

Cannes-Do

Tireless über-publicist **Peggy Siegal** recently mixed it up on the Côte d'Azur with international cinematic royalty at the 63rd annual Cannes Film Festival. In her exclusive diary, she shares behind-the-scenes moments hanging with the cast of the new *Wall Street*, bumping into Mick Jagger repeatedly, chatting via BlackBerry with Sharon Stone and crashing Naomi Campbell's 40th birthday party.



Lawrence Bender, Jean Pigozzi and Naomi Campbell



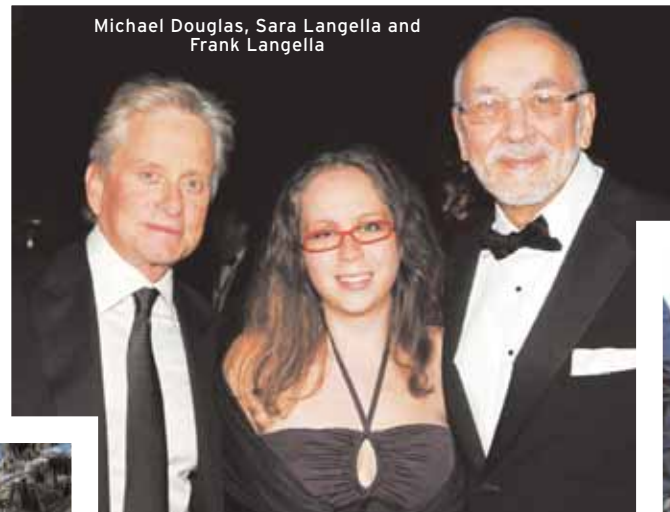
Brett Ratner and Princess Charlotte Casiraghi of Monaco



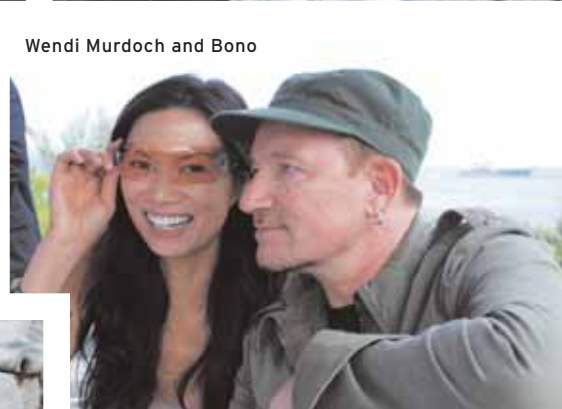
Graydon Carter and Anna Scott-Carter



Penélope Cruz



Michael Douglas, Sara Langella and Frank Langella



Wendi Murdoch and Bono



Shala Monroe and Michael White



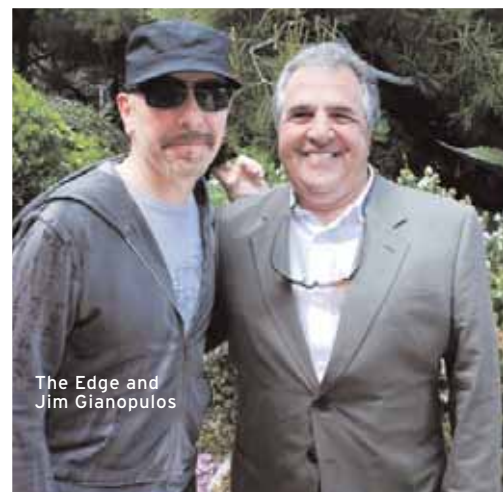
Annie and Ed Pressman



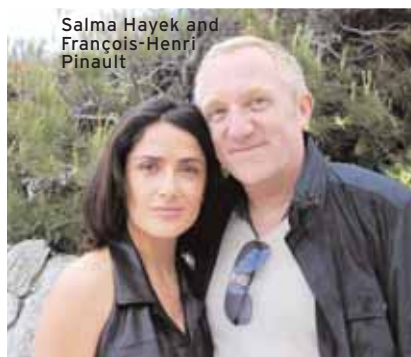
Carey Mulligan



Marion Cotillard



The Edge and Jim Gianopulos



Salma Hayek and François-Henri Pinault

Thursday, May 13

I arrive a day after the clouds of volcanic ash have created chaos for weary transatlantic travelers straggling into the 63rd Cannes Film Festival.

