
From: Peggy Siegal <[REDACTED]>
Sent: Thursday, December 29, 2011 7:42 AM
To: jeevacation@gmail.com
Subject: Palm Beach

So sorry I did not call.

I got in about 5:30pm and ran out to a cocktail party at 6:30pm....and was in the middle of dealing with a lunch for Stephen Daldry on Wed., Jan. 4th. I left my make up case on the plane....that's the trials of going Jet Blue...and went out with one black eye. This did not bother me, but freaks people out.

Annette Tapert and Joe Allen offered to drive me to this third rate cocktail party they told me about and it was a bit of a nightmare.

Annette started bragging about a recent trip to LA where she had lunch with her new best friend Diane Keaton. She later let it slip out that she had not met before and that Wendy Stark had invited her. They then had dinner with Jane Fonda (because Joe Allen went to college with her very weird very boring boy friend music producer Richard Perry) and Annette's own daughter (which meant she paid for it) gave her a cocktail party. Wendy also gave her a dinner and a lunch. It was inane. Celebrations in her honor for flying to LA...for doing nothing.

Annette came from nowhere, married an idiot years ago because she thought he had money, then broke up Katherine Rayner's marriage to the awful and poor journalist Jesse Kornbluth and then landed Joe Allen, a retired rich cousin of Peter Brant who he sold his share of their paper business to. Joe collects art, plays golf and is also beyond boring.

They drove me to a horrible party....and drove me back to Koch's by 8:00pm...I could have/should have made dinner plans. They said they were tired from getting in late from LA the night before.. (Kochs arrive Thursday). I swear they went to another party...I don't know whether I was vomiting from the manufactured self glorification at bad social events (poor, fat, aging, drunk and totally fun Wendy Stark is hardly the arbiter of LA society anymore but she still thinks she is...and the most horrific aspect of the night....in the car, on the way home Joe started asking me about my brother. Then he asked me how much the Alpine house was on the market for....even though I lied by a million, I was humiliated I even answered him. You could hear the silent laughter. Then they asked me about Mattie...I had dinner with her Tuesday night in Williamsburg...and she is terrific and we are planning her third job in the art department of a major film....and I told them Dr. Harold Klopowitz told me if we can get thru 24 and happy and healthy...she has a good chance of not having another "episode"....why was I spilling my guts to these obnoxious nosy people who don't give a shit about me.

I think I left Palm Beach at Christmas four years ago when you started sending Mattie and me around the world....which changed/enriched my life.

I must have forgotten how insane and nasty Palm Beach is. I was so shaken by the meanness and petty competitiveness that I was almost shaking when I walked into Casa Koch.

I will call you tomorrow.

The party I went to was given by an East Hampton real estate broker and his fashion designer wife in North Palm...they bought a wreck and fixed it up and have rented it next week for 3 months to Ala Isham's brother. They are Sunny von Bulow's grown kids.

I think I will stay close to David's house till Jan. 2nd. I am on a 9:00am flight that Monday and will go directly to the Alpine house.

I still don't think the lawyer is smart in not asking my brother for an accounting of my mother's estate since her death in Feb....he thinks my brother is doing nothing wrong...because that would be illegal...and he will just get me the money from the house. Philip Michaels is underestimating my brother's stupidity and desperate need to live above his means. I also do not know what the lawyer expects in payment for this. I gave him a small retainer. He has all my mother's papers. Should I get them back? I am sure he has not looked at any of them. The entire case is in those papers. He can't keep, them can he?

What am I doing in Palm Beach?....My eyes, etc. look better everyday.

The estate manager was upset when she picked me up at the airport....Leonard Lauder is having a memorial for Evelyn on Friday and he has hired all the waitstaff from the local talent pool. I may have to wash a dish.

Didn't we all just go to Evelyn's funeral a month ago. This town is one party after another. xoxo Peg