire for fulfillment and progression towards uncorrupted good. Our cultures are built by the manners in which we manoeuvre through these inclinations and repulsion.

Saskia Freybe

Photography by Laura Milena

Words by Julia Millo
Photography by Naomi Homs

# What happened to Riviera?

Every summer on the French Riviera, the same heated debate resurfaces. It echoes through news headlines and street whispers: should people (especially women) be walking around town in their swimsuits? While men often go unnoticed, women are regularly criticised, called provocative or disrespectful. The sight of bare skin in public continues to spark moral panic.
And yet, just a few decades ago, nudity was not only accepted but also celebrated. In the 1960s, going topless or practicing nudism on the beach was a political statement, a symbol of personal freedom, and even a fashion statement. From scandal to lifestyle, the Riviera once stood at the forefront of a revolution, where the body became a form of rebellion.

In that era, Saint-Tropez emerged as the capital of chic nudity and liberated sensuality. Much of this aura can be traced back to the magnetic influence of Brigitte Bardot, who helped redefine femininity and freedom through her iconic roles, whether in her opening scene in *Le Mépris* or setting the tone for a new kind of woman in *Et Dieu... créa la femme*. But she wasn't alone. The biggest stars of the decade came to Saint-Tropez for its wild parties and free-spirited beaches.
At the time, nudity wasn't seen as vulgar: it was stylish, bold, and empowered. Naturism merged seamlessly with cinema, fashion, and youthful rebellion. Saint-Tropez wasn't just a sunny destination; it was the global epicentre of sensual freedom.

In the 1960s, nudity wasn't about sexuality, it was about non-conformity. While naturism began in the 1920s in Brittany, it wasn't until the 1960s that it became a widespread cultural movement, and not just because of cinema.
Women played a central role in this shift, empowered by the sexual revolution and a new wave of feminism. The legalisation of the contraceptive pill in 1967 marked a turning point, reinforcing the desire to challenge traditional norms and embrace nudity as something chic, glamorous, and liberating.

This period also coincided with the student protests of May 68, where young people across France demanded freedom of thought, identity, and the body. On the beaches of Saint-Tropez, nudism became a powerful act of rebellion. But not everyone embraced this newfound freedom. In 1963, the Prefect of the Var region attempted to outlaw nudism on local beaches. Those who defied the ban were labelled les non-conformists: individuals who continued to bare it all in the name of bodily autonomy and resistance.

This tension even found its way into pop culture. In *Le Gendarme de Saint-Tropez* (1964), a policeman attempts to arrest nudists on a beach, only to be outwitted by their quick thinking and vanishing acts. What the film played for laughs was, in fact, a reflection of reality: the Riviera's free spirits dodging regulations with irreverent charm.

# *the naked*

The irony is striking: the very coastline that had become a global symbol of liberation was trying to legislate modesty. And yet, today, this part of Riviera history is largely erased, repackaged as a city of luxury, stripped of its radical soul.

But some traces remain. A few nudist beaches still exist along the coast, though many iconic spots of the 1960s, like Neptune Beach, have faded. What endures is a certain sensual legacy: movies like *La Piscine* (1969) continue to embody the erotic restraint of the era, in contrast with today's hyper-regulated beach culture, where women still face backlash for revealing too much or too little.
The 1960s weren't just about style, they were about substance, rebellion, and radical self-expression. On the French Riviera, the naked body wasn't scandalous; it was a symbol of liberation, of living freely and visibly.

Today, we are more obsessed with bodies than ever and somehow, less free.
To remember the nudist culture of the '60s is to reclaim a forgotten joy: a celebration of skin, sensuality, and unapologetic freedom.

*"Today, we are more obsessed with bodies than ever and somehow, less free."*


Photography by Charles Bébert / «Chasseur d'image» collection

# Voices of the 60s

*For this piece, I brought together three different voices of the 1960s. My grandfather Leon, 92, and Gabrielle, 78, a shopkeeper in Valbonne both share their memories as lifelong locals of the Riviera. Their stories capture the rhythms of daily life, from village traditions to summer festivities. Joining them is Eirwen, my friend's grandmother from North Wales, who spent many summers in the South of France during that decade. She responded to part of the interview, offering a visitor's perspective, while Leon and Gabrielle's recollections trace a broader spectrum of local life.*

**What is the first memory that comes to mind when you think of the 60s?**

**Leon:** Working all week, strolling along *Avenue Jean Médecin* in Nice, and of course, the balls and *festins* with my wife and my family.

**Gabrielle:** It was such a long time ago, I don't remember everything... but probably the balls.

**Eirwen:** My first visit was with my boyfriend who was also a student and who later became my husband. We went on a motorbike across the channel and down on the N7 to Hyères and Lavandou. We camped in a very small tent which was not even waterproof!

**Did you go dancing, to the cinema, or to concerts?**

**Leon:** I went wherever it was cheapest, because I didn't earn much money. I danced at the village balls, but most people went to a nightclub in Cimiez. I also loved going to the cinema - back then it was called the *Paris Palace*, now it's just a Pathé.

**Gabrielle:** There were balls everywhere during summer, in every village along the Riviera, celebrating the saints. It was the main activity, and we really danced, not like people do now. Each night was different: a new ball, a new village. There were also nightclubs, like the *Akou Akou* in Valbonne or the Casino in Grasse.

**Eirwen:** No, there wasn't really any entertainment for me at the time. I probably wouldn't have had the money to go out to concerts or the cinema, so those things weren't part of my experience.

**What did a typical weekend look like for you in the 60s?**

**Leon:** I would take care of my garden, grow lots of vegetables, go fishing... I also went dancing with my wife Charlotte a lot! During the weekend I would also drive my beautiful green Vespa.

**Gabrielle:** We often had picnics, meeting up with friends and family, but we didn't go out very much otherwise.

**Eirwen:** We spent most of our time by the beach and visiting small French villages.

**Do you remember what kinds of clothes you wore back then?**

**Leon:** We didn't have many clothes, probably just two outfits for the whole year. One for weekdays, and one for Sundays. Mostly cotton shirts and pleated trousers. If you had a bit of money, you could buy a suit, and it would last you 15 years!

