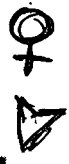


MY BASS →



HENRY & MAL



So I'm Mal :) I got stuck in here in 1993. From a bathroom which is kinda gross and embarrassing, but in the spirit of transparency, I'm telling you this now.

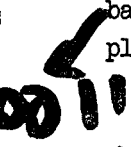
your secret's safe with me → and everyone else who

And you know what, if I had to go out with a bang, I'm glad I went out during one of the best fucking performances of my life.

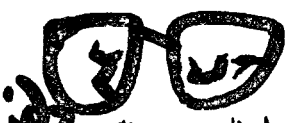
O.K. maybe it wasn't like. The best. I mean they were all kinda the same. I wasn't really close to anyone in these bands, I just tagged along with whoever needed a bassist. But at least I was kinda doing what I liked. In a place I liked.

with people you liked, right?
Surrounded by my community.

• Like, O.K. My eyesight wasn't really great in life so I liked to take my glasses off before shows, so when I got up there it'd kinda just be me and the music and the noise of people around me. Like I didn't know who individually was there but with the lights in my face and everything like a big blur I could imagine it was tons and tons of people even if it was just six people and the bartender. And some of my friends are definitely more into this than me, but if I was spiritual in some sense I'd like to think spiritually I'm reaching everyone who needs to hear my music through my



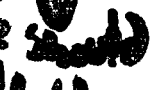
You need to take id.



They didn't check / OL

reads
ignores

no tubat
isaid



hide

↑↑↑

wavelengths and summoning them into the room with me. When I'm playing I'm playing for every kid out there who doesn't have a CD or cassette player. For the grrrl who's sitting grounded in her room because her dad saw her kissing the neighbor's daughter. For the boy secretly thinking how rad he'd look in some eyeliner rocking out on a Saturday night. And they're all here with me. And then the house lights come on and it's the end of the night and it's emptier than I thought. But I try to remember that they were here with me.

oh.
that sounds lovely
Thanks
and kind of sad.
Yeah.
but lovely.
Yeah.

i would
probably
look tubular

So that bathroom. I'd finished playing my set but we were hosting a meeting for other grrrls looking to join the scene after so i popped to the bathroom. I put a band recruitment sticker on the back of the stall. I played different gigs with different peeps, but I wanted a band of my own. I was gonna call it Big Red Box.

BIG ! RED ! BOX !

NO RETURN



But yea I slapped on the sticker and then schloooooop! In I went.



woah. just that easy?

Yeah.

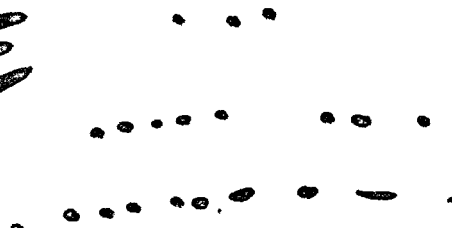
mine took a long time. lots of preparation. lots of listening to things. i don't want to talk about it.

yet. maybe i'll talk about it later. but not yet. That's O.K. We can come back to it.

like
weeks



o-polo-y?



but yea basically if you choose to come in here (sorry mal) you can choose what to take with you which leads me to...

Henry's

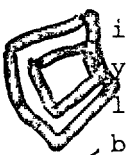
PACKING LIST

Top 3 things to take into THE ABIME

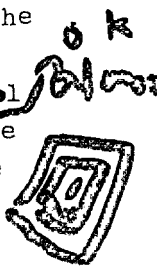
if you absolutely have to come when you shouldn't, but just in case.



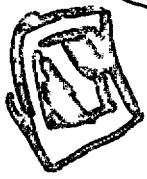
1 memories of forests and natural places. i know you think they're all the same but you're not looking hard enough. get a variety, describe them, even better get a polaroid.



2 photos! photos photos photos. recorded in the highest definition medium you can get. i got impatient with mine and now my dorky high school yearbook photo is the only one in here. don't be like me. take pictures of things so you can see better. and so people can see you better!



3 descriptions of you from people who know you. knew you. i didn't really have any. but they would've been helpful.



IF WORST COMES TO WORST

You can grab your missing person's photo



But yeah
Hd be
nice...

3.5/your handwriting
but good. HA! LOL!



4 i took a lot of other people's music but i wish i brought more of the stuff i wrote before the abime. even if it was embarrassing. those are songs that just aren't in here. i guess hindsight is 20/20 but like now that the internet is here i can get any of the songs i brought whenever i want. but not mine.

5 your handwriting. even if it's kind of bad. even if it's just your homework. ~~_____~~

so - lag like this

www.

So you don't think your stuff is here (somewhere? Or not on the World Wide Web, I mean, but in the Abime. Like if you looked really hard could you find your old tapes?

i think... from what i've learned, if a random teenager in chicago could find something about me, it's here, and if they can't, it isn't? maybe that's just my entry into it, but like... if someone uploaded my songs to one of the you tube videos, i could probably hear it. but just because they were on a tape in my dresser at some point doesn't really mean...

Like Me!
+
20
y1s

Not that you should try!!!! Could be dangerous to hop all over the place til you find it.

yeah. a couple years ago i tried to go looking for my favorite baseball team and ended up shaving off a bit of my middle school physics class into the website of a major newspaper. of course, it got deleted, and then it's gone for good! it's really not worth it.

Sucks.....

But now that we're IN HERE we make the most of it. In a Safe and Happy and Morally O.K. way. Not tricking other kids or flirting with peeps on the World Wide Web or spreading our spiritual gunk all over the place.

We made a band!

BIG! RED! BOX!!

! ☆
! ☆
! ☆
! ☆
! ☆
! ☆





Theres some music making applications hosted on the Web. Not like a real life kinda jam sesh, and the instruments dont sound quite right usually, but impressive that they exist. And I have snippets of my voice and my playing from life.

Hey that's not too bad!!!

me too! i got lots of instruments too. all those music files came in ~~in~~. maybe not in high definition. but enough of them.

So we make do. And we make MUSIC!!!

