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Side A



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Presenta

tion Deck



SATYRICON

A History of Portland's Counterculture



Side B

**Presentation Proposal for
Smoking Bunny Records/Publishing**

INTRODUCTION

In 1983, George Touhouliotis, a former taxi driver who acquired Marlena's Tavern at 125 N.W. Sixth Avenue in Old Town Portland and turned it into a nightclub, naming it Satyricon after the 1969 Federico Fellini film of the same name. Back in the day, the Old Town / Chinatown neighborhood had a seedy and dangerous reputation, characterized as a real shithole of a neighborhood with open drug dealing and knife/gun fights.

Satyricon became a prominent music venue in the city and hosted local punk acts such as Poison Idea, Dharma Bums and Napalm Beach along with touring punk and alternative rock bands. In the late 1980's, Satyricon became a frequent host to grunge bands from Seattle. Because of Seattle's big metal scene, grunge bands like Nirvana, Soundgarden, Pearl Jam, and Mudhoney would come to Portland to play.

*In May 2003, the club abruptly closed, after which it was acquired by new owners and reopened as an all-ages venue in 2006. It officially closed in November 2010, and the building in which it was located was demolished in July 2011. The club was the subject of a 2013 documentary titled Satyricon: Madness and Glory. Satyricon was the longest-running punk venue in the western United States, and has been referred to by some journalists and historians as the "CBGB of the West Coast."**

Many notable shows, incidents and events transpired at Satyricon in the 1980's-90's including Dave Grohl playing his first show with his post-Nirvana outfit Foo Fighters, Kurt and Courtney's first meeting, Courtney Taylor of the Dandy Warhols' first gig ever at the age of fourteen, and the site of a police riot.

The Satyricon book will feature the Music, Poster Art, Memorabilia, People, and Stories of Satyricon, including Quotes from the those who were there.

** CBGB was a New York City music club that launched careers of many legendary bands, including the Ramones, Joan Jett, the Misfits, Patti Smith, the Cramps, Blondie, and the Talking Heads.*

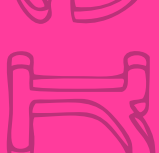
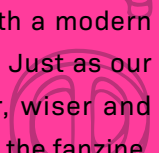
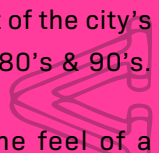


SATYRICON

A HISTORY OF
PORTLAND'S COUNTERCULTURE

Satyricon- A History of Portland Counterculture is a book on the infamous Portland nightclub "Satyricon", which was a huge part of the city's underground movement in the 1980's & 90's.

The book is designed to have the feel of a punk fanzine from the era, but with a modern "desktop" approach to the layout. Just as our audience has gotten a little older, wiser and changed with the times, so too can the fanzine.



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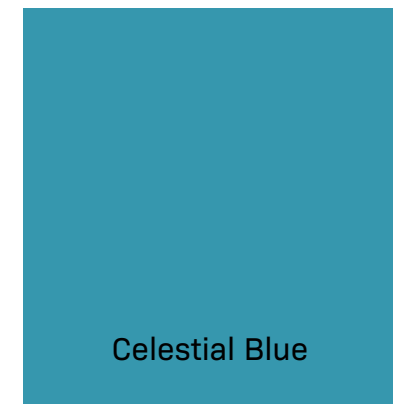
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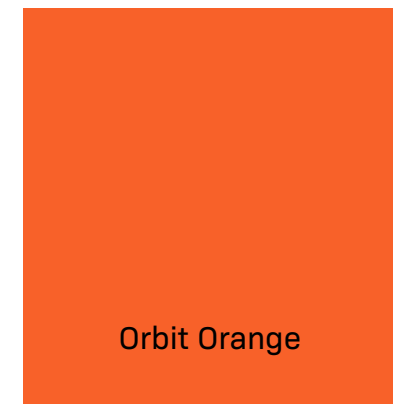
Fireball Fuchsia



