



by Neffer LeMort / Issue 1, 5-2016 \$1

# I Hate Seattle!

## A Guide / Memoir of living in the Northwest

## 'History'

On December 2, 1869 the city of Seattle was first incorporated. Blah blah Great Fire burned the place down, blah blah Jimmy Hendrix, Space Swindle the glorified overpriced elevator ride, blah blah Grunge, we hate Amazon. Congrats! You learned all there is to know about Seattle. Or as much as the average Seattleite cares.

I picked Seattle to move to in 2013 after the NY ADA told me they couldn't protect me from a violent stalker who violated his restraining order. "You should skip town" is legit what they said. So I picked Seattle because it was always on the top 3 "Goth Cities" list Gothic Beauty Mag published every year.

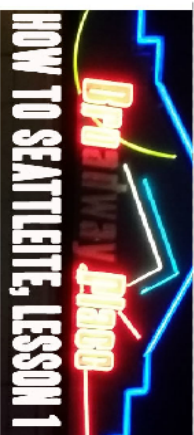


**Witch Bottle:**  
(witchbottle.bandcamp.com/) Local band that plays of some sick shows.

**Babylon Death Party!**  
(kookteflon.blogspot.com/) Hosted by Kook Teflon. This one is a bit hard to track down as it has no official page but it's def worth checking out. More often than not it's hosted at Fred Wildlife Refuge, though sometimes at DIY spaces.

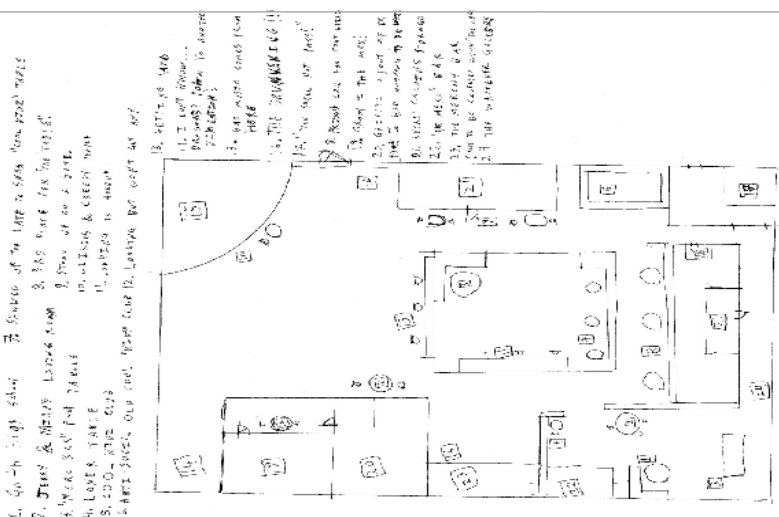
## ASK A PUNK! IN THE KNOW

**Black Lodge:**  
(FB.com/black.lodge.9)  
Located on 427 Eastlake Ave E, between LoFi & Victory Lounge, is a DIY space that hosts a whole bunch of cool shit.  
Check 'em out!



- Seattleites value 3 things:
1. Being judgmental / avoid being judged
  2. Having no strong opinions
  3. Going along with everyone else

As a over opinionated self righteous NY'er I learned the hard way, being outspoken and honest makes you Persona non grata. When in doubt, just avoid talking about something / someone. Everyone is friends with everyone so shit talking people is forbidden. Back when I first lived there in 2013 I tried to tell someone about how my boss was transphobic in the gentlest way possible and they got offended because "Shane is my friend!" Trust no one. Tell no opinions.



## Living Cheap!

There's two places you need to know about. Daiso and Lifelong. That's where I got a lot of my crap dirt cheap.

**Daiso** is a Japanese Dollar Store. There's a on in Ravenna on 6411 12th Ave NE and another in the International District just across from Uwajimaya. That's where I got all my school supplies and basic house hold knickknacks.

**Lifelong** is a non profit that allegedly donates to AIDS research. They're on 312 Broadway E in Cap Hill. They have tons of dirt cheap stuff there.

Back in '13 it was Red Light Vintage. I was given a tour by my ex, who I'll just call The Beast. I'll always remember her then **Griffith** said to me in that basement. "Two things that will break your heart: red heads and shoes." Should have listened.



**THE MERCURY**  
(CAP HILL)  
**DON'T GO THERE!**  
**(!DOAV TO PLACES)**

Goth club that's older than dirt. The only thing that gets you banned is starting a fist fight in the space. The management gets worse every time it changes hands. I've seen convicted sex offenders get let in. Drug dealers have had fights there over who gets to sell there. One time they lost their little pouch of drugs. Me and my bandmate found it & split it between us. I was zinked out on Gabapentin for awhile. lol.

## NEIGHBORHOODS I'VE LIVED IN! WALLINGFORD!

Wallingford is a sleepy little town that somehow fits in the center of Northern Seattle. It's where a bunch of aging uptight hippies live. I lived there for two years. The place I lived at was called by the neighborhood "Disaster House." My welcome home was seeing the house cat, Fat Snacks, skin a rat in my roommate's room. I had to do a lot to fix that place. Leaving disaster house was all I could think about at first. But the thing about rooming in Seattle: hellish roomies abound and they'll make you homeless when they find someone to replace you that's "cooler." So I stuck with them and by the end I loved those disgusting slob. I still miss living there even tho it's grossy af.

On the other hand the cleanest room I'd ever taken was in the "Grand Punk Plaza." A bunch of trust fund kids playing poverty tourism lived there. They were all really DL racist. They made me homeless because they "didn't like how I communicated & thought I was a bad fit." They did this when I was jobless, about to have surgery, and just broke up with The Beast. They also asked me for \$300 for a utilities bill. So I left a bunch of stinky cheese in their heating vents mid winter as revenge.