

HOMO PICNIC!

Good AAAAAfternoon-

Now that my brutal yet nifty display of how far america is ahead of the russians in typewriter technology is over, I would like to welcome youto the first annual HOMO PICNIC newsletter or whatever you want to call it (please pardon all mitakes, -that's life). Basically, its purpose is to tell you what I thinkyou should be told about us. We are a band from PHILADELPHIA, PA, and if you put on shows, we wamt to play at them. OK? Benefits are great, we'll play about anywhere we can. Write us(or call)!!! Anyway, whoever you are write us!!! We have two2 demo tapes(an old one (4songs) and a new one(6 songs)that will be ready about a week or so from now(Nov 6)) Both are pretty good quality andthey are three dollars pp. Also we have T-shirts with HOMO PICNIC on the front and the happy homo →  on the back. (**4.00** pp.) I foresee stickers but we will just send you one when we get them made. We will answer anyone who writes (OOPS) us. If you got this letter you are on our mailing list and we will be bothering you from time to time. If you didn't get this letter, you aren't on our mailing list, but just write us and we will put oyu(BADD ONE) You on. Please spread our address and number around. We would appreciate addresses of zines, radios, comps, and show-putter-oners, who we will send tapes free. just write !!!I hope I didn't forget anything Oh well.

Later
Rich Poor (NICE)

P.S. We may have a silly name, bu twe are serious about our music.
OH this might be useful also: HOMO PICNIC

369 E. GOWAN ST.
PHILADELPHIA P A !(!!(
19119

CALL: DUG: 215248 2684 or me :215- 387 4943
Well alot of space left that Tony says to leave blank, but then he just left the room. Here dwell upon this thought for a moment before bedtime: SELF-REFERENCE IS THE INFINITE IN THE FINITE GUISE oh, and politics too: Support your scene and the bands therein. (That wasn't a joke)

Well BYE-BYE

HOMO PICNIC!

LIFE'S AWESOME PURPOSE EXPLAINED!



Blanche: The Hotel
Flamingo is not the sort
of place I would dare
to be seen in!

vocals-RICH POOR
guitars-DUG
basses-MARK BALL
drums-TONY VAN VEEN

WAR STORIES
did i ever tell you son about the good times we had in the second flatoon, we'd fight first and then ask what
me and my buddies in the good old days, and america was number one for
but that was back in the good times we used the bond in 'nam, it still was lots of fun for
though we should've heard how you war stories,
I don't want to hear how you war stories,
about those damn japs or fighting it out.
You say a good war is what this country needs,
and that i should have my turn to bleed,
rote notzis with the same old plan.
with a new name for your fathaland

PLEASE WRITE:
HOMO PICNIC
365 E. GOWAN ST.
PHILADELPHIA PA. 19119
215-248-2684

TRouble IN PARADISE

the natives are restless. drums beating in the hills? there's trouble in paradise.
discontent in the villages. people form into a mob: there's trouble in paradise.
slums turn into flames, they're heading toward a suburb?
there's trouble in paradise.

this ideal society. you had a perfect life
but where did your plan go wrong?

trouble in paradise.
the people will never fight.
trouble in paradise.
for what they believe is right.
trouble in paradise.
governed for the people.
trouble in paradise.
governed by the people.

we're not here for you to play games with.
i'm not a piece on your nuclear chessboard.
another cog in your plans machine.
i keep on going, but i go nowhere.

"rise up and follow me" cry the leaders.
ricting in the streets, burning the relace.
a new government for the people.
and a new news special report.

trouble in paradise.
not a democracy.
trouble in paradise.
just a bureaucracy.
trouble in paradise.
we want to start over again.
trouble in paradise.
we need a new plan.

a return to normalcy in a few weeks.
every citizen must sacrifice.
you're a god in a different machine.
you keep on saying, but you go nowhere.
and new leaders plot new plans in the villages.
they form new querulous bands in the slums.
"rise up and follow me" cry the leaders.
we've seen this show before!

Stella: What have
you heard and
from whom?

I WIN

YOU CAN'T SEE ME BETWEEN THE LINES.
LOOK IN MY MIND AT THE LOGIC YOU'LL FIND.
THE WORLD IS A WAR, AROUND AND AROUND,
THE CROWD RAISES THEIR EYES AS THEY HEAR THE SOUND
LIGHT AT THE END, THE SAME OLD CLICHE.
SLOWLY IT BEGINS, DAY AFTER DAY.
UNTIL IN SHARPNESS, SEEN NO MORE
YOUR WORLD IS MINE. I WIN THE WAR.

