

The End of the First Wave
A History of Our Work in the Underground Music
Community
By Jay Unidos

It seems like only yesterday when myself and fellow Maximumrocknroll shitworker Atom Turk hooked up with our mutual friend Karen Satan and decided to start a zine. We wanted our zine to instigate on some level, but mainly it was just another reason to hang out and drink together. Our basic position at the time was that we saw too much segregation, too many mainstream posers who got into punk and "the scene" back when GREEN DAY hit. We were tired of watching kids chase the ghosts of OPERATION IVY, FILTH, CRIMP SHRINE and the summer of 1992. Basically, if you wanted generalizations and sweeping statements about the current state of Bay Area punk, then UGZ's south city headquarters was the place to be in 1996. The actual shitwork involved in putting out a zine went very slowly, but in general Atom and I set about reviewing demos, while Karen knocked out the graphic end of things. Karen had a super computer that she received as a gift from her mom after graduating from a technical institute in the South Bay. We were enthusiastic, but not very prolific. Months passed and there was no zine or anything that resembled a future publication. Our focus on publishing the zine faded as we shifted from starting a zine to starting a band and that got as far as writing a handful of songs with stupid lyrics. It was hard to say where any of this was going at the time when Atom had his falling out with Karen, but we knew it was definitely time to plan a new strategy when Karen and I bailed on the south city HQ and got an apartment together in Oakland. UGZ headquarters had found its first real home and it was on 40th St., between Broadway and Telegraph Avenue.

After a few months of drinking and destroying our new apartment, mostly by spilling alcohol everywhere and putting a dart board up in the living room, I decided that enough was enough and so I grabbed the disc with all of our zine reviews, graphics, and contributions, and I walked into a downtown Berkeley copy shop intent on finishing the first issue of Urban Guerrilla Zine. For several hours I monopolized one of the copy shop's work stations. Equipped with scissors, glue stick, and little to no knowledge of zine layout, issue One was born. At the end of the day I had 250 copies of UGZ #1. We later pulled a copy and ran at a downtown Berkeley copy shop, making another 250 copies which we stapled for free at Krishna copy on Telegraph and Dwight. The zine itself was a mess. Pages were out of order and some pages were cut off because the master dimensions were too big for the actual copy area. The spelling errors were so prevalent that it almost looked like we had intentionally tried to come across as illiterate. There was a definite political slant to the early Urban Guerrillas. It was our way of keeping it relevant because as much as we wanted it to be, UGZ was not a part of the scene at that time. From where we stood, flies on the proverbial wall, there wasn't any punk scene that we could see ourselves being an active part of anyway. Instead, we went to political events and rallies that were taking place around the Bay Area. Our main cause of choice at the time was the plight of political prisoners in the United States. Karen and I went to Gilman about once a week, but to us it was all about warehouse shows. 40th street had three different warehouses on it that were having shows when we moved into the neighborhood and we felt well situated as far as that scene went. The first wave had begun.

Music we listened to circa issue one:

CLASH
OPERATION IVY
ELDOPA
CRIMINALS
NEUROSIS
NO LESS
SCREECHING WEASEL
THE SELECTOR
BLACK FORK

After publishing another couple of issues together, Karen and I's partnership ended. I published one issue entirely on my own before hooking up with the next big influence on UGZ, a near genius by the name of Seth Nobody. Seth was a super dynamic, highly intelligent, political dynamo who also had a strong sense of working with and furthering local grassroots movements (where ever he happened to be living). For some bizarre reason he actually thought of Urban Guerrilla Zine in these terms and eventually became its biggest cheerleader and by far its main contributor. Unfortunately for all of us, and the zine, Seth got accepted into medical school at Baylor at around the same time. After attending one last show together (DEFIANCE at Gilman) and finishing some articles for the Maximumrocknroll news section, we bid Seth farewell. Once again I was left with a disc that contained our zine and I still had little concept of layout beyond the same ABSOLUTELY ZIPPO aesthetic we had used in all of our previous issues. Ironically we had our first contribution from Aaron Cometbus in that issue. Aaron was and is an outstanding layout person and graphic artist and in addition to being a very early supporter of Urban Guerrilla Zine, Aaron often implored me to ask for help or advice whenever I needed it. I never did and instead found myself - once again - at a copy shop work station for hours...laying out the new zine...page by chaotic page. This time I had help from my girlfriend, Serena, who had just moved into the Oakland HQ. Together we went from copy shop to copy shop until we found one with dozens of customers and one stressed out looking employee who was more concerned with knocking out his big production orders than following his elderly clientele around the copy shop while they made duplicates of phone bills and prescriptions. Equipped with two book bags, Serena and I knocked out enough copies for 500 zines. At one point we had to walk out to Serena's car, empty our bags into her trunk, then return for the rest. I paid for 50 copies. That issue's best moments are by far the contributions from Seth and Aaron, but it should also be noted that Sam Bortnick made his first contribution to our zine in that issue as well. We were almost MRR's zine of the month but the coordinator couldn't track me down via telephone in time, and with the deadline upon her she went with another zine instead. Due to receiving so many favorable reviews, Urban Guerrilla Zine's distribution improved by leaps and bounds.

Music we listened to circa issue five:

OJOROJO
SICK PLEASURE
CODE OF HONOR
TOYDOLLS
UNITED BLOOD
THE PANTS (Live)
THE CUTS (Live)
FLEAS AND LICE
WORKING STIFFS

The zine began to change drastically around issue number eight, and the first big difference was the fact that I decided to offset print it, which also meant that I had to learn to be more exact with the zine's layout. The cover was illustrated for us by Tony Easley, who was in a Redwood City hardcore band called APESHIT. He had also done artwork for RWC bands like AGENTS OF SATAN and PLUTOCRACY. One thing that always set UGZ apart from other East Bay zines is that it was originally a project begun by folks from three very different scenes. I was from the East Bay, Karen was from Redwood City and down with bands like NO LESS, AOS, etc., and Atom was from Orange County and taken with melodic hardcore in a way that would sicken most readers of UGZ. While I had my ultra local biases early on, I eventually realized that it was just this kind of attitude that worked against our stated objective of scene unity. "One way or the other". Issue eight's layout ruined it in the end. To this day it just looks too clean and orderly to me, but the content reflects the changes taking place around us at the time. Underground music dominated the look and feel of the zine, as did all of the many people I was meeting and clowning around with at that time. Sam Bortnick began to play a bigger part in the zine because not only was I dragging him to shows as often as I could, but his co-worker at the camera shop where he worked was Eli from THE PANTS, who later changed their name to DRUNK HORSE. Sam became kind of the official photographer for DRUNK HORSE as they made the move from backyard shows to playing hipster bars in San Francisco. This was around the time when GRIMPLE got back together, and while Serena and I went to every local show, we only managed to drag Sam to two. One was at the Cocodrie in San Francisco's North Beach (RIP) where GRIMPLE canceled, but where Sam got some great PIG IRON and TOTIMOSHI photos for us. The other was a benefit for the legalization of marijuana at Berkeley's Ashkenaz. That is the show where the GRIMPLE photos in issue eight were taken. I also roped Sam into attending a Food Not Bombs show in San Francisco with the FLESHIES, playing one of their first shows, and the promise of free food was much more of an influence on Sam than the FLESHIES were at the time. Also booked on that bill was JOHN THE BAKER, but when we arrived and asked why the FLESHIES were playing for an hour when there were other bands scheduled, we found out that John and one of the events organizers had clashed early on in the evening over the use of a PA. I wouldn't formerly meet John The Baker for another couple of years. Issue eight also had interviews with FLEAS AND LICE and Icki of STY ZINE.

Music we listened to circa issue eight:

GRIMPLE
LOGICAL NONSENSE
BENUMB (Live)
CRAMPS
LANA DAGALES (Live)
EXITWOUND (Live)
MURDER TAKES NO HOLIDAY (Live)
DEAD BOYS
NEW YORK DOLLS
TALK IS POISON (Live)

Issue nine came about after a lot of shit had gone own in the scene and it was finally a scene where we(UGZ) had new friends and bands that we cared about and followed to every show. Fortunately for us, most of these shows were within walking distance from where we lived. The problem or part of the problem was that many of these bands couldn't get good local shows at

the bigger all ages clubs or shows at all for that matter. When they did it was because one or two guys in the scene who actually felt strongly about heavy, hardcore music, namely Pete Benumb and Jake Kelly. Other than that they had to rely on parties and friends from the bar who were putting together last minute shows for touring bands. Usually it was a matter of not being down with certain crowd (The late eighties, early nineties East Bay scene), and not having the right sound (Pop punk or the simple three chord punk rock that was championed at clubs like Gilman and by it's then head coordinator Chris Sparks and head booker Clayton.) Like I stated previously, if you wanted generalizations and blanket accusations then UGZ was right up your alley because I wasn't interested in debating or being lured into long drawn out arguments or weighing my credibility against some guy who had been in some legendary East Bay band back in the day. I didn't give a fuck about any of that. My personal opinion at the time was that the best music was no longer coming out of the East Bay, especially in terms of hardcore and not only did UGZ reflect that in issue number nine. It also emphasized my disappointment at finally having a bunch of local bands that we could support and not knowing how to build on that or even how to keep a new scene going long enough for others to be a part of it. Going back to issue one, Karen and I had wanted to book shows and parties, screen t-shirts, and put out records. As I watched LANA DAGALES, EXITWOUND, UNITED BLOOD, MURDER TAKES NO HOLIDAY, and even the reformed GRIMPLE break up, I knew that we all could do so much more in terms of getting involved and helping each other out. At the same time, issue nine is most remembered for the cover photo of Rueben Lunatic flipping Sam Bortnick the bird at an EXITWOUND/MURDER TAKES NO HOLIDAY show and for an interview we did with Ted Falconi of FLIPPER. Jake Skate, of EXITWOUND, and I met Ted while flyering at Soundwave studios in West Oakland and it started a little run of Jake Skate and I tracking down living legends from the Bay Area punk scene.

Music we listened to circa issue nine:

GERMS
TALK IS POISON
DEATHREAT
SOCIAL INFESTATION
DILLINGER FOUR
HIS HERO IS GONE
CATHETER
FLIPPER
VERBAL ABUSE
SPECIAL FORCES
EYES
BAGS
X

Issue ten took a long time to come out and the scene was changing quickly, at least it appeared that way to those involved with the zine. Issue ten had all kinds of notable contributions like Susan P.U.N.K.'s photos (I actually used her photos in issue nine, but without permission), Pat GRIMPLE wrote a poem and did some art, Aaron Cometbus provided us with another excellent column, Greg Brainoil (Then known as MR. BRAINOIL) delivered his first column, Joe Franke of FRACAS and Axis Records in Alameda contributed a column, Jas Toomer of URKO contributed art, lunacy, and a column of his own, Jerme Spew of Gilman security fame and a long time writer and spoken word artist did a last minute column, and we even used some old photos that Karen Satan had taken at an October 22nd (anti-police

brutality) show where ELDOPA and the ENEMIES had played. Most of the zine was dedicated to an interview Jake Skate and I did with Dave "Koko" Chavez at his family's house in Richmond, California. It's a long interview because Dave is an important guy in terms of punk rock and hardcore history, but especially in regards to the Bay Area's punk and hardcore history. He is also, along with his brother Joel, a skater of note. There were tons of photos included with the interview as well, one of which ended up in a THRASHER book of photos that came out a few years later. Dave speculated to me at a show not long ago that THRASHER may have scanned UGZ number ten's back cover and touched it up in photo shop. I know one thing and that is if we had anything to do with Chavez getting his photo in that book right next to skaters like Alva, Adams, Alba, Guerrero, Caballero, Hawk and so on, then that rules! The cover art for issue ten was done by Judd Hawk, who was then in band called BRAINBLOOD VOLUME with members of Florida's REINA AVEIJA and Robert Collins from ARTIMUS PYLE. BRAINBLOOD VOLUME appeared on the CD compilation that accompanied UGZ number ten and the compilation was our way of showcasing the Bay Area scene we were in touch with, along with bands from other parts of the US that we had made contact with, as well as bands from other countries that either wrote us regularly or affected us to the point that we had to make contact ourselves. The way the comp worked was simple, but never really explained, but here is an example:

URKO (UK) - Jas of URKO was a regular contributor to UGZ, and my first attempt at putting out a record was the EP I did with his band. Jas also did a zine called GRINNER.

MELEE (Boston) - I was pen pals with Craig who sang for MELEE, and we met initially when he traded me copies of his zine UPHEAVAL for copies of UGZ.

GRIMPLE - I wanted a new track, but they never recorded any of their new songs. Pat became a contributor to UGZ for one issue, and we remain friends to this day. Greg V. was actually supposed to do some artwork for us as well, but we're still waiting.

LANA DAGALES - Greg Wilkinson was a contributor to UGZ and he also helped me to sequence and master the CD.

