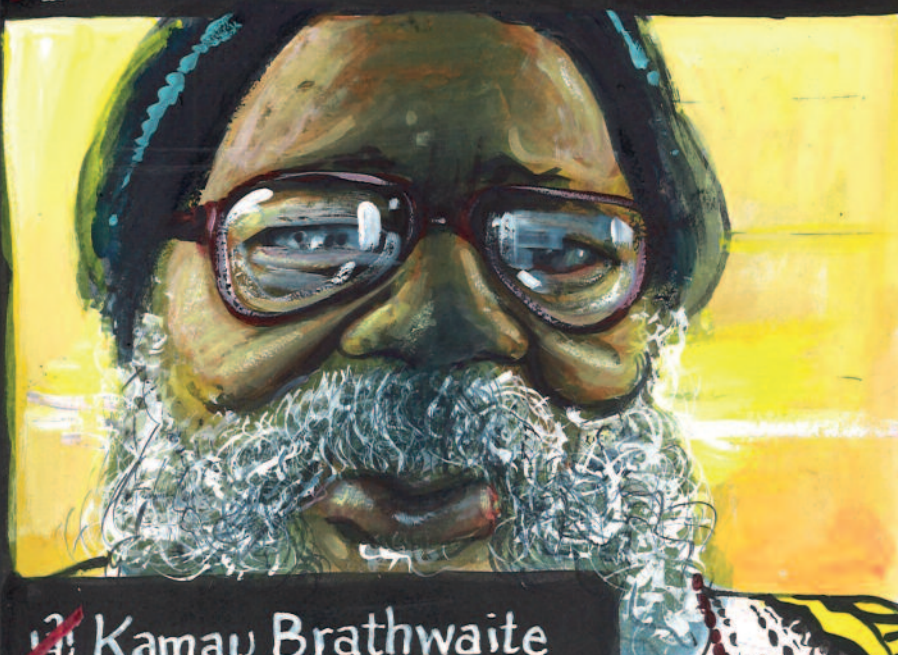
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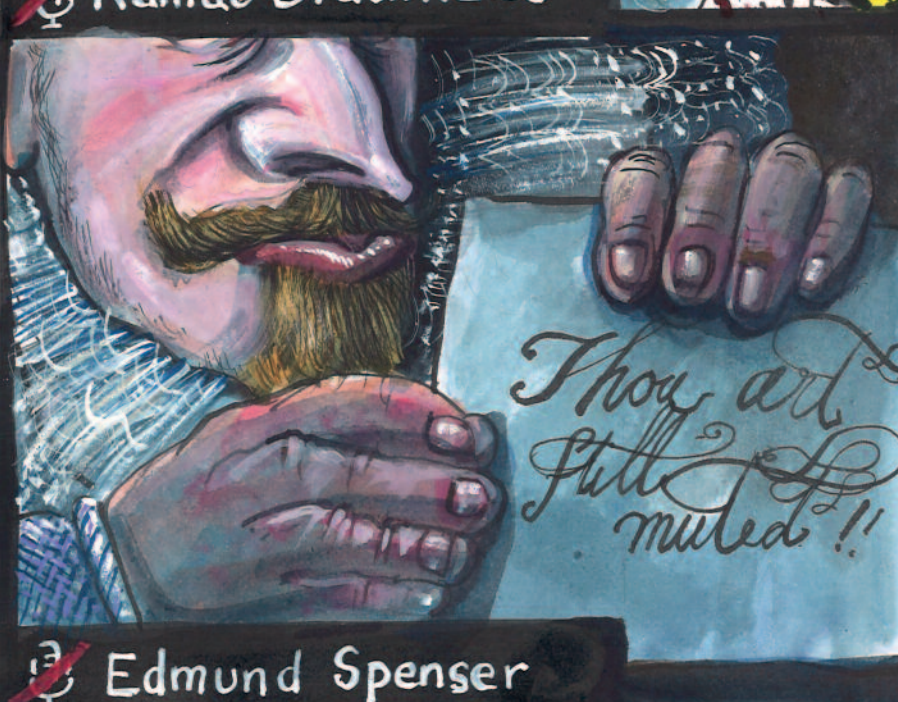
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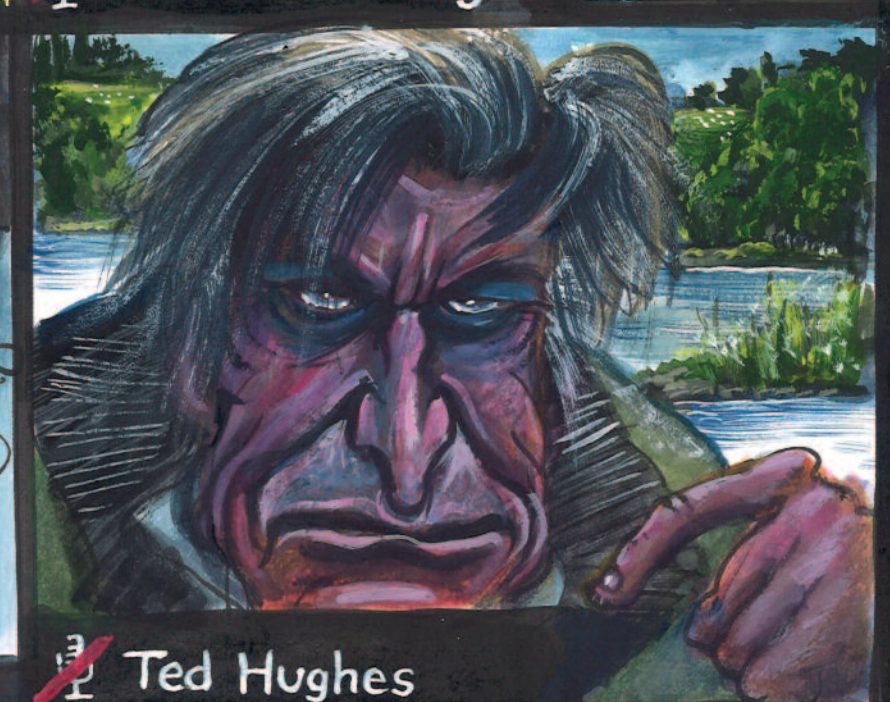
 Kamau Brathwaite




 Pitt The Younger



 Edmund Spenser



 Ted Hughes

# Martlet

Newsletter of Pembroke College Cambridge  
Issue 25 Spring 2021

...  
More



End Meeting





# Difficult Times

The Master, Lord Smith of Finsbury

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It has certainly been a strange year. Easter Term 2020 took place through the first big national lockdown, and most of our students had to head for home, study from there, sit their exams from there, and – most cruelly of all – forego the traditional excitement of end-of-term celebrations, May Week, bumps, parties, dinners, May Balls, and graduation ceremonies. For our graduating students this wasn't the climactic finale to their student days that they had all been anticipating, and we are determined to try and make it up to them by inviting them all back for a proper celebration – we hope – later this year.

Michaelmas followed on in slightly better circumstances. We were able to welcome all of our students here, and although we weren't able to do any closely-packed communal events, we were able to put on quite a lot of 'normal' College life. We did have to divide everyone up into households, based on staircases and shared kitchens; we insisted on masks in enclosed communal spaces; we put up five wooden 'gazebos' to enable outdoor meetings and supervisions to take place; we had to abandon formal halls and provide all food through a takeaway service from the Servery; and through a wonderful University initiative we carried out asymptomatic Covid testing for students every week. The testing was a game-changer. By the end of term (and indeed through the spring too) we were recording no positive cases at all.

Through the whole of Michaelmas we were able to use the United Reformed Church (URC) building on the Mill Lane site, which we now own, to host events. This included some Matriculation Events for our incoming students, and regular Evensong celebrations, and even a basketball court. (Having the URC available to us has been a life-saving thing.) Sport was able to happen, including football on the Sports Ground and rowing on the river. Music could be made, and the Choir could practise. Despite the takeaway provision of food, our Catering Team rose to the challenge of the times and provided 'formal hall in a box' on occasional special evenings, and hot chocolate every week, and pop-up gin and tonics in the open air from time to time. To mark the end of term we had a fireworks display on the Bowling Green Lawn and the Choir sang carols round the courtyards.

Then the second and third lockdowns came in, and I'm afraid we were back to a rather miserable Lent Term. We had around a third of our students physically here in Cambridge (those who were unable to work from or travel to their home), but everyone else had to study from home. All lectures and supervisions and Tutors' meetings were being held online. And for those who were actually here, there was no sport or music or drama or communal dining or meeting possible. There was a lot happening online, of course, even an internet 'Smoker' organised by Pembroke Players. But it wasn't quite the same. Our students are naturally adventurous, curious, enquiring, gregarious souls. Lockdown makes the engagement with adventure infinitely more difficult.

As we prepare now (at the time of writing) for Easter Term, with the national lockdown easing, and Spring arriving, and vaccination proceeding apace, we are determined to make the May and June experience better for everyone. Our students will be here in College. Exams will still have to take place largely online, and as a result there may well be a longer exam period than we normally have. But we are hoping that a lot of sporting, musical, and discursive activity can happen, and quite a lot of end-of-term celebration. Sadly, there can't be a May Ball this year. Next year's will of course have to be the very best there has ever been.



I'm pleased to report that despite all this trauma and difficulty two things have continued with very little interruption. The first is our Mill Lane development, the transformational capital project that will provide the very best facilities and opportunities for future generations of students. We had originally been hoping to begin work on site in the autumn, and COVID has meant that this slipped a little. But only a little. We have now accepted the tender for the building work, entered into a contract, and work is actually starting on 1st June. It's a thrilling moment.

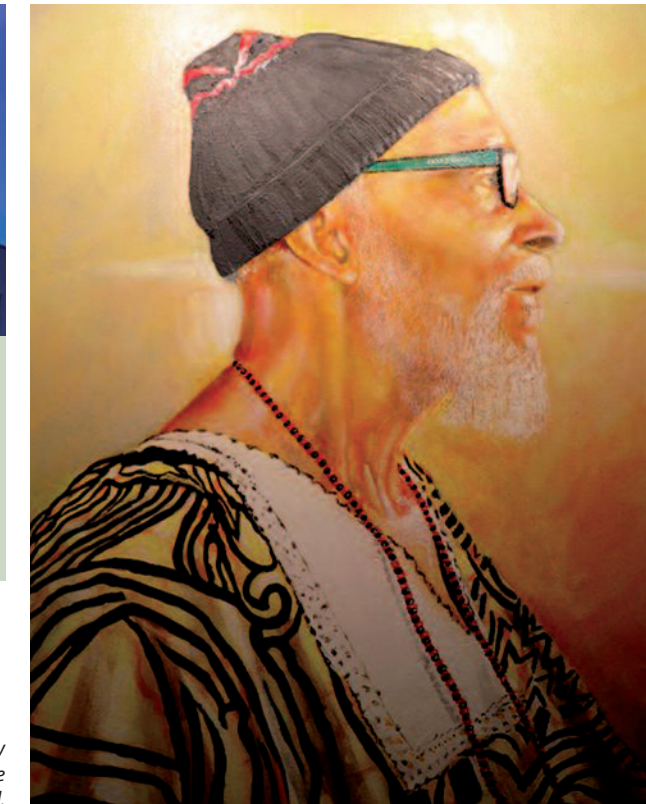
The other initiative that has been able to continue has been the placing of some rather wonderful sculptures through the grounds of the College. I mentioned last year both the Henry Moore sculpture that sits proudly in front of Foundress Court, and the John Farnham 'Crescent Figure', gifted by an alumnus, that looks perfect at the corner of the Library Lawn. We have now been able to add two further pieces: first, Austin Wright's 'Crown of Thorns', gifted by the same alumnus, now fixed to the rear wall of Foundress Court, facing Tennis Court Road. It's as if the space on the wall was made for it. And second, a Nigel Hall sculpture, 'Natural Pearl', loaned by the artist; it has been sited in Ivy Court, and its swooping contemporary curves are beautifully set against the rectangular seventeenth-century buildings that surround it. These sculptures do splendidly enhance the College space.

