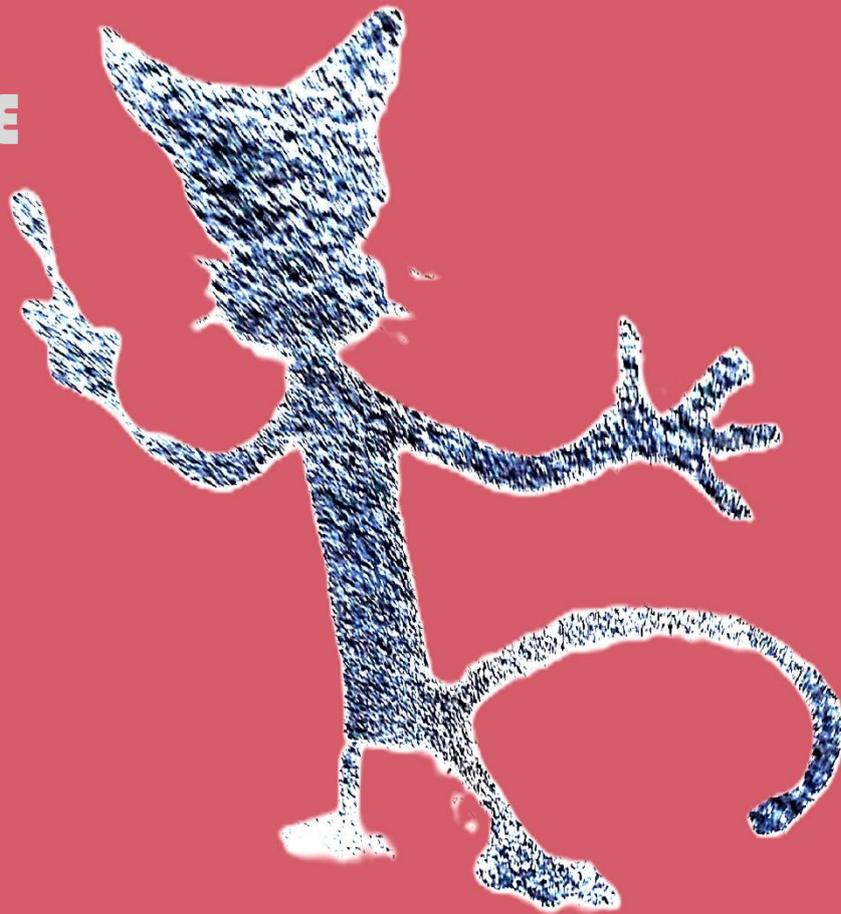


**SPRING/SUMMER 2026 ISSUE # 17**

# **BULB Magazine**

**FREE**



**ART**

**CULTURE**

**SCIENCE**

**& MORE ..**

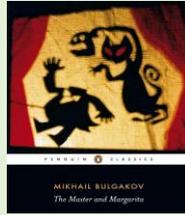
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**WELCOME** to BULB Magazine # 17. We are pleased to continue with our commitment to producing a free journal for the interest and entertainment of everyone who wishes to look at it. We have been fortunate to have contributions from talented writers and artists, we take care to include original pieces of writing, artwork & thinking. We now have a new website (see below). It will feature the current issue and all previous issues. Thank you to all our contributors and readers.

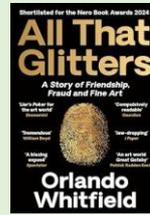
Cathy Bell (editor). View all issues of **BULB Magazine** at [www.readbulbmag.com](http://www.readbulbmag.com)



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Front Cover by Cathy Bell

## FEATURES

### THE STORY OF NOTHING

How often do we use the phrase, 'there's nothing there,' meaning empty, vacant or even that there is simply nothing of interest. It is tempting to say to someone, saying the latter, that you don't really mean nothing, there must be something. Maybe a little annoyed, they reply, to show that they weren't speaking literally, that of course they don't mean it is like a vacuum where all the air has been sucked out or deep space where there really is nothing; they, after all, do know a little about how the Universe works.

Now imagine we have a box which is so well made that it is completely sealed. We extract the air and every other mass particle, the light and reduce the temperature inside the box to absolute zero – zero Kelvin or  $-273^{\circ}\text{C}$ . For most practical applications, such as the manufacture of micro-electronic components, the box is truly empty; only it isn't! The reality is the box is still full of activity.

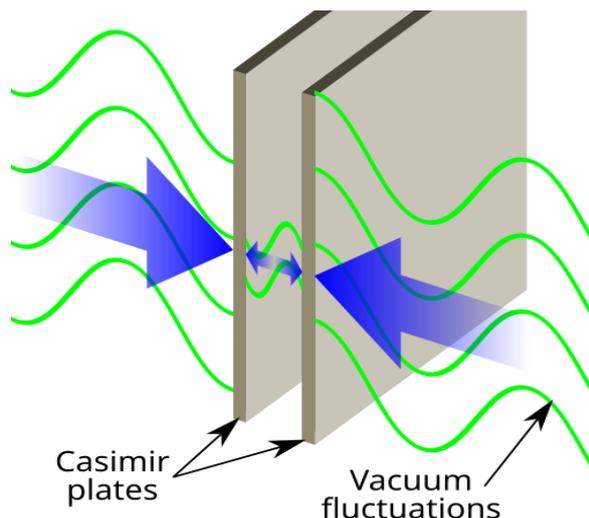
So what is left inside the box to cause all this activity? The answer is fields. What is a field? A field is essentially a mapping of something in space. Consider the room you are now in. If we map every temperature at every point in the room, we have a temperature field and such a field is in constant motion, constantly fluctuating and vibrating. In fact every point in space has some field value. Light, for example, is massless and travels through space within the electro-magnetic field, exciting the field as it goes. So criss-crossing nothingness are fields.

Quantum field theory suggests that all particles have their own fields. Electrons may be considered as excitations or ripples within the electron field. There is even a field for quarks, the particles that make up neutrons and protons. Even when there are no particles (a quantum vacuum), the field value cannot be zero: This is forbidden by the Uncertainty Principle which states that there is a limit to the accuracy when measuring certain pairs, such as, momentum and position, and energy and time. The last pair means that if 'nothing' truly existed, then we would be able to determine the energy (zero) and time. Since this is not allowed, there must always be energy even when there is nothing else there. This energy, when there are no particles present, is referred to as zero point fluctuation energy and represents the lowest energy level of the quantum field.

So where does the energy come from? The other phenomena of empty space, a consequence of field fluctuations, is the sudden appearance and disappearance of so called virtual particles. Again, a consequence of Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle. To produce the particles the universe effectively 'borrows' energy -  $\Delta E \Delta t \geq \hbar/2$  (change in energy times change in time must be greater than or equal to Planck's constant over  $2\pi$  ( $\hbar$ ) divided by 2) which represents the amount of energy,  $\Delta E$ , borrowed by pairs of particles for a time less than,  $\Delta t$ . For example, elementary particles, such as electrons, appear simultaneously with their anti-particle, the positron, before, in an incredibly short time, both are annihilated so that the energy borrowed is almost immediately returned. The process whereby virtual particles appear and disappear is continuous, thereby giving the quantum vacuum its energy, however, there is an anomaly, and that is that the energy calculated by quantum field theory should be a lot bigger (120 times more) than the observed energy.

