

# GMS

Gay Metal Society  
Newsletter

June 1995

# HEADLINE



# Fight

live at the Vic  
Sun, June 18th

GMS Reunion Party  
Spring Bar-B-Que  
Sat, June 17th



# HEADBANGER

On The Cover

## FIGHT

**"Everyone's too concerned with the word 'Metal.' It was never all leather and studs. It exists in 1994 in many shapes and forms and means more now than when it began. Like punk, its essence - its power, volume, aggressiveness - is everywhere."**

**- Rob Halford**

On a Small Deadly Space, Fight's second album, the band catapults hardcore rock toward the next stage. Relentless, heavy, crushing, these Fight songs mark a major assault on musical barriers, tearing down of limitations and expectations.

Rob Halford, former frontman of the legendary Judas Priest, along with his band of amazing players, presents songs that pound like fists against the evils of AIDS, prejudice, the Holocaust, child abuse and domestic violence. They scream out for artistic freedom, an escape from a world of destruction, and love on a seemingly loveless planet. For Rob Halford, who influenced an entire generation while leading the legendary and often outlandish Judas Priest, the world could use a dose of reality. With his new band, Fight, no subject is off-limits - no matter how taboo.

War Of Words, the band's 1993 debut, was ranked on many Top 10 metal charts and ignited the "Let The Fight Begin" tour, which scorched America on three cross-country treks (including dates with Metallica in summer 1994). Released in 1994 was Mutations, a nine-track Ep of previously unreleased recordings including remixes and live tracks.

### FIGHT

A Small Deadly Space  
(Epic)

**Boom!** Fight jumps right into the groove and knocks you over with a thunderous guitar. Fight picks-up right where they left off with their first album and kicks some more butt again. This album is a little tranquil compared to the 1st album. However, Fight doesn't hesitate to furnish an excellent groove on all the songs. Mr. Rob Halford really let's his hair down [tee hee hee] on this album, venturing into the soft vocals instead of his usual power screams. Debut albums are hard to out do, but Fight is right on track. Fight adds a bonus track at the end of the CD, Psycho Soul Asylum. Kool.

Best Tracks: I Am Alive, Mouthpiece, Legacy Of Hate, Never Again, Gretna Greene, In A World Of My Own Making, Psycho Soul Asylum

Star Rating: 3-1/2 stars

Squez

GMS Headbanger May, 1995

**"Being called a metal god is nice. Elvis was only the King. When I look back at what I've been part of, it's very satisfying. But life's a continuing process...."**

**-R. H.**

THE FIGHT CONTINUES...

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##### Membership

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##### Fundraising

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##### Promotion

Squez

##### Bank Executor

Rob B.

The Headbanger is published monthly by the Gay Metal Society. Publication of the name, likeness, or photograph in this publication is not to be construed as an indication of the sexual orientation of any individual. The opinions expressed by contributors are their own and do not necessarily reflect the views of GMS

All Correspondence should be directed to:  
GMS

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Hotline (708)780-0748

Deadline for editorial is the 15th of the month to be included in the upcoming issue of the GMS Headbanger.

# GMS Reunion Party

## Spring Bar-B-Que

Calling all members and x-members

Saturday, June 17, 1995

Noon - Sunday Morning 10:00AM



Time to get together for a common cause!  
Friendship & Rock-n-Roll!

"You know, it's been a loooooong time since we aaalll got together. It's time to get together and simply party, let's have a few laughs and be Mary. <girl!> C'mon let's have a good time like the old days!" -D.V.

Pack a sleeping bag and stay the night, there will be plenty of room, just in case you want to spend the night. No need to Drink-n-Drive when you can Booze-n-Snooze, not to mention Rock-n-Roll. Ha Ha Ha I just thought of that. Food, beer and pop will be available for a small fee of \$5.00. Proceeds to help the GMS Treasury.

P.S. Mike is ready to kick some ass in horseshoes!

P.P.S. Stay the night and go to Six Fags Great America with Rob B on Sunday. Oh Yeah, Right! Like I'm gonna wake up!

Sportmart

Parking

Dundee Rd. (Rt 68)

Parking

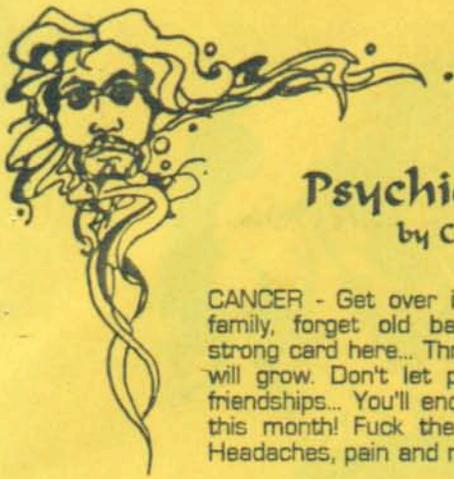
Parking

Milwaukee (Rt 45 & 21)

294

Willow Rd.

