Anecdotes, Extensions, and Deleted Footnotes

(Supplementary Material for *Beyond Misbehaving: Changing Universities, Pluralism, and the Evolution of a Heterodox Behavioural Economist)*

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INTROODUCTION

This document brings together most of the material that was removed from the original draft of *Beyond Misbehaving*, except for material on my family history and my lifestyle experiences that is available in other 'Supplementary Material' documents devoted to those topics. Sometimes, I have added some new text and inserted photographs. The material is organized via subheadings that include the section numbers in *Beyond Misbehaving* to which the material is related or from where it was extracted.

CHAPTER 1

Further Material on Growing Up in Stevenage (Section 1.2)

Stevenage was a wonderful venue for observing Schumpeterian processes of evolution in the context of retailing. The 'old town' had been a coaching town on the main road from London to York. Much of its high street was therefore unusually wide, allowing coaches to pull into the many inns. When work on the new town began, the old high street initially served as the main shopping area. Except for a large Woolworths variety store and a Boots health and beauty store, chain stores were absent. As the new town increasingly sprawled away to the south and east of the old town, the new suburbs were built with their own small strips of shops, but from the late 1950s a new, state-of-the-art pedestrian shopping precinct was built as the 'town centre'. This attracted much larger shops than the old town could offer, including major supermarkets and stores from clothing, furnishing and electrical appliance chains. However, from the early 1980s, the town's motorized population increasingly had alternatives to shopping at the town centre, such as larger supermarkets built on its periphery, and the emergence of 'big box'-style retailers, while, in other towns, urban redevelopment involved building climate-controlled indoor malls that in ensuing decades have come, via processes of competitive refurbishment, to have interiors that resemble marble palaces. Stevenage town centre thus ceased to be a modern marvel and evolved into a decaying monument to post-war brutalist design. Attempts at refurbishing it with new pavers and other external cosmetic changes seemed in the early 2000s to be failing to address its obsolescence. It makes a great case study if one is teaching a course on the evolution of economic systems and/or needs tutorial material for a behavioural and/or evolutionary analysis of retailing.

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Adjacent to the Taylor Instruments factory at which my mother worked in the Stevenage industrial area was the building that gave me my first example of a trade association and interfirm cooperation and which comes to mind whenever I think of Richardson's (1972) work and Hodgson's (1988) analysis of market institutions: the building had FIRA written on its side in huge letters, signifying the Furniture Industry Research Association. FIRA remains based in Stevenage, though Stevenage has no history (unlike, say, High Wycombe in Buckinghamshire) as a UK furniture-making town. It is possible that this lack of history in the industry helped to make Stevenage an attractive place to locate FIRA, since this would reduce the chances of it being viewed as being subject to undue influence by any local furniture manufacturers.

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After excelling at Aleyne's Grammar School in my first couple of years, I was offered the chance to compete for a Hertfordshire County Council scholarship to study at Harrow, Rugby, or Winchester, outside the state system (though in the confusing British terminology these elite institutions were known as 'public schools' rather than 'private schools'). The only academic concern about my chances of success if I gave it a shot was that I might not have enough Latin, as I had only started taking it in my second year. However, I declined this opportunity because of a demand-side deal-breaker: I had no desire to go to a boarding school. My parents did not put any pressure on me over this decision, and I never regretted it.

The Monaco Red Ford Anglia (Footnote to Section 1.3)

When I moved to high school, my classmate Nigel Fryatt saw me being dropped off in the Anglia and quipped that this shade of red made the Anglia look as though it was made of plastic (as indeed it did), and the 'plastic Anglia' became a running gag in our interactions: clearly, Nigel had an eye for this sort of thing, for he went on to become a motoring journalist and magazine editor. For readers who are unfamiliar with the Anglia's unusual styling, with its reverse-raked rear window, Figure 1 perovides a photograph of my father's car, which I think was taken on a family holiday in Abergeke, North Wales, around the time I turned 11.

Figure 1: The Earl Family's Ford Anglia, 1966

Although I liked visiting seaside towns, playing at the beach and walking on the clifftop paths, vacations were a cause of dread, for they were usually accompanied by me experiencing major problems with asthma. I suspect this was associated with dust mites being present in bedding. Even when I was not afflicted with asthma, I did not enjoy living in a caravan, with no plubming, and with gas lighting and terrible problems of condensation.

Self-Construct (Preamble to Section 1.5)
The discussion of the impact of my teenage hobbies on the kind of economist that I became was originally part of a section called 'The years that made me'. It began as follows:

Although I was absorbing and reflecting on memories of my parents' behaviour from the start of the 1960s, the 1960s was a decade in which I reflected very little about who I was and where I might be going. In that period, everything about me seemed to me too obvious to need reflection. I was aware that I was not particularly outgoing or confident in social terms, and my childhood asthma, my lack of physical coordination and my poor muscular development (until I was, around the age twelve, put on a course of steroids) ensured that I was hopeless at sport. The only school team that

I played in was the Alleyne's chess team, but chess never really captivated me enough for me to want to try to excel in playing it: I preferred spending my time creatively rather than within the confines of a game with well-defined rules. I had a thirst for knowledge and at school there were no academic subjects in which I struggled with concepts or performed terribly, so I could have opted to aim to study pretty much anything I wanted to study at university – and the fact that I was in the top few of the 'A' stream in a school that had a history of seeing most of its students move on to tertiary education meant that at no time did I consider that I might follow school with anything other than university.

Here, I was different from my sister, Jill. She was also academically able but only went on to take her A-Levels (rather than leaving Stevenage's coeducational, science-focused Nobel School at sixteen after taking her O-Levels), and only applied to university (rather than taking her initially preferred course in food technology at a local technical college), after a lot of pressure from our parents to keep aiming as high as she could. (In the end, Jill took an honours degree in agriculture – an area with which no one in our family had any connection – at the University of Nottingham.) As far as my parents were concerned, I was the easy one to bring up. However, when my third-year school reports at Alleyne's were not quite as good as my top-of-the-form performance of the previous year, they expressed their concerns that I was letting my hobbies get in the way of focusing on schoolwork.

Adventures in Ornithology (Extension to Section 1.5)

The classmate that introduced me to ornithology was Viv Brown. He didn't pursue it for as long as some other classmates did, in part because I reciprocated by infecting him with my other hobby, slot-car racing. Not long after taking up ornithology, I discovered that another of my classmates, Richard Weyl, was *seriously* committed to it. He lived about six miles away, near the village of Benington, and he roamed freely around the surrounding country lanes and farmland with a brilliant eye for wildlife. He also had a small home aviary in which he cared for injured birds, even succeeding in finding enough insects to feed to a fledgling house martin while it recovered after losing most of the feathers of one of its wings in an altercation with a cat. Somehow, I got my parents to agree that I could cycle out to Benington – well beyond the range of Stevenage's cycle tracks – to join him in these rambles, which I did frequently, especially during the school vacations. Little did they realize just how far our expeditions sometimes took us, such as to the gravel pits at Cheshunt, twenty miles from Stevenage, much of the journey taking us along the A10 major road. We never seemed to worry about what we might do if we got into difficulties with our bicycles, or worse, but luckily, we always made it home without drama.