Michael Douglas, camouflaged in a red baseball cap, whisks us through customs, and Sebastian, my Brad Pitt look-alike driver of three years, takes me to nerve central: The Carlton Hotel.

Now begins the 10-day gathering of movie stars and storytellers posing on the iconic red carpet as overdressed royalty. Filmmakers know their careers hang on the praise or pans of fans, critics and Twitters. Everyone has their heads buried in their BlackBerry, from screening rooms and sidewalks to black-tie dinners. The glamour and decadence of promotional parties piggyback and compete for festival coverage around the world. The social pressure is enormous. Let the games begin.

Today is the first press day for Twentieth Century Fox's *Wall Street: Money Never Sleeps*, Cannes' most highly-anticipated film with premiere tickets going for \$12,000 on the black market.

Having a cameo in the film, I am allowed to attach myself to the entourage as a friend of the court.

Oliver Stone, Michael Douglas, **Shia LaBeouf** with girlfriend and co-star **Carey Mulligan**, **Josh Brolin** and **Frank Langella** sit on a long couch at the Palais Stéphanie chatting with **Matt Lauer**. Not realizing this is a live feed on NBC's "Today Show," I begin talking to the cast as stagehands leap to muzzle me. It is 23 years since Gordon Gekko strode into global consciousness as the symbol of Wall Street greed. Best Actor Oscar-winner Michael Douglas is being treated as a returning hero, complete with body guards and screaming fans wherever he goes.

That night, Fox Co-Chairs **Jim Gianopulos** and **Tom Rothman** host a cast dinner at the fabulously cool Tetou, where bouillabaisse is \$125. Nothing like promoting a film about the excesses of the rich and powerful right in the playground of the same.

Friday, May 14

Wall Street fever is omnipresent on the Croisette. Journalists rush to their 8:30 a.m. screening and press conference. "This is a story about family," Oliver Stone tells them. "A story about people who are balancing



Peggy Siegal

their love of power and money with their need for love.” (The studio is not pushing “sequel” or “financial.”) The reaction is sensational. Oliver manages to slip in his two documentaries, *South of the Border* and Showtime’s mini-series, “Secret History of America.” Michael Douglas mentions *Solitary Man*. Shia is off Sunday to start *Transformers 3* and Josh Brolin is in the middle of filming the Coen brothers’ *True Grit*.

Michael Mailer, his brother **John Buffalo Mailer**, who plays Shia’s best friend in *Wall Street*, and **André Balazs** are ensconced on **Taki Theodoracopulos’** 135-foot sloop, Bushido in the harbor. Taki is stuck in London. Michael is my date for the premiere.

We arrive at the Palais and wait at the bottom of the red stairway to heaven amidst a few thousand hysterical fans and pushy paparazzi. The traffic is at a standstill. The first to arrive is **Martin Scorsese**. Wrong director. He is screening a pristine restoration of **Luchino Visconti’s** masterpiece *Il Gattopardo* (*The Leopard*) at the Debussy theater next door and can’t get into his own event. He walks the wrong red carpet, waves, poses and goes in a back entrance to join icons **Alain Delon** and **Claudia Cardinale**.

The entire *Wall Street* cast has arrived except Michael. His limo pulls up and he is on the phone with **Catherine Zeta-Jones** in New York, describing the scene. He emerges with pure joy on his face. A video crew follows the cast up the steps, simultaneously showing their arrival on a huge screen inside the theater. **Thierry Frémaux**, festival general delegate in charge of selection, introduces the film. Producer **Ed Pressman**, bit player **Jean Pigozzi**, **Wendi Murdoch**, **Diane Lane** with friends **Naomi Campbell** and **George Lucas** with his girlfriend, economist **Melody Hobson**, are seated around the cast. The film gets a standing ovation as the ecstatic, relieved and exhausted talent move on to an exclusive dinner party in the gardens of the private Chateau de Fayeres.

Saturday, May 15

At 8 a.m., armed with my press badge, I head to the Palais to see **Mike Leigh’s** highly touted *Another Year*. My phone rings and I am instructed to go see **Ellen Barkin’s** *Shit Year* instead, where she bravely portrays an aging actress in love with a younger man.