Mike & Dave V's House  
241 East Dundee Road  
Wheeling, IL 60090  
(708) 419-1847



## Psychic Corner

by Caveman

**CANCER** - Get over it!... When it comes to family, forget old barriers. Health is your strong card here... Thrive off it! Love matters will grow. Don't let petty bickering fuck up friendships... You'll encounter a shit-load of it this month! Fuck the finances this month... Headaches, pain and misery!

**LEO** - Family and love are in your favor!... Time to start a new money-making thing... BUT... All roses have thorns... Friendships go down the fucking tubes! Over indulgence in toxic chemicals [as a psychological crutch] do your body in... Don't fuck yourself up.

**VIRGO** - Health is the best you've seen in a while... Money is over flowing... Family matters receive swift action... Love is power!... Do something fun and silly with a friend... best month in a while... wish I was a Virgo this month!... Oh fucking hey!... I am a Virgo!

**LIBRA** - Money and love are strong... Friends liberate you... Time to look inward and evaluate family matters... Now pay attention... here comes the serious shit!... Your health takes dramatic turn this month so be prepared... **AVOID HAZARDOUS SITUATIONS... IT COULD PROVE TO BE FATAL!!! NO FUCKING JOKE!!!**

**SCORPIO** - Family, health, love and friendships are all in your favor!... New start in health... Work magick in love... Wealth is also yours... If you can handle all the petty shit details.

**SAGITTARIUS** - Love and friends are strong... Wait and evaluate before you do anything with your health... Don't invest in anything that doesn't conform to your "religion"... Fuck the family this month... nothing except a downer.

**CAPRICORN** - Friends are your only good card here so don't burn any bridges here... Be careful with whom you share yourself in the act of love... Do much deep reflection before you make any money moves... Health, to put it mildly, is not good this month... Extreme sorrow and destitution are yours in family matters... pity!

**AQUARIUS** - Money, money, money... NOW is the time to act! Friends re strong and something reveals itself in love... Peace is obtained in the family... That ache or pain you've been feeling may not be what you think it is.

**PISCES** - Well, family, health [with some magick], and love are all good... Signals are crossed with friends... and money goes right down the tubes... beware of bankruptcy.

**ARIES** - Wedding bells! If you are deeply involved with someone, now is the time to tie the knot! Friendships are strong now... As is health... You are liberated in family stuff... And money is strong if you put your body, mind and soul totally in it... P.S. I want an invite to your wedding... I'll even do an exclusive GMS review!

**TAURUS** - Family, wealth, wealth, love [ecstasy], friends all in your favor this month... Watch for symbols and signs to guide you.

**GEMINI** - Love is your strongest card here... Go for it!... Show emotions in money... Friendships take dramatic changes... Endurance in health is suggested here as there will be many ached and pains... Avoid family nothing but a defeat.

## The Coyote Calls...

By Tim K.



## THE BEAT GOES ON

hmm...

No drummer yet.

hmm...

Well, THAT'S A BUMMER, BUT THINGS ARE COOL ANYWAY. THIS ONE DRUMMER REALLY SMOKED, AWESOME, BUT HE BLEW US OFF FOR THE SECOND JAM SESSION, AND SAID LATER, "WELL I HAD TO WATCH SEINFELD, YOU KNOW." HE WAS SERIOUS. WE HAD ANOTHER DRUMMER COME BY WHO JUST LEFT HIS PREVIOUS BAND, AND WE EVEN KNEW OF THIS GUY, BUT HE WAS NOT SO HOT AFTER ALL.

hmm...

IT COULD BE THAT WE'RE CRAP. THE DRUMMERS WE WANT BACK WON'T COME BACK, SO MAYBE WE SUCK. ACTUALLY I'M KIDDING, BUT OUR MUSIC MAY NOT APPEAL TO THESE GUYS. WE HAVE FAITH IN OURSELVES AND TRY TO IMPROVE OUR BAND. (I HOPE WE DON'T SUCK, CAUSE THAT WOULD SUCK!)

hmm...

