

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE AEJMC MAGAZINE DIVISION

MAGAZINE MATTER

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The Spirit of the Division

A Letter from Our Division Head by Carol Fletcher, Hofstra

I have to confess that I'm a bit nervous writing my first letter as division head. How can I possibly live up to the terrific job that Brian Thornton has done as division head over the past year?

At the same time, I'm thrilled at the chance to serve the division to which I owe so much. I can't count the number of times over the past five years that a member of the Magazine Division has slipped me a helpful suggestion after a research presentation, shared valuable teaching tips, or encouraged my participation in division activities. I can't possibly repay all these acts of kindness, but I promise I will try.

I am constantly impressed by the generosity of our members. After Katrina struck, many of you came forward to ask what the division might do help affected magazines. Some members offered to temporarily house and employ displaced editors; others volunteered to act as liaisons with publishing companies. With your guidance, I have tried to contact as many Gulf Coast magazines as possible. "Thank you so much for your concern and well wishes," wrote one managing editor, Stacey Paretti Rase. "We here at Inside Northside Magazine are already on the road to recovery and in production of a special edition in tribute to the survivors of Hurricane Katrina. Thankfully, our offices were not affected by the storm, and we are only inconvenienced as our communication is spotty, at best." Although none of the magazines contacted to date has needed any material assistance from us, I want to thank all of you who have reached out to help those affected by Katrina in this or myriad other ways.



The same generosity of spirit was apparent in August, when Barbara Reed used the occasion of being awarded Magazine Educator of the Year to remember her beloved friend and colleague Caroline Dow. Many of you who joined the division in the 1980s and '90s remember Caroline as a mentor who went out of her way to encourage new members in their research. David Abrahamson recently suggested that the division honor Caroline by renaming the best faculty research paper the Caroline Dow Faculty Research Award – a wonderful idea that the executive committee has enthusiastically endorsed.

My goal as division head is help see that the incredible spirit of this division touches as many people, and as diverse a collection of people, as possible. Our upcoming convention is in San Francisco – the most diverse city in America – presents us with exciting opportunities in this regard.

Dramatic shifts are going on in the magazine industry today; in some ways, the whole relationship between magazine and reader is in upheaval. By addressing such changes, I believe we can have a real impact on the way magazine journalism is taught and practiced. My personal goal for this year is to get to know you better. Recently, some personal challenges have prevented me from participating in division activities as much as I would have liked. I'm grateful for the opportunities I'll have in the coming year to spend more time with you. Thank you for trusting me with this job. If there is a way I can better serve you, or the division, please let me know. I'm eager to hear from you!

FREE GIFT INSIDE!

Schwalbe scores repeat in annual idea contest, p.2

"I was the first person he wrote from prison..."

One student's emotional story, p. 6

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What happened in San Antonio doesn't have to stay in San Antonio, p. 3

STUDENTS SCORE! IN ANNUAL MAG CONTEST p. 4

PLUS:

**Faculty News!
Teaching Tips!
Meet the Division Officers!**

We Want a Three-peat!

Vice Head Schwalbe repeats GIFT win with ideas for helping students improve writing

Magazine Division Vice Head Carol B. Schwalbe became the first Great Ideas for Teachers program scholar to be a back-to-back winner of the GIFT grand prize.

The Community College Journalism Association, Small Programs Interest Group, the Scholastic Journalism Division and the International Communication Division announces Schwalbe's prize at the recent AEJMC convention in San Antonio, Texas.

Schwalbe, of Arizona State University, received a plaque and a \$100 check from the four GIFT sponsors.

Schwalbe's GIFT is titled "Student Self-Evaluation: Know Thy Writing Strengths and Weaknesses." Her GIFT and 24 other great ideas for teachers are included in a souvenir publication. Copies of the 2005 GIFT edition are still on sale for \$10 (plus \$3 each to cover postage and envelope). Limited copies of the 2004 GIFT publication are also available at half price (\$5). To order the GIFT publications, please send requests to aejmcgift@yahoo.com.

The non-profit GIFT program celebrated its 6th anniversary this year with nearly 60 submissions in the spring; 25 were chosen to participate in the poster session at the summer convention with Schwalbe being judged as the top GIFT scholar.

GIFT photos from San Antonio can be viewed on a public Web album at <http://photos.yahoo.com/aejmcgift>.

