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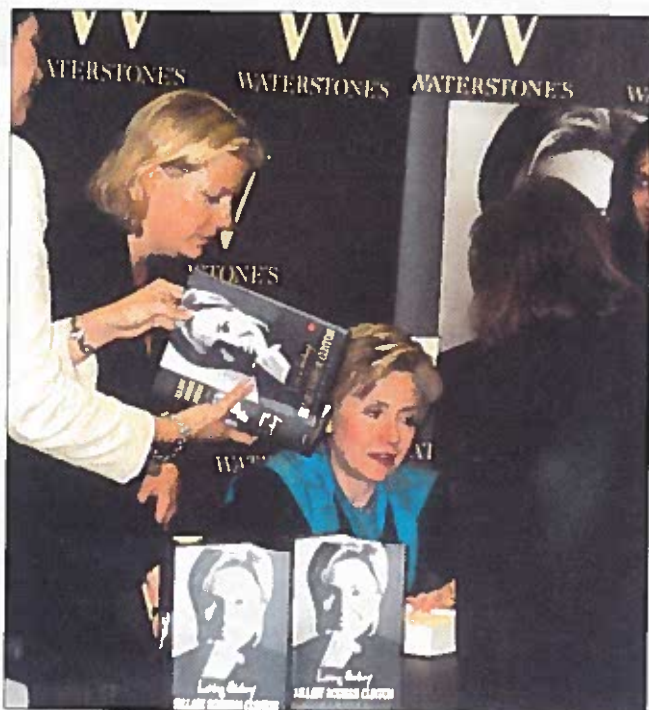
On the town with the Clintons

HILLARY Clinton proved a hit with British book-buyers last week, boosting total sales of her memoir, *Living History*, to 150,000. Headline's sales in the UK are 80,000 and, following a discernible surge over the weekend, Headline put through a 10,000 reprint. The book is at number one in Britain, Ireland and Australia and, when US sales are taken into account, is said to be the fastest-selling memoir of all time. At Waterstone's Piccadilly, 600 copies were signed and sold in 75 minutes and at Border's Oxford - where "First Mate" Bill Clinton stopped by for an 8.30 am coffee - 700 in an hour. But while Waterstone's sold the title at the full RRP of £20, Borders offered it for £16.99.

The book's British editor, Heather Holden-Brown - who, with former Headline MD Amanda Ridout paid a reported \$1m for the title - watched the crowds at Waterstone's with unalloyed pleasure. What was intriguing was the number of book trade people who joined the queue, which began five hours ahead of the 5.45 start: among them were Frances Wood and Julie Apps from Hatchards, which had hoped to host the event, and, from Ebury Press, Editorial Director Leslie McCowan.

Publicity Director Georgina Moore was this week still adrenalinised from the four-day tour (on which she reports below), delighted by the amount Clinton had packed in and at the range of potential buyers targeted by a handful of judiciously placed interviews. "She was very pleased with everything, and we hope to bring her back next month to visit Ireland - she's just enormous there," she said.

Holden-Brown told *PN*: "The excitement the Clintons' visit has added to *Living History's* publishing campaign is amazing and it is wonderful for everyone at Headline to be contributing to the success of such a prestigious book."



"Keep them coming," said Hillary Clinton. At Waterstone's with Headline Publicity Director Georgina Moore (left)

Georgina Moore chronicles the *Living History* tour

THURSDAY 3 July 10.59 am
Arrive at air base with one minute to spare. Have had to hire a 'staff van' to transport everyone, driven by Paul Erdresser, who I don't know at all. He didn't understand that when I said 10am collection, I meant 10am and not 11am. He is now very nervous and I have aged a year - if I'm late, I won't be able to be 'folded in' to the motorcade. With traffic gridlocked, I look at my pink shoes for comfort, the only touch of colour in my otherwise perfectly senatorial outfit. Finally, we take our place in the line and I ring Jennifer, the lovely SSO, breathlessly tell her 'I'm here'. Jennifer tells me coolly that the Senator's plane is sitting on the tarmac in Paris.

Note to anyone finding themselves in a motorcade: no authorisation for 'special' driving, no sirens, no jumping red lights.

Press interviews in the Presidential Suite at the Ritz - organised chaos directed by the Senator's Angels - Virginia, Huma and Sarah, who are the advance team. With high-powered day jobs, they are 'folded in' whenever the Senator hits the UK - they have worked in the White House. Glamorous and charming, they are uncompromising in their eye for detail. Cameramen everywhere, interviewers looking slightly awed are swept in and out of different rooms, whilst outside the door eight large Secret Service men drink tea out of tiny china cups. In the middle of it all, the Senator glides in with a broad smile, wide eyes and impeccable professionalism. "Great shoes Georgina" - she's won my heart.

Waterstone's signing - long queue down Piccadilly. Angels, Headliners, Waterstone's team work to keep up with the Senator. "Keep them coming," she says gaily. And they do,

some in awe, some telling her what an inspiration she is and how she must run for President.

Natalie, my brilliant assistant, is 'folded in' as 'puller' girl, the only one who can keep up with the speed of HRC, taking the books from her. Thank God, my dream sales manager Paul is there too, showing great diplomacy running between the Senator's staff and Waterstone's - getting the display just right. We are learning the hard way how they want things to run. She signs 600 copies in just over an hour.

And then the Senator's road-show sweeps on to the party -

Lynn de Rothschild hosting at the Orangery in Kensington Palace. HRC is making a quick change so when I turn up in the Mercedes people carrier, everyone thinks it's her. Instead, I spill out with Philippe, Press Sec, Stylist and Angels. "Oh look, its Georgina".