Celestial Blue



Galaxy Gold



Orbit Orange

* Satyricon font is a hand letter font created for this book and the promotional material

TYPE and COLOR

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FOR THE
SIGHTS

ART BY
TRICIA HIPPS



ROMANCES
STARTED
ON THE FLOOR OF
PORTLAND'S
SCUZZIEST PUNK
CLUB

It was love at first sight. At least, that's what the legend says. And Courtney Love. But it does make a certain, cosmic sense that one of rock's most doomed romances would start on the floor of Portland's scuzziest punk club—Satyricon, the mythologized Old Town rats' nest that was demolished in 2011.

No one at Satyricon who uses the term "legend" booked grasping in front of the jukebox, Courtney knows what they were witnessing. At the time, the names Kurt and Courtney didn't mean much individually, and certainly nothing together. Within a few years, they'd be internationally famous, eternally knotted by tragedy and conspiracy theories. But in 1990—or '89 or '88, depending on who's talking—of it looked like was a date from some Seattle band wrestling with their clerk who used to dance at Mary's Club.

The specifics change every time it's retold, but the most frequently repeated version of the story, captured in the 2001 Kurt Cobain biography *Heavier Than Heaven*, places the date as Jan. 12, 1990.

Six months after the release of their debut album, Nirvana was in town with their buddies the Melvins. Love, who was not yet in a band but was well-known

in the Portland scene, came with a friend to see the local opening act. She didn't much care for Nirvana, but she liked their frontman. When he walked by her booth after the show, she tried getting his attention with a sick burn—she said he looked like the singer of Soul Asylum.

Finding a reliable eyewitness, 30 years on, is almost impossible. One person who was definitely there that night, though, was Melvins drummer Dale Crover. And for whatever it's worth, he says the ballad of Kurt and Courtney didn't start in Portland at all.

"We were pretty close to all that stuff," Crover says, "and the people who write books and do documentaries never really talk to us, or don't believe us."

And why should we believe him?

"I was one of the only people there who was sober."

MATTHEW SINGER

Cobain's response was to grab her arm, tapping his experience as a high school wrestler, playfully join her to the beer-soaked rock. He let her up and handed her a sticker as a consolation prize, and she left.

And so began, in earnest, the courtship of the defining couple of the '90s. Given that the details are sourced from the most

unreliable of narrators—a dead man and Courtney Love—it's hard to parse truth from false memories. Love has admitted to fudging the facts over the years, changing the names of the bands on the bill that night and the nature of the comment that sparked their tussle, and even the year it happened. Other biographies, including Michael Azerrad's *Come As You Are*, published when Cobain was still alive, say that while the two first locked eyes at Satyricon, the flirtatious wrestling match happened later, backstage in LA.

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...the... ..

If've been saving this one for today since we Cracker/ Camper Van Beethoven are playing tomorrow at Aladdin Theatre in Portland in April of 1990. Camper Van Beethoven had just returned from their first proper national tour. We started in the Southwest and made a loop around the country, through Texas, straight up to Minneapolis, across the northern Midwest to the northeast, down through the south and back to Santa Cruz. Conspicuously absent were any shows in the Northwest.

We were very fortunate to have been picked up by Venture Bookings in New York as our agency. Their roster in the mid 80's reads as a who's who of influential artists of the late 80's and 90's. We were curious as to why we didn't go up to Portland and Seattle. I remember our agent saying something to the effect that it's just so far and the clubs are kind of shitty. Which in their defense was true at times. The only bands that regularly ventured up that way were hardcore punk bands or the old guard metal bands. BTW this goes a long way to explaining the development of Grunge.

Hairspray Meets Satyricon - The Musical

By David Lowery

...the... ..