With the YOC and with the Stevenage branch of the RSPB, I went on trips that gave me a taste for wild coastal birdwatching venues and, with another classmate, Mark Endean, I participated in surveying birds in an area about six miles south of Stevenage for a national bird mapping project that was being undertaken by the British Trust for Ornithology. Much of our patch was on a country estate whose manor house was home to what seemed to be a hush-hush part of Standard Telephones and Cables, but we were given written permission to walk around the estate. My participation in this was possible only because, despite their usual anxieties, my parents allowed me not merely to cycle to the area but even to do this at night in serch for owls and nightingales. Possibly my parents reasoned that if Mark's father, a police inspector, thought it safe enough for his son to be cycling on country lanes in the dark, then it was hard not to let me do this, too. It seems difficult to believe that thirteen/fourteen-year-olds in the UK today would be allowed to roam the countryside as my mates and I did back then (when there was, of course, far less traffic on the roads).

The cycling that these exploits involved helped to build me up physically. Time spent at the Weyl household also gave me my first experience in international cuisine with powerful, interesting tastes as Richard's parents sometimes fed me with Polish sausages. With biology being one of my top subjects at school, my ornithology hobby might have led me to have the kind of career that Richard Weyl pursued (for he went on to become a senior biologist in the Northern Ireland Environmental Agency). However, I realized that my eyesight simply was not good enough to be as adept at watching wildlife as Richard was, and from age fifteen onwards it became a much more peripheral interest.

Slot-Car Racing (Extension to Section 1.5)

My involvement in slot-car racing grew out of my long-standing childhood fascination with cars. By the time that, as a ten-year-old, that I was given the Scalextric set, I was already an avid reader of *Motor* and *Autocar* magazines in Stevenage Central Library, and I had been using Meccano to create, from scratch, larger-scale car chassis models with steering and rudimentary coil-spring suspension systems based on what I had read about how real cars worked. During my first year at high school, my car fuxation resulted in my giving what was, in effect, my first lecture, for I volunteered to explain to my class how a car works. I still have the large diagram that I drew for that occasion on the back of part of an unused roll of wallpaper: Figure 2 is a photograph of this diagram.

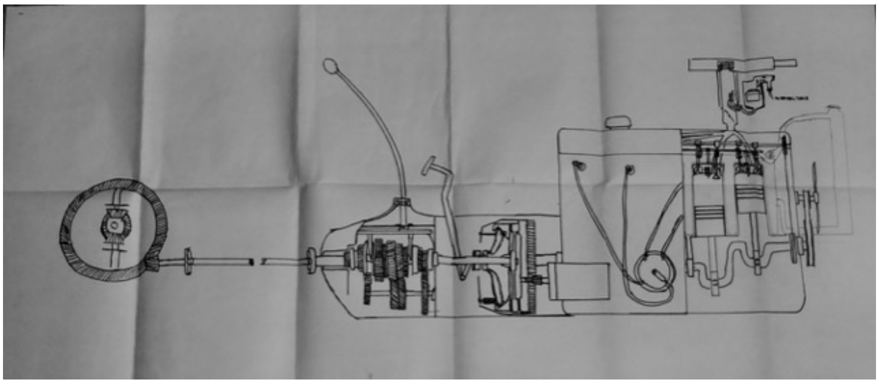

Figure 2: An Eleven-Year-Old's View of How a Car Works

By the time of that 'lecture', I had also become quite a serious collector of die-cast model cars. Like most boys of my generation, I initially treated die-cast models from brands such as Dinky Toys and Corgi purely as toys. However, by late primary school I had ceased playing with them and had instead started to view them as objects of research: I was starting to collect them and developing an eye for how well they represented their full-size counterparts. This developed into a pedantic eye for detail: I recall that around the time I became a twelve-year-old, I even wrote to Dinky Toys to point out that they had done a poor job in revamping their Ford Corsair model into the recently-introduced Ford Corsair 2000E luxury version, since they had not bothered to make a brand-new casting to deal with the fact that, unlike the variant their earlier models represented, the 2000E only came as a four-door sedan: all they had really done was add different wheels and adopt the 2000E's popular black vinyl roof/silver body colour scheme while sticking with the original two-door casting. (This pedantic eye for detail would be described by some as a 'trainspotter tendency' and I must confess that, a year earlier, I had indeed done a bit of trainspotting in the summer vacation between primary school and high school.)

At that stage, I was also experimenting with modifying some models (e.g., creating a roadster version of a Ford GT40) and was starting to read the magazines that served as market institutions in this area (*Model Cars* and *Miniature Autoworld*), and had even purchased some 1940s and early 1950s Dinky Toys by mail from one of the collectors who wrote in these magazines. However, before I was very far into my thirteenth year, I decided that I was not going to keep collecting die-cast models and that I would instead try to take my growing interest in slot cars up to the more advanced levels that I was reading about in these magazines.

For the next few years, the collection of around 140 die-cast models sat untouched in an old glass-doored bookcase that my father had bought for me to house it in my bedroom. Then, in January 1971, when we moved to the house that my parents bought, the models were carefully boxed up and consigned to its loft. They were transferred to the loft of the house in Polperro that my parents moved to in 1987 after my father retired. After my mother died in 2009, the Polperro bungalow became my sister's holiday home, and the collection remained in the loft until early 2023. At that point, my brother-in-law kindly arranged to ship it to Brisbane with other things that I had left in the UK when I moved to Australia. I could realize a good return on my childhood investment if I were prepared to take the time that would be necessary to dispose of the models via eBay, but for now, the models are on display once again, this time on shelves in my study in front of my economics books – another collection that will one day require disposal (cf. the penultimate subsection of this paper).

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A few of the very large commercial slot-car raceways that AMF manufactured were installed in the UK. A smaller AMF track operated in Cornwall as Perranporth Raceways in a converted cinema. Naturally, I visited it while holidaying nearby with my parents. In the US, the AMF tracks had a longer commercial life than in the UK – as is signalled by one of them providing the venue for a scene in Season 6, Episode 6 of the acclaimed TV drama series *The Americans*, about embedded Soviet agents living in the USA during the 1980s.

