

Complaint Song of Academics

Original lyrics by Joel Kuortti & the choir

Translation by Joel Kuortti

Deadlines are pressing, I worked all night.
Text is slow in coming, only one page saw daylight.
They monitor our work, they restrict our thinking.
Wonderful to wander in the paths of science.
Why don't we have time enough to complete our work?
No-one ever thanks us, nor do they understand.

I have work until the next month. Where would I get a month more?
There's a lot of work to be done all day and all night.
The grants run as usual past me, endlessly.
Another application needs an updated CV.
Why isn't there money for wages when there's a lot to do?
Try to smile, then, when you have to leave!

We have to succeed and shine to pave our career.
If only we could remove the obstacles on our way.
Old posts are so secure; no new openings.
New people curse, again - left without a job.
Why aren't there enough posts when there's no lack of doers.
Try to square the circle when there's better things to do!

Travel, Sole™ and such torture us to death.
Competition and patronizing take out our breath.
I'd take a time-management course if only I had the time.
Only the work reimbursement system keeps it out of sight.
Why isn't there time enough for important things?
Why do we have to fill in these strange squares?

From assessment they are forcing us.
In comparison to others they show us our place.
What remains is responsibility and administration.

Aren't results enough When you have to compare?
Why do we have to give the RIGHT answers?

The old lecturer is burnt out, what can be done?
When research is stalled - just line up in the queue!
Experience means nothing when they weigh us.
Year after year you begin anew.
Why don't they respect our experience?
Why do we have to always start anew?

We are always expected to take new degrees.
When do these ever bring us any good?
A PhD is no good as a shop assistant.
An MA is too grand for the assembly line
Why can't I get work as a PhD?
Why can't I get work as an MA?

Work-related trips make my life miserable.
Why do I have to travel with my own money?
You can publish, oh yes but you cannot travel.
You can produce without any support!
Why can't work-related trips be just that?
Why isn't the university paying for them?

I spent a year writing a journal article.
After a week it came back as a boomerang.
Yet I managed to get one through to a good journal.
It only took me two years in all!
Why don't the schedules of the journals stand?
Why do they hang us in a loose rope?

Ministry of Education, University salary
system, results, Personal Study Plan
Travel, SoleCris, SoleTM,
Strategy, VirtualDesk, work reimbursement

Protest! Police! Here! Now!

Once a journalist read over my text.
Writing a report on it for his magazine.
Everything in that “thing” was wrong as hell!
I wish I was in my grave, so I could stir in
there.

Why can't they understand my research?
Why don't anyone care about my work?

Application, work, report; the vicious circle
goes on.
How could I get out when my job is
unfinished.
A new round starts already before the previous
is ready.
And so they say, It's for the best!
Why can't we do one thing at a time?
Now we run around like slaves, right?

The ink in the printer runs out just
When it's most urgent – the deadline is
pressing.
The high temple of science is completely
helpless
When the ink runs out – science must wait!
How can mere ink put a stop to research?
Why must science wait for a new cartridge?

Catch words of the day take a hold of the
world.

Similarly productivity caught university.
Productivity, efficiency – magic words.
Contents and thoughts – all forgotten!
Why is productivity thus adored?
When will research regain its liberty?

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TAMPEREEN
YLIOPISTON
TIETEENTEKIJÄT RY.

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