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BRENDA



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Twin

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Twin

Editor: *BIANCA Forté* | Creative Director: *HAYLEY Connaughton*

Cover Art: *HARRIET Moutsopoulos* | Logos: *GRACE Hands*

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“I don’t really want
an image to be all
joy or all darkness.”

O N T W I N

To me, Twin means two things that look alike but are not exactly the same. I’ve painted lots of pictures where there are similar-looking figures. A couple of years ago, someone pointed out to me that I was painting twins, though I hadn’t thought of it like that before. I think the theme continues in my work today, but in some of these paintings you can interpret the second figure as a reflection of the first. You can decide which explanation you like better. Perhaps there are ties to my own lived experience, having grown up with an older sister who I imitated and followed around for years, as many younger siblings do. I have memories of us dressing similarly, having similar haircuts. Plus I am also fascinated by the idea of twins, and the connection they often share.

It’s a bit magical, I think.

Holly
Mackinnon



KATRINE Noer, @katrinehoer.



Nicole *Noze*

O N T W I N

To me Twin denotes the dynamics between sameness and difference, about how you are part of others and others are part of you (while they are not you). About how your personality can have different aspects that you perceive as separate and conflicting, while they are all you. Also, to me, it is about duality and trying to overcome thinking sameness and difference in a binary fashion.

I chose artworks that were inspired by the dynamics between symbiosis and separation and the struggle to understand how and if you are separate from others, while striving for autonomy and connectedness at the same time.



THE BAOBAB

She sat under an old baobab tree in our large garden. I accompanied her.

Finding the perfect spot for our afternoon together was like finding the perfect calm for her mind. This was our favourite thing to do. Sometimes we would talk and sometimes we would read, and sometimes she went somewhere else. Today was one of those,
and I waited patiently for her to talk.

I never understood where she went when I was a little girl. I couldn't imagine why she left me. She liked to escape to a place that no one knew; a place we had no access to. She was just so beautiful; a porcelain face, with deep almond-shaped eyes worth drowning in.

But I could never penetrate her eyes as a child. I saw them shift from

numb to cold and back. She'd sit at our dining room table, preparing the notes for her teaching class the next day. I used to copy her and then feel embarrassed when she caught me. Her mouth widened showing her teeth big and bright; her knowing smile conscious of my copying. I felt like she could see inside my head and knew I was a fraud. And I was.

Because I just wanted to be like her.

She loved music and played it all the time; free. Dancing and singing, and singing and dancing. My little brother used to dance with her in the middle of our sitting room, wild and unkempt. They both would laugh from the depths of their bellies as they twirled around each other. I would watch on and I wish I could be that free. I thought she liked him better. He was always so happy. He was always a pet. He liked to hug and make us feel better. He was soft. And mostly, he loved her as I never could.

Outward. And he shared her birthday.

Now when I think back, it was like he replaced her lost twin. Her smile would flourish in his presence.

Today under the old baobab, she talks of a need she feels within her soul that is left unanswered. Her mother birthed three sets of twins. Of six, she is my mother. To me, her emptiness makes sense. Her identical twin was lost hours after their birth. A lonely little girl wandering the early years of her life without the one person who witnessed her becoming.

From one they became two, and for nine months they adjusted playfully in unison. She speaks of a feeling of longing; a kind of grief no one would understand. I try to imagine what a life of longing feels like and I can't.





Bibi
Altink



“To me it is all about
openness and
promoting diversity..
I think we can be
anything we want
to be.”



BEE Illustrates, @beeillustrates.

“Concealing the faces of my portraits with food is designed to not only challenge traditional (unrealistic) notions of beauty, but also to provoke, tease and confuse the observer.”

Harriet
Moutsopoulos





“It seems to me that people should not fight with their “dark” - opposite side, but on the contrary, we should reconcile with it and harmoniously develop it. My works are all about realising my Twin and loving him.”

Yana
Gusto





ON HER PIECE HOUSE ON FIRE

House on Fire is a disquieting scene that was inspired in part by a dream I had. The painting is a translation, a shift from one symbolic language into another. I tried to extract from the memory of the dream those elements that were most imbued with meaning and which offered the strongest narrative possibility. In my practice the house is a recurring image. It's an interesting and fraught symbol, a place of shelter or refuge and also a place of confinement. This house in particular is not a place

of safety but rather one of threat.

I see it as a stand in for stifling domesticity and patriarchy.

I think that a great thing about art is how a particular work grows with you in unexpected ways, and how one's attitudes to the work can change with the circumstances in your life and the politics of the age. Today when I look at House on Fire I can't help but think about the young people leading the climate strikes and Greta Thunberg bravely telling world leaders in Davos to panic as if their house was on fire.



THE SEA

the sea doesn't care,
she says,
who you say you are.
it will roll you out.
it will wring you clean.

if you resist
the next wave will unfurl
and it will end you.

hold on by giving in.
hold on by giving
in.

and when it lets you up,
miles from the shore,
you must turn towards the beach
and swim
for your life.

ALEDA Bliss

