



## 16 TRAVEL

CASH  
THE OBSERVER 23 JULY 2000

# Camera vanished on the beach? Tell us more ...

PEOPLE claiming on travel insurance policies may soon have their telephone calls bugged by a lie-detecting system.

Truster Pro, a digital voice analysis system that can pinpoint increases in anxiety and excitement during a conversation on the phone, is being sold to general insurance companies in the UK. Lee Marks, director of Spymaster, the surveillance equipment specialist promoting the system, claims Truster Pro is 98

per cent accurate. He says the system can be applied equally effectively to all forms of general insurance claim. 'Although the fact that a person has been identified as lying by Truster Pro cannot be used in a court of law, it will help insurers identify claims which warrant further investigation,' he says.

The system works by detecting small changes in the sounds made by a person's vocal chords. When a person speaks, air is pushed up from the lungs into the vocal chords, making them vibrate at a specific frequency. But when a person feels stressed, for example when he or she is lying, the amount of blood in the chords drops, making them produce a distorted sound wave.

Personal insurance fraud is estimated to have cost insurers more than £645 million last year, according to figures compiled by the Association of British Insurers (ABI). Travel insurance fraud alone

accounts for about £50m. Many people regard making a dishonest claim as a reasonable way to recoup some of the premiums they have paid over the years, not realising that the cost is passed on to all policyholders in the form of higher premiums. Marks says: 'Insurance fraud is a major issue – it's almost a national sport.'

However, although Truster Pro sells for just £4,000 – a mere snip for the average insurer, companies are wary of admitting interest. John Wagstaff, manager of crime and fraud at the ABI, says: 'There is no scientific evidence that this works, and I'm not sure how we'd use the information.'

Bill Trueman, head of fraud at Direct Line, agrees that the technology needs further testing before insurers take it up. 'I don't think we could afford to use the technology to make judgment on our customers. If it did work, though, it would be nice.'

**Jill Insley**

# Teachers urged to shut up

IT is time for teachers who say "Stop it" to stop it. And those who try to keep order with the command "Shut up" should shut up, **writes Judith Judd.**

Classroom language, it seems, does not always get the attention it deserves. Teachers who use attention-drawing demands such as "Girls!", "Sandra!" or just "3C" should expect chaos to continue, according to a booklet issued today by the Association of Teachers and Lecturers which offers guidance on discipline.

A string of commands, threats and demands is much less likely to end disruption than a firm signal that behaviour is unwanted, with a reminder of known rules. So a teacher should say "Rulers aren't for fighting with" or should warn of the consequences of bad behaviour – "Someone will get hurt if this equipment is lying there."

Chris Watkins of London University's Institute of Education, warns teachers not to make derogatory personal comments about their pupils. "Timothy, stop being childish and give Rosemary her ruler back," is counterproductive because it builds up resentments. Instead, the teacher might say: "Timothy you're quite able to get on with your work, so return Rosemary's ruler and let her do the same." He also says teachers should control their desire to react angrily to aggression by counting to 10 before responding.

*'The Independent',  
February 13, 1998*

*De volgende tekst is het begin van het eerste hoofdstuk van The End of the Affair, van Graham Greene*

## BOOK ONE

### 1

A STORY has no beginning or end: arbitrarily one chooses that moment of experience from which to look back or from which to look ahead. I say 'one chooses' with the inaccurate pride of a professional writer who – when he has been seriously noted at all – has been praised for his technical ability, but do I in fact of my own will *choose* that black wet January night on the Common, in 1946, the sight of Henry Miles slanting across the wide river of rain, or did these images choose me? It is convenient, it is correct according to the rules of my craft, to begin just there, but if I had believed then in a God, I could also have believed in a hand plucking at my elbow, a suggestion, 'Speak to him: he hasn't seen you yet.'

For why should I have spoken to him? If hate is not too large a term to use in relation to any human being, I hated Henry – I hated his wife Sarah too. And he, I suppose, came soon after the events of that evening to hate me: as he surely at times must have hated his wife and that other, in whom in those days we were lucky enough not to believe. So this is a record of hate far more than of love, and if I come to say anything in favour of Henry and Sarah I can be trusted: I am writing against the bias because it is my professional pride to prefer the near-truth, even to the expression of my near-hate.

It was strange to see Henry out on such a night: he liked his comfort and after all – or so I thought – he had Sarah. To me comfort is like the wrong memory at the wrong place or time: if one is lonely one prefers discomfort. There was too much comfort even in the bed-sitting-room I had at the wrong – the south – side of the Common, in the relics of other people's furniture. I thought I would go for a walk through the rain and have a drink at the local. The little crowded hall was full of strangers' hats and coats and I took somebody else's umbrella by accident – the man on the second floor had friends in. Then I closed the stained-glass door behind me and made my way carefully down the steps that had been blasted in 1944 and never repaired. I had reason to remember the occasion and how the stained glass, tough and ugly and Victorian, stood up to the shock as our grandfathers themselves would have done.

Directly I began to cross the Common I realized I had the wrong umbrella, for it sprang a leak and the rain ran down under my macintosh collar, and then it was I saw Henry. I could so easily avoid him; he had no umbrella and in the light of the lamp I could see his eyes were blinded with the rain. The black

leafless trees gave no protection: they stood around like broken water-pipes; and the rain dripped off his stiff dark hat and ran in streams down his black civil servant's overcoat. If I had walked straight by him, he wouldn't have seen me, and I could have made certain by stepping two feet off the pavement, but I said, 'Henry, you are almost a stranger,' and saw his eyes light up as though we were old friends.

'Bendrix,' he said with affection, and yet the world would have said *he* had the reasons for hate, not me.

'What are you up to, Henry, in the rain?' There are men whom one has an irresistible desire to tease: men whose virtues one doesn't share. He said evasively, 'Oh, I wanted a bit of air,' and during a sudden blast of wind and rain he just caught his hat in time from being whirled away towards the north side.

