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**To:** "jeevacation@gmail.com" <jeevacation@gmail.com>  
**Subject:** Fw: Summer Holiday  
**Date:** Fri, 24 Jul 2009 11:27:35 +0000

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

From: Peggy Siegal  
To: [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]>  
Sent: Fri Jul 24 05:05:54 2009  
Subject: Summer Holiday

Caroline-

Thank you so much for reading my Cannes Diary.

Last year I had 10 pages, 6,000 words for 10 days and 10 films. This year I wrote the same and they made me cut it to 2,000 and four pages because of a thinner magazine. Such a shame. It means a lot to me that you read it.

Here is a not-so-brief run down on 10 days back in Europe.

Last Thursday Jaqui Safra (of European banking dynasty) sent the G4 for his girlfriend of 30 years and a theater producer, Jean Doumanian and me.

Hugh plane- two beds- two people. Not bad.

We picked him up in Geneva, flew to Genoa and were driven to Portofino.

Hotel Splendido nestled in a mountain overlooking the harbor is heaven on earth. I am 24 hours older than Jaqui, so the invite was for a birthday weekend celebration.

His best friend Italian/French Jewish intellectual author Alain Elkann (once married to Gianni Agnelli's daughter and father of playboy Lapo) entertained us all weekend in his new lover's villa next door to hotel. She is Franca Sozzani and has been the editor of Italian Vogue and all Newhouse publications in Italy for 20 years. She is tiny, a bit hippie chic, has blond hair with tight waves to her waist, is best friends with Valentino and Karl Lagerfeld....and has written many coffee table books on fashion, art, design and photography.

I was fashion and literally challenged but held my own. Alain is Italian Minister of Culture and even took us to a lecture he gave to bookstore owners in a monastery...in Italian...we clapped.

Monday Jaqui flew us to London. Jean took up to opening night of her new play, "The Mountain Top," a fictitious account in the Memphis hotel room on the last night Martin Luther King was alive. It's a two character dialogue between him and a chamber maid...really politically interesting with tag of "Yes we can." Jean is bringing it to Broadway. George C. Wolfe may direct with Jamie Foxx as lead.

Tuesday commercial flight made sooooo easy with the wheelchair assistance. (Did have two hip resurfacing operations this year, walk perfectly but can't give up this service because you wiz thru customs)

Arrived on a 150' boat called "Lady Joy" (how great is the truth) that was docked in Cannes. Denise RICH (see, again the truth can't be beat) had a small dinner for 50 that night and there were fireworks in the harbor. (Each town does them for a contest).

Motored to St.Tropez Wednesday. Docked smack in the middle of town. We sit on the stern deck watching a coastal Times Square in bathing suits and jeweled mumoos walk by staring at us and we are staring right back. They take pictures of us and we take pictures of them. Then you go shopping thinking some thug just watched you get off the yacht and is following you to pick your pocket...and you forget because the shopping is so fabulous....cheap hippy clothes you buy and a day later say, "What was I thinking?". The people on this boat are like a freak show with sun block.

Wednesday invited eight people to English theater producer (saved Old Vic and original investor in "Billy Elliot") Sally Greene's hugh white house behind a white wall in the center of town for drinks/tour...I stayed for dinner. Then went to 260' amazing new boat owned by Don Sofer of Miami and decorated by Alberto Pinto. Mingled with Russian hookers and George Hamilton.

My friend Marjorie Gubelmann came Thursday and we have not stopped laughing.

Went to English real estate mogul Joe Ruben's chic party for 200 on a mountain top estate overlooking harbor. Two pools. (truth again) Every top Brit and social wannabe from NYC showed up...including my great friend Lady Astor. Loved the surprise. Annabel is married to William...her daughter Samantha (from earlier marriage) is married to David Cameron, probably next prime minister of GB.

Today is famous Club 55 for lunch on beach and a hippie costume party tonight. Got fab dress I can actually wear twice...also doing "Taking Woodstock" NYC premiere and making everyone dress up.

Leaving Sunday or Monday...although having a great time it does not compare to chic/smart life in Portofino...but not too proud for a tad of summer social slumming.

Very sad about Walter Cronkite. Last time I was on Martha's Vineyard two years ago I stayed a his home. He hosted a screening of a stunning documentary about Apollo space program that your father and Walter were in. We would sit on his dock and wave back to people sailing by....not as frantic as the boat waving in St. Tropez.

I may try to get to the vinyard. I have to go to Nantucket on Friday, Aug. 21 to screen "The September Issue" at the little Starlight theater and dinner at the new yacht club. The old one took Jill Fairchild seven years to get into (her father John belongs) and the new one just has 78 members so far. So our screening of a documentary about Anna Wintour is to entertain possible new members. (Can't make this up either)

Don't ask why I had to give you a moment by moment account of life on the Mediterranean..but haven't emailed you since I worked on "Grey Gardens" because I thought you were not thrilled about the whole project....but do think Drew Barrymore and Jessica Lang loved their characters and made people understand them and weep. Enough.

Hope your summer is eventful....or in your case....less is more.

Have interesting dvds to send...

xoxo Peg