WE MAY BE TOO DISCRIMINATORY, BUT WE'VE SEEN A COUPLE OF KICK ASS DRUMMERS, AND WE WANT TO FIND ONE THAT LIKES US TOO, NO MATTER WHAT IT TAKES. I'M REAL HAPPY LATELY BECAUSE I FINALLY FINISHED WRITING A NEW TUNE AND MAKING A TAPE DEMO OF IT. THE BAND'S PSYCHED AT THE PROSPECT OF THE RIGHT DRUMMER JAMMING OUR TUNES.

Oh, well. IN OTHER NEWS, FIGHT IS COMING TO TOWN, SO GO, GMS WILL BE THERE. CALL THE HOTLINE. Life is good, so party on.

# FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Compiled by: The Promotion Committee  
(4 Star Rating System)



## FOETUS

Gash  
(Columbia)

Different, a mixture of aggressive and big production type sound. This CD blew my little computer speakers apart. Damn what was I thinking? Anyway, Foetus is Jim Thirlwell, an underground icon who has helped to mold the musical face of the noise generation. Jim Thirlwell has worked with the likes of The The, Nine Inch Nails, Red Hot Chili Peppers and Pantera. Foetus "gashes" out at you with relentless and disturbing noise, that defies your common knowledge of music. But, how and why does it work? Listening to this music takes all your concentration. A continual mixture of every conceivable noise. ~~Actually~~ my mind goes wild with this music. You need to have an imagination when you listen to this music. It's like Jim has provided the music, all you have to use is your imagination for the visual effects. This CD was very interesting.

Best Tracks: Mortgage, Mighty Whity, Downfall, Take It Outside Godboy, Verklemmt, Steal Your Life Away.  
Star Rating: 2 stars *Squez*

## CRAWL

Earth  
(Pavement Music)

~~Here is some death metal that could drive you insane.~~ Crawl uses their deathly industrial, "experi-metal" approach to music to reek havoc on your senses. Crawl produces a gorge of innovative, brain warping music on the cutting edge of the underground scene. The heavy duty rhythms and rapid percussion turn your mind into a heaping mess. Your left in a state of fatigue while your sub conscience tries to regain control, wild.

Best Tracks: Servant, Womb, Emotional Cage,  
Star Rating: 2 stars *Squez*

## MALEVOLENT CREATION

Eternal  
(Pavement Music)

These dudes are tight! Kick ass death metal at its best! The vocals [Jason Blachowicz] are the best I've heard in a while! Eternal takes you, shakes you, grinds you and then spits you out. A must album for the death metal enthusiast. Definitely check 'em out next time they hit Chicago.

Best Tracks: All tracks.  
Star Rating: 3 stars *Caveman*

## ACCEPT

Death Row  
(Pavement)

This is more than just 'balls to the wall', this is Accept with **YOUR 'balls to the wall'**. This music rendered me helpless, beating me constantly with an anvil of heavy grooves. The tracks kept getting heavier and heavier. Death Row is 15 tracks with everything the 'metal heart' could desire: majestic grooves, dynamic riffs, intense ballads, and high strung instrumentals. This collection of songs is without a doubt a masterpiece. Unlike their previous recordings, Death Row is the first Accept album written for only one guitar. And it still is a heavy work of art.

Best Tracks: All tracks  
Star Rating: 4 stars *Squez*

## CROBAR

Time Heals Nothing  
(Pavement)

Jammin music! each time I played the music it drew me in more and more each time. The music is relatively simple, aggressive rhythms played upon a back drop of basic racey percussion. Crobar's CD is edgy heavy metal without the grinding guitar riffs. For real, there are no lead guitar parts, Simple but good.

Best Tracks: The Only Factor, No More Can We Crawl, Time Heals Nothing.  
Star Rating: 2 - 1/2 stars *Squez*

# GMS



## ACCEPT

**PAVEMENT**  
MUSIC

## METAL TOONS

Poor 'Cid schloshed again!



...but you got to love him!  
He always makes us laugh!



Yeah,  
your right!

Hurry!  
Grab his  
keys!



# HAIRBOOLEY CREATIONS

ETERNAL NEW ALBUM ON SALE

PAVEMENT



**GMS**

**HI - ADVENTURE**

**White Water Rafting**

Mark your calendars now for August 26, 27 & 28. We'll be heading to northeast Wisconsin for camping, horseback riding and a 4 hour rafting trip down the Wolf River in the beautiful Menominee Nation. For more information or to arrange transportation, call the GMS Hotline or drop a line to our P.O. Box.