Pembroke has been surviving through these difficult times. Our students have shown remarkable resilience. Our staff and Fellows have been terrific. Our Senior Tutor, Dan Tucker, has done us especially proud. And we are forever grateful to all of you, our friends and our alumni, for your continued support and commitment. Thank you.



Ato Quayson is Jean G. and Morris M. Doyle Professor of Interdisciplinary Studies and Professor of English at Stanford University. After having completed his PhD in Pembroke in 1994 he was a Fellow in English Literature in the College from 1995 to 2005.

Portrait of Kamau Brathwaite by  
Errol Lloyd commissioned by the  
College to hang in the Hall.



## I

I started my doctoral studies at Pembroke in 1991, some forty-one years after Kamau Brathwaite came up to study at Pembroke in 1950. I couldn't help feeling a special affinity towards him, almost like I had discovered an uncle who had trod the same path before me. And even though I got to meet him only once in his lifetime, the warm feeling of knowing him kept growing in me, especially as I also came to discover his poetry and the magic that he had as an extraordinary wordsmith.

Brathwaite coined the term 'nation language' in the early 1980s to refer to the distinctive writing from the Caribbean and the wider African diaspora. This was to contest the idea that such writers wrote in 'dialect', an idea that he felt was denigrating to their own contributions to the world's poetic traditions. More importantly, Brathwaite argued that the imported traditions of English poetry into the Caribbean come to stifle local creativity and blocked the ways in which Caribbean writers might reflect upon their own natural environments. As he memorably put it: 'The hurricane does not roar in pentameters'.

It would be no exaggeration to say that Brathwaite took nation language much further than most others. This is because he had a special sensitivity to language not as it is spoken, but to its very variable sonic materiality. And so things that other people take for granted, such as the morphological features of language (read/read/red) and its varying orthography were of particular interest to him. Throughout his career he insisted that poetry has to be read out aloud and that this form of reading was the only way to re-enchant language. There are many examples to draw from to illustrate this principle, but the poem of his that I frequently return to is 'Angel/Engine', from *The Arrivants*, first published in 1973. The opening of the poem sets out a Caribbean domestic scene from the perspective of an unnamed woman who is harrowed by

memories of being 'jumped by her copperskin cousin' who smelled of 'rum and saltfish' and 'who gave her two children, when, so she say, her back was turned to the man, when she wasn't lookin'. The children grow up and go down the hill to the local school. But then 'one two three wutless men' come and impose pregnancies upon her; one takes and the other is 'foetus dead', leaving her sitting with her hand in her lap and 'rockin sheself in a chair by de window' as if she herself 'cud be dead'.

The next two movements of the poem follow her to a revival church that meets on Tuesday nights in the carpenter's shop, and it is here that she surrenders to what appears to be a liminal conjuncture of ecstatic religious possession and what appears suspiciously like a nervous breakdown. While what is going on with her is elusive in the extreme, the images that are used to depict her experience lend credence to the idea of an uncanny admixture. The most important feature appears in these lines repeated as a refrain at different points: 'praaaze be to/sh', 'praaaze be to/gg'. The point on all the abbreviated "praaaze be to" is that she cannot say either praise be to God or praise be to Shango, the god of lightening that was carried with Yoruba slaves into the New World and is now considered the tutelary deity of storms, trains, and progress. The fact that the woman is betwixt and between these shows the emotional difficulties of choosing between different religious traditions, both of which have had something to contribute in the fraught shaping of Caribbean identity. And between the refrains of abbreviated praises are many images of crawling ants, spiders, and the mythological tonton macou or bogeyman of the Caribbean mythological tradition. The poem is best read out aloud for maximum sonic effect.

## II

In the summer of 2004 I took, with his mother Valentina Napolitano, my then three-year-old son whom we had named after the elder Kamau to go and see Brathwaite in New York. He generously agreed to say a benediction over the child and intoned a prayer over him. The prayer was simple but very poignant. Among other things, he asked that the little Kamau 'work for your nation and your people' and that even though he would not understand what a word like 'nation' meant right then, that when he discovered it he must work hard for it. The little chap, completely oblivious to the momentous event he was participating in, just kept toying with the venerable elder's beard.

This picture has been hanging above his bed since then and I hope that he will see Kamau Brathwaite as one of his own illustrious ancestors. I certainly do.



Kamau Brathwaite with Kamau Quayson, 25th March 2004.



# A Poet’s Artist

Mark Wormald, Fellow in English, on Pembroke’s acquisition of Barrie Cooke’s archive

In May 2012 I spent twenty-four magical hours with the British-born Irish expressionist artist Barrie Cooke at his house and studio in County Sligo. I’d encountered his name in the fishing diaries Ted Hughes kept for the last twenty years of his life, and I already sensed from those diaries, especially of their trips together in pursuit of Irish pike, salmon and trout – often with Ted’s son Nicholas, occasionally with Barrie’s youngest daughter Aoine – how deep their friendship was. That May meeting confirmed all this, but browsing Barrie’s library I learned something new. The shelf below the one filled with every one of Ted’s books, personally inscribed to my host, was filled with every one of Seamus Heaney’s books, again personally inscribed. If his friendship with the Hugheses turned on fish and fishing, his long and close friendship with the Nobel Laureate depended, as Barrie told me, on ‘mud’.



Barrie Cooke, 'Pike Fishing II', depicting Ted fishing with his son, Nicholas Hughes. Reproduced with permission of the Estate of Barrie Cooke.

On his death in 2014, Cooke’s *Irish Times* obituary hailed him as ‘an artist’s artist.’ Though his work features in the permanent collections of major European, British, and American museums, that epithet can be mistaken, by those who are not artists, for faint praise. And though his portrait of Ted Hughes is in the National Portrait Gallery’s collection, Cooke is not much known, yet, in Great Britain. But the extraordinary archive of letters, poems, and artwork which Pembroke has just acquired from Cooke’s daughters reveals that he was a poets’ artist too. Back in 2012, he took me to W. B. Yeats’s grave at Drumcliff, and promptly poked his stick at the epitaph: ‘Cast a cold eye/ On life, on death’. He made me squat in the darkness of the megalithic passage tombs at Carrowkeel because Ted and Nick had spent an hour in that stone womb on their visit in 1992; Ted told Seamus that in that hour he had found complete happiness. Ireland, Ted told his Pembroke friend Terence McCaughey, represented ‘inner space’, a rare freedom from literary fame, and personal notoriety.

The archive’s letters and poems, two-thirds of a correspondence that spanned most of the three men’s

careers, reveal what they each found in, and took from, that space. Cooke cast a wry and often rapturous eye on his friends’ writing, producing some 150 charcoal drawings, monotypes, watercolours, and lithographs of Hughes and Heaney’s poetry over a span of thirty-five years. Some are indeed of ‘mud’: a remarkable limited illustrated edition of Heaney’s *Bog Poems*, published by Hughes’s sister Olwyn’s Rainbow Press in 1975, contained eight. Cooke painted forty-five. Heaney’s version of a medieval Irish epic *Sweeney Astray* appeared in an American limited edition in 1984, again with eight small monochrome illustrations. Cooke produced forty-five, some wild, some delicate, some richly coloured. Heaney’s letter in delighted praise of them is itself delightful; he wrote, elsewhere, of the distinctively Cookeish combination of *la boue* and *beauté*, ‘the muddy opulence of his palate’, and of Cooke himself as Ireland’s Green Man, a Sweeney for our time.

As for Hughes, Cooke illustrated the poetry volume *Crow*, and, in 1982, he made ‘The Great Irish Pike’, a suite of lithographs looming straight out of those Irish fishing trips with Nicholas, who also features in a sketch-book full of images of the fish that haunted them all. (You can find a recent ‘webinar’ on *Crow* on the Pembroke YouTube channel.) Carol Hughes’s generous gift to the College of a complete set of those lithographs in 2012 remains at the heart of our collection. To see Barrie’s images and read Ted’s poem now, glancing up from another of the archive’s treasures, a sketch-book of images of pike he couldn’t lay his hands on in 2012, and then to another subject of the sketches, a hitherto unknown picture of Hughes *père et fils* bringing a pike to net in their boat, is to understand how art can open outwards, and inwards, from such close friendships.

There’s another extraordinary dimension to this process. Cooke’s full-blooded immersion in the wild and wet in Ireland’s natural and cultural history was infectious, inspiring Heaney, Hughes, and others to send him poems (some never seen) and letters that are among their most expressive and transcendent. The painter’s guest book, also in the archive, reveals him as convener of his own circle: a backwoods Brotherhood, a gathered cast of poets and artists to rival Bloomsbury, but with more fish. A record of great creative friendships across media and borders, the archive doesn’t just crown Pembroke’s already unique collection. It will change our understanding of the relationship between all these artists, and the shared creative passions that bound them.

It will also change Pembroke and the College Library, which is the archive and collection’s new home. The Friends of the National Libraries, the V&A Purchase Grant Fund, the Art Fund and The National Heritage Memorial Fund, and private foundations, from Old Possum’s Practical Trust to the Duke of Devonshire’s Charitable Trust, joined dozens of Pembroke’s members and friends in generously supporting this cause. One reason they did so is that they recognize this as nationally and internationally important. Another is that we will share these treasures with visiting researchers – we expect the archive to open to them by early 2022 – and, via a series of events and temporary exhibitions in our new Trumpington Street gallery from 2022, make them available to the public. These exhibitions will travel to Ireland and beyond, enabling these wonders to be shared more widely still. Writing this now, working from home in this strangely muted, naturally noisy spring, I can’t wait.



Robert Porter lives in London and is a former solicitor, where he was the Head of the Charities Group for Harbottle & Lewis LLP, the prominent West End media law firm. His favourite Piobaireachd is the ‘Lament for MacSwan of Roaig’. He is married with two teenage children.

# Pembroke, the Piping Hub

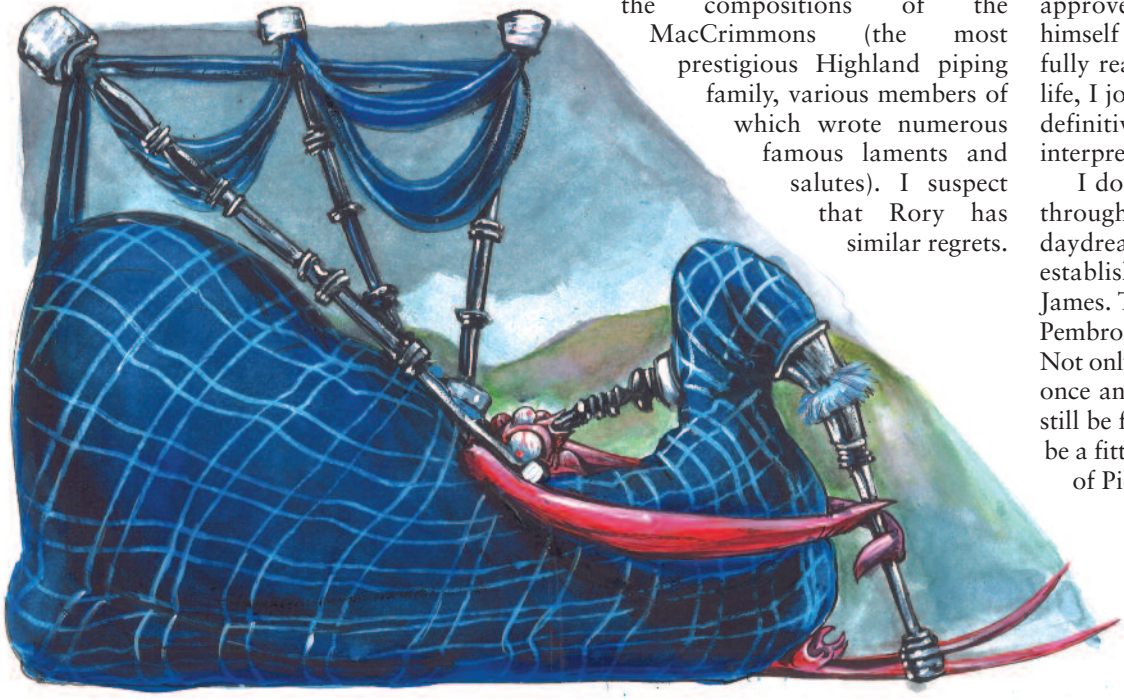
Robert Porter (1984)

You wouldn’t expect a Cambridge College in the middle of the Fens to be a hub of Highland piping; but in the mid-1980s that’s exactly what Pembroke was. When I went up to Pembroke in 1984 I had been the Pipe Major at Campbell College, Belfast, so I tucked my pipes under my arm and vaguely wondered where I would be able to practise.