EXITWOUND - The only track ever released thus far, and not only did Jake Skate contribute to UGZ at the time, EXITWOUND helped to spawn the scene that was soon to follow.

ASTRID OTO (North Carolina) This was Aaron's band at the time, and he has been a contributor and a long time supporter of UGZ.

CATHETER (Colorado) Haroldo had done an interview with us for issue nine, and we continued to stay in contact with one another for a long time afterwards. There is a similar story behind almost every track of the Urban Guerrilla Zine Compilation (#1).

Then there were the Jake Skate bands like SMD, SHITLOADSOFFUCKALL, BEWARE, DISCORDIA and MEDICATION TIME. Those were all bands that Jake approached me with and after listening to the tracks I was down with the program. Eventually most of these bands (or the bands that emerged from those bands) became active participants in what I'm calling the first wave (Just another bullshit label, I admit it). We sold the CD and zine together in stores for \$3, or you could get it for \$4 postage paid through the mail and the mailorder version came as a package with two zines, stickers, and sometimes a poster. That and the fact that UGZ (at that time) had no advertisement money whatsoever just underscored where we were coming from in terms of our beliefs and how we put them into practice.

During this time we also made a bunch of stickers. We made hundreds of stickers with our mohawk cat logo, and hundreds with the cover from UGZ number eight, both illustrated for us by Tony Easley. Between the EXITWOUND

guys, Serena, Greg Brainoil, and myself, we covered most of Oakland and huge parts of Berkeley with our stickers. It was to the point that when I handed Todd of HIS HERO IS GONE and TRAGEDY a copy of UGZ number eight at Gilman one night, he turned to me and formally introduced himself, then commented that he couldn't go anywhere in Oakland without seeing one of our stickers. I took that opportunity to ham it up by stating something to the effect that UGZ operates at the street level first and foremost, which is more like something Jake Skate might say. Anyway, I continued to send Todd copies of UGZ each time a new issue came out and if I didn't send one by mail then I usually just handed him one whenever one of his bands played Gilman.

The next big change in the UGZ world came when I started to book shows in 2001. The first show I booked was a UGZ B-Day show at Mission Records in San Francisco. I decided to book because so many of my friends were in new bands and I liked all of them, and in some cases I introduced mutual friends to one another for the purpose of helping the band to stay active. I figured that between the zine, my new record label, and booking I might be better able to contribute to an environment where bands wouldn't feel he need to break up right away and where bonds and friendships could flourish in a way that benefited everyone's needs, and our collective desire to be a part of something that's tangible, relevant, and fun. So for show number one I asked Pete BENUMB to help me get Mission Records, which wasn't really necessary, but if he hadn't done it then I might not have done it myself to be honest. It was easy to book the bands. BLOWN TO BITS was playing their first show and I hung out with Jake Skate almost every other day. BRAINOIL was playing their first show with a real drummer and I talked to Greg almost every other day. CRUEVO were the new hot band, but they also had Rueben Lunatic from EXITWOUND in the band who was a good friend and I asked Wendy-O Matik to do spoken word when I ran into her at a fellow zinester's art show. The FLESHIES were booked by Greg Brainoil who shared a practice space with them and I booked the VULGAR PIGEONS via email because I had seen them play about a month prior to that and they were fucking great. The show was awesome and the draw was much better than expected. I paid all of the bands about \$50 and I was shocked to hear things like, "We get paid?" and "\$50? That's the most we've ever made." I was puzzled by these reactions, but it was one of many lessons I would soon learn about booking. It was at that show that I met John The Baker for the first time. Jake Skate introduced us. I had heard about the new club John helped to run in Richmond from Jake and Rueben, so I was already curious about checking it out, but after meeting John I genuinely felt that Burnt Ramen might be a place where we could set up a temporary camp for UGZ and its affiliated bands. Like a lot of people I would be meeting over the next couple of years, John was already much more familiar with me and the zine (and record label) than I was with him and his work, and he also had preconceived notions of what we represented, which may have been slightly off on some accounts, but were mostly positive either way.

UGZ Presents number two didn't go as well as the first. It was a benefit for Mission Records that Greg BRAINOIL and I booked together, and it happened to fall on the same day as an ELDOPA reunion show that also featured CRUEVO. On paper our show looked great, featuring ARTIMUS PYLE, BRAINOIL, ACID KING, and BLOWN TO BITS, but the draw was really low, and we didn't make much money for the store unfortunately. The other downer was that while all of this booking and promoting was taking place; the zine had been put on the back burner, but little by little a new issue began to emerge out of the piles of fanzines, records, photos, and the Post It notes reminding me to type a Nicki Sicki interview I'd done with the former singer for SICK PLEASURE and VERBAL ABUSE. There was also a photo shoot we had planned with Sam and a girl by the name of Elizabeth, who was willing to be an

adventurous model on a reality tour of Telegraph Avenue in Berkeley. Obviously we had to get some ELDOPA photos, not to mention photos of the UGZ compilation one release show that we'd booked at Burnt Ramen that summer. For that particular show I designed and "professionally" printed 11x17 posters for what I assumed would be the local underground show of the summer. I couldn't have been more wrong, and instead it was THE show where I learned how not to run a show.

Lesson number one was don't have a huge show featuring new local bands on a Sunday in Richmond, especially at that point in Burnt Ramen's history. Lesson number two was to make sure you start on time, which is why they have a stage manager at a lot of clubs. Lesson three and the last one that I will share here is to put some thought into your bill, and the order the bands play in. I thought it would be fair to sort of randomly determine who gets to play since, you know, we were all friends and shit like that. Well the show started two hours late at least, and the first band INSIDIOUS (which was another offspring of EXITWOUND) opens and crushes. The best set of the night. The second band, BEWARE from Los Angeles, comes out and rips it up, but then continues to play a little too long. By the time the third band starts to play, half the crowd is gone, and there are five bands to go, including MELEE from Boston, MA. The evening ends with CRUEVO and BRAINOIL, close friends by this time, splitting a set in what became known as the CRUEVO versus BRAINOIL show. I think there were about a dozen people there who actually witnessed it. After that show I was ready to call it quits as far as booking went. If it weren't for the fact that I had already committed to doing a show at Gilman, then I probably would have.