**Treasury Report**

by Mike H.

Activity last month:

04-11-95 Opening Balance 121.81

Deposits:

Membership 10.00

Membership 10.00

Membership 10.00

05-10-95 Ending Balance 151.81

**GMS DIRECTORY**

PUNK HOTLINE ..... (312) 409-2310

GAY METAL

SOCIETY HOTLINE ..... (708) 7800-SIN

THE VAULT - Gay owned music store in the Atlanta Area.

2045 Mt. Zion Rd. #143,

Morrow, Ga 30260 ..... (404) 473-8844

BAND TAXI ..... (312) 227-7170

THE ROCK 103.5FM ..... (312) 591-4600



**CONCERTS**

Jeff Healey Band Thu, June 1 Skyline Stage  
 Popa Chubby  
 Chubby Carrier

Mudhoney Fri, June 9 Metro  
 Claw Hammer

Radiohead Sat, June 10 Metro

Shaw Blades Sun, June 11 Park West

Fight Sun, June 18 Vic  
 Monster Voodoo Machine

Tad Sun, June 18 Metro  
 Clutch

Lynyrd Skynard Fri, June 30 Horizon  
 Tesla

Pearl Jam Tue, July 11 Soldier Field

Van Halen Fri, July 28 World  
 Sat, July 29 Alpine Valley

Blue Oyster Cult Sat, August 5 Skyline Stage

Hootie & the Blowfish  
 Don Dixon Sun, August 13 World



# Rocker



Slaughter was excellent! Way kwel! Mark Slaughter kind of hid off by himself all night. The guitarist, Tim Kelly handle most of the sound check trying to find the frequency on Mark's mike that wasn't already being used in Chicago. Too many fuckin radio stations. Their new song is really good. "Like There Is No Tomorrow". Rock 103.5 has been giving it airplay.

Nancy Sinatra, her boot were made for walking off the stage! Her lipo, lifts and tuck looked really good. The fifty-four year old looked like a thirty year old bimbo. Her duets with Lee Hazelwood (song writer Elvis Prestly) murdered several Beatles tunes. She couldn't carry a note, her voice was awful.

Being a roadie for White Zombie was a trip. Didn't get to see much of the show though but it was a kwel rock experience.

## Concert Review **BOSTON**

World Theater  
Chicago, Illinois  
May 26, 1995

Well, after eight long years they're back. It has been a tradition for Tom Scholz and company to make their fans wait. And only the true fans wait, and wait, and wait. Let's cut to the chase. Boston put on a less than stellar concert. I guess I have to give them a break because Chicago was only their fifth city on this tour. The concert was overflowing with mistakes make by the band, the sound man and the camera man.

Let's start with the sound, when I play my Boston albums I crank them. Someone definitely forgot to turn up the volume for the live show. Tom's guitar sounded like a feeble old man. Picture this, your in the middle of "Peace of Mind" and the signature guitar part is about to kick-in and nothing but a pip-squeak sound comes out. Disappointment No. 1

To my surprise Mr. Brad Delp was back with the band to sing pieces of the old songs. Yes, I said pieces! Mr. Delp has lost his voice and he basically admitted it when he introduced Fran Cosmo. Picture this, your in the middle of "Peace of Mind" and Brad's signature scream is about to kick-in and Fran jumps in to finish it. Disappointment No. 2

And that's not half of it. Brad and Fran were finishing each others sentences so often that at one point both had forgotten who's turn it was to sing, so the recorded vocal track took on the duties. It was hard to cover that mistake up cause the camera man caught Brad's and Fran's facial expressions (Oops). Disappointment No. 3

I really, really love Boston but I have to be honest with myself. Boston's live concert was a disappointment to say the lease. Boston has left an indelible stain on my brain, which may never wash out but hopefully will fade away with time. Another eight years maybe?!

*Squez*

# What The Fuck

-Van Halen-

by Rob

I'M BACK !! Miss me? Didn't think so - nor do I care.

Fuckin'-A, SPRING is here! AX-cellent. Ninety-degree weather can't get here soon enough for me. Bulging, micro cutoffs on bare-chested boys is not all that far away so it's diet time for me. Quite a few times over the past 8 months I attempted to do simple, daily workouts but failed miserably. It took a whopping 15 minutes of my time but, without someone there pushing me to do it, I just gave up. (Hey, apathy rules.) I would do 3 reps of perpendicular pushups with my feet on the couch and my hands on inverted flower pots and stomach-crunching situps (knees bent, feet locked under the couch). I did 2 sets of 12 reps then the wonderful "burn" set where I'm screaming in fiery ecstasy while doing 3 more reps than I thought I could do. I figure it's just easier to starve away my protruding gut and forego the muscle tone.