More information about the GIFT program is on the official Web site at <http://www.geocities.com/aejmcgift>.



Carol Schwalbe won the 2005 GIFT grand prize in San Antonio a year after winning it in Toronto (right). Above photo by Edna Bautista.



2005 GIFT GRAND PRIZE: Carol Schwalbe, Arizona State Student Self-Evaluation: Know Thy Writing Strengths and Weaknesses How to help students assess improvement in their writing skills

INTRODUCTION: Writing, like learning to swim, requires the coordination of many different but related skills. To help my feature writing students internalize the hallmarks of a good story and understand my grading goals, I devised a rubric based on Gerald Grow's Criteria Checklist.

RATIONALE: By outlining the traits of a successful story, the rubric encapsulates the course content and summarizes the skills students need to master. The rubric helps students evaluate their progress and take ownership of their grades as they assess what they did well and where they need to improve.

IMPLEMENTATION: At the beginning of the semester, students analyze outstanding examples of feature writing, discuss their strengths and develop a checklist identifying the hallmarks of good writing. Next, students internalize the checklist by using it to analyze a piece of professional writing. "My Favorite Teacher" by Robert Kurson, a National Magazine Award finalist (2001), provokes lively discussion. Students then use the checklist to evaluate the final version and revision of their stories. After they incorporate my comments on their final version, they turn in the checklist below with their revision. The emphasis changes as the semester progresses and we work on different items on the checklist.

Download the PDF version of the grading rubric at
<http://www.geocities.com/aejmcgift/files/GIFTSchwalbe.pdf>

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Just a Few Minutes...

Notes from the Magazine Division Members' Meeting, August 2005

by Carol Schwalbe, Arizona State

Members of the AEJMC Magazine Division gathered for their annual meeting on Thursday, August 11, in San Antonio.

- Division head Brian Thornton called the meeting to order at 6:50 p.m.

- Brian announced the winners of the best student and faculty research papers. Division webmaster David Sumner won the award for top faculty paper.

- Incoming head Carol Fletcher thanked Carol Schwalbe for her two years' service as editor of "Magazine Matters," the division newsletter. Ted Spiker will be taking over as editor.

- Carol Holstead presented certificates to the winners in the Student Magazine Contest. Those who placed first also received a \$100 check. The judges' detailed comments, available on the Magazine Division website <aejmc magazine.bsu.edu>, provide helpful feedback for magazine classes. In general, Carol said, the judges were "blown away by the high quality of work by college students."

- Carol Zuegner presented Barbara Reed with a plaque honoring her selection as Educator of the Year. Every summer Barbara, who's

an associate professor at Rutgers, organizes the magazine educators visit to publications in New York City. She spoke fondly of Caroline Dow, a journalist, lifelong advocate for social justice, and Magazine Division member who died in September 2004. Barbara then talked about how the best way to learn is to love to learn.

- David Sumner handed out Post-its advertising the Journal of Magazine and New Media Research. He encouraged members to submit articles to this peer-reviewed journal, which has a 33 percent acceptance rate. Carolyn Kitch suggested raising the journal's visibility by making it an official AEJMC publication and linking it to the AEJMC website. Barbara Reed suggested adding it to The Iowa Guide.

- Carol Fletcher proposed a slate of division officers (see last page), which was unanimously approved.

- After discussing future sites for AEJMC meetings, the members voted for Quebec and Boston.

- Carol Fletcher presented outgoing head Brian Thornton with a plaque expressing the division's thanks for his leadership and service.

- A motion to adjourn was seconded and unanimously approved. The meeting ended at 8:30 p.m.

Show Your Scar

Assignment helps students think about storytelling techniques

by Ted Spiker, Florida

In my Journalism as Literature class, students write one long-form piece throughout the semester, and they write some short assignments to build up to that final piece (mostly anecdotes and descriptions so we can workshop in parts to improve the whole). But the most effective short writing assignment I tried was having them do a first-person piece (which had nothing to do with the final story).

The directions: Write the story of one of your scars.

Their response: What kind?

My response: Write the story of one of your scars.

I wanted them to think creatively about how they could define scar (and thus, how they could creatively think about different angles for stories), but beyond that, the assignment

ended up being one of my favorites of the semester. Why? Because within the framework of a scar story, they could include almost every element of storytelling: character development, conflict, resolution, climax, tension, foreshadowing, dialogue, description, context, imagery, symbolism, voice, etc...