'How's Sarah?' I asked because it might have seemed odd if I hadn't, though nothing would have delighted me more than to have heard that she was sick, unhappy, dying. I imagined in those days that any suffering she underwent would lighten mine, and if she were dead I could be free: I would no longer imagine all the things one does imagine under my ignoble circumstances. I could even like poor silly Henry, if Sarah were dead.

He said, 'Oh, she's out for the evening somewhere,' and set that devil in my mind at work again, remembering other days when Henry must have replied just like that to other inquirers, while I alone knew where Sarah was. 'A drink?' I asked, and to my surprise he put himself in step beside me. We had never before drunk together outside his home.

'It's a long time since we've seen you, Bendrix.' For some reason I am a man known by his surname – I might never have been christened for all the use my friends make of the rather affected Maurice my literary parents gave me.

'A long time.'

'Why, it must be – more than a year.'

'June 1944,' I said.

'As long as that – well, well.' The fool, I thought, the fool to see nothing strange in a year and a half's interval. Less than five hundred yards of flat grass separated our two 'sides'. Had it never occurred to him to say to Sarah, 'How's Bendrix doing? What about asking Bendrix in?' and hadn't her replies ever seemed to him ... odd, evasive, suspicious?



If we really want to be more European,  
we should move in with mum, dad,  
auntie and grandma

**M**y brother, 35, still lives with his mum. Two years ago, when our mother moved to London, it seemed only natural that my high-earning, single brother should invite her to share his large flat. Or at least, it seemed natural to Italians, brought up with live-in loved ones and the notion of the extended family.

Not here; in this, as in so many other cultural trends, Britain remains obstinately \_\_\_\_4\_\_\_\_. A survey published this week by Social and Community Planning Research on British and European social attitudes points out how very different Britons are from other Europeans: there are more single mothers in this country than anywhere else in Europe; only a quarter of Britons regard work as important to their identity, as opposed to nearly half of Germans, Swedes and Italians (surprisingly); in comparison to the rest of the EU, very few Britons care about the environment; and they have a higher divorce rate and a higher acceptance of divorce.

If the way British families break up is different from on the Continent, so is the way they stay together. In many European countries, and in particular in the Latin (and Catholic) ones, the extended family – \_\_\_\_5\_\_\_\_ dismissed as a template worthy only of the poor immigrant community – remains a popular unit. It may be far-fetched to claim that adopting this Continental familial mould would prevent divorce or disregard for the environment, but this ancient family unit could serve as a buffer against these ills – and others.

The “family compound”, where grown-up children, grandparents, distant relatives or siblings and their new families share a living space, \_\_\_\_6\_\_\_\_ an all-for-one, one-for-all mentality that grants security in our increasingly alien and lonely landscape. Bridget Jones mumbling into her chardonnay glass; desperate single mum stuck at home because of her three-year-old child; melancholic divorcé feeling alienated from his

earlier connections: these familiar figures of the nineties would be clasped to the bosom of the large intergenerational clan, and benefit from its company and support – as indeed would granny and the maiden aunt.

If the extended family setting can turn chaotic – babies cry and grandpa barks – there is always someone to talk to, someone who will listen. The E M Forster axiom, “only connect”, is a natural consequence of membership of the sprawling family; in this arena intimate contact is unavoidable, brooding isolationism impossible, tolerance essential. Thrown together in \_\_\_\_7\_\_\_\_ setting, men, women and children are forced to learn and apply those social skills that the rest of us in our increasingly individualist existence lack – or have lost. \_\_\_\_8\_\_\_\_, what better preparation for entry into the wider community could there be than communal living of this kind? For here we inherit, and build upon, an interdependent web of relations that is a first template for the “inclusive society” this government seeks.

Taking part in the extended family banishes the angst of exclusion. It also \_\_\_\_9\_\_\_\_ our sense of identity: the duties, allegiance and responsibilities fostered by membership of a clan pin us in a particular domestic environment and ease us into a particular role as someone’s daughter, wife or grandmother. This labelling counters the sense of displacement by a nation that is redrawing the map of its \_\_\_\_10\_\_\_\_; from regionalism to city mayors, from the peerage to nascent republicanism, Britain’s new landscape threatens to loosen the ties we used to rely upon or react against.

\_\_\_\_11\_\_\_\_, too, the Continental model of extended family makes sense. At a time when job insecurity is great, youth unemployment greater and real estate prices both in terms of rent and sales still at a pre-recession high, your relatives make for great flat-mates and expense-sharers. Where the grotty flat is all you can afford individually, a pooling of family resources may allow for a decent house, or at least more space.

Acceptance of the extended family model does not mean that related adults who loathe one another should be shoe-horned into one home, despite their hatreds and feuds. It does call on us, though, to change our expectations about when the family \_\_\_\_12\_\_\_\_. Youths of 18 leaving home as a matter of course; older relatives being banished to the emotional tundra of the elderly people’s home without a second thought; and single mums being ashamed of returning to the parental fold: we should be encouraged to rethink these patterns and restore the family to a lifelong haven rather than an 18-year stopover.

*‘New Statesman’, December 4, 1998*

## Jobs for the jobless

Sir: Mike Ainscough (letter, 31 August) takes it on himself to lecture the jobless who have worked hard for qualifications. If you are in a comfortable berth, it is human nature to think that you got there by your own merits, but Mr Ainscough's apparently innocent platitudes can be unpacked in a different way by someone who has not had his good fortune.

"Abilities demonstrated as part of a sophisticated recruitment and selection process"? Studies show that interviewers make up their minds in the first minute or less as to whether to select the candidate, the rest of the time being window-dressing. And that's if you get as far as the interview, and haven't been previously weeded from the list on grounds of race, gender, age or not having gone to the right school. For "communication skills" read "willingness to talk management jargon instead of plain English". For "sensitivity to others" read "willingness to bootlick management, however dim, misguided or bullying".

I hope that your jobless correspondents will not lose hope. As long as they are still under 50, there still are employers out there prepared to give someone a chance to prove what they can do. It's just finding them that is the problem.