**Gabrielle:** The mini skirt and shorts! They weren't as short as what we see today, but already above the knee. We were proud to wear them; I really liked that trend. When we were going dancing we would wear the same skirts.

**Eirwen:** Other than our motorcycling gear, it was mainly shorts and T-shirts.

**Do you remember any TV or films that stood out for you?**

**Leon:** Yes, I remember watching *Zorro,* we all loved it! I also loved the American show *Wanted: Dead or Alive* with Steve McQueen, it felt really modern. And also *Thierry la Fronde*, which was more local. These shows really brought a bit of escapism after work.

**Gabrielle:** Every Wednesday evening we would watch *La Piste aux étoiles*, it was a circus show. This show was really famous because there weren't many programs at the time. It was something we looked forward to each week.

**Eirwen:** None

**Do you remember any particular shops or location?**

**Leon:** I remember *Chez Pipo* in Nice, the only restaurant I used to go to, and it was always really good. I would always take the *socca* to go. The last time I went was only a few years ago! I also remember the electrical shop my parents owned. And Peillon of course, a little village where I spent all my holidays with my family. We still own a house there.

**Gabrielle:** I used to go to the "Jardin de la Princesse Pauline" in Grasse. It was beautiful with all the olive trees and flowers. And there's a remarkable view on the sea. There was live music there so we could dance too.

**Eirwen:** I remember Geant Casino, a large supermarket.

**Do you remember a first love, or someone special from that time?**

**Leon:** My wife, Charlotte. I met her at a ball. I asked her to dance, and since I was a good dancer, it worked! We've been married ever since. And there's no one I would rather go to a ball with.

**Gabrielle:** Not really except for my family!

**Eirwen:** I was with my future husband.

**What did summer feel like back then?**

**Leon:** I really enjoyed every summer. Staying in my countryside house, going to the beach and dancing until late at night. I miss these times!

**Gabrielle:** Summer to me was once again all about the balls. There were so many everywhere! I also remember fights breaking out because of rivalries between villages. It was really scary.

**Eirwen:** We loved the weather, and weekends felt much the same as weekdays.

**Were there any big events that you still remember vividly?**

**Leon:** Yes the Carnival in Nice! It was really fun and different each year, I was really looking forward to this event. Going to Italy was also a big moment for me. There was no highway yet, and my car didn't work very well, so it would take me a long time to get there... Now you can cross the border in only one hour.

**Gabrielle:** The *Fête des Citrons* in Menton! At the time, we couldn't actually go because the highway didn't exist yet. So, we read about it in Nice-Matin. But now that its easier to go there I try to go whenever I can, and I still really enjoy it.

**What did freedom mean to you back then?**

**Leon:** It was just after the war, so life was going back to normal. Everything felt calmer, and we finally felt free.

**Gabrielle:** We have much more freedom now. In the 1960s, I didn't have any as I was my pa-

rents' only daughter. I had to be home before midnight, or I'd get in trouble. It was really strict. That's also why we wanted to marry young – to finally gain that freedom, especially as women.

**What do you miss most about that time?**

**Leon:** The life still ahead of me!

**Gabrielle:** I liked the old life. Everything has changed and is still changing, it's hard to keep up. We didn't have much, but we were happy with what we had. It's difficult to realize how different life was then compared to now.

**If you could go back to a moment in the 60s, which one would it be?**

**Leon:** Being at my countryside house, taking care of my garden, and going dancing with my wife.

**Gabrielle:** None.

**What kind of music did you listen to?**

**Leon:** I would mosly listen to twist and rock music. At home I also had my record player.

**Gabrielle:** I remember musette – accordion music – it was everywhere!

**Eirwen:** We mostly listened to our own chart music, as we didn't know much about other kinds of music.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ANNÉE


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# 60s Watchlist

*In the 1960s, the French Riviera became cinema's most seductive stage. These films capture the contradictions of the era: elegance and hedonism alongside tension and rebellion. La Piscine, Le Mépris, Pierrot le fou, Le Gendarme de Saint-Tropez and Mélodie en sous-sol each offer a different lens on the Riviera. Together, they form a portrait of a decade where cinema not only mirrored a changing society but also helped shape its myths.*

Illustrations by Gwladys Arold
Words by Julia Millo


***La Piscine*, 1969**
**Directed by Jacques Deray**

A slow-burn thriller disguised as a postcard from the Riviera, *La Piscine* is a film about bodies: how they move, how they lounge, how they complicate each other when together. It's about the unspoken tension that builds between glances, gestures, and the unbearable stillness of summer heat.

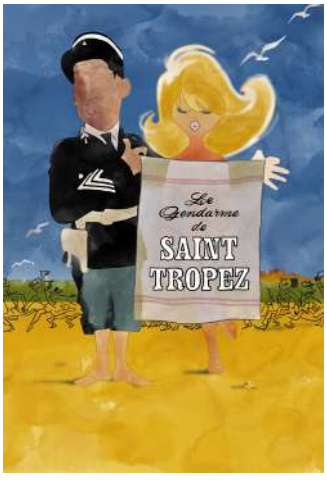
Set around a shimmering pool in Ramatuelle, Jacques Deray turns passive moments of boredom into something electric. With Alain Delon and Romy Schneider, the film seduces without effort,sun-soaked and brimming with quiet danger. The pool becomes more than a backdrop: a mirror of desire, jealousy, and what simmers beneath the surface.

This isn't just a film you watch, it's a heatwave you slip into.

***Le Gendarme de Saint-Tropez,* 1964**
**Directed by Jean Girault**

Playful and proudly ridiculous, *Le Gendarme de Saint-Tropez* is more than just a cult French comedy. Beneath its bright colours and physical gags lies a clever satire of authority, ego, and social status. Louis de Funès is at his best: frantic, pompous and endlessly expressive as he storms through the sun-soaked streets of Saint-Tropez, trying to keep order in a town that refuses to be tamed.