On my first day I bumped into Rory MacLeod (1984), now the Minister of Strath and Sleat on Skye, who to my astonishment I discovered was also a piper and had been Pipe Major at Fettes. We quickly formed an unholy alliance and cut a swathe at freshers’ parties with our piping prowess.

I read law, and in my first week I encountered James Campbell who was my Roman Law supervisor. Famed for his use of plastic farm animals to demonstrate the edicts of Gaius and Justinian, internationally James was best known as the son of Archibald Campbell who had written the famous *Kilberry Book of Ceol Mor*, a definitive written record of Piobaireachd (the classical music of the bagpipes most colloquially known to Sassenachs as ‘*laments*’). James knew all the 118 lengthy tunes in the *Kilberry Book* by heart, and he was internationally recognised as a fine interpreter of them and a Piobaireachd judge, even judging the Silver Chanter Competition on many occasions, a pinnacle of achievement in Piobaireachd circles.

One of my great regrets in life is that I only took two lessons off James the whole time I was at Pembroke. I was, sadly, at that time more interested in playing my pipes to party and hell-raise than to interpret the compositions of the MacCrimmons (the most prestigious Highland piping family, various members of which wrote numerous famous laments and salutes). I suspect that Rory has similar regrets.



The next year Rory and I were joined by Andrew Hatrick (1985), a medic, a relative of the MacCrimmons, and most crucially a piper. There was an anecdote flying round College at the time that Andrew had proudly mentioned to the Bursar before going up that he was a piper, and that the Bursar, unimpressed by this due to Rory’s and my shenanigans the previous year, conspired to install Andrew in the most remote accommodation he could find.

Rory, Andrew, and I spent two years together piping our way around Cambridge. Eventually the College relented and gave us some official status. The then-Master was the Vice Chancellor at that time, and so Pembroke was chosen to host the garden party for those being invested with honorary degrees. Rory, Andrew, and I were asked to play the pipes during the garden party, which was being attended by, amongst others, the Duke of Edinburgh and Ted Hughes, the Poet Laureate.

After we had piped, we were introduced to Ted Hughes, who had either been brilliantly briefed or displayed an uncanny perception. He turned to me. ‘Ah yes’, he said, ‘Ireland was the original home of piping’. Then he turned to Rory. ‘Of course, Skye is the modern home of piping’. As our jaws dropped, he turned to Andy for the final thunderbolt: ‘And the MacCrimmons were the best pipers of all...’ Picking ourselves off the floor, we offered Ted platitudes until we were ushered away.

Another type of ‘formal’ recognition was being asked to pipe in the dawn at May Balls. Over my time at Cambridge I must have received freebies to five or six May Balls in return for skirling my pipes as the sun rose and playing along as the inevitable Survivors’ Photo was being assembled. Although as a piping gig it was money for old rope, in some ways it wasn’t as easy as it sounds because you had to stay sufficiently sober and restrained to do a good job.

James Campbell watched our shenanigans and development as pipers from a distance. I am sure he quietly approved of what we were doing, but he never foisted himself upon us or tried to impose an agenda. I really only fully realised what we had in James when, much later in life, I joined the Piobaireachd Society and realised that its definitive archive was full of recordings of his interpretations of tunes.

I don’t know if Pembroke continued to attract pipers through its doors in subsequent years, but I have often daydreamed half-jokingly that there is a case for establishing an annual piping competition in memory of James. The competition could be founded at and hosted by Pembroke and could be open to pipers across the university. Not only would that serve as a reminder that Pembroke was once an unwitting hub of piping in the University (it may still be for all I know), but it would also more importantly be a fitting memorial to one of the world’s great exponents of Piobaireachd.

When I joked about this to Rory, he didn’t laugh, but suggested instead I should run the idea past the Master. So, heart in mouth, that’s exactly what I did. And to my astonishment he thought it was a tremendous idea.

We now have a Committee, a set of Rules, an Honorary Piping Advisor who won the Gold Medal at Inverness in 2018, and a provisional objective to hold the inaugural competition in March-June 2022 once the Pandemic has abated.

The Competition will indeed memorialise James Campbell and will include a Piobaireachd contest. It will be called THE JAMES CAMPBELL MEMORIAL MEDAL. As the Campbell motto goes: *Ne Obliviscaris – Lest We Forget*.



# Equality of Opportunity

Pauline Rose on the fifteenth William Pitt Seminar and her research

Back in October 2020, I was asked to join a very diverse panel for the fifteenth annual William Pitt seminar, as part of the Pembroke’s ‘Corporate Partnership Programme’. These Pitt seminars address major issues, and this year focused on Equality of Opportunity. In the half a year leading up to this seminar, the world had been shaken by the COVID-19 pandemic, and the Black Lives Matter movement had brought to the fore discussions about how persistent inequalities are entrenched in society. So the time felt right to discuss whether we might ever achieve a society where everyone is valued equally. A brief summary of the discussion can be read [here](#).

My perspective focused on the research carried out by my team in the Research for Equitable Access and Learning (REAL) Centre at the University of Cambridge. Our centre pioneers research into overcoming barriers to education, such as poverty, gender, ethnicity, language and disability, and we aim to promote education as an engine for inclusive growth and sustainable development. We work with partners in sub-Saharan Africa and South Asia to focus on issues in some of the poorest parts of the world where many children and young people are deprived of access to good quality education and denied the chance to learn and fulfil their potential.

Poor quality of education means that many do not learn the basics in literacy and numeracy. And in many cases, this lack of foundational learning is never recovered. As many schools that were closed for COVID are re-opening or have already done so, special attention needs to be paid to prioritise pre-primary education, both immediately and in the long term, and to identify appropriate measures for ensuring the early learning continuity and well-being of young children. At primary level, even before the global pandemic, more than half (53%) of ten-year-olds in low- and middle-income countries were not learning to read and understand a simple text. Based on simulations by the World Bank in August 2020, a further 10.5% will be added to this learning poverty due to effects of COVID-19 school closures.

The global COVID-19 pandemic has turned back the clock on all areas of progress, with children and their education most directly impacted. For example, in Ethiopia, primary education had experienced a rapid shift from an elite to the mass system over the past two decades – this opened up opportunities for many who were previously excluded from access to education. Yet despite these improvements, around a quarter of children still dropped out in the first year of primary schooling, and nearly half were likely to fail to complete primary school. Phone surveys carried out with teachers and school principals during school closures indicate that most were concerned about students returning to school when they re-opened, especially the most vulnerable. Also, what systems were in place to help students catch up on lost learning and keep them motivated to stay in school? Data needs to be gathered on how this is progressing.

Girls from poor families are more adversely affected. Where access to education is low, incidents of forced marriage, female genital mutilation, gender violence, teenage pregnancies, and poor family health are high. For example, data from the Gender and Adolescence: Global Evidence (GAGE) programme shows that before COVID-19, one in three adolescent girls in Ethiopia were likely to be married, compared to one in fifteen adolescent boys. These risks are likely to be exacerbated in the context of the current pandemic. Global data from UN Women on unpaid care suggests that the pandemic could roll back a quarter of a

century of progress on gender equality. With schools and day-care closed, women have spent increasing amounts of time in unpaid work – such as taking care of children, helping them with schoolwork, cooking, cleaning, and other household tasks, as well as trying to earn an income.

During school closures, there has also been an extremely uneven access to technology, with large differences seen between urban and rural locations. This even includes radio – the main means of transmission of information in low-income countries. According to a 2016 Demographic and Health Survey data in Ethiopia, the national average of radio ownership was surprisingly low at 28%, far below the African average of 54%. The lack of access to technology and other resources, such as books, school-feeding, peer support, psychological and emotional support during school closures means that, even for those who do return to school, their foundational skills are likely to be further diminished.

The government of Ethiopia, alongside other countries, is responding to the challenges by providing an accelerated learning programme to support children to catch up when they return. Our phone surveys with secondary school teachers and school principals during school closures indicated that one of their main concerns when schools re-opened was ensuring hygiene and safety. Many schools did not have the necessary handwashing facilities, especially in rural areas. And given limited resources and infrastructure, social distancing would be difficult in small classrooms that have up to 100 children in a class.

Given limited resources, some possible solutions to implementing social distancing could be to rearrange classroom layout, build additional classrooms and implement a half-day shift cycle. It is likely that, as in other contexts, schools may re-open only to close again – which is why the uneven access to technology and other learning resources needs urgent attention.

One important conclusion is the importance of working across sectors and disciplines to identify solutions. The work of Cambridge’s Global Challenges Strategic Research Initiative is an example of this: it aims to enhance the contribution of research across the university towards addressing the Sustainable Development Goals (SDGs) by 2030, with a particular focus on the poorest half of the world’s population.



Pauline Rose joined the University of Cambridge in February 2014 as Professor of International Education, where she is Director of the Research for Equitable Access and Learning (REAL) Centre in the Faculty of Education. Prior to joining Cambridge, Pauline was Director of UNESCO’s Education for All Global Monitoring Report (from August 2011). Pauline has worked on large collaborative research programmes with teams in sub-Saharan Africa and South Asia examining issues that examine educational policy and practice, including in relation to inequality, financing and governance.

Young girls in a classroom, Tilaberi Region, Niger, April 2017.



GPE/Kelley Lynch

# Herding Immunity against Fake News

Melisa Basol (2018) on fighting the COVID-19 infodemic



Melisa Basol (2018) is a Gates Scholar and PhD Candidate in Psychology. At the Cambridge Social Decision-Making Lab, her research focuses on persuasion, resistance against misinformation, and attitude formation around often societally contested issues (e.g. vaccine hesitancy and immigration). Twitter: @MlsBsl

Whether you like to believe it or not, there is a good chance that you have unknowingly come across and perhaps even shared misinformation about COVID-19 in the past year. For much like the virus itself, misinformation about it has spread wide and far, making dangerously misleading health information go viral. From drinking bleach and burning down 5G towers to rejecting vaccinations, misinformation about the virus has engendered various mutations of what is generally deemed to be true. Indeed, scholars have pointed out striking parallels between virology and the virality of misinformation, arguing that ‘misinformation about the coronavirus might be the most contagious thing about the pandemic’. As vaccinations continue, the successful mitigation of this global health crisis relies partly on fighting the spread of misinformation.

A growing body of cognitive research seems to echo Mark Twain’s statement that ‘a lie can travel half way around the world while the truth is putting on its shoes’. By exposing the speed and depth at which false and unverified information travels, it becomes clear that once misinformation is out it tends to stick and is difficult to disentangle. Moreover, repeated exposure (even when repeated for correction) can further strengthen people’s belief in falsehoods, making any attempt to catch up, retrieve, and correct them an ambitious endeavour.

