

amina



a zine about a girl

E-BOOK VERSION

amina

a zine about a girl

*When a boy writes off the world, it's done
with sloppy misspelled words. If a girl
writes off the world it's done in cursive.
I'm searching for her.*

Sage Francis, The Cure



amina

AMINA DIDN'T MEAN TO.

SHE JUST HAPPENED

TO BE THERE,

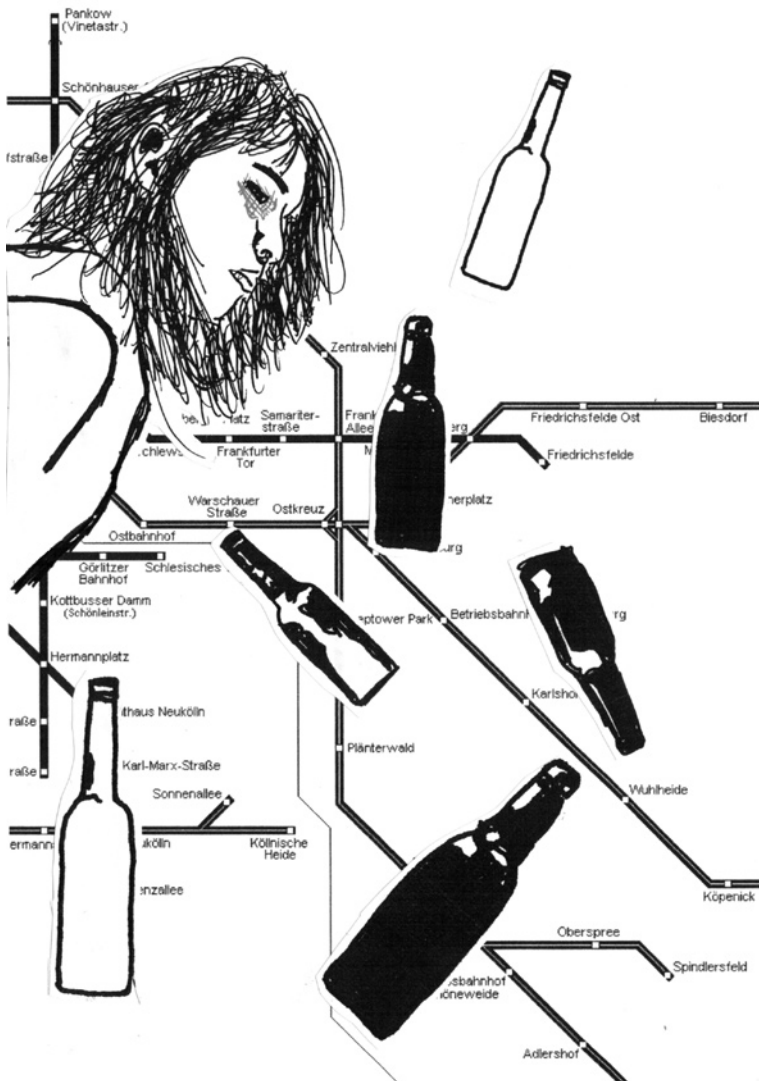
HOLDING A GRUDGE

AND A KITCHEN KNIFE.

She was cutting vegetables.

This is what she had
to say for herself:

she's just a girl
who's been through too much
and forgets too little.



how we met

Pt. one

THERE WAS THIS PARTY ON THE EAST SIDE OF TOWN.

Dave said I had to come, if only for five minutes. It was the kind of party where boys and girls pretend to be men and women. And talk a lot of shit.

I was just about to leave when the record skipped and the door opened. She came in with lots of bottles. Not all of them were wine, but shit, we drank the headier stuff later on so there's no telling in what we had. Not that it would've mattered: we drank everything like it was water. Nobody touched the green stuff, though.

Nobody I talked to knew her name, but she roamed through the rooms as if she'd been

coming here for months. She disappeared into a room all the way in the back and a few minutes later I watched her step out of a broom closet. It was as if she'd put on the whole apartment over her dress and pulled everything behind her like a train.

Later on, she blew the fuses somehow, but got everybody dancing anyway.

Later still, I found her on the balcony. She was leaning over the railing, just short of tipping over. She said: "I'm a swan." And could I please hold her drink for a minute?

Half an hour later I went inside with a warm Bloody Mary in my hand. It turned out she'd left twenty minutes before. Dave told me she took my vest and said: "She's not your kind of girl."



don't sleep on our bridge

WE JUST SIT THERE.

The bridge spans arches like frozen waves high above the water. That bridge is a promise. We have to leave.

Dave thinks I'm getting ahead of myself. In my mind, I'm already there.

I SAY: "LISTEN, GIRLS GROW BEAUTIFUL LEGS, GUYS GROW BIG FEET. SOME THINGS YOU HAVE TO LET GO, OTHER THINGS YOU NEED TO PURSUE."

