

Helsinki, Finnish Independence Day Dec 6, 1983

Dear friend(s),

Seasonal greetings to you; hopefully, the starting year will be more promising in international relations than the one which we are winding up soon. The prospects are not too promising, though the Finnish President sounded rather optimistic in his speech a couple of hours ago on the TV. The scenery at the moment is very Christmas-like: we got fresh snow today, and the city of Helsinki looks clean and idyllic. The Independence Day festivities in Finland are very solemn and quiet - no dancing in the streets or anything on the same line. But it is a good day to complete things which one has aimed for quite some time like writing letters...

On the individual level, the year 1983 has been quite hectic for the Kivikuru-Nordenstrengs'. We started packing our Dar es Salaam home early March and left Tanzania end of April, travelled through Ethiopia, Egypt, Switzerland, Belgium, West Germany, Denmark and Sweden, saw quite a few friends and relatives on our way home - and then, after the arrival home, it was time to start packing again! We moved from one apartment in Helsinki to another one a few blocks away, but we still needed a lot of energy to do that. At the end of June we had a funny feeling that we had spent the whole first part of the year for packing and unpacking.

Now we are well settled in our new home, and Ullamaija has got rid of the dust allergy she got during the packing of our books: none of the temporary guests of the house had, quite understandably, got the impulsion to clean our bookshelves while we were in Tanzania. Hence, we got on ourselves a nice thick cover of dust collected there during three years... Conclusions based on the whole operation: a) there will be no removal for at least five years for at least Ullamaija; if somebody else in the family will like to do it, he/she has to either send Ullamaija south for a nice holiday trip or to get rid of her with other means b) permanent cleaning help is needed in the house.

The months after summer have become more and more like the months and years before the time we left for Tanzania: lecturing, studying, seminars, meetings, trips (males only), meetings, meetings, meetings. Both of the adult members of the family remember disgustingly well those lovely - warm, black and breezy - evenings in Dar es Salaam, when we solemnly promised NEVER to end up with our former way of life with the simply slogan "Hurry up!" How come are we here again?

Still, the two-and-a-half-year period in Tanzania made <sup>(us)</sup> all very good - it meant good, challenging and motivating work for Ullamaija, some research and reading possibility for Kaarle and an extraordinary experience for both of the kids. The rest of the family got some more self-confidence, but Kaarle did not loose his, either - a great surprise for the Finnish community in Dar es Salaam ("The poor man is living on his wife's salary, but looks still quite happy!").

At the moment, Kaarle is on transit between Paris and New Delhi here - nice for the students in Tampere, isn't? He is leaving for Delhi tomorrow, but has promised to come back for Christmas. Let's hope, though he still is like he has been for years - knows well what he is going to do five years from now, but does not have any idea, where he is going to be tomorrow. Ordinarily, he commutes between Tampere and Helsinki at least 2-3 times per week, sometimes even daily. He pretends to come to the capital because of the family, while he, in fact, spends 18 hours per day in different types of meetings. But let the man have his illusions...

Ullamaija has spent practically the whole fall with her licenciate research. It is useless to tell, how many schedules for the completion of the work she has thrown to the dustpin during the last six months. The struggle continues, but, unfortunately, she has to start teaching during the spring semester as well. This means that the Institute of Communication, University of Helsinki, will have an ardent tutor also during the Christmas leave. Sometimes she behaves like a martyr, sometimes like a saint (rarely), most of the time she is busy and careless and has a constant bad consciousness of neglecting her children and letting the dust cover the house again. She hates the lady downstairs, because this lady bakes - seemingly - lovely cakes and pies several times per week, and the nice smell fills the gateway exactly the time Ullamaija comes home from work. And how much she misses Daniel and Mama Mariam, who in Dar es Salaam gave her the illusion that homework is easy and pleasant!!!

Markus has matured quite a lot after our arrival home. He is a fairly independent young man now, and without him the life would be even tougher for Ullamaija - he takes care of Laura after the afternoon babysitter or help-lady has left, he takes Laura to the ballet (though we are not supposed to tell any of his friends, it is not RESPECTABLE to take little sisters to ballet), he takes the dog for a walk as he promised in the beginning. He has got quite a good start with his Finnish school, he plays piano and goes for riding once a week (Ullamaija rode in Tanzania twice a week, here she has not even touched a horse a single time...). Markus is still fluent in English, but has started Russian as well, and next year there will be Swedish on the programme, so he is pretty balanced languagewise - on the line of Finnish foreign policy with some over-emphasis in the Anglo-American direction.

Laura is as noisy as ever. She goes to a half-day kindergarten plus a music school plus ballet plus plus plus - she likes to take part in everything. For example, Ullamaija has a very special occasion on Thursday this week: there will be a meeting of mothers assisting in the preparation of angel wings for a Santa Lucia festival! Laura has lost quite a lot of her English and all of the little Swahili she knew, and the rest of the family does not know what to do. Seemingly, we are not going to do anything. Kaarle had a heroic idea of speaking only English on Saturdays with the children, but somehow things did not work out quite that way. Actually, there are two people who deserve angel wings rather than our little daughter: Ullamaija's mother and our afternoon help lady Seija - without their assistance this project would have been a total disaster a long time ago.

For somebody who has been away some time, the darkness and eternal wind of Helsinki fall prepare a surprise; fairly often we have dreamed about the Tanzanian sun. Recently, we have got some snow for a short period of time, and this has been very exiting for the children: they both long for a nice, white Christmas. Let's hope that their wish will turn true. We are going to spend the Christmas at our summer place in the countryside. So hopeless we are that we have already started to pack unread books for that short holiday trip - as if there were any real chances to catch up with the readings. But people must have their dreams in this cold world.

Have a peaceful Christmas season, allow yourself(selves) some time for dreaming as well!

With best wishes,

*Ullamaija*

*Kaarle*

December 15, 1984

Dear friends - hopefully we do not need to say: dear former friends, though we have been extremely passive in social matters the whole year,

Try to understand us. The work merry-go-round does not seem to have any end. In a way, it is surprising, how little we have accomplished taking into consideration how bad consciousness we have had the whole year. Kaarle got his book published - it was due roughly five years ago. Ullamaija got her licenciate thesis ready in December - it was due at the end of the 1970's. Now we have numerous projects waiting, some a couple of weeks overdue, some may be already some years overdue. The problem is that we do not follow the chronological order. That is the issue that makes life so exciting for those interested to work together with us. We have a tendency to pick up those papers on the top of the pile on the desk.

The year has been extremely exciting for Kaarle as well; because of the fact that Ullamaija has worked in the evenings and during the weekends, Kaarle has found himself in an awkward situation: he has been almost a single parent. Ullamaija's project started about a year ago, and already last Christmas Kaarle found out that a dishwashing machine is the right present for the whole family. If there were a machine developed which could cook, wash clothes, take the dog out and put the children to bed in the evening and to school in the morning, the rest of the family would know exactly, what we were going to buy for ourselves this year... But there is not - and that has been Kaarle's problem the past year. His problems are doubled because of the fact that he works in a place 200 kilometres from home. He knows the train timetable between Helsinki and Tampere better than his numerous telephone numbers. The kids have grown more self-reliant during this process as well. Markus, almost 11, is approaching the teenage to the astonishment of the parents. Every second week the house is full of friends and the noise created by Michael Jackson & co, every second week the house is only full of Michael Jackson and the boy demands a password from everybody but his dear dog Malla before entering his room. During the weekends, he is either not at home at all, or he keeps on sprawling on his bed the full day, reading and listening music. We anticipate that this kind of behaviour will continue a couple of years... Markus still doesn't remember the first names of the girls in his class, but he has started to comb his hair. He plays the piano (lazely) and rides (eagerly and dearly).

Laura's timetable resembles that of somebody else in the family: she attends a Finnish-language nursery in the morning and an English-language kindergarten in the afternoon, plays flute and attends a music nursery twice a week, dances ballet and has an extremely lively social life with dozens of friends. She likes boys as well, but she has got some alarming hangups about what is suitable for girls and what is not - the feminist tendencies do not seem to run in the family. Maybe the reason is the fact that she has to adjust herself to contradictory educational norms. The Finnish nursery tried to use soft methods, discussions and the social consciousness-approach, while the American nuns in the kindergarten have extremely much blackboard and other methods officially prohibited in Finland; to our understanding, the latter approach fits Laura, almost 6, very well. She is definitely too talkative and spoiled (especially by her father, says the mother). She needs strict norms.

Laura is very pragmatic by approach. She got bored about the fact that Christmas seemed to be continuously very far ahead. "Cannot we have it a bit earlier, at least this year?" she proposed. As you notice, there is some progress in the family: we tend to postpone things, the younger generation is eager to meet the challenge... The person - yes, she is a person - the least affected by Ullamaija's intensive work period has been Malla, the pure African dog well adjusted to the terrible Finnish Fall: she simply sleeps it away. She has a lot of cat-like abilities. We anticipate that one day she will start purring as well. She is Markus' best friend also at those moments when there does not seem to be a single human friend in the world. Markus and Malla sleep in the same bed, or rather Malla allows Markus to sleep in the same bed most nights. The rest, she simply pushes the boy to the floor. "Excuse me", says Markus and tries to crawl back.

One reason why we have been so passive in social matters is the fact that Kaarle's good fortune forgot him once during this year. Visiting India in June, he caught a bacteria called shigillia, a relative to the bacteria that causes dysentery. That bacteria seemingly liked Kaarle's busy person very much, because it decided to leave him first in October, though its strength was gone already at the end of the summer. The liking was not mutual, and the problem was doubled because of the extremely cautious health care system of Finland. Kaarle had to visit the laboratorium of the health care center at least once a week, and besides all tests, they also gave him lectures on HEALTHY LIFE STYLE. On the other hand, Kaarle was a great challenge to all of the ladies at the center: while they were planning to put him in domestic quarantine, they found out that the almost dying man had already visited Tampere twice... The rest of the family were purely rejoicing over his misfortune, though Kaarle is quite strenuous while sick (like most men, he is almost dying all the time and expects great sympathy). Kaarle has seemingly got a very effective guardian angel, while ours neglect even their basic duties. Hence, it was totally justified that he once suffered properly!

Kaarle claims that he has not travelled as much as before. That is true, though he still travels TOO much, says the rest of the family. The whole family spent a weekend in Leningrad in June (Laura fell in love with the circus and the rest of the family with the Winter Palace), and Kaarle and Ullamaija visited Prague together in August, though Ullamaija had to travel home somewhat earlier. The mass communication researchers are seemingly men married to ladies who accept that their children are more their children than the husband's in August, when the school starts. Ullamaija does not accept the idea, but somehow she found herself in the aeroplane, while Kaarle remained in Prague for a couple of extra days. Besides these trips, Kaarle has visited India twice, Paris some 2-3 times, not to talk about countries next to ours - but, honestly, he has travelled less than before.

For the Christmas holidays, the family will take off for Aitolahti close to Tampere. There is not much sense in dragging all the Christmas food and equipment in an old, cold house 200 kilometres away - and that is exactly what we have done year after year. This year, Ullamaija tried to ask her family, if it were not nice to get acquainted with an urban Christmas, but she lost against an overwhelming majority. Hence, we take the food, the presents, the dog, the grandmother, the children and ourselves AND drive with some 300 000 Helsinki-dwellers on slippery roads to Tampere. The most dangerous detail about the summer place is that there does exist a telephone there, and that means that Kaarle might be disturbing for example you during the holidays. The rest of the family promises to do our best to prevent him, but you know... Anyway, we wish you a merry Christmas and a happy new year (this is a song Laura has been exercising for the past weeks, but it still sounds quite nice). We promise that we will keep contact - at least before the next Christmas... Let's be realistic but hope the best,

With our warmest regards,

*Ullamaija & co.*

Dear friend(s),

*file Nordenstreng*

It is high time to send our seasonal greetings, but the Kivikuru-Nordenstreng family happens to be scattered around Europe; the collection of news from everybody concerned takes time. Finally, Kaarle participated through phone from Geneva.