This 'soup' of virtual particles are everywhere, from deep space to right in front of you. The presence of virtual particles is demonstrated by the Casimir Effect. The Casimir effect is when external forces push two parallel, uncharged, conductive plates together. The plates are separated by a matter of nano-meters ( $0.000000001\text{m}$ ). The effect is caused by the fact that in the narrow space between the plates, fewer wavelengths of virtual photons (light particles) can exist, whereas all wavelengths can exist on the outside. This means that the quantum fluctuations in the electromagnetic field on the outside are greater than on

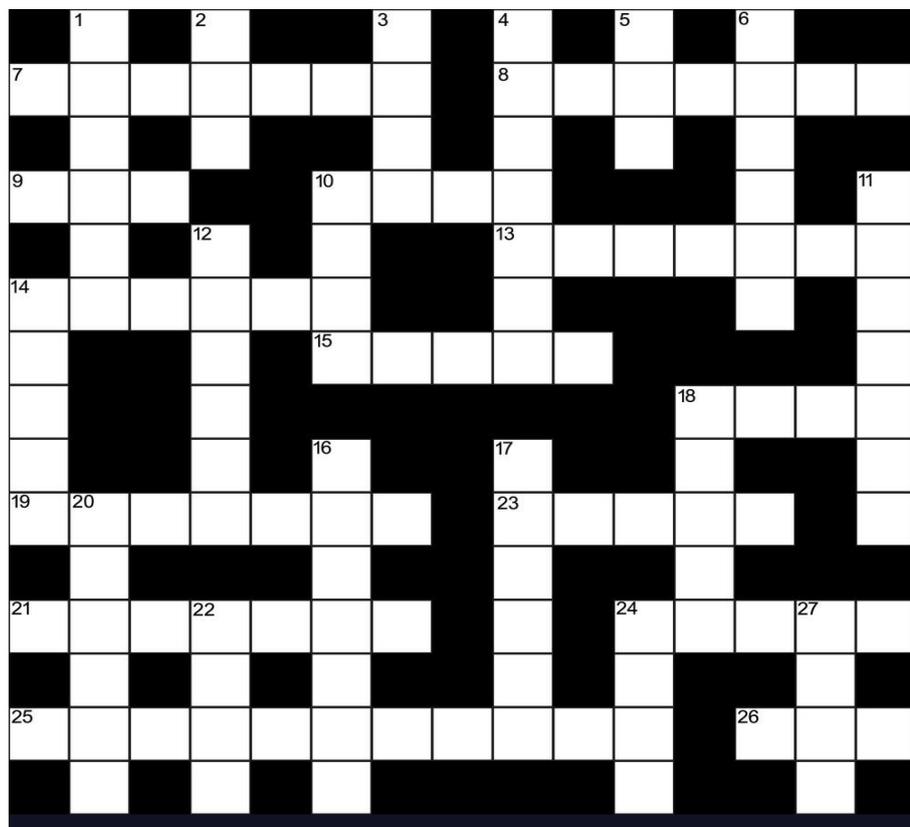
the inside, thereby producing a net force inwards due to an imbalance in the vacuum energy. The diagram below shows what is happening.



The Casimir Effect demonstrating the presence of virtual particles – here virtual light particles or photons. The distance between the plates is only 0.000001mm

So, the next time someone says, ‘there is nothing there,’ simply say, ‘not true.’ Even deep space is being constantly distorted, stretched and squashed continuously by these fields. This is how the universe works. Nothing, in this context, doesn’t exist. There is always something. There has to be. Heisenberg and quantum physics says so. **G.W.**

### CROSSWORD (SOLUTIONS ON PAGE 19)



#### Clues across:

- 7. Aromatic compounds (7)
- 8. Moveable sleeping quarters (7)
- 9. Topper in slide (3)
- 10. Limb (4)
- 13. Storm (7)
- 14. Guitar or car part (US) (6)
- 15. Voucher – to Kendall? (5)
- 18. Cleanser (4)
- 19. Proteins formed in plants (7)
- 21. Shine brilliantly (7)
- 23. Top man or spy? (5)
- 24. Chess piece and Wendy makes crustacean (5)
- 25. Number base – 4 bits into one number or letter (11)
- 26. Weakest link makes its mark (3)

#### Clues down:

- 1 Give up or go to bed (6)
- 2. Rear of craft? (3)
- 3. Her own brave person (4)
- 4. Deliberately sink two down (7)
- 5. Metal containing rock (3)
- 6. Dodged (6)
- 10. Military building (4)
- 11. Bad tempered or rude (informal) (7)
- 12. Space \_\_\_\_\_ (song) (6)
- 14. Illegally buy or sell (5)
- 16. Irish pottery (7)
- 17. Below atmospheric pressure (7)
- 18. Nussy detection system? (5)
- 20. Male relative (6)
- 22. Thoroughfare (4)
- 24. Cooking oil (4)
- 27. Chardonnay (4)

## CHAPTER 3 – YOU’VE BEEN FRAMED

Science and religion have seriously wrestled with one another for prominence since the Enlightenment, the period during the eighteenth-century when civilised man began to examine, analyse, experiment with and categorise the universe. In his book *Modern Art and the Death of a Culture*, H R Rookmaaker claims that it was during this period that man became “caught in a box”. He claims that science had previously been the way to gain insight into the structure of reality, into the way this world is built to find out the greatness of God’s creation but now it had been elevated by the rationalists into the tool to know all truths, the foundation of all knowledge. He believes that the world was no longer open to the idea of a transcendent God, it had become a closed box and man was caught in that box. Rookmaaker seems to be suggesting that religion had lost the contest. He goes on to suggest that by the time scientific methods had been applied to economics, sociology and psychology man had become further trapped in the box – a human specimen, “an object determined by natural laws to be studied by scientific methods – and nothing more”. Scientism, he claims, was almost a new religion, man was really no different from animals, plants and all things. And Darwin seemed to give the final proof by providing the mechanism of natural selection.



Fig. 7



Fig. 8



Fig. 9

The reason I have felt it necessary to quote from Rookmaaker is because I believe that Hirst’s art is concerned to a great extent with these issues. He is aware of modern man’s preoccupation with science, experimentation and categorisation. His art often consists of objects arranged methodically in rows having been, by implication, analysed, categorised and labelled. Consider the rows of fish, geological samples, surgical instruments and medicines, for example. However, the most striking example of Hirst’s engagement with the idea that science has taken over where religion left off are his large installations which are, in fact, boxes. These boxes contain various objects and sometimes living (and dead) creatures. Ironically, there is no overt human presence to be found in these boxes, however, this does not deny the implication that humanity is being observed. Hirst has created a complex set of installation/sculptures which not only deal with the domination of science and the consequence of such, but which also question where religion actually fits in to the equation. Nowhere could the idea of “man in a box” be better articulated than in two of Hirst’s installations, one entitled *He Tried to Internalise Everything* (Fig 8) and the other, *The Acquired Inability to Escape* (Fig 9). In both of these works human presence is implied, it is the objects they leave behind in a *Marie-Celeste* type scenario which communicate the notion that someone has been there. These boxes have been described as glass-walled prisons, an abandoned desk and chair suggesting perhaps the imprisonment of a routine job, or merely a routine life? However, the uncompromising severity of the pieces produce a claustrophobic uneasiness which could have the viewer gasping for air if they were to take it seriously enough. Air is an important component of much of Hirst’s work, in *He Tried to Internalise Everything* he has placed an oxygen mask on the top of a table, it has the look of a chemistry or physics lab with an oxygen tank placed on the floor. This installation is reminiscent of a painting from the eighteenth-century by Joseph Wright of Derby entitled *An Experiment on a Bird in an Air Pump* (Fig 10). However, unlike Hirst’s depopulated version, Wright’s image is well populated with spectators who are witnessing a cruel experiment on a live creature. Hirst’s piece acts like the aftermath of the earlier work, it speaks obliquely about the suffocating effects of modern science, not only on the bird in the air pump but also on human beings themselves. The obvious lack of fresh air is significant since there is an implication that science not only imprisons humanity, it also endangers it, that is, that without essential life-giving air, humanity (and indeed all species) will eventually cease to exist. However, this notion is enlarged by Hirst as both pieces subtly suggest that each individual has the choice (the power even) to transcend the suffocating effects of being “man in a box”. In *He*

Tried to Internalise Everything, he has placed the oxygen mask and tank which indicates a way out, a mechanism to provide life-giving air – something that the poor bird in Wright’s painting is deprived of.



