



it is, as ever, in the details!

The Chinese spelling has rendered a change to the name of one of our esteemed publishing houses. As to what **DAVID BATOMAN** was signing the Chinese up to at Frankfurt, it is Paul Batoman's -sorry - Bateman's new venture Our Place Publishing. They aim to publish books on every world heritage site. At last count, there were 830 of those so that's one huge project. How come HarporCollins, Random House or Ponguin didn't seize that opportunity first?



UNITY BOOKS gave me the whisper that they are a finalist in their category of the TopShop Awards in Wellington. The bubbly bottles are barely drained from the front counter as crew celebrate the Capital Times Bookshop of the Year award and before that the Thorpe Bowker Independent Bookseller of Year 'Should I put down a cellar for next year?' **TILLY LLOYD** asked. 'Every girl should have bubbly on hand, at all times', I always advise.

Money is another subject dear to my diamante collar, so I nearly swooned when I heard **MARK FRY** say he could have got \$500 from an offshore fan for his ticket to the **HARPERCOLLINS** Peter Jackson book event in Wellington. Said overseas fan surely would have swapped even more cash after PJ signed copies of the biography as PJ is not doing any other signings - or so we hear. But a nice boy like Mark would never do that! One supposes that nice girls with invites who never thought of the possibility are still sighing over a missed opportunity.

Judy Bailey has groupies, and some come bearing their New Zealand Super Cards! **PENGUIN'S SUE DILEO** spent hours

fielding phone calls from men wanting to know if they could buy a ticket to a Judy Bailey function, and more importantly could they talk to her and tell her how much they admired her? At the Dunedin event Judy's minders had to fight off swarms of eager and elderly old boys... As for the launch - my spies tell me it was a who's who of past and present TV's top dogs.

Gasps went round the room at **WHITCOLLIS** most recent suppliers event. What was **TONY MOORES** doing walking into the room like he had a perfect right to be there? Startled looks and sharp intakes of breath were stifled as memories kicked in and all remembered Tony's decision to bat for the other side - no longer Paper Plus head honcho of buying, nowadays he's **HARPERCOLLINS SALES MANAGER - TRADE**.

Bookselling and publishing are not considered high risk activities by ACC. So don't tell them that at **RANDOM HOUSE** team risked life and limb when author and bungee pioneer AJ Hackett celebrated his autobiography, Jump Start, by a bungy off the SkyTower. Hackett wasn't content just to jump, but also had to show off by autographing a copy his book for a Phobic Trust auction. Naturally a little phobic about public safety, Random staffers stood under the jump site lest passers by get felled by a falling book missile.

Owner of a new bookstore, **BACI**, about to open in the Rialto at Newmarket, is now also an aspiring author with a manuscript awaiting assessment. Said bookseller is also a full time medico with his own practice and teaching gigs at Auckland and Brisbane medical schools. This energetic and accomplished soul is 40ish **DR SHARAD PAUL**. I just have to have a little lie down when I encounter over achievers.

The **POPPIES'** empire is ever expanding: already in Remuera, Cambridge, Havelock North, Fielding and now Gisborne, and one wonders how the locals are taking the news. As for Remuera, **PAULA**, who bought it from **JAN**, who bought it from **JUDY**, has now sold to **SHAYNA**, a mere slip of a gal in her 20's. This personable pooch is left pondering

the question of what the new girl will make of matrons of Remmers? Very posh.

Publicists, bless 'em. If they aren't pushing a book they are pushing themselves. A couple of issues as editor of *Booksellers News* must have been all too much for **JILLIAN EWART**, who came down with a wee touch of pneumonia. A guest of her local public hospital, the ungrateful wench wrote about her experience and the NZ Listener published it. The proceeds may be piffling, but there's a moral duty to remit it to the local DHB. We poodles know the true cost of health care: a visit to the vet has my mistress weeping over her Amex.

Speaking of publicists - how come it was editor **SARAH ELL** and not publicity princess **SARAH THORNTON** who got into print in the NZ Herald's 'SideSwipe' column with a carefully framed photo of a new warehouse sign adjacent to Random offices promising to be an 'EGA men warehouse.' As Sarah E noted, 'the female staff of **RANDOM HOUSE** are pleased to see that it's going to stock something useful. Eager men are hard to find.' Poor gals, when I write my guide on how to pull the pups, Random will be the first to see the manuscript.



November nerves have had me counseling several booksellers. 'I can't pay my bills,' they sob on my comfy little couch. 'I need to order all this stock for Christmas because I won't be able to get it later, but right now I'm scared' they lament. Now, now darlings, I may have more beauty than brains, but I do know December follows November. For the length of this dog's life - bar the odd hiccup quietly disposed of at the odd January sale - booksellers are always smiling on Christmas Eve.

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