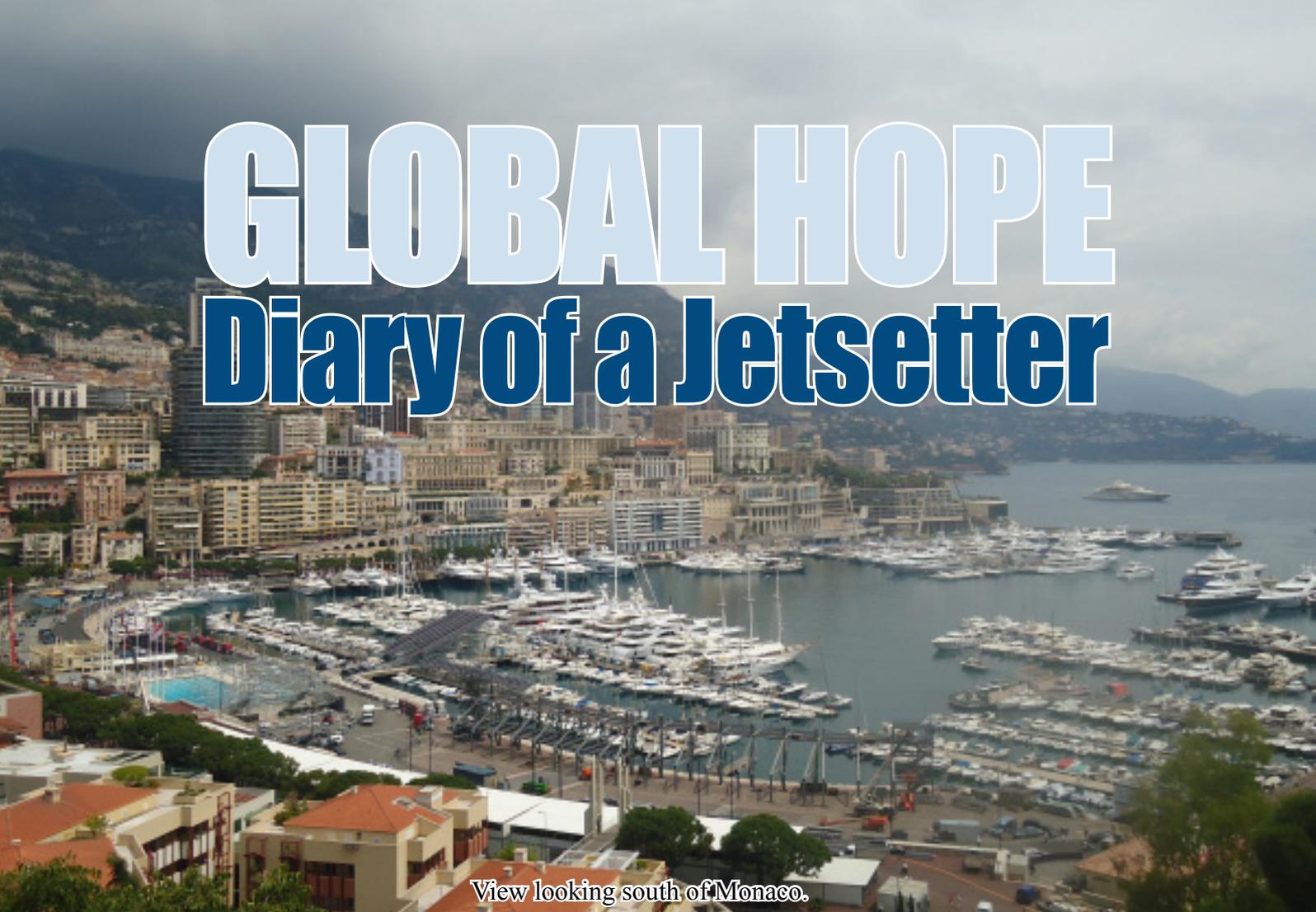


GLOBAL HOPE

Diary of a Jetsetter



View looking south of Monaco.