Fig. 10



Fig. 11



Fig. 12

Another installation *The Asthmatic's Escaped II* (Fig 11) is a particularly intriguing piece since it brings religion in to the equation by subtly reworking Christ's resurrection combining ideas of science and theology. This has the effect of opening up new avenues of investigation and prompting the question – would humanities understanding of Christianity have been different if Jesus' return from the grave had been captured on film? *The Asthmatic's Escaped II* is a diptych taking the form of two glass and steel cases (or vitrines or boxes). On one side is a pile of discarded clothes, dirty trainers and an asthma inhaler, on the other is a hi-tech camera paced on a tripod and a small filing cabinet on which rests tea and biscuits. What seems to be happening here (by implication) is the resurrection of Christ being observed by a camera which has been placed on a time-lapse setting in order not to miss what might occur. The pile of clothes have been said to symbolise poverty and the plight of the victim, the inhaler is thought to show the work's concern over the suffering of asthmatics (especially in the light of increasing air pollution). I do not dispute this analysis, however, the pile of clothes could equally be viewed as those garments discarded by Christ at the time of his alleged resurrection and the asthma inhaler again brings in the theme of air, breathing and the thin line between life and death. The inhaler is an ingenious method of suggesting that Christ might have died and then come back to life again in the way (thankfully usually less fatally) an asthmatic regains breath after an attack. At the other end of the vitrine the camera watches automatically detached and scientifically aloof, it is implied that if anything has happened, the camera will have recorded it. The filing cabinet, tea and biscuits represent the idea of a human presence being there although not visible (especially the scientists), these non-representational people are engaged in a collective waiting game, they wait patiently for the moment when the mysterious event can be captured then filed away and compartmentalised like any other scientific finding. This installation is for the X-Files generation, it hints at the possibility of a mysterious, inexplicable occurrence but balances this with a rational counterweight which neither believes nor disbelieves. It is a Dana Scully versus Fox Mulder visual game, Scully representing rational science on the one hand and Mulder open to the possibility of the unknown, scientifically, unable to be categorised on the other. Hirst has openly said that the piece was inspired by a pile of old discarded clothes he came across one day that struck him as eerie, and he wondered if their owner might have "gone to heaven". Hirst has taken the idea of science as a tool to explain all only this time it is being used to witness a supernatural occurrence. He has turned the scientific spotlight on religion which is a neat trick and one that has been needed in art (and in general) for a long time. Francis Bacon scrutinises religion in a similar way when he places Popes in cages in his paintings, however, Bacon's Popes collapse under the strain of scrutiny, they begin to lose their composure along with their actual substance. For example, Bacon's *Head VI* (12) shows a Pope starting to dematerialise from the top of the head downward. This suggests that Bacon saw no future for Christianity (or at least Catholicism) since its main spokesman was soon to become redundant, invisible or, at other times, screaming and inarticulate. This is not the case with Hirst's examination of religion, his is more open-ended, the pile of clothes remain evident and visible, the film in the camera waits to be processed and Hirst (along with humankind) waits to see what develops. **C.B.**

*N.B. Please note that the Scapegoat (Fig. 7) is mentioned in part 2, BULB Magazine Issue #16, page 8.*

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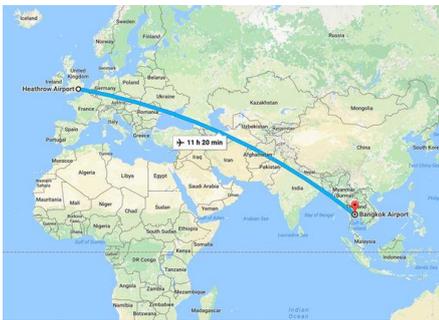
## READY FOR TAKE OFF – PART THREE – IN FLIGHT CONTROL

So far, we've explored what happens on the ground at our departure airport, how we get the aircraft into the air and start the climb to cruising altitude. We also looked at the safety features which ensured altitudes and flight separations are maintained accurately for all aircraft in flight.

In this section we'll fly from London to Thailand in an Airbus A350 and look at how we manoeuvre the aircraft in flight, as well as what's happening around us along the way.

A direct flight from London to Thailand crosses much of Europe and Asia. The route typically passes over countries such as Belgium/Netherlands, Germany, Czechia/Austria, Slovakia/Hungary, Romania/Bulgaria, Turkey, Iran, Pakistan, India, Myanmar, and finally Thailand, about 5,965 miles in total.

Prior to our original departure, the airline's operations or dispatch team submits the flight plan electronically to Eurocontrol. They validate the plan and send it to all the Air Traffic Control (ATC) units along the route. The pilots then review and approve the plan before departure.



Although the route was planned prior to departure it can alter during the flight depending on several factors such as:

- Weather conditions, thunderstorms, tornadoes, turbulence;
- Volcanic eruptions;
- Military manoeuvres in specific restricted air space.

ATC control enroute, will inform the pilot of any deviations that need to be made from the planned route.

With the humming sound of the engines around us and London disappearing far behind, we gently climb to our cruising altitude of 35,000 feet which can take anything between 10 and 15 minutes depending on the aircraft type and variable factors such as the outside wind speed/direction and the weight of the aircraft and load. When the aircraft reaches the desired altitude, it is levelled and now we can sit back and enjoy the 11 ½ hour flight to Bangkok in front of us.

As we climbed to our cruising altitude, the outside air temperature dropped to around  $-50^{\circ}\text{C}$  and the air pressure fell to roughly 3.3 PSI. Too cold for us to survive and the air would be too low a pressure to breathe. The aircraft structure would also be at risk due to the difference between the pressure inside and outside the cabin. So why would this put the cabin at risk and what do we do to avoid it.

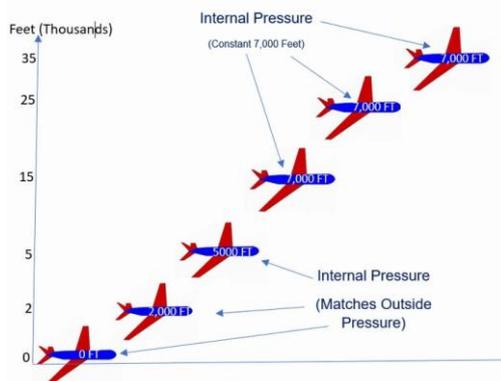
### Effects of Air Pressure on a balloon

Let us first see what would happen if we released a balloon into the atmosphere. If the balloon was untied, it would not alter shape or size if it was taken to different altitudes because the open end allows the air pressure inside the balloon to equalise with the pressure outside. A tied balloon can't do that. The air inside is trapped, so as the balloon rises and the outside pressure decreases, the air inside the balloon pushes outward and the balloon expands. Somewhere between 10,000 and 20,000 feet, the stretching becomes too much for the material. The pressure difference between the inside and outside exceeds the balloons expansion limits, and it bursts.

Altitude (Feet)	Air Pressure (PSI)	Untied Balloon	Inflated tied Balloon
35,000	3.3		
20000	6.1		
10000	10.1		
5000	12.2		
1000	14.2		
0	14.7		

The same would happen to an aircraft at high altitude. The air inside the aircraft would be exerting a force on the inside skin of the aircraft trying to push it outwards. Eventually the pressure difference would exceed the safe limits and the skin would fracture. To overcome the problem, we pressurise the cabin.

Cabin pressurisation serves two main purposes, it allows us to breathe comfortably at a higher altitude and it keeps the pressure difference between the inside and outside of the aircraft within safe limits. A Pressure equivalent to between 6,000 and 8,000 feet (11.8 to 10.9 PSI - Pounds per Square Inch) is built up inside the aircraft and is maintained at that level up to the flight ceiling of 35,000 feet.



Cabin pressurisation begins as the aircraft leaves the ground. As the aircraft climbs, pressure inside the cabin is increased to match the outside pressure until the aircraft reaches around 6000 – 8000 feet. The internal pressure is maintained at this level all the way to the final altitude of 35000 feet. This level of pressure also allows us to breathe comfortably while in the cabin.

To prevent any issues with excessive stress on the cabin, the pressure difference (Differential pressure) between the cabin pressure and outside pressure is kept to within, or below, the designed safety limits which are between 8 and 9 PSI.

When the aircraft door is closed, the cabin becomes effectively sealed. After take-off, the cabin begins to pressurise, typically around 300–500 ft/min to minimise ear discomfort. During the climb, the pressurisation system continues to increase the cabin pressure until it reaches its maximum operational value, usually equivalent to that of 6,000 - 8,000 feet (11.8 – 10.9 PSI). The cabin pressure remains at this level even as the aircraft climbs to its final cruising height. Later, during descent, when the aircraft reaches between 6000 – 8000 thousand feet, the cabin pressure is slowly adjusted back toward sea-level pressure reaching approximately 14.7 PSI at touchdown. (0 feet)

The pressure inside the cabin is controlled at these pressures for two reasons, to provide air which is breathable and to ensure the pressure between the inside and the outside of the aircraft (Differential Pressure) does not exceed the designed safety limits.

