Bill Shipton

Wherever a busty woman is taking a custard pie in the face, Splosh!'s Bill Shipton is sure to be involved. Elizabeth Coldwell donned her sou’wester and mac and caught up with him...

Bill getting a taste of his own custardy medicine

Bill, how the devil are you?
I am spiffing — or, at least, I spiffed this morning. Don’t worry, I have changed the sheets. Seriously, I am fine apart from currently being the proud owner of a Seventies sitcom comedy hernia which I am waiting for the NHS to put to the sword. Something to do with carrying heavy buckets of custard around and trying to pick up big women in pubs.

Why haven’t we seen a copy of Splosh! magazine for a while? Is it officially defunct or just in hibernation?
It’s been put into cryogenic storage until medical science comes up with a cure for enormous printing bills. The best technology has managed so far is the Internet, so we are currently trying to make our website as silly, sexy and irreverent as the old magazine was. We already have lots of pics, a forum and photo sets that tell silly stories like the mag had. Personally, though, I hope we can afford to do a magazine again. I like something to read in an armchair rather than surf on an office stool.

Tell me about your website?
There are two now! The Splosh! website (www.splosh.co.uk) is my main site. As well as being Europe’s biggest shop for wet and messy DVDs, videos, books and magazines, you’ll find free galleries ranging from wet and messy rubber/PVC to real readers pouring
custard over themselves in the bath. Then there’s our forum! It’s only been going a year but it has developed a wonderfully ludicrous and friendly atmosphere. Whether it’s the CD ‘girls’ of Wamdrogeny performing a messy tribute to Mastermind, earnest discussions about the slapstick clown routines of Charlie Cairoli or contributing to a Splosh! version of Mambo No 5 (‘Got a little custard in my jeans, got my little panties filled with beans...’ and so on), it’s there. And it’s free to join, of course. Then there’s Gilly’s Silly House (www.gillysillyhouse.com) starring veteran model Gill Sampson. This is a subscription site (though we now also do pay-per-view films as well) where Gill takes part in a different slapstick sketch each week. It’s mainly Tiswas/circus-style shaving foam pies and slosh (in large quantities) with lots of silly parodies. It’s a bit like the final scene of Dick And Dom In Da Bungalow when that was going, only somewhat saucier. With nipples like Gill’s, it’s a shame not to show them.

**You’ve set up a studio for people who want to use it for photoshoots — how successful has that been?**

We actually set it up for us! But we were having such a good time we thought people might like to join in. We make no pretence. It isn’t glamorous — more like a big shed with a shower! But people are welcome to either bring their partners for a bit of mutual sploshing or book a model to do a sketch with so long as we can fit it around clearing up after our own material. Just e-mail us at sploshcentral@aol.com if you are interested.

**Have there been any particularly memorable sessions in the studio, and if so, what have they involved?**

With the public? Lots. People seem to like booking it for surprise birthday parties and, for instance, one girl brought her boyfriend down completely unaware of what he was in for. He thought he was going to the seaside (we’re just off the prom near Hastings) and wondered why she was taking him to an old shed instead of the pier. When he saw the table groaning with cream pies, custard, chocolate sauce and so on for them to throw at each other, he started to get a clue. He was literally shaking at first but when we came back after they had showered he was the happiest I have seen anyone. Then there were the six large lesbians who held their party in our paddling pool. Again, food flew in all directions and then they — well — set to! I was expecting them just to kiss and cuddle a bit but boy, was I wrong! There were heads deep between thighs for hours! To make matters more interesting, four of them were deaf and had to remove their aids to stop them getting wet so there was literally no stopping them. Not that we wanted to. No, all sorts book the studio — single guys, couples, trannies, groups... But I have to point out that we do not hire it out for sexual purposes and none of our models does anything like that. However if you and a consenting partner choose to have a little custard-covered coitus we won’t stop you.