Rather than trying to outpace harmful content, can we simply stop it from going viral in the first place? Pre-emptively debunking (or ‘prebunking’) falsehoods would be a promising step towards explaining how people can build resistance to manipulation by persuasive fake news. Grounded in inoculation theory, the approach is based on the biological analogy of an immunisation process. Fittingly, just as weakened exposure to a pathogen triggers antibody production, inoculation theory posits that pre-emptively exposing individuals to weakened dosages of persuasive argument can cultivate resistance to future manipulation.

Thus, inoculation theory might just function as an antidote to the effects of misinformation.

Though often regarded as the ‘grandfather theory of persuasion’, can inoculation theory be somewhat re-invented and re-applied in a way that would

make it more accessible, scalable, and effective in our pursuit of psychological herd immunity?

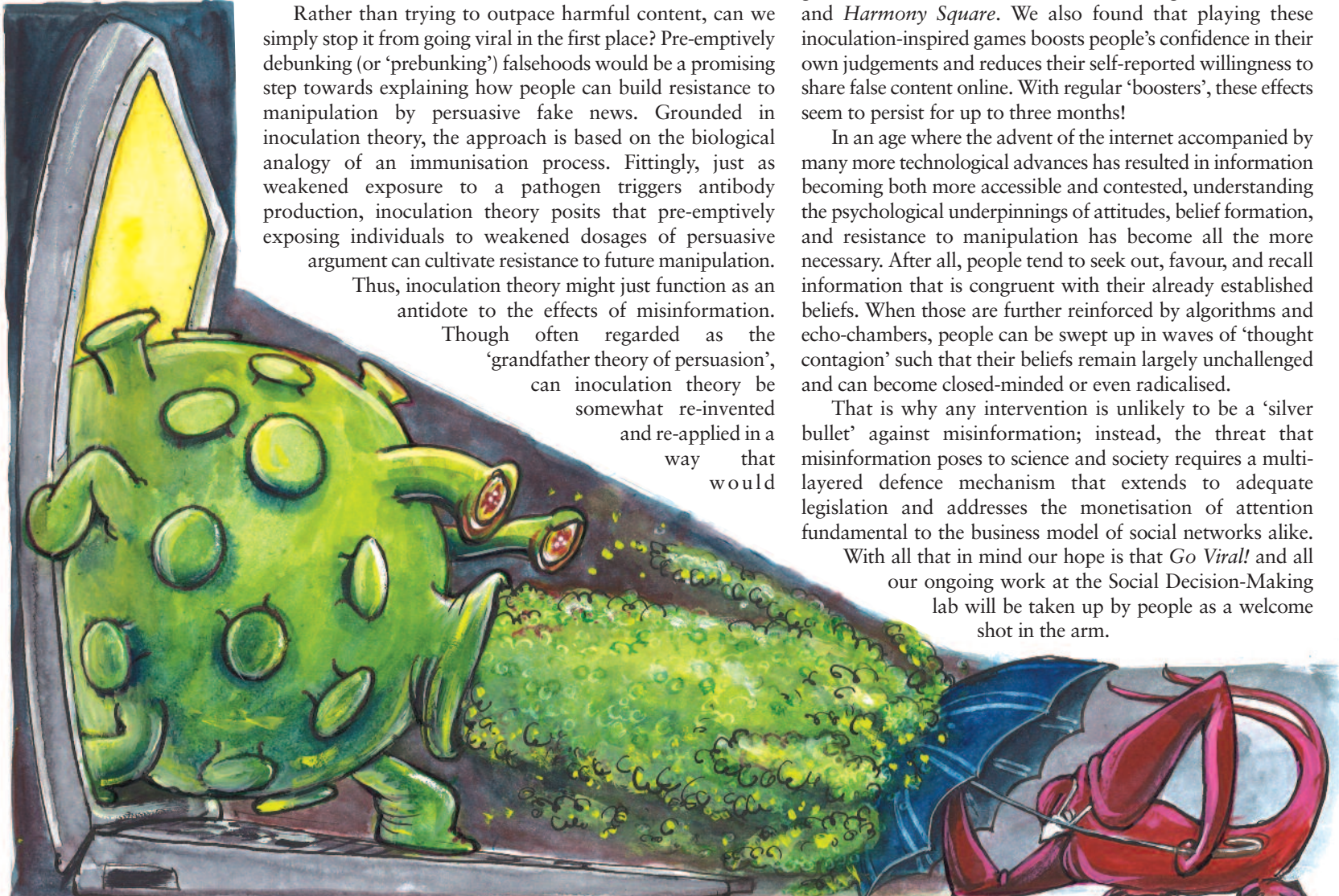
With these ideals in mind, we, at the Cambridge Social Decision-Making Lab, designed a series of psychological games rooted in inoculation theory. In our latest collaboration with the UK’s Cabinet Office (with support from the World Health Organisation and the United Nations), we developed *Go Viral!* [www.goviralgame.com](http://www.goviralgame.com), a five-minute online choice-based game designed to target COVID-19 misinformation. The game exposes people to small doses of misinformation in a safe and non-judgemental gaming environment. By first inducing a sense of threat and an awareness of how vulnerable one’s attitudes might be, players are subsequently invited to learn about some of the most commonly used manipulation tactics by creating them themselves. This allows us to inoculate more generally against falsehoods rather than having to address each manipulative piece at a time.

Instead of telling people what to believe, we set out to develop an intervention that would allow players to learn by doing and therefore equip themselves with the necessary skills to identify, argue against, and prevent harmful misinformation from going viral. Our findings so far are very promising. We consistently show that people find manipulative social media content significantly less reliable after playing our fake news games – in addition to our *Go Viral!* see the games *Bad News* and *Harmony Square*. We also found that playing these inoculation-inspired games boosts people’s confidence in their own judgements and reduces their self-reported willingness to share false content online. With regular ‘boosters’, these effects seem to persist for up to three months!

In an age where the advent of the internet accompanied by many more technological advances has resulted in information becoming both more accessible and contested, understanding the psychological underpinnings of attitudes, belief formation, and resistance to manipulation has become all the more necessary. After all, people tend to seek out, favour, and recall information that is congruent with their already established beliefs. When those are further reinforced by algorithms and echo-chambers, people can be swept up in waves of ‘thought contagion’ such that their beliefs remain largely unchallenged and can become closed-minded or even radicalised.

That is why any intervention is unlikely to be a ‘silver bullet’ against misinformation; instead, the threat that misinformation poses to science and society requires a multi-layered defence mechanism that extends to adequate legislation and addresses the monetisation of attention fundamental to the business model of social networks alike.

With all that in mind our hope is that *Go Viral!* and all our ongoing work at the Social Decision-Making lab will be taken up by people as a welcome shot in the arm.





# Knowledge is Power

Hannah Elsis, Junior Research Fellow, discusses her research on gender and political imprisonment in Egypt

For the past five years or so I have been interested in the character of power relations between repressive states and the political detractors they incarcerate, torture and disappear, working comparatively but focusing on Egypt in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. I set off with questions like: what does it practically mean to live your days knowing you are, or very soon will be, in the concrete underbelly of a prison, camp, detention centre or ‘black site’? Does the experience of incarceration move political dissidents to regret their actions or renounce their politics? Does it have the opposite effect of confirming or reasserting their political ideals and goals ‘whatever the cost’? And what of everyone around them; their loved ones, neighbours, colleagues and compatriots? What does a persistent repertoire of incarceration do to ‘politics’ as we understand it? How does it shape power, hegemony and subjectivity? In other words, what kind of social and political order does it produce and reproduce?

My first book, *Lovers in the Citadel: Prisons and Other Architectures of Subjection in Egypt*, based on my PhD dissertation, shows that historically security services in Egypt have calculated that the highest cost to captives of this carceral regime is very rarely one’s physical freedom, livelihood, or even one’s life. That is, the coercive power of Egypt’s system of mass political incarceration and disappearance does not fundamentally rest on the power to ‘take life’, or threaten death, as we might expect it to (especially if we’re bearing Michel Foucault’s theories of power in mind).

Instead, what typically shapes and tips these power struggles, what *hurts* political prisoners the most, is attacking their gendered sense of self and social purpose as doting mothers, as providing sons, as good wives, or as protective fathers and sovereign husbands. That is, as ‘honourable women’ and ‘real men’. Repression, in other words, has increasingly displayed a symbiotic relationship between symbolic or ‘everyday’ violence embedded in widespread ideals of femininity, masculinity and the family on the one hand, and forms of extraordinary or ‘exceptional’ violence rooted in egregious bodily harm on the other.

This two-pronged approach to power can be mobilised towards all sorts of thorny questions that continue to plague historians and political scientists today. To instance just one of these: How was a highly volatile revolutionary situation in Egypt wound down so quickly, *and without* resulting in civil war and the scale of mass-murder observed in uprisings against other similarly ‘authoritarian’ regimes in the region? My research shows that beginning in the 1940s, gender and carceral discipline became inextricably intertwined, with the state resorting to a strategy of relentless gender mortification within a vast and ever-expanding carceral machinery as an effective and efficient means of de-activating political dissidents.

Let me outline this further by way of an example from recent headlines, one which illustrates what can be gained from a such a project to de-mystify words like ‘terror’ and ‘authoritarianism’ and ground them instead in concrete historical developments and relatable social experiences. As many of the *Martlet’s* readers will have seen, the US Foreign Service has recently been embroiled in two media storms centred on ‘shocking’ revelations of human-rights violations by international allies, and with broad implications for international relations and diplomacy in the

Middle East. The first is a de-classified report showing the Saudi state’s role in the grisly murder of oppositional journalist Jamal Khashoggi by security services in Turkey. The second is a \$200-million arms sale to Egypt that comes just off the heel of Egyptian security services detaining five ‘apolitical’ relatives of Mohamed Soltan, an Egyptian-American researcher who was finally released, under pressure from Joe Biden’s campaign in January, in return for his giving up his Egyptian nationality among other things.

There is little that is particularly shocking about these two cases, and, indeed, the contrast between them focuses the explanatory poverty of banner terms like ‘authoritarian’ or ‘repressive’ as categories of analysis. What I want to suggest by invoking these media storms, is that the high-profile nature of the Soltan case and the unlikely de-classification of the Khashoggi intelligence report are an opportunity to revisit the unspoken idea that we cannot really ‘know’ the inner workings of contemporary coercive regimes who typically thrive on the opacity and unpredictability of their operations. And that this research should make for more than just good history books; it can have significant implications for contemporary grassroots resistance, international relations, and non-governmental advocacy.

*Lovers in the Citadel* thus demonstrates that there is nothing new nor arbitrary about the illegal capture of those five male relatives (aged twenty to twenty-four) of Mohamed Soltan from their beds in the dead of night. It was entirely predictable (to wit, it should have been a condition of negotiation for Soltan’s release). Their arrest drew on specific regimes of power/knowledge that can be delineated: for example, it mobilised a whole coterie of filiations (grandmothers, fathers, siblings) to intervene, *via gender relations*, on the state’s behalf, to limit and constrict Soltan’s political activity from his new home in Washington, DC. That serves an important function: policing not just radical dissidents but much wider sections of the population as well.

The upshot of all this is that the Egyptian state’s *signature of power* is enforced by a carceral system that has distilled and mobilised gender regimes productively towards its ends. Intervening through gender has undone political dissidents in a way that even a thousand state-of-the-art deaths could not achieve. It has been cheaper and less obvious than missing limbs, too.