The film unfolds through light-hearted episodes, with the main plot bubbling up only after a string of comic detours. Between beach scenes and mistaken identities, Le Gendarme captures a very French Riviera chaos that feels both timeless and joyfully nostalgic. It never fails to put me in a summer mood.




***Pierrot le Fou*, 1965**
**Directed by Jean-Luc Godard**

*"Ten minutes ago, I saw death everywhere. And now look – the sea, the waves, the sky."* That one line captures the spirit of *Pierrot le Fou*: a film about despair yet never forgets the beauty of life.

Godard's most dazzling escape fantasy is a hyper-saturated fever dream, bursting with anarchic energy, philosophical detours, and Anna Karina's magnetic presence. It's a film about running away: into art, into love, into chaos. The colour palette is electric, the settings painterly, the editing experimental, and the fourth wall almost non-existent. Cinema here is collage, rebellion, poetry.

The characters flee society in search of meaning, but *Pierrot le Fou* itself is a joyful contradiction: melancholic yet exuberant. Godard doesn't resolve; he provokes. Every frame burns with contempt and lust, sadness and sunshine.


***Le Mépris*, 1963**
**Directed by Jean-Luc Godard**

*Le Mépris* is a film that feels like waking up from a beautiful, terrible dream – the lingering ache of a love unravelling in slow motion. Godard lingers in silences and stolen glances, letting resentment settle like dust in sunlit rooms.

It's not just a film about the end of a marriage, but about the impossible act of translating emotions into words, into cinema, into meaning. The characters crushed beneath the weight of everything left unsaid.
This is Godard at his most haunting and cinematic – an elegy in primary colours. *Le Mépris* isn't loud in its heartbreak, but it's devastating in its restraint. A film as much about the disintegration of love as it is about the disillusionment of filmmaking itself.
More breakup movies should look this beautiful.


***Mélodie en sous-sol*, 1963**
**Directed by Henri Verneuil**

Set against the deceptively serene backdrop of Cannes, *Mélodie en sous-sol* delivers everything you want from a French heist film: tension, charm, and style, with a melancholic undercurrent that lingers long after the credits.
Jean Gabin plays Charles, a weary ex-con chasing one last perfect score, teamed with Delon's slick but reckless Francis. Their coldly calculated casino heist spirals toward a heart-breaking climax, proving that no plan is ever flawless.

Shot in luminous black and white, the Riviera looks both glamorous and ghostly. Gabin brings weight and grit, Delon glides like a panther in sunglasses - together they light up the screen. Widescreen, jazzy, and tragically cool, *Mélodie en sous-sol* is a masterclass in mood, where style and sorrow walk hand in hand.

1966. The Côte d'Azur glows in the dying light and sinks into silence.

# The Riviera Heist

Where stars dine, fortunes sleep, and secrets travel first class.

An ordinary evening: dinner in Cannes, the breeze off the sea, and a suitcase left behind.

One man noticed more than most.

He didn't need to break in. Just observed, waiting for the right moment.

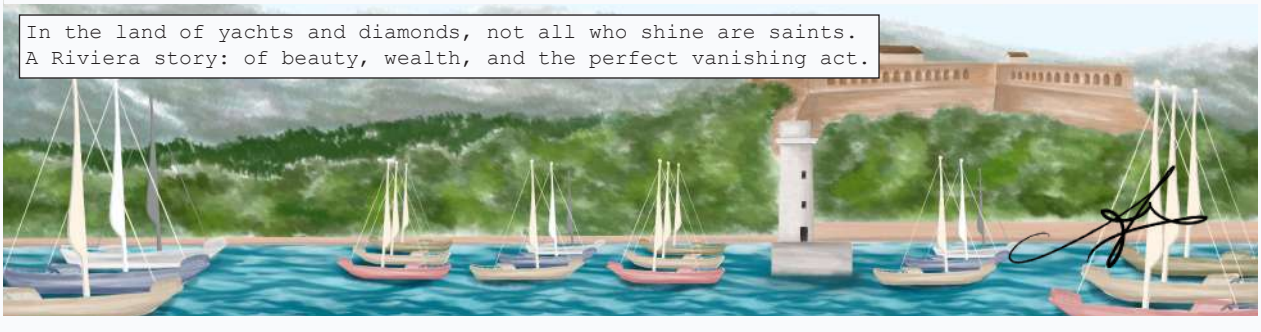

CLICK!


In the mysterious suitcase, secrets were carefully hidden.
Enough wealth to change a life.
A car, a villa, enough to disappear forever.


"The secret compartment…"
"It's gone!"


The Riviera woke with whispers. No witnesses, no fingerprints, only mystery.
A masterful Robbery at Cap d'Antibes


Some leave the riviera with memories...
Him, with a new life.


In the land of yachts and diamonds, not all who shine are saints.
A Riviera story: of beauty, wealth, and the perfect vanishing act.

# Echoes between

Every summer, when I was a child and my parents were busy working, they would send my sisters and me to my grandparents' house in Peillon: a quiet village nestled in the hills, just twenty minutes north of Nice. Their home, a charming countryside villa surrounded by olive trees and wild greenery, became our summer haven. Days were spent swimming and lounging by the pool, dodging bees and wasps, listening to the endless song of cicadas, and staring up at the towering green mountains.

Words and Photography by Julia Millo

# walls

**That house wasn't just a place; it was a feeling. It meant simplicity, warmth, and disconnection from the noise of the outside world. With barely any Wi-Fi or phone signal, we were fully present, immersed in nature and family time.**

There's something incredibly soothing about the atmosphere of that home. You know when someone asks you to picture your comfort place, the one where you feel most at peace? For me, it will always be this house.
You would step in through the beaded curtain, its delicate sound announcing your arrival like a soft chime. The retro Provençal kitchen greeted you first, with its warm tiles and vintage cupboards. The living room was a gallery of memories – photos, trinkets, and old books. Climbing the stairs, I'd pass my grandmother rolling her hair for the night while my sisters and I got ready for bed.
But that comfort didn't come just from the presence of loved ones, it was also in the house itself. The atmosphere was shaped by its design: the bold colours, textured walls, retro tiles, and perfectly preserved furniture that still carried the unmistakable flair of the 1960s.