**How would you explain the appeal of sploshing to someone who’s never heard of it?**

Two things. First of all there is the obvious sensuality of substances on the body — or better still squished between two bodies. Then there is the fabulous anarchic pleasure of deliberately getting messy! Having a food fight with a friend is a wonderfully liberating experience. It’s a chance to drop all those pretentious and inhibitions that make life so tedious. For a few hours you don’t have to worry if you look good, if your hair’s straight and if your outfit is this
We like it when the rôles reverse and the tough rubber-clad dominatrix or sharp-suited office bitch gets her comeuppance

week’s fashion item. You can just chuck all that away and behave like a kid! As well as being sexy, it’s a brilliant stress buster! Thirdly (okay, I lied about the two things), it’s brilliant for rôle-play games. You can combine it with all the usual sub and dom stuff, bondage, spanking, whatever. We particularly like it when the rôles reverse and the tough rubber-clad dominatrix or sharp-suited office bitch suddenly gets her comeuppance. Destroying icons — especially of authority — is very appealing, I think. Especially if your lover is playing the bossy bitch who cops it!

Who would you (or your readers) most like to see getting wet and messy?
The forum has a section called the Splosh! Fantasy League where you can nominate celebs you’d like to see messed up. There are over one hundred names! Current leader is Charlotte Church — though the pregnancy may mean she slips a few places. Supernanny, Jo Frost, is pretty high. See what I mean about destroying figures of authority? Of course, we haven’t done it. I’m not sure I want to spend the rest of my life on the naughty step.

Could sploshing ever go mainstream in the same way fetish dressing and burlesque have, or is it just too silly?
Certain aspects of it already have. You can buy chocolate body paint in the High Street now and several major films have included messy erotic scenes. And, of course, slapstick comedy has existed for years. It is interesting that when ITV showed their Tiswas retrospective and put a bunch of volunteers in The Cage they made sure the large breasted women were at the front getting the wettest, which suggests a tacit agreement that wet/messy women are sexy. Personally I would love somebody like Quentin Tarantino (Chris Tarrant–no? — Ed.) to make a slapstick equivalent of Kill Bill with a bailsy female lead getting messy revenge on the people who had a pie fight at her wedding and destroyed it. Something with a huge budget and beautifully directed yet as faithful to all the original slapstick films as Kill Bill was to martial arts movies and spaghetti westerns. And, of course, I’d like to write and help direct it. So, yes, I think a ‘lite’ version of sploshing could become mainstream or possibly a cult success. But with ‘health and safety’ making even gunge tank victims wear goggles, and custard pies deemed ‘bullying’ by some PC producers, it will be a while before we have our own Saturday night TV show!

What is in your secret address book?
If I told you, it wouldn’t be a secret, would it? Last time I looked it had an old bit of kebab in it which suggests I looked an address up after a long night in the pub — probably my own.

What turns you on?
All the usual things — rubber, PVC, boobs, bottoms, legs, preferably coated in custard, of course — but my big weakness is for funny women. Girls who do comedy have always got me hot under the collar (well, more the waistband to be honest) — from the days of Lucille Ball, through Sally James on Tiswas to
Holly Willoughby when she was on Ministry Of Mayhem (and before she became another autocue-reading clothes horse!). It doesn’t have to be physical comedy — though a woman who can take a pie in the face is bound to be a good laugh in the pub — just anyone who can send themselves up now and again.

What turns you off?
Arrogance, bigotry, aggression and corduroy.

Who do you admire within the industry?
Nobody, really, apart from Liz, the Editor of Forum — especially when she wears her leatherette jeans. The people I admire are the ones who were doing it before it became an industry and the ones outside the industry just doing it 'cos they like it. If I’d wanted to be the Alan Sugar of porn I would have picked another subject to ‘launch an empire’ about (preferably one that required less cleaning up!).

I created Splosh! 'cos it was a good laugh, sexy and totally unsophisticated (just like me, honest!) and the people I have worked with have been the same. If I have to give names... It would be John Willie who created the original Bizarre, the first fetish magazine, and our friend, Decadent Doll, a genuine splosher from Belfast who absolutely loves every minute.

What do you do to relax?
Drink far too much beer and sing along to pub rock bands (but definitely not dancing!) in my local, the Marina Fountain (said I’d give you a plug, Stevie). It’s a rock, bikers’ pub which somehow also manages to be quite camp. I have a particular fondness for tribute acts, especially ones with good names. Alike Cooper is a favourite. I guess this is my form of mid-life crisis. At least it’s cheaper than buying a muscle car.

Do you have any unfulfilled ambitions and if so what are they?
Making the Spill Bill film I told you about earlier, retiling the toilet and getting home from the pub without buying a bloody kebab.

Splosh! is online at www.splosh.co.uk