I AM EVERY THING, but i am naught.
GAMES ARE PLAYED, but lives are fought.
DOES NIGHT END, or morning begin.
YOUR WORLD IS MINE I WIN

WHAT MATTERS LIVES

The highest walls.
The thickest walls.
The strongest walls.
Don't keep them out.
Like a flood they pass
from house to house.
No door can keep them out.

Through your mind like snakes they slide, they are a burning pain.
There's no where for you to hide, because they're in you're brain.
They are the voices in your head they have no name.
Are you afraid of the dark, will you play their game
vengeance will be theirs, nothing less will suffice.
In the shadows they lie in wait, crouching for the sacrifice.
Their faces are unwritten, their numbers are unknown.
Their shapes are all shapes, their hearts are made of stone.
They are the spirits of those people who died out in the streets.
They are the spirits of those children who died with nothing to eat.
They are the spirits of the kind of people you always tried to ignore.
Now they've come back looking for you and you know what for...

FLOOD ON THE WALLS

This is not New York, do you know where you are?
We're open minded but you've pushed us too far.
You play at Nazi, but it isn't a game.
Because when you hurt one of us we all feel the pain.

Your turn is coming; can't see blood on the walls.
Reason is useless; can't see blood on the walls.
You won't terrorize us; can't see blood on the walls.
We have some surprises for you: Blood on the walls.
I don't care what you think so long as you leave us alone.
If you can't have fun in peace, leave PHILLY alone.
Not one ounce of sense in your blue-melted brains.
No matter how hard you try you can't erase the stains.

