



dear readers.

welcome to Salem #5. this is my first typed editor's letter so i guess i'll have to say more than two sentences. well, i've been on a roller coaster this last year and Salem has been part of the outcome. i hope you are able to get something out of it. i'm not sure if it is affecting anyone (or can assume it isn't) because i've only gotten two letters: one from a very egotistical man and one from a wonderful girl who is just the best. so at least i know it's affected one person. i write everything in Salem and draw those phallic beauties. except for in this issue my beautiful talented friend christy drew the back cover. if you distribute a 'zine or two i would love to do trades. i miss that whole chain i had with my old 'zine Ethel. if you would like to see back issues just send a stamp. it's very hard financially to print stuff for free so a stamp would be appreciated. so please write and i will respond and who knows we might continue writing. if anybody has any info. on the Power Puff Girls or Dexter's Laboratory i would appreciate some because they are my favorite cartoons right now and of course Rugrats rocks. and if there are any hard core Kate Bush bash Tori Amos people reading this please settle down. Why can't two amazing musicians both be given credit. i don't see anyone bashing all those alternative guy bands that sound the same. Tori and Kate have both done wonderful things. big deal if Kate Bush played the piano and so does Tori, how many people play guitars. you can't even compare Tori and Kate they are two completely different musicians and to compare them is doing a discredit to both. i hope i didn't just lose some readers but i'm so sick of Tori getting bashed in reviews because she's supposedly trying to sound like Kate Bush. if a woman musician is pissed off she's labeled a PJ Harvey wanna be. whatever i'll stop that now i just get so upset. enjoy your delicious or grotesque Journey through Salem #5 and please write. love, christopher.

Blood Boy

I've been straddled on this couch for the last five years waiting for the boys to arrive. In this cup I hold the blood of my last lover. He applied for a secretary position with a pineapple on his head. This one blood boy used to visit me daily but now lies at my feet sleeping. I think he's been sewn back up and is too afraid of the pain. And unfortunately he is the King of Cocks. His hair is perfect. His eyes never end. And his voice is low, sensual, and smooth. There was a time when he would have fucked my ass and made my straddling worth it, but he couldn't speak to me. He could only stare at me and frustrate me into a hole which dripped boy blood. When I fucked the various men who approached me straddled I only dreamt of his hairy chest flattened against mine. Of smelling his semen on my body and stroking his brown curly hair. But now he might as well be dead. If I am to put him out of my cock he should not continue life. When you mess with this boy you will end up a pile of blood. I will rip you boys to shreds and feed you to my roses. Maybe his cock has fallen off and he's forgotten who he is or he forgot my power. He forgot that I am his king and he loves only me. He forgot of the relayed fantasies of what I would do to him. While he lies sleeping my hole only thinks of its hunger. My cock doesn't want to experience one more personal rubbing. It wants to be coated with his spit. My hands need to touch him all over and feel his beautiful body. All I need is him. The sleeping blood boy at my heels who needs a big kick. I could fuck him while he's sleeping but my mind would have to imagine what it's really like. I could just watch him sleep for another year and wonder what he is dreaming about. I could kick him off this couch and send him crashing to the floor. But instead I'll feed him spoonfuls of my semen until he comes around.