- Internal pressure maintained at 8000 feet (Cabin Pressure) = 10.9 PSI.
- Outside pressure at 35000 feet = 3.3PSI
- Differential pressure at 35000 feet =  $10.9 - 3.3 = 7.6$  PSI which is below the safe limits of the aircraft. (Between 8 and 9 PSI)

Situations occur (medical) when an aircraft may have to be pressurised at zero feet pressure (14.7 PSI). At 35000 feet the differential pressure of 11.4 PSI, would exceed safety limits therefore the aircraft must fly at a lower altitude to maintain the safety differential pressure discussed above.



Pressure changes within the cabin as it climbs or descends is the reason you may end up with ears popping or experiencing muffled hearing. This is caused because the small passage between the middle ear and the back of the nose and throat (The **Eustachian tube**) is meant to keep the pressure inside the ear equal to the pressure outside the ear. As the aircraft **climbs (decrease in pressure)** or **descends (Increase in pressure)**, the eustachian tube does not open quickly enough and the pressure becomes uneven, stretching the ear drum and causing the popping or muffled hearing.

## In-Flight Control



When the aircraft reaches **35,000 feet**, it levels off because it has arrived at its **cruising altitude**. Although we expect to remain at that altitude for most of the transitional flight, the **autopilot** is constantly making small adjustments to maintain that exact level. This is necessary because without these corrections, the aircraft would gradually drift away from the selected altitude **due to the curvature of the Earth**. (Diagram on the left)

To truly maintain a **35,000-foot ceiling**, the aircraft's flight path must gently follow the Earth's curvature rather than continue in a perfectly straight line through space. The autopilot continuously makes these subtle pitch adjustments to keep the aircraft aligned with that curved path.

We hope you're enjoying these flight updates and we look forward to joining you again for the final part of our journey where we'll guide you safely back to the ground as we descend and prepare to land at **Suvarnabhumi Airport, Bangkok**, where our trip concludes. **G.C.**

## 2025: ANOTHER BUSY YEAR FOR THE ASSOCIATION C R MACKINTOSH EN ROUSSILLON

After three dazzling years<sup>1</sup>, we were expecting a lull in our activities for 2025 but, this did not happen.

Two major events, among other venues, took place in June. For Toshie's birthday we were proud to unveil a Mackintosh-style stained-glass window in our Port-Vendres Centre. This was designed and made by a talented stained glass artist Jacqueline TOSI who also works for the renovation of listed churches and buildings.

Also in June, Matis LEGGIADRO came to Port-Vendres for a talk about Mackintosh's drawings. He is a poet, art critic, exhibition curator, studies at the prestigious Ecole du Louvre and specialises in the field of drawing. Matis delivered an innovative, breathtaking speech to a packed audience on 22 June at the Vauban cinema-theatre. He subjected Mackintosh's drawings to the test of his own perspective, that of an art historian but also of a poet.

In September, CATHERINE BLIN - our cinema specialist but also a great fan of Mackintosh - took us to India into the world of the modernist palace of Manik Bagh, built by Yeshwant Rao Holkar II. The talk entitled "Mackintosh and the Maharajah" focused on the links between the young Maharajah and the avant-garde elite of the Art Déco period. It came to light that the architect of the palace was no less than Mackintosh's godson, Eckart Muthesius, who was no doubt greatly influenced by his godfather and included some Mackintosh furniture into his design.

For our small group of volunteers, 2026 represents a genuine challenge that we are preparing to meet in order to maintain the number and quality of events held over the past four years. **Sylvie Plas**



The president Michèle Grau (left) and the stained-glass artist and designer Jacqueline Tosi at the unveiling in June 2025

<sup>1</sup> In 2022 the association moved its Port-Vendres Mackintosh Centre to brighter and more visible premises which opened in style. 2023 was the celebration of the couple's arrival in the Roussillon with a full week of events. 2024 was no exception, with the celebratory 20th anniversary of our association.

## PROTECTING TURTLES IN CYPRUS



In Cyprus, there are two species of turtles, the Green turtle and the Black turtle. These specific ones are hatchlings. Turtles come to the island to lay their eggs around the middle of July to the end of September. When the mother turtle lays her eggs, she will cover them and go back into the ocean, in which the hatchlings have to find their way and start their own journey themselves.



The eggs need the heat in order to hatch, which takes around 6 weeks to happen. So, during the hot summer period, the Department of Fisheries and Marine Research (DFMR), are busy patrolling the areas, protecting these little creatures. This Department checks all the nests very carefully and in some cases, where the hatchlings are unable to find their way out of their nests, they are there to help guide them to the ocean, but the hatchling must do the walk its self in order to feel the magnetic strength of the earth, because after 20 to 22 years, for the first time after their hatching, they will come back and lay their own eggs. **C.A.**



## CONSTRUCTIVISM



*Vladimir Tatlin*



*Naum Gabo*



*El Lissitzky*

**Constructivism:** Founded by Russian artists, Vladimir Tatlin (1885-1953) and Alexander Rodchenko (1881-1956) c. 1915. Tatlin had visited Picasso in his Paris studio in 1913 and had seen his works then, including 3-D, Cubist constructions. In addition, he asked Picasso if he could become a form of apprentice, this was turned down by him. Upon his return to Russia, Tatlin began making constructions in an abstract geometric style from various materials, Synthetic Cubism's practice. Indeed, Constructivism was to grow out of the collage pioneered by Braque and Picasso. Tatlin was joined by other artists such as brothers: Naum Gabo (1890-1977) and Antoine Pevsner (1884-1962), along with El Lissitzky (1890-1941) amongst others.

**Tenet:** Revolution-based. Constructivist ideals were in keeping with the new radicalism sweeping Russia. These being: secure the Revolution-Strengthen the State! Tatlin emphasized the reality of materials and of construction processes over the academic disciplines of sculpture and painting, thereby seeking to combine and merge art with every-day life. The abstract/conceptual sculpture pioneered by the constructivists was to usher-in a new and lasting era.

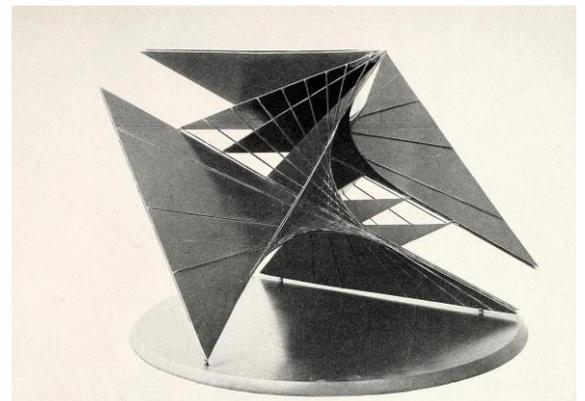
**Methods:** Their use of many materials and processes from the industrial world, such as plastics, and welding was to find a pivotal role in future art. However, Tatlin's idealistic architectural design for the projected monument to The Third International: a leaning tower, spiral in design, with counter-rotating central sections, with an estimated height of some thirteen-hundred feet upon completion, was never executed. Works by other Constructivists, such as Gabo and Pevsner are more typical of the genre, both at home and ultimately abroad after they had left Russia during the 1920's, when their work had major impact and influence on future western art.



*Aleksandr Rodchenko*



*Naum Gabo*



*Antoine Pevsner*

**Constructions:** Gabo and Pevsner's abstract sculpture and pioneers of kinetic art, can clearly be seen in later pieces such as his Linear Construction in Space No. 2, Plastic and Nylon, 1949, and in Pevsner's piece: Construction-For-an-Airport, 1937. Their contention that only movement in space and not in volume is important in art, was to underpin their work. Certainly, these two pieces fulfil this dictum with the sense of movement and space apparent in each.