The year has been dramatic for us. Kaarle's sister and aunt passed away with a couple of months' time span. In the summer we experienced many drastic changes while repairing our 150-year-old summer home; it was quite an experience for non-professionals... Then the dog got sick, after her Kaarle, then Ullamaija. The middle age has started without doubt. Kaarle still supports his reputation of a never-tired traveller by leaving his medicine always 1-2 stops behind, in another town/ country. Health problems are not great or dramatic. That is the the depressing side of it: even our disasters are tiny.

For Ullamaija the year passed mainly with left-overs from previous years. While the licentiate thesis was in the pipeline, she had to put aside a lot of assignments. This year she did not have excuses any longer. The only new project in her life brought her back to Africa for a short while and a hectic work period. She came home, again, with a voice lip infection. The rest of the family enjoyed a rare phenomenon, a quiet mother.

To be honest, Kaarle has travelled somewhat less than before, but still the number of travel days is quite impressive. Even travelling is done in a democratic way. For example, one early morning in June Kaarle picked up Ullamaija from the airport. She was coming back from Africa and got the news in the car: Markus had chicken pox, and Kaarle had worked as a heroic father while nursing the boy. Laura's chicken pox was expected in two weeks; so, Ullamaija would get her share. A couple of hours later Kaarle departed for Latin America for a month. The chicken pox started as scheduled. That could be called family democracy to our understanding.

Kaarle still makes easy promises in the family circles and finds himself in Tampere 200 kilometres away, when his presence were needed to pick up Laura or Markus etc. But maybe it is as our philosophical son once stated: the very day we do no longer believe Kaarle's good intentions we are in problems, not before.

Kaarle has a never-ending list of work assignments - no wonder that he every now and then (usually Sunday mornings) tries escapism: he and a couple of other former Tanzania-dwellers go jogging in Helsinki Central Park. They try to convince themselves that the stuff that covers them up to the shoulders is not snow/mud but lovely white sand from Oyster Bay beach in Dar es Salaam...

In principle, the parents lead a dull, work-ridden life compared with the younger generation. Markus is almost a teenager now; it is an easily recognizable state of affairs as all parents know. We have got a new member in the family: EVERYBODY. EVERYBODY does a lot of things: EVERYBODY digs a certain type of music, jeans, etc. Though EVERYBODY is such an important person in Markus' life, he

still has difficulties with his friends every now and then - he is a solo-player who finds it very difficult to adjust himself to team work/play. He is excellent with horses and dogs, but schoolmates are a different thing.

Markus has started supporting market economy this fall due to a rise in hamburger and cinema prices - he distributes advertisements in our surroundings. He prefers row houses or houses with elevators; these make the profit faster. He still plays piano, and his interest in the instrument has shown a somewhat rising curve. But, of course, Bach is nothing compared with Bruce Springsteen. Springsteen is in any case much better than Markus' earlier favorite, Kiss. And Springsteen offers some delight for a mother's old eyes as well! But even "Born in the USA" sounds boring, if you are forced to listen to it 20 times per day. The inventor of Walkmans should be given a Nobel price immediately.

If parents ever had crazy ideas about being some kind of communication experts, Markus has ruined those ideas effectively. He is a great consumer of Anglo-American video music and stupid cable serials. Any type of control mechanism seems to be doomed to fail. Officially the boy should not watch TV more than a hour per day, but somehow any time one phones home in the afternoon the background music sounds astonishingly like Music Box/Sky Trax. Any suggestions?

On the other side the passionate style of teenager life cannot but make the parents envious: when Markus listens to music, there is nothing else but music in his world, when he rides, his world is full of horse smell (and it is...), when he digs fishing, the freeze is filled with fish.

The center point of Markus' life is Malla, our African-born, X-bred dog. Hence, it is easy to understand that there was drama in our life last August, when Malla started to be sleepy from morning to night. After many sophisticated tests (how many PEOPLE in Malla's native Tanzania have been able to undergo all that treatment, we wondered...) it was found at the Veterinary University that Malla had, despite a four-month quarantine, brought in her blood a parasite, which had made a "tennis ball" in her throat. So, Finnish veterinary science had an opportunity to collect experiences in this unique case. The dog was operated on the cost of the University. The recovery took a long time, and nowadays almost everybody in in Finnish veterinary circles knows "the parasite dog". Malla has taken a very pragmatic approach to her new fame and different fan clubs: as long as she gets her daily food & cover, she does not care a bit. She eats and sleeps and goes for a walk and takes a nap again. What a life!

Kaarle has promised Laura a cat, but happily enough, the project has not proceeded further than to the stage of a principal decision. If there were another animal needing a monthly check-up, weekly medicine and daily diet food (plus Kaarle & two kids), Ullamaija is not totally sure, whether she were able to enjoy the feeling of being needed without a headache. Of course, a Nordenstreng cat could not be a normal fluffy purring animal but a lion or something...

Laura, 6 years, is sort of a lioness herself. She talks constantly, goes to a half-day Finnish pre-school and a half-day English primary (half + half makes a full-day daycare), she dances ballet, plays piano and has the widest social life in the family. Up to now, Laura has been a Miss Sunshine while Markus has been a Mr Complexity, but things might be changing - even Laura has shown marks of shyness! She resembles the father in that she does not know the time (she is hopeless with the clock) and her mother in that she is stubborn (as everybody knows, Kaarle is not the least stubborn). Laura also likes nice dresses, laces and wide feminine skirts. In that she does not resemble any of the parents.

As an example of the complicated lifestyle we all like we might tell you how we spend the Christmas: every year we pack the family, the grandma, the dog, the food, the presents, the skis etc in a car and drive 200 kilometres to the summer place, which is in the winter both cold and impractical. Sometimes it has emerged us that the Christmas could be spent in a less complicated way - but our lifestyle is in any case consistent, isn't it?

Before taking off we send our warmest Christmas greetings to you!

*Marraine & Kaarle*

*The  
Nordenstreng*

December 1986

Dear friend(s).

The same story each year: late but coming anyway. Somehow the Kivikuru-Nordenstreng family has found it rewarding to write, at least once a year, something that seems to be favourably received.

Anyway, it is Christmas time again. The basic frames for us have remained pretty much unchanged: the children are growing, the parents are growing old, Kaarle travels a lot and even Ullamaija a bit, uncompleted work has still a tendency to accumulate on the desk, and the bigger the pile on the desk, the more discussion on e.g. sex roles and division of labour in the family.

However, there are some changes. The most easily recognized one is the fact that the family is now definitely part of the youth culture. There is music around the house day and night... Kaarle, Ullamaija and Malla dog cannot do anything else but get acclimatized to Bruce Stringsteen, ZZ Top, Queen, and Hueye Lewis. Sometimes each of us three looks quite desperate - but what can you do? The situation is getting worse, because Markus bought (with his OWN money) a basso guitar. There is a band in the pipeline, a band that has carried several names even before producing a single sound of music; at the moment, it carries the name FORCE. Without doubt, Markus is the boss of the band, and every now and then he seems to be the only one of the boys who is really interested in the band, but then he is able to stir up inspiration in the others as well. Nowadays, he continues very eagerly with the piano as well, because we were able to trace a teacher, who accepts also popular music on fifty-fifty basic (one Bach against one Beatles, you see!).

Laura plays also piano, and besides music, the family receives at least once a week an outburst of anger, when she finds the task difficult. Her temper is something!

The adult members of family Nordenstreng have received with recognition the news that Rupert Murdoch is under the process of putting down Music Box (18 hours of rock a day, available on satellite). This is going to make quite a change in our life - but, somehow, we suspect our dear friend Rupert. Maybe he has in his back pocket something that is louder, more expensive and more Anglo-

American than the service he has been offering us so far?

We have to admit that we have been powerless in the organization of TV rationing at home - there is no new TV order here. Laura LOVES all the awful creatures in Fun Factory (a gift from our dear friend Rupert again), and Markus has compelled us to admire the wonders of physics: he claims to have put off the TV set HOURS AGO, but still it is almost hot, when we arrive home late at night. The basic cry is similar with both of the children: EVERYBODY ELSE is allowed to watch Carebears/Poples/Magnum/Dynasty.

With Markus, the most successful method of TV rationing so far has been the rule that the boy has to write a review on each serial he is going to watch each week. It has not affected the volume of TV watching, but the boy has joined the journalistic profession. His interest has expanded to rock reviewing, and, due to two published pieces, the 12-year old freelancer is bombing the editorial office of the afternoon paper with new contributions each week. In his journalistic production, the boy seems to resemble his mother more than the father: he is fast and many-worded, but the quality is another thing, difficult to judge.

Laura started 'ordinary' school this fall, though it did not make any greater difference: she continues at the English School, where she already enjoyed Kindergarten and Primary school instruction. But, definitely, there is a new authority in the family: Sister Mary. She is not to be challenged. Laura knows how to read in two languages, but subtraction is almost as difficult to her as learning the time a year ago. Resembles her father, doesn't she?

The kids have both quite a few hobbies, but, happily enough, they are already able to move around quite a lot on their own; the parents do not need to be half-time drivers any longer. Two times during the past year, Kaarie, the kids and the dog have survived a one-month period on their own as well, when Ullamaija was in Africa (Spring) and in Tampere (Fall) to run a course for East African journalists. The only one who seemed to suffer somewhat was the dog due to her liver disease - Ullamaija is the only one who is able to prepare her diet meals. But it is interesting to see what symptoms Ullamaija is going to create, when she

finds that she is no longer needed by the family? It means a basic reorientation. A similar shock is probably going to be the moment when Ullamaija finds, say, a picture of the big-busted Samantha Fox among the innumerable posters hanging in Markus' room. So far, he has preferred masculines only.

The family spent the skiing vacation (!) in Tanzania and Kenya, because Ullamaija and Kaarle had there some business. It was interesting to notice that Laura, who does not remember much of our stay in Dar es Salaam, was able to remember even the lovely Disney characters on the walls of the only remarkable ice cream parlour in Dar es Salaam immediately we stepped into the room.

The parents have also travelled in India and Kaarle in a dozen of other countries, but Ullamaija only in Geneva, though, to be honest, Kaarle has decreased somewhat his travelling. Still he had difficulties with his passport at the end of year, because a Finn needs a visa to enter France nowadays, and for each visa, one needs an empty page in his passport, and a widely-travelling man does not always have empty pages...

Otherwise the parents have spent a much less colourful year than the kids. Kaarle has been a full-time (?) researcher for the Finnish Academy, officially based in Helsinki, but somehow finding his way to Tampere at least once a week to "clean his desk" - what a messy desk it must be! Despite some articles & books, Kaarle's greatest deed in the year 1986 has been, without doubt, the compilation of a two-store bed for the kids. The woodwork was done in Tanzania, the stuff was brought with us to Finland and was stored for more than three years. But then Kaarle did it, and thanks to this great deed, Markus is able to invite guests to our summer place in Aitolahti!

Ullamaija is still working for the University of Helsinki, though she has been active in a development assistance project in East Africa as well. The summer was very dramatic for Ullamaija, because her mother got two serious heart attacks then. Most of the summer was spent in a shuttle traffic between our summer home and the University Hospital of Tampere. But the 78-year old grandmother is much better now, living on her own near us again. Markus does shopping for her, because she is not able to carry anything heavy, and somehow the parents suspect that there is a link between this shopping assistance and Markus'

new prosperity, showing evidence in e.g. the ownership of the basso guitar. Both persons involved in the shopping business deny the existence of any money exchange.

The Tanzanian-born X-bred dog Malla, after a big throat operation a year ago and a liver disease discovered last Spring, leads a fairly comfortable, though diet-bound life. She gives credit to the services of the Veterinary University Clinic, and the Clinic appreciates the calm patient with so many exiting and exotic diseases - they begged us to keep Malla alive last Spring.

Malla definitely has a function in the family: she takes us out at least three times per day, and she ensures this minimum amount of exercise even on the most awful days of October-November. She has promised to take us to the country place for Christmas. She has there some personal interest as well: some obnoxious deer have a tendency to appear even in the backyard, and Malla wants to show them who is the king (queen?) of the neighbourhood.