Punk Movie Night (#1) was the result of a film column I was doing for Maximumrocknroll called (you guessed it) Punk Movie Nights, whose name was taken from a Cometbus story. Jake Kelly, who was a booker at Gilman, pitched me on the idea of doing a virtual Punk Movie Night at Gilman, but with a band or two thrown into the mix as well. I was down, but after the disastrous Burnt Ramen show, there was the issue of getting a "headlining" band to assure that the turnout worthy of the slot we were being given at the by then legendary East Bay club. I thought about it, and I remembered that the last time DEATHREAT played Gilman I had approached Todd about possibly booking a show for them the next time they came through, with what I referred to as good local hardcore bands, instead of the emo lineups Gilman was always hooking up whenever TRAGEDY or DEATHREAT came through town (I was referring to recent shows and not shows like the TALK IS POISON/DEATHREAT show of a few years prior to that). The conversation went well I thought, and I knew Todd was familiar with Urban Guerrilla Zine, so I suggested to Jake that we should try to book TRAGEDY. Well we did, and TRAGEDY was down, so we had our show.

My idea of booking all locals to support TRAGEDY didn't pan out because a lot of bands were still wary after the Burnt Ramen show, and frankly not a lot of the local bands were into TRAGEDY which I thought was a definite sign of weakness, but life and shows must go on. Instead we quickly booked Todd's other band FUNERAL, RUN FOR YOUR FUCKING LIFE from San Diego, and then eventually HARUM SCARUM (who had to cancel when their van broke down in Eugene, OR). We had films by Nick Zedd, Martin of LOS CRUDOS, KWIK WAY, and many others. Only Martin's film went over as well as I would have expected, but the show itself was a huge success. We packed close to 500 punx into Gilman that night and 450 of them paid which is a high percentage for Gilman compared to the other shows I've done there since. That meant that the touring bands got paid extremely well, and it also meant that we did a show where everyone left stoked and ready to work together again. Oh, except the CRIMSON BABOON, who executed a near perfect spoken word before nearly setting himself ablaze during the tribal fire breathing segment of his performance.

UGZ issue eleven finally arrived at our mailing address in two huge boxes. Jake Skate used his skateboard as a dolly to transport them across the street to his cab. It was our first magazine sized issue, and like the previous issue it featured new contributors like Thee Evil Loki, Elizabeth, Mike Thorn and Julie St. Louie. Julie was a friend we met at midnight basketball sessions, happenings that mainly take place after Gilman shows when a certain zinester is in town. Photos played a huge part in the zine once again by documenting the new bands, shows, and bands like BLOWN TO BITS, CRUEVO, INSIDIOUS, and BRAINOIL. We ran our first two advertisements in issue eleven. One was a paid advertisement from Berserker Records, a Colorado based label that was playing a part in the release of a CRUEVO/BRAINOIL split CD, and the other was one for my own label (Disintegration records) that turned out to be more a tease than anything else. Other features of note were interviews with BLOWN TO BITS and IRON LUNG, as well as a remembrance page for Jas Toomer of URKO, who was killed in an automobile accident near his home in England just prior to UGZ going to press.

The Rampaging Insane Depravity Fest was an idea that Jake Kelly and myself came up with one day while sitting around the 40th St. pad. We were talking and thought it would be cool to get some of the most raging hardcore bands in the US to come to the Bay Area for a D.I.Y. fest. It was partly a selfish wish of ours to actually watch these bands perform, and at the same time we were sure there were more than a few decent hardcore bands in our own scene that were already good, but could benefit from being exposed to bands that were so good that we talked about them in the same manner that we talked about those great hardcore bands of the eighties. Our biggest hope was that we could get NINE SHOCKS TERROR to come out and play and we were sure we had figured out how to do it. The plan was to pool our money, and with a little help from our inside connect at MRR we'd convince the band to fly out on our dime, and then we'd make our money back from the shows they played while out on the West Coast. Unfortunately that fell through, and a few months later I was surprised to hear that MRR was footing the whole bill to do basically the same thing we were trying to do, but this time it was for an MRR anniversary show at Gilman. NINE SHOCKS was crossed off of our list, but Jake and I had made along list. There were more than a few who felt that our chances of pulling off a fest were slim to none. That said, I went about booking the bands and securing up the venues. Day one would take place at Gilman (Berkeley), day two at Mission Records (San Francisco), and day three at Burnt Ramen (Richmond). In the end I booked every band except DELTA FORCE who were friends with Jake Kelley, and FUERZA X (Guatemala) who were pointed in our direction by Max Ward of 625 Records, and we were happy to have them. Here's a list of the bands that participated in the first ever R.I.D. FEST: SHITLIST (Seattle, WA), ATROCIOUS MADNESS (Portland, OR), CATHETER (Denver, CO), FUERZA X (GUATEMALA), SBITCH (Austin, TX), BRAINOIL, WENDY-O MATIK (Spoken Word), BLOWN TO BITS, ELEPHANT MAN, NIGEL PEPPEROCK, RAZED (Seattle, WA), CRUEVO, VOETSEK, DYSTROPHY, CRIMSON BABOON (Spoken Word), and NICK A. (Spoken Word) of Destructive Youth fame. Maximumrocknroll helped to pay for the t-shirts, and Mike Thorn designed the image on the shirts, which was basically taken from the day one flyer. The ad in MRR read: Maximumrocknroll and the Ear2theground Punx Present the Rampaging Insane Depravity Fest 2001.

Urban Guerrilla Zine - issue twelve - documented our first attempt at a D.I.Y. fest with photos, and a recap similar to the one you just read. We also ran an interview that Jake Skate and I did with Wes Robinson of Ruthie's Inn fame, which sort of continued a tradition we'd started with the Ted Falconi interview in Issue number nine. There was also an interview with S.T.F.U. who were a band that Jake Skate (Jake also conducted the interview) was friends with, and who I'd seen play good set after good set at Gilman.

We also added a new columnist by the name of Paul (CRUEVO) or the Unknown Controller as he is sometimes unknown and he stirred it up a bit by addressing another columnist's theories on the economics of punk. The twist was that it was hard to tell if he agreed or disagreed with his fellow columnist or not, which is typical Paul. UGZ nine was photo intensive, with more photos than ever being featured, and part of that was due to the fact that so much good hardcore was passing through the Bay Area at that particular time. We had three venues (Mission Records, Gilman after the departure of Chris Sparks (a very cool guy, but not the biggest advocate of hardcore), and Burnt Ramen) that were sympathetic to this style of music, and in addition to myself, there were bookers who stepped up to the plate when bands on tour passed through the Bay Area. Folks like Max Ward, Pete Benumb, and Robert Collins were good at throwing together a last minute shindig when they were called upon to do so, but at the same time the Ear2theground Punx were also being asked to help out on a lot of these touring shows because we were seen as having more of a sense of what was happening in the East Bay. This was important because two of the three venues were located in the East Bay, but as far as the Ear2theground Punx were concerned it was about one venue in particular - Burnt Ramen Studios.