The atmosphere of a firm-based slot-car club was well captured retrospectively, in a similar Australian setting, in the 1991 movie *Spotswood* (released in the USA as *The Efficiency Expert*) in which Anthony Hopkins has the leading role as a management consultant who is sent to restructure a firm that happens to have a slot-car club. Such clubs were also to be found at air-force bases or as parts of larger 'model engineering' clubs, such as the North London Society of Model Engineers in Barnet which my friends and I were able to get to by train rather than relying on parental chauffeuring services. Club members typically raced at their home venues each week and clubs took turns to host monthly weekend events for their geographical areas.

Where clubs shared venues with other activities, these tracks were commonly built in eight-by-four feet sections to enable them to be quickly put into a storeroom. When the Kodak club closed, our team made the most of the fact that the mother of team member Alan Raine ran Bedwell Community Centre: we bought the four-lane Kodak track after raising funds via a jumble sale and set up our own club at the centre. The track in question was slightly smaller than the Pin Green one and was unusual in having a humpback bridge in the main straight. The models were fast enough that, if one kept them on full power for the preceding twenty feet, they would readily take off and keep airborne for ten feet or more, well beyond the corner at the end of the straight. One year, in the community centre's hall, we hosted ECRA's national finals, with the huge ECRA track being brought in for the occasion.

In breaks from university or college, we would sometimes get together at our club or visit the one in Hatfield (where we had first seen a demonstration of the radio-controlled models). However, we stopped investing in any new equipment, partly because it was difficult to know (in those pre-Internet days) where new and replacement parts could be found – the magazines in which mail-order suppliers advertised ceased to be around at all after initially attempting to survive falling sales by merging.

As happened with ornithology, one of my slot-car enthusiast friends went on to related activities for decades after I gave up. Even before our club activities folded, Alan Raine had started doing voluntary track marshal work at full-size motor-racing events, However, on the last occasion that I saw him, a year after our final pilgrimage to the club at Hatfield and just before I moved to Stirling, he took me to see his first full-size racing car. His skills as a graphic artist led him to spend some time in Germany working for VW and were still funding his motor racing hobby when I exchanged emails with him a quarter of a century later.

The Long-Haired Guitarist (Extension to Section 1.5)

Within weeks of getting my first guitar, I returned to school to commence my fifth-form studies, only to have an unexpected character-building experience. Over the summer break I had let my hair grow after seeing that others were doing so in ways that resulted in growing differentiation in how people looked. Having not really thought about developing my own distinctive 'look', I now started to wonder why there had previously been so much unquestioning conformity, including my own. My parents did not attempt to rein in my tentative move in this direction of self-expression (which was taking place in the summer that I had challenged them over their concerns about being viewed as 'showing off' if they were first on to the dance floor), but it proved to be a big issue at school: the headmaster issued a directive that any student whose hair was longer than collar-length would be suspended from school until they got their hair cut in line with this requirement. The ruling seemed absurd: what was the connection between hair length and the academic performance standards that were the basis of the school's reputation?

It was obvious to me that it would be unwise for me to refuse to comply and move to a different school or to the local college of further education (as one student in my year eventually did). On being sent home, I reluctantly walked to the barber's shop in Stevenage High Street and was soon back at school with both a regulation-standard haircut and a resolve to misbehave as much as possible on that front thereafter without ending up getting suspended.

By being seen to prune the length of my hair *to some degree* before it got long enough to result in anything more than a teacher reminding me of the headmaster's policy, I was able to keep flouting the rule. My classmates did likewise, though I am probably the only one who continued to take the view that one's hair length is a personal matter (unless it interferes with the capacity to do one's job safely) and I wore shoulder-length, or longer, hair even beyond retirement age. But I am also aware that there may be a good signalling reason for continuing to flout the short-hair norm, namely what is widely known as the 'competence–deviance hypothesis'. The idea here is that the more valuable you are to an organization or to your clients, the more you will find that deviant behaviour will be tolerated if you choose to engage in it. This opens the possibility that one can attempt to signal one's competence by flouting norms so long as one is not seen to experience adverse repercussions.

The issue of hair length is the first case that I can recall of an issue where I faced a choice about what I might have to sacrifice to avoid complying with an externally imposed standard that was being applied in an intolerant way, regardless of how I performed in other respects. A year or so later, the issue of hair length at my school also provided me with evidence that decision-making sometimes involves the use of a zone of acceptability: the headmaster's intolerant behaviour about hair length eventually hit the headlines when he suspended a student who had come to the school with a completely shaved head.

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By the end of 1970, I had made some headway in learning the guitar and had become intrigued by some of the electric guitar playing that I encountered on the first few LPs that I bought: it left me wondering whether what I was sometimes hearing resulted from trickery in the recording studio or instrumental virtuosity – something I had not previously imagined to be associated with anything other than classical music. But in 1970, there were no note-by-note sheet music transcriptions of performances by top players and no YouTube videos to study; the only clues came from watching the weekly late-night BBC2 TV show *Disco 2*, replaced in 1971 by *The Old Grey Whistle Test*, or by going to live performances. A classmate reported seeing an interview in which Deep Purple guitarist Richie Blackmore said that it was vital to use all four fingers of one's left hand when playing solos, and this proved vital in ensuring that I did not end up mainly playing the typical rock guitarist's three-fingered pentatonic licks. Otherwise, progress depended on developing a good musical ear and repeatedly playing portions of favourite tracks, which was a tiresome experience when playing LPs on my parents' stereogram.

CHAPTER 2

First Steps in Economics (Extension to Section 2.1)

Although I cannot recall precisely when I became aware of economics as a field of research, I know exactly when I first found out what the word 'economical' meant: I was seven years old, in my first year of junior primary school and was reading to my teacher, Miss Claxton, from page 10 of my *Ladybird Book of Motor Cars* (Carey, 1961) (which I still have in my library). When I read, in respect of the Morris Minor 1000, 'It is also very economical on petrol', she asked me if I knew what that meant. When it became clear that I did not, she explained the term to me. Getting a sense of the economy as something that was at the heart of political debate came soon after the election of Harold Wilson's Labour government in 1964, when economic policy began to get a lot of coverage on the TV news.

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It is not surprising that the books by G. C. Allen that opened the door to me for industrial economics exuded a dynamic view of British industry. His PhD at the University of Birmingham (the basis for his 1929 book *The Industrial Development of Birmingham and the Black Country 1860–1927*) had covered a period of profound industrial change. The view of industrial evolution that Allen presented made it easy for me later to take seriously the views of the firm offered by Coase (1937) and Penrose (1959) and to appreciate Marxian views on how industrial concentration could result from structural problems associated with industrial expansion. An intriguing question is whether Allen had any impact on the writing of Coase's seminal article on the nature of the firm, for between 1934 and 1935 Coase worked at the University of Liverpool, where Allen had in 1933 taken up the Brunner Chair in Economics, a position he held until moving to University College London in 1947.

