

OPEN

TUNES

English Lessons

RECAPTURE THE SCINTILLATING SOUNDS OF '60s LONDON IN ONE SLIM LITTLE BOX

WITH CITY TRADERS snapping up all the posh real estate and the pubs now open past 11 P.M., London's a pretty swinging place these days. But as anyone who saw *The Spy Who Shagged Me* knows, the British capital's truly halcyon days were doubtless the 1960s — when a trader, whatever his other positions, could always be counted on to be long frilly ascots and free love.

That magical era is nicely recaptured by the new three-disc, 57-track box set *The British Beat: Best of the '60s* (Shout! Factory). Yes, collections of this ilk are as common as drunk Arsenal fans on the dole, but this dog's dinner of delectable odds and ends peerlessly showcases that most vibrant decade in all its diverse glory.

Earnest, hippie-dip folk fantasia from Donovan nudges up against three-minute cluster bombs from the Kinks and the Zombies, who offer raw garage-rock ordnance that sounds like someone tipping the china cabinet down the stairs. A young Eric Clapton (with the Yardbirds) lines up alongside Dusty Springfield, she of the smoldering voice and towering beehive hairdo. There's even (in the form of the Moody Blues' exasperatingly ubiquitous "Nights in White Satin") a nod to the pompous, operatic sludge that would later swallow the '70s — a minor misstep on an otherwise thoroughly infectious romp through one of Old Blighty's proudest eras.

These days, London derives its cachet more from the Square Mile than from Carnaby Street — probably a good thing for the sake of your portfolio. But a few hours in

this aural time machine will serve as a useful reminder that whatever the vagaries of the global trading economy, there will, indeed, always be an England.



SHOW US YOUR BRITS: The soundtrack for your next all-night rave at the LIFFE



HYBRID INSTRUMENT

At Freemans bistro in lower Manhattan, fashion and grooming are also on the menu

PRETTY BOY

TRADERS WITH A sophisticated palate and a reasonably fine-tuned sense of cool have long enjoyed Freemans, the rustic eatery tucked away at the end of the eponymous alley on Manhattan's Lower East Side. But its recently opened Sporting Club, just yards from the restaurant, will satiate your fashion cravings as well.

Up front is a haberdashery offering rugged he-man accessories — if you're out of bison moccasins or bone-handle toothbrushes, you've come to the right place — and a full line of elegant threads. Slim-cut dress shirts (\$178) and custom-made leather belts (\$165) whet the appetite; the main course comes in the form of the ready-to-wear and bespoke suits (\$2,000–\$3,500) of master tailor Martin Greenfield, who's so old-school his client list includes Dwight Eisenhower.

Once properly attired, head to the 1920s-style barbershop at the Sporting Club's rear. Peruse a vintage-era *Playboy* or Vargan-girl pinup book while you wait, then settle into an antique chair and surrender to the timeless panache of a hot-towel straight-razor shave (\$35), haircut (\$40) or beard trim (\$10–\$25).

Finally, trimmed and tailored to the nines, make your way to the restaurant, whose cuisine (eclectic American), décor (hunting-lodge chic) and signature cocktails (made with real booze and everything) complete the package. Sharp suit, sleek haircut and a hearty bowl of venison stew? One-stop shopping at its finest.

8 Rivington Street, New York. 212-673-3209

STYLE COUNSEL: Outfit yourself from top to tails in the finest alley in town.

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TRADER TICKER

TOTAL NUMBER OF SONGS BY THE BEATLES, THE WHO AND THE ROLLING STONES ON "THE BRITISH BEAT: BEST OF THE '60s" BOX SET

10

AVERAGE WAIT TIME, IN MINUTES, FOR A SHAVE OR HAIRCUT AT FREEMANS SPORTING CLUB, WHICH ACCEPTS WALK-IN CUSTOMERS BUT TAKES NO APPOINTMENTS