JENNY TILLYARD  
*Seaford, East Sussex*

# Work

## Forget IQ – it's brains that matter

'Emotional intelligence' is now rated above mere intellect, say **Michael Syrett** and **Jean Lammiman**

1 TOO CLEVER BY HALF is not a phrase used much in current management thinking, but it lurks beneath the surface of all modern organisations. One of the more interesting conclusions reached by the Japanese investigators of the recent nuclear accident at Tokaimura is that the technicians responsible for the processes at the plant let their high IQs get in the way of common sense. In their single-mindedness about cutting through inefficiencies that were blocking the plant's productivity, they lost touch with the overriding need to put safety first.

2 After more than 100 years dominated by the Aristotelian principle that intellect always triumphs over instinct, management recruiters are abandoning their worship of the high IQ and placing a new premium on emotional maturity. US psychologist Daniel Goleman recently looked at the profiles of top performers in 500 companies worldwide and found that a high IQ got the best managers only on the first rung of their chosen careers. After that, personal qualities such as an ability to empathise with others and a grasp of the big picture counted for much more than analytical skills.

3 Accompanying this discovery is an outpouring of new academic research on the workings of the brain and how this influences day-to-day management decisions. A long-term research project at Harvard University has been examining the neuro-biological basis for defensive and non-rational behaviour. The two professors representing the business school, Michael Jensen and Chris Argyris, are using the results to determine why chief

executives persist in making decisions that are bound to damage their companies. They have already concluded that the unconscious mechanisms that generate a fight or flight response in animals generate emotionally defensive behaviour in humans.

4 The all-important process to grasp is this: the signal generating fear in humans reaches the amygdala (the part of the brain at the back of the head which is responsible for our emotions) before it reaches the cortex (the front of the brain, responsible for rational thought). As a result, humans are driven into defensive and non-rational behaviour by their instincts without being aware of it.

5 If we smell danger, we throw rationality to the winds and shoot from the hip. If we can learn to temper this instinct – using methods that are often no more than sophisticated forms of counting to 10 – our capacity to make effective decisions is transformed.

6 Critically, this has little to do with our IQ. The most conventionally intelligent people are often the worst offenders when it comes to emotional immaturity.

7 The relationship between the cortex and the amygdala has become the subject of the moment for academics and the human resources profession. It formed the basis for three of the five most popular sessions at this year's Institute of Personnel and Development national conference, attended by more than 2,500 recruiters, trainers and senior managers.

8 Goleman, one of the keynote speakers, stressed that this newly sought 'emotional intelligence' is founded on two clusters of

personal attributes. The first consist of those qualities that help us become more self-aware: emotional self-control and adaptability; the second are those qualities that help us relate better to other people, including the ability to influence, provide effective service and work well in teams.

9 'Better self-awareness helps people recognise when they are about to be hijacked by their amygdala, and so become better able to short-circuit the hijack before they find themselves out of control,' he says. 'Empathy allows them to do the same for someone else – picking up the early warning signs of irritation, frustration or anxiety that mark a person as being at risk from a hijack.'

10 Danah Zohar, a physicist and philosopher turned management guru, went further. Over and above the personal attributes Goleman identifies as the hallmark of the effective modern manager, she argues that the neurons which determine our behaviour are capable of oscillating in unison, which accounts for our ability to be insightful, creative and ready to challenge existing ideas and orthodoxies. 'People with a highly developed spiritual intelligence are', she says, 'more open to diversity; have a greater tendency to ask "why" and seek fundamental answers; and have the capacity to face and use adversity.'

11 The new emphasis on examining how the dynamics of the brain shape our intellect and emotions means that good employers will in the future spend more time helping their less well adjusted professional staff break away from the acquired habits that shape their performance at work.

12 Traditional selection techniques concentrate on identifying these habits and weeding out candidates with traits the company deemed undesirable. The new approach focuses on getting people to think more clearly about the habits they have had 'forever' and the way we are all rule-bound about our lifestyles and work processes.

*'The Observer',  
November 7, 1999*



## *Upsetting the natural balance*

**M**ARK COCKER says that it is unfair to blame the British for the release of the European starling into the United States ('Starlings in the ascendancy', February 22). The only really unfair thing was his knee-jerk dumping on starlings for their successful colonisation. The parochial woodpeckers-kicked-out-of-the-cactus and eating-all-the-chicken-feed anecdotes are typical of local incidents blown up out of proportion by statist naturalists. They seem to yearn for US wildlife to revert to some unspecified Garden of Eden where all original species are eternally native.

The introduction of non-native species is insignificant compared with man's gargantuan butchery of animal habitats. Increasingly, scientific evidence strongly suggests this to be the real problem. When man does his mindless thing, native species often have a tough time adapting; indeed, some become extinct. Other species that *can* adapt – non-natives among them – move in.

Clearly, the cause of native species would be much better served if people like your correspondent worked to mitigate the impact of man.  
(Dr) Christopher Panton,  
Danville, California, USA

*'Guardian Weekly'*  
April 19, 1998



## Quiet, please

MODERN TIMES ♦ DAVID THOMPSON

"Far from being the mere absence of sound, silences express what no words or sounds possibly could." Stephen Kern, *The Culture of Time and Space, 1880-1918* (1983)

1 One of music's most interesting qualities, perhaps a transcendental quality, is its ability to suggest the intangible, to imply and articulate ideas and experiences that lie beyond the reach of language, imagery and mathematics. The prerequisite of all music is silence, and silence, too, has expressive possibilities that defy easy explanation.

2 The Viennese composer Anton Webern produced curiously miniaturised music that underlines a deliberate use of silence as more than a mere absence or zero value. Webern's one-minute movements evoke tension by implying notes not heard, as if the music had been chiselled away or shaped using a holepuncher. Silent pauses can lend dramatic performance poignancy and emotional charge, and the duration of such pauses can radically alter not only the effectiveness of the delivery, but also its dramatic significance.

3 In many social gatherings, non-verbal interludes can provoke awkwardness and, in some cases, acute anxiety. Much of the best humour relies on a precise timing of silence. Even newspaper cartoon strips use wordless or inanimate frames to evoke meaning and heighten impact. When delivering a punch line it may indeed pay to mind the gap.

