

**From:** [REDACTED]

**To:** "Jeffrey Epstein" <jeevacation@gmail.com>

**Subject:** Fw: Istanbul/Gocek/Symi/Patmos

**Date:** Mon, 06 Aug 2012 00:37:43 +0000

**Importance:** Normal

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If this is the second time I sent this...sorry. Still trying to figure out new bb.

Also not sure how much I already wrote to you...anyway, I hope you smile reading this. P  
Sent via BlackBerry by AT&T

-----Original Message-----

**From:** [REDACTED]

**Date:** Mon, 6 Aug 2012 00:15:19

**To:** Izak Senbahar<[REDACTED]>; Sarah Senbahar<[REDACTED]>; Frederic Fekkai<[REDACTED]>; Shirin von Wulffen<[REDACTED]>

**Reply-To:** [REDACTED]

**Cc:** Brooke Neidich<[REDACTED]>; Kalliope Karella<[REDACTED]>; Susan Hess<[REDACTED]>

**Subject:** Istanbul/Gocek/Symi/Patmos

Izak/Sarah and Shirin/Frederick...Brooke and Susan

I am not sure what info I have sent you, so here is a wrap up of the past 10 days.

Last Friday, I spent a day in Istanbul running thru the Haga Sophia to the bazaar like a homing pigeon to shop while waiting for Kalliope and Michael to arrive.

Of course every vendor with the best Hermes and Celine knock-offs was Jewish and gave me the inside Jewish rip off price. Avoided Chanel as not to upset Michael. (Shirin, I got eight thin leather two-tone totes. One is for you. Kalliope loved her's.)

Last Saturday, Kalliope, Michael, their boys and I flew on Saturday to Dalaman, drove to Gocek and boarded the gorgeous 100ft. Turkish wooden sailboat, the gulet Nurten A...which as you all know was arranged by Izak. We were joined by Enrica and Fabrizio Arengi and their twins.

So yes, I was on a boat with four screaming kids I whipped into shape in a day by yelling at them to stop yelling and buying them toys in every port.

For a week we cruised the southern Mediterrean coast toward the Greek island of Symi. We talked about going to Bodrum, but the captain said it was too far.

For a week Kalliope chartered our course because the captain and crew did not speak English or any language other than Turkish and did not give a shit where we went. They were not over joyed talking to a woman and were just as happy to motor us around in a circle and let us go in for a dip every 3 hours. They were very polite and sweet but thought we were idiots.

At Dalyan/Caunos we did see hugh tombs carved into cliffs and climbed up a mountain in the boiling heat to a Greek theater. I, of course commandeered a tractor-train to get us off the stone mountain seconds before we all suffered sun stroke.

We then went to Marmaris for an evening's walk about in a cheap mall with a barrel tin roof. That was like

vacationing in a subway and our only depressing experience. We kept tormenting Michael by pointing out Chanel handbags.

We swam in every bay in warm crystal clear water. The kids had faux Olympic diving contests off the boat which I judged. Water skiing and para sailing from the back of a speed boat were most popular.

We explored some ruins but it was too hot to really get into this...so we read the guide books out loud at lunch...as we passed it all from the water. The better ruins were in the opposite direction anyway. We chose the better swimming bays to the west.

We docked in tiny ports every night so the girls could shop, the kids could get toys and the men could look for English newspapers and wine and get us all back on the boat asap.

The coastline was magical and at the same time portions of the landscape looked like the moon. Endless mountainous volcanic rock. No animals. No houses. No ruins. No people and no birds.

No Americans too...although, as you know, Eva and Glen Dubin had taken a sister sailboat the week before. We saw their 150 ft. gulet at one of the little ports. The owner's son was aboard with another family...escorting them and dining with them every night. We all thought that was creepy.

All five adults and four kids did have an absolute ball on the boat. The week flew by. Parting purchases were Turkish rugs in Gocek that took almost 15 hours of negotiating.

Saturday, Aug. 4th Kalliope and the family flew to Istanbul for a few days of sightseeing and on to Mykonos.