Walking through it felt like entering a time capsule, one that gently refused to forget its past. Now, at 22, I still return to that house, and every time I do, I'm struck by how much of the 1960s still lives there. Sure, some furniture has changed; modernised, replaced, but the soul of the home, its joyful and peaceful identity shaped in that golden decade, remains untouched. It's still here, and I have no doubt it always will be.

The house was built in 1960, and the swimming pool followed later.
When designing their home, my grandparents embraced the aesthetic of the decade while infusing it with the cultural spirit of the Riviera and touches of Italian influences. They didn't follow trends blindly, they created a warm, practical space that reflected both their time and their roots.

The kitchen is one of the most striking examples of this blend. It features dark, varnished oak cabinets, a choice typically associated with working-class homes of the era. These were mass-installed in the 1960s for their durability and practicality. But what makes one of the cabinets particularly unique is its amber-toned, semi-transparent panel—allowing light to pass through while giving the illusion of openness and depth. The walls are lined with peachy-orange tiles, a cheerful and popular choice at the time, known for their warmth and functionality.

The bathroom tells another story of 1960s design: glossy black tiles cover the floor and walls, crisscrossed by sharp white geometric lines that give the room rhythm and contrast. Beige bathroom fixtures blend harmoniously with the darker tones, grounding the space in simplicity. A ceramic sink and a bidet, standard in Riviera homes of the period, reflect post-war ideals of hygiene and leisure.
Step out into the garden, and suddenly, you feel transported into a film set, *La Piscine* comes to mind. The clear blue of the swimming pool sparkles under the sun. Its bean shape, popular and stylish in the 1960s, evokes luxury and a certain relaxed glamour. But it's the balustrade that captures your attention. A bold, almost baroque structure made from moulded concrete, with elegant rounded curves. It offers privacy while acting as a sculptural frame around the garden, reminding you that in this era, even concrete was shaped with poetry.
Everything in this house speaks of the past in elegant tones. You can imagine the conversations, the laughter, the quiet moments lived here.

More than sixty years later, these rooms are still used daily and remain fully functional. One of the main reasons they've never been renovated. Another reason is how effortlessly they blend with modern furnishings. The 1960s aesthetic is surprisingly versatile, able to coexist beautifully with contemporary pieces. That's why so many people today, across generations, seek out authentic vintage furniture or high-quality replicas when decorating their homes. The demand is so strong that even non-authentic pieces from that era can be quite expensive.
This enthusiasm reflects a deeper admiration for a period defined by creativity and innovation. The 1960s were marked by optimism, experimentation, and social transformation; values that continue to resonate today. The design of that decade stands out for its bold colours, organic forms, and inventive mix of materials. Vibrant shades like orange, yellow, and lime green were common, along with curved silhouettes and playful proportions that broke with traditional norms.
One of the keys to successfully incorporating 1960s design into a modern interior is balance. A vintage armchair might sit alongside a sleek, contemporary sofa. A mid-century dining table can be paired with minimalist, current-day chairs. This contrast not only enhances the unique character of each piece but also creates a space that feels personal, warm, and timeless – where the past and present blend into something entirely new.

Nonetheless, this beautiful house in Peillon is far from being the only one in the Riviera that has preserved its 1960s spirit. In many older homes across the region, traces of that decade remain; one of the most distinctive being the bidet. While it gradually disappeared from many interiors over time, the bidet was particularly common in the south of France and Mediterranean towns during the 1960s. This is largely due to the strong Italian influence in the region, where the bidet was, and still is, a standard bathroom fixture. In the French Riviera, its presence was both culturally and geographically typical, reflecting a shared approach to hygiene and modern domestic comfort.
But the bidet isn't the only vestige of the 1960s still visible in these homes. Many houses continue to display the bold colours and graphic patterns that defined the era – symbols of joy, optimism, and a desire to break with past conventions. Over the decades, families have renovated or modernized their interiors, as was the case in Peillon, yet many have chosen to preserve these vintage elements. They remain not just for their aesthetic charm, but as a tangible connection to a vibrant, transformative period in local history.

These homes, adorned with vintage furniture and cherished objects, are more than just living spaces; they are quiet archives of memory. Beyond their aesthetic appeal and practical use, they tell the story of a generation, a way of life, perhaps even of your own ancestors. Each detail whispers of moments lived, adventures shared, and values passed down through time. Despite changing trends and ongoing modernisation, the South of France remains deeply attached to its heritage. Many homes continue to proudly display their Provençal roots, blending past and present with harmony. Embracing the modern does not mean erasing the past. Instead, it often means preserving it, honouring it, and letting it live on through the spaces we inhabit.

# The Riviera of desire

**The French Riviera became more than just a glamorous backdrop: it turned into a playground of desire. A stage where seduction, freedom, and complexity unfolded under the sun.**

In contrast to the restrained romances of earlier cinema, the 1960s brought a new fluidity to love and the body on screen. The Riviera, once a symbol of elegance, became a site of liberation, where passion could simmer in silence or explode in jealousy. This transformation not only reshaped the way cinema depicted relationships but also altered our collective imagination of desire itself – playful, dangerous, and forever tied to the heat of the Riviera.

Before the 1960s, love on screen still carried the weight of restraint. Affection was discreet, coded, and often judged against morality, yet it was already a step forward from the early days of cinema. When Edison's *The Kiss* (1896) scandalised audiences with a simple kiss on the lips, it showed how shocking even the smallest gestures could once be. By the 1950s, kisses and embraces had become familiar, but passion was often either idealized or punished when it broke the rules. Hitchcock's *To Catch a Thief* (1955), set on the Riviera, framed Cary Grant and Grace Kelly's chemistry through wit and elegance rather than physical abandon. Brigitte Bardot in *Et Dieu... créa la femme* (1956) pushed further. Her sensuality felt raw, liberated, unapologetic, sparking outrage precisely because it cracked the façade of cinematic restraint. The 1950s were not yet an age of freedom, but they laid the groundwork for the Riviera's explosion of sensuality in the decade that followed.