10
11
12
13

TO P : L A : L U

2. [1] We went up close to the Northwest and wanted to go up there. There was this kind of funny big thing called a... who had been hanging around us. We know he was from Oregon and his name was Jackson Lee having which is a funny name for a Christian. The only club that he wasn't southern gentry was the Big Island. No, his looked like he was from some West Coast of Alaska. I remember asking Jackson if he knew of any venues in Portland or Eugene Oregon we could play. Jackson replied "No a matter of fact I have a company that books music in the Northwest."

Why does this post start with a picture of a scene of Acid Nect?

About 6 weeks later we were playing a show in Corvallis Or. Our first Northwest tour. Jackson had come along on the trip. We were standing by our old 1978 Dodge Tradesman homemade conversion van. It was one of those rainy gray spring days in the Willamette valley. He had on a big pillbox green sweater. He was smoking a big fatty and some of the ash was burning in the pills of his sweater. He seemed oblivious to the fact it was raining. He

3. [2] was also oblivious to the fact that his sweater was on fire. I brushed the ash from his sweater. "You've never done this before" he looked at me blankly. "You've never booked a tour before" "Nope" He then begins to laugh. "You should be our manager".

Well Aqua net is very useful if you want to set the following things briefly on fire while on stage: The drummers Cymbals, Victor Krummenacher's boot, the mic stand or a Telecaster knockoff. You would spray a thin coat on your guitar and then you would put a match to it and you get a nice cool flame that would last 15 or 20 second it was important to do this while there was some crazy guitar solo, freak out or nelson section in a song.

So that night at the Salgrison we were playing No More Bullshit, and in the trash and sure guitar store. I was down on the floor spraying my guitar with Aqua Net. When

4. [3] I want for my lighter I dropped the can of Aqua Net which fell towards the front of the stage. As I was seeing the blue flame upward on my guitar a punker chick picked up the can at hairpray and started spinning in a slow circle spraying a cloud of hairspray onto everyone around her. I was of course oblivious of this until the 6 foot ball of hairspray drifted downward and landed on my guitar. The resulting fireball burned off my eyebrows and the hair on my arms. There were some cheers and a smattering of applause from the small crowd as if this was part of the show. No more Bullshit. No more MTV. Yeah right. The next year we were on MTV as signed to Virgin Records. What a tip.

- NO MORE BULLSHIT.
- No more bullshit
- No more bullshit
- No more MTV
- No more rock stars
- No more bullshit
- No more bullshit

The bathroom of the Salgrison was an exact replica of the bathroom at CBGBs.



1

1 Like most significant moments in any local music scene—the grand occurrences of life-changing music that changed everything—this happened on someone else's watch. You might be looking in the glow of our current music scene (see Most Loved pg. 25), but that means you probably missed the La Luna days. And if you were there for those, you probably missed grunge. But if you remembered grunge, you surely missed the mopping early days of punk. You can't win. But we all have our own time, and when getting an ink or a wash—oh, 1988—in a music scene as vast and evanescent as Portland's, let's just assume you weren't there. (Because, not knowing, I wasn't.)

2 In order to capture the direction, style, and talent of Portland music circa

1988, we talked to a wide array of custom-homeer players in Portland's music community. Our goal was not to summarize everything—there is no way we could do that given space limitations, or the generally fuzzy memory of the people of our interview subjects—but instead we want to show that Portland music 25 years back was a lot cooler (and than it is today, yet to look nothing

3 In 1988 MTV didn't come calling for scene

reports, national bands didn't put up shows and release fees, and if there was going to be a Pacific Northwest musical explosion, it was destined to happen a few hours north in Seattle. Instead Portland was a vibrant little pocket of a music community, one that had never selling participants than the Emerald City, but still a deep commitment towards rock-and-roll throughout.

9

4 On 1988, the highlight of their career with the Mayor's Ball Top, a member

of the band probably had their time to shine. It was the year that the band released their debut album, *Mayor's Ball Top*. The band was a mix of punk and grunge, and they were one of the most popular bands in the city at the time. They were also one of the few bands that were signed to a major label, which was a big deal for a local band at the time. They were also one of the few bands that were signed to a major label, which was a big deal for a local band at the time.

