

Fortysome Worries

Inspired by

A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall (Bob Dylan, 1962-1963)

Oh where have you been, my blue eyed ones?
And where have you been, my daughters and sons?
We've been on the run through research divisions
We listened to futures of dystopic visions
Where glasses are empty and speakers have missions
Where platforms are plentiful, projects expanding
but deadlines approaching, and donors demanding
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard and it's a hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed ones?
And what did you see, my daughters and sons?
We saw newspapers dying and editors moaning
Surveillance expanded and whistleblowers groaning
Saw democracy written with hands that were bleeding
on walls built up tall to bar people from reading
We saw tear gas and bullets and journalists running
We saw young men in uniforms, brutality stunning
We saw many suggestions to curb free expression
More brutally so in times of recession ...
And it's a hard ...

And what did you hear, my blue-eyed ones?
Yes, what did you hear, my daughters and sons?
We heard thousands of talkers, but little attention
We heard writers who scribbled on walls of detention
We heard film-makers framed up as bones of contention
Heard protesters' voices that no one would mention
Heard Murdochs with scandals and scam in the alley
And clapping of hands in the Silicone valley
While attackers on diversity loudly a-cheering
And politicians turning their coats overbearing
And it's a hard ...

Oh, who did you meet, my blue-eyed ones?
And who did you meet, my daughters and sons?
We met a media field that is endlessly growing
While funders of research pretend a not-knowing
We met with a system that counts publications
In ways that may sometimes disrupt our relations
to students who eagerly want revelations
of new and old media, Facebook formations
We met serious journalists loudly complaining
While markets were curbing ambitions remaining
And it's a hard ...

And what'll you do now, my blue-eyed ones?
And what'll you do now, my daughters and sons?
We're going back out where the rain starts a-falling
To shelters where voices are tired of calling
We'll speak truth to the power, wise to the soft-spoken
And prove that our research is more than a token
But shareholders' faces are always well hidden
and access to some information forbidden
Again and again we exchange our reflections
and listen to media's take on elections
with thousands of tweeters and Facebook campaigning
While the media watchdogs' true stories remaining
Are left often untold despite good intentions
and experienced journalists left with pre-pensions
But we'll stay on our ship and prevent it from sinking
and stand by our research until we stop thinking
And it's a hard ...

Elisabeth Eide 10.8.2013