Words and Photography
by Julia Millo

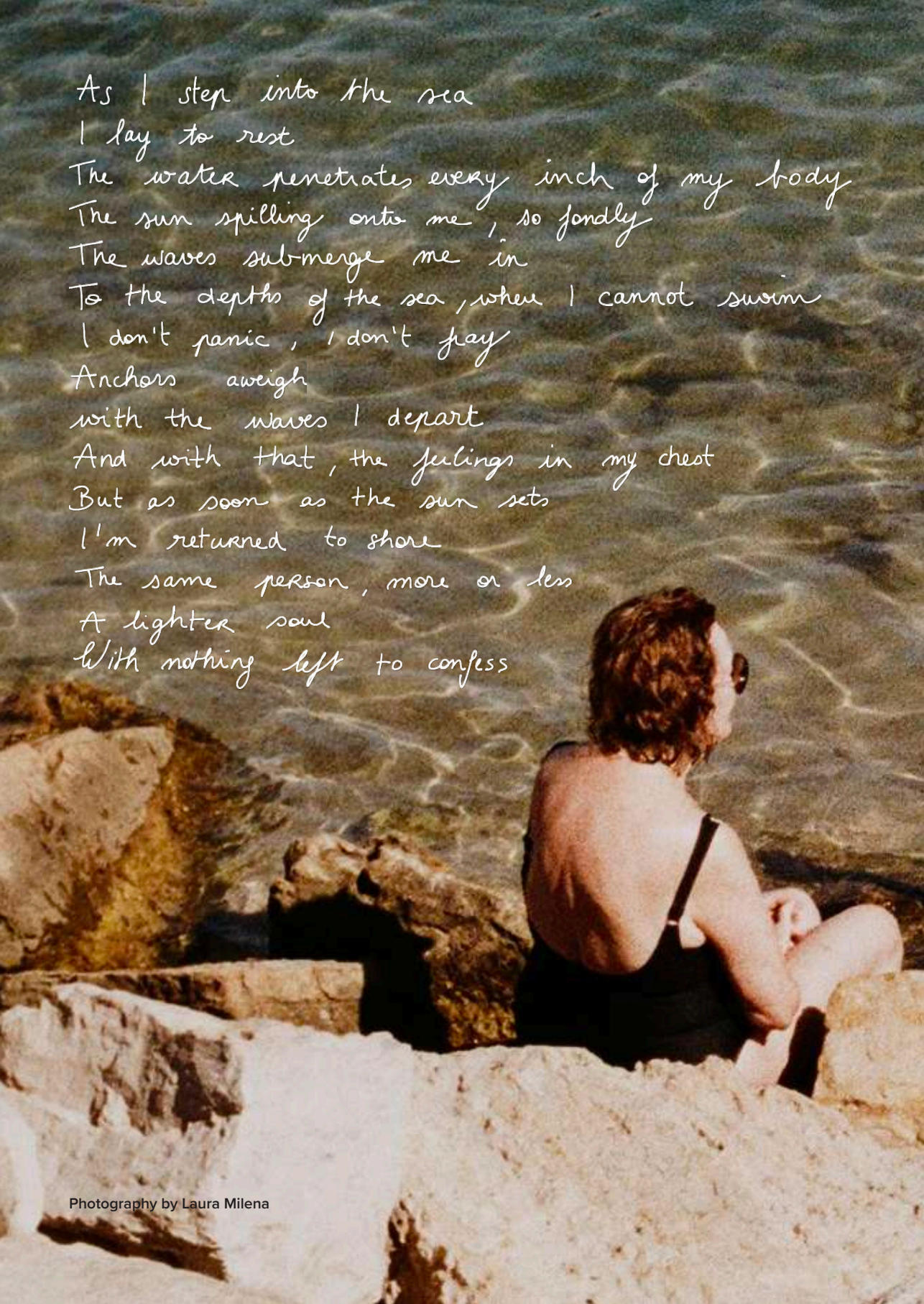
In the 1960s, the Riviera became the stage where cinema openly played with desire and its ambiguities. Films no longer confined love to morality; they revealed its erotic, destabilising, and sometimes destructive side. In *Le Mépris* (1963), Brigitte Bardot's body is both object and battleground, filmed with adoration but also as a site of conflict where power and desire collide. In *Pierrot le Fou* (1965), Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina's characters pursue passion outside conventions, where love becomes inseparable from rebellion and danger. Finally, *La Piscine* (1969) distilled desire into silence: expressed through glances, jealousy, and the oppressive stillness of summer heat.

What these films shared was a vision of desire as something unavoidable, stronger than social rules or moral restraint. The Riviera's glamour amplified this feeling: bodies were celebrated not only as objects of fantasy, but also as sources of agency and power for women. The decade opened space for ambiguity with relationships that were erotic, destabilising, and instinctive rather than purely romantic. Cinema found a new language to explore the body as a tool of freedom, seduction, and conflict.