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When I started looking at the economic section of Stevenage Central Library, I noticed that one of its recent acquisitions was a copy of the Collected Works edition of the first volume of Keynes's *Treatise on Money* (Keynes, 1971). Not surprisingly, I gave up reading after finding it very tough to follow. A much more engaging book at that early stage was Alchian and Allen's (1967) *University Economics*, which offered a much richer view of markets than I had found in either the textbook being used at school (Stanlake, 1967) or the one that I had bought in a local bookstore in my initial attempt to find something better (*Benham's Economics*, by Paish, 1964). What I particularly appreciated in Alchian and Allen were the accounts of how speculation was supposed to smooth out price disturbances. However, I then moved on to reading Lipsey's (1966) *Introduction to Positive Economics* after picking up a just-superseded second edition at a bargain price from a bookshop at the London School of Economics on a class trip to attend an inaugural lecture delivered by Alan Prest. In the upper-sixth, for applied material, I gleaned much from the fourth edition of Prest and Coppock (eds) (1972), a copy of which I purchased with a prize voucher for my achievements in the previous year.

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Not long after the 1972–1973 upper–sixth year commenced, John Rushton gave me my first taste of what has been one of my key sources over many years, namely, George Richardson's (1972) paper on cooperative methods of business coordination and the significance of capability differences between firms for making sense of the division of labour between firms. Richardson's paper had just been published in the September 1972 issue of the *Economic Journal*. In those days, Stevenage Central Library did not merely supplement its economics books by the reviews published by the major banks (which I read avidly), it also received copies of the *Economic Journal* after they had been circulated among the local high-school teachers of economics. After explaining that he had come across the article by this means, John went on to give some examples from it. I cannot recall for sure whether I read the paper first-hand at that stage, but I certainly did not remember who had written it; five years later, when I was reading it after seeing it referred to by Loasby (1976), I suddenly recognized it as the paper to which John Rushton had referred. It is hard to imagine material from recent *Economic Journal* articles being fed into high-school classes in this kind of way in the 2020s.

The Very Unsuccessful Durham Interview (Extension to Section 2.2)

At the time, the heart of the problem seemed to me to be that John Creedy simply did not believe that I had been doing the amount of reading on economics that I said that I had been doing. He then seemed to decide to test my economic knowledge by asking me to 'draw the diagram of the theory of the firm'. His request completely flummoxed me. I did not think of the firm as something that could be reduced to a diagram. The picture that I had picked up of the economics of the firm was multifaceted. It included elements such as the idea that firms might grow via merger activity as part of a process of industrial restructuring (as I had learnt from reading G. C. Allen's account of the industrial consolidation that produced the UK chemicals giant, ICI). I explained to him that I had never seen a diagram with such a name. He then said that what he wanted was the diagram for a perfectly competitive firm, which I duly drew despite merely viewing it as a diagram showing the theory of how a firm in a competitive market chooses its output. But I felt that, by then, the damage was done. Years later, it occurred to me that he had probably been hoping to see instant recall of thinking in the tradition of Edgeworth (on whom he became a leading authority) and Walras, whereas I was on the track that led from Marshall to Penrose and Chandler. In time, I would eventually have my own favourite diagram of how a firm addressed competitive challenges, but it would be the one offered by P. W. S. Andrews in his (1949) book *Manufacturing Business*, a diagram that came with a very different backstory from the one that John Creedy expected me to draw.

Nearly fifty years later, some months after the previous paragraph was drafted, John Creedy sent me a long, pleasant, and helpful email after enjoying a paper I had co-authored to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of Duncan Ironmonger's (1972) book *New Commodities and Consumer Behaviour* (Earl, Markey-Towler and Coutts, 2022). At the end of the email, he wrote 'To change the subject … didn't we meet once in Hobart … when you reminded me that we met even earlier … in Durham?' John's memory was spot-on, for he had visited the University of Tasmania to present a seminar at the time I worked there, shortly after he had taken up the Truby Williams Chair of Economics at the University of Melbourne. Before his seminar, I was a member of the group that took him to lunch at the staff club. On the way back to the department, I quietly told him that he had interviewed me at Durham and that despite Durham not being impressed with me I had ended up getting a double-first in Cambridge. On hearing this, he looked as though he remembered interviewing me, but we didn't have any time to talk further. Minutes later, he graciously began his presentation by acknowledging the department's invitation and adding that I had just reminded him that we had met many years earlier.

It turned out that John Creedy had indeed remembered that interview in Durham. When I replied to his email, I confirmed his memory about our previous encounters. The following morning there was a further email from him, which included the following:

> Perhaps I could add a few comments on my perspective of your Durham experience. One reason I remember it is that it was unique. My attitude was that I didn't really care how people interviewed. I felt that, in that situation, I would be very nervous and would not come over well (I never did have any interviews to get to Bristol or Oxford, and was

> terrified during my first-ever interview, for an ESRC grant). So, I always thought it was fairest just to recommend a 'standard offer' - if they got the grades, that was sufficient and one shouldn't really ask for more. During your interview, you certainly did not seem nervous at all, but even though I took my usual approach (no 'trick questions' ... basic things to get going ...), we could not somehow get 'on the same wavelength'. Then when the college telephoned (and they always took interviews much more seriously), it was immediately clear that they wanted to reject (Creedy, email to Earl, 2 September 2022).

If Durham's standard offer to economics students was pitched at the right level to achieve a balance between available places and candidates who would go on to meet the required set of grades and wanted to study at Durham, Creedy's empathy-based heuristic for viewing interviews seems perfectly reasonable as well as fair.

The Cambridge Entrance Process (Extension to Section 2.2)

The entrance system for economics that I experience no longer exists, and this is fortunate for applicants from state schools that lack the resources to prepare Oxbridge applicants for what were, in effect, a step up from S-Level examinations. Those who apply in the 2020s to read for the Economics Tripos still have to take a pre-interview examination in early November. However, instead of multiple three-hour essay-based papers, they have to take a one-hour paper of multiple-choice questions in mathematics, and another that involves an open-ended discussion and reasoning task that may be built around critical reflection on a supplied written piece such as an article from *The Economist*, as in the 2020 examination. Half a century ago, however, one had to elect to take papers in two subject areas, and I elected to take them in economics and history, with two, three-hour essay-based examinations for each. There was also the need to acquire a certificate of proficiency in the use of English, something that some of my high-achieving classmates who were taking mathematics and physics found more challenging than the entrance papers in their fields of expertise.

After reflecting on this, I have concluded that the modern examination process for entering economics at Cambridge is probably no less effective for learning about the capabilities of applicants while having the advantage of enabling competition for admission by those whose schools lack the resources of non-state schools or of a long-established state school such as the one that I attended. However, the kind of examination now set signals the changed role of mathematics in Cambridge economics. Back in the 1970s, one could be admitted without taking a mathematics examination, and without taking A-Level Mathematics, with the chance of being admitted to Part II of the Economics Tripos so long as one passed a mathematics examination that one studied for and took as an additional activity during Part I. If I failed that examination, I would still be able to stick to my plan to take land economy in my second and third years of study.