Have a nice Christmas season!

*Malla*, *Harrell & Co.*

File

Oral statement by Professor Kaarle Nordenstreng, President of the International Organization of Journalists, at the Third United Nations Special Session on Disarmament New York, 8 June 1988

Mr. Chairman, distinguished delegates, ladies and gentlemen,

I have the pleasure of bringing to this forum the greetings of 250,000 mass media professionals affiliated with the oldest, largest and broadest international organization of journalists in the world.

We share the gratification over the INF Treaty, and we realise that the media played a significant role in bringing about the positive turn in international relations by ~~developing and~~ employing the means of mass communication between peoples "for the purposes of mutual understanding and a truer and more perfect knowledge of each other's lives", to use the words of the Consitution of Unesco, or to put it in terms of the Final Act of Helsinki, by promoting "an ever wider knowledge and understanding of the various aspects of life" in other countries.

By the same token, however, we recognize that it ~~is~~ is the people - the general public at large - that have created the ultimate pressure for peace and disarmament, the media playing a catalytic and facilitatin role. Moreover, <sup>there are</sup> the dominant media in the world <sup>these with</sup> a tendency to foster militarism rather than disarmament, disinformation rather than fair and accurate information, and thus they continue the cold war even if governments seem to have closed that chapter in history. This tendenc to be sure, is perpetuated by the owners and managers of the mass media not on the whole by working journalists.

As far as professional journalists are concerned, their position is clear, especially in light of the Magna Carta of contemporary journalism the "International Principles of Professional Ethics in Journalism", iss in 1983 in the name of all major international and regional organization of journalists representing altogether 400,000 working journalists in all parts of the world. This is how the document characterizes the role of media workers in relation to global issues, and I quote:

*A true journalist stands for the universal values of humanism, above all peace, democracy, human rights, social progress and national liberation. Thus the journalist participates actively in the social transformation towards democratic betterment of society and contributes through dialogue to a climate of confidence in international relations conducive to peace and justice everywhere, to détente, disarmament, and national development.*

(End of quote.)

Accordingly, disarmament is recognized as an integral part of what might be called the universal ethics of media professionals - an ethic which begins with the pursuit of truth and ends with support for the same fundamental values as those on which the United Nations was founded. This ethic, it should be noted, is held and elaborated by the profession itself, without any interference from governments. We stand for a free and responsible press and call for both professional autonomy of journalists and public accountability of the media.

These worthy principles must now be transferred into practical action. We need journalists talking directly to the people, as was done so effectively in the telebridges. We need constructive media criticism, based on scientific evidence, as the late Sean MacBride proposed when he called for a system for monitoring the media coverage of disarmament. And my organization offers its worldwide network of journalists to build a bridge that crosses over the military-industrial complex and brings disarmament diplomacy closer to the world's people.

Thank you.

*Pencampelo*

*Spencer*

*[Harold]*

*[Ces]*

*Anne*

*George*

*[Lillian]*

*[Eileen]*

*[Doris]*

*Jim →*

December 22, 1991

Dear friend(s),

*George & Mona:*

The first message of this Kivikuru-Nordenstreng annual review is imbedded in the above date: we have never been this late (only two days to Christmas) in producing our report, which means that mail may not reach all of you before the year is over. However, to be honest, also earlier some letters - especially those falling under Kaarle's responsibility - have been mailed off quite late. As you all know, Kaarle has long ago developed a feeling of deep mistrust and detest toward such a crude and vulgar mode of message transmission as the post office or mail box. That is exactly why you and many other friends have ended up operating as his messengers in different parts of the world - and another result are our exorbitantly high telephone bills...

We do have some official and unofficial excuses for the delay for those who are interested in excuses. However, we are the first ones to admit that the late outcome of the family review indicates poor planning, personal disorganization and too scarce use of the little word "No". Moreover, we are ready to acknowledge a bitter paradox: Ullamaija is definitely free from the pains of her PhD project and Kaarle is finally free from his IOJ headache, but all the same they both seem to be more than ever overloaded by so-called work. Could this have something to do with aging?

The concept of aging made its presence known to this family in quite a concrete way around June 9. Kaarle turned 50 and the summerhouse outside Tampere (Ullamaija's childhood home) hosted a garden party on the occasion, with relatives and friends celebrating. It was not meant for foreign friends - in Kaarle's case it would have been all too simple to just welcome them to an informal human affair; a prerequisite would have been at least one symposium on the previous day and a workshop on the following day...

Anyway, passing half a century has not changed Kaarle a lot. He thinks he travels less (after leaving the IOJ Presidency in Harare in January) but objective facts hardly support this. For example, between February and November he traveled five times to the U.S. (twice during his three-month stay at the University of Maryland and three times to various conferences). Other targets on his travel map this year were Berlin, Paris, Istanbul, Moscow, Tartu/Tallinn, Budapest.

In one respect, however, the 50th anniversary did make a significant difference: Kaarle entered the age of a mobile telephone when the family decided to give him a car phone (movable also in a bag). It is so nice to wake up people at 6.15 a.m. while driving from home to railway station; people are admirably flexible towards Kaarle's requests that time of the day.

And more: Kaarle bought in the U.S. a small Toshiba (1000LE) which he has started to even use (while still torturing secretaries with cleantyping), and in his office is a PC as well - so far mainly used to receive e-mail (also sending e-mail may happen soon, once he has found the two minutes to learn relevant commands).

Perhaps Kaarle is not only entering the technology gamble but also returning to a more ordinary scholarly life. This year it happened already twice that he was not the last one to file an article (of course he was much beyond the original deadline but there were others who were even more late).

During the Easter holiday the family visited Kaarle in the U.S. for two weeks - and overcame somehow a travel plan prepared by Kaarle. It included roughly as much travelling as a normal sensible family does in a year: Chicago, Madison (where Kaarle and Ullamaija met more than 20 years ago), Iowa City, Hannibal, Springfield, Chicago, San Diego, Ensenada (Mexico), Los Angeles, Washington, New York. Kaarle had arranged something special also, including a couple of tornados. When we were in it, the trip sounded like being a bit too much in too short a time, but the more time distance we have got, the more pleasant the whole exercise appears to us. It was an especially great experience to Laura (12) who had never visited the U.S. before. We had an opportunity to visit many friends and relatives in the U.S. during that short time; they have hardly recovered from our express visit by now.

The trip to the U.S. was important for us also because of the fact that year after year we seem to spend less time together. Previously summer was a joint exercise, but no longer so: Markus (17) works in a record shop in Helsinki during the holiday weeks, Laura spends time in various riding etc courses and visits friends. She would be very eager to start working also, because she wants to buy a horse, but the Finnish labor law remains quite restrictive concerning child labor also in these regression times.

The Tanzanian-born x-race dog Malla is one of the few points of commonality in the family: somebody has to walk her three times per day, and she also needs food, however patient she is in principle. Another more recent common denominator is Kaarle's rash (one of those stress syndromes). In the middle of a hectic mid-term work chaos, he began to over-night in Helsinki also during the weeks. Ladies in the family started asking questions about the frequent shuttle traffic between Tampere and Helsinki. Kaarle confessed that he had too short arms to treat the rash in his back by himself. Laura's (very serious) comment: "It is good to have joint hobbies in a family".

Markus is at the moment probably the member of the family sharing the smallest number of common denominators with the rest of the family. He stays in the house, his laundry is washed there, his room is filled with music any time when he is at home - but, besides time devoted to sleeping (14-15 hours, if allowed), this does not happen too often. He and his friends come and go, most frequently go. Markus still loves music, but his taste is fortunately turning towards more melodic music, especially jazz. His room still resembles a music shop (during the trip to the U.S., we visited always all respectable music shops in the cities we entered as other people start from museums). As devotedly as he loves music Markus hates school: Finnish language, literature and Spanish are the only subjects which he likes. Last year he promised to start to study for his matriculation examination in Spring 1993, but, to put it nicely, the change has so far not been noticeable.

Markus is approaching the age of 18 which in Finland is the limit for a driving licence - and that is a school which he is anxious to enter. Otherwise he does not know what he is going to do with his life. He has decided to pass the high school because he does not know what to do otherwise. The parents keep on hoping that he is going to pass the high school, but they have also noticed features characterizing Protestant ethics in themselves. They try to create guilt feelings in the son: a human being should be concerned about his future. But Markus is not. He is happy and social (most of the time), but not a bit interested in his future.

When Ullamajja sat in a car one cold November night outside Bryan Adams' concert, expecting BOTH of her children, she had to admit that there are no longer babies in the family. Laura is in the process of forcing her mum to join the club meant for the smallest in the family: the daughter is gaining length on a daily basis. Laura is as devoted to horses as Markus is to music. Her room is filled with pictures of horses, she talks about horses, she reads a lot - and specializes in novels on horses. She goes horseback riding once a week, and spends all holidays on various riding camps and courses. If Markus does not know about his future, the future is very clear to Laura. She wants to become a veterinarian, to move to our summerhouse and fill it with animals.

Laura used to fill her calendar with various hobbies in the style a la Kaarle, but the approaching puberty has reduced her interests except the riding thrill. She still does ballet, piano, and choir, a couple of other hobbies have fallen out, and even the remaining ones cause resistance from time to time.

Compared with the other members of the family, Ullamajja's life has been quite boring. There is no space for great passions for anything special. A lecturer's teaching load in the Finnish university system is so high that Ullamajja feels like having spent most of the time in the class. Dissident voices in the family keep on reminding about frequent trips to Africa - there was a time when the children claimed that any time when mom is losing her tan she takes off for Africa.

Indeed, Ullamajja visited Africa four times this year: Zimbabwe, Tanzania, Botswana, and Namibia even twice. This accumulation of trips was a result of various teaching and research projects which by accident ended up being quite squeezed. The two 'new' countries in this year's agenda brought also surprises: in May, Ullamajja was freezing in Namibia, while other Finns were melting in the first heat wave of Finland. Another new experience was the warm welcoming at Johannesburg airport - otherwise also very hospitable, requiring passports at any turn - on the way from Gaborone to London. Ullamajja accompanied a black friend who fell sick in Gaborone. During the stopover, Ullamajja carried double hand luggage, two camera bags plus an ostrich's egg, while the friend hardly was able to move from one place to another. You should have seen the gazes received by Ullamajja - the black friend was acknowledged almost with respect.

To the great surprise of family and friends, Ullamajja has indicated certain melancholy over the fact that the PhD project is over. In those hectic years, there seemed to be purpose for the stress and overload of work, while now, the stress and overload are still there, but the only purpose seems to be to stay alive from one day to another. But it may be so that in this particular respect at least, the family and friends have a better memory than Ullamajja. In one particular respect, this has been an exceptional year for Ullamajja: she has not broken any toe or finger.

In summary, the Kivikuru-Nordenstreng family seems to take a different course from the rest of Europe. Contrary to the fashionable European integration under the EC (not counting here what happens in Eastern Europe), the trend in our family seems to be gradual disintegration, though the basic pillars of identification, including the grandma, are still there. The one reacting most strongly to this trend has been Kaarle: as Laura is specializing in horse literature, Kaarle has started an endless-sounding flow of articles etc dealing with the past. Comment from the nasty family: again another characteristic of the deep middle age. When one is no longer able to face problems of today, it is so nice to explain that at least once upon a time I was very, very right... More than by the historical anecdotes, the family was, however, alarmed by the fact that Kaarle dressed up in black tie in the middle of the heat of last July in order to attend an ARMY celebration on a battle of a small island in the middle of the Bay of Finland during World War Two. OK, the battle was participated also by Kaarle's father - a month after Kaarle was born. But still... If the trait continues the same way, Kaarle will join a parade next year.

But this is another story. We'll let you know about it next year.

Best Season's Greetings!

(Written, as usual,  
by Ullamaija;  
censored, as usual,  
by Kaarle)

PS George: I do recall your  
wisdom at Yassen's dinner:  
"Life begins at 60." I'm  
eagerly looking forward to  
an even higher level of  
marshoholism!