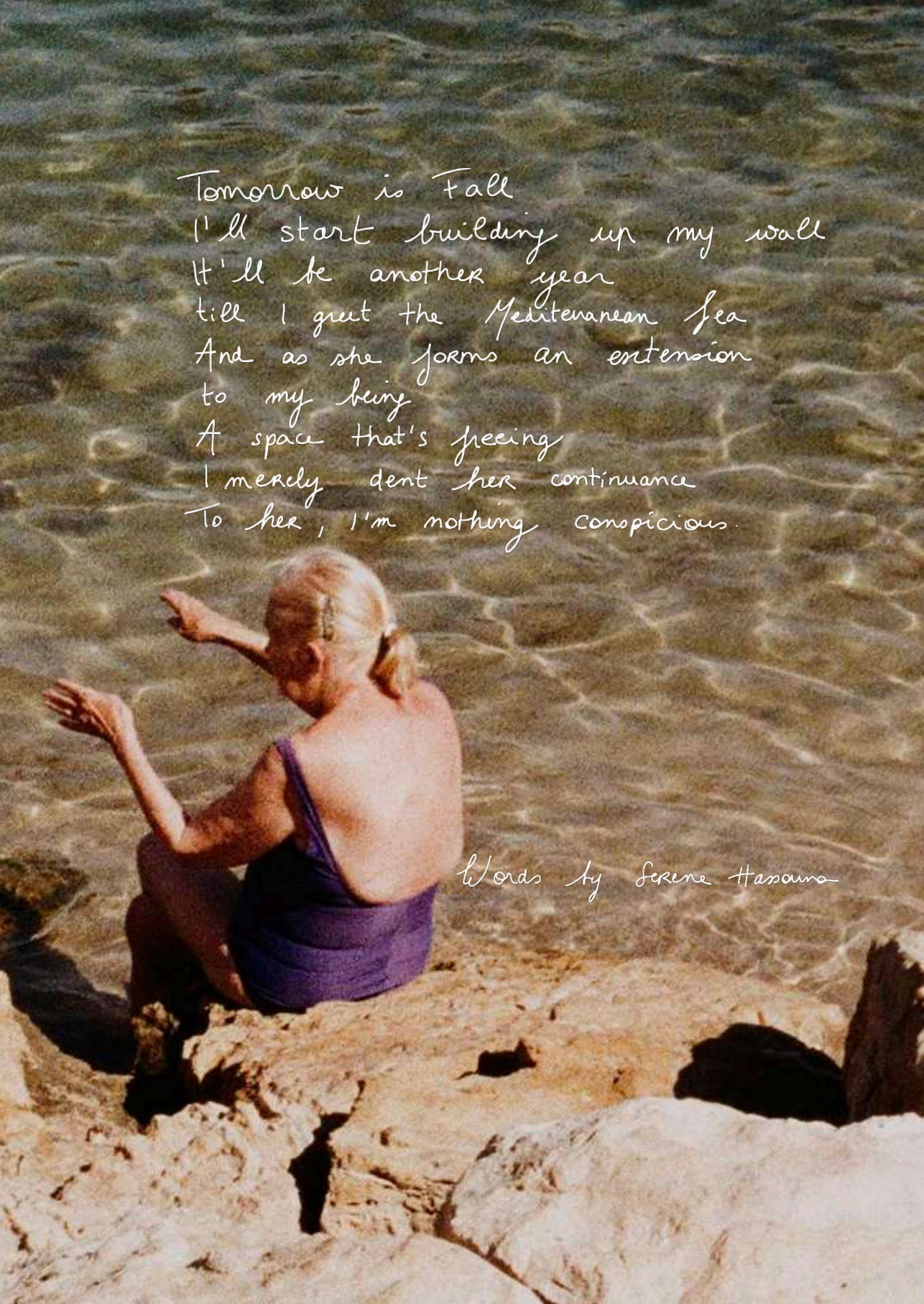
On the Riviera, desire was never private. It unfolded in public, against a backdrop of beaches, pools, and cliffs; landscapes that doubled as metaphors for seduction itself. Leisure made room for these encounters: long afternoons let temptation linger, while the slow rhythm of summer made jealousy impossible to ignore. In *La Piscine*, the pool becomes the ultimate symbol a paradise of sensuality and prison of silent rivalries.

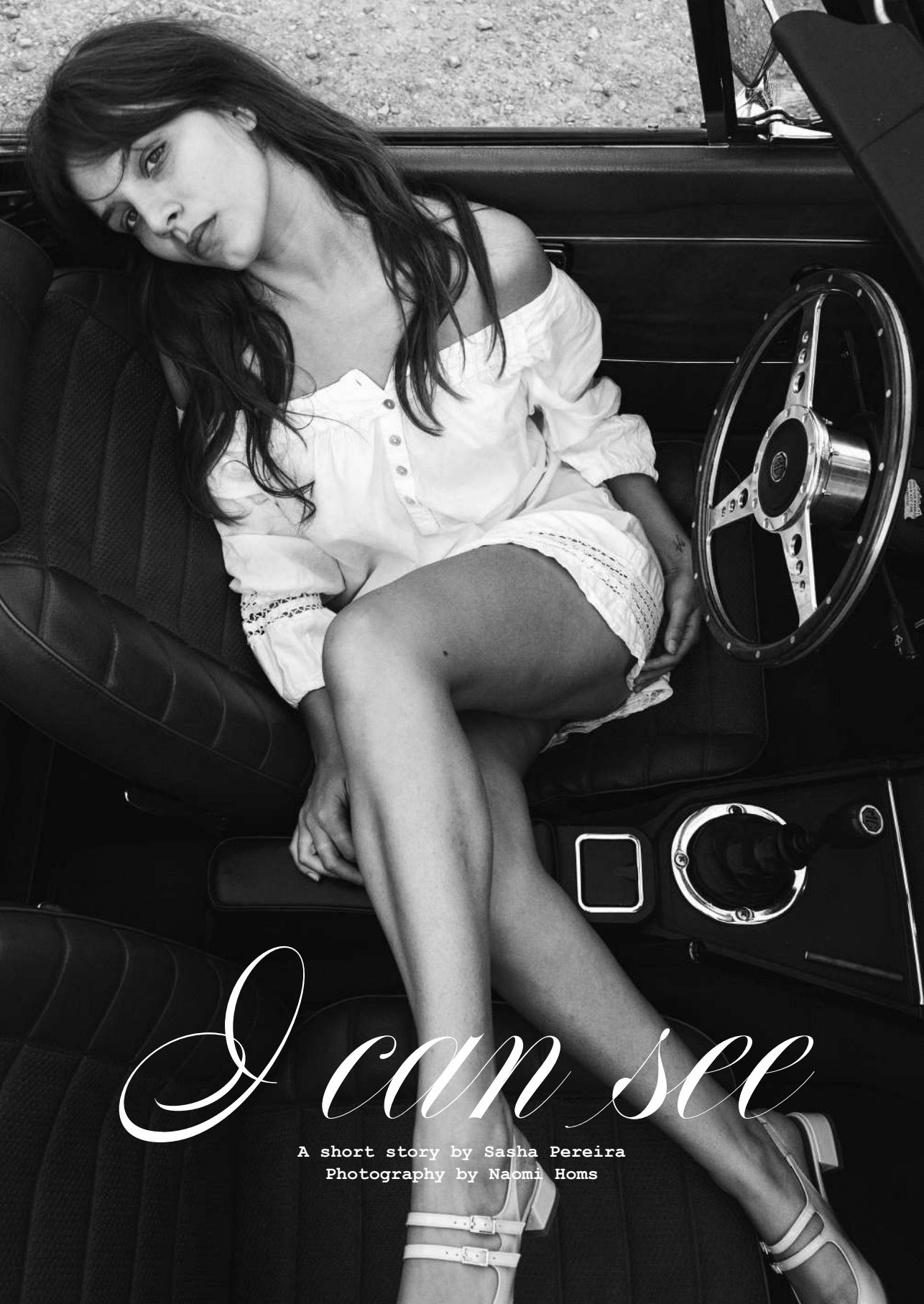
The liberated, ambiguous vision of love shaped in the 1960s has echoed far beyond its decade. Films no longer needed to resolve desire with moral closure; tension itself became the story. The Riviera, with its mix of beauty and danger, became shorthand for cinematic eroticism. Its legacy resurfaces decades later in François Ozon's *Swimming Pool* (2003), where jealousy and imagination blur around a pool, or Luca Guadagnino's *A Bigger Splash* (2015), which revives *La Piscine*'s suffocating sensuality. What the 1960s established was more than a backdrop: it turned the Riviera into a lasting myth of desire on screen.

