



Cannes Confidential II: Film, Stars

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By [Victoria Charters](#)

(from the [2011 Cannes Film Festival](#))

Day three of the Producers Workshop starts at 10 a.m. with a presentation titled “Mining Europe for Production Finance.” A dense and informational map of how to search for co-production partners presented by European Audiovisual Entrepreneurs financial consultant Linda Beath, the seminar demonstrates why lawyers are good at this.

Then, finally, enough time to catch a film! I head to the Marché du Cannes screenings for the Australian thriller “Swerve,” directed by Craig Lahiff.

The Producers Workshop resumes with “International [Independent Film](#) Financing,” whose speakers include Pierre Spengler of Clubdeal and Katriel Schory of the Israel Film Fund. Schory had lost his voice, and with apologies, generously continues to chat to us for two hours on the day his country’s film, “Footnote,” premieres at the Grand Lumiere. (“Footnote” was later bought by [Sony Pictures Classics](#).)

With my “business” day over, my colleagues and I head over to the Croatian Pavilion to down cherry liquor shots and look out over the harbor. As is the custom, we all try to figure out which of the megayachts is Octopus, Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen’s 414-foot behemoth. We think we spot it.

I wasn’t thinking about logistics when I’d set up my next meeting at 7:30 p.m. at the Hotel Majestic Barrière. The venue is just opposite the Palais, and on opening weekend’s Saturday night, The [Hollywood Reporter](#) is hosting a party for [Jodie Foster](#)’s “[The Beaver](#).” The animals are all chic and extremely well-dressed, but the place is, inarguably, a zoo.

The night is young, so 20 texts, 10 phone calls (at 99 cents per minute) and three cab rides later, I find some friends. We take the 60-euro ride to the famed Hôtel du Cap in Antibes. The symmetry is breathtaking, as is the star power at the bar: [Cannes Film Festival](#) jury president [Robert De Niro](#) is here, [Harvey Weinstein](#) is in attendance with his [entourage](#), and so too are the stars who’d just stepped off the [red carpet](#) from the Riviera’s [premiere](#) of “[Pirates of the Caribbean: On Stranger Tides](#).” [Johnny Depp](#)’s security attempts to forge a path for him, having to stop briefly as [the woman](#) next to me swoons, “I saw your film two times today.” He smiles a little, peers through his glasses and self-deprecatingly faux-sighs, “I’m so sorry.” She swoons some more.

Suddenly it is 3:30 a.m. and time to go if I am to attend my 10:00 a.m. lecture the next morning. Assured that a cab is “five minutes” away, I wait the 40 minutes and share a ride back with some English postproduction people. After three days of cold showers, a change of apartment is a welcome homecoming.

Photo by [Victoria Charters](#)