4 Urban centres now offer their inhabitants or visitors endless encounters with vibrating air, welcome or otherwise. The freedom to experience heavily amplified rhythm tracks with visceral intensity in the comfort of one's home or car may be more accessible than ever before, but the cost of this freedom is often paid by others who would rather not have access to that same thump, rumble and hiss.

5 Garbled in the translation from the desert highways of North America to our own small island, the unqualified liberties of car ownership have resulted in sprawling webs of congealed traffic; a crawling visual and auditory litter, punctuated by fits of temper and deranged car-horn semaphore. Police stations have had to evolve specialised nocturnal teams in an attempt to deal with that ultimate aural blasphemy, the car alarm. For city dwellers, few evenings now pass without a shrill and piercing chorus

of tinny, battery-powered tones and electronic whining. The club-goers' late-night urge for junk food seems to have inspired McDonald's to furnish some of their garish stop-'n'-troughs with a five-kilowatt PA rig, each one presumably calibrated to the precise decibel level necessary to obliterate their customers' better judgement.

6 It's far too easy to imagine a near future in which the most luxurious treat would be a weekend spent cocooned in silence deep within some heavily insulated underground bunker, untroubled by the epidemic of monotonous thudding music and its ironic, endlessly re-triggered shrieks of "peace and harmony".

7 One of Bertrand Russell's "Unpopular Essays", published in 1950, includes the prophetic assertion: "A mentally solitary life seems pointless according to modern standards .... We are suffering not from the

decay of theological beliefs but from the loss of solitude." As the number of external stimuli vying for our attention increases, occupying ever more physical and psychological space with escalating overstatement and intensity, the freedoms of silence seem largely overlooked. The personal space and isolation required for almost any creative consideration are easily compromised and difficult to reassert.

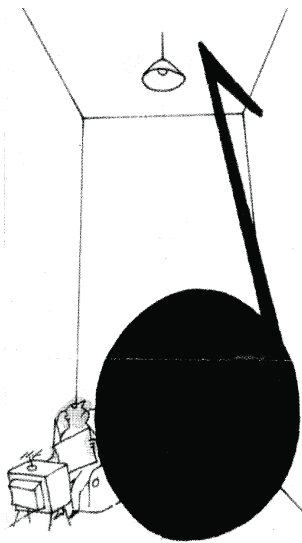
8 Introspective pauses are uncommon to western sensibilities and, more than ever, meditative moments free from interruption seem pointedly unfashionable. For anyone under the age of 30, subtracting oneself from the buzz of social activity is typically viewed as an eccentricity or sign of

alarming maladjustment. One is obliged to be at all times "up for it". This may help explain the coarsening of judgement now apparent in so many areas of our culture.

9 Brian Eno once suggested that music would continue to spread relentlessly and unchallenged into all aspects of life, becoming ubiquitous background noise. Presumed, unvalued and unnoticed, music would ultimately be "invisible" to the conscious ear. This nightmarish vision of the future invites a number of questions. Exactly what kind of irreparable sensory numbing would be necessary to render even our current pandemonium inaudible? If we are to be immersed in perpetual noise, perversely sedated by endless diversions, will anyone ask: from what are we being diverted?

*David Thompson is a musician and writer*

*'New Statesman', November 20, 1998*



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### Richard Burge

#### The chief executive of the Countryside Alliance responds to an article by Natasha Walter, who argued that urbanites have a stake in the future of rural Britain

30 August 2000

- 1 There was much good sense in Natasha Walter's piece on the rural dream ("We all have a right to a rural dream", 28 August). Unfortunately, this was marred by some bad sense, exacerbated by more than a touch of urban-centric arrogance and intolerance, which help to illuminate why the rift between city and country, which she dismisses glibly as a "political chimera", is real and serious.
- 2 Rural Britain is not a view. It is a highly evolved community where humans and animals have established a complex and sustainable *modus vivendi*. So if "city people" drawn to its charms and keen to share in them, wish to help to conserve the best of it, they must understand that there is such a thing as "rural life", with values and a culture very different from urban Britain's, which they must respect and embrace if they wish to help to ensure a viable "countryside" worthy of the name – and which everyone can then continue to enjoy.
- 3 Of course the countryside "belongs" to all of us. But it is telling that Ms Walter did not nod even once in the direction of the needs and aspirations of the millions of people who still live and work there – many enduring economic or social privation.
- 4 Our picturesque landscape is not merely an accident of nature. It has been shaped and enhanced by man over thousands of years. It is beautiful not despite but because of rural people and their crafts and customs. It is this which is so often misunderstood by urban commentators.
- 5 These are the people largely responsible for having kept rural Britain a lovely place for generations, in the face of huge destructive pressures. How are their rights and interests to be reconciled with those of urban migrants or weekend visitors? Or do these have to be subordinated to urban values and priorities?

# Emotion and Spirit

By Clare Garner

1 SINCE the days of Freud, psychoanalysts and churchmen have been pitted against one another, fighting to prove that they have the cure for the ills of the soul. But now a man who should know – a former Catholic priest turned analyst – says it is time for them to patch up their differences and form an alliance. It is the only way for them both to survive into the 21st century, he says.

2 Neville Symington, a member of the British Psychoanalytical Society and one of its leading thinkers, maintains that both religion and psychoanalysis are failing, but for opposite reasons.

3 “Psychoanalysis is largely failing to heal those with sick minds because it is devoid of those core values which have been central to all the great religious traditions,” he said. “Traditional religions fail in the world today because they apply their values in a realm which is irrelevant to the modern world.”

4 He continued: “I think we’ve come to the end of the era where revealed religion can provide the necessary guidance for people living in the contemporary world. It’s a question of formulating an emergence of a new religious value system that could marry up with psychoanalysis.” In order to do so, both had to relinquish “excess baggage”: the creeds, dogma, rituals and theories which only obscure the deeper values they are trying to express.