**Desire was transformed in this decade from restraint to freedom. Riviera cinema taught us that it was not simply an element of the plot, but an atmosphere, one that lingers. When we think of these films, we don't just recall the stories: we remember the restless bodies, the jealous silences, the unspoken words. Desire, ultimately, became cinema's most enduring setting.**




Photography by Laura Milena


Tomorrow is Fall
I'll start building up my wall
It'll be another year
till I greet the Mediterranean Sea
And as she forms an extension
to my being
A space that's freeing
I merely dent her continuance
To her, I'm nothing conspicious.
Words by Serene Hasoun



# *I can see*

A short story by Sasha Pereira
Photography by Naomi Homs

I opened the blue blinds this morning to let the scent of lavender drift through the window and the sunny morning illuminate my room. Well, my mom's childhood purple room. I stepped into the bathroom and I looked in the mirror. There was a girl, a stranger staring back at me. Greasy hair tied up and a red chin from fiddling with the ugly white spots that have lingered for weeks. I do wonder, why is it that we perceive ourselves so different from what we look like in reality? Is this what I look like in reality? In other people's eyes? Sometimes, I do wish I looked more like the girl inside my mind. The confident, long-haired, adventurer I wish to be. At this exact moment, the same greasy hair is floating in the salty, sunny wind, like seaweed dancing with the waves. The warm and familiar French Riviera beach revealing itself in the rearview mirror of the car.

Looking to my right, I can see another girl behind the wheel. A totally different girl from the one in the mirror this morning. A girl I learned, six months ago, was named Carla. Carla was a friend I met in university, where she's studying English.
My mom loved English. She also studied English. She now uses big words and smart phrases whenever she's angry, as to prove she knows better than I do. She did that just a few hours ago in the living room of my late grandmother's pink-walled house. "I wish you were more amiable," she said. "You keep deviating from us." Deviating, as if we were in two separate cars and I was taking the wrong path.

Coming here, surrounded by the same cigars my grandmother used to light and the same stove where she used to make us her famous "daube provençale," is like stepping into a life that I can't seem to put away.
The end of the argument was pathetic.
"Carla's parents would have let her make her peace on her own terms instead of hovering all the fucking time," I threw at her.
I know that was a pathetic thing to say, but my mom's answer was even worse. Almost disappointing. No big fancy words I couldn't understand. Just a plain and submissive:

"Then you should just go and live with Carla then."
"Fine," I answered.
"Fine," she said.
And I left the house.

Carla was there too, in the garden naively laying under the sun.
"Pack your bags we're going" I said.

She looked at me but wasn't surprised: she was ready for the adventure. She always is. She even was two months ago when I asked if she wanted to join me and my parents on this summer getaway to my grandmother's old house. I needed her there. She didn't question it: she just came. She came like she is now, in the beautiful MG B Roadster my grandmother got when she was almost thirty-two. The bright red seats remind me of her fierce attitude.

"Shit, my phone. I left my phone at the house, where I left my parents." That, though, was actually a relief. I had gone three hours without my phone. Without realizing I didn't have it, without missing it, without looking at it. That might sound silly to some, but a lot to me.
I am one of the ones who admire how people used to live, how my parents did, how my grandma did. They had their maps and CDs, almost ready to make mistakes.

Leaving my phone behind made me realize that this time I was going to be ready to make mistakes too, the ones that don't really matter. Taking a wrong turn or getting lost for a while. Maybe even choosing the scenic route instead of the fastest one.

Three hours ago I left the house and left my phone.

Maybe it is a sign from the universe. Or God. Not that they'll actually send me a message. I know God is a social construct, like gender or money. But sometimes I choose to believe in something bigger. Someone else choosing for me. Sending me signs. Maybe it's cowardly of me, and maybe I don't care.
My grandma believed in God. She loved the Sunday morning mass under the sound of cicadas.
She would put her hair up and wear her favorite dress—usually a blue one—like she was attending a big fancy event. Sunday church was a big fancy event to her. I used to love my summers in the south of France. I still do, but now I miss the Sunday after-mass lunches with all my cousins, or the Tuesday evening picnics we used to have on the beach.
I miss my grandma.