One student wrote about a scar he has from having to take IV antibiotics for Lyme disease.

Another wrote about the break-up conversation he had with his girlfriend. Another told the story of the time when an older cousin, seeking revenge over a fight, scarred him with a mandatory viewing of Poltergeist.

Each story became a wonderful teaching opportunity to talk about storytelling techniques like the timing of an ending (or a joke), or using the rhythm of words and paragraphs to build to the climactic moment, or ways to balance voice and plot to convey emotion.

TEACHING TIP

CALL FOR ITEMS
Please contribute to the Spring 2006 Magazine Matter newsletter. The newsletter is looking for:

Faculty/Student News
Teaching Tips
Conference Information

PLUS, the answer to this question:
What's your all-time most memorable in-class magazine moment?

Send items to Ted Spiker at
tspiker@jou.ufl.edu

TIME FOR A CHANGE
The magazine division executive committee members recently approved changing the name of the annual summer magazine tour to The Magazine Tour for Professional Development.

Contest Sees Huge Entry Increase

by Carol Holstead, Kansas

A magazine startup geared toward military spouses, an essay about a writer's father imprisoned for child molestation and the student magazine at Kent State University—these were among the winning entries in the 2004 Student Magazine Contest.

Advisers, or friends of advisers, picked up their students' awards during a ceremony at the AEJMC convention in August in San Antonio. Judges for the contest included editors, former editors and publishers from con-

sumer and business-to-business magazines, including InStyle, Glamour, Shape, National Geographic Traveler, People, Time, Crain's Business Insurance and Primedia Business Magazines and Media.

Judges provided thoughtful, instructive comments about the winning entries and about the overall strengths and weaknesses of the entries in each category. Even if you didn't enter the contest this year—or did, but didn't win—you might find the judges' comments useful to your teaching.

This year's contest attracted 251 entries—79 more entries than last year—from 20 universities across the United States and Canada. Typically, the same schools enter each year—more entries means stiffer competition for everybody, so please heed the call in 2005. You can enter work completed between May 10, 2005, and May 8, 2006, the deadline for this year. You can see the list of winners, judges' comments and judges' biographies on the magazine division Web site at <http://aejmcmagazine.bsu.edu/>.

Winnings Ways

2005 Association for Education in Journalism and Mass Communication Student Magazine Contest

1. Consumer Magazine Article: Places (15 entries)

Judge: Scott Stuckey, senior editor at National Geographic Traveler

First Place: "Billy Goat Gruff Goes to Washington," by Sarah Bailey, Northwestern University, Karen Springen, adviser

Second Place: "Notes from Underground," by Bob Perkins, University of Kansas, Carol Holstead, adviser

Third Place: "Missing Mumbai," Reshma Trenchil, Boston University, Caryl Rivers, adviser

2. Consumer Magazine Article: People (39 entries)

Judge: Richard B. Stolley, retired vice president of Time Inc. and founding managing editor of People

First Place: "Teeth in the Closet," by Christopher Sheppard, Arizona State University, Carol Schwalbe, adviser

Second Place: "Roadside Respects," by Drew Bratcher, University of Missouri, Jen Moeller, adviser

Third Place: "A Habit that Sucks," by Paige Greenfield, Northwestern University, Karen Springen, adviser

Honorable Mention: "Surviving the Guilt," by James Carlson, University of Missouri, Jen Moeller, adviser

Honorable Mention: "All Hail the Queens," by Misty Huber, University of Kansas, Carol Holstead, adviser

3. Consumer Magazine Article: Investigation and Analysis (32 entries)

Judge: Joe Ferrer, former editor of Time International and Time domestic

First Place: "Is Bernard Baran Guilty?" by Dori Berman, Carrie Lock, Richard Rainey and Lindsay Taub, Boston University, Caryl Rivers, adviser

Second Place: "The Face of AIDS in Africa," Joanne Mayhew, Boston University, Caryl Rivers, adviser

Third Place: "The Withlacoochee," by Sarah Stewart, University of Florida, Ted Spiker, adviser

Honorable Mention: "Stream Cleaning," by Mike Burden, University of Missouri, Jen Moeller, adviser

Honorable Mention: "Over Medicated," by Brad Parker, University of Missouri, Jen Moeller, adviser