**Outcome:** By 1921, Lenin's New Economic Policy (NEP) of modified communist practice, to permit private commerce, soon had the effect of loosening avant-garde expression and freedom to explore, and ultimately resulted in the collapse of Constructivism in Soviet Russia. The rise of the State approved and augmented style of 'Socialist Realism' was on the horizon and it would soon dominate under the auspices of the Russian dictator, Joseph Stalin.

Nevertheless, Tatlin and Rodchenko remained in the USSR to continue and pursue utilitarian work in the areas of art and design while many left for the west to avoid persecution. El Lissitzky also remained and developed his "Proun" pieces (Affirmations of the New) abstract geometric works, which were to become internationally famous. Constructivism had considerable influence on architecture, design, decoration and conceptual art, and many of its ideas were taken up by such illustrious bodies as the German Bauhaus, with many of its practitioners subsequently becoming internationally famous in their own right. **R.M.**



ARTIST IN FOCUS – ROSS BROWN

Ross M Brown (b. 1986) lives and works near Edinburgh. He graduated from the MFA course at Duncan of Jordanstone College of Art in 2010. His work has received prizes including the NS Macfarlane and Linda Clark Nolan awards from the Royal Scottish Academy (2010, 2008) and has been shortlisted for Saatchi New Sensations and the Griffin Art Prize (2010, 2012). Notable exhibitions include "Terra Incognita" (solo show) at Arusha Gallery, Edinburgh (2017), "Demimonde" (group show) curated by Slate Projects, London (2015), and "The Margins" (solo show) at EB&Flow Gallery, London in 2012. Ross' work features within the University of Dundee art collection and is owned by private collectors across the UK.



*After the Future*



*Fabrication (Brown)*



*Fabrication (Purple)*

My new work engages with the language of visionary architecture—those ambitious, often unrealised structures that occupy the space between utopia and ruin. Through painting, I construct imagined forms that echo both abandoned modernist proposals and speculative models for an impossible future.

Works such as *Fabrication (Purple)*, *Fabrication (Brown)*, and *Tower (Brown)* operate like architectural maquettes: compact, autonomous structures presented for consideration. These are not blueprints for inhabitable space, but painted proposals—visual studies in the aesthetics of mass, material, and modularity. They borrow from the logic of Brutalism and paper architecture, yet remain unbuilt and unbuildable.

By combining illusionistic textures—rendered wood grain, formica, concrete—with hard-edged geometric compositions, the paintings mimic the materials of construction while denying physical presence. The resulting forms feel monumental yet weightless, rational yet psychologically charged.

I'm interested in the afterlife of architecture—how idealised forms persist, fragment, or distort over time. Through the act of painting, I reassemble these fragments into new propositions: part monument, part failure, part dream.

website: [www.rossmbrown.co.uk](http://www.rossmbrown.co.uk)

instagram: @ross\_m\_brown



Monument to Planned Obsolescence



Tower (Brown)

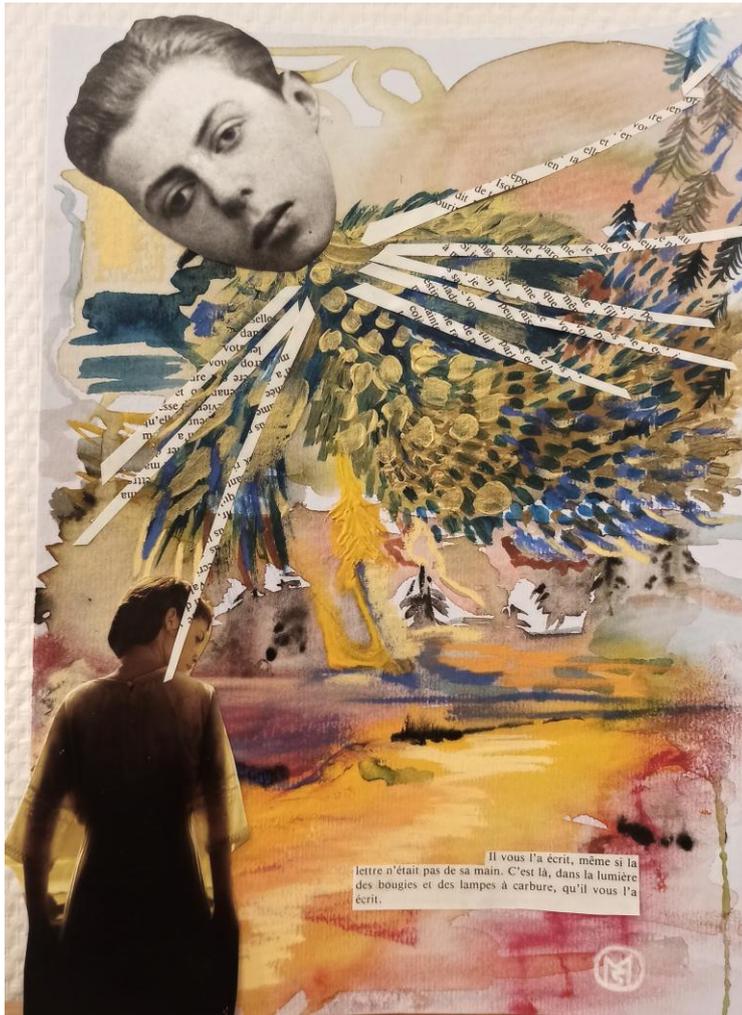
## COMMENT

### TRACY EMIN – JUST LIKE A WOMAN

Tracey Emin has said that she had a retrospective exhibition too young. She was probably referring to her first retrospective entitled *20 Years* (March 2008- June 2009). Since then she has become a national treasure and a Dame, she has survived cancer and is still making art and also still making waves to some extent. She is having her new retrospective exhibition *A Second Life*, suggesting that she is having a renewed go at life. However, It would seem that Tracey's second life is very similar to her first life. True, she is older now and she claims that her bed these days is neatly made and boring, however, apart from the obvious changes like having to wear a stoma bag because of her illness and the surgery involved, she continues to be the same open-book, tell-all type of person/artist as she was previously. She does still revel in talking and making art about herself, she is still an exhibitionist at heart.

When I reviewed *20 Years* in 2008 I noted that it was hard to ignore the impact that this unapologetic woman made on the accepted view (by many) of women as both living beings and artists. Through her art she opened the door to another, alternative view and claimed new ground for women. Here is an excerpt from my review of *20 Years* (Published in ArtWork Issue 151 – September 2008)

*"All the work in the exhibition is crucial in contributing towards what Emin has actually achieved in the last twenty years. By placing herself at the centre of her work in a "me, me, me" way she has altered the notion of what is termed in art history as "the male gaze". When she paints naked she, as the animated life model, is in control. Her bed is not the idealised bed of Manet's "Olympia" but rather the crumpled pit and resting place for a real flesh and blood woman. Emin has snatched back the male gaze from every male artist who has ever depicted a woman in a certain way and blasted it straight back at them with a vengeance." C.B.*



"I rarely conceive my paintings in advance. I allow myself to be carried by what must come into being—from colour to gesture, from gesture back to colour—watching the story as it unfolds.

For life tells us stories: stories of days, stories of nights. From our perceptions in a state of awakening to our receptivity in a state of watchfulness, the boundary becomes a shoreline.

These two collages invite us to cross it, to summon the dream and breathe it into matter—here embodied by the pages of a book, which itself tells yet another story."

**Sandrine Montagne**

*Left: Dans La Lumiere des Bougies*

*Below :Les Mots*



## FICTION

### THE OLD BANK (PART 4)

Greg took an early train to the city and now he was following the map on the screen of his phone. He came to the street he was looking for, his thoughts were confused, what will I say when I get there, how can I explain all this? He took a right turn and there in front of him was a green metal door with large letters BPS painted on it, this is it, Beyond Proven Science – this is the place. He knocked on the heavy door and waited.

“Come in,” shouted a voice from inside, it sounded friendly enough.

Greg went inside, the man sitting behind a desk to the rear was Zak Young the boss of the organisation. He looked quite young, dressed in casual clothes, wearing glasses, in fact Greg wondered why he should have felt so daunted about meeting him.

“How can I help you?” Zak motioned him to take a seat at the other side of his desk. Greg coughed a nervous cough. “I - I want to consult you about a subject that I think you will understand what is going on, strange happenings, that sort of thing. I don’t know where to start.”