One Friday last month my buddy, Davey, and I checked out a troupe of 4 guys from Germany at the Theater Building who call their act **Klown**. This adults-only show was the wildest act I have ever seen *IN MY LIFE*! (To give you an idea of how insane things got, the ticket lady asks you if you want "safe" seats or "dangerous" seats. Dave and I bought safe seats and sat as far back as possible in this dinky room: 7th row.)

The room was set up with the stage on the floor and the seats on risers in front (7 rows) and the sides (3 or 4 rows). A woman gave a brief intro and informed us that plastic garbage bags were available for those in the dangerous seats. The lights dimmed and 3 Klowns took their places on the stage floor. When the lights were brought up, stage right was occupied by a Klown completely covered with a black shroud and sitting on a chair facing the audience. Center stage was a seated Klown facing backwards wearing a hat and a dusty tux. Stage left was a

third Klown in a dusty tux with long tails standing on a chair facing the audience and leaning to one side with a noose around his neck which was attached to a beam near the ceiling. All three remained motionless for at least 5 minutes. Finally, the noosed Klown begins to snore and the whole places lost it. This is the Klown who is complete toast throughout the performance. (While they were guests on Mancow's Morning Madhouse on Rock 103.5, one of them made a statement to the effect of, "American clowns have red noses to look funny or silly. We have red noses because we are drunkards.")

"Tails", as I have named him, wakes up, realizes he'll die if he steps off the chair and removes the noose from his neck. It then took him a full 5 or 6 minutes to figure out how to get off the damn chair! (You needed patience with these guys but the wait always paid off.) The freakiest-looking Klown came out from back stage carrying a beat-up, old-fashioned gasoline can and ran along the front rows dumping its contents on the people seated on all 3 sides of the stage floor.

By far the funniest skit involved two Klowns, a member of the audience and a bowl of eggs. The freaky one brought out a table, tablecloth and the eggs. The fourth Klown, somewhat effeminate, accompanies him and announces, "I am your mother." (WHU?) Freak positions himself behind the table as Queenie looks on. He picks up an egg and brings it down to within a half-inch of a second, empty bowl. He attempts to break the egg numerous times but stops short each time. He just can't bring himself to do it. In his second attempt, he pumps his arm up and down 7 or 8 times but the last upward motion brings the egg smack in the middle of his face, splattering it's contest sideways at the audience stage right and left. He looks around in jerky motions with a "whatthefuck just happened?!" look on his face. In desperation he takes an egg and the empty bowl to a young couple stage left. He offers the egg to the girl who cracks and empties it. He dances with glee and goes back to the table. He goes through his up/down routine again but the result is the same: an egg slam to the face.

He turns to the Queen, confused, with a look of, "help me!". Queenie daintily picks up an egg with his white-gloved hands, cracks it and empties it into the bowl, pinkies extended. "Do it," he says. This time Freak pick up an egg, slowly begins pumping as he breathes heavier and louder, his voice getting higher and higher as the pumping action speeds up. At the very edge of ecstasy, he slams the egg to his face then, without skipping a beat, he grabs egg after egg, pummeling his face as he's moaning as if he's having the most incredible orgasm ever. Now **that's** entertainment!

If you weren't at Cricket Hill (Lawrence and Lake Shore) May 13-14, you MISSED IT ! The **Windy City Weed Fest** that Saturday was totally cool. (My dear friend, Eric, and I went to Black River Falls, Wisconsin several years back for **Weedstock** which was a completely rural setting. Eric thought it was halfway between Milwaukee and Madison but, upon inspecting a map, we found it halfway between Madison and **MINNEAPOLIS!** Quite a hike for fucking up our "M" towns.)

Though much, much closer, the WCWF was difficult to access for urbanite wannabes. As I neared Irving Park Road traveling LSD, the right lane was packed with cars at a standstill trying to exit at Montrose. 99% of all attendees were told Montrose, Montrose, Montrose. I had an inside tip (thanks, All!) that Cricket Hill was between Montrose and Lawrence. I skirted left, passed 'em all and exited at Lawrence with 3 other cars whose drivers' had active synapses or weren't doing 3-foot bongos on the way (same thing, I guess). A sign pointing right showed me parking where I found a spot - being vacated - in about 30-seconds. I laughed as I thought of all these uninformed toastmasters in line on Lake Shore Drive.