My Partial 'Gap Year' Between Alleyne's nmd Cambridge (Extension to Section 2.2)

I knew that wildly adventurous things might be done when 'taking a year out' (as what is now called a 'gap year' seemed to be called back then). One of our sixth-form general studies classes had involved a presentation by one of the former pupils that the new deputy headmaster had taught at Manchester Grammar School. Before going up to Oxford, this presenter had managed to spend his time travelling in Laos, a very dangerous thing to do while the Viet Nam war was in progress just across the border. I could not imagine doing anything as character-building as that, but I also could not imagine spending eight months working in a factory. Instead, I managed to find a temporary teaching position at Stevenage's Barclay School, adjacent to Alleyne's.

It probably helped that, because Barclay was transitioning to 'comprehensive' status, there were only a handful of sixth-form students there, so I would not have seemed quite so young as I was. It was surprisingly exhausting work and, with most of my friends already away at university, I spent the evenings and weekends extending my skills as a guitarist. What I was able to save from my pay was enough to upgrade my musical equipment to a Gibson SG Special electric guitar and a 30-watt Marshall combo amplifier, both of which would get much more use in Cambridge than I imagined.

During the summer of 1974, my view of the world became larger and much clearer. This was due to my short-sightedness having become bad enough to enable me to have contact lenses fitted via the National Health Service, for a mere £9. Wearing contact lenses instead of thick-lensed spectacles seemed to slow the progression of my myopia as well as greatly improving how well I could see. My improved vision soon proved to be vital for dealing with distant blackboards in large lecture theatres.

CHAPTER 3

The Austin Robinson Building (Extension to Section 3.1)

The custodian of the Austin Robinson Building was Len Warren. He was then approaching retirement but had a mass of long red hair. He did not retire without giving a lecture of his own. His one-off lunchtime lecture was well presented and drew a sizeable audience. It was hard to tell whether it was a complete spoof or whether Len was a seriously deluded amateur historian, for his contention was that the Norman invasion of Britain in 1066 actually took place at his home village of Reach, not far from Cambridge, rather than at Hastings! His argument hinged on the types of boats used by the Normans having a design that would have made them impossible to beach at Hastings, with fenland Reach being the closest place to London at which the Norman boats could have landed.

Knowledge of Rivals from Other Colleges (Extension to the 'Assessment' Material in Section 3.2)

I assumed that, as an undergraduate, I had been anonymous beyond Queens', but I later discovered that this was not the case. In 1988, at a short conference of Post Keynesian economists at the University of New South Wales, I happened to meet one of my Cambridge contemporaries, Melanie Beresford, whom I recognized as having been at Newnham College but with whom I had never conversed and whose name I did not previously know. She immediately recognized me and explained that she knew who I was as I had been pointed out as one of the Queens' high achievers. Melanie was a high achiever, too, in the Cambridge Tripos, and she also did her PhD in Cambridge, though I never saw her while doing mine. She went on to become an associate professor of economics at Macquarie University in Sydney. I was sad to discover during research for *Beyond Misbehaving* that she died suddenly in 2013.

Kahn, Marris, and the Lady Mitchell Hall Lecture Theatre (Extension to the 'Lectures' Material in Section 3.2)

It was via one of the weekly 'circus' series that I got the chance to hear a lecture by Richard Kahn (1905–1989). Given his role in the development of Keynes's *General Theory*, it was exciting in prospect. But it proved to be very disappointing.

Kahn's lecture took place in the large Lady Mitchell Hall lecture theatre, the main venue for lectures on compulsory papers. This venue has a stage large enough to accommodate a well-equipped rock band; indeed, it was there that I was thrilled to see Allan Holdsworth play his saxophone-like guitar style with Soft Machine, and Gary Moore performing with Colosseum II. There were quite a few metres between the lectern at the front and the wall of blackboards at the back. Since this was before radio microphones came into use, the lecturer had to use a microphone that had a very long cable to ensure that both the lectern and anywhere on the blackboards could be reached. This set-up was a chronic source of problems, even though no one tripped over the cable. Some of the older lecturers (Joan Robinson most notably) seemed nearly to throttle themselves when trying to sling the microphone strap over their heads so that the microphone would hang in front of them. But most lecturers would run into feedback problems with the PA system, especially as they approached the blackboards. It was only an exasperated Robin Marris whom we heard muttering, amid the feedback howl, 'Fuck this thing!', but no doubt his sentiments were widely held.

The PA system resulted in Kahn's lecture being memorable only because it provided a painful lesson about how hard of hearing he had become. Even without him moving from the lectern, the PA howled with feedback. Each time this happened, he seemed to be completely oblivious of it until he eventually looked up from his notes and saw his distressed audience with their hands over their ears. I saw Kahn only on two other occasions: one was shortly after the ill-fated lecture, when his hearing problems wrecked a live television interview on the BBC current affairs programme *Nationwide*; the other was one afternoon when I was returning to my room and spotted him and Joan Robinson in the cloisters near my staircase in Cripps Court – they were taking a walk together and had been looking at the new Queens' dining hall.

Supervision Absence (Extension to 'Supervisions' Material in Section 3.2)
I missed just one supervision, but that was simply a case of forgetting due to being engrossed in what I was reading in the Marshall Library. When I realized what had happened, I felt terribly embarrassed and posted a note of apology under the supervisor's door. On another occasion, I was asked to deliver an unusual apology on behalf of my Part II supervision partner, Steve Kidd: he asked me to take a Varsity Games poster to a supervision in lieu of the essay that he had not delivered, and to convey his apologies for not being there due to being tied up in organizing the water polo event.

A Memorable Revision Supervision (Originally the Conclusion to Section 3.7)
In the weeks immediately prior to the examinations, I tried to increase the amount of practice my supervisees had by running long revision sessions in which several dozen examination questions were dissected. These sessions were very popular and, I think, productive. One of them is especially memorable. Two hours into this supervision, noise from the college lawnmowers was making it very difficult for us all to concentrate or hear each other. It was decided that we might fare better if we relocated

to a punt and headed away from the colleges towards the peace of Grantchester. A little to my surprise, concentration on the questions proved very good despite the potential distractions of being on the Cam on a gloriously sunny May afternoon. Unfortunately, disaster struck when we were well on our way to Grantchester while the punt was being propelled by Roland Clarke, a very bright student who influence my own thinking in the next couple of years. Roland was paying so much attention to the question then being considered that he was caught by an unexpected change of depth in the river. The pole went down much further than before, taking him off the back of the punt and into the river. When he surfaced, it was minus his spectacles. (Fortunately, he had a spare pair back in Churchill College.) It seemed to be time to declare the revision session finished and head back to Queens'.

