

**W**ith the euro dropping drastically against the former ‘almighty dollar’, what better time to take a voyage across the Atlantic! I landed in the port of **Monaco** once again for the **68<sup>th</sup> Monaco Grand Prix** in May. It had been cold and rainy along the **French Riviera** until the day I arrived with some **South Beach** sunshine as my gift. The weather turned sunny and 70’s, perfect for yacht hopping in the **Med** and traipsing along the **Cannes Croisette**.

I arrived jet-lagged, but couldn’t resist checking out the F1 kick-off party aboard “**Indian Empress**”, one of the largest yachts in the world at 95 meters in length (about 312 feet) and a 125,000,000 euros price tag, owned by **Vijay Mallya**, owner of Formula 1 racing team, “**Force India**”. Having just deplaned, I was not set up on ‘the list’, but after some quick maneuvering at the velvet ropes, I managed to gain access. Once inside, I ran into a sea of **Cote d’Azur** party playmates of mine so I was not alone for long. There was my Russian friend **Helene**, my Swedish friend, **Johanna**, Italian **Claudio**, German **Andreas** and many more.

My week long liquid diet of bubbles

began.... but Indian bubbly is a bit of a strange novelty and I must say, I prefer the French variety from **Champagne, France**. As always during these marquis events, finding a taxi is mission impossible. I politely asked the **Monte Carlo** police for a taxi number, but to no avail. However, as usual, in Europe, tall, dark, handsome Italians are always ready to rescue a damsel in distress. Within seconds of getting out of the paddock area and near a street, I was scooped up by a car full of gorgeous Italian men. Who said never accept a ride from strangers? They delivered me safely to my front door, retrieved my mobile number as a thank you and then I hit the sack soundly. That is until the next morning when the F1 engines started roaring for their pre-trial runs around Monte Carlo and I received a ‘wake up call’ from an Italian accent.

Time to get up, sip a strong espresso and hit a cyber café. Plucking away on a Francophile keyboard with a hangover is not the easiest task at hand. Time was escaping me so I hit the street for some fresh air and souvenir shopping. I selected a cute Grand Prix t-shirt and then headed back to prepare for the big night ahead. I was co-hosting several

# GLOBAL HOPE

## Diary of a Jetsetter

RIVIERA RELAY RACE  
MONACO TO CANNES  
PARTY, PARTY, PARTY

**HOPE GAINER**

Miami, New York, Los Angeles, London, St. Tropez,  
Buenos Aires, Punta del Este, Phuket, Abu Dhabi &  
the Full Moon.





hundred of our favorite jetset friends aboard **Five Fishes** for our weekend hospitality coined **“My Yacht Monaco”** organized by **Nicholas Frankl** and his sister, **Annabel**.

But first, I had to squeeze in several meetings at **Le Meridian Hotel** with a few potential new clients. At the lounge, I met **Tony Erdem**, an energetic Turkish man with a zest for life and fashion who would soon become one of my new party partners in crime,. He is launching his new shirt collection, **Galvanni** for marine & polo, Tony brought some shirts for us to gift to our VIPS and **Prince Albert**. Next, I met **Jean-Christophe**, an enterprising Frenchman who deals in the gold trade, sprinkling the mineral on gourmet food. Now, he invented placing particles of real gold into champagne bottles for bubbly with bling! And by the way, he tells me that gold is good for your health! Hey, sounds good to me, not that I need another excuse to guzzle champagne! Jean-Christophe’s new invention is branded, **Luxor**. He

presented me with a few magnums of this precious “gold” metal champagne. That sure beats the mini bar in my room! Soon, my wine colleague, **Alain Riviere**, Managing Director of **Chateau d’Esclans**, the vineyard that brings the world the best varieties of rose wine arrived. And also, another Turkish friend and local Monegasque man, **Davis Bebicaci**. So now lucky me was surrounded by a bevy of beautiful French and Turkish men to escort me for the evening. Davis kindly volunteered to be ‘our driver’ for the night. So off we went!

Our first stop was our welcome party aboard **Five Fishes** in the port, next to the race course. My friend, **Stephanie Boy** & her son, **Romain** from **Monte Carlo TV** were already aboard so we started filming immediately. Drinks flowed while the chef prepared a risotto to help soak up the liquid consumption. Artist, **Nataly Cnyrim Kimmel** showcased her vintage Grand Prix painting aboard the yacht. Nataly is special lady you can’t

miss in the crowd with her signature red locks who has dedicated much of time to philanthropic work for **Kimmel for Kids** as well as the **Prince Albert Foundation**.

After mixing and mingling on several decks of the yacht and consuming my quota of liquids, it was time for the next stop. Upon debarking, we received a nice goody bag from title sponsor, **Stratus** and headed to the infamous **Jimmyz** nightclub. Being in the hands of our local boy, Davis, we were immediately chosen from the crowd clamoring at the entrance and shown to our table. Soon our ice bucket was filled with **Crystal** and **Belvedere**. And a newfound friend delivered a bunch of fresh flowers to



me. Premium champagne, a bouquet, plus gorgeous international men.... what more does a South Beach single gal need? The servers wear t-shirts with the phrase **“Are you experienced enough”** which of course, ha-ha, I am. I got a giggle out of a t-shirt worn by a guy at the next table that said, **“I’m really not an alcoholic”**. And yet another that advertised, **“I’m almost single”**.

