

From: Jeffrey Epstein <jeevacation@gmail.com>
To: Peggy Siegal <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: Kenya
Date: Sat, 26 Dec 2009 13:35:26 +0000

great i can't wait for photos

On Sat, Dec 26, 2009 at 8:20 AM, Peggy Siegal <[REDACTED]> wrote:

Jeffrey, I am so sorry we did not email sooner.

As you may remember, Mattie and I left last Friday, one day before that massive snow dump in Manhattan...pure luck.

We flew thru Amsterdam and onto Nairobi arriving late Saturday night. Endless hours in economy were obliterated with sleeping pills and it wasn't bad...said like troupers.

Sunday we flew on a tiny plane to the Masai Mara on the border of Kenya and Tanzania to Cottar's Camp, in the middle of nowhere with no email/phone service.

Had a great time in spite of total communication black out.

We saw a pride of 15 lions sunbathing, herds and herds of elephants, a leopard (very hard to spot..no pun intended), an 8 foot python, tons of dick dicks, many giraffe....visited a Masai village (beautifully dressed and a bit smelly), went to a Masai market where they sold goats and cows, went up in a balloon at 6:00am (after a two hour ride to get to it) and recorded everything on photos. Mattie is giving me tutorials on computer usage and I can now edit my photos...so I will try to email some.

We have not killed each other yet. We were busy flirting with the tall elegant glorious Masai.

Thursday, Christmas eve...we headed to Cottar's private airport (a dirt road) to await our charter to SaSaab in the north. Another charter landed and people started yelling my name in utter disbelief...it was Ralph and Ricky Lauren, David Lauren and Lauren Bush, Dylan and Andrew Lauren too. The entire Lauren clan had just flown in from New York...via Nairobi. How random.

Ralph would not let me photograph him...as he said,"Please don't ruin my image!" I then introduced Calvin Cottar to Ralph. Calvin is a 6th generation white hunter (his great great whatever came from Texas in 1920 after hearing about Teddy Roosevelt's hunts)... as the family and life style that he (Ralph) has been copying all his life. I should have said "inspired"but it was too late. Ralph, looking like the tiny white haired sweet handsome very rich Bronx Jew he is and was totally embarrassed.

We then flew to SaSaab...this Moroccan lodge with thatched roofs, stone floors and no walls. At night they zip you in with canvas flaps so the lions do not eat you. It is so hot during the day...we are near the equator, but everyone has their own dipping pool. We had some rain yesterday and suddenly at night the entire camp was infested with flying termites mating. It was as close to "the day of the locust" as I will ever get. The white upper class English/5 generation Kenyan owners calmed us down by saying they loose their wings in a matter of minutes, mate and look for land for a new dirt home. Only one couple in a million survive the fuck. Then the native Sambura come to your hut and sweep the unfortunate dead millions away.

What I forgot to mention, is that Donna Karen and Calvin Klein came here last summer for lunch minus the bugs.

We also have had the teenage Sambura warriors and girls come to the sand river bed at the bottom of our lodge and dance for us on Christmas, a holiday they do not celebrate. They were given a live goat as payment which they suffacated.

Then they slit his throat, drank the blood and ran away because of a sudden downpour. I was offered the blood, refused and photographed the whole ordeal.

I was told the warriors came back to barbeque. The girls can not eat with them...or even see them eating because as warriors, they are immortal. The guys give the girls a small raw chunk to cook themselves at another hidden fire.

What I forgot to mention, is that RALPH LAUREN and family check in here on Dec. 31st. Wait till he meets the flies and is offered a little blood.

We are actually having a ball...and leave for the very cool Lamu on the Indian Ocean tomorrow. Since we were there three years ago,

we have managed to contact everyone we met then and some new people too. Lamu is very social with the hip Euros...like St. Barts with Euro aristos on weed...the Peponi Hotel is the center of all the action....more info to come from Lamu...
We miss you and love you for this wonderful experience.
Hope Palm Beach is spared the flying termites and fresh blood cocktails.
xoxo Peg and Mattie
your adoring wandering Jews.

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