I run back to the Palais to see the first hour of Cannes’ beloved **Woody Allen’s** *You Will Meet a Tall Dark Stranger*—because Woody personally gave me tickets for the premiere, which I can’t make. Now I can tell **Naomi Watts**, Josh Brolin and Woody that I loved their film, not mentioning the abbreviated screening.

Avant-garde art collector and photographer **Jean Pigozzi** has his annual poolside lunch at his Villa Dorane, overlooking the Mediterranean. Michael Douglas and Frank Langella arrive together having just finished dozens of four-minute international television interviews next door at the Hôtel du

Cap. There is no press at this party, but **Graydon Carter** has recently assigned a major profile in *Vanity Fair* on Pigozzi so he watches over his assigned writer, **Ingrid Sischy**, who watches over his assigned photographer, **Brigitte Lacombe**, who quietly snaps **Bono**, **The Edge** and **Paul Allen** with Pigozzi. Guests try not to stare at **Princess Caroline** of Monaco with her breathtakingly beautiful daughter **Charlotte** and her tall thin handsome sons **Andrea** and **Pierre Casiraghi**. As I leave, **Mick Jagger** emerges from a bedroom and, seeing my camera, says “no pictures” in unison with me.

Graydon Carter (another *Wall Street* alum with a speaking part as himself) has invited me to the *Vanity Fair* dinner. Overreacting to my elevated status, I dress in a pale yellow organdy concoction with a ruffled mini-skirt that flows into a long train. Remember **Bjork’s** swan outfit at the Oscars? Well, I look like a chicken.

Gucci’s **Frida Giannini** co-hosts in honor of Marty Scorsese and the 20th anniversary of his Film Foundation. Guests range from **Queen Noor of Jordan** to Google’s **Eric**

The hottest guest is Valerie Plame Wilson, the ousted C.I.A. agent, who’s in this film and is also portrayed by Naomi Watts in Doug Liman’s Fair Game. Valerie and Naomi are joined at the hip throughout the entire festival.

Schmidt, whom I introduce to **Camilla Belle** as “Larry from eBay.” **Harvey Weinstein** arrives with pregnant-with-a-girl **Georgina Chapman**, and guests wish him luck with his other baby, the pending deal to buy back Miramax.

Meg Ryan arrives with *Countdown to Zero* producer **Lawrence Bender**. She tells me she is moving to New York City in the fall and raising money to direct her first film.

Graydon’s dinner guests include his charming wife **Anna**, Ellen Barkin with **Bryan Lourd**, **Pedro Almodóvar**, **Gael García Bernal**, **Kate Beckinsale**, **Tim Burton**, **Benicio del Toro**, **Catherine Deneuve**, **Lapo Elkann** and his siblings **John** and **Ginevra**, **Jennifer Lopez** and **Marc Anthony**, **Salma Hayek** and **François-Henri Pinault**, **Julie Taymor**, **Juliette Binoche**, **Roman Abramovich’s** girlfriend **Dasha Zhukova**, **Larry Gagosian’s** girlfriend **Shala Monroe** and shoe designer **Christian Louboutin**, who tells me he sues cobblers who paint their soles red.

Three hundred additional guests join the after-party downstairs on the patio of the Eden Roc, where *Vanity Fair* and Gucci signage lighting up the infinity pool.

Time and time again, Graydon Carter rules the global social scene—from L.A.’s Oscars, to N.Y.’s Tribeca Film Festival to Cannes—with these extraordinarily historic evenings.