A Little Bit about Mom

My mother is never going to leave me. She'll always be here hoping for a smile. Mothers are the most wonderful people sometimes and in my case always. I forget she has been the most influential person in my life. I forget how much she loves me and I love her. I could never admire someone as much as my mother. She's an alcoholic and been sober for around 11 years. She's suffered more abuse than I can ever imagine. We would wait in line for hours for food. I'd get so excited when we'd go to food shelters and I'd be able to pick out the cereal. I remember that on her hangover days I could do what I wished. Like taking blankets outside our apartment and on to the grass. I love her so much. I remember living with different relatives during her treatment. And how when the girls accomplished something they would get little stars which could be turned in for different items behind a door (of course my mother always let me chose whatever notepad or other cheap item they had behind the door for myself). I don't remember any of the men who abused my mother except Michael. Michael once nailed my door shut so I couldn't escape. He had a bad temper. He shouldn't have been around kids. My mother has not told me anything but that she was abused by many men. I think it's fine she doesn't talk about it with me if she doesn't want to. Now she's paying for her own house and of course continues to pay for me (kids are incredibly expensive, but we're not items). But she hasn't been able to do this without working two jobs and compensating her time, her life. Any moment she has free she uses to sleep. She brought us into a different world. She worked us up from close to the bottom and I will always respect that. But now I feel ashamed because I can't return the love she has given me. I rarely realize who my mother is and respect her. I just tell her what she's been doing wrong or needs to do. I tell her to cut the cord. Like it's that

easy for either of us. Like one minute you can separate a relationship between people who have spent most of their lives together. Like I should just expect her to leave me alone and find someone else to love. And like I really want that. I just don't know what to tell her. She has been my life as I've been hers. All of a sudden I can't live in a house with mother vibes. I feel they are oppressing me. I can't progress myself in her house. I can't be the friend she wishes me to be. Yeah it was really great, I sucked his cock and then he fucked my ass mom, can you believe it? I just want her to be happy. To live her life. But I have to realize that I am her life. That I know she doesn't regret me. That I have been her most treasured experience which she wouldn't change for anything. That I haven't kept her from living but probably the opposite. I've meant enough to her for her to stop drinking. To leave the abuse for herself and I. In a lot of ways I think that I've helped her. I can't hold her responsible for the guilt I feel as she isn't the one instilling it. I have to remember that she doesn't need the things I do to be happy. That she and I are different and don't enjoy or miss the same things. My mother is a wonderful, strong woman whom I love very much but have difficulty not criticizing.



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The Man On Top

the man on top
who cut my skin like a steak
ate until his lips
dripped with blood
and I had shook to death

King

The crown on your head
is made out of thorns
handcrafted by little old women
who are locked in a tower
somewheres in somewhere
begging for a fuck
or just an open window

DEFECTIVE MERCHANDISE RETURN TAG

Store No. 2333 Date 6-12-96 By _____

Store Manager's Approval Chin Ky

Reason For Return small dick,
gross body, doesn't
communicate, mean

Manufacturer Mom

Stock No. 1 Price \$.99

THIS TAG MUST ACCOMPANY EACH DEFECTIVE ITEM RETURNED TO THE WAREHOUSE

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Yo Mama

Thank god he did it man. That mother fucker deserved to die. I wish I had the balls to do what he did. Man, he's a king. He should be teaching, ya kknow. If only there were more people like him. That guy did a good thing. More people should take after him. We need to put these faggots where they belong, underground. Geez man ya see how that femmy fag walked down the street holding another man's hand. Sick man, fuck, that's disgusting, they should all be shot. Them kind of people make me sick, shit. And now I hear they want a have kids, fuck man, sick. They'll fucking molest the little bastards. Check it out, meet your daddies. Oh fuck man them inbreeds it's just sick. These little faggots going around sucking any man they can get, probably sucking they's own, shit man. And masturbating to some pretty boy magazine, fuck man, it's sick. You get me a girl mmmmm mmmmm mmmmm they's got it all, pussy and tits yum. I don't want no fucking faggot talking to my kid, fuck, the'll fucking molest him. Fuck. They's should have they's own faggot ditch to bathe in, fuck if I want to be down at the club having a guy check me out, fuck, it's sick man. I'll drown him getting all hard and smiling at me. They should all be thrown into a pot and boiled to death or send them to one of those fucking Jew camps, waste all them mother fuckers at once. I don't even want to think about faggots they make me sick. They's all gonna die of aids eventually anyway. They deserve it for sticking their things up someone's ass, shit. What they call it butt fucking? They all just a bunch of butt buddies, grooving and slamming, and sweating, fuck man ouch shit that must hurt. I'll bet them faggots got really big assholes. I'll bet they shit on the guy's dick that's fucking them. I don't want a see none of that shit. If I see a faggot I'm gonna shoot his brains out just like that man, fuck, I wish we were all as brave as that man, fuck.

