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The Southland Times

# Unwind



**PAUL RUDD'S**  
embarrassing  
story D4



# The banned played on

## The great escape

**MATE**  
Mark Wilson



**I**T'S that time of the year again when the male population of the south turns their attention towards food gathering for the impending winter.

Much like our early ancestors, who had to hunt and gather to survive the colder winter months, with a recession putting a chill through New Zealand's economy the men of the household now have a good deal of pressure on them to hit the mark and bring home the bacon – or more appropriately the venison – to feed the litter.

Like anything in life, it's all about the timing; the hunter must carefully juggle the year's workload and appointment calendar to be suspiciously devoid of entries during this important time of the year.

Wives, partners and children must be persuaded to postpone unimportant things like relatives' weddings, children's sporting trips and visits by the in-laws to a more appropriate time slot and of course the hunter must hit the bush right on the peak of the roar preferentially in an area that has been sparsely hunted during the preceding months.

It's no easy skill to get all of your ducks in a row so to speak, as there are always those who are out to sabotage your annual pilgrimage to the wild.

The boss or your clients – especially those who are morally opposed to hunting for some poppy cock reason – are keen to instil in you that their jobs cannot wait a week or two and last year's excuse of an efficiency increasing mental health and self reflection holiday was shot to bits.

The women of the world seem to think that the roar is just another excuse along with stag parties, duck shooting, fishing trips and rugby test matches for males to bond over a few cold Speight's and nostalgically lament about how things were much easier before the missus latched on the ball and chain and started calling the shots. However, unlike the boss, the offer of a new lounge suite or trip to the islands to escape the impending winter can often yield a leave permit for the discerning hunter. Beware, though, that upon your return any arrangements not put in writing are liable to be cancelled and the fee for the trip renegotiated upwards.

Women are cunning that way and manage to extract all manner of collateral from the poor hunter too weak from miles of bush and liver bashing to put up a fight. Despite the extraordinary lengths we often have to go to in the lead-up to each expedition, once the chopper or outboard engine has departed into the distance the hunter is left at peace. No cellphones, e-mails, nagging, no silly rules – just man, gun, beer and deer.

While some count the success of the trip on the number of points a trophy head yields, for others the success is in having got there in the first place.

Banning songs?  
Whatever next.



**MICHAEL FALLOW**

**T**HEY even pronounced it right: Poot-Eeen.

The Georgian entry in this year's Eurovision Song Contest, *We Don't Wanna Put In* by Stephane and 3G was ejected by the show's judges because, with its clunky pun on Russian president Vladimir Putin's name, it breaks a rule against political songs.

Regrettable though it may be that the Georgians have been denied the chance to protest the occasional Russian troop invasion of their country, anyone who checks out the song on YouTube is likely to be impelled towards the impression that it's no great loss musically.

Actually its something that only Bhorat could like. So poot eet quickly, please, among the minor ranks of Songs They Tried To Ban.

Well we call them bans.

Typically, the modern-day "banned" song has suffered scarcely more than the rejections of a few broadcasters,

boosting the forbidden offering's desirability elsewhere. Any famously banned song hasn't been banned very effectively now, has it?

We tend to think of these songs as being either archly political or provocatively sexual or profane. But it wasn't always so.

During World War II, Britain's Dance Music Committee had by 1942 adopted a policy of "excluding sickly sentimentality, which, particularly when sung by certain vocalists, can become nauseating and not at all in keeping with what we feel to be the need of the public".

Naughtiness, too, was unacceptable. George Formby and his little ukulele were provocateurs and no mistake.

*When I'm Cleaning Windows* was banned by the BBC for that ooo-err lyric in which our working man spies a bridegroom and decides "I'd rather have his job than mine."



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