Shia LaBeouf



Angela Ismailos



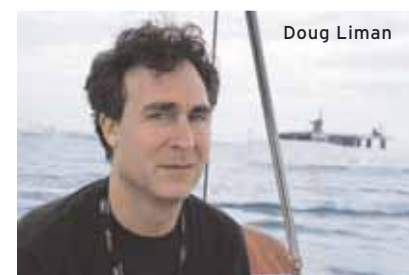
Peggy Siegal and Jeff Skoll



George Hamilton and Joan Collins



David and Debra Reuben



Doug Liman



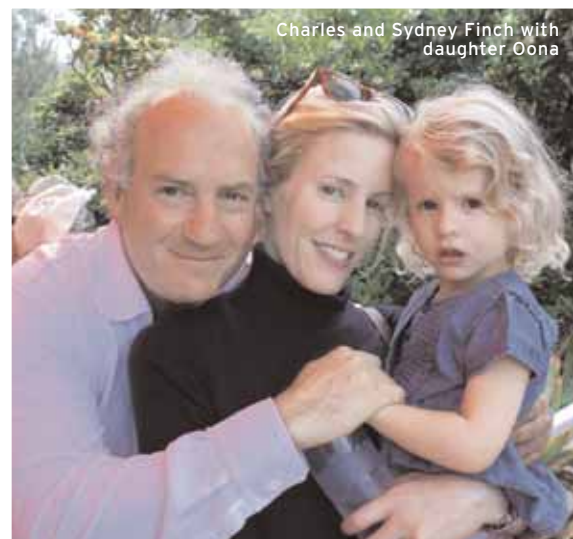
Tamara Mellon, Derek Blasberg and Dasha Zhukova



Elizabeth Banks



Michael Mailer and André Balazs



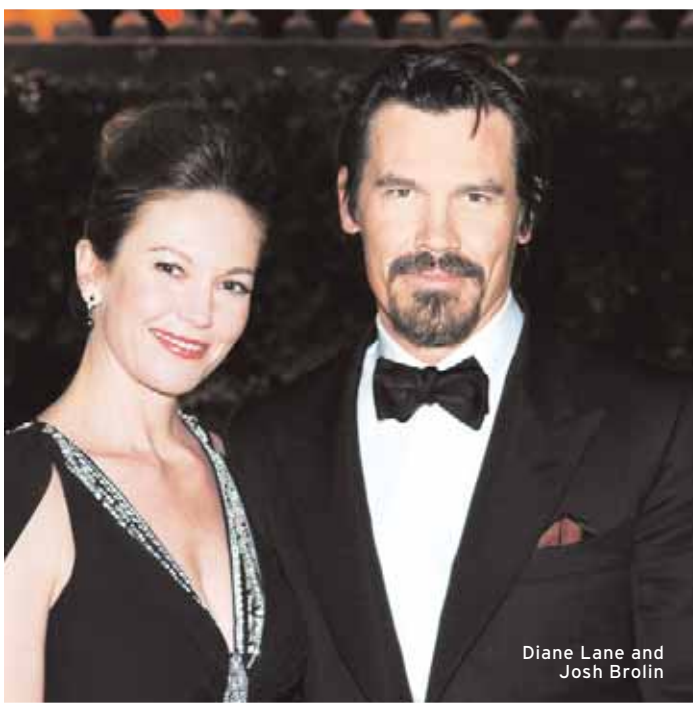
Charles and Sydney Finch with daughter Oona



Sandy Brant, Paul Allen and Ingrid Sischy



Javier Bardem



Diane Lane and Josh Brolin

Sunday, May 16

Debbie and **David Reuben** invite me for brunch and a tour of their Golden Gate Villa, built by King Leopold of Belgium for his daughter-in-law, Queen Elizabeth. The villa, also once owned by King Hussein of Jordan, is set high on the hills with a breathtaking harbor view. David was born in Baghdad, grew up in Mumbai, lives in London and became the aluminum king of Russia. He just built a 242-foot yacht called Siren. We go to La Colombe d'Or in the village of Saint-Paul de Vence for lunch with filmmaker **Angela Ismailos**, whose documentary (*Great Directors*) will premiere at MoMA in June. **Billy Zane**, **George Hamilton** and **Joan Collins** are dining.

Then on to **Charles Ferguson's** documentary, *Inside Job*, an analysis of the 2008 global financial crisis narrated by **Matt Damon**. Sony Classics' **Michael Barker** and **Tom Bernard** usher in Oliver Stone as the lights go down. At the end, Oliver announces, "Finally, a serious film about finance."

The Reubens then take English director **Tom Hooper** for a tour of Siren. Tom, in Cannes to appear on a panel about British filmmaking, is finishing his hot new film for Weinstein, *The King's Speech*, a true story about King George VI, who ascended to the throne with a speech impediment. **Colin Firth** is the king, **Geoffrey Rush** is his Australian speech teacher and **Helena Bonham Carter** is Queen Elizabeth. Tom is mesmerized by David's tales of wild and lawless Russian mafia manipulating the metals industry.

