

FSD2545 VIROLAISTEN RAKKAUSELÄMÄKERRAT 1996

FSD2545 SEXUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHIES OF ESTONIANS 1996

Tämä dokumentti on osa yllä mainittua Yhteiskuntatieteelliseen tietoaarkistoon arkistoitua tutkimusaineistoa.

Dokumenttia hyödyntävien tulee viitata siihen asianmukaisesti lähdeviitteellä.

Lisätiedot: <http://www.fsd.uta.fi/>

This document forms a part of the above mentioned dataset, archived at the Finnish Social Science Data Archive.

If the document is used or referred to in any way, the source must be acknowledged by means of an appropriate bibliographic citation.

More information: <http://www.fsd.uta.fi/>

Detta dokument utgör en del av den ovannämnda datamängden, arkiverad på Finlands samhällsvetenskapliga dataarkiv.

Om dokument är utnyttjat eller refererat till måste källan anges i form av bibliografisk referens.

Mer information: <http://www.fsd.uta.fi/>

Year of birth: 1975
Age: 21
Gender: Female

USE RESTRICTIONS: It is forbidden to disseminate or publish any identifying information on the author or the persons he/she mentions. Names of persons and exact places of residence have to be removed or anonymised from quotations used in analyses/publications.

STORY #9

I was the first born, was unplanned and my parents married because of me. I was what you might call "an accident ". My parents had only known each other for a few months. My mother told my father that because he was free he did not have to marry her if he did not want to, but he did. As I reached puberty I often thought things might have been different. I kept imagining my parents divorcing. They were always quarrelling. My father would do as he pleased, go where he wanted to. For my mother even job-related travel or going to choir practice were reasons for contention. Once during one of their rows I became so hysterical that my mother had s hard time calming me down. Family relationships were/are not good. I don't remember my father ever praising me, touching me or taking me on his lap. Maybe I have a distorted memory but I can't recall a single emotionally positive incident involving my father. Our relationship consisted solely of control and punishment. My school grades were always good but if I even got a f our (European system: 1 to 5) I was punished as if I had Failed. I had to be particularly careful when I was writing because every ink blot or correction was a potential to having to re-write the entire notebook.

I finished my elementary education with an excellent certificate but even on seeing it, my father did not praise me. He said: "bring the birch!" That was his idea of a joke. Once I received a strapping For having gone along with some other children about a kilometer from my home, to a hill, so we could sled. Evan after I explained that I was not there alone, that there were other kids with me, he would not listen. "You are not 'other kids' he said."

Sometimes I didn't have a proper pencil. The usual sort of thing that happens to a child. I was 7-8 years old, sitting on the floor, cowering like an animal, confronting my father's wrath and staring at his potentially punishing hand. That time I was not physically beaten but I will never forget the inhuman fear that I felt.

At age 17 I started to go to parties. Before I was able to get out of the house there was always a huge row because my father didn't want children "roaming about alone". My father only saw his

own positive qualities and good deeds, and he was always right. To this day he has not changed in this respect. It is impossible to change someone who has such a good opinion of himself.

I was very attached to my mother as a child and she loved me as well. Perhaps the bond between us was too strong. Early in my childhood she began to treat me more as a friend. She told me about her work, her worries, but I was not able to ask her any questions. To be quite honest, I don't recall telling my mother any of my own problems since puberty. I had learnt early in life that all I could expect in return would be a few soothing words like: "it will pass", or "nothing to worry about". There was never enough time to explain the problem fully so that it would become clear to both of us. Yet she was a great comfort to me during my period of severe depression. Our relationship is of a paradoxical nature - on the one side a great attachment to each other but on the other, mutual suspicion. Often I would go to her and put my head into her lap, sick with worry but when she asked me what was wrong, I refused to tell her. The current problem we have is that she keeps saying she understands my having become an adult but on the other hand, she denies this to herself.

The first six years of my life I was virtually growing up alone. I was in a nursery for only about two months because my grandmother refused to let me continue to be traumatised because I cried so bitterly every morning before we set off. After that I was left at home with my great-grandfather. In Võru we moved to a newly built apartment house where I joined a larger group of children but during school hours I was still alone. In the primary school classroom, I was one of the best students, I tried to get ahead, wore glasses, and became an object of ridicule. The only time anyone spoke to me was when we had a difficult assignment. My self-esteem was practically nil. Middle school was another story, there I found friends, with whom I have kept in touch since. Actually the entire foregoing narrative is just an introduction and background to my greatest problem, one that has worried me for years

Yes, the problem is severe and that is why I will approach it in a circumspect manner, once again via my childhood, going back to the moment when I asked: "where did I come from?" I was told the stork had brought me. For some reason I did not believe that to be true because I was watching my mother becoming rounder and bigger every day until she went into the hospital and brought me back a little sister. After that they were forced to tell me that babies grow in their mothers' stomachs. How did they get there? - Silence. I was an inquisitive child and caused my family a lot of headaches on this issue. Luckily I learnt to read early and gained most of my knowledge from books. All the more reason for me, later on in life, to retreat into that world as a refuge from reality. So back to, "how did a baby turn up in its mother's stomach?" My mother told me that I had once turned from the question to "Health ABC-s" and become engrossed in what I was reading.