Dr Hannah Elsis is the Abdullah al-Mubarak al-Sabah Junior Research Fellow in History. Before joining Pembroke Hannah was lecturer in Middle East, Gender and Global History at King’s College London (2018-20). She took her PhD in 2020 from the History Faculty at the University of Oxford with a thesis that won the Malcolm H. Kerr Award.



Dan Shailer is a third-year student of English and captain of the University Open Water Swimming team.

# Channelling Conservation

Dan Shailer (2018) on his fundraising swim across the English Channel

Every year, a handful of pilot boats escort Channel swimmers off a beach next to Dover for the long journey towards France. If the swimmer is well prepared and (more importantly) lucky, the pilot boat will reach French inshore waters and push on towards the coast until, in the last few hundred metres, the seafloor becomes too shallow for the boat to travel any further. At this point, most boats stop to put out a smaller dinghy, which a pilot will row into shore next to the exhausted swimmer. Exhausted, but euphoric, because by this point they have reached rarefied water; there will often be people wading off the beach in France, but only one in five of the swimmers who walk off a beach in England swim until they can walk up another beach in France.

On 4th August 2020, after fourteen hours of swimming, I remember dotting the Is and crossing the Ts on a mental list of excuses to give up. The list itself came easily – conveniently, I had been drafting it since about 1am that morning. I had begun swimming in the darkness just before midnight and it was now about 2pm, though (forgivably, I think) I had long since lost track. The case for chucking it in was, by this point, beginning to gain serious momentum and my list of reasons felt pretty fool-proof when, breathing to the right, I saw one of the two pilots, Harry, untying *Masterpiece’s* dinghy. I could have cried. If you ask my mum, I did. In one moment, the letter of resignation I had been writing myself was forgotten and I felt a surging rush of relief – because it was over. An hour and a bit later it actually was over and I walked up a beach just west of Calais.

I was very lucky to have been able to take on this swim at all, let alone in such a tumultuous and unexpected year. When I began planning the adventure back in April 2019, I could not have anticipated that pools would be closed for more than half of my training. Looking back, though, some elements of lockdown were a blessing in disguise. Locked down on the Dorset coast, I was able to start swimming in the sea from March and gradually build up my tolerance to cold water with frigid showers and incrementally longer swims. I was also lucky to be in the sea at a time when, as human activity took a step back, wildlife experienced a brief resurgence. I have visited the same beach looking into Poole Harbour since I was child, but never before seen seals bobbing off the shore, let alone swum with them. Over my training I swam with other seals over weaving forests of kelp, carbuncl spider crabs, a catalogue of jellyfish species

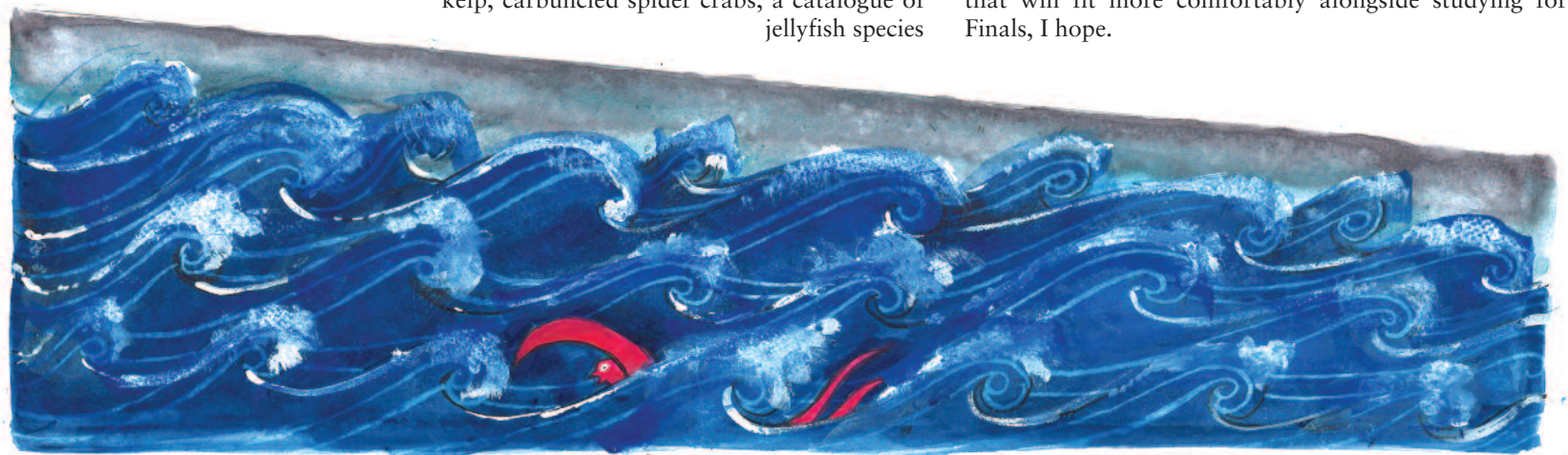
and even, once, a solitary seahorse. Seahorses in particular made a comeback over the Spring months of 2020, cropping up all along the coast in areas they hadn’t been recorded for years.

By this point I had already begun fundraising for the Marine Conservation Society (MCS), but experiences like these showed me just how high the stakes for protecting our ‘blue spaces’ are – and how much we stand to lose (apart from jellyfish). MCS is the UK’s largest environmental society focused on conservation of coastal environments, and I was proud raise just over £13,000 to support their work. I’m hugely grateful to everyone who donated, to the schools that had me over to speak before lockdown in March and, in particular, to Sally March, in the Development Office, for getting the word out at Pembroke.

I am also grateful for the support I had on the day, both over social media and on the boat – without which my swim would have been a very different and altogether shorter story. My lasting memories of the day itself are of emotional extremes: from intense fear when I jumped into inky black water in the small hours, to the feeling of satisfaction and relief at the other end; from frustration at broken goggles and jellyfish stings, to the joy of eating a burger in a bath when I arrived home. I remember hours of swimming in darkness before the sun rose just as well as I remember hugging my family back on the boat when it was all over.

Since the swim, I am very flattered to have been picked by MCS as their Fundraiser of the Year and awarded the Channel Swimming Association’s trophy for the most difficult conditions of the season. I’m equally thrilled that a friend from Dover beach combed through the records to find I am the 2105th person to swim the Channel, the tenth ‘Daniel’ and, most importantly, three minutes quicker than the average ‘Daniel’!

This year, I’m excited to be captaining the Cambridge Open Water team as we take on Oxford in our Varsity relay race across the Channel. Despite more disruption and another virtual ‘term’, I’m relishing the opportunity to share wild and winter swimming with the University community in the Summer and support some new charities alongside the dark blue team. I also have a couple of solo swims in the pipeline, including a swim across the Bristol Channel – a little anticlimactic, perhaps, but a challenge that will fit more comfortably alongside studying for Finals, I hope.



Mahmoud Khaled. Perfect Lovers (Alexandria), 2017. Archival inkjet print on fine art paper, 13.4 x 10.2 inches.



# Twenty-Five Years of Pembroke's Corporate Partnership Programme

## Kate Parsley, Corporate Partnership Manager

In 1996 the then-Development Director, Howard Raingold, suggested to the then-Senior Tutor, Clive Trebilcock, that partnering with industry could bring benefits to the College and also help organisations by facilitating access to the wider University – and so the Corporate Partnership Programme was born. Twenty-five years later it has evolved, and remains a unique mechanism for academic engagement with industry in Cambridge. The programme's long-standing success is built on strong foundations, with immensely valuable support from both the College and from within our partner organisations.

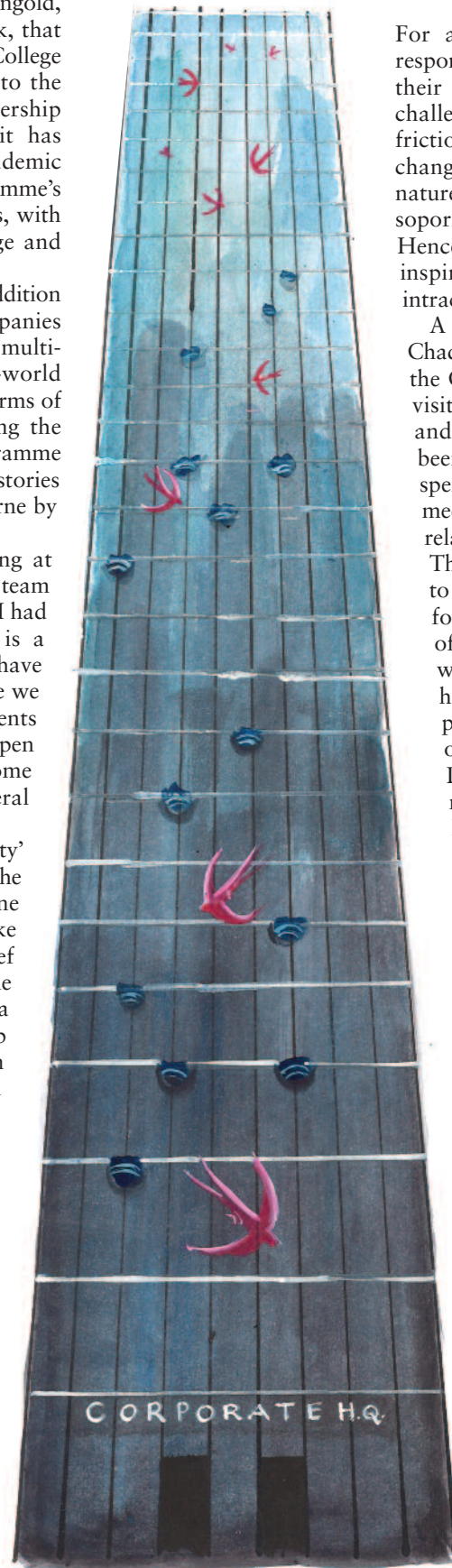
The benefits have been multiple and various. In addition to navigating and curating opportunities for companies wishing to explore the latest academic thinking in multi-disciplinary areas to bring to bear on their real-world problems, there have been impacts for students in terms of internships and recruitment. I have been exploring the archives and talking to people involved in the programme over the years and am discovering all sorts of little stories that together weave a narrative of a programme borne by trial and error, a little luck, and a lot of hard work.

It is a little over a year since I started working at Pembroke, working with the fantastic Development team and supporting our Corporate Partners. It feels like I had barely started when everything changed, but it is a testament to the strength of our community that we have been able to continue to work effectively even while we are not physically in the College. Holding our events virtually this year has meant we have been able to open up the events to larger audiences and welcome participants from overseas, one of the few collateral benefits of the pandemic.

The William Pitt Seminar, 'Equality of Opportunity' explored the way the pandemic has shone a light on the inequalities that still exist in our society (see Pauline Rose's article about it on page 6). The BT:Pembroke lecture was given by Dr Richard Caddis, Chief Medical Officer at BT, and provided useful take-home messages for organisations in responding to a pandemic. And our annual entrepreneurship competition, the Parmee Prize, sponsored by William Pitt Fellow Dr Richard Parmee, was won by team SolarHybrid with their solar cooker for developing countries. In all of these events I have been inspired by the engagement from our community, the sheer quality of our thought-leaders and future leaders, and the ability of the team I work with to make things happen, even in adversity.

We have also launched a monthly blog series themed on the climate and we will be publishing various articles on the history of the Programme – see our web pages on the College website, follow @CorpPembroke on Twitter or find our page on LinkedIn to keep up to date.

Our Corporate Partners are uniquely able to nominate a senior leader to a William Pitt Fellowship. Please allow me to introduce Dr Barry Varcoe (2013), William Pitt Fellow for Open Society Foundations, to give his perspective on the Programme and his relationship with Pembroke over the years.