Burnt Ramen began for us as the perfect place to showcase local bands, but what I quickly realized was that before we could properly showcase, we'd have to take our time and build up the local talent. At that time in the Bay Area, with the exception of WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?, most shows wouldn't draw well without a touring band of note on the bill. The problem was that when touring bands passed through the Bay Area they often went through, or relied on WHAT HAPPENS NEXT? exclusively, and so you ended up with the same bands and faces playing on every big show. We were in a unique position because our relationships with bands from other parts of the country was based more on us as a zine as opposed to UGZ being seen as a bunch of wheeling and dealing bookers. So the plan was, in a nutshell, to get these bigger shows with respected touring bands, then book our friend's bands in supporting slots so that bigger audiences would be exposed to music and bands that we were pretty stoked about. Those bands were usually BLOWN TO BITS, S.T.F.U., ELEPHANT MAN, DYSTROPHY, and VOETSEK. Luckily for us, Jake Kelly was also down with doing the same thing on some of the shows he had set aside on the 2001 Gilman booking board. Two shows in particular were used as showcases for this approach, and those were the RAW POWER and DS-13 shows. I was actually able to book the DS-13 show through Jake while he took care of some personal business, and we had a better draw for that show than the previous DS-13 show at Gilman the year before. BLOWN TO BITS in particular was benefiting a lot from this approach and gaining momentum, while other bands like CRUEVO and BRAINOIL were trying their luck in the local bar scene instead, and in my opinion losing momentum in the process. What we really wanted however was a huge showcase over a course of several days. One that would really be a chance to present all of the many bands that we saw on a regular basis, but that most locals were still in the dark about. In my mind everything was leading up to the next R.I.D. Fest, but then I received a phone call.

CRUEVO broke up soon after the first R.I.D. fest. They had played the fest without their most well known member, Pamela Hell (guitar), and instead opted to try and break in Bryan Ward, formerly of ELDOPA, on second git instead. That wasn't going well. Their second most popular member was the always entertaining and shit talking Rueben Lunatic. He actually fell asleep in the middle of the CRUEVO fest set, but his fingers miraculously kept moving. The only problem there was that technically his fingers weren't touching the actual bass strings, and after about ten seconds he was awakened by a swift boot to his ass from a very tense and wired up Bryan. It was an

ugly set, but it didn't suck. The thing was that CRUEVO had only months earlier been one of the best, most enjoyable rocknroll bands you could ever hope to see. CRUEVO was the band that connected so many scenes and personalities that I was certain they would help to make this scene something special again, if some big label didn't pick them up and take them away from us first. You had Paul, who was in MEDICATION TIME and friends with the Life Is Abuse/DYSTOPIA camp, and you had Pamela Hell who went back a long way with the San Francisco scene, as well as the Oakland Punk scene. Pamela's old band SQUAT had appeared on the SHIT GETS SMASHED compilation that East Bay Menace put out in the late nineties. Rueben Lunatic was fresh from his stint with EXITWOUND, and he was a regular at the punk bars (First Connolly's, then later the Silver Lion) where all of the late eighties, early nineties East Bay punks seem to congregate. They had good songs that Rueben, Paul, and Paul's brother spent months writing before they played out live for the first time. More importantly they had stage presence, and an energy that was infectious, especially at house parties. BRAINOIL played out a lot with CRUEVO, starting with their first show, and if there was one big difference between the two it was that CRUEVO had a live dynamic that made people like Dixie of WEEDEATER mutter out, "Fuck yeah!" spontaneously upon seeing them for the first time. It also made fans of some of those bar regulars that often skipped shows in favor of sitting on a stool all night, listening to the jukebox or playing pinball. Today BRAINOIL is a different band from a live standpoint, with Greg, Nate, and Ira all exuding tons of energy while still delivering the brutal heaviness that they were always striving for, but back then it was a more sedate live how that mainly showcased Greg's flying dreads and ra's booming drums. The rhythm section would often drown out the gits, especially in smaller clubs, but as we all know that didn't last too long. Nate eventually emerged as a driving force in the band's live show and the rest is local history. Of course before any of that happened, Greg did a short stint in a refurbished CRUEVO t on bass, Bryan Ward on guitar and the regular cast of characters, which on paper looked awesome, but when they graced the Gilman stage for another in a series of BRAINOIL/CRUEVO shows, the magic just wasn't there. It didn't help that CRUEVO's singer Chad was arrested by the Berkeley police just prior to their set, but in general there wasn't much excitement about the whole event, and the paltry draw of some 80 people (Gilman looks empty when there are 150 people, which would be considered the minimum a show should draw) didn't bode well for either band, or for the other band of note on the bill, namely the SCURVY DOGS. CRUEVO played another couple of shows with this lineup before finally calling it quits. It was a little depressing, but at the same time they did so much for the scene by having ever existed that in many ways their legacy lives on, although I'm not sure how many local bands or punks that are currently active and thriving even realize this.

I got a call from Todd of TRAGEDY only a few weeks prior to the time when they would be recording their new LP at Oakland's Polymorph Studios. Todd told me that whenever they were in town recording that it was like a tradition to play a few shows, and since Polymorph is pretty expensive for underground bands, so I'm sure a little extra gas money comes in handy as well. The thing is that the Bay Area is usually booked months in advance (Especially all ages venues), so with only a few weeks to get the venues and bands it seemed a near impossibility, but we already had TRAGEDY, and I knew that it was too good of an opportunity to pass up. The thing was that I didn't want all of the responsibility falling on my shoulders, and fortunately for me the Ear2theground Punx concept was flourishing, and so with a couple of phone calls I was able to work with John The Baker to get Burnt Ramen, and then with a second call from both myself and Mike Thorn of MRR we had Jake and the gang on board for a Sunday show at Gilman. The

