



PHOTOS BY JOE RAY/FOR THE BOSTON GLOBE

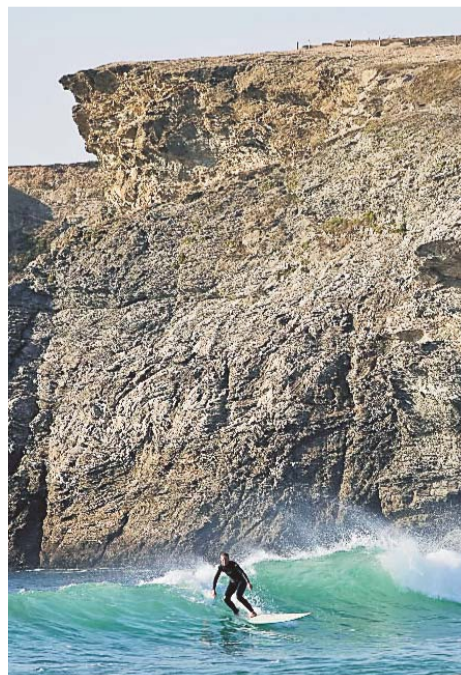
The relentless Atlantic Ocean carved Les Aiguilles (or The Needles) de Port Coton and the cliffs below on Belle-Île-en-Mer.

FRANCE

Call of the wild

The raging sea is a powerful lure to this craggy isle

BY JOE RAY | GLOBE CORRESPONDENT



BELLE-ÎLE-EN-MER — Alone on a cliff above the ocean, a low pine is so bent by wind, its seaward edge no longer holds needles. Rising hundreds of feet to the low-swelling plains, the cliffs that surround this island off the Brittany coast have the look of gnarled, petrified wood — twisted strata of schist and quartz that embody a defiant, frozen history of the angry sea.

“We live and work in the part of the world where the sea meets the land,” says Patrick Tanguy, a former resident who returns to the cliffs dozens of times a year to fish for gooseneck barnacles, stubby mollusks that look like dinosaur toes at the end of a rubbery black neck.

Tanguy likes to fish on the Côte Sauvage — literally, the “wild side” — of Belle-Île, where the ocean crashes into the land in a magnificent explosion of sea spray. Wearing only a neoprene scuba suit, he scrapes barnacles from rocks at the point where the unstoppable force meets the immovable object.

This wildness is at the heart of what Belle-Île offers its 5,000 residents and thousands of their countrymen who regularly flock here to be soothed by its power. This is where, guided by nature, they come to grieve or heal, to be alone or fall in love.

Half hopping, half waddling between the rocks, Tanguy brings me down to take some photos of the barnacles on a “calm” day off. The water is a turquoise froth that rushes in from several angles at once. Apart from some hearty mussels, the barnacles are the only things that can hang onto the rocks in this thrashing surge. “A couple people died right here a couple years back,” says Tanguy, whose wizened face resembles Gene Hackman’s.

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VIRGINIA

The other Jefferson monument



ANGEL FRANCO/THE NEW YORK TIMES
Its design included Monticello's reflection in the fish pond.

By Michael Kranish
GLOBE STAFF

CHARLOTTESVILLE — Two hundred and twenty-three years ago, Thomas Jefferson wrote a passionate letter to a woman he had met in Paris. Come to Monticello to paint the finest landscape, Jefferson implored the artist Maria Cosway, writing, “Where has nature spread so rich a mantle under the eye?”

To Jefferson, the little mountain above the village of Charlottesville had no equal. The soil was richer, the climate healthier, the vistas grander. Here, he was building a villa unlike any in America, constantly “putting up and pulling down” to create an ever grander vision, culminating in the domed Palladian masterpiece. Cosway never visited, but last year, nearly half a million people from across the globe came to Monticello, the only American house on the United Nations list of World Heritage sites.

But many visitors came here with little formal introduction other than their school lessons. A visitors center was located off the mountain, attached to a tourist office on a busy highway. Eight in 10 visitors drove by the old center without stopping, preferring to ascend the scenic winding road and head straight for Jefferson’s house. They took a tour of the mansion, perhaps stayed to survey the gardens and hear a talk about slavery, and then departed. While they saw one of the most important and breathtaking sights in the country — the magnificently restored home and grounds, the remark-

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