This is the story of how distracted we are; how we prefer lying down to living. It's about how we forget that we're made out of just enough water to become tidal waves, forget how we could go so much further.

Dave says: "A bridge is a bridge."

It's about time he woke up.

We desperately need to cross that water.





how we met pt. two

"SO I'M AMINA," SHE SAID, "AND I BELIEVE THIS IS YOUR VEST."

There she was, standing on the curb in front of my house, extending a plastic bag. "I washed it," she said.

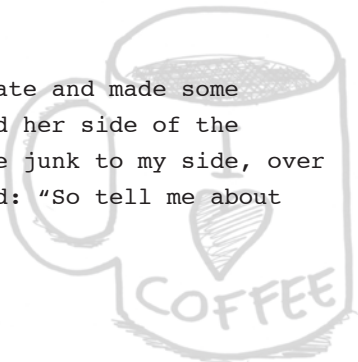
She asked if she could come in, but didn't wait for the answer, climbed the stairs and marched into the kitchen.

I followed her: "Amina—"

"People don't call me that. But you'll find out in time. You don't clean much, do you?"

I blamed my roommate and made some coffee. She cleared her side of the table, pushing the junk to my side, over the edge, and said: "So tell me about yourself."

I did.



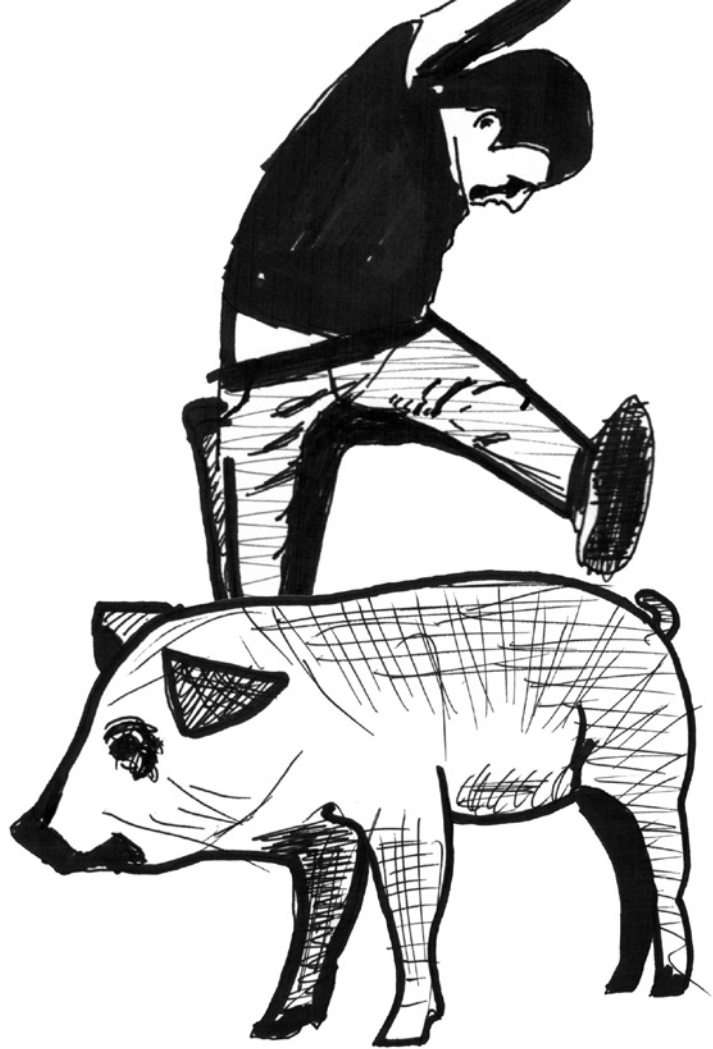
Pigs

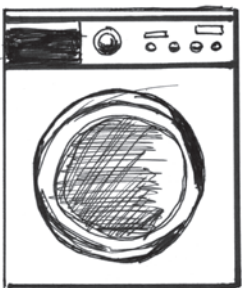
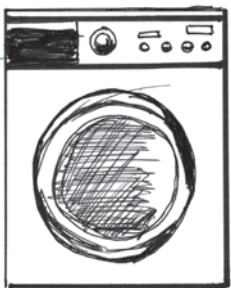
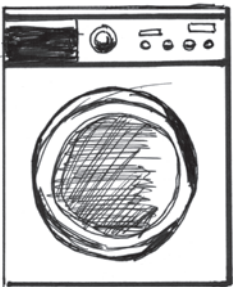
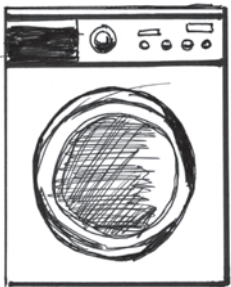
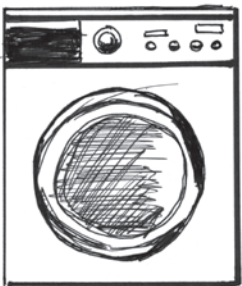
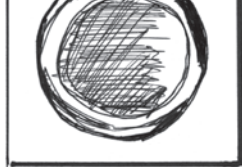
THESE ARE THE THINGS WE TOOK PICTURES OF:

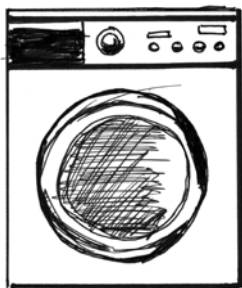
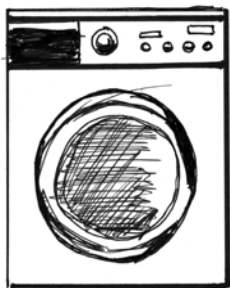
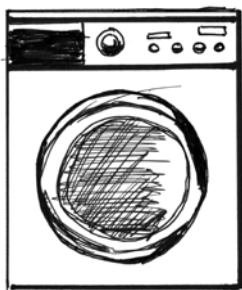
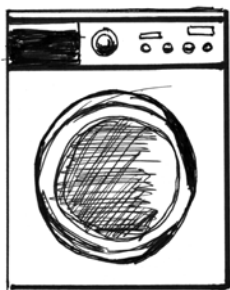
- her wearing the Eiffel Tower like a hat.
- washing machines.
- me jumping over pigs, her idea.
- the cake we tried to make.
- her cutting the chords of public telephones.
- more washing machines
- the street where she lived (I never got to see her home).
- things we found in the street.
- things we found under the bridge.
- things we left under the bridge.
- washing machines.

There's only one picture showing the both of us. Usually, in this kind of shot, the guy looks into the camera, the girl looks at the guy. She looked away.

That should've been my first clue.







how we met

Pt. three

**SHE TOLD ME SHE WORKED IN A
LAUNDROMAT. SHE SAID SHE LIKED
IT. "I GET TO WATCH THINGS SPIN
FOR A LIVING."**

So after coffee, we went there. I took some clothes from my floor and put them in a bag.

She put a stool in front of one of the machines and told me to sit.

"You're going to watch the permanent press cycle, the whole thing takes about an hour and a half."

She went behind the counter around the corner and told me to keep my eyes on the machine.

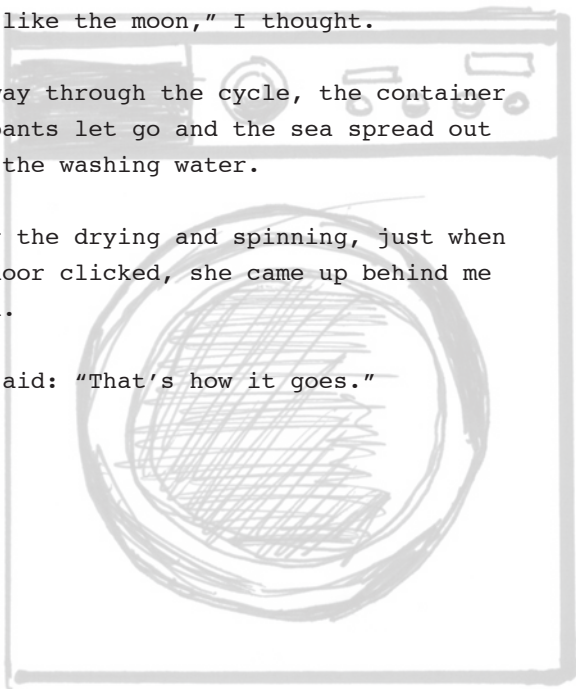
Two minutes into the prewash the little container with washing liquid got stuck between a pair of pants and the door window. The blue liquid slowly started to sway to the vibrations of the machine, imitating the sea.

"I'm like the moon," I thought.

Halfway through the cycle, the container and pants let go and the sea spread out into the washing water.

After the drying and spinning, just when the door clicked, she came up behind me again.

She said: "That's how it goes."



dave (again)

DAVE SAYS HE SAW IT COMING FROM DAY ONE: "I TOLD YOU SHE WAS NO GOOD FOR YOU AND NOW LOOK AT YOU."

He makes a lot of sentences that start with "I told you..." He never makes a lot of sense, though.