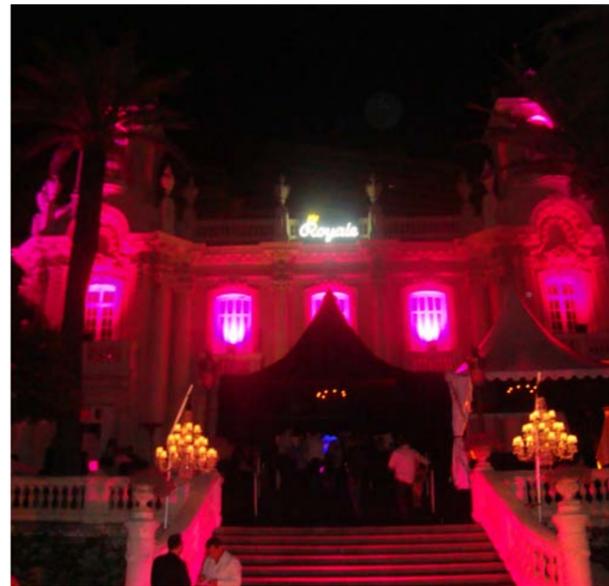
Once again on Saturday, my alarm clock roar was that of the Formula 1 engines. They start early in the morning, but thankfully take a lunch break so I could take a cat nap to catch up on my beauty sleep. My big decision of the day was whether to

go to the **Red Bull** party with my friend Claudio or the sailing vessel, **Lancia** to see 'The Prince'. Sleeping beauty chose the Prince. It was actually a charity event honoring **Nelson Mandela**. Surprisingly, we were not asked to remove our shoes, a rarity for stepping aboard a boat, especially this sailing vessel with wonderful wooden decks. I guess, the Prince's wish is our command.



Après, Lancia, I went to the **Dsquared** party at the pop-up club for **Billionaire disco** from **Sardinia** set up in the **Fairmont Hotel** for the Grand Prix weekend. Owner, **Flavio Briatore** was in the house. But this wasn't really my scene, so I left to explore the new **Royale private club** co-founded by Elton John's partner, **David Furnish**, shoe fashion maven, **Patrick Cox** and the co-founder **Myles Mordaunt** of **Amber Lounge**, another Grand Prix pop-up club. Royale was more my style, reminiscent of the **Grace Kelly** era. It made its temporary home in a museum, **Nouveau Musee National de Monaco** with outdoor

gardens along **Avenue Princess Grace** and had spectacular lighting washing the façade of the building. Here I ran into some fellow scenesters whom I seem to see everywhere at all the best parties and places globally. I had a brief encounter with a new cute, young guy from **Amsterdam** who is currently a banker in Monaco. Hey, a cougar's gotta do what's she's gotta do....on the prowl protecting her cubs!



Continuing along **Avenue Princesse Grace**, no trip to **Monte Carlo** is complete without a stop into **Sass Café**. Again, I ran into an assortment of my global tribe. Now, it was time to find the right elevator in the rock up to my street, **Boulevard d'Italie** to my temporary 'home sweet



home'. Here I have a room with an incredible view of the yachts moored out at sea and the Monte Carlo Beach.

Sunday, May 16 was the actual race day! I had a new Aussie friend **Sonia Mangelsdorf** from NYC join me for the festivities. We each sported cute sundresses for the occasion. Mine was from Peruvian designer, **Ana G** whose collection I had been wearing all weekend. I love Ana's clothes since they are both ladylike and sophisticated. Friday, I wore a black taffeta silk strapless dress to meet the Prince. Saturday, I glammed it up with Ana G's long black crochet dress with hand painted lining. And now Sunday, a one-shoulder mini dress accessorized with an earthly necklace from my Colombian friend, **Marcella Acosta's Esmeralda Collection**. Jewelry designer, **Stacy Louise John** of **LaLeye** offered some of her bracelets made in **Istanbul** for our VIPS to try and I wore one of her fashionable rings.

Sonia & I were great ambassadors for **Chateau d'Esclans** on Sunday, aboard **Five Fishes** yacht in perfect race viewing



position. We were never without a magnum of the best rose wine in the world in our hands and always had our glasses and those of our VIP guests filled to the brim. We were served a French-style luncheon buffet while we fraternized with the mostly male guests watching the race.

I ran into my polo patron friend, **Franck Dubarry** and his father on the upper deck. On the lower deck we tried out the earpieces with some British banker boys. My Aussie mate was thrilled when her fellow countryman, **Mark Webber** won the **Grand Prix** race driving for **Red Bull**. She must have been so excited since she accidentally knocked one of her designer sandals off the deck of the yacht into the water below. Now, I know what those guys in the wetsuits standing by are for....to dive in to retrieve any lost baubles or bling. Voila, in seconds she was handed her drowned shoe.

