

Ode to the Interviewer

In my work on Market Research
Where results must come with speed,
I've found the Interviewer
Is a very special breed.

We sit in our warm office
Thinking what we'd like to know
Then despatch The Interviewer
Through the rain and wind and snow.

You trudge around your random route
To places no man dares
Balancing your clipboard,
Your prompt cards and questionnaires.

I know just what you're thinking
As round the streets you plod –
"He's sitting warm and snug inside,
The lucky little (fellow)!"

And as the day draws to a close
You need one more for quota –
Where is that one-eyed fisherman
Who comes from Minnesota

And paints with Silk on Tuesday nights,
Is married, bald and gay?
Ah, well! At least it's better
than the quota yesterday!

To say that interviewing's tough
Would be to understate it.
Please, Interviewer, take a bow
- you are appreciated.

*Written in 1988 when working as a Survey Executive for ICI Paints (Dulux) in Slough.
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