

## Up there for writing, down there for dancing

Lawrence Money  
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PEOPLE just naturally assume that leggy blonde author **Lee Tulloch** is the owner of the shapely gams that are crossed primly on the front cover of her latest novel, *The Woman In The Lobby*. And, given their handsome nature, Tulloch has been very happy to have admirers labour under that misapprehension. That is, until an email arrived from former Sydney gossip hound **Bryce Corbett** in Paris. "I'm not sure how much you know about the cover photo for your book (and more specifically, the legs featured in the photo) — but they belong to my wife, **Shay**. She's a dancer at the Lido de Paris — and we are good friends with the photographer **Carla Coulson**. I was present at the cover shoot at the Hotel de Crillon. Shay was four months pregnant (we now have a beautiful baby boy)." Apparently Shay's photo also decorated the front cover of Corbett's recent book, *A Town Like Paris*.

Diary lunched with Tulloch during a recent stopover in her old home town here by the Yarra. In six months she had been to Munich, Prague, Budapest, Salzburg, Vienna, Paris, Beijing, Shanghai, Tokyo, Hobart, spa country in Victoria, Melbourne and Fiji. "Quite ridiculous, really," she says, "especially for someone who doesn't like flying!" The lady has no trouble conjuring up names for her characters. When she's stumped she wanders through the nearby cemetery in Waverley, Sydney, and pinches one she likes. A new definition of ghost writer.

FULL marks for enthusiasm to the security guard at the County Court who managed to lock a young news scribe inside the courtroom during a minor drugs case last week. We hear the scribe was entombed for a good half-hour as Judge **Roland Williams** proclaimed sentence. Not only that, no lawyers could get IN. No lawyers? Can only be a good thing.

### Hip pocket

NUTS to your alcopop tax scandal. How about Tattslotto commissions? Last December, Citizen A bought a 15-week Quick Pick for \$75 with a commission (for sticking the card in a machine) of \$5.60. Citizen A recently returned from OS and bought another. "Same \$75 but the commission was a mind-boggling \$7 — a 25% increase." Meanwhile, Citizen B parks for one hour, eight minutes at Melbourne Airport short-term car park and gets charged for three hours. Howls of outrage but to no avail. Says the car-park ganger cheerily: "Entry time was 9.56am, exit at 11.04am. This is between the time band of 1-3 hours (9.56am and 12.55pm). As the rate for 1-3 hours is \$18 you have been charged correctly." That's a buck for every 3.7 minutes. Strike up the band!

### Chinese chequers

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MORE on Beijing (Diary, yesterday). Diary's tireless research has encountered an interesting attache at the Chinese embassy in Canberra. Say hello to **Miss Du Rong**. You've probably heard of her goody-two-shoes brother, Du No Rong.

## Cyber sauce (1)

INTERNET commerce has certainly put a new spin on romance. Some Brit has put his "lying cheating bitch whore of a wife" on eBay with a starting bid of one penny, giving name and address of new lover. No new bids yet but the "Miami Dolphins Marching Band" has asked: "Will you ship to the USA?" Hubby: "Sorry, collection only."

## Cyber sauce (2)

CHECK the misprint in Google and you are asked: "Do you mean the Large Hadron Collider?" That's the gadget used by nuclear boffins to test the effect of banging protons together. Unfortunately a recent report in the prestigious *New York Times* referred to it as the Large Hardon Collider.

## A bit on the nose

NO SOONER had the mothers of upmarket St Cath's, school for fine fillies, gathered for elevenses at trendy Spoonful in Prahran than one of their number began taking up a collection. Just a little gift for a St Cath's mum who had gone to hospital. Dear me, what was wrong? Seems the poor dear had to undergo a rhinoplasty. Hang on a minute. It was pointed out that (a) a rhinoplasty was a totally elective "nose job", which hardly qualified as illness, and (b) the patient was not likely to want too much attention about it anyhow.

## Friday feedback

- From **Peter Price**, re trains: "Hear, hear on useless information. What about the in-tram signs on the number 96 which display 'Next stop St Kilda' or 'Next stop Brunswick' (depending on direction of travel) for ALL STOPS. Useless, especially for visitors." (Diary: Like a broken clock, they're right twice a day.)
- From **Tim Butcher**, re the flicks: "Village Cinemas at Southland had a special 'baby screening' for the new horror movie *Shutter* on Wednesday! That's where parents are encouraged to bring their kids! A check of the MA15+ rating for *Shutter* shows it contains: 'strong suicide scenes and horror violence'." (Diary: No wonder the kid's crying.)

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