8

5 "The powers that be of the Mayor's Ball were shocked and appalled when 1,300 kids showed up to see this," says Mike King, longtime poster artist and former drummer for Hell Cows. "It was a big success and the following year a bunch of those bands were integrated into the regular ball, and we were asked to play. But we were convinced that they were going to pull the plug on us, so basically we just played 17 songs in a row, without any stops in between." The success of the Mayor's Ball Top proved that this once quiet underground music scene wasn't going away anytime soon.

6 Another landmark of 1988 in Portland music was the Northwest Hardcore

(and Mondo) cassette compilation. Produced by *Revol's* Ward Young, the compilation was heavy on Portland bands (the Obsolete, Wehrmacht, Final Warning, and more) but also noteworthy for featuring early material from the Melvins and Mi Bungle. Mark Caserio, who released the tape ("Subbed one or a time") on his Media Bitch label (and who, also in 1988, hosted a cattle access-esque program entitled "Who's Who" that featured a hilarious interview with the gritty boys in *Sweaty Nipples*), explains the music scene 20 years back. "Kids were spoiled in the '90s, but back then, and now, they have something to actually rebel against."

7 In this pre-La Luna era (it was still the

Pine Street Theater back then, run by Chris Montux and Mike Quinn, currently of Mongol 90000 Presents), the pulse of the Portland scene was generated by Sateycon in the same spot as its current location—just a whole lot grubbier—the club had just hit its stride by 1988. It opened in 1984 and was fast becoming a beacon for the finest underground music and culture from Portland and beyond.

8

8 According to longtime owner George Tschoudakis (who closed the space in 2003, only for it to return a few years later under new ownership), "By 1988, we had mutated, so to speak. The club took its own direction, it became a mix and got this, a specific type of funk and not with experimental, pre-grunge, and alternative music. It was kind of hybrid."

9 And while "Seattle" might be a desirable

idea way to describe the questionable neighborhood of the time, or the club's somewhat notorious reputation, Tschoudakis is correct in summing up Portland's music environment 20 years ago when he says, "That's kind of strange, a lot of power."

The Year in Portland Music

Odds are, you weren't there.

By Ezra Ace Carneff

in the Beginning 17

POG. 16-17

I PLAYED SATYRICON THE WEEK IT OPERED. MY DAD
DROVE US DOWN IN OUR VV BUS. WE LOADED IN THROUGH
THE BACK DOOR, AND HE POINTED OUT THE NEEDLES:
"DON'T STEP ON THOSE, KIDS, AND WATCH OUT FOR PID-
DLE AND POO, IT'S JUST AS BAD." THAT WAS BEFORE
AIDS. I WAS 14.
... (COURTESY TAYLOR, THE DARDY VARNHOLS)

Live at
SATYRICON

1981-1989



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Satyrri Gone?*

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...opening to be the 70th longest running rock and roll club on the West Coast." Satyricon is one of the few places that has put Portland on the national map of music scenes. Used as inspiration, the club has been a constant fixture of the local punk scene, a mission that carries on with the current. (Lovers of art, from David Laury to James White to the Museum, going to meet in Spanish featuring the club's weekly music.)

The rock author Will Squire created Satyricon in his youth. Mike Smith, who'd previously been a member of the club, took over the club in 2004. (After a period of time, Squire made it a Don't Tell Mom! Punk Club.)

Recent legal challenges to the club's wrestling performances brought renewed attention debates of artistic freedom. Such freedoms are a priority that the club has long supported, attested to by its booking history as well as its collaborations with organizations like Artists for a Hate-Free America.