I took a twin engine to Kos and was met by a 65 year old nice looking Greek driving a Mercedes who runs his own tourist company. He handed me a guide book, told me to read it and drove me around town past the ruins talking about his brilliant daughter, the med-student and his son...the lazy one.

I was asking the tourist Gods..."Why me? Do need to know about his kids? "

He then told me how great I was and to please come back to Kos to see him again. He was divorced from the Dutch wife, who lives in Holland and books cruises.

Oh...bought a book in the Dalaman airport...Turkish coast: Dalyan to Kas....thought it was for Kos...and that was just the Turkish spelling. Seems Kas and Kos are not the same place and miles apart.

Kos has the first ancient hospital...of course in ruins now...and tons of beaches for Germans and now the dreaded Russians. It's a Greek poor man's St. Tropez with thousands of beach lounge beds right next to each other with color coded umbrella's by restaurant. Could not find the "55" of Kos.

Took a ferry from Kos to Patmos that stoped at every island. Actually was an interesting fun ride.

Met in Patmos by the gregarious Olga and George and a special guy/mule to handle/carry the luggage up the countless steep steps.

At the dock, hosts Votis immediately announced they are giving a dinner for me Monday night and started inviting attractive people coming off the ferry.

We went for coffee and George ordered an ice cream Sunday. I thought I would faint from caloric rage. I told him we were five adults on a boat who lived on lettuce for a week and he got nervous that I was going to scream at him for a week.

The steps are a killer the first day and had a pounding heart and headache getting to the houses.

My charming terrace guest house has a stone vaulted ceiling, central AC and a pit with a hand hose for a shower. No problem. Patmos homes are ancient cave like dwellings.

I told Olga about the Jewish merchants in the Istanbul bazaar and she gave me a 20 minute history from the 14th century to present day migration of my people. She knows about everything....unlike our catatonic gulet crew.

Today we had Red Grooms and a Greek foreign diplomat on George's beautiful Greek wooden sailboat that is used for lunches, not sailing.

I finally managed to get to a tv after 10 days of BBC and CNN in Turkish and watch Murray cream Federer in three straight sets in Greek for the gold.

Tonight we went to a dinner in the dark given by an Italian aristocrat who doesn't believe in electricity. Primitive stone house right on the sea must have been devine, but who could see it? I was the only American...forget the only Jew, with a flashlight to kill the mood and see the food. The aristo's racing sailboat captain, doubling as a waiter came on to me. George got more excited than I did.

We walked thru the tiny town square on the way home and found Tom Freston, Jane Buffet, Linda Wells, Carey Lowell and Angela Ismailos. Actually knew they all were in Patmos....again Isak was responsible.

Monday night Olga and George are giving a big dinner for 30....which will have electricity, great food and smart crowd. They are the perfect hosts and Olga is the queen of Patmos as her family has been here for 50 summers..

Fred Iseman is expected from Bodrum on a 200 ft. chartered yacht with a "date"...not Sveltiana, his daughter and Richard Avedon's son John.

There is a possibility Fred will take me to Athen's by Aug. 10 so I can fly to JFK and go directly to Southampton.

On Sunday, Aug. 12 we are doing a premiere at East Hampton theater of "Arbitrage" for Richard Gere. He and Carey are coming. Richard is sensational in the film. You are all invited to film and dinner. If you want invite sent, tell me.

Brooke...are you around? Film about finance and Dan will love it.

Izak, you are a gentleman, scholar and Turkey's greatest asset to share all your knowledge and friendship to educate us about your amazing beautiful country. We all love you for your generosity.

Frederick/Shirin...I miss you all and have not stopped talking about your sensational newly restored country estate in Aix and the great week we spent together. Now everyone wants to visit you. Just what you need.

As mundane as all this sounds, the sun is consistently hot and I couldn't be having a better time. I change my outfits three times a day...to amuse myself and the locals.

Hope you are all well. Miss you all....  
xoxoxo peg

Sent via BlackBerry by AT&T