Diana Jenkins, **Jeff Skoll** and Lawrence Bender invite guests to join Her Majesty **Queen Noor** and **Sir Richard Branson** on Diana's Yacht Oasis in celebration of Participant Media's *Countdown to Zero*, a documentary about the escalating nuclear arms race. This exclusive dinner is on the eve of the premiere. Fireworks, compliments of the Doha Film Institute, erupt from the Majestic Beach and light up the harbor. The hottest guest is **Valerie Plame Wilson**, the ousted C.I.A. agent, who's in this film and is also portrayed by **Naomi Watts** in **Doug Liman's** *Fair Game*. Valerie and Naomi are joined at the hip throughout the entire festival.

Walking home on the Croisette, I stop in at the lavish Doha party, still going strong at 2 a.m. On the pulsating dance floor are the rich from the Middle East with visions of becoming movie moguls. In addition, Abu Dhabi has created a screenwriting grant, invested in *Fair Game* and co-finances films for Participant Media. Doha has a film institute, a film festival and various ventures with the Tribeca Film Festival. Martin Scorsese, **Terry Gilliam** and Tribeca's **Craig Hatkoff** have long gone home, leaving the sheikhs to dance with me.

Monday, May 17

Charles Finch, elegant British media man, holds his second annual *Finch's Quarterly Review* Dinner at the Hôtel du Cap Eden Roc. The guest of honor, French director **Bertrand Tavernier**, is presented with a white gold IWC watch (the luxury brand who sponsored the fête). This dinner is a Cannes favorite for the fabulously chic, including Charles' American wife **Sydney**, **Mick Jagger** with son **James** and **L'Wren Scott**, **Kevin Spacey**, **Glenn Close** and stunning French actress **Julie Gayet**.

Tom Hooper and I are on our way to **Paul Allen's** boat party on his humongous 414-foot yacht, Octopus. I offer to get **Dominic**



Jennifer Lopez, Frida Giannini and Marc Anthony



Camilla Belle



Salma Hayek and Naomi Watts

Cooper (*Mamma Mia!* and *The Duchess*) and his *Tamara Drewe* co-star **Luke Evans** in. Michael Mailer and André Balazs, feeling no pain, think nothing of crashing and crawl into my car. Since Paul Allen's security is so tight, I send them back to their own yacht.

Tom and I bump into Tim Burton, president of the Cannes jury. Tim tells Tom, "My wife [Helena Bonham Carter] says she saw *The King's Speech* and loves it. She never watches herself on film and has never seen my *Sweeney Todd*." **Ryan Gosling**, **Benicio del Toro** and **Kate Beckinsale** drink pink and white champagne and dine at sushi bars with waitresses dressed in kimonos while Paul Allen plays the guitar with his rock band. Of course the yellow submarine in the hull remains the biggest attraction of the night.

Tuesday, May 18

I attend a brunch for the world's most talented documentary filmmakers at the Majestic Hotel. I see **Lucy Walker** (*Countdown to Zero* and *Waste Land*), **Stephen Kijak** (*Stones in Exile*), **Tim Hetherington** (*Restrepo*), Charles Ferguson (*Inside Job*) and **Thom Powers**, artistic director of the new festival, DOC NYC.

Karl is so famous in France that the Croisette is lined with six-foot white Coca-Cola bottles painted with life-size Lagerfelds.

Hot couple **Johnny Depp** and **Vanessa Paradis** send the photographers into a tizzy as they arrive at Canal+Patio for a dinner hosted by Chanel and *Madame Figaro* in honor of Paradis and **Karl Lagerfeld**. Karl is so famous in France that the Croisette is lined with six-foot white Coca-Cola bottles painted with life-size Lagerfelds.

Weinstein Company's *Blue Valentine*, originally seen at Sundance, premieres. **Ryan Gosling** and **Michelle Williams** give the performance of their lives in this time-shifting relationship drama. Once again, a Cannes standing ovation. At midnight Harvey throws a party at the Nikki Beach Rooftop at Palais Stéphanie. Director **Derek Cianfrance** and producer **Jamie Patricof** are elated by the reception.