Zak paid immediate attention, “How about you start at the beginning? It’s always best.”

Greg felt comfortable with Zak, he was reassured by his genuine interest so he told him about everything that had happened at the Old Bank. About how he and Nancy had attempted to break in to the building and found it impossible to make even the slightest dent in its fabric. He told Zak about the penetrating noise and intense light it gave off which seemed to make people in its path fall over. He told him about the local people suddenly disappearing only to turn up later looking the same but acting strange. Finally he told him about Nancy’s incidents with the woman who had disappeared and the twins outside the Old Bank.

When he had finished explaining all this he thought it sounded a bit silly, he looked at Zak who was not giving any reaction. Greg thought that perhaps he had wasted both of their time. Then Zak became quite animated all of a sudden.

“This sounds like an interesting case, this building you say was so strong you couldn’t break it even with a sledge hammer and a drill. Do you think even if you took a wrecking ball to it would do no damage?”

“Yes,” said Greg.

“You know there is a material called graphene that’s super strong, maybe it’s made of that? How long ago was the Old Bank built?”

“Oh, it’s been there years, I would say the 1990’s around about that time.”

“Well that puts my theory about graphene out, it was only discovered in 2014. Sounds to me like an unknown substance on planet Earth, graphene is the strongest known substance on Earth. These twins that your friend saw, did she say they were identical?”

“Yes, she was clear about that, she said it was like seeing double.”

Zak made some notes in a notebook, “I think what we have here is some kind of intrusion from outside, not earthly. We’ve come across this before. People don’t want to believe it so we keep it as quiet as possible. Do you want us to try and deal with it?”

Greg was surprised, “Oh yes, tell me what I can do.”

“Okay, this is my plan, you go back to your town and we will arrange a rendezvous with the BPS team. One of those twins is most likely a replicant engineered by AI to take on the physical appearance and have some basic introduction of their behaviour too – enough to get them by for a short time but would be detected eventually, that would account for the strange behaviour of the people who had disappeared.”

“What do they want?”

“Well, from previous cases we have learned that it’s all part of a plan of infiltration, if the replicants can take over a whole town, they can then go on from there to cities, countries and continents. Let’s not be too calm about this, they could take over the world, planet Earth would be theirs!”

“But who are they?”

Zak got up from his chair. “We don’t know that yet but we do know that we have to eradicate them whenever they appear. We hope that eventually they will give up and try another planet.”

Greg tried to take it all in, he felt dizzy, he was thinking about Nancy and how she was on her own with all that going on around her.

“Is there anything I should know, I mean how to handle them when I come close to them?”

“The only advice I can give you is to follow the rules of robotics, however, it’s an old theory and not entirely tested on these particular types, but it’s the best we can do, We just hope it works.”

Greg wrote the laws down on a piece of paper and handed it to Greg.

“There you go, good luck and see you soon”. They exchanged details and agreed to liaise by phone.

Where was Nancy? Greg had phoned her several times but no answer and no one had seen her for a couple of days. He walked towards the Old Bank, Zak and the team were on their way. He saw Nancy in the distance, his first reaction was relief, he walked towards her smiling. With a short distance between them Greg suddenly seized Nancy, pulling her arms around her back and, holding them tight, he took some handcuffs from his pocket and secured them on her wrists. This Nancy was strong and, although it felt odd manhandling someone who appeared to be his friend, Greg mustered all his strength managing to march it back to the Old Bank and instructed it to get him inside the building.

The people in there started shouting, “help”. Jenny was there, in some cases there were pairs identical in appearance. “Don’t worry,” Greg told Nancy, looking towards the door, “help is on the way.”

In the chaos the door burst open and Zak along with several other men entered. They had an array of serious looking instruments with them and briefcases containing who knows what.

“Okay Greg, let us take care of things, we can immobilise these imposters. We’ve released a substance that is toxic to them, we can deal with them once they’re out of it.”

“What about the others that are still on the loose?”

“We have ways of locating them within a wide radius, none of them will escape. Thanks Greg, you’re a hero. This must be Nancy?” Zak courteously shook Nancy’s hand. “They won’t remember anything when they wake up” said Zak motioning towards the people that had been held captive. “At the moment they are



under some kind of alien hypnosis, when they wake up they will be themselves again with no memory of what happened.”

“You look beat Nancy, let’s go outside and sit for a while”. They sat on a wall outside the Old Bank. Nancy gazed at the dead trees; they looked two-dimensional like a print. Then she looked at the sky, it looked metallic, it was streaked with red pink and yellow. “We must never tell anyone about this – EVER!” Greg nodded solemnly, they made a pact of silence there and then. “I don’t know if life will be the same again” Greg gave her a reassuring hug, “Give it time.”

Next day Nancy was passing the Old Bank, she couldn’t believe it was gone, it had been demolished. Quietly, they (whoever they were) had come in the night and it was gone. Nancy phoned Greg.

“It’s gone, the Old Bank has gone!”

“Wow,” said Greg. “That’s the end, let’s celebrate with a cup of coffee, they’re gone!”

## BOOK REVIEWS

### **The Master and Margarita by Mikhail Bulgakov**

I like to consider myself as fairly well-read. I’ve read Dostoyevski, Tolstoy, Gogol, Pushkin and Pasternak to name some of the authors who have shared the same land and some of the same culture as Mikhael Bulgakov, however, whilst a sense of reality, albeit it a Russian reality, often from long ago, pervades the more famous author’s books, *The Master and Margarita* is anything but. Instead it is like a mixture of *Hammer House of Horror* meets Salvador Dali.

Mikhael Bulgakov was born in Kiev (now Ukraine) in 1891 during an incredibly turbulent time in Russia and indeed the entire region. The previous Tsar had recently been assassinated and Russia would soon be at war with Japan. In Moscow, Chekhov’s plays were soon to be performed, including *The Seagull*, to popular acclaim. In 1921, following The First World War and The 1917 Revolution, the Bulgakovs moved to Moscow. Bulgakov was now in the city in which he would base his novel and, as he became familiar with his new home, characters and locations now began to form in his mind for his future work, which he would begin around seven years later.

To say what *The Master and Margarita* is about is not easy. Some have described it as a political satire on Stalin’s rule. Certainly, this was not what came to mind on reading it, however, living in Russia at the time did mean that any criticism of the state and Stalin had to be incredibly subtle.

The story centres around two main characters, a writer of a novel about the Roman procurator of Judea, Pontius Pilate, referred to as The Master and a bored but wealthy Muscovite called Margarita. The two main characters, however, do not appear until well into the book and the reader is left wondering at what point they will make an entrance, even suspecting that some of the other characters may at some point assume the nom de plume, ‘master.’

In the meantime, other characters appear, some strange and some very strange, such as an upright standing, speaking cat with a fondness for drinking vodka and benzene. Others beings hint at equally strange appearance but with a more sinister nature, including vampirism.

The story begins in a park, with a poet and the director of one of Moscow’s main literary journals discussing religion when they have, what seems like, a chance meeting with a mysterious stranger. They take the stranger as a foreigner but, not in their wildest thoughts, can they imagine his real identity. Very soon, as predicted by the stranger, tragedy will strike one of them down.

The next chapter goes back two thousand years to the palace of Pontius Pilate. Here, the reader may be left a little bewildered as to why they have travelled back in time and to a totally different location. All will become clear later on, but it must be said, that Bulgakov's novel does not lack surprises and shocks and the reader, is at time, left with wondering, 'what on earth will happen next?'

The chapters then alternate between Judea, two thousand years ago, and Moscow in the nineteen-twenties. Strange becomes stranger, reaching a pinnacle in a black magic show at a well-known Moscow theatre, starring the mysterious stranger from the park and a collection of acquaintances, including the speaking cat. Here is one clue about the book as a satire, as women throw off their clothes and greedily seize upon French haute couture clothing that the black magician has filled the stage with, only for the clothes to vanish an hour later when the women are out in the street; leaving them almost naked.

Much of the rest of the book is given over to the events that evening at the theatre including trying to find the black magician. Employees of the theatre also endure harrowing experiences, so much so that some decide to leave the city for good so scared are they of the black magician and his retinue. And don't be surprised that when people receive fatal injuries that they do not die; heads it seems, can be reattached.