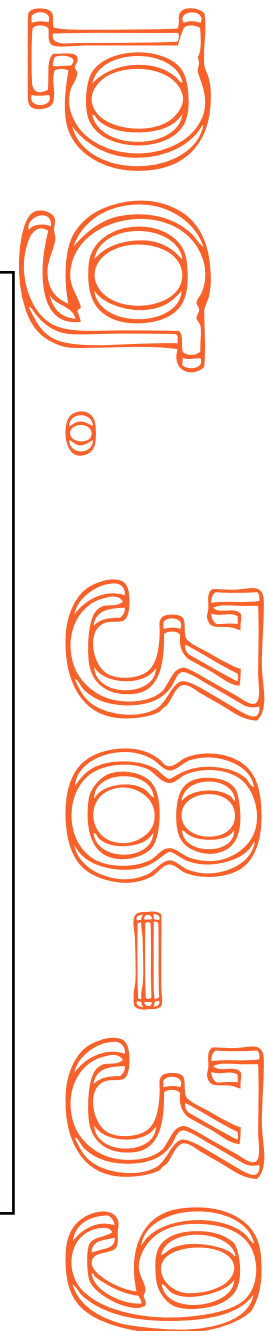
Over the years, Satyricon has become known among locals for its late shows and stiff drinks, marking many a Portland memory with inspiring, messy performances and satisfying hangovers. Still, the city and the scene have grown and developed, meaning that Satyricon has had to face increased competition from the newer clubs around town. Although it remains a hefty presence within the scene, it is less of a focal point than it was in its heyday.

...Lafayette, Touhouletic has grown out of the business for some time to be a reflection of his heart and soul. Remembering the energy and enthusiasm he once threw into the club, he says that returning the owner of Satyricon would feel like he was holding it back. "You have to hang out," he says. "You have to be there, you have to like it, you have to like the music, the people. To be part of it you have to get drunk with them, you have to fight with them. You have to put on the ground or the mud with them. And I'm no longer willing to do that."

Regardless of whether or not the space continues on as a rock club or changes its direction back to total fun of rock 'n' roll glory, he would be a close friend who once engaged a memorable night within its dark walls.

The two-night bash on May 9th and 10th will include performances from Pornstocore Janitor, Flying Dutchmen, The Dark Places, and Warriors of Genghis Khan. Both nights are free of charge, so there's little excuse not to pop in and breathe it in before anything changes. He is doubtful over time, we can guess for what might end up as a good night.

As for Touhouletic, when asked if he'll be joining in the festivities, he enigmatically replies, "Possibly possibly not." He insists that the sale of the club is not a sad event, and seems to feel comfortable that passing the torch is the most appropriate thing for him to do. "Everything is cool," he reassures. "Life is beautiful."



"A block north of Starry Night, on the opposite side of the street, is the city's newest club, Satyricon. A long, narrow room that widens towards the stage at the back, it was once a horse stable and, more recently, Marlena's Tavern.... Though last week was Satyricon's first week in business, it's definitely worth a visit and a close watch in the coming months."

—Williams Week, March 22, 1994

There's classroom history. And then there's history made in dark, filthy, obscure rooms, on streets solid citizens fear to tread. Satyricon—dive bar, punk club, cultural pillar, Old Town institution, thorn in the side of Authority, unrepentant rock-and-roll throwback—saw and made a lot of the second kind over nearly 20 years.

With a long-awaited sale reportedly pending, the club shut down last week—shows canceled, booking agents out, rumors and guesses about the future of 125 NW 6th Ave. swirling in the Portland music scene. According to George Touhoulotis, whose 18-year ownership made him as much a part of Old Town as his club, keys will probably change hands by May's end.

Somehow, the abrupt (though presumably temporary) closure only seems appropriate. Satyricon never took the gentle path. The written record of the club's existence—which can amount to no more than 1 percent of the Whole Truth—is a florid tale of excess, controversy, creative chaos. And, yes, artistic greatness.