Wednesday, May 19

Penélope Cruz and **Javier Bardem** make a rare joint appearance. He is the frontrunner and eventually wins Best Actor for his heartbreaking portrayal of a poverty-stricken, dying father in **Alejandro Gonzales Inarritu's** *Biutiful*.

Penélope and Chopard President **Caroline Guosi-Scheufele** host a lunch on the terrace of the Martinez Hotel to benefit Haitian earthquake victims. Penélope auctions off dresses donated by **Scarlett Johansson**, **Anne Hathaway** and **Julia Roberts**, among others, and raises 270,000 euros.

Nothing like the arrival of Mick Jagger at the premiere of *Stones in Exile*, reminding us of the intoxicating mix of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll, to liven things up. Police control crowds that line up hours before the sold out 7:30 p.m. showing at the Palais Stéphanie. T.V. crews and photographers create more chaos. Tom Hooper and I squeeze inside, waving V.I.P. passes as Mick introduces the film in pantomime French. This 60-minute documentary, directed by 40-year-old Stephen Kijak, is commissioned as an accompaniment to promote the release of a digitally remastered "Exile on Main Street" album.

In 1971, for tax reasons, the Stones relocated to the Villa Nellcôte on Villefranche-sur-Mer down the road in Nice. Keith Richards, addicted to heroin at the time, had rented the villa for a year. Over a hot summer the band recorded parts of that album in a basement studio. The result is a mesmerizing look at the creation of rock 'n' roll.

Back on Paul Allen's seven-deck vessel for the second time this week, Paul, Tommy and **Dee Hilfiger** host the after-party for Jagger. I mention to Mick that his terrific interview with **Larry King** re-ran this morning in Cannes. He says, "It's not easy to out talk Larry and give a 40-year

history of your career in one hour." Naomi Campbell, Camilla Belle, **Adrien Brody** and **Emily Blunt** mill around Mick. He eventually slips out early.

Thursday, May 20

Approaching the 17th annual amfAR Cinema Against AIDS event, I am stuck in limo-lock outside the Hôtel du Cap. Having spoken to **Sharon Stone** a few weeks ago at the *Behind the Burly Q* screening she hosted

for **Leslie** and **Robert Zemeckis**, I knew she was filming *The Burma Conspiracy* in Thailand and so was not coming tonight. In the past she has raised \$290 million for AIDS. I email her to say she will be missed. She responds with, "Have a marvelous time. Tonight has that wonderful light. The God light. I am saying a prayer."

Alan Cumming sings "That's Life" and says he is channeling Sharon Stone.

Giorgio Armani's table is loaded with so many stars even I stop and stare. **Russell Crowe**, Kate Beckinsale, Benicio del Toro, Luke Evans and Jennifer Lopez chat from side to side. Mick Jagger, **Marion Cotillard**, Michelle Williams, **Elizabeth Banks**, **Kirsten Dunst**, **Diane Kruger**, **Kristin Scott Thomas**, **Rachel Bilson** and Naomi Watts are nearby.

Chopard bedecks every star in the tent with jewels and simultaneously emails a press release detailing the carat count.

Paris Hilton, here with her parents **Kathy** and **Rick** and brother **Conrad**, is gorgeous in white. The Hiltons have been to the races in Monaco and are headed to London the next day to buy antiques for their refurbished Southampton summer house.

Ryan Gosling is playing keyboards and singing a very sexy song: "Harvey is watching me" and "Johnny Depp

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and Sean kissed for AIDS and they liked it." The audience is eating it up because there is nothing else to eat. Where is the dinner? Ryan Gosling is bringing the house down singing, "Rich motherf-----s say AIDS ain't cool. Put your money in your fists." Harvey announces, "Ryan has just been cut out of *Blue Valentine*. The film stars Michelle Williams making love to herself."

Harvey brings up Emily Blunt and says he will pay \$30,000 if Ryan and Emily kiss. Harvey ends up kissing Ryan. I email Sharon Stone, "You would have saved this one."

Punk icon **Patti Smith** sings "Because the Night" and **Chris Tucker** improvises a medley. BlackBerrys hit the table tops as guests jump up to sing along.

A day with **President Bill Clinton** goes for 180,000 euro and is sold twice, **Tom Ford** brings in a staggering 600,000 euros for a private Karl Lagerfeld photo session.

Mary J. Blige performs "Just Fine" and Patti Smith comes back on stage. What a night.