5 Dr Symington, 61, who emigrated to Australia 12 years ago, was in London last week as a guest speaker at the BPS. He is on a mission to stimulate a dialogue between thinkers from traditional religions and the psychotherapeutic movement. The conversation would, he admits, be “uncomfortable”. He only has to mention the word “moral” to a psychoanalyst and he is interpreted as meaning “moralistic”; “virtue” is instantly translated as “hypocrisy”.

6 In his book *Emotion and Spirit: Questioning the Claims of Psychoanalysis and Religion*, to be reprinted by Karnac Books in March, Dr Symington argues that religious faith and therapy must learn from each other. Few psychoanalysts have turned their attention to religion – Freud was an atheist – but in the past



Neville Symington:  
“religion and psychotherapy  
have a joint goal”.

18 months he has noticed a growing interest in spirituality among psychoanalytic circles. “There’s some realisation that there is something missing,” he said.

7 Freud founded a movement which replaced a puritanical perspective with “one of understanding, of empathy, the neutral stance, one of acceptance”. But in so doing, “the baby has been thrown out with the bath water”, Dr Symington said. Psychoanalysts, who regarded the individual’s own feeling as “the only index of action”, were liable to

“smother” rather than “illuminate” conscience.

8 Dr Symington’s biography mirrors a move in some sections of society away from the Church and into the arms of therapists.

9 He grew up “in the bosom of Catholicism” and was sent to Ampleforth, the Catholic boarding school in Yorkshire, where he was taught French literature by Cardinal Basil Hume. At 21, he enrolled in a seminary and then became a curate in east London.

10 But in 1968, at the age of 31, his life changed. “I realised the irrelevance of Catholic practice to people’s real lives,” he said, recalling his departure from the Church. The 2nd Vatican Council’s ruling on contraception was a deciding factor, he added.

11 He decided to train as a psychoanalyst and has practised ever since. He sees psychoanalysis as “a spirituality-in-the-world” and the field for mystical union with “the Ultimate” as being within the closest emotional bonds. Religion and psychoanalysis have a joint goal: “The conversion or transformation of actions which are destructive into actions which are constructive.”

12 Instead of prayer, psychoanalysis has interpretation, but while confession concerns “things that the penitent knows about”, psychoanalysis deals with “those things of which the patient is unaware”.

13 Much of what Dr Symington says echoes New Labour’s emphasis on personal responsibility. Tony Blair has been attempting to reinstate the values of religion into public life. It appears that Dr Symington is trying to do the same for therapy.

*‘The Independent on Sunday’,  
January 25, 1998*

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## Pop CDs

**Astrid** *Boy For You* (Nude 10CD) Once of Brit band Goya Dress, the Shetland-born Astrid launches her solo career with an album that aspires to the classic song-writing of Joni Mitchell and Carole King. She's not there yet, partly because she can't pull off the King-style vocal acrobatics she clearly aspires to. Still, with US producer Malcolm Burn onside, the album offers an above-average mix of languid ballads and abrasive pop with a strong female slant.

**Puressence** *Only Forever* (Island CID8064/524 478-2) Though they cite fellow Mancunians Stone Roses as an influence, Puressence's stratospheric guitars and yearning vocals owe more to REM and U2. In singer Paul Mudriczinki, they have a high-altitude falsetto, but the mixture of his vocal earnestness and panoramic rock works best on the comparatively simple singles, 'This Feeling' and 'It Doesn't Matter Anymore'.

**The Supernaturals** *A Tune A Day* (Food CD26) A couple of years ago, the Glaswegian band surfed the Britpop boom with a slew of quirky singles. This second album offers more of the same – romantic ditties enacted against a backdrop of domestic trivia. In the present climate of gloom-pervading British rock, it already sounds anachronistic.

**James Myerson** *The Listen Project* (Columbia 487889 2) Myerson represents the USA's bridge-head into drum'n'bass and shows an impressive appreciation of the Brit-born form. *The Listen Project* is ambient and glossy but more urgent than most of its ilk. Anyone wondering how a millennial *Tubular Bells* might sound should check the eight minutes of 'Crucial', where distorted bells ring from the ether. Classy.

NEIL SPENCER



# Film

## Current releases

The films listed below have been reviewed in recent issues of *Time Out*, and are still on their first run in the West End and local cinemas. Venues are given at the end of each review.

**Film Certificates:** **U** – suitable for all ages; **PG** – parental guidance advised; **12** – no-one under age 12 admitted; **15** – no-one under age 15 admitted; **18** – no-one under age 18 admitted.

**Angel Dust** (nc) (Sogo Ishii, 1994, Japan) Kaho Minami, Takeshi Wakamatsu, Etsushi Toyokawa. 116 mins. Subtitles.

Ishii's nightmarish psycho-thriller offers an uncanny pre-echo of 1995's Aum Shinrikyo metro gas attack, which it predates by a year. At 6pm each Monday a killer strikes on the Yamanote line of the Tokyo metro, silently injecting his female victim. An expert in abnormal criminal cases, Ms Suma (Minami), is brought in to try to enter his mind. The trail leads to a 'Psychorium' of rumoured reverse brain-washing run by her ex-lover and university colleague Dr Aki (Wakamatsu)... Disorientating, hallucinatory and mesmeric, this beautifully acted, superbly shot movie casts an idiosyncratic spell. True to Ishii's recent work, it displays an almost millennial fascination with currents of modern urban paranoia and schizophrenia. At heart it's a mystery as unsolvable as Bertolucci's 'Spider's Stratagem', but here the maze is not temporal but the dark labyrinthine byways of the disturbed modern mind. (Wally Hammond)

WE: Rep: ICA Cinema 2

**The Apple** (PG) (Samira Makhmalbaf, 1998, Iran/Fr) Massoumeh Naderi, Zahra Naderi, Ghorbanali Naderi. 86 mins. Subtitles.