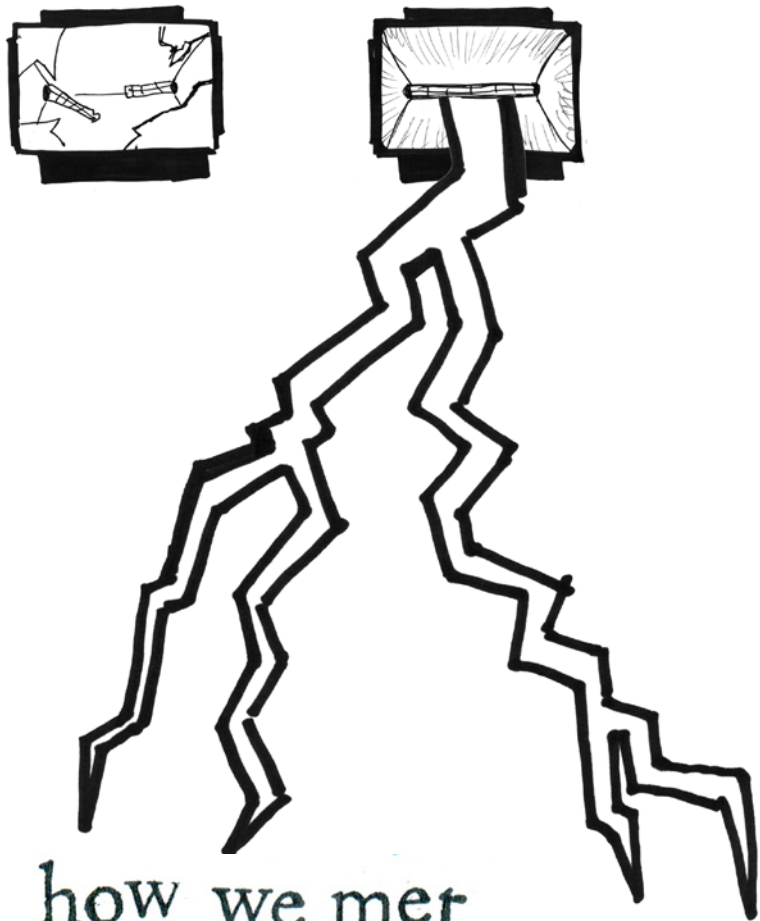
If it were up to Dave, we'd be hanging out by the bridge every night of the week, drinking beer and talking shit.

We'd be comparing notes on girls we saw
somewhere, girls we would never dare to
talk to. We'd see if somebody could score
something – anything – and just sit
there.

If it were up to Dave,
life would be so much easier.

That's Dave.

That's just not me anymore.



how we met

Pt. **four**



"NOW THAT YOU HAVE CLEAN CLOTHES, WE MIGHT AS WELL GO OUT TONIGHT," SHE SAID.

I THOUGHT THAT WAS A BRILLIANT IDEA.

She took me to parts of town I had never seen.

I don't know how we got there and I don't think it matters, but there we were.

Amina and I were standing in front of a hangar, somewhere near the airport.

"That lamp is imitating the lightning," she said.

The hangar was lined with bright lights,

shining down on a small parking lot. One of them was blinking heavily, without any recognizable pattern. The last spasms of a halogen life. The other lights seemed to be doing fine.

"They're making fun of the thunderstorm lamp," Amina said.

She took a rock and threw it at the light next to it. There was a flash, the sound of glass on asphalt. We took out the other lamps too, except for our favorite one. Order was restored. The blinking light could now keep imitating thunderstorms as long as it would last.

massive nights

THERE WERE A LOT OF NIGHTS LIKE
THAT.

THERE WAS THE NIGHT WE WENT TO
THE FARM JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY.

THERE WAS THAT NIGHT WE DECIDED
TO GO TO FRANCE.

THERE WAS THAT NIGHT WE MADE
THE NEWS.

**THEN THERE WAS THE ONE WITH THE
KITCHEN KNIFE.**

Ps

I WOKE UP WITHOUT HER.
THERE WAS A DENT IN THE
PILLOW WHERE HER HEAD
HAD BEEN.

My TV was smashed.
There was a thermos on top of it.
There was a note saying sorry
and:

I made you some decent coffee.

*I'll see you later,
Amina*

There was another note that said:

P.S.: Much later...



AMINA was written and drawn – traced, mostly – by DENNIS GAENS for the 24 HOUR ZINE THING 2011 on the 27th of July (and glued, cut and stapled well into the night of the 28th), while listening to a playlist consisting of Atmosphere, Sage Francis and The Hold Steady.

The first printing was a limited edition of 24 copies and featured a special cover and two color printing. Actually, one color was printed, the other one was drawn and stamped, but it looks cool.

A second printing (less fuss but still nice) is available via dennis@denieuwes.com

Shout outs:


JOP LUBERTI for checking my English.

JENNY KROON for cooking dinner and sleeping alone.

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A song about a girl ain't really
about a girl

Sage Francis, *Diamonds and Pearls*