Mr. Preacher Man

sthan,

Hello Mr. preacher man. I wish you would have arrived earlier. It's too late for me I've already been converted. They came to my house Mr. preacher man. Two homosexual men pushed past my mother and applied eyeliner on me and dressed me in pink. It was horrible. They brought me to their cult and introduced me to the queen. They tied me to a chair and forced me to look through issues of Stud Puppy and masturbate. Then they did a strip show and forced me to suck another man's cock, ick. But now Mr. preacher man the only way of life I know is the cock way. I can't help it Mr. preacher man, please save me. I know I'm living in sin but it's too late I've been converted. They told me stories of anal sex and laughed while I was getting fucked up the ass. They mean to destroy the world sir. They're out to convert young boys. We must extinguish all their resources and force them to fuck women. But sir I'm getting hard just looking at you in that black uniform, I can't help it. They've brainwashed me and told me to chant: Dicks yum, balls and cocks, need them, need to fuck men up the ass, yes you need to fuck men, convert, convert, 10% is not enough. They make me watch videos of Absolutely Fabulous and learn all of Madonna's lyrics. It's sick Mr. preacher man, I used to like women, really, I swear, boobs yeah. So please bring me back to the lord Mr. preacher man. I can't handle one more night of those gay bars picking a man for the night, fucking, and leaving the next morning. What kind of a lifestyle is that. How unconventional. I should be fucking women, women yeah, that's the only way. Boys are bad and smell. I go to locker rooms now just to watch the boys undress. Sometimes I accidentally slip on the floor and land with my mouth open in a guy's lap. Other times I break into the lockers and sniff the crotches of underwear for that wonderful left behind cock smell. And swimming, yum, I love seeing men wet and trunks plastered against

their package. Or going under the water and looking up their shorts. Help Mr. preacher man. You are right about everything. I just sinned Mr. preacher man and you didn't even notice. I just masturbated to you and I had a finger up your ass and you were oblivious. It has gotten out of control. And I'm not even sorry I just jacked off to you. I have no guilt and that's the problem. I would fuck you in this church right on the altar and make you a woman. I'd suck your cock and make your face turn blue. I don't know if there is any hope for me Mr. preacher man but please bash all the fags and stop them before they convert anyone else. And please try your hardest to convert me back to heterosexuality. There is still time. I just masturbated again, sorry but I can't help it I pictured you in tight leather whipping me. Oh you make me want to cum all over this altar. Geez Mr. preacher man why are you so fine. My fag friends told me that God was a fag. They say he never had sex with women and that sex between men wasn't even considered that during the time the bible was written so that's why it doesn't say he fucked men. They told me that you are full of shit Mr. preacher man. That you oppress every one but your own white male race. I don't know why they tell me these lies sir. I know I should worship God but I only worship his cock. I jack off to naked paintings of him bleeding to death on the cross and I think it's so sexy. So please Mr. preacher man if you won't suck my cock bring me back to the good life. I need to dump my issues of Stud Puppy, throw away my make-up, become a boy scout, speak through my chest, drink beer, and harass women randomly on the street. Please I need your help I'm begging you Mr. preacher man save me.