CHAPTER 4

No supplementary material for chapter 4 of *Beyond Misbehaving* is included here, but the set of supplementary resources includes multiple unpublished documents and papers referred to in the chapter

CHAPTER 5

Incidents in the Car Park (Extension to the end of Section 5.1)
Like that seminar room, my second office was a warmer, south-facing room. Low afternoon sun would have made it a difficult environment for students, as my desk was close to the window, making me blindingly backlit. The office looked over the main carpark and one morning I happened to look out of the window as a large furniture truck was reversing in the carpark. As I watched, its rear collided with a nearly new Vauxhall Cavalier parked in the end bay of one of the blocks of spaces. (I still remember the car vividly, as it was the only two-door saloon version of the first front-wheel-drive Cavalier that I ever saw.) The impact of the truck was hard enough to shunt the car's rear slightly sideways, but the driver of the truck then simply drove a little way forward, realigned, and reversed to the access path at the end of the carpark. I went down and had a look at the Cavalier, which had sustained major damage to its offside rear panel. I noted the details of the truck's registration and company name before returning to my office. After dropping off its load, the truck simply drove away, so I wrote a note about the incident and left it under one of the

Cavalier's windscreen wipers. The owner of the car later thanked me, for without the note he would not have been able to trace the culprit.

Some months earlier, my own Vauxhall Cavalier (an earlier coupé model that Peter Bird labelled 'The Spivmobile') had also been the subject of an incident in the carpark, though not in broad daylight: while I was watching the movie *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid* at the campus's Macrobert Arts Centre, someone stole one of the Cavalier's front wheels (naturally, the one with a brand-new tyre). When I reported the incident to the night security staff, the only note of surprise was that it was just one wheel that had been taken. This was a sign that times were getting tough under Margaret Thatcher.

CHAPTER 6

Changing Communication Technologies (Extension to Section 6.1)

There is a sad reason why I remember that email technology arrived in the UTAS Department of Economics within a few weeks of my departure: the very first international email that I received at Lincoln University in New Zealand brought shocking news. It came from Michael Brooks, informing me that my former Tasmanian next-door neighbour, Rupert Allardice had been killed in a car crash while driving home from a rugby match in northern Tasmania. An oncoming car had veered on to the wrong side of the road. It was ironic that Rupert's life had been cut short in this way, for he had recently exchanged his career in the police service for one in Hobart's branch of the Australian Tax Office because he felt police work was getting too dangerous. He had also been a skilled driver: I remember him one afternoon using the end of our cul-de-sac as a venue for showing his rugby mates how to do handbrake turns. Rupert had been a great neighbour. In early 1988, when a bushfire was raging near our suburb, Sharon and I arrived home to find that Rupert had taken the precaution of blocking our gutter downpipes and filling the gutters with water, thereby reducing the risk of flying embers getting into the roof cavity.

Marketing Chair Interview at Griffith University (Extension to Section 6.6)

Griffith's marketing academics surprised me by seeming to be rather unfamiliar with the conflict-of-interest and goodwill issues on which U focused in presenting the paper that Lamberton later published as Earl (1991). But it was clear that I had surprised them by my failure to prune my long hair for the occasion, for the issue was raised when Sharon and I went to dinner with some of them the night before the interview. They seemed mainly interested in the marketing of wine and looked academically very lightweight compared with those who wrote the kinds of articles I read in the top-ranked marketing journals. Of course, I did not get the job, but the visit to Griffith provided an opportunity also to attend an interesting workshop on 'de-marketing' and its applications to public sector management. What I learned at the workshop inspired section 9.9 of Earl (2022).

CHAPTER 7

Dressing for Work at Lincoln (Extension to Section 7.1)

Given that the question of my sartorial standards had been mentioned at the start of the interview of my job at Lincoln, I decided to demonstrate that I did not merely put at jacket and tie on for job interviews. At Lincoln I therefore dressed more formally on a regular basis than I had done in my previous jobs. However, although I could now comfortably afford to equip myself with business suits, I did not do so as the only ones that I could find were made of wool. Hence although I no longer misbehaved by wearing beach shorts on hot days in the way that I had done in Tasmania (and when visiting John Hey), I was unable to misbehave in a land famous for its sheep by wearing suits made from vegan fabric and instead often felt somewhat uncomfortable wearing clothing that dated from before I realized that vegan principles should apply to what I wore not merely to avoiding leather but also wool.

There was one occasion on which I caused surprise by conforming to traditional Lincoln expectations. The land on which Lincoln's campus is situated is very flat indeed. It therefore does not drain very well in the event of persistent rain. After I had been there for a year or so, there was a week of rain bad enough for me to decide to take gumboots to work so that I could walk to lectures and meetings without getting my shoes soaked. This did not go unnoticed, with the departmental secretaries telling me that I was 'really getting into Lincoln now!' However, I never needed to use the old iron mud-scrapers at the entrance to Lincoln University Library. A modern, earthquake-proof library had been built behind the century-old façade of the original Lincoln College building, and the mud-scrapers presumably were there for the use of those who had just returned to the main campus from one of the campus farms.

The Sabbatical Visits of John Pheby and Clive Spash (Originally at the End of Section 7.1)

John Phebv and Clive Spash borrowed a car while visiting Lincoln and went on a road trip around the South Island. On their return, they reported that, one night, they had entered a bar in Gore, a Southland town (which, coincidentally, is adjacent to a smaller town called Clinton) only to realize their distinctive looks had immediately produced a 'strangers just rode into town' effect: conversations stopped and the sound of dualling banjos had seemed a distinct possibility.

During his visit, John Pheby served as a guest lecturer to the first-year macroeconomics class, with whom he was a great hit. His awareness of New Zealand's reputation as a country where sheep sometimes outnumbered humans twenty-fold probably contributed to how he dealt with a call to his lecture theatre's phone. On picking up the handset, he realized it was a prank call from some of the students. He replied by saying, 'Lincoln bestiality counselling service. How can I help you?' Classroom merriment ensued, but the story does not end there. John's next lecture was interrupted by a sheep that some students had shepherded to one of the doors of the lecture theatre, which they then opened a little to allow it to enter. John noticed that the sheep had a note attached and read it to the class. It said, 'I'm Lucky the Lamb. When you've had your wicked way with me, can you please return me to my paddock at ….?' My lectures were never eventful in such ways. Indeed, for reasons explained in Section 7.2, I was in no sense an instant hit with the Lincoln students.