Lately, I've been thinking a lot about the concept of aging. I don't want to be old. I know it sounds stupid, we're all going to be old. Maybe it's society's views on women aging, or maybe it's just me. But honestly, I don't care. I'm done thinking the why's. I just don't wanna age. I don't want to become a blind, wrinkly, over-tanned woman who can't even walk. My grandma wasn't what I'd call an old over-tanned woman. She was a rare species in the Riviera. She died two years ago, a Ricard in one hand and the steering wheel in the other. I can still see her in that green car, winding through the hills of Nice, cursing at every stupid driver. That's what she called them: stupid drivers. As if stupidity were the only reason someone could forget.

Not laziness, not distraction, not being in a rush: just a lack of intelligence. Even when she was in the wrong, the other one always was the stupid driver. Maybe I'm a stupid driver. Carla isn't a stupid driver; she might be the best driver I've ever seen. She took the wheel of a car that wasn't hers without an ounce of hesitation.

I sometimes wonder if I love her. That's a lie, I know I love her. I've loved her since the minute she said "hi" to me. I loved her yesterday in that tiny café by the harbour where the chairs are always a little crooked and the smell of grilled sardines fills the air. I love her but wonder sometimes if I'm in love with her. The kind of love one has for their other half. Other half.
I've always felt weird about the idea of another half. Should I be happy only if I had someone; someone else? Am I not complete without someone? I'm ashamed to admit it, but underneath it all I still crave that other half.

I see her now, behind the wheel, driving fast through lavender fields, past sleepy cats and olive trees, through narrow turns and sun-warmed winnings, driving me to new beginnings.
Where maybe this time, instead of seeing everyone else, I'll finally see me.

Photography by Julia Millo
Museum of the home - A room upstairs in 1956

# The 60s makeup rulebook

# Get the look!

Words by Ella Cleary

The eyes are the focal point here. It starts with a base - "I always prime the lids first," she says, patting in a light concealer until it melts into the skin, then setting it with a dust of pressed powder. Just enough to smooth the canvas.

Then comes the colour. And it's bold. She begins with an arctic blue eyeshadow "really pigmented, that icy kind of blue" - pressed onto the lids, building the shade in layers. In the outer corner, a sweep of sky to deepen and create definition. "It's all about layering." To frame the eyes, she goes into the crease, "but gently," using a compact detailer brush and a soft taupe brown. It's just the outline first, mapped along the shape of the eye. Then she deepens it, layering in a red-toned brown. "Just enough to warm it up without losing the shape." The final touch? Black shadow. "A really pigmented one," used to trace over the crease line, sharpening the contrast against the blue. It's dramatic, but never harsh.

Everything is blended softly, feathered at the edges. Under the eyes, it's the same story - a thin, careful line using the leftover browns. "Just enough definition." And the lashes? "A lot of mascara! Top and bottom." The lips are pared back but polished. A simple, slightly overlined shape in a shade just deeper than the model's natural lip colour, finished with a slick of clear gloss.

The final effect is bold, bright-eyed and sculpted - still mod, but for a modern muse.

# Lost an


THÉ


PICON • PIC


Campbell's
SOUP


1er GRAND PRIX EUROVISION 67
UN TOUT PETIT PANTIN
PUPPET ON A STRING
SANDIE SHAW
CHANTE EN FRANÇAIS
PYE


10 GR POLSKA
Shell vous fait voyager en images


RADIO


JEU DE
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VIANDO


NOUVELLE BIBLIOTHÈQUE ROSE
LES BONNES IDÉES D'UNE TOUTE PETITE FILLE
PAR
J.L. BRISLEY

# *Le bal des fous*

Words by Aurore Partouche and Julia Millo

An annual celebration that keeps the spirit of the 1960s alive on the Riviera is the *Bal des Fous*, held in Cannes every Sunday throughout July and August since 1980. More than just a party, it has become a ritual of joy and excess, where people come together to escape the ordinary and embrace playfulness.

Created by a pioneering duo from the 1980s techno movement, the *Bal des Fous* takes over the terrace of the *Palais des Festivals* each summer. Against the dazzling backdrop of the Croisette, it draws more than 6,000 festival-goers per session, transforming the Riviera's most iconic setting into a stage of fantasy and freedom. At its core lies a liberating magic: everyone is required to dress up with extravagance, following bold afternoon themes that invite imagination to run wild. This season alone features *Angels & Demons, Country Ball, Fairy Tale, Disco,* and *Western;* an eclectic mix set to the beats of renowned local DJs.

The *Bal des Fous* is an eccentric carnival that thrives on diversity and creativity, blurring boundaries between music, fashion, and fantasy. It combines the rebellious energy of rock with the flamboyance of disco, creating a space where "fools" are free to be themselves. Costumes are not just encouraged but celebrated, transforming the crowd into a surreal parade of colour, glitter, and invention. Over time, the event has evolved into a true masquerade, each edition inspired by theatrical themes that turn Riviera nights into spectacles of imagination.

In the 2025 edition, the *Bal des Fous* revived a timeless theme: Flower Power, directly inspired by the free-spirited and colorful energy of the 1960s and 1970s. From the moment guests arrived, the festive atmosphere was undeniable: psychedelic outfits, round sunglasses, flared trousers, and floral shirts seemed to bring Woodstock back to life on the *Côte d'Azur*. Between costumes and music, Mozart, the founder of the concept, has always preserved that vintage touch that makes the night feel like a journey through time. The dance floor pulsed, flowers in people's hair swayed with the beat, and every smile echoed the spirit of freedom from those iconic decades.

More than a party, the *Bal des Fous* is a living reminder of what the Riviera has always symbolised: excess, creativity, and a refusal to conform. In the tradition of the wild jet-set *soirées* of the 1960s, it embodies a collective desire to break rules, reinvent identities, and celebrate joy without restraint. For a few hours, Cannes becomes not just a glamorous stage but a playground of freedom, where the past meets the present, and where the 1960s continue to dance in the Mediterranean night.



Photography by Aurore Partouche / EVENJOY

Photography by Laura Milena


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**Thank you**
**to all who contributed to**
**this project and believed**
**in its purpose.**