It wasn't just that every band worth a half-cent in the Northwest played there, though that was true: Poison Idea and Napalm Beach; Nirvana and Pearl Jam; Golden Delicious and Dharma Bums; Dead Moon and whoever; the Epoxies and Point Line Plane and the Exploding Hearts and God Himself only knows who else.

"There were plenty of great shows and crazy times," recalls Ben Munat, who once booked the club. "Naked Raygun with Soul Asylum. Mudhoney with Blood Circus. Helmet opening for Tad, all the Unsane shows, all the Jesus Lizard shows, and so many more."

Two decades' of headlines:

Satyricon License Threatened By Drug Bust.

"RIOT" AT SATYRICON.

Audience Dances Naked At Satyricon.

Courtney Love Passes Out At Satyricon.

Midnight Madness.

Satyricon's Dirty Dozen.

Police Sue Six Men Over Scuffle.

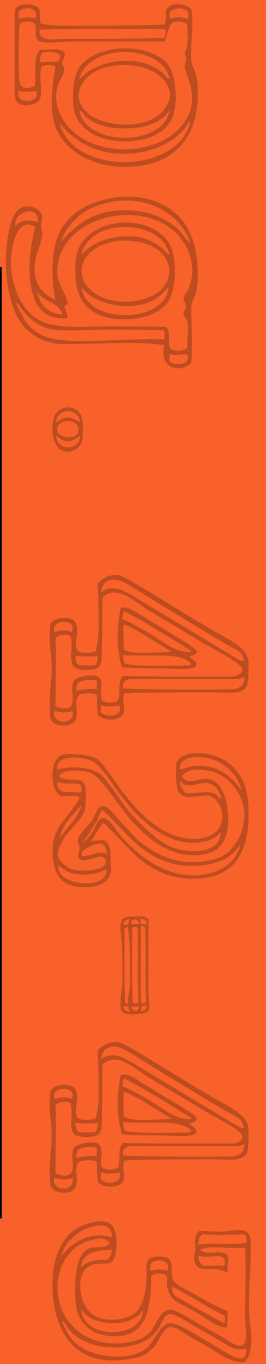
Whose Riot Was That, Anyway?

And, of course, one that could have appeared following every one of those stories and more:

Satyricon Back In Business.

The Oregonian

The End of an Era



SATYRICON

Madness And Glory

Portland's punk palace gets immortalized on film

In 1983, a magical shithole opened on Northwest 6th Avenue in Old Town. In the 27 years that followed, Satyricon grew into Portland's CBGB, an epicenter for freaks and art-damaged weirdos of all musical stripes, not just within the city but also for the entire West Coast. Three years after it was finally shuttered and demolished comes a new documentary, *Satyricon: Madness And Glory*. *WW* spoke to its director, Mike Lastra of the band *Sinegma*, a Satyricon regular, about the club's legacy.

WW: Did Portland's music and arts scene have a place like Satyricon before the club opened?

Mike Lastra: There was the Blue Gallery and a smattering of other clubs that opened and closed, but it was certainly when [owner] George [Touhouliotis] opened that place, and the fact it was open for 27 years or something, that really made it the hub. It wasn't long ago that this was a one-horse town. It's hard to believe, the way it is now, but it was pretty bleak, so it became the watering hole, the central meeting place for cross-pollination.

The documentary focuses on the bands that played there through the mid-'90s, but Satyricon was open until 2010. Did its capital decline as Portland got bigger?