## Barry Varcoe, William Pitt Fellow for Corporate Partner, Open Society Foundations

For a significant portion of my career I have been responsible within large financial services organisations for their workplaces, amongst other things. A constant challenge of these roles has been trying to reduce the friction between the relentless increase in the speed of change within 'enterprise', especially in regards to the nature of its work, and the seemingly inherent inertia and soporific response of the property and real estate industry. Hence my search some time ago for a fresh source of inspiration and knowledge to bring to bear to this intractable situation.

A long-term industry friend and visionary, Andrew Chadwick, an alumnus of Pembroke, suggested I look into the Corporate Partnership Programme. It took only one visit with the Development Director, Matthew Mellor, and his team to convince me that this was what I had been looking for. Once we had signed up I started spending at least one or two days a month at Pembroke, meeting academics and researchers introduced to me in relation to some of the problems I was trying to address. The fresh perspectives often provided a new clarity as to the nature of the real underlying questions, and then, for some of the issues, allowed us to begin programmes of work to seek new answers. This included working with Cambridge's Judge Business School to look at how organisational mapping could be used to help profile the different characteristics of the various parts of a complex organisation, and working with the Department of Land Economy to analyse proximity monitoring and resource utilisation in offices. Pembroke also hosted a two day pan-industry workshop that explored a number of the key themes that emerged from our dialogues, and on several occasions I brought my leadership team to the College for 'offsite/strategy' sessions.

The unique atmosphere of the College encouraged our minds to park the everyday concerns of normal commercial work and life, and instead indulge in a period of reflection, exploration and learning. So successful was all this that when I changed jobs and took up my current position at a Foundation, I made it a priority to set up the Partnership relationship again as quickly as possible to tackle a new set of challenges central to the work of the organisation. We have already benefited from a Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion workshop that benefited the design of our new London office, and we are now exploring new ideas to help improve our sustainability.

Longer term interests include exploring how the workplace can impact and influence organisational culture, and how the changing nature of work is and will continue to impact the real estate industry.

I can't imagine all of this happening anywhere else! My heartfelt thanks go to the Pembroke Corporate Partnership and Development Office team for all they have done, and for their fabulous support over the years.

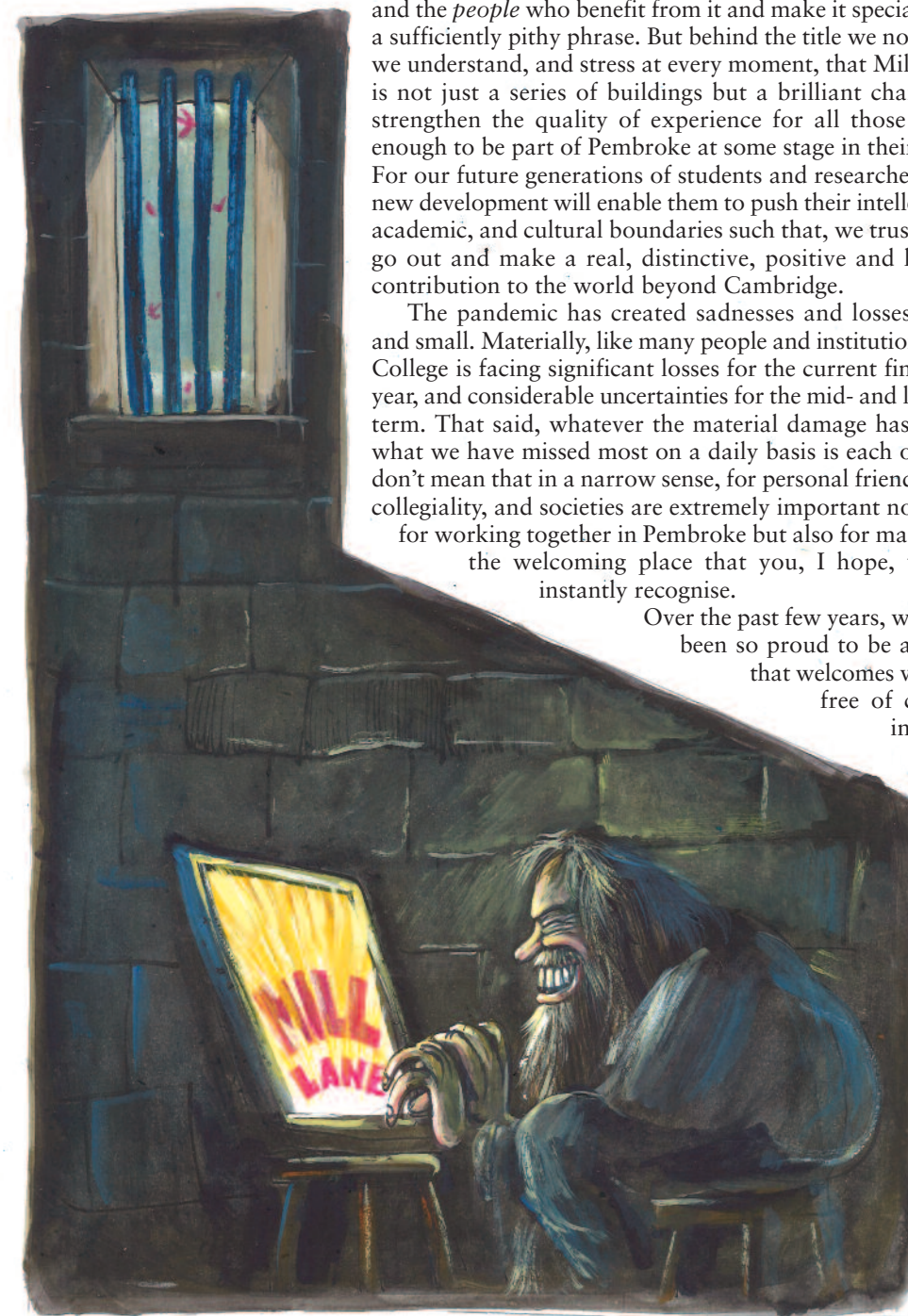


Regular recent readers of this magazine will have noted that while my *Martlet* musings may meander somewhat, they eventually end up at the subject of the day: the Mill Lane development. This time, I start there. When I asked my colleagues what should be the overriding themes of this article, the response was immediate and unanimous: Pembroke's people and Pembroke's place. Our Campaign is called 'The Time and the Place', and the origin of this title was the subject of much debate. Richard Stainer (1993) led a fascinating day of debate of alumni, staff, Fellows, and students to try and help us devise a rallying call for our fundraising efforts. He made us all think of what we value about the College. Shock, horror, it was Pembroke's *people* that everyone said they treasured the most.

We could not in the end condense the three themes of the *opportunity* that we have, the *site* of the development and the *people* who benefit from it and make it special, into a sufficiently pithy phrase. But behind the title we now use, we understand, and stress at every moment, that Mill Lane is not just a series of buildings but a brilliant chance to strengthen the quality of experience for all those lucky enough to be part of Pembroke at some stage in their lives. For our future generations of students and researchers, the new development will enable them to push their intellectual, academic, and cultural boundaries such that, we trust, they go out and make a real, distinctive, positive and lasting contribution to the world beyond Cambridge.

The pandemic has created sadnesses and losses great and small. Materially, like many people and institutions, the College is facing significant losses for the current financial year, and considerable uncertainties for the mid- and longer-term. That said, whatever the material damage has been, what we have missed most on a daily basis is each other. I don't mean that in a narrow sense, for personal friendships, collegiality, and societies are extremely important not only for working together in Pembroke but also for making it the welcoming place that you, I hope, would instantly recognise.

Over the past few years, we have been so proud to be a place that welcomes visitors free of charge in the



summer, while other colleges, by charging an entry fee, risk giving the impression of being detached from or indifferent to the world outside. At Pembroke, we want people to see us, to step in off Trumpington Street and share the College's history, calm, and spirit that are somehow palpable once you are through the gates. Perhaps it is no coincidence that Ray Dolby's greatest legacy to the world was the reduction of noise – surely he found some subliminal inspiration here.

Mill Lane and the Old Press site are important components of radical changes to central Cambridge and to the city as a whole. What is marvellous is that much foot traffic will be directed close by the College. Dolby Court, our Auditorium, and our lovely central building, currently known as Stuart House, will be magnets for intrigued visitors, inspired applicants and proud resident and non-resident members. I trust the openness of the design and layout will be an embodiment of that unique Pembroke spirit for centuries to come.

We have missed each other this past year, and we cannot wait to see each other, and you, across a table, in the courts, and in rooms with the windows open or, luxury, *shut!* Our virtual events, our talks, such as the 'Life Beyond Pembroke' series and the many student-inspired events, have shown that online events can work, and work well, and Zoom and other similar platforms have, frankly, enabled a global audience to see what is going on. Our challenge now will be to ensure that we don't forget that we have attained that reach and that we can help you continue to be involved, wherever you are. Our work on the Pembroke Online Community, and the overwhelming positive response to it, manifests the desire for connection and shows that the wish to help does not diminish post-graduation.

As for me, I have really missed being with my colleagues and friends in Pembroke – it has been inspiring to work with them in person but a privilege to share the task of sustaining the Pembroke spirit through a screen too. The effort to make the 'best of a bad job' has been extraordinary, and it has been really heartening to hear first-hand from tutees of mine how they feel that their Pembroke experience has compared so extraordinarily well this past year to their friends' in other colleges.

It says something about the personal dedication of so many people in the student body, in the staff and in the Fellowship, that our spirit has managed to thrive through such difficult times. I think it is normally invidious to single out individual colleagues, but since he is stepping down from the Senior Tutorship after an extraordinary stint it seems right to pay tribute to Dan Tucker, who has been so tireless in defence of Pembroke values and steered such a steady course through these rocky waters. Dan would be the first to point, graciously, to the support he has had, but he is without doubt owed a special tribute.

When we had our day with Richard Stainer five years ago, we envisaged what is happening to our site and our community as something of a refoundation. It seems curiously, if grimly, apposite that we are doing this in COVID times, just as in 1347 Pembroke was being founded in plague times. It should give us real confidence of course: our development on Mill Lane will make Pembroke a better place for its people, whoever they are and wherever they come from for many centuries to come. Thank you to all of you who have supported our ambitions – whether you have been able to give a lot or not so much, it all matters and the College is truly grateful to you.



# Michael Kuczynski At 80

In April the College marked the 80th birthday of Emeritus Fellow Michael Kuczynski, who first came up to Pembroke in 1959 to read Mathematics. When pandemic regulations thwarted the College’s plans to hold a special dinner in his honour, the Development Office approached his contemporaries and his former students and tutees for their reminiscences about the teacher and the man. The tributes were compiled and presented to Michael on his birthday; here are just a few of the many tributes we received:

‘After arriving at Pembroke in 1959, Michael and I quickly became friends. We were, of course, both reading Mathematics, but also shared a keen interest in music and the fine arts. During our second year we were paired together for supervisions, which we received from the formidable trio of Michael Atiyah, Robert Stoneley and John Kingman. In year three our paths diverged when Michael switched to Economics, but a new link was established when we both became part of a syndicate which acquired a second-hand punt. I don’t remember too much about this venture, but I’m sure the punt was a definite asset until the time came when we had to dispose of it. Aided by Michael’s undoubted negotiating skills, I think we managed to find a home for it in or near the Pembroke boathouse’.

– Howard Davies (1959)

‘At first Michael appeared rather shy – a fate perhaps shared with other mathematicians seeking high scores. However, he had a more unusual background than most of us. He commented that when entering immigration at the airport his Peruvian passport, English address and domicile in Switzerland would mean some delay while the official perused through the pages of a large book of Unwanted Persons. On one such occasion he had been asked whether he spoke English, to which Michael replied he could not remember a time when he did not speak it’.