Kaarle

December 20, 1992

Dear friend(s),

It is depression in Finland and newspapers get killed but the Kivikuru-Nordenstreng annual journal doesn't give up. We first wrote an annual review in Dar es Salaam for 1981 (duplication done by stencil method at Tanzania School of Journalism). Ever since it has been issued at an uninterrupted pace and with ever more sophisticated technology. This year the journal reaches volume number 12. We refer to record number with mixed feelings, since our product resembles more and more a pop song: little bit new stuff, much old. Children keep growing, parents aging. Nowadays things only happen to children!

The achievement of the year was that Markus turned 18 - in Finland the legal limit of adulthood. His birthday present was Mustang (model 1965, brought by Kaarle from USA in 1967, by now driven some 250 000 miles). Those who knew Kaarle in the sixties and seventies could not help knowing this blue Mustang which became his alter ego in those good old times; the last decade it has rested unused but in decent shape, entering a couple of years ago Finland's official register of museum vehicles. Given such a background, it was a precious gift from the father to the son.

Repainted, Mustang with Markus was a spring attraction at school and town. But the old M could not keep up with the rough way of the young M. One piece after another got broken (mainly in the engine) and practically all summer the car was laying in repair garages. No use value, only headache - and accumulation of bills. Whatever small earnings Markus got from occasional assistance in a record shop, went to spareparts of an immobile automobile, and the young man had to appeal for more and more subsidies from his parents and grandma. It was a good (but a bit expensive) lesson of the greatness of property ownership. Moreover, it was a home-made version of the Third World debt as well as the case of Finland's capitalistic banks this year: the state is buying them out of a colossal bankruptcy.

By the chilly, wet and dark autumn the car was back in order - to be left to rest over the winter, waiting for another summer. Markus didn't dispute this arrangement suggested by his parents (storage space paid by the father), since a preoccupation with the car would have been too big a challenge for the last school year, the highlight of which will be a series of final matriculation tests in the coming March.

On the other hand, there are few signs about the young man taking the end of his high school seriously. He says "all others" are equally careless (except, of course, the "nerds"). The parents discretely refrain from pressing the sensitive young personality with details about the school and leave him alone with omnipresent music, video, etc. (exclusively of foreign origin). So much for discipline, media education, preference for domestic material, etc. Markus wants to be a master of his own life - just enjoying services of the house, including wake-up (not so easy in his case), laundry (by the mother), snacks (on the house bill) and much else. Nevertheless he still can be classified as a true member of the family.

The other young member of the family, Laura (age 13, as tall as her mother but quite slim), is still devoted to the school and all other things that a decent girl should do. Periodically, however, an independent character makes itself known by such symptoms

as banging doors. The girl jogs ardently every day; that is the clue for her lean habitus. Laura's main hobby continues to be horses, and since she is Kaarle's daughter she has made a big project out of it. With moneys saved over the year (unlike her brother and parents, she saves more than spends) she rented a horse for two months during the summer holidays.

It was not only the horse but all other things needed by a horse: a stable to stay overnight, food to eat and a place to ride. Laura arranged everything independently through her personal contacts around the summer place (everyone knows her and obviously also likes her, because she is as talkative as her mother), welcomed the horse on June 1st and wept him away a couple of days before the start of a new school year in mid-August. Vikke (that is the name of the huge animal, riding horse of Finnish brand) turned out to be a nice acquaintance, though first he alarmed the surroundings with his stubbornness and inflexibility, but everything went even too well. We all know that the the young lady of the house keeps on saving money in order to be prepared for the day when Katarina (the owner, 15 years) gets bored with horses and is willing to give up Vikke.

Laura arranged such a disciplined life for the horse that the loving big brother Markus was concerned about the mental health of the horse. It was impossible for Markus to imagine that anyone could enjoy having a breakfast at 7 am during summer holidays... Vikke did not seem very disturbed, however, and a tentative renting arrangement is already in the pipeline for next summer. Laura's horsepersnship (?) received increased credibility when John Fiske checked her stable and riding arrangements - you might not know that Fiske is not only a guru in cultural studies but also an expert in horsemanship. Laura was stunned about the fact that her parents have also some "sensible friends" as the term goes.

Beyond horses, Laura has another project - "mradi" they say in Tanzania about projects that keep a person alive. This project belongs to the category of hurricanes: a seven-month-old Weimaraner puppy called Velvet. The background of this project makes everyone in the family still very sad. The only genuine African member of the family, the Tanzanian-born x-race dog Malla (12 when she died) got sick last spring, and we had to put her to sleep on Mayday. We had a very sad but still supportive Mayday session around the kitchen table discussing all the couragenous and innovative deeds of the deceased. Malla gave us a complete example of an alternative code of ethics. When she got something in sight that interested her, her whole world was full of this something; nothing could mislead her from getting that something into her mouth. But after eating it up, Malla was as full with regret as was her desire to get the project completed. But now all that is left of Malla is a name on a gravestone in our summer place. Only this crazy family can do such a non-scientific deed as to place cats (a character cat called Rachel that preceeded Malla as our pet) and dogs (Malla) on the same plate without distinction into categories.

One of the unanimous Mayday decisions was that we would not acquire a new dog for a long, long time. But when Ullamaja and Laura saw beautiful gray short-haired dogs with topaz-coloured eyes almost in our summer neighbourhood, they had to go and ask, what the race of the dogs was. And when the family concerned happened to have some lovely and misleedingly sleepy puppies born only 10 days after Malla's death, the case was clear. Velvet moved to our summer home and made Laura's days extremely busy, because she carried the main responsibility of both the horse and the puppy.

Sinclair's Legacy Velvet has a longer family tree than Kaarle, but her behaviour does not equate with long breeding - or maybe the opposite? Anyway, the truth is that all other members of the family are scared to come home from work and school in the afternoon. You never know what you'll find under the dining room table - but you always find something. Broken. Bitten into small pieces. Velvet's harvest so far includes: 1,5 remote controllers, 2,5 pairs of spectacles, one pair of tooth braces, 5 ballet shoes, half a dozen of other types of shoes, at least two dozens of books and newspapers. Only last week we had wrapped a box of chocolates as a Xmas present for Laura's ballet teacher and, well aware of the extensions of our dear turbo terminator, placed the box high on a bookshelf for the workday. However, only the wrapping papers were to be found in the afternoon. Unlike Malla, Velvet never regrets anything.

Our aristocratic friend forms a perfect representation of what is to be expected of European integration, with only one minor exception: her tail curls upwards though the Weimaraner directive orders the opposite. But that does not prevent her from placing the peripheral Finns into an inferior position in her genuine Euro-world, based on the fact that her family has hunted with Weimar nobilities since the 16th century, that her own father comes from the Netherlands but travels around Europe in a hunt of ever more certificates, and that personally, Velvet dominates her surrounding lovingly, never suspecting that somebody might not like her. First we thought that her taste of books was not quite European, because she 'treated' predominantly Finnish literature, but now we know better: she wants to extinct such perverse peripheralities totally. To be honest, also in this respect supply directs demand, because Finnish literature dwells on lower shelves...

Beyond animals and children, there is little to report from the family. The older generation leads a painfully middle-aged life - pain here referring to stress-based muscle tensions, loss of memory for names, etc. Yet no unusual pains or dramatic setbacks; just normality including a long list of overdue academic commitments.

Ullamaija's main unfinished business is a project on Tanzanian villages. The good side of it has been that she got an excuse of visiting that country in early autumn. The country has changed much: there are money exchange kiosks all around Dar es Salaam, street vendors sell dozens of different newspapers, publicly and privately owned, and two different television systems are in the process of entering the country soon. The number of political parties scored 17 in September, and people speak politics with devotion. The other side of liberalization emerges in villages and the poor suburbs of the big towns: the rich get richer and the poor poorer. Still, the moment of real disillusionment arose on the Finnish border. As all other issues of the same quality, Finns take the regression very seriously; it is a holistic exercise, and only non-patriotic citizens do not pay due attention to this national catastrophe. Due attention equals to total commitment to the issue. Dissidents are detested and worth public humiliation... What a contrast to Tanzania, where people love debate and discussion!

Another notable trip was made to Brazil, together with Kaarle and a dozen other Finnish colleagues, to attend the world conference of communication research in Guarujá near Sao Paulo in late summer (there, below the equator, it was still winter). This time Ullamaija demonstrated real emancipation by joining an off-conference tour to Rio de Janeiro, including jazz clubs in Cobacabana. Kaarle had naturally no time for such useless tourism; he remained in Sao Paulo for another seminar connected with the

big conference. But both got a glimpse of Brazilian contradictions: Guaruja is a holiday resort paradise at the ocean, surrounded by deep poverty and one of world's most polluted industrial sites (Cobatown with a chemical plant).

Before Brazil, Kaarle had already made his annual conference tour to USA (this year record low: just one). And what is especially noteworthy, in April he flew Korean Airlines over Siberia to Seoul, to present a paper at a conference on broadcasting (the paper got ready even before delivery and not afterwards as the habit goes). Kaarle was so impressed by South Korea (to which he was exposed through the top hotel of the town) as to admit that this is an exceptional point to become a turncoat. Thus for him South Korea is a great place for progressive humankind, whereas he is less impressed about the changes in our Eastern neighbourhood. Yet Gorbachev belongs to Kaarle's favourites - especially after meeting him personally at a seminar hosted by his foundation in Moscow (in the impressive complex that Yeltsin later took away from him).

To continue name dropping (and to show that we have not yet forgotten all names; maybe one day it is physically impossible to exercise name dropping): Kaarle had the pleasure of hosting both Cees Hamelink (President of the International Association for Mass Communication Research) and Hamid Mowlana (President-Elect of the same Association). The former attended a seminar on European media policies in Tampere in April and the latter visited Finland on the occasion of the big diplomatic Helsinki conference in July. From January to July Kaarle's Department had Wolfgang Kleinwächter from Leipzig as visiting professor; Francis Kasoma from Lusaka stayed as visiting scholar for the whole academic year; short-time visitors included Douglas Kellner (Austin), Nicholas Garnham (London), Frank Kaplan (Colorado), Helge Rønning (Oslo), John Fiske (Madison)... Herbert Schiller (La Jolla) did not make it to Finland; instead, Kaarle staged several meetings with him in other spots of the planet in order to complete a long overdue book project.

From the family point of view we should also note a common trip to Paris in spring - for Kaarle it was one of those combination arrangements (in connection with a French-Finnish seminar of media scholars) while the rest of the family, including grandma, spent there a long weekend as pure tourists. Nothing special to report about it - apart from the fact that the family was kept together which is not so common any longer under normal home circumstances... To be sure, there is one occasion when the family is kept together over here, without the somewhat costly method of travelling abroad, namely Christmas. We shall all once more withdraw for a week to Aitolaihti, Ullamaija's home farm behind Tampere, to spend a traditional Finnish Christmas. It may not be quite traditional and peaceful, however, since the family now includes that domestic terminator. Whatever Velvet will eat, she cannot undo Kaarle's best present he got already before Christmas: he will enjoy a sabbatical year beginning next summer.

If the reader has picked up a tone of resignation or depression in this legend, it is not in keeping with the authors' true intentions. After all, we are children of the sixties - a decade of vision and optimism. Isn't there some symbolism in the fact that Mustang of 1965 runs again (let's disregard the trivialities of engine troubles) with the next generation in the driving wheel? Maybe the whole spirit of the sixties can be taken out of museum and through the fashionable method of recycling be transformed into much needed fuel for combating depression and confusion.

High spirit, peaceful Xmas and productive New Year to you all!

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Ullamaija & Kaarle". The signature is written in dark ink on a light background.