AmfAR raises almost seven million euros and Chairman **Kenneth Cole** is delirious.

Friday, May 21

I am beginning to suffer party fatigue after eight days of crawling home at 4 a.m. Doug Liman and his producer, **Avram Ludwig**, finishing their *Fair Game* press day at the Carlton beach organize a sail on their chartered boat. I bring along directors Tom Hooper, Lucy Walker and Stephen Kijak. We snap photos of each other with super yachts behind us, kibbitz, gossip and relish the free time on the sea.

By 9 p.m. we all are back on the party circuit again on the Carlton beach at the Style Star Night hosted by *W Magazine* for new and so popular Editor in Chief **Stefano Tonchi**.

Members of the film crowd who do not have to stay for a possible Palme d'Or awards at Sunday's closing night ceremonies have recently left town.

The fashion crowd has just flown down from Paris for Naomi Campbell's 40th birthday bash hosted by her Russian billionaire boyfriend **Vlad Doronin** Saturday night at the du Cap so they all show up for Stefano.

Style Star is a company that pioneers short artsy branding fashion films for the Internet like the ones Marion Cotillard does for Dior.

Juliette Binoche sits next to Stefano as fashion designers whisper into her ear she will win Best Actress. **Riccardo Tisci** of Givenchy, **Peter Dundas** of Pucci, **Roberto** and **Eva Cavalli** and Kenneth Cole are also there. Directors Angela Ismailos, Tom Hooper, Lucy Walker and Stephen Kijak are at my table, along with Naomi Campbell's French press agent. He invites Stephen to her party. We end up at Jimmy'z, the private disco. French actress Julie Gayet gets us in. We dance until 4 a.m.

Saturday, May 22

I have lunch with David Reuben at the Eden Roc. We watch Naomi's support team arrive on the dock from a yacht with bags of clothes. I spot the French PR guy from last night and, never having met Naomi Campbell in my life, I am now obsessed with going to her party. I ask/beg if he can help me. He sends me on a wild goose chase around the hotel to other horrified PR girls. I am shameless and determined.

Dinner is on the Siren in front of the Eden Roc. David thinks I am nuts. I am sitting on a 242-foot yacht. Why would I want to leave? Stephen Kijak is my partner in crime. David sends his 40-foot tender to fetch Doug Liman's gang from his 40-foot sailboat. Eight disheveled filmmakers arrive and Doug is holding a pot of pasta he heats up in the galley. Stephen never tells the French PR guy he wants to come and I can't stand it any longer. We decide to crash. We take the tender to the shore

There is no press at this party, but **Graydon Carter** has recently assigned a major profile in *Vanity Fair* on **Pigozzi**, so he watches over his assigned writer, **Ingrid Sischy**, who watches over his assigned photographer, **Brigitte Lacombe**, who quietly snaps **Bono**, **The Edge** and **Paul Allen** with Pigozzi.

where we miraculously bump into **Fizzy** and **Aidan Barclay**, owners of *The Daily Telegraph* in London. They are on the dock leaving the party and heading to their 243-foot yacht. Fizzy is talked into giving us her wristbands. Our laughter attracts the attention of the two security guards at the top of the stairs. They let us in anyway. We are attacked by a dozen aggressive PR girls at the check-in desk. Dressed beautifully, I announce our names, "Fizzy and Aidan Barclay," saying, "we just went out for a smoke." PR girls respond in unison, "OF COURSE, COME IN!" Stephen, a man who can handle Mick Jagger and his merry men on a film set, is floored. We waltz in to the greatest birthday bash ever held at a film festival. **Grace Jones** wears body paint and sings "Happy Birthday" with J. Lo and Mary J. Blige. **Sarah Ferguson**, the Duchess of York, and her 21-year-old daughter, **Beatrice**, run out the door to deal with the breaking scandal of Sarah's bribery sting. The Black Eyed Peas sing, "Tonight's Gonna be a Good Night!"

I arrive home Sunday and dive into preparations for Michael Douglas' tribute at The Film Society of Lincoln Center Monday night. Tuesday we work on HBO's *Smash His Camera* at MoMA and Wednesday we're back at MoMA for Davis Guggenheim's screening of *Waiting for Superman* hosted by Bill Gates. So goes my life. ♦