– Lowry Maclean (1959)

*After graduating, Michael went to work for the International Monetary Fund in Washington, DC. He returned to Pembroke in 1972, elected to a Fellowship in Latin American studies, and then appointed Director of Studies in Economics in 1979.*

‘I must say that my fond memories of Pembroke are largely inspired by Michael. He was not only my economics tutor but to my mind the heart and soul of the College for a majority of the students. He was always involved and available to talk, supporting us both academically and in our sporting endeavours with a unique charm and loyalty’.

– John Symes-Thompson (1977)

‘I came up to Pembroke in October 1985, mainly because of Michael. I did not know him then, but I had been turned down to read Law and I received a letter from Pembroke offering me a place to read Economics instead, which I gladly accepted. In hindsight I must say that Michael knew me better than myself (even though he had never met me) and it showed his risk-taking ability and kindness in taking someone like me into the College. It changed my life. That I did not see out my three years in Economics and changed

to Law after Part 1 remains one of the biggest regrets in my life on the personal side. Michael’s legendary music soirées, Bridge evenings, and supervisions in my first year made us feel like a large extended family and so connected to the College. There was always so much gin in the Gin & French’s he poured me that I barely staggered out of my supervisions. Generosity is what immediately comes to mind when I think of him’.

– Paul Tao (1985)

‘Cambridge was a wonderful and wonderfully odd place, full of curiosity, and youthful energy that met medieval traditions. Most of all I enjoyed the supervisions with ‘Mr K’, as Michael was affectionately known by the students. I was used to being taught with 1,000 students in a lecture hall. The concept of a supervision was completely alien to me and here I found myself in a small room with just one or two other students, opposite one of the quickest and wittiest minds I had ever come across. The supervisions were fast. Michael was forty years ahead in thinking economic thoughts. He was willing to meet you what felt like half-way, but catching up twenty years in a thirty-minute supervision was still an uphill struggle. The lessons were wonderful and vivid and made an everlasting impression on me’.

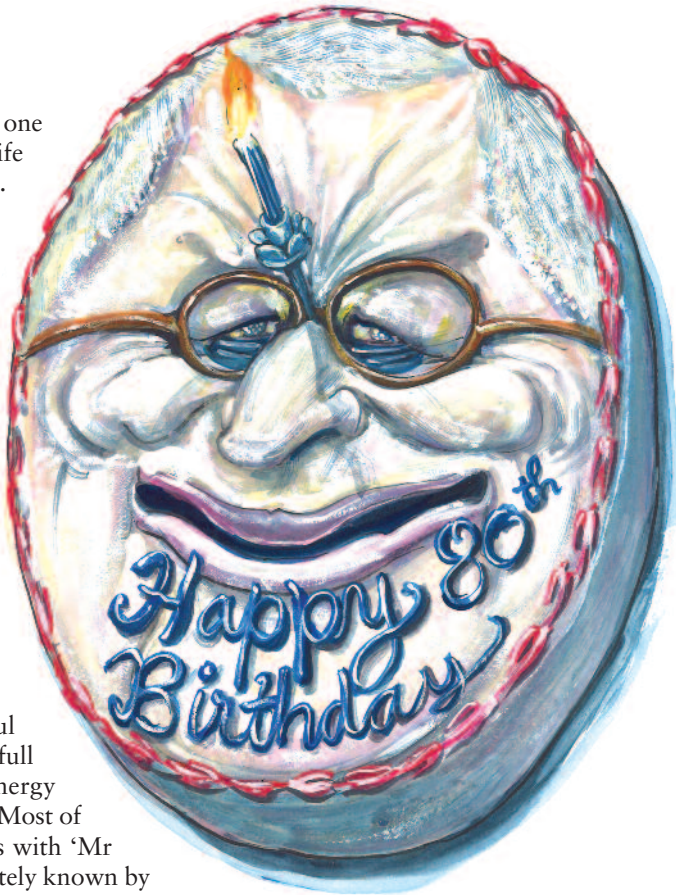
– Daniel Bruynooghe (2001)

‘Michael always seemed to have an enigmatic smile on his face. I was never quite sure whether this was because he was amused by the confused look on the face of this hapless new undergrad, or because he had just been considering another aspect of the inconsistency of Neoclassical Economic Theory on a planet that was beyond our comprehension. But the great thing about Michael was that he was always very approachable’.

– Martin Hill (1979)

‘It’s the unexpected aspects of life at Pembroke that have longevity, and Michael, you are central to that, for which I give you great thanks. Here are some phrases from you that I was not expecting to hear: ‘How many frozen strawberries would you like in that Gin & French?’; ‘Leave the essay by the door, I’m just in the bath’; ‘I hear that the Caius 1st XI have their kitchen porter playing at right back’; ‘I’ll be in Peru for a few weeks advising the government’; ‘Richard, we really must discuss your Dissertation’. My personal favourite, generally uttered in the second hour of a one-hour supervision: ‘Don’t worry, Richard, you’ll be released from this torment soon.’ Torment it wasn’t.

– Richard Schomberg (1987)



‘It was always a joy spending time in Mr K’s study. It was like a film set, the archetypical Cambridge don’s room: beautiful furniture and art, Afghan rugs, hundreds of books lining the shelves, and piles of papers stacked all over the place. There was perfect “order out of chaos”, a concept Mr K once explained, when we were discussing entropy, as obvious to physicists but a marvel to most economists’.

– Guy Pinsent (1995)

‘A true gentleman with a big heart and mild manners. Michael was a great teacher who used the simplest analogies to describe complex economic theories. For instance, I remember he compared monetary targeting to someone with a cannon trying to fire upon an obscure target on the other side of a hill. He encourages provocative thinking insofar as one should not accept established theory readily but challenge the soundness of its assumptions and analysis .... while offering competing theory or insight. The ability and willingness to see things from different perspectives is probably one of the most important virtues I have learned from Michael.

– Desmond Chiu (1988)

‘Generosity is a word that truly characterises Mr K – he was generous with his time, his hospitality, his care and commitment to his students. That generosity started with the catered lunches he offered to us; we were grateful for great sandwiches as well as hearty debate. His generosity with time peaked during exam periods, when Mr K would host extra tuition sessions, morning, noon, and night – he’d convene us, share topic sheets that he’d prepared in the computer lab early in the morning, and he’d patiently go over the content till he and we were confidently prepared’.

– Anton Schreider, Abigail Mardlin, Katie Brewis, Natacha Catalino, Chris Derkson (1998 & 1999)

‘I always felt a bit of an imposter in Michael’s Economics supervisions, as I was always due to be reading History of Art for Part II, but those sessions in his rooms above the JCR left an indelible mark on the way I look at the world. I remember my first supervision as though it was yesterday; he told us that reading the classics by Keynes, Marx, Friedman *et al.* and then the *Financial Times* each day would set us up for life. Surrounded by his Piranesi prints and a small work on paper by Goya (I think) while talking economics, art and much else (often with a Gin & French) was what I had always expected Cambridge supervisions would be like, and Michael did not disappoint. Everybody in the College knew him, and many across the University too, and everybody loved him. He was always interesting and interested; always immaculately tailored and always smiling. He was then and will always be, Mr Pembroke’.

– Yaron Meshoulam (1978)

*Michael retired as a Fellow in 2008, but was elected an Emeritus Fellow and continues to supervise graduate students, as well as keep a keen eye on the fortunes of sport and music in the College.*

## Gossip



### From the Gossip Editor

Pembroke College takes its responsibility under the GDPR for processing your personal data safely, appropriately and with transparency. Please be aware that as the *Martlet* is published online any contribution to the Gossip will be publicly accessible. If you would like to know more about our data protection policy and privacy notices please go to [www.pem.cam.ac.uk/dataprotection](http://www.pem.cam.ac.uk/dataprotection). If you have any questions or concerns please contact [dpo@pem.cam.ac.uk](mailto:dpo@pem.cam.ac.uk).

I have used the form of names with which letters have been signed, and have throughout omitted titles. The date above each entry is the date of matriculation.

**N.B.** When sending in news (*180 words maximum please!*), do please indicate your matriculation date, and, if possible, that of other Old Members you mention. Deadline for contributions to the 2022 *Martlet*: 19 March 2022.

Gossip should preferably be sent to me by email [cgw20@cam.ac.uk](mailto:cgw20@cam.ac.uk)

Alternatively, send by post to: Colin Wilcockson Pembroke College Cambridge, CB2 1RF

Notification about published books should be sent to: Nick McBride The Editor *Pembroke Annual Gazette* Pembroke College Cambridge, CB2 1RF Or by email to him at: [njm33@cam.ac.uk](mailto:njm33@cam.ac.uk)

With best wishes, Colin Wilcockson

**1958** Bernard Adams, writing from Hungary calls attention to a book that he has contributed to: *And We Came Outside and Saw the Stars Again: Writers from Around the World on the COVID-19 Pandemic*, ed. Ilan Stavans (Restless Books, 2020). The book has been described as an eye-opening and uplifting anthology, featuring dispatches about life during the pandemic by dozens of esteemed writers, poets, and artists from more than thirty countries. One of these entries is by the Hungarian playwright and novelist György Spiró and is translated by Bernard. Net proceeds from sales will benefit booksellers in need. Order from: <https://restlessbooks.org/bookstore/and-we-came-outside-and-saw-the-stars-again>

**1960** John Wilcox writes: ‘Alleyn Court, a prep school founded by my grandfather Theodore Robert Wilcox in 1904 near Southend on Sea, has recently been handed over to a charitable trust after 114 years of family ownership. There are strong Cambridge connections with each of the four generations which have provided four headmasters, namely T. R. Wilcox (Selwyn), D. R. Wilcox (Pembroke), myself John Wilcox (Pembroke) and W. D. A. Wilcox (Homerton and C.C.A.T.) The foundation of the school would not have been possible without the kindness of a Wilcox cousin, Charles Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carroll. The founder, Theo, and his two siblings were young children when their father died of diabetes. He had been a very close friend of Dodgson, welcoming him often to their family home in Whitburn, Northumberland. Dodgson supported the family financially, paying for Theo and his brother at King’s, Canterbury, and Cambridge. Without the resultant qualifications it is doubtful whether Alleyn Court would ever have been founded’.

**1961** Colin Richards writes: ‘When talking to the senior leadership

team of the school where I am Vice-Chair of Governors I pointed out that many members of the teaching staff would view a governor like me as “a boring old fart”. Immediately there came back the reply “Not boring, Colin”. Members of the college of my age have to take what crumbs of an epitaph we can’.

**1963** Lance Butler has been appointed Chairman of the Sir Arthur Conan Doyle Centre in Edinburgh. The Centre promotes the spiritual and investigation into the paranormal in the context of modern ‘Mind, Body, Spirit’ thinking.

Malcolm and Dottie Haslett have moved back to Cambridge after Malcolm’s retirement from the BBC World Service.

**1965** Graham Vulliamy writes: ‘My wife and I retired as academics in 2008 and have travelled abroad extensively since then with my immersion in travel photography as a principal hobby. This came to an abrupt halt with the onset of Covid-19 in early 2020. I needed a lockdown project and, prompted by the fact that I had lectured to a local camera club on travel photography, I thought that I could combine my ideas on this in a book, together with a selection of my photographs and the reproduction of short articles of mine already published by the Royal Photographic Society. My intended audience was photography hobbyists and anyone who enjoys taking pictures on their travels. I wanted to show how the general principles of travel photography can be adapted for use by those on short holiday trips abroad.’ A digital version of the book has recently been published and can be accessed free of charge using this link: <http://bit.ly/3dABumx>.