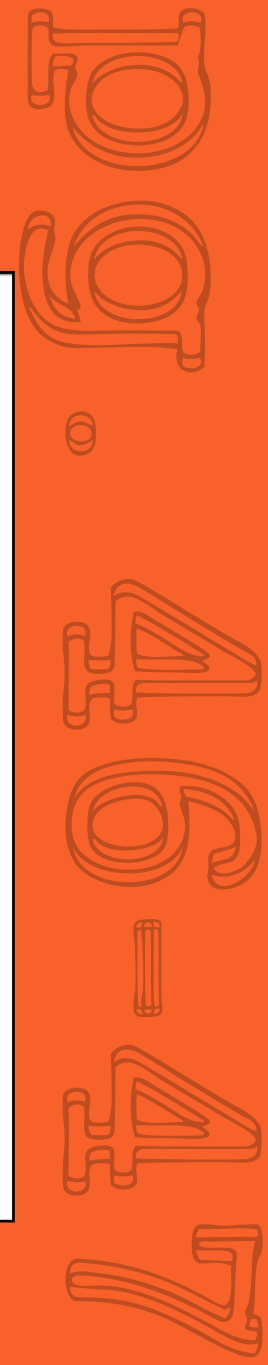
It actually closed [temporarily] in 2003. Part of that was twofold. One, people were getting bored of playing there. There were new venues. And plus, Satyricon wasn't home to one genre-specific style of music and activities. Later, when there were other clubs, it was like, there's this metal club over here, and unplugged over here. In the last few years, I'm not sure if it overly changed, but it became known as a metal club. It seemed like it was never going to be the same after that first closing.

The end of Satyricon was seen as the death knell of old Portland culture in general.

People don't realize how screwed up it was before 1979. The only way you got into clubs to play as a band is if you were doing covers. And after the doors were open and shown it could work, Satyricon showed it could have lasting power. It grew like a tree, and the tree gave fruit to all these people to go. "Let's do our club." It served its need in its time, and now things are different. When I play downtown, it blows my mind. Like, my God, you can walk along the street and hear music pouring out of this door and that door. Back in the day, they'd roll up the street at 7 pm.

What did you learn about Satyricon from doing this documentary?

I didn't realize how important it was to some people. I went there, but I never smoked cigarettes or enjoyed drinking booze at all. I wasn't a clubber, per se. But as I talked to people, the way they described it was their home away from home, the clubhouse. I didn't realize it was that important to so many people, and not just a handful.





SATYRICON - A HISTORY OF PORTLAND'S COUNTERCULTURE

Dedicated
to the wild,
the rebels
and the freaks
who made
Portland weird



US\$ 19.95 CAN\$ 24.95

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"A through history of Portland's underground music and performance culture"
John Smith—The Oregonian

"A delightful, sometimes disturbing view into what became one of the most influential music clubs in America."
Marjorie Skinner—Portland Mercury





Book Launch

Practical Applications

Show Poster



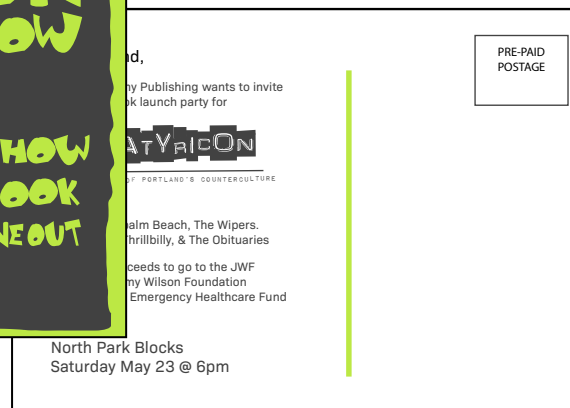
The Show in the North Park Blocks



Instagram Notification Reminder



Postcard Notification Mailer



Body Copy for Warp Back Show 30sec Radio

The Satyricon Warp Back Show

Featuring
Gravelpit
Napalm Beach
Poison Idea
Obituaries
The Wipers
Thrillbilly

All proceeds go to the JWF Jeremy Wilson Foundation
A Musicians Emergency Healthcare Fund

Presented by Smoking Bunny Publishing
In honor of the Book Release

SATYRICON - A history of Portland's Counterculture

\$5 donation at the door
And don't forget to buy a book!

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for Your
consideration
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this Manuscript**