The final part of the book has two storylines. The first is the search for the black magician by the police. Frequently they visit his apartment. The lights are on, music is playing, voices can be heard, yet once the police enter, no one is at home. A stage show at a theatre is beginning to look like real magic.

The other storyline concerns the Master and Margarita and their attendance at a ball. Flying on a broomstick, Margarita assumes the identity of the devil's queen in return for being re-united with her real, true and only love, the Master. Naked, she stands at the ball, welcoming the famous dead of history as they all pay homage to the devil. The story ends soon after but the surprises and shocks never stop coming until the last word is read.

So, my final thoughts on The Master and Margarita are these. Here is a well-written book, a piece of quality literature that is definitely in keeping with Bulgakov's more famous counterparts, however, there the comparison sort of ends. The storyline is strange and the reader is forgiven for thinking that the author must have been more than a little odd himself. Possibly, you also have to look very closely, and spend a certain amount of time, to pick up on the satirical side of things; is it saying for example that Stalin was the devil? Possibly. And is it also, being critical of the people, especially the big city dwellers who appear greedy, dishonest and out for whatever they can get with the least effort? So, it seems, here is a novel of political satire mixed in with Gothic Horror. And my final word is that I did actually enjoy it and found it difficult to put down at times. Why? Because you often have no idea what will happen next; logic flies out of the window to be replaced by black surrealism. **G.W.**

**The Master and Margarita by Mikail Bulgakov. 1928 to 1940. First published in Moscow 1966. First English Language Publication 1997. Classic Version by Penguin Books 2023. Pages – 396.**

## CROSSWORD SOLUTIONS

Across: 7. Perfume 8. Caravan 9. Lid 10. Foot 13. Tempest 14. Fender 15. Token 18. Soap 19. Enzymes 23. Agent 21. Sparkle 24. Prawn 25. Hexadecimal 26. Ink  
Down: 1. Retire 2. Aft 3. Hero 4. Scuttle 5. Ore 6. Evaded 10. Fort 11. Strop 12. Oddity 14. Fender 16. Belleek 17. Vacuum 18. Sonar 20. Nephew 22. Road 24. Palm 27. Wine

## **ALL THAT GLITTERS by ORLANDO WHITFIELD**

In a previous book I had the pleasure to read called *The Art Thief* the main protagonist Stephane Breitwieser was compelled to steal beautiful antique objects and works of art. However, his purpose was not to make money, rather his motivation was passion and the desire to own and enjoy looking at the precious items. He was not interested at all in contemporary art whereas the anti-hero of *All That Glitters* Inigo Philbrick was a dealer in contemporary art and, as becomes clear, was interested in monetary gain (whether he desired to own the art is not clear). Even so, he did have a penchant for seeking out the desirable pieces that others/collectors want to own and sell them at stellar prices (which is not unknown to happen in the art world).

The book is written by Inigo's friend Orlando Whitfield; they met at art college in London when they were both starting out. Inigo is American, his father was the director of a prodigious contemporary art gallery in Connecticut, Orlando is English, his father had a position in a high-end auction house in London. So, both had backgrounds that did not hinder them from getting ahead in the art world, their faces fitted. As friends they got along well sharing similar intellectual interests.

Walking in London, Inigo spotted something on a wall which he was sure was by the infamous street-artist Banksy. Whitfield tells the story of a couple of exploits they had involving Banksy's artwork attached to walls; this was in the early days when the Banksy phenomenon was in its infancy. Whitfield goes on to tell of their various adventures as rookie art dealers with some successes, enough to encourage them to set up a business called O&I Enterprise. As a sign of how wet behind the ears they were, a witty friend dubbed it as the Oaf & Idiot Enterprise!

Whitfield goes on to explain how Philbrick manages to get a position at the well-known and, at that time, ground-breaking contemporary art gallery *The White Cube* run by the art entrepreneur Jay Jopling. He quickly impressed Jopling with his dealing acumen and in no time climbed the success ladder due to his cockiness and ability to engender trust and confidence in customers. These customers were of the kind who were prepared (and able) to spend fantastic amounts of money on contemporary art. Quite often it would be the next big thing and Inigo's talent enabled him to discover these artistic gems. He significantly formed a close relationship with Gilbert & George the almost legendary performance art duo. They brought a kind of kudos to his reputation and the art world was impressed by his ability to persuade them to exhibit with him.

Whitfield, on the other hand, has a job that he finds dull and longs to get back into dealing. He does eventually start a gallery with another friend. None of this comes across as difficult for him as he seems to find great locations in central London at the drop of a hat. There is interesting narrative about how the rarified art business operates. Whitfield writes as if this is open to everyone not realising that people not in his social circle can achieve this level of privilege. That is what is ultimately annoying when we witness Inigo Philbrick go down the rocky road of criminality. The author Whitfield has a breakdown fuelled by drugs and alcohol. When he recovers, he exits the dealing of contemporary art world finding his vocation in paper restoration. Meanwhile, Philbrick is living an ultra-lavish lifestyle doing multi-million-pound deals, he even tries a bit of restoration himself without any knowledge or experience. As it turns out it works okay and he is able to push up the price of the piece considerably. His gung-ho attitude is grudgingly and mildly worthy of respect, he is prepared to gamble and most of the time he is rewarded.

Eventually, however, his luck runs out as he gets convicted of wire fraud. In fact, to date, this is the biggest case of its kind in the history of art fraud. It is baffling how it all worked out, it was a case of

moving large sums of money around and employing evasive tricks to buy time. For example, some large works are kept in storage as investments so the buyer never actually sees the art he has bought, it just goes straight into storage. One time Inigo filled a storage box with a blank canvas while buying time to actually buy the artwork. He had sold it but he did not yet own it. This kind of fraudulent practise finally caught up with him. He fled to the island of Vanuatu where the law located him and he was arrested. All this time Orlando was still in touch with him. Inigo emailed a load of documents to him so he could decipher the events. Inigo wanted his friend to write an account of his misdemeanours from a positive angle, that is, he hoped his friend would be able to frame it so as to view poor Inigo as an innocent who, in his naivety, made a mistake.

Whether Orlando was angry at his friend for trying to use him or whether he wanted to shield himself from association with criminal actions it is difficult to tell. But he did not comply with his friend's request. As a story that deals in many ways with the concept of friendship it is understandable why Whitfield might have felt let down. It would seem that Philbrick had used him for many years and the question of whether this was a genuine friendship remains uncertain. Inigo received a prison sentence of seven years and ordered to pay 86.7 million dollars. He is free now and it would not be surprising if he attempted to set up in business again as a contemporary art dealer. For such a dishonest character the one thing he was truthful about was that, when asked by a judge why he did it, he replied "for the money." **C.B.**

**All That Glitters by Orlando Whitfield. Published by Profile Books Limited 2025. Pages – 323.**

## SPECIAL FEATURE - MOZART'S SISTER



Maria Anna Mozart

## MOZART'S SISTER

Everyone has heard of the great composer Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart but how many of us knew that he had, possibly, an equally talented sister? Leopold and Anna Maria Mozart were in fact the parents of not one but two child prodigies. A programme, on Sky Arts, decided to look more closely at, Wolfgang's sister, Maria's Anna's life.

Maria Anna Mozart was five years older than her brother, born in Salzburg in 1751. Her father, Leopold, himself a renowned violinist, was determined that his children should be musical and, to this end, Maria Anna began playing the harpsichord at around seven years old.

When, still very young, Maria Anna around ten and Wolfgang, five years younger and an accomplished keyboard player and violinist, they began to play a series of concerts to the Austrian aristocracy, often earning in one night more than Leopold did in one month. Success at home spurred them on to tour Europe including Germany, The Netherlands, France and Great Britain, and it was in London that Wolfgang is credited with writing his first symphony. Leopold had become ill and the children were told to stay away from their father and remain silent. The two children, spent their time profitably, completing the symphony during Leopold's relatively short illness, however, only Wolfgang was accredited with the work. Here then was the first question asked by the programme makers. What part, if any, did Maria Anna play in the composition?