The Love Mom

She'd make me use the cheap toilet paper and she'd use the good kind. Well, fuck her. Maybe she thinks she is the only one using her ass for other purposes than the given. Or maybe it's a plot to make my ass raw so I hurt too much to participate in other activities. I don't think she has enough intelligence to figure things that far. She's just selfish and I've cramped her style. I can't believe that she ever raised me. Her friends use to take me out to bars while my mother was out of town. I think this one woman, Laquita, had a crush on me because she would always want to play servant-master with me and would insist on dressing me. Either that or she was lonely and needed someone to care for. Her husband was a scag. He use to go out drinking and fucking all night. See, he didn't grow up during the aids epidemic. The word condom wasn't instilled in his brain like it was mine. Not that it did much good though because when faced with wierd fucked up sexual situations condoms are the furthest thing from my mind. That really scares me. I think he fucks my mother every so often. My father, I don't think one ever existed. I think my mother mail ordered sperm from the gods. She never liked the men she slept with. And I'm not sure why she had me. I think it was the only way for her to get out of the house. I once introduced her to my boyfriend. She told me later that he was just using me for sex as all men do. I didn't tell her that I was the one using him because she would think I was taking after her. I'm not sure where she is living now. I see her on the street with never ending beads dangling from her neck every so often. I've seen her sleeping on park benches at night. Sometimes my friends and I throw tomatoes at her. She just says, "Damn those kids have they forgotten we are all in this journey together. I'll ring your fucking necks if I ever catch you you little harlequins." She's quite a bitter woman if you ever talk to her but I don't

recommend speaking to her. Don't get too close to her because she smells very bad. She doesn't believe in being clean if you aren't in your soul. It would be a pretense. Life deals out certain cards for each one of us and I got the shit cards is how my mother explains herself. Her brain has been fried by drugs. She loses herself more and more every day. And I'm sure having a father who raped you and a mother who didn't protect you didn't help. But like I give a shit about her. She's tried to fuck me up for years and I'm getting her back for that. Revenge is the only way to get even with the bitch. One day soon she'll fall over and die. She's pretty close to death now. I think today I'll tape a sign to her back that says, "I'm already dead so please kill me."

Come Here Ape Man

I'll give you \$10 if I can play with your cock for an hour. Yeah I know you're straight but you don't even have to touch mine. Look, you'll be the one getting off. Just close your eyes and pretend I'm Pamela Andersen. A suck is a suck, right? You're the one benefiting. Women don't like to suck cocks. I'll give you more than you're getting. No, I don't find you attractive. I just want you to get off. I'm sorry you're not fucking someone. No, I don't want your ass. Lots of guys do this. No, it doesn't make you gay. Are you kidding, ick. You're pretending I'm a woman while getting off, so it's just like you're getting sucked by a girl. You're already getting hard just thinking about it. C'mon what d'ya say? You suppose. Great. Just remove all your clothes and lie in the bed. Don't look so worried. If it gets too intense just tell me or hit my cock or something. I'll understand. There now, how does that feel. Mmmmmmmmm. What? Oh nothing.

The Burning of the Bitches

Come on over chickie to Papa's Place. No I'm afraid you haven't been here before. This is all new to you. Just call the robots Mr. Cock. They perform all my needs and will pop up throughout your visit. They might bring you sherries or screwdrivers for your illusion. If they get naughty there are complaint boxes throughout. Just don't tell me about them. I've hired Mr. Cock #10 to deal with complaints and he hasn't had one so far, imagine that. And girls please remove your shoes, stockings, underwear, any jewelry, bras, tampons, hair accesories, you need to be completely stripped except for an outer dress which will be replaced throughout within a snap of Mr. Cock's thighs. Don't be shy girls you are the elite. You've been around longer than I. Honey I don't care if you think you're fat or ugly. I'm not concerned with your beauty because you don't possess that certain item which makes me convulse. All ready then. Good. Now hop onto the conveyor belt dearies. There you go. There is air conditioning to suit you pretty ladies. Now lie down and get comfortable. Pay attention to the neud men images to enhance your enjoyment and mine. This machine is the future for makeovers dearies. Please don't get too excited girls you don't want to make a mess. You'll be charged for the cleanup. This machine moves quite fast and unfortunately the men blur so soak up as much cock as you can this last minute before we begin. Any last requests? No, all right then girls enjoy and say hi to Janis for me.