1998«private »

Dear friend(s),

It is again time for the annual report by the Kivikuru-Nordenstreng family. Following the logic of market economy, each year new groups of consumers join the exercise. Therefore a word consumer enlightenment is in place: this is the 18th annual report. The tradition got started in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, where our family lived in the early 1980s. We got tired of reporting all friends individually about family news and hence misused the badly smelling duplication machine of Tanzania School of Journalism. All Americans are well aware of the Christmas letter tradition, but unlike most Americans whose life seems to be wonderful, children and garden growing beautifully, things do not proceed as smoothly in our less fortunate family. However, a few years back also our family report followed more the fairy tale line, because the letter was processed through a heavy censorship system. Our children were in a sensitive age and did not tolerate that the great secrets of their lives would have been revealed to a wider groups, however friendly as such. But now the report follows the same code of ethics as the media in the former Socialist countries. We enjoy of freedom of expression to the extent that we tend to push aside such minor details as veracity and credibility.

Every publication at least in Finland announces its circulation on an annual basis. The circulation of the Christmas report is presently roughly 350, covering four continents (we do not seem to have contacts in Latin America) and using in its distribution both conventional and new technology, i.e. email. Right from the beginning, the report has come out in Finnish and in English, but this year (reasons given later) also Swedish has come to the picture.

More details about the production process: the core of material was put together at the Zurich airport (rappoteur Ullamaija on her way from Africa back home with her Toshiba), support given by Kaarle from Budapest, Laura and Velvet (dog) in Helsinki and Markus (on a performance tour) in Turku. As true Finns, we naturally used cellphones and thus gave our respects to the information society declarations by the Finnish Government, on behalf of Nokia, the former rubber boot factory outside Tampere.

This has been quite a busy year with remarkable changes from all other family members but Kaarle who continues his own merry-go-round year after year without dramatic changes. Ullamaija changed jobs, Laura graduated from high school and started the university, Markus became a musician (though parents still hope that there is a bit of a student in him also). Our Weimaranian Velvet, 6 yrs, experiences middle-age crises and cannot help barking more and more -- not so pleasant in an apartment building.

The start of the year was melancholic: Ullamaija lost her uncle, who was for her the only father figure she ever knew (her own father died in the war when she was one). If a man was 94 and very ill, one cannot say that the death was unexpected and unwanted, but such an event makes one look back and forth. And drive back and forth: Ullamaija found herself driving towards her uncle's hospital several times during the spring just as she did after her mother's death.

**Kaarle** does not travel any more. That is how he announced a few years back. Others have not noticed the difference. For example material for this annual report has been collected from him during the past month in Amman, Brussels, Budapest and St.Petersburg. Kaarle spent also as each year lately a few weeks in the US, 'finalizing' a few books which never seem to be finalized. Some publishers quite surprisingly show signs of nervousness. Two book have however now been brought forward so much that they will soon be published.

Though Kaarle does not travel, he is still behind his schedules, and he does not always cope with the problem of faltering plans with elegance. He starts reorganizing his travel plans to allow himself more time for working on the most stressing demands. Somehow the extremely calm ladies at the university travel agency start to show signs of nervousness while rewriting Kaarle's tickets for the fifth time.

Another sign of the middle age is that Kaarle occasionally becomes very interested in his health. He goes to all kinds of laboratory tests, refuses to eat egg yolks and to use any other margarine than the famous Finnish Benecol which is said to be good for one's heart (anyway it has brought millions to the Finnish family that owns the manufacturing company). The skinny man leading an extremely unhealthy life with hyper-long working hours and irregular meals starts preaching of healthy living habits and cholesterol limits. Happily enough, these fits do not last long, and equally happily Laura forces her father to join her for jogging rounds which probably are far better for his health than Benecol. And another source for enjoyment and health for Kaarle is sauna. It is a place where he throws away all his problems. This is why he invites all his foreign friends to sauna also, it is a gesture of genuine friendship. Most foreigners have cleared the Sauna Society finely, and they tend to remember its washing ladies forever.

**Ullamaija** changed jobs last January, though she still operates at the University of Helsinki. She became professor of journalism at the Swedish School of Social Science (SSKH) which is the educational institution for Swedish-speaking journalists in Finland (we have a Swedish-speaking minority in the country). She changed from a big and bureaucratic environment to a small and bureaucratic environment where everybody knows everybody and students are so few that one easily learns to know them. The language of instruction is Swedish, Ullamaija's mother's mother tongue but unfortunately not hers. Certainly all her grammar errors have caused the students many good laughs. For Ullamaija, the language has been both a challenge and humiliation. Although she clears OK everyday discourses, in teaching she often has to say just what she has the words for instead of saying what she really wants to say. Usually the words appear five minutes too late, you know. Students and colleagues at the SSKH have been very understanding, because they face the same dilemma as members of a Swedish-speaking minority in the Finnish society.

Ullamaija has still one foot at her old department, the Department of Communication, because the two institutions have a joint doctoral programme. Among others, she has a project together with five impressive young ladies, all aiming at a PhD.

Kaarle's tendency to accumulate too many obligations on his agenda seems to be a contagious disease -- or perhaps it is a general professorial syndrome. Although Ullamaija increasingly suffers from it, she has still succeeded in completing something. Two books edited by her have been published, and a third is in the pipeline. And guess how a afternoon paper wrote, when one of the books came out: "The book has been edited by Professor Kaarle Nordenstreng's wife Ullamaija Kivikuru and researcher So-and-So." We obviously earn our own credentials...

In the spring, the Finnish Association of Professional Women elected Ullamaija as "the woman of the year", and this title has driven Ullamaija to several tours in the countryside. Happily enough, Laura has been willing to share the experience with her mum. Her driving licence is still quite fresh and a challenge to drive 400 kilometers is hence taken as a opportunity, not a burden.

A research project has brought Ullamaija to Africa four times in the year 1998, in August for almost a month. Feelings have been quite similar each time: what a wonderful continent, how interesting people -- and how devastating problems, big and small tightly plaited together. The rich become richer and the poor poorer, partly but not totally due to endogenous reasons. Global economic developments operate like a megaphone in Africa, because all the security networks of a welfare state are missing. And although the present conflicts are endogenously produced, their reasons are not. There were not such a thing as the war in former Zaire without the legacy of colonialism.

Just before Christmas Ullamaija visited Harare as an external examiner at the University of Zimbabwe. She was warned in advance about demonstrations in the streets, but the city was quite peaceful, rainy and filled with participants of the Assembly of World Council of Churches. The president had banned demonstrations, and people seemed to accept the challenge. However, local people were slightly surprised about the fact that the WCC Assembly participants ate the most expensive food in town, straight from the Sheraton. Gone are the days of five loafs of bread and ten fish (Biblical friends, please forgive us, if this is mixed up)...

In the summer, Ullamaija had quite a party with more than 150 relatives in our summer home in Aitolahti. It is very fashionable nowadays to organize such family gatherings, but this one was almost a spontaneous one. All guests had a forefather or -mother who had lived on the old

farmhouse which is Ullamaija's childhood home. It was quite interesting to socialize with all second, third, and fourth cousins.

**Markus** has experienced quite a lot during the past year. He has published his debut solo album plus an EP (melodic rock in the spirit of Bob Dylan – well received by critics, but surely not of bestseller type). He has worked as a professional musician, partly with a friend and partly in a band of a well-known woman rock singer. In September he almost brought this band to eternity by crashing his dad's car in a rain-beaten freeway in the middle of night. Happily enough only the car suffered considerable damage and the T-bird is running again, and the father-son relationship goes on as before.

So Markus has become a professional musician, whether or not his parents like it. They still hope that sitting in a bus for hundreds of kilometres in the middle of the night will gradually reduce the charm of band life in the son's eyes. Sometimes they even believe in this wish. The son still studies at a polytechnic of arts and communication, but his progress report has not been seen lately.

In the autumn, Markus also lost his apartment and moved back home for almost two months. Two weeks went OK, then started the problems at the bathroom door in the morning. Neither the mum nor the son are morning persons, and hence the discourses were not quite rosy. "They have grown apart", if phrased in a magazine style.

**Laura** graduated from the high school in May, with very good grades. But she did not make it for the law school of the University of Helsinki; instead she got a place at the Faculty of Natural Sciences. Now she studies languages and political science (quite consistent, isn't it?). Admission to the law school was very close, and she plans to try again next summer. Now she collects pocket money by working part-time as a waitress.

Laura lives literally next door to the parents' home. The arrangement is ideal for Velvet, the dog. Laura takes good care of her, when Ullamaija and Kaarle are away at the same time. There could be other options also, as the dog has learned during this autumn: lots of fun and play, but irregular outings and even more irregular meals under the command of Markus.

Laura is still the person with two feet on the ground in the family. For example, she took care of the jam and lemonade production in the country house in August, when Ullamaija happened to be in Africa during the best harvest period. The only thing that lifted a bit Ullamaija's bad consciousness was that Laura is only that member of the family who eats 90 percent of all the jam. After enjoying the sweet specialities, she jogs around every day for 6-7 kilometres. Thus she remains VERY slim. She seems to enjoy jogging, because she does it even early in the morning before going to work at 9 AM. Obviously jogging is a similar source for pleasure for Laura as sauna is for Kaarle. Unfortunately, Laura cannot take Velvet for these jogging rounds, for the dog must maintain her correspondence with local dogs, thus stopping at every bigger bush and making Laura furious.

Laura seems to be getting again interested in her old hobbies, riding and dancing. However, there is a sad memory in the riding interest. Last spring Laura heard in the middle of the final high school exams that our regular summer guest, a horse, had died. That was a very bitter experience and we did not have any horse on the farm last summer. Now Laura has started to talk about this possibility for the next summer, but still Vikke's name arises bitter memories. He was her first great (literary, the horse was huge) love and thus his memory deserves to be treated with dignity.

And **Velvet** then, our over-energetic Weimaranian, already 6 years old but behaving like a puppy! In the evening she curls nicely at one end of the family bed, and in the morning Ullamaija and Kaarle find themselves at the fringes, while the dog has stretched her limbs all over the bed. Last year Velvet created us special Christmas activity by breaking her hind leg, this year her surprise was minor. Kaarle had bought a genuine Hungarian salami as a treat for those members of the family who eat meat (Markus is still a vegetarian), but Velvet decided that she needs it all for herself. And because we forgot the salami for a while on the kitchen table, she fulfilled her plan. The family started to suspect something, when the dog looked extremely guilty without any special reason. The salami adventure had also its consequences; it made Ullamaija to get

acquainted with the night life of our surroundings for a while, even several times per night. In the company of Velvet, of course.

Dogs with incurable lust for illegal food and with Protestant ethics appearing soon afterwards seem to be our destiny. Our Tanzanian-born X-bred Malla had exactly the same habit, once eating up an elk roast meant for a special Christmas meal. Of course, you might be able to draw your conclusions about our capacity to develop control mechanisms with these dogs without manners despite the fact that we have been a dog family for almost 20 years now. In any case, Velvet's diet has definitely become less iron hard with years, in her younger age she ate remote controls, specs, and literary classics. And naturally we are happy that she seems to keep her noble style, because she does not steal bargain price sausages but quality stuff.

At our summer place, Velvet shows a more ancient side of a dog character, starting to bark anything in the surroundings. That is obviously her interpretation of being a watchdog. We'll give her a chance to put into practice these watchdog qualities during the Christmas time, because we plan again to spent the holidays in the summer place. This is nowadays one of the few issues which the family totally agrees upon.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

Christmas 1999

Dear friend(s),

It was not meant to happen this way but it did. The *Kivikuru-Nordenstreng* family has never had an autumn so packed with work and Christmas preparations so badly delayed as this year. This annual Christmas report was in the process of becoming an Easter report instead. In the case of Kaarle and Ullamaija one can naturally hint of people getting older and slower, but that does not fit Markus and Laura. And we should have experience in preparing a Christmas report, because this is already the 19th of its kind, after the tradition was started during our stay in Tanzania.

This autumn actually offered an atmosphere favourable for a nice and elegant way of preparing for the Christmas. For this academic year, Kaarle is on his sabbatical and hence freer to move and make decisions about his professional life. Ullamaija works now as a professor and should at least have less instruction than as a senior lecturer which post she had for years. Markus has put aside his studies for a while at least and invests totally in music -- and should, accordingly be able to command his own life. Laura has entered the law school, which is the field she wanted to get in. Again, one could assume that she now could plan her time better. But for some reason life did not proceed in peace and order.