Based on a true story – the participants play themselves – Samira Makhmalbaf's marvellous film tells of two innocent girls, Massoumeh and Zahra Naderi, suddenly let loose in the world after neighbours inform the authorities of their having been locked up for 12 years by their impoverished, elderly father and blind, insecure mother. The admirably simple narrative offers a touching, often comic account of their release and their various encounters with strangers on the streets of Tehran; at the same time, for all its charm, cuteness is offset by the the unsentimental portrait of family life. A witty, gentle but often surprisingly acerbic little movie that slowly but surely works its way towards a quite devastating final shot, which underlines the need for an open heart and mind. (Geoff Andrew)

WE: Metro, Renoir; Locals

**Blade** (18) (Stephen Norrington, 1998, US) Wesley Snipes, Stephen Dorff, Kris Kristofferson. 120 mins.

An ill-fated attempt to redefine cutting-edge horror, Norrington's updated take on vampire lore squanders its innovations, impressive visual effects and clever updatings on a series of disjointed set-pieces that never achieve any coherence or cumulative power. (Nigel Floyd)

WE: Warner Village West End

**Buffalo '66** (15) (Vincent Gallo, 1997,

Can/US) Gallo, Christina Ricci, Ben Gazzara, Mickey Rourke, Rosanna Arquette. 118 mins.

An eccentric, provocative comedy which laces a poignant love story with both a sombre, washed-out naturalism and surreal musical vignettes. Throwing out the standard repetitions of shot/reverse shot, director Gallo brings his unique film grammar to the screen, a beguiling *mélange* of formal tropes and apparently impetuous conceits. The film follows one Billy Brown (Gallo) out of prison and back to his hometown, Buffalo. There he kidnaps a girl, Layla (Ricci), and entreats her to play his loving wife for his parents' benefit. A brave, honest, stimulating film, 'Buffalo '66' reaches parts other movies don't even know exist. (TC)

WE: ABC Swiss Centre, Clapham PH; Rep: Lux

**Bulworth** (18) (Warren Beatty, 1998, US)

Beatty, Oliver Platt, Don Cheadle, Paul Sorvino, Halle Berry. 108 mins. **See Preview Column**

WE: Clapham PH, Curzon Soho, Greenwich, Notting Hill Coronet, Odeon Kensington, Ritzy, Screen (Baker St, Green), Tricycle Cinema, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Haymarket, Warner Village West End; Locals

**Buttoners** ('Knoflíkáři') (nc) (Petr Zelenka,

1997, Czech Republic) Jiri Kodet, Borivoj Navrátil, Rudolf Hrusínský. 100 mins. Subtitles.

Zelenka's delightfully droll feature comprises six stories: the first, set in Japan, takes place just before the bomb is dropped on Hiroshima, while the rest, set in and around Prague, are set 50 years later to the day. At first, while each tale is funny and involving in itself, it's a little difficult to discern a common theme to the various situations and characters. But gradually, as the film becomes increasingly eccentric and hilarious, Zelenka's intentions become clear. Performed, written and directed throughout with admirably deadpan understatement, the film finally adds up to a subtle, astute essay on the roles played by chance and destiny, responsibility and redemption in a modern world which prides itself on its rationality and efficiency, but which is in fact driven by absurd ambition, jealousy, guilt, obsession and lunacy. The result is consistently surprising and satisfies both intellectually and emotionally. Sly, subtle and quite exhilaratingly fresh. (GA)

WE: ICA Cinema 1

**Class Trip** ('La Classe de Neige') (Claude Miller,

1998, Fr) Clement Van Den Bergh, Lokman Nalcakan, Emmanuelle Bercot, François Roy. 96 mins. Subtitles. **See Preview**

WE: ABC Shaftesbury Ave; Rep: Ciné Lumière

**The Dream Life of Angels** (18) (Erick Zonca,

1998, Fr) Elodie Bouchez, Natacha Régnier, Grégoire Colin, Jo Prestia. 113 mins. Subtitles.

Zonca's hugely assured and impressive first feature starts out looking as if it's simply going to be a well observed, witty slice of gritty realism, a female buddy-movie about two 20-year-olds – drifter Isa (Bouchez) and seamstress Marie (Régnier) – who meet when the former turns up virtually penniless in Lille. But as it proceeds, the movie, initially light, funny, and energetic, enters darker territory. The result is an unassertive, quietly magnificent movie that grips like a vice. (GA)

WE: ABC Swiss Centre

**Elizabeth** (15) (Shekhar Kapur, 1998, GB) Cate Blanchett, Richard Attenborough, Joseph Fiennes, Chris Eccleston. 120 mins. When young, skittish Elizabeth (Blanchett), succeeds, one can well understand the misgivings of the court. Cecil (Attenborough) would have her marry a foreign prince to shore up the country's parlous state, but the new queen prefers the company of Lord Dudley (Fiennes). Elizabeth's pragmatic Protestantism makes her the target for numerous Catholic intrigues. Kapur is a bold, intuitive director with a taste for melodrama and an aversion towards the staid... hence the eclectic and electric cast. 'Elizabeth' plays fast and loose with history but creates a sweeping portrait of her early life and times. (TC)  
 WE: ABC Panton St, Curzon Minema, Odeon Mezzanine; Rep: Watermans; Locals

**Enemy of the State** (15) (Tony Scott, 1998, US) Will Smith, Gene Hackman, Jon Voight, Jason Lee, Ian Hart. 128 mins. Pronounce the end of the nation state at your peril – it could be listening. Fort Mead, Maryland is home to the National Security Agency (NSA), a workforce with 18 underground acres of computers capable of tapping two million phone calls per hour. The MacGuffin is carefully spelt out: precluding his opposition to the Telecommunications Security and Privacy Bill, a senior senator is bumped off by rogue NSA agents. Ironically caught in the act on CCTV, they track the evidence to attorney Will Smith, who rapidly finds his public identity smeared, his house and person bugged, and his life on the lam. Add Smith's innocent-with-a-lip and a host of indie fresh faces, and you have the Bruckheimer formula. Loud, lavish, seemingly efficient; over-large, over-long, over-plotted. Safe and sorry. (NB)  
 WE: ABC Tottenham Ct Rd, Greenwich, Notting Hill Coronet, Odeon (Camden Town, Kensington, Marble Arch, Swiss Cottage, West End), Ritzy, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin (Chelsea, Fulham Rd); Locals

