



12 January 2016

**Memorandum**

To: Trialists

Fr: Curtis Meinert

Re: I'm an ordinary trialist

I'm an ordinary trialist,  
who desires nothing more than just an ordinary chance to live exactly as he likes,  
and do precisely what he wants.

An average trialist am I, of no eccentric whim,  
who likes to live his life free of strife,  
doing whatever he thinks is best.

Just an ordinary trialist...  
BUT, Let meta-analysts in your life and your serenity is through.  
They will tell you how to go about your work,  
then go on to the enthralling fun of overhauling you.  
Let meta-analysts in your life and you're up against a wall.

Make a plan and you will find they had something else in mind,  
and so rather than do either, you do something else that neither likes at all.

You want to talk of p-values and confidence intervals,  
they only want to talk about access to your data and transparency.  
You go to a symposium and spend all your time answering questions about your data.

Let meta-analysts in your life and you invite eternal strife.  
Let them do a trial with their spare time;  
I'd be equally as willing for a dentist to be drilling than to ever let meta-analysts in my life.

I'm a very gentle trialist,  
even tempered and good-natured,  
whom you never hear complain,  
who has the milk of human kindness by the quart in every vein.

A patient trialist am I, down to my fingertips,  
the sort who never could, ever would,  
let an insulting remark escape his lips.

Just a very gentle trialist.  
But let meta-analysts in my life,

I'm an ordinary trialist  
12 January 2016

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and patience hasn't got a chance.

They will beg you for advice, your reply will be concise,  
and they will listen very nicely, then go out and do precisely what they want!

You are a trialist of grace and polish,  
who never spoke above a hush.  
Now at once you're using language  
that would make a sailor blush!

Let meta-analysts in your life and you're plunging in a knife!  
Let the other trialist tie the knot around their necks,  
I prefer a new edition of the Spanish Inquisition than to ever let meta-analysts in my life.

I'm a quiet living trialist,  
who prefers to spend the evening in the silence of his room,  
who likes an atmosphere as restful as an undiscovered tomb.  
A pensive trialist am I, of philosophic joys,  
who likes to meditate, contemplate,  
free from humanity's mad inhuman noise.  
Just a quiet living trialist.

But, let meta-analysts in my life, and my sabbatical is through.  
In a line that never ends comes an army of their friends,  
come to jabber and to chatter and to tell you what the matter is with YOU!  
They have a booming, boisterous family who will descend on you en masse.  
They have large followings, with voices that shatters glass.

Let meta-analysts in your life,  
and they will badger you like a large Wagnerian mother for your data.  
Never let meta-analysts in your life!

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Adapted from the lyrics, *I'm an ordinary man*, from the musical, *My Fair Lady* (1964)

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