Our Weimaranian dog Velvet has never had this kind of problems. Part of her charm lies exactly in the fact that she sleeps, barks and does nasty things whenever it fits her, disregarding whether it is day or night. If Velvet only knew how to write, this letter would have been ready long ago.

An additional pressure for all this has been caused by the evaluation fever which now has spread all over the university system. Ullamaija and her departments were already evaluated, and the results are still to be digested. The time for Kaarle's department is obviously close, because this "English disease" spreads faster than an autumn flue. One must produce as much as possible and rather in English than in either of the national languages; the substance does not matter so much as long as the theme is topical and fashionable. Perhaps it were OK to file this annual report as a scientific product, because Christmas is highly topical just now, the report is produced in three languages -- and the substance is what it is...

It has been our habit in the recent years to complain that the family has less and less common activities. In fact, this does not apply to year 1999.

In the spring the whole family was concerned about Laura turning thinner and paler week after week; the hectic study effort needed for the Law School took its toll. Midsummer is a celebration when all young beautiful people dance around outside in Finland. A pale and tired young lady called Laura, fresh from the entry examinations, did not fit the circumstances at all this year. But once in life the exam did full justice to Laura's efforts and she managed to get in (only 15% of the applicants get in). The summer was lovely, Velvet forced Laura to move around in the sun a lot, and luckily enough we were able to rent a horse from a neighbour. This horse called Geront offered an extra challenge to Laura. Towards the end of the summer, we could again recognise our daughter.

Another joint venture was the roofing and painting a cottage in our summer place. Kaarle and Markus did the roofing (in a weather of  $+30$  centigrade); the women in the family provided the supporting staff. There were problems in the father-son relationship due to the fact that Kaarle has an illness of turning pedantic in unnecessary details, while the son is, if one puts it in

a politically correct language, more far-reaching. Some kind of compromise was however reached, and the roof is still there despite very heavy autumn winds.

All in all, the roof making went so smoothly that we were fooled to think that everything else would be equally easy. We acquired a keg of paint called farmer's red plus a sprayer to paint the cottage. In fact we should have known how complicated it would be, because the big house and a few other houses in the surroundings had been painted with this colour. However, in the heat of the summer, the memory of those complications slipped out of our minds. The result was that the family had never before heard Kaarle swearing so much in the process of continuous painting and cleaning of the sprayer which got stopped up every other minute (there is some iron in this very old-fashioned type of paint). In the end, Ullamaija swore that she would never let a sprayer like that be sent to the summer place again. But the cottage was -- and still is -- nice like a dollhouse.

The painting process allowed us also to get acquainted with local health services. Markus namely stepped on an old, rusted nail while having his eyes fixed on the wall instead of his legs. Because the weather was hot and the nail was rusted, we had several chances to acquaint ourselves with the health services. To put it briefly, one could say that it is not recommendable for any Helsinki resident to step on a nail in Tampere (our idyllic summer place is located close to the geographic centre of the town of Tampere, thus making somewhat more understandable the fact that Tampere does not meet the EU standards for a city) than someone inclined to masochism. The EU principle of subsidiarity (seek the help as close as possible) did not seem to be well known in Tampere.

Still another family exercise was a trip to Leipzig, Germany, though Markus slipped away from that. True to his habits, Kaarle had arranged several pre, post and parallel seminars for the conference we attended; he names such arrangements as "joining issues" or "being flexible". Accordingly, the two ladies in the family did not need to care much of Kaarle while making their excursions in the surroundings. The results of these insights in the history of eastern Germany were as follows:

- < Painting business has been highly profitable in Leipzig and Weimar during the past 10 years (we visited the 1999 cultural capital of Europe, but ashamingly enough, did not take with us our Weimaranian dog);
- < The socialist past is still to be seen and smelled in the side streets of the city, but one can also find Internet cafés, motor cycle stores and many other western extremities in the very same streets;
- < The youth in Leipzig follows the fashions far more closely than the youth in Helsinki (a comment by Laura, Ullamaija is out of this kind of assessments).

Laura was, however, deepest impressed by the landmarks of the political transition process in Leipzig -- and Buchenwald near Weimar. One could perhaps say that manner how the Finnish school system tells about delicate issues in European political history leaves obviously a lot to be desired, but so seem to do our kitchen table discussions. We have discussed quite a lot, but not enough about concentration camps.

In the fall our joint ventures have predominantly focussed on who walks the dog in the afternoon (the dog walks Ullamaija quite effectively in the mornings and evenings). However, there has been somewhat more activity in the home base this fall, because Kaarle has stayed a little less in Tampere and a little more in Helsinki due to his sabbatical. Occasionally also a huge box filled with CDs and half a dozen guitars appear in the house. It means that our dear son Markus by some reason has given up his apartment (usually to save the rent money) and returned to his mom's sweet (???) guidance & care. More than a month Ullamaija was responsible for most of

the guitars and CDs, because Markus flew to New York to be available to be discovered (let's see what happens in the long run). Laura drops in quite regularly; she lives next door and Velvet is in fact her dog and thus falls under her surveillance.

And then still shortly about everybody individually:

*Kaarle* has this year caught up with his somewhat reduced travelling schedule in the past few years. Especially in the fall he has inspected seminars and conferences on both sides of the Atlantic with such a speed that the ladies at home are no longer able to tell on the phone which country he is in. A few books have come out of the pipeline, but there still a quite a few inside the pipe.

The head of the family (???) is a real slave of the email. Just like schoolboys who sneak around the corner to smoke in hiding, *Kaarle* disappears and is found in front of a computer, in his office, at home or abroad (he is a master in hunting for Internet cafés in various parts of the world). Marshall McLuhan was definitely right: the medium is the message. For decades, *Kaarle Nordenstreng* was well known for not answering letters, but as soon as the means of delivery was satisfactory for him, everything changed. Accordingly, the introduction of the email obviously is a blessing to the mankind, but not the immediate environment. The more *Kaarle* sits at his email, the less the rest of the family is able to communicate, because he steals both the telephone line and the computer.

For the past year around, *Ullamaija* has had difficulties with her unfinished work. Books in the pipeline are almost as numerous as with *Kaarle*, and it has been quite difficult for an ex-journalist to accept the fact that she cannot meet the deadlines. She has been taught to think that one always must file in something in time -- on the cost of quality, perhaps.

One reason for *Ullamaija*'s distress has obviously been the fact that she has only once visited Africa during the past year, and not a single trip to that direction is in sight. She attended a seminar in Accra, Ghana, and that country was a new acquaintance. We are specialised in eastern and southern Africa. However, Accra appeared as partly recognisably African, partly simply a big city as many other African cities. But the music IS different, more complex, more sophisticated perhaps. Markus bombarded *Ullamaija* with questions after the arrival at home, and she answered with all the knowledge gathered during one week. Happily enough, she also brought a drum to the son. He could try himself. Again *Ullamaija* was also reminded about her lacking knowledge of history: she did not know that the Swedes -- and quite certainly, some Finns as their servants -- were at the gates of western African slave trade until the Dutch pushed them away.

*Ullamaija* still commutes between two institutions. Her actual job is at the Swedish School of Social Sciences at the University of Helsinki, but she takes part in the doctoral training of another Department of Communication. She has learned to know exactly how long it takes to get from one place to another.

*Markus* is now a professional musician, preparing for his second record. The parents are gradually getting used to the thought that he'll never finish his studies, but they still have a dream that before turning 50 he'll get irritated about the insecurity of a musician's life, become a proper citizen & get back to university and finish his studies and thus become qualified to get a succession of 3-6 months' contracts as most academicians in Finland have. What a security!

Our singer-and-songwriter finds it pleasant to stay in the country place also when it rains and the days are short. He often takes Velvet with him, and in the country place, they are capable to

develop some kind of a harmonious life style. From an outside perspective, that appears impossible. Markus loves to sleep up to 1-2 PM, while Velvet is very energetic already at 6 AM.

*Laura* passed the entry examination to the Law School of the University of Helsinki. It seems to be a very effective school, because after detesting the entry exams for two years, the daughter after two months of studies started talking on the line "Somehow they must eliminate extra applicants". That we call manipulation... No wonder then that *Laura* wanted to change her student card, which still indicated that she is a student of computer science. The only way of getting a new card is to tell the authorities that she had lost the previous card, plus to pay 50 marks. But with a luck typical for the women in the family, *Laura* now has lost 50 marks but has two cards with the same information telling that she a computer science student. The University bureaucracy is quite slow and she was too eager.

Markus does not study practically at all, *Laura* studies almost too much; it makes a balance, doesn't it? The parents are still a bit concerned about *Laura* trying too hard. She already got the stress psoriasis, which has bothered *Kaarle* for several years. Fortunately modern medicine helps both in a very efficient way.

In the summer, the rented horse -- a retired jumping show horse -- gave a good challenge to *Laura* who used to ride quite a lot previously. However, the end of this summer activity was not totally elegant. A local moose paid a visit to the pasture in which the horse was grazing (there are plenty of these huge animals close to the summer place). The horse did not at all like the visitor and decided to return home (roughly 3 kilometres away, along a heavy-traffic road) despite all fences. Happily enough, he is a city horse, which knows traffic rules. He galloped home nicely on the right side of the road. There still are so-called city narratives told in the area about a huge beautiful horse cantering between cars.

Practically everything about our dog *Velvet* has already been told. She is the loudest, the most stubborn and stupid member of the family, a loveable perpetual motion. When she recently received a rabies injection, the vet asked whether she really had the right birth year for *Velvet* in her files -- she could not be seven years already? Yes, she can, indeed. And her childish characteristics are mostly products of our own breeding, says *Laura*.

As always, we'll spend the Christmas in the country place. Before Christmas we drive there the car filled with food, books and stuff, and after a week we return to Helsinki almost with the same load. But it is still a good break, a world of its own. We also light candles on the graves of those elderly close to us whose last years filled with frail health and continuous pain also somewhat regulated our everyday life quite recently. They are all gone now, and we have a chance to remember them not as feeble and sick but as they were years before: as powerful, wise and warm. Generations fade out of memory, says an old Finnish song. That is not true.

Merry Christmas to everybody. But the buzzword of these days, the MILLENIUM, we refuse to mention at all...

Dear George and Ilona:

For once I am on time -- we are still in the old year (less than two hours but still)! To be true, I am shamefully late, because our annual exercise of family sarcasm should have been in your hands already a week ago. Anyway, here it comes.

Best, Kaarle and Ullamaija

Christmas 1996

Dear friend(s),

Middle-aged people have an odd attachment to anniversaries; the baby boomers fill festivity halls and restaurants at least in Finland while turning 50, and the state of Finland has already started preparations for its 80th birthday next year. This letter represents an anniversary also, because this is the 15th Christmas letter ever written by the Kivikuru-Nordenstreng family. The first one was produced in Dar es Salaam in December 1981. We were decorating our first Christmas cedar (which smelled so strongly that we had to remove the beautiful tree outside) and thought selfishly that all our relatives and friends in Finland were thirsting for news of our experiences. In fact, it was quite an experience to produce that Christmas letter, on stenciles, mistakes corrected with smelly red fluid, and the copies produced by manual duplication in the evening in a small hut which was called the newsroom of TSJ Weekly (the training paper of the Tanzania School of Journalism). The permission was given by Ullamaija's then boss, who was later thrown out of the School, because he had a tendency not to make distinction between general and personal interests.

Our documentation system is not quite complete -- you should see e.g. our so-called photo collection which Kaarle has decided to organize as soon as he reaches the retirement age. Some other family memories have totally disappeared, including Christmas letters from early years, but no problem; it appeared that many friends had saved all the letters. Our original idea was to offer you a collection of best titbits of these years. However, we lost the opportunity because we were late. We did not have time to do the investigative research needed, hence we had to postpone the intertextual memory cocktail, but we'll reserve it for the 20th letter and start collecting the letters right away!

A reason for preferring the selected works was the fact that the past year has not been very easy for us. It has been a year characterized with giving up people, issues, assignments. Ullamaija's mother died a year ago, slightly after the last Christmas letters were mailed. She was very close to our family; hence we feel that one epoch has ended.

