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## PUBLISH AND BE DAMNED! VITUPERATION IS WHAT WE NEED!

In the above slogans is contained the whole editorial policy of this publication. Apart from their obvious appeal to all right thinking journalists, the slogans reflect the desires of the SPLODE readership. This I deduce from the fact that SPLODE is written by you, and therefore contains what you want to write. There is nothing in your contract that says you've got to read it!

This lot has been inspired by the letter you will find on the next page. Complaining about the use of bad language etc. in these pages, "Disgusted" him/herself uses a word so foul that only bishops should be allowed to read it. That word is CENSORSHIP! Censorship, begorra! If I were to lower myself to altering a single word of SPLODE I could never hold up my head again in any decent journalistic circles. Moreover, if the Splode copy were to be adequately censored, there wouldn't be anything to print.

Letter from the Editor:

Dear Disgusted,

Your letter comes at just the right time, as this edition of SPLODE will probably disgust you a lot more than previous ones have. We have even managed to achieve hard-core porn this week.

May I suggest a simple means for you to raise the tone of the publication. Get your fornicating finger out and write some high moral tone copy of a more constructive kind than this carping criticism!

Thank you for your letter. Without it, I wouldn't have been able to think of anything to write the editorial about, and it isn't often that I get such a marvellous chance to indulge in a little vituperation on my own account.

The Editor of SPLODE.

You may have noticed the lights go out earlier this evening. Do not be deceived by any talk about looking for sources of interference. This was a cover for subversive activities,- to wit, the introduction of a piano into the Base. Is this fiendish instrument of torture the Base Commander's last sanction?

Dear Sir or Madam,

I have noticed in the last quinquagesima that the literary standard of SPLODE has deteriorated. This obviously has not been helped by the editor being stamped for words over the past few weeks, due to his unfortunate accident. One is bombarded with sex, drunken hallucinations, cutting sarcasm and emetic jokes.

I do not purport, ~~te~~ or even try to be a second Mary Whitehouse. But the quality of adjectives in a conservative journal such as yours is appalling (to mention but one name). I am sure the fact that the moon is nothing but a circumambulatory aphrodisiac, divinely subsidized to provoke the world into a rising birth rate, has no bearing on the matter.

Therefore, I would request that you begin some kind of quality control, or censorship would be even better. After all fornication is usually enjoyable, but when it crops up every other word it becomes a trifle monotonous. As the actress said to the bishop "Pourriez-vous le mettre dans ~~le~~ l'appareil pour moi?"

I await the outcome of this letter in your next issue.

Yours Faithfully

Disgusted.

Shovelman and position forty eight, the Japanese whiplock.

"Guns" Bury was in a tight spot. The I.H. was less than fifteen yards away and his portable anti-tank rocket launcher had somehow become entangled in his braces. The grinning face of Shovelman, pressed against the windscreen, was evil enough to give the wild man of Borneo the screaming shits.

"Not even enough time for a roll-up," he thought desperately.

Shovelman became overexcited, and at the last moment double declutched up into sixth.

"Shit," he said, "They don't make I.H.'s like they used to," as the gearbox disintegrated.

"Guns" saw his opening and with an awe-inspiring leap, he almost cleared the blade of the I.H.

"I mustn't try that again," he thought, as he tried to remove his head from the radiator. It only took him fifteen minutes to free himself, but in that short time Shovelman had nearly got the door of the I.H. open. Things were looking grim.

"Guns" remembered the Molotov cocktail that he had made up in a ten litre plonk bottle. "Now where did I put it?", he mused to himself. He tried all the pockets in his windproofs, but couldn't find it anywhere. Then the awful truth dawned on him. John Flick had drunk it the night before.

"It was a pity he tried to smoke that cigarette as he was finishing it," he thought, but this is no time for crass sentimentality. As he looked up he saw Shovelman wielding his favourite tool above his head, a remarkable feat. Luckily for "Guns" he was a sixteenth Dan black and blue belt in judo, besides being one of the world's greatest exponent of Karate. Emptying his mind of all unclean thoughts, he steeled every muscle in his body, and summoning up all his knowledge of the ancient arts, he booted Shovelman in the goolies.

Will kicking Shovelman make any difference ?

Why didn't "Guns" used the underarm reverse Takimoto Upyahuja ?

Why can't I think of anything better than this shit to write ?

Forthe answer don't read chapter nineteen of the Kama Sutra.

Well it seems like the weekend is here once again and it is time to shake the dust out of the old typewriter, put on the thinking cap and do something positive about producing some sort of a splode for Splode. Who is the phantom gin waster? one asks oneself. Had it been run there could have been little doubt. Or to coin a phrase There was never any doubt i wonder who said that it sounds familiarden't tell me i'll get it in a minute.