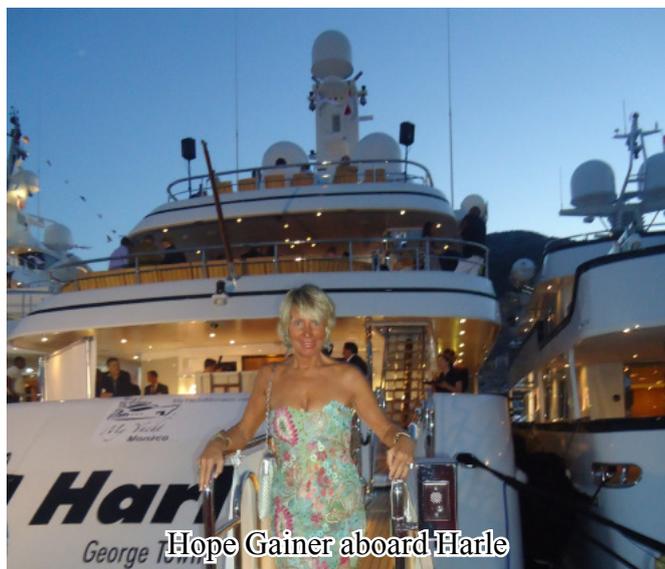
MONACO GRAND PRIX & VENICE BIENNALE 2011

Early Summer was off to a furious pace from racing laps at the Monaco Grand Prix to running around the Venice Biennale catching vaporettos from one palazzo exhibit to the next along the Grand Canal....all while sustaining a diet of fine French wines and Italian prosecco and plates of the best pasta imagineable!

My European whirlwind of activity started with the Grand Prix. It kicks off on Thursday with the *Indian Empress* gigayacht party hosted by Team India's owner.

They filled our champagne glasses with some Indian bubbly that just made everyone crazy and crazier as the night progressed...with inhibitions lost by many and a good time had by all. **FTV** captured the revelers on camera.





Hope Gainer aboard Harle



Painting by Fareen Butt

The problem with partying all night is the uninvited early morning wake up call as the F1 drivers hit the streets of Monaco for their practice runs. Vrrrrrrrooom, vrrrrrrrooom, vrrrrrooom, for hours all morning long. It seemed like a luxury to have a 5 star hotel room overlooking the race track until you realize even the best ear plugs cannot drown out the roaring engines while you sleep. Ahhh, the pitfalls of being a guest at the Monaco Grand Prix.

The Monaco Grand Prix is one of the major marquis events on the global jetset circuit. It attracts the super high net worth, celebrities, supermodels, scenesters etc... It is easy to hobnob since the Principality of Monaco is such a small place. Certain spots become the center of the universe that weekend. Le Meridien Hotel hosts a charity fashion event each year on Friday night attracting A-listers. Down the street, **Sass Café** is a central 'meet' market, while **Jimmy's** nightclub attracts the crowds til the wee hours along with the popup **Billionaire's Club** in the Fairmont Hotel.

For me, my Friday night was spent aboard the award winning Feadship yacht, **Harle** in the port of Monte Carlo. **My Yacht Monaco**, a three day hospitality venture hosts an annual launch party attended by **HSH Prince Albert II of Monaco** along with a melting pot of the rich and famous, as well as titans of industry and of course the requisite pretty young things.



HSH Prince Albert II with Henrik Fisker

Luxury brands and companies sponsor the soiree. This year's cast included Swiss Trust, Asprey, Fisker and Edmiston along with liquid libations by Chateau d'Esclans and Luxor Brut. Artist, **Fareen Butt** created an abstract mountainscape painting that was signed by Prince Albert and donated to his foundation. **Henrik Fisker** of Fisker Automotive donated his personal drawings.

The next morning arrived too early and it was time to be shuttled in our privately sponsored Goldfish tenders from the Monte Carlo Bay Hotel to our weekend viewing venue

We learned the hard way, when we arrived fashionably late by tender and the Monaco Marine Patrol abruptly stopped us in their ever so French manner. “Non, Mademoiselle, impossible.”

aboard the new **Snowbird** megayacht. with contemporary interiors designed by the owner’s son. Here we had a front row and center seat to view the races while enjoying a gourmet buffet luncheon sipping more delicious rosé wine and 24 karat gold-infused champagne by Luxor. Yes, this is the good life! And I was one of the lucky ladies to partake in these laps of luxury.

After the pre-trial races, our personal tender delivered us back to the **Sea Lounge** where we met new friends from Paris for more bubbly and an impromptu photo shoot in front of the vast outside mirror reflecting the scene. Saturday night some socialites dashed off to the Prince’s Palace for a gala while others hit the F1 parties. I landed on a yacht filled with Scandinavians and one special Brit in the name of **Richard Branson** adding to the entrepreneurial spirit aboard. We all danced the night away under the stars shining over Port Hercule.

Sunday marks the big day of the Monaco Grand Prix race finals. On your mark, get set....GO! Well, we did not get going on time. Like getting to the church on time, I now learned getting to the F1 races on time is critical. Not only are the roads closed all weekend, the access to your private yacht is also off limits once the race starts...who knew? We learned the hard way, when we arrived fashionably late by tender and the Monaco Marine Patrol abruptly stopped us in their ever so French manner. “*Non, Mademoiselle, impossible.*” We Americans who never take no for an answer replied “*Oui, oui, we must get onto our yacht!*” Well the



Hope & Fareen Butt

drama unfolded and finally we negotiated our way to jump on nearby tenders and climb from one yacht to the next til we arrived at ours, the Snowbird.