one, two, three, four, start, ching, ching, chong, snap, crack, pull, tighten, pull, harder, stretch that skin and cut off the slack, pull, ching, ching, chong, I don't think you'll be needing that, oh I should see how high your legs can fly, okay, no problem, zing, zing, zow, splash, boing, doing, yes your hair is a mess honey, here's a wonderful appliance called the Super Suck, it will

swallow your head of hair and fix the problem,
suck, cuck, boing, er, er, zip, zip, you're
looking fabulous doll, you think the machine
should do that, well we'll try, oh no something's
gone wrong, oh, I'll go for help,

drip, drop, burn, plop, hot boiling slur slop,

one, ah, two help three yah four drop dead,

ha

It's just so sad girls. To think that someone
of your talent could perish so easily. Mr. Cocks
let us go to my bed chamber. I already have a hole
in my slacks boys. You can clean up tomorrow.
Daddie's worked hard today boys, daddie's hard.

Rose of Wisdom

Sister rang me on the phone and said she has
a rose for me. She said even though I'm an asshole
she loves me. She'd been drying this rose for the
past week and it was now ready to give. She said
with it, on each petal, comes an encyclopedia of
wisdom, but to be careful because when I fuck up
it will lose its' petals. I'm not sure I believe
her but I have a shrine prepared in case. She
delivered the rose the next minute. It was wrapped
in pink saran wrap and once removed lit up the
room more than the soft emitting light I had on.
She gave the rose and I a kiss and left us alone.
I felt the rose's hunger and need for purity so I
laid it on my stomach across my naked body. My
stomach glowed from its touch and the yellow
present swam through my body. My eyes filled
yellow and locked on to the movie screen images
before them. Ant races of color passed above my
corpse. When my movie was finished I looked down
at my stomach and saw that the rose had worked
itself inside my body and was printing a
message on my skin: Don't Fuck Up.

Bernadette looking for thick skin

So a girl finally asked me out on a date, well not really but I'm going on one anyway. My Smurfette and I are going to see a movie this weekend at Oak Street cinema. Smurfette would like to first go out for coffee so she can feel a part of this whole generation x thing. She's still trapped in the late seventies and early eighties. I'll pay for myself as I know how tight money can get. Smurfette only smiles at me. She's not really my type though. She's such a girl. You know one of those lipstick lesbians. She wore that same white dress she always does. Never once did she reach for my breast. She's a real lady. I was kind of worried about her relationships with the rest of the smurfs as more keep popping up and she's the only girl. Then she reminded me of Vanity smurf, the one with the mirror. And proceeded to tell how all the smurfs are gay except Hefty. It's all one big orgy pit. She doesn't take place in it because she can't stand their blue stubs. She told me that the media tried to lead on that Hefty and her are a pair, for the homophobic viewers, but it isn't true. Papa smurf reproduces through magic, usually when he wants a different body to play with. We had a fun time that night after the movie. We went back to my apartment and she fingered me. It was so wonderful. And her blue skin is so squeaky clean. We agreed we'd go out again real soon. I told her to say hi to all the smurfs for me. She said she would and gave me a kiss goodbye. So ends my first date with a girl.

Salem Products
June 1996

soundtrack: Tori Amos- Little Earthquakes

Under The Pink

Boys For Pele

Sweet Dreams

Take To The Sky

Purple Rain

Sister Janet

London Girls

Strange Fruit

If 6 Was 9

Honey

Song For Eric

Mary

Here. In My Head

Upside Down

Sugar

Hungarian Wedding Song

Sister Named Desire

Frog On My Toe

Butterfly

PJ Harvey- Maniac

Darling Be There

Hardly Wait

M-Bike

Harder

Lying In The Sun

Henry Lee

Dry

Hook (live)

Easy

Bjork-

My Spine

Headphones

Charlene

Cover Me

Pizzicato Five- Instant Replay .

By Her Majesty's Request

Readymade Recordings

This Year's Model

Ani Di Franco- Not A Pretty Girl

Thanks: Ballet of the Dolls

Myron and Lyle

Debbie

Tori Amos

Christy

Salem
Box 383
Bayport, NY
55003



To:

Free blow job with response