The next hour I was involved in scoping out the "scenery". Fifteen to twenty tents dotted the landscape as well as slackers, hackers YUPs, lots of intoxicated teenie-bops and ZERO COPS ! Believe it ! (I imagined Mayor Richie telling them to just let the stoners have their two days of partying.)

It was the most illegal gathering I have ever seen. Open dope smoking and pipe sales abound. By this time my camera was up in front of my face, trying to discreetly photograph cute, young guys in smoke sessions. I was about halfway up the Hill when I heard a thunderous cheer. I looked up to see a 12-foot 7-leaf wooden cluster erected on top of the Hill. As I meandered back down, I scoped out a concession stand where I hoped to get an iced soda to compliment the pint of rum I had in my motorcycle jacket. Unfortunately, all they sold were cans -- no cups, no ice. I bought two Pepsis, found a styrofoam cup, rinsed it out with booze, made a cocktail and asked to snitch some ice from the concession's cooler. During my travels along "Vendor Alley", I spotted a frozen fruit cup stand and bought a cherry freeze and made cherry daiquiris. I was pissed because there was lots of cool stuff to buy but I didn't bring enough greenage to spend. Oh, well. Just take more photos, do another onie, another freezie cocktail and chill.

One booth was manned by a couple cute guys who I pegged as PLUs immediately. They were selling candles and some strangely-named soda in bottles. I asked if I could arrange the bottles to photograph and they said OK. After I took the picture, I looked over and one of them took MY picture. I thought, "OK. Maybe an opportunity here." (When I returned the next day, I found them sitting on a blanket selling only the candles because the sodas were all sold Saturday. I tried to talk to them, maybe see if they wanted to grab a bite after the fest but they almost completely ignored me. Fine. Something I should have expected from flighty 20-somethings.)

As most of you know, GREAT AMERICA is open! Dave & Mike and I went opening day and had a blast. Unfortunately, the new coaster, VIPER, wasn't open yet. Those two scumbags went later in the month without me when it was open and reported that it gives you those little penile rushes over and over because it goes up and down and up and down and up and . . . I can't wait. Maybe I'll have a semi-steady fuck by then who can get me hard before I get on it so I can EXPLODE inside the Viper . . .

# Congratulations

Well, Ron S. isn't laughing 'cuz he's the winner of our "Don't Laugh" contest. Ron will be receiving the new Firehouse CD "3".

## EDIT THIS

**Due to the Gay Pride Parade, The deadline for the July issue of the Headbanger is June 15! Sorry!**

## FREE CONTEST

**Well, Dokken is out with a new CD entitled Dysfunctional. This is the long awaited return of George Lynch with Dokken!**

**GMS  
P.O. Box 802784  
Chicago, IL 60680-2784**

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
City: \_\_\_\_\_  
State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Entries must be received in the P.O. Box by June 15th. The winner will be drawn June 17th. The winner will be notified by phone or mail. The winner will be announced in the July GMS Headbanger.

### BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE

You can order back issues of your favorite editions of the **GMS Headbanger**.

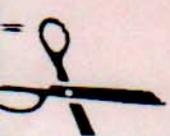
Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
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Issue: Mo. \_\_\_\_\_ Yr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mo. \_\_\_\_\_ Yr. \_\_\_\_\_

Enclose \$2 for each issue requested for postage & handling with this coupon and send to:

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Please do not send money. Please make checks payable to "Cash" or "Rob B".



## INTERESTED IN GMS? MOVING? FILL THIS OUT AND SEND IT IN!

Mail to: GMS \_\_\_\_\_ New membership \_\_\_\_\_ Full year (\$10.00) \_\_\_\_\_ Address  
P.O. Box 802784 \_\_\_\_\_ Renewal \_\_\_\_\_ Six months (\$5.00) \_\_\_\_\_ Correction  
Chicago, IL 60680-2784

To be a part of GMS and receive The Headbanger (totally cool), or to renew your current membership (even cooler), please enclose \$10.00 for a full year's membership or \$5.00 for a six-month membership. To be able to be deposited in our new bank account, please make check out to "Cash" (Do NOT make out to "GMS"). We'll put a list of all funds received in every month's Headbanger, and if you request, send you a receipt. That's it!!

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City, State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Birthdate \_\_\_\_\_ Phone (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

Tell us about yourself: \_\_\_\_\_



PO BOX 802784  
CHICAGO, IL, 60680

Women's Underground  
56 Sterling Place #3  
Brooklyn, NY 11217