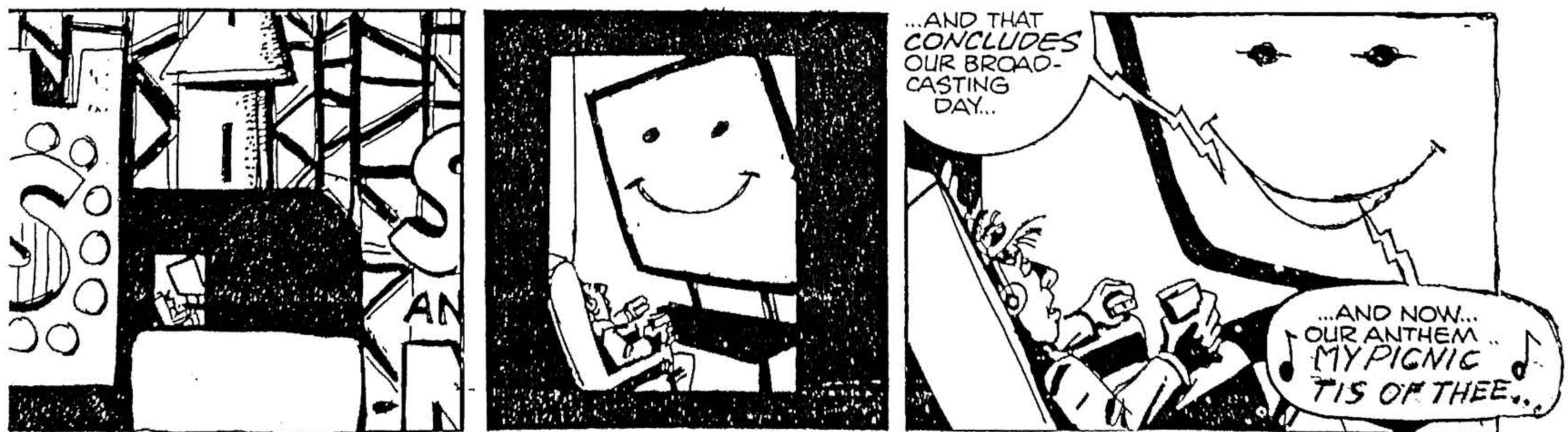
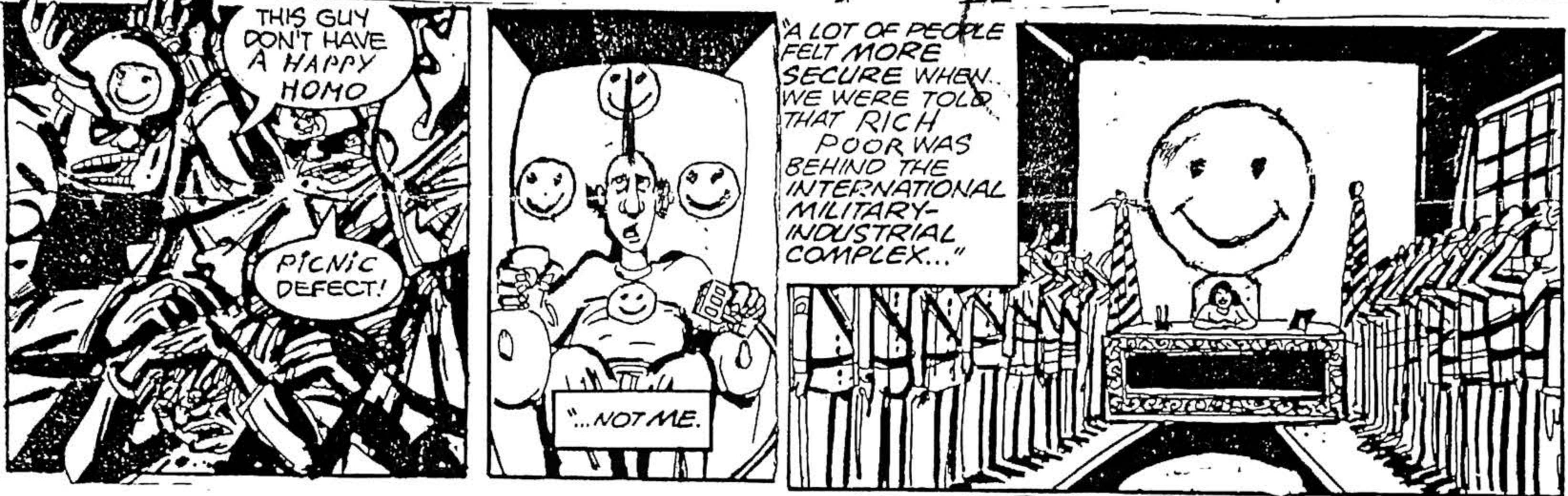
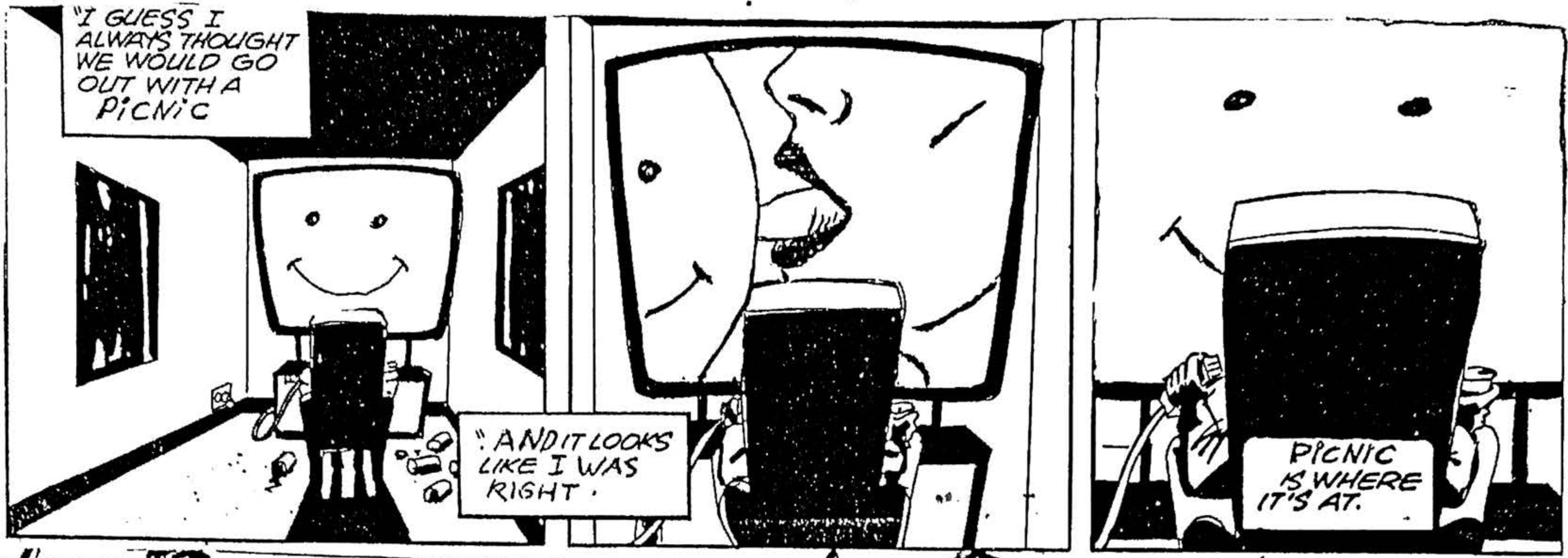
Vengeance and violence are not always right,
But this is my scene and to protect it I'll fight.
You come to our shows and then you beat up our friends.
We draw the line here, now the bullshit ends.