Further Background on 'Consumer Goals as Journeys into the Unknown (Earl, 1998) (Extension to Section 7.4)

This paper was written in late 1995, after my then-partner Sharon had gone to Paraguay to adopt a four-year-old boy and had run into major issues in getting a visa to bring him back to New Zealand. She had embarked on this venture a few weeks after we had attended *Into the Woods* at Christchurch Town Hall, and only a few days after a documentary had screened on NZTV about dubious inter-country adoption practices in South America (which was followed, soon after her departure, by a disturbingly titled *Guardian Weekly* article on 'Paraguay's booming market for babies', by Rocha, 1995). In the circumstances, it seemed fitting to begin this paper by referring to the musical, and then proceed to explore why bold ventures are prone to go awry. At that stage, I had no idea that Sharan's Kafkaesque journey 'into the woods' would last about eight months and that she would only be able to bring Daniel into New Zealand after I had managed to get our local MP to lobby the Minister for Immigration to issue a suitable visa.

One might have expected that this adoption saga would be enough to deter any thoughts of a further adoption, but a year or so after Sharon returned with Daniel, I discovered (via an interview that she gave to *Ne*

Zealand Women's Weekly about her experience as an inter-country adopter) that she was hoping to adopt a girl before long. Sure enough, while I was attending the professorial interview at the University of Newcastle in Australia that is mentioned in section 7.7 of *Beyond Misbehaving*, Sharon flew to Mexico to do precisely what she had signalled. This time, the adoption process went pretty much as she had planned, and she was only away for three weeks. Even so, the domestic turmoil was somewhat diverting while I was starting my work on editing the Shackle memorial volume (Earl and Frowen, eds, 2000) whose story is told in section 7.6 of *Beyond Misbehaving*. It is unlikely that either of the two inter-country adoptions would have been possible if we had been living in Australia; hence, with her adoptions completed, Sharon was free to implement her next plan, namely moving permanently to Brisbane, regardless of whether I would do likewise.

CHAPTER 8

Teaching Styles and Teaching Evaluations (Extension to Section 8.2)

I am sure that the transformations that my successors made to the teaching of MBA business economics and undergraduate behavioural economics at UQ resulted in greater customer satisfaction as measured by scores for subject and teacher evaluations. These evaluation questionnaires were usually filled out by less than half my students and could change significantly from year to year even where I had made only marginal changes to my subjects. One morning in 2018, the SOE's acting head came to my office to let me know (in the nicest possible way) that the Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Academic) had placed me on her 'watch list' of poor teachers. This was a combined consequence of my latest scores and the fact that the Deputy Vice-Chancellor (Academic) had raised the bar for satisfactory performance from 3.5/5 to 3.8/5. In the case of Behavioural and Evolutionary Economics, the subject and teacher evaluations had fallen from 4.1/5 and 4.4/5, respectively, in 2017 to 3.53/5 and 3.81/5 in 2018.

My further improvements to that subject were matched the following year by the subject returning to an acceptable score of 4.0/5 (n = 25/142). This might have been because I had replaced the traditional final examination with a restricted choice of three essays, each of around 1000–1200 words and submitted electronically, in order to sidestep the problem of worsening handwriting. This problem seemed partly a consequence of students word-processing their written assignments and doing little note-taking in class. It had become so challenging that, for the previous few years, I had only been able to concentrate on the content of what the students wrote in their final examinations by enlisting my partner Annabelle to decipher the handwriting while reading each paper aloud to me. As a retired primary school teacher, she did this brilliantly, but I wanted to relieve her of this labour of love.

However, on scrapping the final examination, I still expected students to show me what they could do by way of 'flying solo' at the end of the subject. Some in the class were unwilling to accept this. Comments that I made in one of the final lectures about the unreasonable expectations that some students had in terms of the spoon-feeding they were 'entitled' to receive for the final assessment task were viewed as outrageous in one evaluation respondent's written comments. Thus, although the subject rating improved, the evaluations demonstrated that the overall rating for the quality of my teaching had become even worse, with an unacceptable score of 3.7/5 (n = 20/142). Perhaps the poor rating for how 'approachable' I was, despite my policy of having an open-door wherever possible, as well as timetabled office hours, likewise reflected the fact that I had (a) emphasized that I would neither read any draft assignments nor say if they were 'on the right track' and (b) instructed the tutors to do likewise.

Conference Trips, Recreation Leave, and Aged Parents (Extension to Section 8.5)

When I visited my parents in September 2003 at the start of my short trip to the conference celebrating the centenary of the Cambridge Economics Tripos, my father's health had started to decline. I then made non-conference visits in July 2004 and February 2005, noticing his failing hearing, memory, and mobility and the reluctance of both my parents to visit their local doctor. The 2004 trip also enabled me to visit my sister, who was recovering from surgery for breast cancer, and whom my parents had not visited. When I arrived in Cornwall in the 2005 trip, I had insisted on getting a taxi from Liskeard station to my parents' home in Polperro. I had intended to use a taxi to get back to Liskeard on my departure, to catch my train to London, but my parents offered to take me to the station. I decided to accept their offer, as it provided an opportunity to see whether my father was still fit to drive. The journey was terrifying, as he frequently wandered across the centre line in the narrow Cornish roads, and woefully timed gearchanges, some with the engine racing as if on full throttle, provided a lesson in the extent to which those who do not use a car's tachometer to judge when to change gear rely instead on what they hear.

It was fortunate that I had then arranged to go to the UK to attend the 2005 AHE conference: on the morning of my departure, my sister rang to tell me that my father had been taken to Derriford Hospital in Plymouth. I was thereby able to ferry my mother between Polperro and the hospital in the days between my arrival in the UK and the start of the conference. My father was clearly very sick. Although the hospital doctors were unable to say why they were needing to drain fluid from his lungs, I had some suspicions about the cause, based on his long, pre-retirement history as a smoker and the cough he had developed by the time of my February 2005 visit. After attending the AHE conference at City University, where Tim Wakeley and I presented two papers, I made my way back to Cornwall and to ferrying my mother to the hospital. Within a few days, I was arranging my father's funeral, for my unspoken conjecture that he was suffering from lung cancer had been correct. My mother's reactions to what had happened did not bode well for how she was going to cope on her own for the first time in her life.

The trip for the 2006 AHE conference was likewise combined with recreation leave. It revealed that now it was my mother who was losing her memory, but the extent of her decline thereafter was far worse than Annabelle and I feared from what we saw that year. When we arrived in Polperro in July 2008 to see my mother for a while prior to going to Cambridge for the AHE conference at Anglia Ruskin University, my mother was out on her afternoon walk. I found her exactly where I thought she might be, but she did not recognize me at first when I approached her. Given how difficult she had made it for us to stay with her in 2006, we stayed at a nearby pub on the 2008 trip, and each day we visited her she seemed to think that I was with a new girlfriend. But we also visited local nursing homes and had a meeting with social welfare service staff in Liskeard, who said that, since my mother refused to take a mental capacity test, they would have to wait until a critical incident occurred before they could require her to take such a test. It was a matter of when, not if, such an incident would occur.