problem for us was securing the third venue. Mission Records was booked, and so we called upon the Pyrate Punx, and they delivered with a brand new (now closed) warehouse space they called Casa Sangre. The Burnt Ramen show was my baby and a challenge. The biggest shows there to date had been touring shows featuring legendary bands like MDC or CHAOS UK. Shows with locally dominated bills, the kind we specialized in, usually did less well. A 50 person turnout was considered decent, but Burnt Ramen doesn't even come alive until you hit the 100 person mark. Another obstacle was that TRAGEDY had played Burnt Ramen once before and it was a disaster from their standpoint, and they weren't stoked about returning. I also had no intention of booking any known local headliners to play with them, which could have blown up in my face and made all of us look as silly as I had back after my first Burnt Ramen show. No, I thought that VOETSEK was new local band that needed to be seen and heard and I wanted some Redwood City energy in there too, so I asked Frank if his new band ELEPHANT MAN would want to do a show with TRAGEDY? Frank's answer was, "Fuck yeah Jay, we'll play your show dude. What does TRAGEDY sound like?" I also booked this band that had relocated from Mexico to Oakland called DESOBEDIENCIA CIVIL, and to coheadline (or whatever) I got BLOWN TO BITS. BLOWN TO BITS had just released their debut 7" EP on my Disintegration Records label, and the reviews it was getting in respected punk zines around the country were almost over the top in their praise of this new Bay Area band. So with that lineup set, I did the same thing I had done for Punk Movie Night, and that was to make and distribute somewhere around 1000 flyers for the event. I put them in record stores, on telephone poles, in bars, at the high schools, and anywhere else I happened to be on any given night. Yet that was only one show, and for the second show I worked with Marcus and Russ to get a lineup that reflected where UGZ was coming from as well as where the Pyrates were coming from, and in some cases we were on the exact same page. The lineup for that show was: TRAGEDY, TRAGATELO (a band that Todd wanted on the bill, which happens to feature members of LOS CRUDOS and LIFE'S HALT), SANGRE AMADO, BRAINOIL, and LESSER OF TWO. For the third day, a Sunday show at Gilman, we had two bands from the start and those were TRAGEDY & TRAGATELO. The third band was harder to come by, and initially Jake who was on the board as booker wanted to make it real eclectic and suggested bands like AMBER ASYLUM for instance. I didn't care, but I wanted at least one local hardcore punk band on the bill too. So we went back and forth, and I suggested a band that I'd recently watched destroy everyone at a Mission Records gig. They were called BORN/DEAD. UGZ interviewed BORN/DEAD's drummer Bill in issue nine, and ever since then we had kept in touch, and when Bill's new band began playing out he let me know that demos were waiting for me at the next show, and he also let me know that his band liked UGZ and would be down to do an interview. I'd seen Bill's old band CHEMICAL IMBALANCE a couple of times, and I thought they were pretty good, but the crowd that they ran with, and the audience that came to their shows had more of a thuggish skinhead element that I was into. On the surface his new band appeared to be along the same lines as his previous band, especially since so many members of CI appeared to be associated with it. Well, right before the TRAGEDY shows I caught BORN/DEAD at a Mission Records gig with BLOWN TO BITS, and they ripped! I went to MRR afterwards and told Mike Thorn that there was this band that I thought might be one of the best new punk bands in the bay, but that there was a whole skinhead association left over from CHEMICAL IMBALANCE that might bring a more aggressive crowd out to some of the shows I had planned. That's what I do sometimes, and that is to think out loud; ponder something, and then quickly make up my mind. I decided I wanted BORN/DEAD on the TRAGEDY show. I talked to Jake and he said he would call Bill, but that Bill didn't like Gilman much due to the way it had treated his last couple of bands. I called around and

tracked down Willy's number, the singer and guitar player then gave it to Jake. Of course Willy confirmed immediately, and we had a cool bill for every night of TRAGEDY'S short stint in the Bay.

The TRAGEDY show at Burnt Ramen set the standard for that club, as far as I'm concerned. First of all we drew an amazing crowd of at least 200 people, which was unheard of for Burnt Ramen back then, especially for a bill that was mostly comprised of new local bands that very few people had heard of. The only show since to come close to that, that I personally witnessed, was the Super Sabado Gigante Fest put on by Six Weeks, 625, and Prank Records in early 2003. I was so overwhelmed as the lone door guy, stage manager, etc. that I stopped charging before the third band had even played, and spent the rest of the night making sure people didn't drink outside, as well as keeping an eye out for cops. Burnt Ramen is located so far out for most Bay Area punks that many people couldn't believe how easy it was to actually get there by public transportation, and after that show we (UGZ) never did another show at Burnt Ramen that drew less than a 100 people. That goes for a lot of other shows that other bookers did there as well. TRAGEDY may never send us promos for review in UGZ, and they have never asked us to book another show since, but between Punk Movie Night and that one show at Burnt Ramen, they did enough for the scene here that none of that other stuff outweighs the positive.

Music we listened to circa issue twelve:

CRUEVO
BRAINOIL
TRAGEDY
FUNERAL
ATROCIOUS MADNESS
BUZZOV-EN
SHITLIST
BLACK FLAG

Most of 2002 was leading to up to the second Rampaging Insane Depravity Fest, but in the months leading up to that we networked quite a bit with most of the new local bands that were emerging from the Burnt Ramen scene. Networking had always been a big part of what UGZ was about, and up until fairly recently we had pen pals from around the world that we corresponded with frequently. The biggest part of our networking took place between me and Jake Skate. Jake Skate had run in circles that I had no connection with, especially in regards to his time spent the infamously anti-PC band OPPRESSED LOGIC. I was, on the other hand, perceived by most punks (especially punks that had never met me) as being some proto-typical ultra PC vegan punk from the East Bay. Never judge a book by its cover, right? When Jake' Skate's band BLOWN TO BITS handed me an unmastered recording for their new 7" they'd recorded in their practice, I was able to introduce them to Noah Landis (NEUROSIS) so that their recording could be mastered properly. When they recorded for their second EP, Noah produced it. On the other hand, Jake introduced me to people like S.T.F.U., Bill from BORN/DEAD, SMD, BEWARE, and even Wes Robinson who we interviewed for issue twelve. It's such a small world. Tony from S.T.F.U. had played bass shortly in OPPRESSED LOGIC, and Jeff S.T.F.U.'s old band the WHOREMOANS had been featured in Jake Skate and Bill's short lived zine KNUCKLE EXPRESS. Bill and Wyatt were a part of the CHEMICAL IMBALANCE crew that played a bunch of shows with OL, and SMD had been coming up for years and playing shows with OL all over the Bay Area. One day I asked Maury, the singer for SMD why his band had never played Gilman and he said that Gilman had always turned them down. I asked for how long, and Maury told me they had been trying to get a Gilman gig for close to