BATTERED DREAMS

BATTERED DREAMS AND CRUMPLED HOPES,
NOTHING LEFT FOR ME BUT WHAT DOES IT MATTER
BATTERED DREAMS AND CRUMPLED HOPES
I KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT AND HIDE MY ANGER
BATTERED DREAMS AND CRUMPLED HOPES
SOMETIMES I JUST WANT TO GO AWAY
BATTERED DREAMS AND CRUMPLED HOPES
I HANG ON FOR ONE MORE DAY

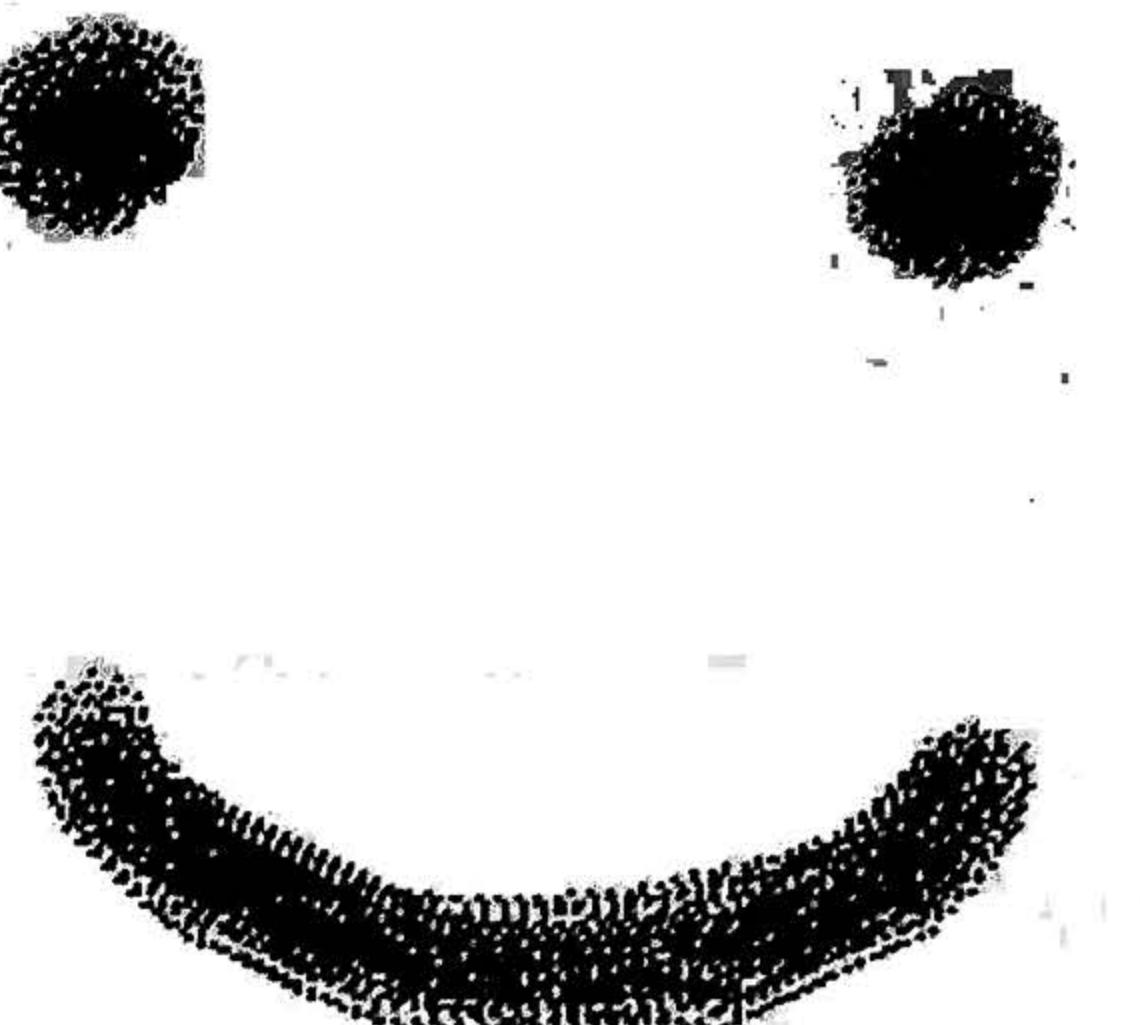
CAN'T I WAKE IN ANOTHER PLACE, IN ANOTHER TIME, IN ANOTHER RACE
IN A PLACE WHERE THE PEOPLE ARE REAL, WHERE THEY TELL YOU THE TRUTH AGAIN
I'M WICK TO BREAKUP YOUR MINDLESS GAMES, YOUR PETTY LIES JUST CAUSE HE IS
MY HOPES CRUMBLE MORE EVERY DAY, BATTERED DREAMS START TO FADE AWAY
TOY WITH ME, MY MIND IS BENDING, YOUR BULLSHIT IS NEVER ENDING
HURT ME TRY TO BEND MY MIND, YOU'VE LOST PATIENCE WITH MY KIND
YOU'RE THE ONE'S THAT MUST BE CHANGED, IF THE WORLD'S SANE NOW, IT MUST
THOUGH IT'S NOT ENOUGH, I DON'T WANT TO BE DEFENDED
WE DREAM I AM SICK IN