Described in the press as the night of the parties, I can't see a reason why anyone would want to be anywhere else. They are all here - Peter Mandelson, Alistair Campbell, John Reid, Philip Gould and Gail Rebeck, Kate Adie, Lady Antonia Fraser, Sir Bob Geldof, Lulu. Martin Neild does a brilliant job of co-hosting and making sure that all our customers get to meet the Senator, who never stops until she's seen everyone. My thrill is a quick chat with Bill Clinton - he tells me that Hillary practised her signature on pieces of paper before starting the book tour. She is looking for the perfect one. *Of course.*

Note to anyone finding themselves at a party with Bill Clinton: women really do go weak at the knees, even sensible, cynical ones.

FRIDAY 4 July Recording *Richard and Judy* at the Ritz. The professionalism of the team there is a joy, and they're thrilled to get this interview. I thought that we would get to see a warmer, more relaxed Senator. Sure enough, *R and J* have Hillary laughing and chatting about marriage counselling etc. Judy tells HRC that she thought at the time that she should have left Bill. Philippe the Press Secretary tells me afterwards that everyone was telling him that they should throw me from the train for doing *R and J* but that it was one of the best TV interviews she has done.

Woman's Hour live from BH. The Senator seems rather taken by her first visit to BBC HQ and the warren of rooms.

Motorcade moves on to Oxford, and in the afternoon we all have some 'down time' at the Randolph. Senator goes off to see Chelsea and Bill is there too. Oxford is in a state of high excitement, with photographers hanging around outside the hotel, and guests lingering in the

lobby for a glimpse. That evening I am in the downstairs bar as Bill and Hillary sweep down the stairs in their evening wear - they are holding hands and look serene and happy. Only the burly men in front and behind give the impression they are anything other than a couple going out for dinner. A cheer goes up from the crowd - another great moment. All the press feedback is positive and everything is going so well - the *Standard* interview is splashed all over the front of the paper and even my pink shoes get a mention. Philippe gives me a look when he reads it.

SATURDAY 5 July Borders signing in Oxford. Bill has come down to the lobby of the Randolph that morning in his jeans and trainers and says he is off to Starbucks. A few minutes later, five large men come hurtling down the stairs after him. He had got up without telling anyone.

It seems all of Oxford turns up for the signing, including Chelsea. Photographers go mad and I am thrilled - yet more photos for tomorrow's papers. Afterwards Paul, Natalie and the boys from Borders and I sit having a beer - we are exhausted. She has signed approximately 700 books. How could you keep this pace up? We are all in awe of the Senator.

SUNDAY 6 July I begin to feel that everything after this tour will be an anticlimax. This is our last press day before the Senator's party moves on to Berlin. *Breakfast with Frost, The Today Programme and Parkinson* on Radio 2. I get my book signed and a photo with the Senator. "Are we finished, Georgina?" "Yes," I say sadly. "Another pair of great shoes! I see the last pair got a mention." "Yes, well I do like shoes." "Well, you wear them well, Georgina."

I think we can safely say that she left the UK with a great impression of her, in the press but also in the person. I hope she comes back soon.



Bill Clinton gives Liz Thomson an update on the progress of his own memoirs

WITH *Living History* now a bestseller, it's time for Bill Clinton to concentrate on his own memoirs. He had, he told *PN*, spent a good deal of time reading Hillary's manuscript, making sure that all the dates and details were correct.

Asked how he was getting on, the former President said: "It's one-third written, two-thirds planned out." And, no, it's *not* late - it was always planned for it to be published a year or so after Senator Clinton's. "The last thing I'd want is to have Gail mad at me!" he said, speaking of Gail Rebeck, CEO of Random House, which will publish the book next autumn. "I'm writing it in longhand and there's a young guy puts it on computer and a young woman who reads it to re-check all the facts."

He explained that he'd read "all the presidential memoirs and they are all boring - they go into way too much policy detail. The only one that's not is Truman's oral history and, before that, Grant's. When he wrote it he was dying of cancer from the 10,000 cigarettes he



Bill Clinton with Jenny Heller of Waterstone's, who told him her father is a neighbour in Chappaqua. "Call me next time in you're in New York"

smoked during the Civil War, and he'd sit huddled in a blanket in the freezing cold so he wouldn't feel the pain and he wrote with a stubby pencil. He had a *terrible* deal and Mark Twain helped him get a better one and the book sold 300,000 copies, which was incredible for its day."

And it turns out that Clinton is the Bill Wyman of politics. "I've kept *everything* - all the letters from my mother, all the essays I wrote in college. There's going to be a lot about my time in England, because

that was very important to me - though I'm not sure how my American editor will feel about that." He also revealed that he'd generated more papers than any other president and that, as a counterweight to Bush's secrecy (he has placed all his Governor's papers in the library with his father's, the first President Bush), he plans to release them as soon as possible once the seven-year seal is up.

He had, he said, "nothing to hide", and his book will set the record straight. Recalling his wife's comment about a "right-

wing conspiracy", Clinton said that Senate Whip Alan Simpson (Republican, Wyoming) had told him during the Whitewater hearings that "anyone with any intelligence can see there's nothing in the papers - but who cares, it's a great story." The President continued: "The right-wing lies for a living! ...It's only the Democrats want to change things for the better".

Holding a CocaCola in one long-fingered hand and gesturing elegantly with the other, a friendship bracelet adorning his right wrist, Clinton chatted about Roosevelt and Johnson, Civil Rights, Vietnam and the "supine" media which allows the current administration to get away with murder. He also reminisced about his friendship with Judy Collins, whose recording of "Chelsea morning" so captivated him and Hillary that they named their daughter after it. And he promised to bring his saxophone when he comes to London to launch his own memoirs.

All of which left Rebeck with only one worry: "Where should we hold the launch party?"

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