

THE INTERVIEWER

Grace Fitzgerald

She is self-professed at being good at one thing, and mainly one thing. Being Grace Fitzgerald (...). And is known in Stockholm for her social media alter ego, Lovely Lady. Apart from that feat of being herself and Lovely Lady, she writes for the love of it—gonzo style—and when she is not writing? She fences épée, target shoots, plays the violin and piano. And apart from her jet-setting adventures and lifestyle PR writing? Ms. Fitzgerald wants nothing more than:

1. To take her mother to Cambridge to read the pioneering travel diaries of Lady Harriet Walker (her escapading ancestor who ran away with an Irish stable boy... and the rest is history)
2. Spend 3 months in Buenos Aires learning tango and living the latin lover lifestyle.
3. Mr. Christian Louboutin to start making shoes in size 43... (yes, seriously) ... and?
4. When Mr. Right proposes whoever and wherever he may be, to settle down once and for all—and ...
5. ... Get a kitten.



Photo © Anna Lindh Photography

Clooney.

The man.

The mystery.

AND THE THREE MILLION DOLLAR QUESTIONS.

Written by Grace Fitzgerald.
Photograph by Debby Wong / Shutterstock.com

AS I SET OUT TO INTERVIEW this actor/professional coffee-drinker/general man of mystery, I said to myself, “Well, this will be a great second addition to The-Interview-That-Never-Happened series”, the first (not) being of Superchef Rene Redzepi of NOMA. At the outset, as luck would have it, Rene was unavailable until 2016 or so, and hence was born the interview of a new kind. The interview that never happened. But what did happen was a spot of email ping pong with his PR manager, whose name I now forget. Sorry. Arvid, was it?

Anyway. Moving along to the next mark. I thought I should (not) interview the Galileo of our times. You know. To get a bit of that intellectualism stuff out and about. But as I flicked through the magazine files in my brain in about 3.5 seconds, (no, because I’m that fast ..), I happened upon the one who may not be the Galileo of our times, but he is most certainly the alpha and omega.

Yes. That’s right. One Mr. George Clooney.

I mean, as a writer seeking word exchange with the stars, why have delusions of mediocrity when you can have delusions of grandeur? Yes. Exactly. And I was indeed hopeful for no reply when I sent the following emails to Mr. Clooney’s publicist (one named Stan Rosenfield) so that I could, quite frankly, just get on with the damned interview-that-never-happened myself and get another tick off the list. °

ATTEMPT NO. 1 to get one Mr. George Clooney on the line..
Email as sent to George Clooney’s manager,
Stan Rosenfield, L.A.:

Dear Mr. Rosenfield,

On behalf of The Collection Magazine, Stockholm, I write to request a short three-minute phone/skype interview with George Clooney. Yes. Seriously. Three minutes. The concept? Not too dissimilar from The Vanity Fair Proust Questionnaire interview series. Considering this, and the fact that I am gonzo-style writer, this Proustian questionnaire method offers a likewise rapid-fire ‘stream-of-thought’-style response. The idea? Random and not-too-personal questions that get straight to the point and require brief but instinctive answers. The result?

1. I don’t take up much of Mr. Clooney’s time
2. You get a quirky piece in an elevated brand trending magazine that is revealing without being too revealing.. (And, of course, I get my three minutes of vicarious fame).

Sample questions..
Streaky bacon or BBQd pulled pork? Brunch or Dinner? Tropical Rain or Scandinavian snow? (Yes. It is different. It’s better looking). Linen or Cotton? Silk or Wool? Castle Gardens or Wild Meadows? Atlantic or Pacific? Brad Pitt or Matt Damon? (Just kidding. We all know it’s Brad). Brunette or Blonde? Lake Shore or Seaside? Olives: Black or Green? Cats or Dogs? Boxers or Briefs? Tartare or Ceviche? Sunrise or Sunset? Black & White or Colour? Sports massage or Swedish massage? Wine or spirits? Wrinkles or Fillers? Filter or #nofilter?

And one last question: Which would you choose if you could only have one of the following for a lifetime: Passion or Prestige? ... And why so? (That was the intellectual bit).

Yours, somewhere in between sincerely and doubtfully and wondering if I should give Helen Mirren a call if George is busy, Grace Fitzgerald.

