



Washington's waiting

I BELIEVE You, *Liar* has been sitting high in the Oz album charts for weeks now, but do you think Megan Washington's seen any dosh out of it?

The keyboard-tappin' writer of boppy, acerbic indie songs, sitting right down in front of us in the cauldron of *The Courier-Mail* newsroom, shakes her head without hesitation. And we believe her. Washington's candid like that. Maybe when the publishing fees roll around next quarter ...

The pixie-ish Brisneyland native is quick to remind us she's not the "statuesque, beautiful" package which record companies usually like to trundle around with on mainstream media visits. But if you judge her popularity by a sell-out run of shows at a certain iconic Melbourne venue, she's bigger than the **Hilltop Hoods** and **Lisa Mitchell** (not that they're in the glossies but they do shift units, fiend). For Megan, the upside is the band don't have to pack up their gear for five whole nights. She refers to "a bit of a backlash" from the indie scene from which she sprouted, then shrugs. "Haters gonna hate." Washington is in fact a member of that rarest of Brisbane phenomena: the indie power couple (a term at which she and boyfriend **Michael Tomlinson** of **Yves Klein Blue** will probably scoff and cringe). "But the good thing about dating a muso is you can come home from the studio and play something and he will go, 'The bridge should go there'. And of course it should go there, because he's amazing," she says. Imagine if they had kids? They'd probably turn out lawyers.



Picture: Steve Pohlner

MPs wet themselves

IT was all bonhomie between political heavy-hitters and liquor traders until talk turned to prostates. As illustrious QUT prostate cancer researcher **Colleen Nelson** went into specifics at the Queensland Hotels Association "Hotel Care" fundraiser launch on Wednesday (QHA aims to raise \$200,000 for medical research in 2010), men began shifting in their shoes. "Too much detail," quipped Deputy Premier



Paul Lucas (who despite being Health Minister turned down the chance of being snapped with these lovely nurses. Pretty sure they got paid on time). Licensing and Fair Trading Minister **Peter Lawlor** later unleashed his stand-up chops. "I can relate to those symptoms described by Colleen, particularly the 'piddling in the middle of the night'," he told the crowd. "Some of us even get out of bed to do it." Snap! The DP roared.

Warney spins discs

SHANE Warne the poster boy for ambient music worldwide? Cricket associates tell Confidential Warney actually has a very "eclectic" taste in music - hates hip-hop, though - and even boasts a jukebox at his Melbourne mansion. So maybe a career in music ain't so surprising. Yesterday we caught the Sultan of Spin on the blower as he was lurching in Melbourne with PR mogul **Max Markson** and music industry mate **Kym Illman**. A convivial Shane had just declared himself ambassador for Illman's Groove Gallery, a music library and godsend for businesses facing a savage hike in playback fees to music publishers. "This venture should get off to a flying start by cutting overheads for businesses all over the world," Shane told reporter **Jade Dunwoody**.

When a product comes along, you must flog it



Picture: Jeff Camden

UNABASHED sell-outs **DEVO** are said to have pocketed hundreds of thousands of dollars for their part in marketing a new X-ray panel.

The new wavers even re-recorded vocal segments of their 1980 hit *Whip It* for Fujifilm's campaign for the FDR D-EVO.

The video, which Fujifilm bosses hoped would go "viral"

via YouTube, is so naff, it's hilarious. The six-figure whispers reached us through a company source.

Frontman **Mark Mothersbaugh** (pictured) has written scores for Apple ads and TV show *Big Love*. The D-EVO hits Australian shores later this year, so radiographers, get your flower pot helmets ready.

Meanwhile, **Goldfrapp** has released an

iPhone app: it barricades your dressing room so you don't have to mix with supporting artists. That's what we heard anyway. Finally, **The Rolling Stones** have earned their own edition of *Monopoly*. **Old Kent Rd** becomes *Beggars Banquet*, a thimble becomes a set of devil's horns. And you don't go directly to jail for a heroin bust, you give five free concerts for the blind.

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