**Everest** (David Breashears, 1997, US) Documentary presented in 2-D IMAX. 43 mins. Visually splendid vertiginous venture.  
 WE: Pepsi IMAX Theatre

**Hamam: The Turkish Bath** (nc) (Ferzan Ozpetek, 1997, It/Turk/Sp) Alessandro Gassman. Subtitles. Rome interior designer Francesco leaves his fading marriage to Marta behind when he travels to Istanbul to assess the inheritance left by his aunt, an old-fashioned Turkish bath (or 'hamam'). Lodging with the establishment's kindly retainers, he soon falls under the spell of this alien city, strikes up a relationship with their son Mehmet, and then decides to restore the place to its former glory. Writer-director Ozpetek shows genuine assurance in conveying the relaxed rhythm of life in the Turkish capital, while the camerawork and ethnic-influenced soundtrack all add to the mysterious allure of a city whose backstreets beckon with the promise of the forbidden. (TJ)  
 WE: ABC Piccadilly; Rep: Riverside; Locals

**Hilary and Jackie** (15) (Anand Tucker, 1998, GB/US) Emily Watson, Rachel Griffiths, David Morrissey. 121 mins. **See Preview**  
 WE: Barbican, Clapham PH, Chelsea, Curzon Mayfair, Curzon Soho, Greenwich, Odeon (Kensington, Swiss Cottage), Renoir, Ritzy, Screen/Hill

**The Last Days of Disco** (15) (Whit Stillman, 1998, US) Chloë Sevigny, Kate Beckinsale, Chris Eigeman, Mackenzie Astin. 112 mins. Manhattan, the early '80s. College graduates Alice (Sevigny) and Charlotte (Beckinsale) pass their days working as trainee publishing editors, and most of their nights discussing social niceties at a fashionable disco where assistant manager Des (Eigeman) courts the boss's dis-favour by admitting the wrong kind of clientele. There, the girls hang out with a bunch of admen and lawyers; rumour, rivalry and fallings-out are rife, and relationships frequently at risk... The third comedy of manners in Stillman's loose trilogy about the 'doomed bourgeois in love', it's a brittle, sporadically brilliant film, very funny but firmly rooted in social, political, historical and emotional realities. (GA)  
 WE: ABC Panton St; Rep: Lux, NFT, Riverside

**Little Voice** (15) (Mark Herman, 1998, GB) Jane Horrocks, Michael Caine, Ewan McGregor, Jim Broadbent, Brenda Blethyn. 97 mins. Even theatre-phobes know that the slim storyline of Jim Cartwright's play 'The Rise and Fall of Little Voice' concerned a shy waif who comes out of her shell only when she sings in the style of her late dad's beloved Garland, Monroe, Bassey *et al*, and that her domineering mum and a canny small-time agent try to turn her into a star. That's about it for plot, which hangs on two questions: is timid LV (Horrocks) up to showcasing her talents in public, and if so, will it destroy her or set her free? Herman's film is a polished, determinedly populist effort whose virtues and flaws are soon apparent. The former include a steady flow of verbal and visual gags, Broadbent and McGregor's supporting turns as a nightclub boss and LV's innocent soulmate, and Caine's complex *tour de force* as the sleazy impresario. On the downside, Blethyn's monstrous mum is embarrassing, Horrocks is irritatingly gormless until she transforms into a diva, and Herman derives as little mileage from most of the underwritten minor characters as he does from the tatty glamour of the Scarborough setting. Still, mostly the film delivers as a lively if finally rather cruel comic fantasy. (GA)  
 WE: ABC Tottenham Ct Rd, Barbican, Chelsea, Clapham PH, Curzon Mayfair, Greenwich, Odeon (Camden Town, Kensington, Marble Arch, Swiss Cottage, West End), Renoir, Ritzy, Screen/Baker St, Tricycle Cinema, UCI Whiteleys, Virgin Fulham Rd; Rep: Phoenix, Watermans; Locals

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# MUSIC

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## REFERENCE WORKS

**Booth, Mark W.** *American Popular Music: A Reference Guide*. Westport, Conn: Greenwood Press, 1983. ISBN: 0-313-21305-4, BPM. \$29,95.

An annotated bibliography with sections on Tin Pan Alley, dance bands, Broadway, Hollywood, and blues, ragtime, jazz, country, and folk music.

**Hitchcock, H. Wiley and Sadie Stanley, eds.** *The New Grove Dictionary of American Music*. 4 vols. London and New York: Macmillan, 1986. ISBN: 0-943818-36-2. \$495.00 (set).

The first comprehensive, scholarly encyclopedia of American music (of all kinds), with some 5,000 signed entries by almost 1,000 authors. Especially notable for articles on musical genres, composers, lists of works, and bibliographies for virtually every entry.

**Horn, David.** *The Literature of American Music in Books and Folk Music Collections: A Fully Annotated Bibliography*. Metuchen, N.J.: Scarecrow Press, 1977 (supplemental volume to be published late 1987 or early 1988). ISBN: 0-8108-0996-6. \$32.50.

Despite its British authorship, the best comprehensive (and classified) bibliography of writings about American music, with extremely detailed annotations.

**Jackson, Richard.** *United States Music: Sources of Bibliography and Collective Biography*. 2d. rev. ptg. Brooklyn, N.Y.: Institute for Studies in American Music, 1976. ISBN: 0-914678-00-0. \$5.00 (paper).

An intelligently, shrewdly, and often wittily annotated list of some 100 basic sources, many (such as the *Dictionary of American Biography* and its supplements) never before analyzed in connection with American music.

**Krummel, D. W., Jean Geil, Doris J. Dyen, and Deane L. Root, eds.** *Resources of American Music History: A Directory of Source Materials from Colonial Times to World War II*. Urbana, Ill.: University of Illinois Press, 1981. ISBN: 0-252-00828-6. \$70.00.