Sent from my iPad (and still waiting for a reply)



ATTEMPT NO. 2 to get one Mr. George Clooney on the line... Sent after a certain period of radio silence. Ok. Ok. So it was just 2 hours later. But I have ADHD, a deadline and one sacrificed hot yoga class.

Stan.

Assuming you have not read my previous mail?

Yes! It's another annoying journalist. And this one writes for just another fabulous luxury lifestyle magazine. Please note that I also do charity work to offset the unfairness of it all. I mean, this one time, I picked up somebody's button after it fell off their coat. And another time I finished someone's sentence when they were too drunk to complete it. But I am not here to bore you with my kindness. I am here to bore with something else. And since John Malkovich was busy (again), and Helen Mirren is Plan B, (and you are agent to the stars—apart from John that is, whom I believe is impossible), I thought you might get George to do the honours. But since I am doing an interview series where I don't actually get to interview the genius in question (because I, apparently, am no one, so I don't get an interview with the celebrity who is, apparently, someone) I'd like to take the opportunity to get inside your mind instead Stan!

Let's begin.

What do you think about George? Do you even like him? Does he ask you how your mother is? Does he give you free coffee? Does he even like coffee? Does he wear socks with his loafers? What is his opinion on butter? And that's my curiosity satisfied. So let's Facetime my mother. She always has questions. Back in 5 ... Balls. She is not connecting. Just as well. I have a fencing lesson now before I go shoot a few rounds at the gun club later.

As one does.

Alas, Stan, as you can see, I am a busy lady, and I don't want to waste your time, but primarily not mine, so just let me know when is a good time to talk. Tip: I am best after my third coffee around 11.00 GMT+1 and I intend to discuss the meaning of life with you, plus your views on stunt bottoms, and if that really was Mel's own in Lethal Weapon 1. My sister needs to know.

Kramar (hugs) from Stockholm, Grace xo.

Sent from my iPad (and still waiting for a reply)

ATTEMPT NO. 3 to get one Mr. George Clooney on the line... Email to Stan, George Clooney's manager that I never finished. Or sent. Deadline drawing near so I just threw in the luxury brand towel. But this is what Stan would have received:

Hi Stan.

Yeah.

It's me again.

This time I mistakenly assume you've actually read my previous mails. And you'll be glad to know that I finally caught my mother (one Alicia Fitzgerald) on Facetime to see if she had any questions for Georgie (since I had run out). She had rollers in her hair and was rushing between her art class and her meditation group, but she managed to conjure up these steely enquiries nonetheless.

GF: Mother are those rollers I see in your hair? What's on?

A.F: I've a date tonight. (Pause). Just kidding. (She is 78). It's a community hour. (Meditation group).

GF: Lovely. So mother. I have an imaginary call to George Clooney on hold here so now's your chance. Three questions. What would you ask?

AF: Does he fancy me ... as a friend ... and ... would he like to come over to my house for dinner?

GF: Well, I'm not sure there is a direct flight from LA to Limerick, but I'll see what I can do. Maybe if I tell him you'll make one of your famous sponge cakes we could swing it. And make sure and do the one with fresh raspberries and not-just jam. (That's my favourite). But seriously, start again. (This time she replies without hesitation)

AF: Has he a good bit of money in the bank? ... or better still ... what kind of a car does he drive?

GF: Fabulous. But we can't print that. He has too many cars to mention.

AF: Ok. Ok. Was he good to his mother?

GF: Mother we can't ask him that either. Obviously he'll say yes, so how do we know for sure?

AF: Alright. Then ask him if he has ever given her breakfast in bed.

GF: Brilliant. Last chance now. Any final pertinent point of enquiry? (Pause)

AF: Does he snore?

Not Sent from my iPad (and still not waiting for a reply)



HOLMENS
HERREKIPERING



HOLMENS HERR KILSGATAN 12 411 04 GÖTEBORG

WWW.HOLMENSHERREKIPERING.SE

REPLAY
TIGER OF SWEDEN
NUDIE JEANS

ETON
J. LINDBERG
HUGO BOSS

GANT
OSCAR JACOBSON
CORNELIANI

L.B.M
STENSTRÖMS
LOAKE