Several other relatives and friends have passed away or fallen sick. However, we did not feel that it is right to burden you with our sorrows -- you have enough problems of your own. Hence it is even a greater relief for us all to know that the paradise is near here in Europe (sorry, guys from outside, the world is never democratic). It is called European Monetary Union, and we Finns are lucky enough to have good politicians who have promised us to get to enjoy the pleasures of the paradise among the first ones in Europe, still during this century. What a deal!

Naturally we have also had our enjoyments this year. In fact, Ullamaija and Kaarle have reached the age when people must be happy, if nothing dramatic happens. Our hands, feet and stomach function, even the head functions most of the time -- what else could a middle-aged person wish? In Finland a committee has sat for several months and figured out that people of our age group are "aging". However, Kaarle passed a medical check-up with excellent results. His caring sister has not yet recovered of the shock, because she considers Kaarle as an exemplar of a person who burns his candle from both ends. The credit goes to Laura, who has developed her persuasion abilities by trying -- in fact quite often successfully -- to convince Kaarle that it is necessary to go jogging.

The youth league naturally hates the above-described world view, totally lacking drama and change. As Markus said some time in the spring, when Ullamaija was wondering what the son was going to do at the age of 50, if he did not plan to study anything: "I cannot in general envision myself as a fifty-year-old". Happily enough, the generation gap is not always as wide. In fact, we do have a continuous discursive contact, we definitely have the same -- odd -- sense of humour, and we also have at least a tiny bit of mutual solidarity. Naturally it is so that if a member of the youth league starts to discuss with VERY friendly terms, it is worth considering, whether I really am that charming, or if it might be so that my son/daughter needs money, car/transport (even Laura is in the driving school now, the baby turns 18 in February!), laundry services or mummy's decorations for a concert session. In most cases, the affection refers to these 'basic needs'.

An equally egalitarian lifestyle characterizes our dog Velvet. She has a tendency to curl at one end of the bed in the evening, and in the morning she has invaded most of the bed, while the poor skinny Kaarle has grown stiff of efforts to remain in the bed at all. If we had a waterbed, nobody else but Velvet would have any chance to enter it. Ullamaija's flowers (not too many, she does not have a green thumb) received a shock treatment last summer, because she had developed a tumour and the veterinarian thought it was wiser to sterilize the dog. She went around with a bucket

around her neck for several weeks, but she was never able to understand the extensions of the bucket. Accordingly, she kept on dropping flower-pots in the house. The last months of the year, Velvet has been perhaps the saddest member of the family. She lost her privileges, because Markus left for Dublin, Ireland -- voluntarily of course, as a result of mediated pressure at most. This meant that Markus who lived next door did NOT come home not only to walk the dog but the play with her every day. The play sessions were sort of heavy: chairs kept on falling, pictures coming down from walls, carpets were squeezed to corners. When Velvet realised that all this was gone, she naturally punished the rest of the family. For example, Ullamaija does not have any longer jogging shoes. However, the dog is still suffering of extra stress, and this stress she releases to barking at minor dog. Think self, isn't it unbearable that somebody is so snobbish that ends up being a Pekinese?

Kaarle's scarce hair is becoming grey, and though skinny, he has developed interesting tires around his his waist, to the distaste and delight of his daughter distaste because she has an estetic mind and delight because thus she is able to transfer some desireable clothing, originating from the 1970s, as a legacy from father to daughter. Kaarle is still able to develop three enormous telephone bills (according to his own testimony, he does not travel any longer), to design totally unrealistic timetables (he never learns), to arrange three meetings at the same time in three different places (see above), and above all he still possesses the ability to combine issues. Hence he ends up travelling to Sydney, Australia, via Minnesota and California with a cabin luggage of an amplifier, which weights roughly 100 kilos (guess who completed the journey with the ampliyer, when Kaarle continues to Korea; the right answer starts with a U?). Still, Kaarle is received with understanding "Oh, but it is Kaarle" remarks (90% of men and 75% of women fall into this category).

An example: Before Kaarle finally delivered a far overdue manuscript of a book to the biggest book publisher in Finland, he had broken all regulations concerning punctuality, changes, etc., established by the Association of Finnish Publishers. However, when the book came out, the publisher was so proud that they organized a seminar for the publicity of the book. When Ullamaija at the same time processed a book for one of the smallest publishers in the country, worked day and night to keep up with deadlines, but the publisher did not show the slightest form of gratitude or joy over the mission, when it was finally over. Instead their representative felt that she was a bitch who complained details of about THEIR work... Kaarle is a man of principles. When he approves something, he does it profoundly. When he finally accepted email as part of his life, he did this also in a profound way. The family

recognizes the symptoms already: after coming from Tampere and a mug of coffee, the man becomes restless, as if he had lost something. Then he rushes to the computer, and if the modem is OK, he does not hear or see anything else for a few hours. Friends around the world are obviously happy, because Kaarle did NOT have any motivation for conventional correspondence in the old days before email.

Kaarle is a man of principles also in that sense that he does not appreciate turncoats -- or it is not quite that simple. If someone makes an intellectual U-turn elegantly, Kaarle tolerates that, but good heavens, if one does the same in a clumsy manner! There must be style in life, says the grandson of the Russian Czar's Regional Commissioner.

One of Kaarle's characteristics is that he misses home when he is abroad, but he is rarely at home when he is home. He is really happy at home only while coaching foreign guests around Finland. Still perhaps the most glamorous moment in Kaarle's life in 1996 was when he, after arriving in Sydney (with the amplifier) decided to spend or rather construct leisure. He rented a car and took four Finnish ladies (calm down, Ullamaija was one of them) in the car to the famous Blue Mountains. By some reason the Blue Mountains were placed so far from the city that Kaarle ran into a danger to miss a meeting; one cannot think of spending HALF A DAY just for fun? Happily enough we finally saw all the rock formations that a tourist must see in the Blue Mountains and bought boomerangs at double the price compared with the little shop next to the hotel as good tourists do.

Ullamaija's life has been much more even -- or does she only imagine? Officially she has changed title: she is now a research lecturer (a new title in the Finnish academic system which is very innovative in such aspects which do not cost anything, and this definitely does not), but she still carries out the same tasks as while being an 'ordinary' senior lecturer. In fact, the tasks are the same she carried out when she was instructor. Certain things do not seem to change! Ullamaija edited or wrote three books this year, and this is probably the reason why she has felt this autumn almost intolerable. She comes from that part of Finland where people are supposed to be very slow (and quiet!), and her body probably recognized the stress with half a year's delay.

Ullamaija participated in the same communication researchers' conference in Sydney as Kaarle. The conference was quite interesting; she has learned not to try to cover everything but to select issues that interest her. Accordingly, her conferences are very different from those that Kaarle attend. Sydney is a very interesting city, multicultural as tourist guides tell, but also very beautiful. That tourist guides do not emphasize enough. The

visit of the Finnish team caused an interesting experience for the Australian landlord of a Finnish colleague who has stayed longer in Sydney. Imagine half a dozen shivering Finns around his wardrobe, begging for sweaters! The kind man gave his helping hand right away, but he also had a good story to tell his friends: FINNS freeze in the Australian winter!

The return trip offered also experiences: three Finnish communication ladies came home via Singapore and ended up peeling ground nuts at Raffle's, the old colonialists' place where the big sweep had gone around roughly the same time as the decolonialization process started. The place was the one untidy one in Singapore (and also that pseudo-untidy), and that led the ladies to ponder, whether one could call such an island a country, an island without any animals (they are so untidy and require space) and the most frequently-met plant species being supermarket? Anyway, life in Singapore must be boring nowadays, because almost everything is forbidden, and people do not even have the pleasure of developing new targets for forbidding rules, because almost everything has already been forbidden.

By the way, Ullamaija reached the peak of her career when she was asked to be the keynote speaker for the 70th anniversary festivities of a local paper in the small place she comes from - - ans she was the second choice only, after a former Minister of Finance. Once in life she tried to be prophet on her own ground.

Old couples have a tendency to resemble each other more and more with years. That has happened also with us. We have learned each others' bad habits. Nowadays also Ullamaija has piles of undone work on her desk, and she is not always able to meet deadlines, but she always has an explanation why she is late. But the situation still stresses more Ullamaija than it obviously does Kaarle; hence Ullamaija wants change. She has promised herself a change. She is going to drop all unnecessary things from her life, with the exception of trips to Africa. Those she will never refuse, when offered. One was offered this year: a trip to Mozambique and Tanzania, postponed several times due to the book projects at home. It was nice as always, though plans of carrying out the main aim of the trip changed perhaps more radically than ever. Women are illogical. First Ullamaija pushed her son to study, and as soon as the son finally left for study, she starts missing him. Markus thought and thought and thought of his future, but finally he decided to travel to Dublin. He had a moving farewell concert before leaving for Dublin City University. He enjoys Dublin, but most obviously he is NOT going to be the third communication professional in the family, though his major at the moment is communication. He is still up to music, and even the band (called Elmer) here in Helsinki is only half-frozen for the time he is in

Dublin. Ireland is a nice place, but the music taste there differs from that of Markus. Accordingly, the son has not yet been discovered. However, most superstars have become really popular when they are approaching their 50s; hence the son still has a chance...

The son resembles his father in his interest of combining issues. When a Finnish band he knows played in Amsterdam, the son emailed the parents that he was going to drop in because "Dam is just around the corner". By some reason the mother also received another message roughly a week later, requesting for a somewhat hastened installment of his monthly payment "Perhaps you can borrow me the money for a week, and then the state pays you back". The Nordenstreng boys form a clan that the woman-in-the-street does not always find very easy to understand. Markus is an email fan as his father, but that is easy for the mother to accept as well, because it is definitely cheaper than being a phone fan... The son will come home for Christmas. Perhaps there are some similarities in the timetable planning as well, because the plane will arrive at 5.35 pm and the first invited guests will arrive at 7 pm. Hence Markus has asked his sister to "clean up a bit and buy something small" for the guests.

Laura is almost grown-up now -- one indication is that she first refused to follow her brother's order, but as soon as she found out that Markus was going to buy her a CD, she naturally accepted the bid. Another indication of her mature age is that when Kaarle and Laura visited Copenhagen in February, they did not go to the entertainment park any longer, but to Christiania (a over-marketed place for the underground culture in the Puritan North Europe). Laura has reduced the number of her hobbies, but -- besides walking the dog, going to school and above all to the driving school -- she still goes riding, jogging and the gym. The fancy gym next door has given generous deals, and she has gladly accepted them. The gym itself is a symbol of Finland of the 1990s: before there was a grocery store, now a gym owned by a former icehockey star. Laura's school follows a curriculum that resembles much that of universities, and she likes it, though especially the examination periods are quite tough. If Laura's brother pretty much still lives in a world of fantasies, Laura represents the other end. She'd still like to become a veterinarian, but she is sure that she cannot make it. Accordingly, she has developed various other options. But she is a Nordenstreng also, and hence these sidepaths keep on changing. Let's see what happens a year from now, when she has to make a choice where to send her applications.

Laura, Ullamaija and Velvet live under the same roof during the weeks, but we rarely have long hours of discussion. Ullamaija stays in the office late, and even if she is at

home, Laura stays with the telephone in her room for hours, behind closed doors of course. The most essential things are discussed thoroughly -- such as the driving licence and its homely directives (when and where to use the car, if the licence is achieved, negotiations are still on) and the dress for the "Olds' Day" at school the coming February (high school seniors leave the school, and the juniors dress up in tails and long evening gowns for the day). Ullamaija was very proud to discover that Laura cannot use her old evening gown, because she, despite all jogging and gyms, could not fit in the dress. This realisation naturally costs Ullamaija somewhat more but anything that is nice has its price also.

The youth league, when at home in numbers, also have their own discourses which the older generation does not have any say in, because they do not even understand all talk about various bands and e.g. the minimum number of holes in Doc Martens. If you are as ignorant as Ullamaija and Kaarle were in the beginning, we can tell you that Doc Martens is a shoe brand.