A monumental directory, the result of canvassing libraries, archives, and other repositories of primary source materials of all kinds, in each of the 50 states. Notable for an especially thorough and helpful index.

**Oja, Carol J., ed.** *American Music Recordings: A Discography of 20th-Century U.S. Composers*. Brooklyn, N.Y.: Institute for Studies in American Music, 1982. ISBN: 0-914678-19-1. \$60.00 (paper).

A definitive guide to recordings through June 1980 of

"classical" music by American composers of this century. (No jazz, folk, or popular music is included.) Listings include release dates, performers, and detailed label information; several helpful indexes are appended.

**Rust, Brian.** *Jazz Records, 1897-1942*. 4th. ed., rev. New Rochelle, N.Y.: Arlington House, 1978.

The standard work against which other more specialized jazz discographies must be measured.

## INTERPRETIVE WORKS

**Austin, William.** *Susanna, Jeanie, and the Old Folks at Home*. 2d ed. Urbana, Ill.: University of Illinois Press, 1987.

An unusual combination of biography (of Stephen Foster) and history/criticism, exploring the peculiar and profound hold that Foster's songs have had on the American (and international) consciousness from his time to ours.

**Berlin, Edward A.** *Ragtime: A Musical and Cultural History*. Berkeley, Cal.: University of California Press, 1980. ISBN: 0-520-03671-9. \$20.95. ISBN: 0-520-05219-6, CAL693. \$7,95 (paper).

A well-documented, comprehensive study (including the first scholarly treatment of the ragtime song tradition), rich in musical analysis and evaluation of other writings on the subject.

**Bordman, Gerald.** *American Musical Theater: A Chronicle*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1978. ISBN: 0-19-504045-7. \$17.95 (paper).

The best summary yet comprehensive survey year by year and show by show. Includes a valuable index.

**Chase, Gilbert.** *America's Music: From the Pilgrims to the Present*. 2d rev. ed. Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1981. ISBN: 0-313-22391-2, CHAM. \$45.00. 3d ed. forthcoming.

Revised and enlarged version of a seminal 1955 general history of American music that was the first to deal seriously and sympathetically with folk and popular music, jazz, and sacred and concert music.

**Collier, James Lincoln.** *The Making of Jazz: A Comprehensive History*. New York: Dell, 1978. ISBN: 0-385-28668-6, Delta. \$14.95 (paper).

A broad survey from the pre-jazz foundations of blues and ragtime through the bebop era and slightly beyond, especially strong on the social and cultural context within which the predominantly black musicians of jazz have worked.

**Epstein, Dena.** *Sinful Tunes and Spirituals: Black Folk Music to the Civil War*. Urbana, Ill.: University of Illinois Press, 1977. ISBN: 0-252-00520-1. \$22.50 (out of print). ISBN: 0-252-00875-8. \$10.95 (paper).  
A pathbreaking documentary history culminating 25 years of meticulous research on the music of slavery – secular and sacred songs and instrumental tunes – and the instruments and styles of its practice.

**Goldman, Richard Frank.** *Selected Essays and Reviews, 1948-1968*. Brooklyn, N.Y.: Institute for Studies in American Music, 1980. ISBN: 0-914678-13-2. \$10.00 (paper).

Not concerned exclusively with American music (though primarily so) but with 20th-century music in American culture over two decades, this body of criticism is acknowledged to be among the most perceptive and literate to have been produced by an American.

**Hamm, Charles.** *Yesterdays: Popular Song in America*. New York: W.W. Norton & Co., 1979. ISBN: 0-393-30062-5 (paper). No price.

A panoramic survey from Anglo-American stage songs of the colonial period to the rock and roll of yesterday, especially strong in relating the changing styles of popular song to its cultural, political, and economic contexts.

**Hitchcock, H. Wiley.** *Music in the United States: A Historical Introduction*. 3d ed. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1988. ISBN: 0-13-608407-9. \$17.00 (paper).

A compact but thorough and well-documented history with many musical examples that introduced the idea of two parallel traditions in American music, the “vernacular” and the “cultivated”.

**Lowens, Irving.** *Music and Musicians in Early America*. New York: W.W. Norton & Co., 1964. ISBN: 0-393-09743-9, NortonC. \$12.95.

A collection of journal articles on varied topics from the Bay Psalm Book (1640) to the late 18th-century singing-school masters, recognized as especially felicitous in its combination of solid scholarship and graceful writing.

**McKay, David P., and Richard Crawford.** *William Billings of Boston: Eighteenth-Century Composer*. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 1975. ISBN: 0-691-09118-8. \$37.00.

A thorough and readable study of the life and works of the first native-born professional American composer, rich in contextual commentary on musical culture in the colonial and federal eras.

**Malone, Bill C.** *Country Music U.S.A.* Rev. ed. Austin, Tex.: University of Texas Press, 1985. ISBN: 0-292-71095-X. \$24.95. ISBN: 0-292-71096-8. \$12.95 (paper).

A definitive, well-documented history of the development since about 1920 of hillbilly and country-and-western music, with due attention paid to the important role in that development played by radio and recordings.

**Rockwell, John.** *All-American Music Composition in the Late Twentieth Century*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1983. ISBN: 0-394-72246-9, Vin. \$6.95 (paper).

A leading critic's view of the latest American music, unparalleled in viewing the scene from the pop and rock arena through the concert hall to the vanguard loft, from opera house to Broadway theater, from discotheque to sound studio. Each of 20 chapters centers on a different composer.

**Rossiter, Frank.** *Charles Ives and His America*. New York: Liveright/Norton, 1975. ISBN: 0-87140-610-1. \$15.00.

A psychocultural study by a historian, not a musician (though the book includes ample informed discussion of Ives's music), that is at once a biography and a careful account of the gradual change in Ives's fortunes from total rejection to acknowledgement (by most) as a master composer.

**Salzman, Eric.** *Twentieth-Century Music: An Introduction*. 3d ed. Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1988.

A substantial account of American music.

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