Ah, it was time to drink our well earned glass of rosé and watch the last minutes of the race. Afterwards, we climbed a few more yachts over to our new Swedish friends’ yacht and continued to eat, drink and be merry.

If all this sounds appealing to you, prepare your engines for the Abu Dhabi Grand Prix in early November. This new stop on the racing tour has quickly become a fan favorite. Monday, we took a hiatus and walked around Monaco visiting a few art galleries and met my friend, Jacqueline at her spa at the port for a fresh squeezed fruit juice. It was time for a day off from the bubbles. Tuesday, was transfer day. We managed to move our bodies to Venice for round two of this European adventure...



Alain Riviere, Managing Director of Chateau d’Esclans with guests aboard Snowbird

IT was my first time for this 100+ year old tradition in Venice (119 to be exact). I was in awe of this amazing event and incredible place. Lord Byron described it well: *“Venice.... the pleasure place of all festivity, the revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.”*

This webbed network of islands and canals is confusing to say the least. Arriving by water taxi to our apt was unique. We had a cute place with original terrazzo floors overlooking a canal. The first night we mistakenly walked in stilettos to the hotel hotspot, **Bauer Bar**, a silly decision. We soon learned that's what vaporetos (Venice water buses) are for. Within minutes, I ran into some of my globetrotting friends and a super star Colombian fashion designer from Miami via Paris, **Esteban Cortazar**. The world is certainly shrinking with less than 1 degree of separation. Next, I spotted some of my Argentine art dealer friends. And so on and so on...

Thursday, I wandered my way to the main pavilion to register officially as press. This included walking thru a maze of art exhibits including one in pitch black darkness...as if I was not already lost enough. I weaved my way back to meet my artist, Fareen and came upon an impromptu Macau press party with greeters in funky glasses.

Later, we met with **Lorenzo Rudolf**, a renowned figure in the art world. I am buddies with him and his gregarious Ecuatorian wife, Maria Elena. Lorenzo spearheaded bringing Art Basel to Miami. Then he co-created Shanghai Contemporary Art Fair and in 2011 debuted Art Stage Singapore at that unbelievable venue, Marina Bay Sands that looks like it's sitting in the sky on stilts, with a swimming pool floating in the clouds.

Lorenzo then introduced us to an Indian chap, **Tushar** who represents some of the world's best artists in his Mumbai gallery. This provided a great networking opportunity for artist, Fareen who had painted the Himalayas in her gemstone traditional way using not paint, but crushed minerals. That night we

went to the Indian dinner party hosted by **Ashak Vajpeyi**, Chairman of India's National Academy of Art at Hotel Europa Regina, a lovely Starwood property that consists of two palazzos. In the lobby an Italian artist, Stefano Curto had done a cool contemporary art installation of paintings made with Swarovski crystals. And then, by accident I literally bumped into the handsome hotel General Manager, Giuseppe de Martino. I had been corresponding by email with him for weeks about an exhibition and now we became newfound friends.

Later, we made a pitstop back to the popular Biennale watering hole, the Bauer Bar Terrace. This time I met two Italian fashionistas who made my day when they told me I was the best-dressed babe of the Venice Biennale. Well, I owe all thanks and gratitude to Miami based artist/designer, **Emma Savahl**. She has a cool, creative technique where she paints with a glue-like substance onto her fabrics resulting in one-of-a-kind texturized masterpieces. I was like a kid in a candy store when I stopped by her design studio to shop before my trip.

In Venice, the journey is equally as important as your final destination. While on the water headed to wherever you are going, you cannot help but admire the amazing historical buildings draped with contemporary art for the Biennale. It is one of those places on earth where every site is a sight to be seen.

One of my favorite exhibitions seen from the canal was **Glasstress** housed in **Palazzo Cavalli Franchetti**, seat of the Institute of Science where sculptures and glassworks were on display by contemporary artists and designers.

At the **Venice Biennale** (La Biennale de Venezia), each country has a pavilion. This year 89 countries participated and 83 artists covering over 10,000 meters between the Central Pavilion in the Giardini and the Arsenale. For 6 months the city of Venice welcomes this mass of vital energy.