We'll try to catch a sensation of the Christmas in the country place as usual. We ask the neighbour to start warming the place, we fill two cars with food, decorations and people and drive for 2-3 hours (there is quite a crowd doing exactly the same on the highways), and after a few days we do the same in a reversed order. Don't ask anything, because this is the way Christmas MUST be celebrated in this family.

X-Sender: tikano@poph.uta.fi  
Date: Sat, 23 Dec 2000 20:01:03 +0200  
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Dear George & Ilona,

All the best from me and family with our traditional exercise in self irony!

Kaarle

 xmas2000.doc

December 2000

Dear friend(s)

If we are not totally mistaken, we claimed in our previous Christmas letter that this year's edition would be the 20th of its kind. In the check-up calculations, however, it has been found out that the 20th anniversary will in fact be at Christmas 2001. As you can imagine, these recounting procedures were as time-consuming and stressing as in Florida; even a local lawyer (in spe) was involved in the calculations. But as you perhaps have noticed, counting does not belong to the strong sides of our family. Verification can be acquired by checking our bank accounts.

Nevertheless, it is nice again to have Christmas as an excuse to greet you all. Throughout all these 19 years, our feelings have been similar: first we have been sure that nothing special has happened during the year. Still, when we finally start collecting our memories, we are able to get together an annual report quite easily. In the previous years, there existed one additional screening body, when the younger generation wanted to censor some parts of the story, but nowadays Markus and Laura only laugh and say that again they are going lose their faces in front of their friends and relatives. Their need for being politically correct has decreased considerably. An issue affecting the situation might be the fact that neither of the children any longer lives at home. Hence the parents have perhaps lost track with their doings.

This year the line of low profile and reflection has been with us exceptionally strongly, because close to us, though not exactly in the core family, there have been frequent anniversaries, sorrow, sickness and giving up. Also we have gone through a theme which seems to be quite popular in our surroundings just now: What about adopting a partial retirement, a privilege which the welfare state allows you when you reach a certain age? We can tell you a family secret. Kaarle has been pondering upon the issue  $\tilde{n}$  and the family has been voting him down. The younger generation has even started giggling about the fact that Kaarle should suffice with only 50% of the number of the present number of seminars which he is attending  $\tilde{n}$  and how could all seminar organisers and foreign guests know to place their events on those weeks when Kaarle would be in office. There is no chance it would succeed. Kaarle would attend his seminars disregarding the fact whether or not he has a week off. He would do the same things as before, but with lower pay. Nokialandia does not need his pennies; so we better live as before. Nevertheless mere thinking devoted to the issue indicates that a) the present way of life does stress Kaarle b) there does exist a certain readiness to give up.

On the other hand, if we have understood the issue rightly, Kaarle will do a patriotic deed if he stays in his job up to the age of 63, because it is profitable for the Finnish statistics if he keeps on working up to the retirement age. Every Finn should keep on doing his/her best to promote Finland's pride high in the only community that matters. Sometimes it is really odd to speak with foreigners from outside Europe: they do not see how important a body the EU is  $\tilde{n}$  some even pretend that they do not know that such a body exists. Incredible!

If the debits and credits of the year are listed, this is how it looks like:  
1) Kaarle: two books and gout (the number of books under process might be mercifully not made public). The perhaps most recognisable change has been that Kaarle has transferred from an ordinary cellphone to a Nokia

Communicator. The move has made the man so widely known as a phone-hater into a real multimedia communicator. We do not say anything about the phone bills.

- 2) Ullamaija: one book on its way to the printhouse and a few others giving stress. Tension neck in April and studies October.
- 3) Markus: second CD under way. The young musician has also got a hunch of mass audiences, because he performed in August as a warm-up band for Bon Jovi in two cities.
- 4) Laura: studies at a high speed, half a year's experience also in work life also.
- 5) Velvet the dog: ulcers, a plentiful of minor sins, but equally much devoted praying for forgiveness. The definitely best relaxer in the family (lying on her back, paws toward the ceiling, small burring-like sounds ñ try it!).
- 6) The whole family and neighbours in a genuine co-operative spirit: the repair of a wall of an old cow-house in our summer-home in the countryside. It was the same old story: the idea was to do something very small, and suddenly the whole wall was about to fall down. The story most probably continues in the next Christmas report, because we were only able to give the first aid now...
- 7) In the spring Ullamaija and Kaarle became turncoats in real. Neither of them took part in a promotion ceremony at their time (it was considered a non-progressive move then), but now they were properly dressed up for several promotion ceremonies. Kaarle acted as the formal promoter of his faculty and he took the long menu in Tampere, while Ullamaija attended in somewhat shorter ceremonies once a week. Her own university named her as the formal host of her old friend Professor Brenda Dervin who became nominated as honorary doctor at the University of Helsinki. But she also attended the main ceremony at University of Tampere as wife to the promoter. So she was in fact a double coat turner, because she does not usually participate in anything as a wife. But both ceremonies were fun so it was worth giving up one's principles.

The family did not first take Kaarle's gout. We laughed that the man reflecting upon the possibility to take partial pension had already adopted an elderly gentlemen's disease. Perhaps you share the same stereotype as we: old British gentlemen at the fire with a cup of tea, but hardly able to move around. Kaarle ñ grinning in pain ñ added to our knowledge that gout is not characteristic for old people but it is a stress disease. After a while this stress disease was put under control Kaarle does not drink sauna beer any longer, and he does not even give a glance to the direction of Baltic herrings. But of course one could start reflect upon the fact than in the early 1990s, Kaarle got stress psoriasis and now stress gout... The family still remains a bit amused of Kaarle's eagerness to follow doctors' orders related to food, but somehow he keeps on forgetting what he is told about changing his lifestyle more generally.

The ulcers of our Weimaranian dog Velvet perhaps also deserves extra information. Velvet represents cohesive forces in the family because her well-being in the afternoons demands really all the forces embedded in Nokia cellphones (iconnecting people!) in a family which has five addresses in two different geographic locations. There is a considerable volume of good will (an indication of that is the long list of pet names the grey beauty has collected: Vellu, Feliin, Pena, Koira), but still on some days things get quite complicated. In the mornings and evenings Velvet usually takes Ullamaija out, but the afternoon is difficult. Perhaps these daily negotiations started to stress Velvet, because she developed tummy problems in the summer. iDoes also a dog get

ulcers in your neighbourhood?i asked a friendly colleague Ullamaija when she told that she was bringing the dog to a vet. Velvet's ulcers is now under control (with the help of quite costly medicine and a diet without bones). But the family is still amazed because we very well remember how she in her puppy youth terminated shoes, specs, remote controllers and domestic poetry. How on earth can such a dog develop a sensitive stomach in her mature age? But the vets say that this is not that rare. Velvet is now 8 years - let's see what happens in the future.

On the other hand, Velvet experienced a shock in the summer, and that might have assisted in developing a stomach problem. She namely met a moose big as a house last summer in the middle of her own empire. First the dog circled nervously around Ullamaija's feet, then she ran to the steps of the house and started a terrible noise in the style iHere you cannot definitely comei. The huge moose stare at the dog from a distance of 70-80 metres without moving a leg for several minutes. Then when he assumed that the point was made (if do not care a bit of city dogs) he jogged away.

Yes, Kaarle. He is back in business after one year on the sabbatical. The travel frequency has hardly calmed down, but Kaarle has become an expert in arranging weekend trips, which does not disturb too much his teaching. On the other hand, he has also his old habit of causing travel agency personnel stress by changing his schedules at the last minute. One of Kaarle's most notable trips was made to Namibia in August. Ullamaija was there on her university's exchange agreement, and Kaarle wanted to promote his university's African ties as well. So he dropped by on his way from Italy to London (quite consistent, isn't it?). Kaarle stayed in the country for four days and after that everybody was exhausted: people at UNAM, Finnish Embassy, Ullamaija and his old friend and former student Jimmy Amupala and his wife Seija. Kaarle also arranged a screening of the ambassador's sauna (high score) by local media intellectuals. But something he did not have time for: Katutura, the suburb where black people were placed in the apartheid years. So when there was a bit more than a hour to the departure, Kaarle suggested that we take a taxi and drive to Katutura. It became a family fight, and Kaarle missed Katutura as he missed the Seychelles during our years in Tanzania. The family refused to travel to the Seychelles, because no tickets were available due to a attempted coup. That did not prevent Kaarle at all. Still in summer 2000 he said dreamingly, while reading a story about the Seychelles: iYes, some people have a chance to see interesting places...i

For Ullamaija the present year has meant quite a tough time, because she has not had enough time for both her normal work and a big research project which is not reaching the final stage. The project will be OK due to five excellent young ladies who write their doctoral theses about the theme, but Ullamaija still carries a bad conscience. On the other hand, the ordinary work with young students (they turn younger and younger, have you noticed?) gives a privilege to have a glimpse of the raising generation. If somebody says that today's youth does not have ideals and values, that somebody has not talked much with young people -- but today's youth has today as a point of departure. As usual, the short trip to Africa brought pleasure for Ullamaija for quite some time, though the visit to Windhoek was busy and many phenomena made one pondering how difficult it is to promote democracy when both the people and politicians become anxious about the slowness and the complications of the process.

A moment worth memorising was a discussion at the patio of the Finnish ambassador's sauna: ladies from Namibia, Zambia, and Tanzania reflected their personal independence struggles. Law gives them formal equality, the economic status enables further studies, and the husband believes in principle in gender equality. But still all of these ladies had to defend their plans to continue studies against their husbands, mothers-in-law, family, friends, even their own daughters. The style of carrying out these discussions in the black but gentle African night was very special. The ladies were simultaneously understanding and definite, and we laughed a lot though we all knew that women still have a long way to go.

Markus, the 26-year-old musician son has also been quite determined with his second CD to be out next year. He has frequently visited New York in order to make a break-through there. With whose money? Hmm, obviously somebody else than the son and the immediate surroundings believes in him. The parents like Markus' music, but they also keep on hoping that he at least in his thirties would become fed-up with constant financial problems and would start reconsidering studies. But so far nothing on that direction can be noticed. The son has inherited Kaarle's organiser abilities and hence he is always the main arranger when 8-10 musicians visit New York. He knows how to do things, if he is motivated. The mum's only wish is that the son would get motivated of his own buttons and cloth repair. In principle, the Nordenstreng men know quite a few practical skills, but in practice they rarely exercise these qualities. The son does his own laundry ñ at the parental home and to the great pleasure of Velvet who always enjoys Markus' visits. It means a lot of playing around. A young man allows himself to behave childishly, and a middle-age dog adores the possibility to behave like a puppy.

Laura claims that in her life belong nothing else but studies, studies and studies. She has proceeded quite nicely, but before exams she is on bad mood, bleak and absent-minded while visiting the parent's place. She arranged prep courses for students studying for the Law School in the spring. That took care of weekend freetime. Laura does still her daily jogging, but she might do it either at 6 am or 10 pm. Laura lives next to the parents and takes most often care of the dog (her dog, in fact, but she forgot Velvet in the parents' house when she moved out). Laura also had to stay at our place some time because of some plumbing problems in her apartment. She learned to know one side of professional culture: an expert marches in, leaves all his equipment in the middle of the room ñ and returns next week.

Laura followed the parents to Singapore last summer. A conference ate up Ullamaija's and Kaarle's time, but Laura ñ a devoted chewing gum lover ñ could not exercise her favourite pastime hobby in the country that has forbidden chewing gum. But otherwise Laura explored the town extensively, by jogging of course. The over-polished Singapore did not please her too much, but Malaysia she liked, when she and Ullamaija drop in for a short visit (while Kaarle had one of his post-conference meetings). The young lady who spend her early childhood in Tanzania felt comfortable in the country where street sings pointed out in wrong directions and roads had potholes.

We are heading to the country place for the holidays. We are not able to find Christmas anywhere else. Perhaps the moose pays a visit again, and there are

rumours in the village ñ 20 kilometres north of Tampere, the second largest city in the country ñ that a bear has been seen.