Blanche: Look! We've
made a Picnic



HOMO

PICNIC



IRRITATION NEWSLETTER #2 OR

"OH SHIT! BRUCE, THERE'S ANOTHER ONE IN THE BOX."

"WE'LL NEVER GET THIS BOUTIQUE OPEN FOR SPRING!"

Dug - 215 248 2684

Rich Poor - 215 387 4943

Greetings my beloved fellow HOMO scumbers and others,

Here we are again, just to irritate Lance and Bruce and to keep the boutique from being opened in time to set the new spring fashions out. Besides that point, MERRY X-MAS and all that stuff(which actually I don't like since it is such a big oblong pain in the ass)Time to consume...alot...buy that shit. Speaking of gifts: WE are only putting out our second demo tape, "BLOOD ON THE WALLS" for 3 dollars PP. They are still not ready but very very soon, like 2 weeks (If we promised you one or you ordered one, YOU WILL GET IT, I SWARE by Dee Snider's). Anyways, the first batch of shirts is gone except for some smalls, but we are making a new batch soon so if you want one just let us know and we will send it as soon as they are ready. They are 4 dollars PP. The design has been changed to a red checkerboard with the HAPPY HOMO on it. If you get or got one of the first batch wash them in cold water or iron them or put them through the dryer first, mine faded a lot so be careful.

Now on to very important things: We are hoping to play alot of shows this winter and spring and to do a tour this summer so we would really appreciate any help like addresses and phone numbers of anyone who puts on shows anywhere. Here I sit desperate to play out, help me before I get in a real odd way. In addition, we are trying to put out an album by April. So far I have enough loot stashed to pay for the recording but I don't know about the pressing. Any help or advice would be appreciated since I don't know exactly how to go about this(set). Also large anonymous wretare donation.

Another import: this is after Dec 27 Mark, our bass person leaves. One of the people I know has agreed to fill in until we find a permanent person. His name is Chuck and he is a great bass player. Mark said he will go on the tour and we will find another person(although I hope we will). Hint: all you basers. MCAD is now back and as dedicated as we are and who will sing for the long run. And as the picnic stretches on into late afternoon and the paper is almost gone seeooooo

BYE and have fun,

RICH POOR

On this computer from where I work(we I do work on occasion. I don't think it is turned on we this is the last time I'll do this) I have a file named "MCAD" which contains a bunch of lyrics and chords for MCAD songs. I have it in \$HOME/MUSIC/ and it is 115K.

OOPS: I forgot
the address:
Homo Picnic
Dug Bennett
369 E. Gowan
Ave
Phila. PA
19119