

THE TIMES DIARY

Mandarins opposed White Paper ●

One Life with another book, *The Human Heart Transplant*. A detailed description of a heart transplant operation, it comes complete with 45 three-dimensional colour slides, and is said to be for students.

Re-shuffle

ARTISTIC CONTROL at the Institute for Contemporary Arts has been shifted from the shoulders of Michael Kustow, the director, to a small steering group. Kustow, who is now known as artistic controller, will concentrate on theatre and cinema; Jonathan Miller, who joined the I.C.A.'s Council (the managing body) last year, sits on the group as artistic adviser.

Three staff members make up the group: assistant director Jasia Reichardt (art and exhibitions), Julie Lawson (art and exhibitions), and Ann Lauterbach (poetry).

The group was formed, I understand, following discussions between Kustow and his colleagues who then went on to Harry Kissin, chairman of the Council, for his approval.

In a sense the new arrangement simply makes formal an existing informal set-up. Jasia Reichardt was already most closely associated with the gallery, and set up, for example, the Cybernetic Serendipity show. But it does take sole responsibility from Kustow's shoulders, and provides an opportunity to decide priorities and budget programmes. Kustow, who has built up the I.C.A.'s extraordinary new impetus, describes it as "an experiment in democratic centralism."

The artistic reshuffle follows an administrative shake-up which involved the Council itself. The I.C.A.'s ambitious expansion at its new home in the Mall led to a financial crisis, and three City businessmen were taken on to the council: Kissin, head of the Lewis Peat group, Robert Loder, a mining man, and John Tyzack, the



management consultant. The council have also appointed an administrator, David Laing, to relieve Kustow on the administrative side.

New landmark

THE nomination of the 6ft. 4in. Lord Sheffield to be chancellor of Reading University promises to provide the city with a new landmark. It is an old joke that when, as Sir Roger Makins, he was our ambassador in Washington, couples at crowded parties used to part company with the words: "Meet you at the British ambassador". His towering frame, however, was by no means the only reason why Americans insisted on describing him as "the Makins of a good party".

In light of that it is probably as well that the singularly unstuffy