Have you noticed its been getting a little chilly lately it must be the winter coming on. Still you didnt expect it to be easy did you. I am told that history nearly repeated itself today when shovelman ~~tek~~ took once more to his skis.

Ther once was a place on the old Caird Coast  
They callee it Halley Bay  
Where men grow old and their balls grow cold  
And they booze their time away

ISll tell the tale of a gobber grim  
Paull Shaggen was his name  
He gobbed it here and gobbed it where  
And gobbed it back again

Oh to go down to the sea again  
Now that Aprils there  
That tangled mop conceals a Wop  
Though Flicke calls it hair

Little Jack Horner sat in his corner  
Supping his Newcastle Brown  
When Jenkins the Jude  
A little bit stewed-O  
Decided to Blow the Man Down.

DILLON

I WAS SITTING ON THE PLOTTING TABLE practicing a bit of yoga, nothing complicated, just a simple straightforward meditative position, lifting my left leg over my head and licking my balls whilst wagging both ears in an anti-clockwise direction, when Paul B came dashing into the met office, grabbed my tail and screamed,

"The Tunnel, the Tunnel, my beloved Tunnel is getting buried." weep weep sob sob sob.

Then he threw himself on top of the plotting table with scant regard for my personal safety or progenital capabilities and started beating me about my middle parts with his fist. Hurriedly regaining my wits, for I was having trouble disengaging my right leg from my left ear, I leapt with customary agility under the nearest chair and peered out in terror at the scenes of violence before my eyes. Seemingly not realising that I was no longer there he was proceeding to knock hell out of Rons balaclava having battered an Onitsuka into insensibility. Then he regained his control and collapsed weeping by the side of my box. Not caring to approach his now still body too closely in case he had another attack I silently made my exit and eased my stretched bladder at my emergency bog in the met office corridor.

Now I know that he will deny any of this ever took place for he always puts up such a brave face in public but deep down inside he is shattered through just like one of the garage purlins. Let us all make this 'Be ~~human~~ kind to Chippy week' and raise our sherry glasses to show our allegiance and make a gesture of solidarity behind his efforts. Anybody seen making any other sort of gesture will face the full power of my retaliation and we all know what that means.

It is funny how everybody treats me in a different way around here. Take Eeee for example, he calls me matey and then puts me through hell by making me balance on his shoulder - I've never had a good head for heights. Then there is ~~uuuu~~ Kevin who fondles me in a most intimate manner in passing when I least expect it. You won't believe this but he is trying to get me to wear his breathing apparatus at the moment. '45 minutes every day' he says, nothing much. Just routine activity thats all. But I had the answer for that. Who wants 45 minutes record of gonking every day.

As that famous writer and poet Willum Shakespierre used to say when he was alive 'To sleep perchance to gonk' and he knew his gonking. He knew the difference all right. Some say that he wrote 'A Midsummer Nights Gonk' whilst under the influence of gonk (they frowned on it in those days) so that all true gonkers of the world, like me, John F. and Brain could do it for hours on end without disturbance. And what happens? Some bloke decides to try out the fire bells at a time when all decent gonkers are in bed and we have the sight of heroes running around to non-existent fires, armed to the teeth with fire extinguishers, and wondering what to do when they get there. There ought to be a law against it.

Gonk is the solution to all our problems. Shove all the Catholics in Northern Ireland into one big bed besides the Protestants and what do you have? Besides Orange squash I mean. Peace and quiet, thats what. How many riots have we had in Dorm 1 this year? Exactly. None. And why? 'Cause they're always gonking. It's as plain as milk pudding if you think about it.

Sometimes I think that I'm too clever to be a pussy cat. I know what I'll do. I'll go along and see the B.L. and tell him all my gonking theories. I could become famous. I could be a celebrity. But first I think I'll have five minutes gonk.

'PUBLISH AND BE DAMNED' SAYS EDITOR OF SPLICE

SHOCKING DISCLOSURES

ALL IS REVEALED. NOTHING HIDDEN

HALLEY BAY GARAGE MAN IN SEX CHANGE SCANDAL SHOCK

THE PHOTOGRAPH THAT EVEN THE 'MIRROR' WOULD NOT DARE  
PUBLISH.

STARTING NEXT WEEK 'MY LIFE OF SIN' BY TOBACINA ROCKHAM  
TOLD IN HER OWN EARTHY STRAIGHTFORWARD LANGUAGE. THIS  
IS ONE EXCLUSIVE YOU MUST NOT MISS.



MISS TOBANIINA PHOTOGRAPHED LAST NIGHT RELAXING AT HOME