Certainly, Maria Anna was very talented and, considering their ages at the time, it is very probable that, at the very least, she would have helped her brother as much as possible. It is also the case that it would have been Maria Anna who transcribed the work. So why did Maria Anna not receive any credit? One reason is that she recognised in her brother a talent even greater than her own and, as a loyal loving sister, she was only too happy to give her younger brother all the credit. The reality, at the time, was also that whilst Wolfgang had great opportunities ahead of him, she, as a woman, did not. The outcome of gender norms of the time, and even much later, was that women rarely featured in any of the arts.

This was then, a story of 'what might have been.' A tale repeated time and time again where women were not allowed to occupy prominent positions in just about every aspect of life. For Maria Anna, everything stopped at the age of fifteen. Now was the time for her to turn her attention away from music and towards, what were considered at the time, skills more in keeping with those of a successful housekeeper and wife. What Maria Anna thought of this is difficult to say but even though society had plotted against her, Maria Anna was not the sort of person to give up without a fight.

Maria Anna eventually married, an older man, with five children. Fortunately, for her, the man was a wealthy Baron, and life was such that it was still possible for Maria Anna to practice on her harpsichord for three hours every day. This meant that many years later, after the deaths of her husband, Wolfgang and her father, she could once more, at the age of fifty, resume her musical career. Attitudes had changed little but now Maria Anna was wealthy and a Baroness, enough reason to allow her to no longer to be denigrated in the same way that lower class female musicians still were; often cast at a similar level to prostitutes. Maria Anna had persevered and eventually realised some of her talent, however, what could have been? Maria Anna continued performing up to her death in 1829.

Another similar example is that of Felix Mendelssohn who also had an equally talented sister called Fanny. Fanny Mendelson was born in 1805 in Hamburg, Germany. After extensive research, some of Mendelssohn's work has now been re-assigned to his sister. In fact, the very talented composer and pianist produced over 450 works including six that were previously accredited to her younger brother. Fanny, unlike Maria Anna, rarely performed, with much of her work not published in her lifetime. Despite being born more than 50 years after Maria Anna, attitudes, particularly among the middle classes, remained the

same. Fanny died at the age of just 41 years old, which makes her output of over 450 works truly remarkable.

Alas, the same evidence, that today makes Fanny Mendelssohn perhaps the best-known female composer of the early 19<sup>th</sup> century, does not seem to exist to further Maria Anna's, at least joint claim, to any of her brother's work. Part of the reason is that although Maria Anna kept all of Wolfgang's letters, he did not keep any of hers, which, if still in existence may well have contained clear evidence as to Maria Anna's contributions to her brother's compositions. It also seems the case that none of Maria Anna's own compositions exist even although she had a period in later life where she was allowed to re-enter musical society.

Another woman who may have contributed to another famous composer's work was Anna Magdalena Bach, wife of Johann Sebastian Bach. Born in Germany in 1701, Anna was a professional singer at the court of Anhalt-Cothen where her future husband held the position of director of music. The couple were married in 1721, Anna becoming Bach's second wife. The evidence for Anna's part in her husband's work, rests mainly on the fact that Anna's handwriting can be seen on several musical pieces. This claim, however, has been dismissed by many Bach scholars, with one referring to it as 'pure rubbish.' No doubt, scholars of Mozart and Mendelson would say, or have said, the same of Maria Anna Mozart and, until recently, Fanny Mendelssohn.



*Fanny Mendelssohn*



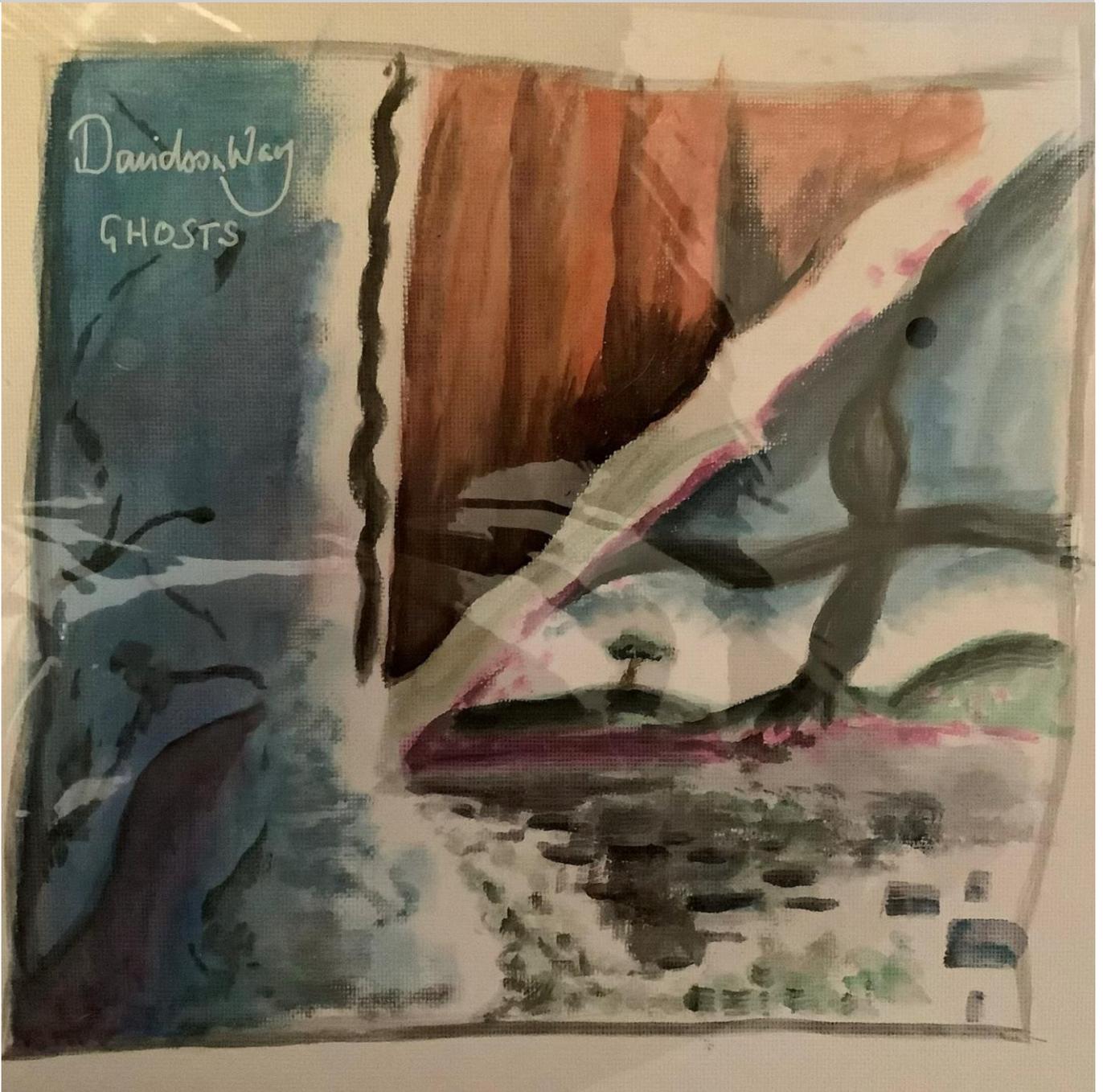
*Anna Magdalena Bach*

The reality is that all these claims refer to a time more than two hundred years ago when women played a sub-ordinate role to their male counterparts. Not even a close relationship, such as brother or husband, was enough to take away the smallest amount of credit from the famous composer. He, who society favoured above all others, had to have it all.

One person who has enjoyed a completely different experience, from the women above, is Alma Deutscher, herself a British child prodigy, still only twenty-one years old, and living in Vienna, Austria. A musician and successful composer, here was an example of what Maria Anna Mozart could have been had she lived later. Deutscher's life sums up what can be achieved without any form of discrimination between the sexes: a piano concerto at five; a short opera at seven; a violin concerto at nine; a full-length opera at ten. And the same could be said for all the arts if all gifted girls were given the same opportunities as Alma.

The reality, not only in the arts, but in all areas of education, is that women in many countries are not treated as equals to men. Whereas Maria Anna was born in the wrong time, many women are simply born in the wrong place. Alma was lucky. She was born in a place that nurtured her talent, thus allowing her to achieve her full potential. **G.W.**

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