In November 2008, my mother delivered a suitably dramatic incident, which was reported on the BBC South-West news. Having forgotten how to reset the various clocks in her house, she ended up going out far too late on one of her daily afternoon walks. Her neighbours always kept watch to see whether she had returned, and when she failed to do so, they called the emergency services. Given that her walk took her along a high, undulating path through dense vegetation on cliffs owned by the National Trust, it was possible that she have fallen and ended up in the sea. Nearby lifeboats were scrambled, and a marine surveillance aircraft with infra-red night vision was put on standby at RNAS Culdrose. However, she was found by a search and rescue helicopter in vegetation, not far from the path. After being taken to hospital in Plymouth, she was found to have no serious injuries but comprehensively failed the capacity test. She was admitted to a nursing home close to where my sister lived in Hampshire and thereafter went on what was in effect a hunger strike. By January 2009, she had been taken to Guildford hospital and Annabelle and I were back in the UK to visit her. While we were there, the hospital doctors somehow managed to succeed in restarting my mother's kidneys despite her repeatedly disconnecting her drip. A couple of weeks after we flew back to Brisbane, she was released back to the care home but, by late February, her hunger strike had resulted in her finally fading away.

There are far worse ways of going if one has added 'living' to a long list of things that one 'doesn't like'. In my mother's case, her list of no-go areas had got very long indeed by that stage. Thereafter, I no longer needed to go to conferences in the UK as a means towards facilitating visits to my parents.

The foregoing is intended to give a sense of the obligation-driven behaviour that academics may end up engaging in due to moving a very long way from their loved ones. This kind of scenario was not on my mind at all in 1984 when I left the UK without any clear sense of whether I would be living Down Under in the long term. Those who are concerned about their environmental footprints are likely to have a difficult time if they make such moves, for they may then be torn between feeling guilty about not visiting their loved ones frequently enough, versus feeling guilty about each trip having emissions impacts like those from a year of motoring and wondering about whether they really should be claiming all the travel expenses that conference attendance permits them to claim.

CHAPTER 9

Your Personal Research Library (Extension to Section 9.13)

At some point it will be necessary to address the question of when to dispose of your personal research library. It is a question that can be delegated to the executor of your estate, but there are good reasons for disposing of one's library while still alive, possibly even when you are still an active researcher

- You probably have a much better idea than your executors would have about who would be interested in books from your collection.
- Allowing the books to become available to others is a collegial act that may help to facilitate further research in areas that have been important to you; indeed, such research may even enhance your own legacy

insofar as it results in reference being made to your contributions that relate to the books that you make available to others.

- Disposing of books that you are unlikely to use again will make it cheaper for you to relocate and make it easier to downsize to a smaller residence.
- If you donate your books to early-career researchers and/or libraries with relatively poor collections (for example, in underdeveloped countries (if you are prepared to shoulder the costs of transporting them there), you also contribute toward research equity.
- If you have assembled a substantial personal library that an institution is keen to receive as a charitable donation (as in the case considered from a librarian's point of view in Clark, 2014), it might even be possible, if you are still a taxpayer, to claim the value of the collection as a deduction against income tax. If so, the tax saving mighty be much greater than if you delay until after retirement, and it may amount to more than the collection would have fetched if it had been sold to specialist book-traders.

Of course, a small portion of the collection might be retained for use in research that you plan to do, but there comes a point when it makes little sense to keep the bulk of a large collection on a 'just in case' basis that entails ongoing costs in storage space. Moreover, those whose vision fades may be more productive if they dispose even of frequently used volumes and others earmarked for future use that can be replaced by electronic versions whose print sizes can be magnified and which can be viewed more clearly after inverting the text colour. Where electronic versions are not available, it may even make sense to make personal copies by scanning one's hard copies before disposing of them. In short, as economists, we should view our research books as tools, keep only those that we cannot do without, and be prepared to repurchase the few whose disposal proves to be a mistake; we should not be sentimental about them.

For Potential Writers of Academic Memoir or Intellectual Autobiographies (Originally the Concluding Section of Chapter 9)

As a pluralist, I encourage others to write memoir volumes of their own and not necessarily to follow the format of this book as they do so. I found the task of writing the present book very fulfilling and instructive. It was an enjoyable task but at least as challenging as any other book that I have written, especially when it came to organizing the material in a way that flowed effectively.

Writing a memoir requires a very good memory, so it is a task best embarked upon early in retirement rather than deferred until one's twilight years. However, even if one is fortunate enough to have such a memory, it is still wise to use external evidence for corroboration. Anyone who entertains thoughts of writing a memoir will be wise to:

- Keep a journal that records, at least briefly, when important or potentially significant events occurred.
- Write the date of purchase inside the cover of each book when you add it to your personal library.
- Ensure that photographs taken during conference or job interview trips are organized by date.
- Avoid disposing of any memorabilia, lecture and research notes, correspondence with other academics, journals and publishers: you will not know what you can afford to dispose of until after the memoir is complete. Hard-copy documents may, of course, be scanned and then disposed of, but digital records must be backed up and be kept in file formats and stored on devices that will not become obsolete before you get to write the memoir. Potentially significant emails should be exported as pdf documents. Care should be taken in naming document files and folders, for sloppiness in this respect may waste a lot of time.
- Compare your own recollections with those of others involved in events that you recount, especially others who may have evidence to corroborate your recollections.

It is also important to be mindful of the implications that accepting an exit package that contains a 'non disparagement' agreement could have for the kind of memoir that it will be possible to write. For example, suppose you think you have enough material to demonstrate that some of your colleagues were mostly autistic, unscientific, self-serving, lazy and ethically challenged, and you hope to present them in this way in your memoir. This is something you will be unlikely to be able to do without violating a non-disparagement clause, even if you do not plan to refer to particular individuals by their names, and even if it might be in the public interest for their behaviour to be brought to light. Anyone who writes a memoir after signing such an agreement would be wise to seek confirmation from relevant parties (such as the current head of department or faculty dean of the institution in question) to confirm that the draft memoir does indeed not contain disparaging content regarding the institution or any of its officers.

Finally, there is the issue of how to publish the memoir. If, like the present book, it is written as a collegial contribution, it would be counterproductive to seek to have it published by an organization that sets its prices primarily with a view to maximizing profits by selling a small print run to academic libraries. Nor is it wise to have it published by an organization whose electronic book platform is not conducive to an enjoyable reading experience. But it may also be unwise simply to post it on one's personal website and hope that it will get discovered via the use of search engines and social networking. From a marketing standpoint, self-publication via Kindle at a near-giveaway price may be a better option, especially if the title is chosen mindful of how Amazon's search engine works. However, unless the memoir is endorsed by academics who are respected by the target audience, self-publication might be viewed as signalling that the book is a vanity project that is not of high enough quality or not sufficiently interesting to a commercial publisher and hence is possibly not even worth looking at despite its low price.

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