Hope & artist Stefano Curto



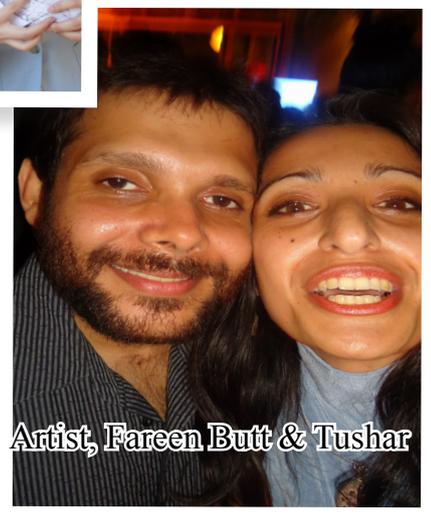
Hope at Pisani-Moretta Palazzo



Macau greeters



Hope with artist, Francisco Bassim



Artist, Faren Butt & Tushar

“La Biennale is like a wind machine. Every two years it shakes the forest, discovers hidden truths and gives strength and light to new offshoots, while giving different perspectives to known branches and ancient trunks. La Biennale is a grand pilgrimage where the voices of the world speak to us of their and our future come together in the artists’ creations and the curators’ work.” **Paolo Baratta**, President of La Biennale de Venezia

We managed to traverse a few countries in record breaking time in the outdoor Giardini area. In “Colombia” I met the artist, **Francisco Bassim** who created a room filled with sarcastic political cartoon characters including the likes of Obama, Bush and Queen Elizabeth.

Of course, you can not be in Italy without experiencing the flirtations of Italian men and gondoliers seem to do it best. I posed with a handsome Giovanni. You got to love those guys in the blue and white striped shirts accessorized with their signature gondola hats.

Being in Italy is equally incomplete without feasting on homemade pasta. My last night I was finally satisfied at the **Guggenheim Museum** party when the waiters rolled out huge dishes of delicious pasta to feed the art connoisseurs. This was the reward, I guess, for those guests brave enough to climb the bamboo labyrinth art installation that you had to sign a liability waiver for before ascending.

As we were leaving, my fellow scenesters swooped me up and took me to what they coined one of the most famous palazzos in Venice, **Pisani-Moretta** owned by **Count Maurizio Sammartini**. I was in utter amazement upon entering this palace. It was like going back in time to the glory days of glamour and elegance. Myriads of Murano chandeliers lined the ceilings that were covered with frescoes. The spread of food was fit for a feast along the walls of the main rooms. This was the perfect ending to my stay in magical, masked Venice.

I returned to Monaco just in time for another art happening at the Grand-Hotel du Cap-Ferrat. After the vernissage, we were invited to dine amongst local socialites on a scrumptious seafood dinner. It was girl’s night out. I had Claudia from Brazil and Mirella from Italy who directs Princess Caroline’s art exhibition with me. I also brought my international photographer friend, **Pamela Jones** from South Beach whose specialty is shooting yachts. She had just bought a pied a terre in Villefrance sur Mer with a spectacular waterfront view. The next night we got a French cooking lesson from a fellow yacht expert, **Jill Bobrow** from Vermont of all places.

With some breathing room on my hands now, I made my daily run around Port Hercule in Monaco and up to the Palace where I was rewarded with some of the best views ever. Plus, I got to experience the marching military as the clock struck noon.

The **Monaco TV Festival** (51st Festival de Television de Monte Carlo) was kicking off. The first night the Metropole Shopping Center was hosting their annual champagne shopping night. The **Mercedeh Shoe** shop caught my attention for the most bling encrusted footwear I have ever seen anywhere. As we were leaving I ran into Swedish blonde bombshell, **Victoria Silvestedt** whose millennium calendar I had produced in Brazil.

The next night **Petit Fute**, publisher of guide books launched their 2011 editions for both Monaco and Cote d’Azur. A variety of French chefs sampled their cuisine and vineyards provided wine tasting, making for a truly fulfilling evening at the **Monte Carlo Beach Club**. On another night, we made the rounds to several Monaco art galleries participating in an art walk.

Then the grand finale of my trip was the TV Festival gala in the Sporting Club. It was full of pomp and circumstance as trumpets announced Prince Albert’s arrival followed by **Cool & the Gang** getting the audience onto the dance floor. One final dance at the



View from Pamela Jones home in Villefrance sur Mer

infamous **Jimmy's** nightclub and I was good to go....home sweet home to sexy South Beach!

HOPE INTERNATIONAL

Contributing Editor,
Hope Gainer,
President of Hope
International, is a

global image-maker, marketer and branding expert with 30 years of lifestyle experience with a focus today on the luxury market. She produces unique upscale events around the world. Gainer is also a founding member of the Florida Luxury Council.

Visit:

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Victoria Silvest & Hope