**1966** David Sneath travelled to the Ross Sea region of the Antarctic in January 2020 on board a Russian ship, the Professor Khromov. He visited Captain





Scott's Discovery Hut, Shackleton's Hut at Cape Royds and Scott's Hut at Cape Evans from where Scott had reached the South Pole in January 1912 but died on his return in March. David went ashore on the Sub Antarctic Enderby, Auckland, Macquarie and Campbell islands to photograph wildlife including Hooker's Seals, Yellow Eye Penguins, Elephant Seals and Royal Albatrosses. He was prevailed upon to take the Polar Plunge in Robertson's Bay off Cape Adare where the very first hut was built in 1899 by Karsten Borchgrevink's expedition. On 28 January his group celebrated the bicentenary of the discovery of the Antarctic Continent by the Russian, Fabian Gottlieb von Bellingshausen, with a party on the pack ice.



**1969**  
**Richard ['Dick'] Skinner** writes: 'Some of my contemporaries may remember that in my last year I produced, co-wrote, and performed in a College revue "Mind the Boggles", along with Gordon Clarke (1969), Chris Jones (1970), and Chris Saunders (1969) as "the Turntable". Paul Cheshire (1969) was our lighting engineer. Since then Gordon and I have continued to write and perform the occasional cabaret. I have also authored several books of poetry, and last year I published my first novel (as R. N. F. Skinner). Entitled *Still Crazy...* It's set in Cambridge 1971/2 and Exeter 1997. Our current Master, who as plain "Chris Smith" was an exact contemporary of mine, has described it as "a wonderful novel, beautifully written, that

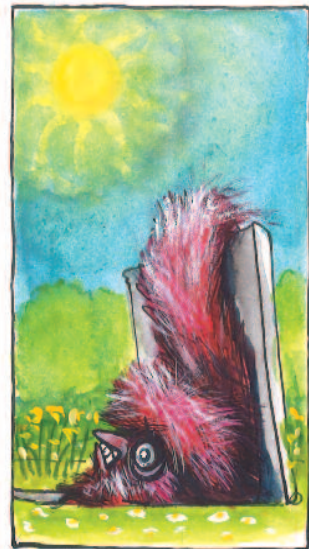
threads its way through the lives and loves of its characters who step vividly out of the pages. A delight to read". What better recommendation? So, support a fellow Pembrokean in his declining years! The novel is available from Amazon as a paperback (or download), or from Hive Books (<https://bit.ly/3jXNJKt>).

**1971**  
**Francis Montagu** writes: 'It has been a tumultuous year in Bristol, with the toppling of Colston's statue. It has caused all long-established city institutions to reflect... I have been president for 2019-2020 of one, The Anchor Society, founded in 1769, which works for the elderly in making grants, providing housing and in other ways. This year our annual collection for our work raised £109,302.

It has also been an important year for my family in another respect, which has an indirect connection with Pembroke. St Pol sur Ternoise has two claims to English history. First its connection to the College through Pembroke's Foundress, Marie de St Pol, and secondly that on 7th November 1920 four unidentified bodies were brought to a chapel in St Pol and Brigadier General Louis Wyatt, Commanding Officer in France and Flanders, chose one of them. The chosen body is that of the Unknown Warrior that lies at Westminster Abbey, as does the body of Marie's husband Aymer de Valence, with an inscription to his widow. My wife Olivia is General Wyatt's granddaughter and, with only a few others, she attended the service in the Abbey to mark the centenary of the Unknown Warrior's burial on 11th November 2020.'

**1972**  
**Jonathan Mantle** has co-authored *The Microwave Delusion* which details the worldwide health hazards due to inadequate industry-set safety standards from wireless radiation. In keeping with the portfolio spirit of the times, he has also co-authored *Wally... Did You No Wrong* which is the untold true story of who really started the Sex Pistols. He remains happily un-remarried and his children are off the payroll.

**1976**  
**Chris Kyriacou** writes: 'Over the last year I have attended some excellent online events at the College. Such events have provided a wonderful way for members to engage with the College on a more regular basis. I very much hope that when there is a return to normal face-to-face events, more of these can be held.'



**1979**  
**Patrick Derham** writes: 'Just to say that after 24 years of Headship (Solihull, Rugby and Westminster) and after 38 years of teaching I finished at Westminster yesterday! The final term, my 114th, was spent in the virtual world. The pupils went home on St Patrick's Day and sadly never returned. In September I become Chairman of Ed Tech Company ... an interesting new challenge.'

**1981**  
After a 36-year career in Finance, **Chris Birks** has banished any ideas of a relaxing retirement and has returned to academia. He completed a part-time Master of Studies in History at Oxford University in 2020, graduating with a Distinction and has now embarked on a part-time History DPhil at Lincoln College, Oxford. His area of interest is modern British political history.

**1984**  
**James Maughan** writes: 'How lovely to see my '84 classmate **Gail (née Davey)** awarded OBE. In her words: <https://youtu.be/Q->

[2IMuyo60Y](https://youtu.be/Q-) In a Bradford Grammar School (BGS) coincidence (if you believe it exists, which I don't), Gail's husband Richard Nerurkar is a close BGS pal. He is MBE, being Britain's finest marathon runner. Gail was the first person I met on arrival in Pembroke.'

**Tom Shakespeare** writes: 'I am Professor of Disability Research at the International Centre for Evidence on Disability at London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine. I am living near The Oval cricket ground and enjoying the rich and diverse cultural life of London – Covid-19 permitting. I also became a grandfather in 2020, as my daughter Ivy had Ruby.'

**1986**  
**Rebecca Lloyd James** (English) has recently completed an MRes at Cardiff School of Art and Design on the occluded female artists associated with the male-only Camden Town Group. She has now begun a PhD, at the University of Bristol, on the life and work of the Polish-British artist Stanisława de Karłowska. She is looking forward to being able to visit archives and galleries once again. Her husband Nick (Engineering, 1986) received a British Citizen Award in December 2020 for leadership of his company, Atamis Ltd, which has provided procurement support to the NHS during the pandemic.



**1987**  
**Catherine Thome** writes: 'After I graduated from Oriental Studies (Chinese) back in 1991, I had a first career organising international sporting events in Taiwan, China, and SE Asia and then in France. I subsequently worked for the former CEO of Tesco and enjoyed travelling around the world, including remote areas of China. I moved to Athens in 2016 and found my calling working with refugees. I now run a small family foundation in London, the Saïd Foundation, which gives scholarships to bright students from the Levant to undertake a Master's degree in the UK and gives grants to assist Syrian refugees in Lebanon and in Jordan. I continue to be a volunteer caseworker at the British Red Cross in Refugee Services and run a temporary homeless centre every Christmas with the charity Crisis.'

**1991**  
**Gil Asherie** writes: 'Here in Jerusalem we are slowly emerging from a third nationwide lockdown. The local schools are not yet back in session, but should be soon, at least for our two younger kids, with the older two likely to stay on Zoom. As I write (in mid-February) we are enjoying an early bout of springlike weather – clear sunny skies and everyone in shirt sleeves. But we've been promised a true snowstorm within just a couple of days. In the two decades that I've lived here, that has happened on only a couple of occasions, and it has been magical every time: the soaring stone walls of the Old City blanketed in white, and the whole of this sometimes complicated city covered in a thick, peaceful mantle of snow. This time the municipality has acted early in urging residents to stock up on essential supplies. Moreover, the Mayor has assured us that the city's fleet of snowplows stands "at the ready". Of course, I know what that means: Moishe's old tractor has been rigged up with a couple of oversized garden spades strapped to the front. I guess the lockdown isn't quite over yet' (email: [gilasherie@yahoo.com](mailto:gilasherie@yahoo.com))

## Poet's Corner

### Covid Lit: Great Classics retold for Our Troubled Times

#### No 1: Romeo & Juliet

Two households both alike in dignity  
Can only meet in groups of less than six,  
In their own support bubble, not in their  
Own homes, or outdoors, or in any public  
Space, apart from indoors serving food, except  
For emergency pubs, outdoors or indoors  
On or in or under public transport. You,  
Romeo, two metres away from that window.  
End of.

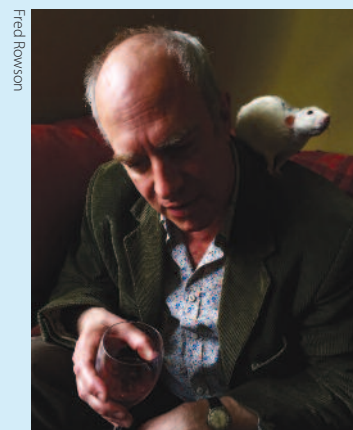
15 October 2020

#### Osteoarthritis

after Shelley

I met a traveller from an antique shop  
Who sold me a teak Georgian fire-surround  
That, when I scratched it later with my car keys  
Proved to be of plywood, stained in tea  
And bought last week from Homebase, out of town.  
This shows that bastard well our passions knows,  
How gulled we are by snobbery & greed  
We'll buy his pedestals and old commodes,  
Even two vast and trunkless elephants:  
'You've got osteoarthritis, you poor things:  
Just buy my works, all righty? (then despair)'.  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of this colossal Wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level shires stretch far away.

29 August 2020




Fred Rowson


**Martin Rowson (1978)** is a multi-award winning cartoonist, satirist, author, broadcaster, ranter and poet, as well as serving as the *Martlet's* in-house illustrator for the last 21 years. His many books include graphic novelisations of *The Waste Land*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*, and *The Communist Manifesto*, while *Stuff*, the memoir he wrote about clearing out his late parent's home, was long-listed for the 2007 Samuel Johnson Prize. From May to November 2020 he wrote a poem every day in response to the unfolding horror of the Covid Pandemic and the political and social reactions to it. These have now all been published as *Plague Songs* – his sixth book of poetry from Smokestack Books – from which the above two poems have been taken.






 Roger Bushell




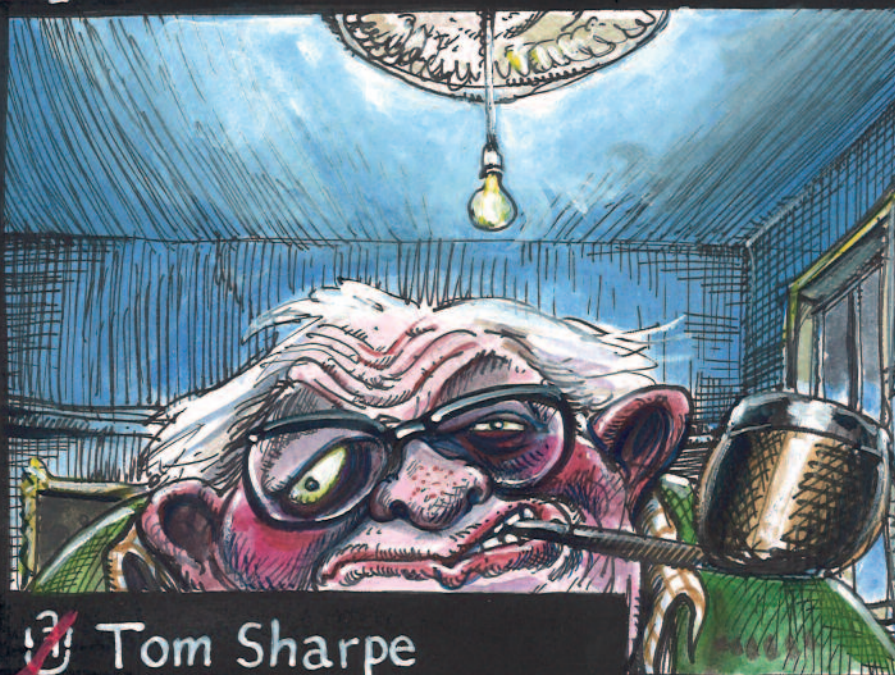
 Clive James




 Peter Cook



 Thomas Gray



 Tom Sharpe



 Lancelot Andrewes

*Martin Ranson 21*