a decade. Holy shit! It just so happened that Jake Kelly and I were discussing an upcoming RAW POWER show when I mentioned SMD, and Jake told me that he actually liked SMD a lot. So, SMD finally got their first show at Gilman. It was no big deal when it was all happening, just casual phone calls and brainstorming and often confirming with bands while we stood around at some other show (that we had probably helped to book). When VOETSEK needed a drummer for their 2002 tour, I remembered that there was this kid I'd met at Burnt Ramen selling his one inch pins next to the club's soundboard, and he told me to let him know if there were any bands that needed a drummer because he said, "That's what I do." Little did I know he had only learned to play drums within the last year, but I saw his band DEADFALL and they were much better than I'd imagined they would be, so I asked John The Baker to get me his contact info. One thing led to another and Scotty Karate went from playing local shows with mostly obscure bands to touring with veterans of the hardcore scene, and playing with some of the most ripping, bad ass bands in the country. Lucky bastard. Eventually his other band, DEADFALL, became one of the hottest bands in the Bay Area hardcore scene as well, but that was months later. A lifetime in the UGZ scheme of things. Part of the whole concept we had for booking bands from so many different scenes, repeatedly, was to get to the point where we all seemed a part of the same scene, and that would allow more networking to take place between the bands themselves. This happened less often than I would have assumed it would. When it did happen it created this strange shift in loyalties since a person or band that you might have disliked before had become a part an integral part of your scene, and or band.

The second Rampaging Insane Depravity Fest took place in August of 2002 in the Bay Area & Los Angeles. Part of the inspiration for having this fest was to recreate a lot of the positives I'd witnessed at Pyrate Punx shows in the middle to late nineties. Russ and Marcus Da Anarchist, the two main Pyrates as far as organizing went, had been around for years, but it was when they began the Pyrate Punx crew, and the yearly free fest/campouts they called Libertatia, that I really took notice of them and their ideas. Pyrates were all about organizing, and all about drinking and having fun, but for spending as little money as it possibly took to accomplish their goals. They really started the Bay Area trend of having generator shows, and their fests drew bands from all over the United States and Mexico. Unfortunately, certain aspects of the way Pyrate shows were booked and executed, and the way in which each year's Libertatia seem to meet with more and more trouble from law enforcement agencies, dampened the enthusiasm of many Bay Area punks. After a while what seemed like a growing movement became a withered ideal that no one was willing to sacrifice for, with the exception of Russ and Marcus of course. There were a handful of faithfuls that stuck by the Pyrates, but many of the local bands who used to confirm shows for Marcus without question were no longer answering his calls. Eventually, Pyrate Punx shows became sporadic and less appealing to even me. Starting with R.I.D. Fest 2001, I made a conscious effort to include Marcus and the Pyrate Punx in what we were doing as the Ear2theground Punx, and Marcus' signature style artwork and logos became the official R.I.D. Fest logos and artwork. By 2002, we had buttons, stickers, t-shirts, and banners all sporting the Marcus Da Anarchist touch. In addition to artwork, we booked shows together at Burnt Ramen that we called Pyrate Nights, and the first show of the 2002 R.I.D. Fest was a hugely successful show that was also a Pyrate Punx night. We decorated the club with Pyrate gear, and in true Pyrate fashion, almost everyone was completely wasted and hugging by the end of the night. Of late, Marcus and his Pyrate Punx crew have been getting the attention and respect they have long deserved, and he has even restarted his

record label, as well as booking solid shows throughout the Bay Area on a regular basis. Even without long time partner Russ, Marcus seems to be passionate enough and idealistic enough to put the Pyrate Punx back in the driver's seat when it comes to the local punk scene, even if it means driving drunk.

New faces, bands, and characters continued to trickle into the Ear2theground Punx circle throughout 2002, and luckily for us, many of those folks were uniquely skilled and in a position to assist us in making the second R.I.D. Fest something closer to what it had originally been envisioned as. Most of these new faces got involved on some level earlier that year. There was the web site guy Christian, who I met early on in 2002 at a WATCH THEM DIE, BLOWN TO BITS, DEPRESSOR show at Kimo's in San Francisco. It was an Ear2theground Punx show that we put together to help kick off John The Baker's stint there as a booker. I was doing the booking for WATCH THEM DIE then, as well as some graphic design. Christian was at the show with a mutual friend of ours, Bob2TheGround Punk of Controlled By plague Records, and he was videotaping the show. WTD made it a point to try and get a copy of every show on video, so I introduced myself and we exchanged contact info. It turned out that Christian knew much more about what we had been doing as UGZ than any of us, aside from Bob, really knew about him.

I started to notice Christian at shows, mostly hanging out by himself, so I started introducing him to anyone I happened to be hanging with at the time. Eventually Christian emailed me and asked if I wanted help with my web site, for free. I was suspicious of course because who really knew who this guy was anyway and why would I ever give some stranger my web site passwords based on two or three meetings? I asked him to send me a sample of what he could do, and he did. It was not even remotely punk rock, but I could tell that he definitely knew more about building sites than most of us. After talking to him a bit more, and increasingly running into him at shows, I asked him to work on WATCH THEM DIE's web site (as well my site). As long as we could work together, or at least until he learned the difference between a raver aesthetic (Christian was a big organizer in the Colorado Rave scene before getting into drugs, and eventually ending up in San Francisco) and a punk aesthetic. He agreed and we worked together, first building the WTD site, and then working on making my site a bit more modern looking. It was all a slow process because aside from writing the code, Christian's job mainly involved translating what I wanted into a visual that didn't involve bright colors and trippy photoshop effects, or bizarre porn. On both sites, most of the bigger graphics were done by myself and then sent to Christian via email, with descriptions of how they should be used. Christian put both sites on his portfolio as sites he had designed, which was not true, but I didn't care at the time. I wasn't paying him, so it seemed fair enough trade to me, and I was too busy to get caught up. Over the course of months, I continued to introduce Christian to most of the folks I knew in the scene, and unlike me, he was very accessible to almost everyone. He was more than willing to drive all the way from Redwood City to be a part of anything you were doing. Just prior to the R.I.D. Fest, he and Bob made a 1000 UGZ stickers on their own and covered the Bay Area. A lot of people I knew were a little disturbed and shocked, but personally I put aside any worries about the two new guys by stating repeatedly that they were cool. I had also talked to Marcus Da Anarchist, and he personally endorsed them, which seemed as good a reference as any. These two guys were two of the most enthusiastic R.I.D. Fest advocates you would ever want to meet, especially if you were the guy who basically did 90% of the organizing on most of the events that were sporting the UGZ or Ear2theground Punx brand. In addition to Christian and Bob, there was Jeff from S.T.F.U. who was making stickers for most of the local bands by this point and willing to hook us up as well for cheap.

