

My two months abroad...

Thursday, 11 July 2013

Well it's been quite an amazing couple of months in Europe and North Africa.

Copenhagen was great for Eurovision in May - it was actually in Malmö, Sweden but that's only 20 minutes across a spectacular bridge from Denmark and the hotels and restaurants are better in Copenhagen.

I spent some time in the giant hall talking to various Eurovision artistes and national representatives; didn't see Bonnie Tyler or the UK team though (I'd have told them her song didn't stand a chance).

Saw my Eurovision friends and had our traditional annual meal at a Michelin starred Thai place - Kiin Kiin - see photos - delicious but wildly expensive.

On to Cannes for the Premiere of The Pink Marble Egg where the Rolls got a lot of attention due to the giant egg on top of it. As a result the screening was packed out.

Saw and met many stars and executives. Lots of pictures in the Photos section.

Then on to Morocco. Picked up a hire car, drove to Marrakech where BANG - a motor cycle hit me at 100kph, shooting twenty feet into the air, as did the driver and the passenger, landing on their heads. The bike was a total write off. If they had hit six inches closer to me I'd be dead. As it was, their crash helmets protected them and they only suffered a cracked rib.

Changed to a new car. And had a great time in Marrakech and Fes.

Back to Cannes, strange weather, often rainy and cloudy. A nice trip to Italy where my friend Elijah was holding a Native American Art exhibition..

Then Tunisia - also weird weather but generally better than on the Riviera. They haven't got it right yet and there are worries that an "Egypt" may happen as there's much dissatisfaction that the wonderful new government isn't as wonderful as people hoped. The economy is weak. Arab Spring, as I always predicted, is fine on paper; disastrous in practice.

They need a strong - but not corrupt or abusive - leader.

Returned to France. On my way back, in Paris, I stayed in a tiny little hotel where Jim Morrison stayed years ago, according to a plaque on the wall.

And back through the Eurotunnel after two fantastic months.
Happy to be home.