OK, now it was time to celebrate.... weren't we already doing that all weekend??? The race course roads



opened and a nice **Bentley** offered us a ride. One final hurrah in Monaco over at the **Sea Lounge** overlooking the water with the dusk setting in and bottles overflowing right into our mouths literally. Our compatriots seemed to think it best to tilt your head and pour right in! Why bother with glasses?

I ended the night with a casual meal at a local favorite eatery, **Tip Top** with my dear Monaco friend, **Carine Menache** and her brother who was visiting from Belgium.

Monday, time to shift gears and hop on my Greek friend, **Dimitri's** boat departing from **Cap Ferrer** to **Cannes** for the **Film Festival**. It was 'boys in babeland' aboard this journey. Pretty blondes and brunettes accessorized the boat afloat. **Kyros**, the other the other Greek man seemed pleased with his bounty.

Later the entourage joined **Lindsey Lohan**....so now I know how she really lost her passport. Hey girl, ever hear of the word 'refrain' or rehab?



In **Cannes**, I hit the **Carlton Hotel** to visit **Art Affair Cannes** in its inaugural year directed by my French friend, **Jean Bernard**. This was his answer to a mini Basel-like fair for the **French Riviera** during the **63<sup>rd</sup> Cannes Film Festival**.

In addition to the exhibition and events at the Carlton, he curated sculptures displayed at the **Nice** airport during the month of May and along the **Croisette**.

Monday night was the annual **Paul Allen** party aboard his gigayacht, **Octopus**, which measures 414 feet and contains 2 helicopters and 2 submarines. For entry, your name on 'the list' had to match your passport. We unfortunately had to take a pass, for we were invited aboard **Mar** to celebrate the birthday of banker extraordinaire, **Hossam** from the **Middle East**. This was a gorgeous contemporary yacht accessorized with the requisite hot tub on one of the decks. I couldn't resist planting a pose with



the skyline of **Cannes** in the background.

Yes, there are actually movies to watch at the festival and fashions to catch on the Red Carpet...but who has time for that? This year, **Chopard** was celebrating its 150<sup>th</sup> year, so they actually had 2 big parties. And then there was the annual **AMFAR** charity gala and **Naomi Campbell's** 40th Bday party hosted by her new Russian beau, **Vladimir Doronin** with **Grace Jones** performing, the **Vanity Fair** party, plus **After Parties** for each movie screening....

But back to the movies...with some touching on world events like the Iraq war, global financial crisis, religious fundamentalism and armed revolutionaries. We had **Russell Crowe** robbing from the rich in **Robin Hood** and **Michael Douglas** returning as **Gordon Gekko** in the **Wall Street** sequel and CIA thriller, **Fair Game** with **Sean Penn** who skipped Cannes, but his co-





star **Naomi Watts** was on hand. And **Woody Allen** brought us *You Will Meet a Tall Dark Stranger*. **Tommy Hilfiger** co-hosted *Stones in Exile* documentary with **Mick Jagger**.

The **World Music Awards** hosted by **Prince Albert** in **Monaco** also overlapped the **Cannes Film Fest** schedule. So what's a girl to do? Cannes or Monaco Tuesday night? Flipped a coin and Cannes won!

I was only in Cannes for two nights, but ended it with a bang full of performers and fireworks at the annual **de Grisogono** to see all of the celebs in attendance go to the gallery/events section and view Cannes 2010 Crazy Chic Party) soiree hosted by

**Fawaz Gruosi** at **Hotel du Cap/Eden Roc** in **Cap d'Antibes**. I stopped by this A-List hideaway earlier in the day to take care of getting my name on the ever precious 'list'. Waiting in the lobby was a surreal experience....opposite me was **Mick Jagger** meeting with **Ozzie Osbourne**. Wish I was a fly on the wall to hear their conversation. That night the party at this top notch property did not disappoint. **Maybach** unveiled their new 57S car while I toasted and caught a picture with **Lionel Richie**. By now, I had consumed I don't know how many gallons of champagne over the course of a week and slept a mere couple hours a night. Time to go home to sexy **South Beach** to sleep! Yeah, right! I live in a city that truly never sleeps.



Coming up this Fall 2010 from November 12 – 14 is the **Abu Dhabi Grand Prix**. So if you missed the Riviera dual city party relay race between Monaco and Cannes, you can try your luck at the **UAE** relay between **Abu Dhabi & Dubai**. The actual race track is at **Yas Marina** in Abu Dhabi, but the parties will float between there and Dubai. And if you want to be on the safe side, hoarding gold in today's economy, **The Emirates Palace** has the first gold bar vending machine that dispenses gold bars ranging from 1 to 10 grams as well as gold coins. Or you can sit back, relax and drink your gold since **Luxor champagne** infused with real gold is stocked at the Emirates Palace bar. Hope to toast you all with gold sometime soon!

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