Jeff's girlfriend Nikki had hooked us up with a nice banner for WTD earlier in the year and was promising to come through with a fest banner as well which she did). Aaron Jones from the BORN/DEAD crew had offered to help with t-shirts for next to nothing at his screen press shop in West Oakland, and of course there was Scotty Karate who was willing to trade R.I.D. Fest pins for records and zines from the Ear2theground Mailorder. We were even expanding it to Los Angeles with help from Maury of SMD, and Mary down in Long Beach. I met Mary at a Burnt Ramen show, and she'd offered her services for the fest if they were needed, and when the Smell fell through I hit her up to host the first R.I.D. Fest show in L.A. Mary was good friends with BORN/DEAD, and it turned out that she was good friends with our old friends CRUEVO as well. The bands that participated in the Rampaging Insane Depravity Fest 2002 were: BORN/DEAD, BRAINOIL, BLOWN TO BITS, DEADFALL, VOETSEK, DATURA, S.T.F.U., DESOLATION, EXITWOUND (Their comeback show), DYSTROPHY, FACES OF DEATH, BENUMB, REAGAN SS (Los Angeles), CONSUME (Seattle, WA), SKARP (Seattle, WA), BUMBKLAATT (Mexico and San Diego), COACCION (Mexico), MASSAKRO SS (Mexico), BLACK MARKET FETUS (Iowa), SMD (Los Angeles), BEWARE (Los Angeles), FRACAS, NEW EARTH CREEPS, PHALANX (Seattle, WA), LANA DAGALES.

Music we listened to circa R.I.D. Fest 2002:

BUMBKLAATT
WATCH THEM DIE
BRAINOIL
BORN/DEAD
REGAN SS
VOETSEK
LUDICRA
SKITSYSTEM
DEZERTER
BLACK SABBATH

The big picture after the second R.I.D. Fest was a far more unified composition than I had ever imagined it could be given the personalities involved. Going to shows at Burnt Ramen after the fest was more like attending a drunken clubhouse meeting, and all of the shows we personally did (We reverted back to the UGZ Presents brand in tribute to Bob and Christian's dedication over the last couple of months, but also because they made another several hundred stickers). Most of those shows featured, primarily, the same local bands that had been playing at Burnt Ramen for over a year. The difference being that ever since the fest concluded these shows and bands were attracting a larger, more loyal crowd than had been seen for local bands in a long time. When you consider that very few bands had anything more than a demo out at the time, it became that much more impressive. By this point, Athena and Jeff of Six Weeks Records had come in on a comp idea that I had been talking about for several months. Six Weeks had the funding, distribution, and most importantly the passion we needed for such a project, and by the time this zine is published that compilation should be in stores and available from either Mordam Records (Distribution) and or Six Weeks Records (Mailorder). The fact that someone was actually going to document what was going on just added to the feeling of unity. Even Maximumrocknroll was starting to take notice of certain bands, and when you consider that nobody from MRR had attended a single R.I.D. Fest show aside from Myself and Tobia (Who was in VOETSEK at the time), that is quite a turn around in a very short period of time. With just about every band finally releasing their debut 7" EPs, it definitely felt as if we had all taken our collective first step.

As 2003 approached, I began to consider that there wasn't as much of a need for the same ol' UGZ shows we had been booking for the past couple of years. In many ways we had already started to break free from the standard UGZ formula in our final shows of 2002, as each show began to carry with it a unique theme that encouraged the bands and those in attendance to get a little bit more creative. The shows were also attempting to highlight the fact that we had been working together, drinking together, and dancing together for a long time now, and maybe we were capable of more than we thought we were. This thought pattern also inspired me to get another zine out as soon as possible. UGZ is a zine, first and foremost, and if we don't publish regularly, then many people start to lose sight of where this story began. I found myself being very vocal about all of these ideas and objectives. I was also not hesitant in expressing that while I liked all the camaraderie that was associated with UGZ, I also knew that if it was really going to be what people sort of implied it was, then more heads would have to get involved in the coming year's shows, fests, and zines. Initially I seemed to have more than a few sympathizers, but when I described my vision for UGZ in 2003, the support evaporated very quickly. My plan was to incorporate more original art and creativity in our flyers, mostly utilizing our access to screen printing equipment. I also liked the idea of maintaining the theme idea for shows since no one else was really doing it. Lastly I really wanted to explore and search out new venues because while I liked Burnt Ramen, I also knew that it could get closed down at any time, and also that we had pushed it to its limits somewhat and I didn't feel that John or the people that lived there would be into taking it to the places I had in mind, nor should they have to. The punx who had initially stepped up to help just as suddenly turned on my ideas, and held to a position that we should stick with a good thing and continue to book everything at Burnt Ramen. For my part, I had one more show booked there, a Dischord Records Tribute Show (which we did manage to screen some flyers for, but the process wasn't met with much enthusiasm). The premise of the show was that each band would do two or three covers by bands that recorded for Dischord Records, and then two or three songs from their usual sets. Once again, by ourselves, Serena and I hit thrift stores and came up with some low budget decorations. The show was a blast and the turnout was outstanding. The final three bands were standouts that night, namely VOETSEK, DEADFALL and the SCURVY DOGS. It was a great closing chapter for us as far as booking at Burnt Ramen. Unfortunately, it wasn't too long after our designated final show there that Burnt Ramen was forced to close its doors to all future shows due to pressure it was getting from the Richmond police and fire marshals. It was an illegal club that lasted three years and hosted countless shows, and in the end John and Mykee decided to keep those memories in tact by not making Burnt Ramen (the club) legal (and thus turning it into the safe and sane institution that many Bay Area punx see Gilman as), even though John claims that Burnt Ramen could have easily afforded to do so. You have to admire that level of dedication to the underground and what it truly stands in opposition to.

Our last show at Gilman took place on April 4, 2003. It was a calculated show that was initially planned to represent what the first wave was, and perhaps hint at how the second wave would differ from the Ear2theground Punx shows of the last couple of years. Unfortunately our attempts to include a more diverse range of bands either failed on the booking front, or met with resistance from Gilman bookers. In the end we had a bill (BORN/DEAD, BRAINOIL, SCURVY DOGS, FUNERAL SHOCK) that was almost totally identical to many of the shows that we had booked, and in a sense that's not a bad way to end our short run either, but then again we did have

the FEEDERZ headlining. The turnout was good, and there were a lot of familiar faces in attendance.

We have continued to stay active in the underground music zine, and our zine - UGZ - continues to be published regularly. Currently we are on issue #16, and we are also actively booking shows and events at a few local, underground clubs.