4. Consumer Magazine Article: Service and Information (22 entries)

Judge: Valerie Latona, deputy editor and beauty director of Shape

First Place: "Look Familiar?" by Erin Rietz, Ball State University, David Sumner, adviser

Second Place: "You Can Refuse Booze!" by Dana Schmidt, Iowa State University, Marcia Prior-Miller, adviser

Third Place: "Hoops and Hollers," by Adam Wright, Arizona State University, Carol Schwalbe, adviser

Honorable Mention: "Finders Keepers," by Matt Beat, University of Kansas, Carol Holstead, adviser

6. Consumer Magazine Article: First Person (35 entries)

Judge: Noelle Howey, senior editor at Glamour (and soon to be director of Time Out NewYork Kids and author of the memoir *Dress Codes: Of Three Girlhoods—My Mother's, My Father's and Mine*)

First Place: "Daddy's Girl," by Nicole Williams, Arizona State University, Carol Schwalbe, adviser

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Second Place: "Facing Myself," by Neely Stratton, Boston University, Caryl Rivers, adviser

Third Place: "Everything Decided Forever," by Jennifer LaLima, Hofstra University, Carol Fletcher, adviser

7. Specialized Business Press Article (14 entries)

Judge: Sally Roberts, senior editor at Crain's Business Insurance

First Place: "Gripping Reality," by Kerrin McNamara, Humber Institute of Technology, Terri Arnott, adviser

Second Place: "Reconstructing Harry," by Geoffrey A. Drewyor, Boston University, Caryl Rivers, adviser

Third Place: "A Day in the Life: John Bubala," by Abigail Bains, Northwestern University, David Standish, adviser

8. Online Magazine (11 entries)

Judge: Dan Cox, director of new media for The Lawrence (Kansas) Journal-World newspaper, which also produces Lawrence.com and kusports.com, all award-winning sites

First Place: The Devil's Tale
<http://cronkitezine.asu.edu/>, Arizona State University, Carol Schwalbe, adviser

Second Place: The Ball Bearings
<http://www.ballbearingsonline.com/aejmc/>, Ball State University, Larry Dailey, adviser

Third Place: The Burr,
<http://burr.kent.edu/archives/2004/fall/index.html>, Kent State University, Ann Schierhorn, adviser

9. Single Issue of an Ongoing Print Magazine: Design (15 entries)

Judge: Bob Gray, design editor of National Geographic

First place: Orange and Blue, Joe Alewine, editor, and Stephen Bamonte, art director, University of Florida, Ted Spiker, adviser

Second place: Drake, Jessica Sokol, art director, Drake University, Patricia Prijatel, adviser

Third Place: Vox, Renata Turk and Kari Engel, art directors, University of Missouri, Jennifer Moeller, adviser

Honorable Mention: Expo, Lori Herber, art director, Ball State University, David Sumner, adviser

Honorable Mention: Jayplay, Johan Kallstrom and Becka Cremer, designers, University of Kansas, Carol Holstead, adviser

10. Single Issue of an Ongoing Print Magazine: Editorial (14 entries)

Judges: Will Palmer, copy chief, Alex Heard, editorial director, and Amy Linn, senior editor, at Outside

First Place: Drake, Rachel DeSchepper, editor, Drake University, Patricia Prijatel, adviser

Second Place: Expo, Laura Torrey, editor, Ball State University, David Sumner, adviser

Third Place: Convergence, Peter Armstrong, editor, Humber Institute of Technology, Terri Arnott, adviser

Honorable Mention: The Burr, Jaclyn Youhana, editor, Kent State University, Ann Schierhorn, adviser

11. Single Issue of an Ongoing Print Magazine: General Excellence (18 entries)

Judge: Alison Gwinn, deputy editor of InStyle

First place: The Burr, Jaclyn Youhana, editor, Kent State University, Ann Schierhorn, adviser

Second place: Expo, Laura Torrey, editor, Ball State University, David Sumner, adviser

Third place: 515 Magazine, Andrea Schmidt, editor, Drake University, Patricia Prijatel, adviser

Honorable Mention: Planet Oz, Leigh Beadon, editor, Humber Institute of Technology, Terri Arnott, adviser

10. Start-up Magazine Project: Team

(20 entries)

Judge: Roger Tremblay, Media Networks Inc.

First Place: Wager, Loyola College, Kevin Atticks, adviser

Second Place: The Egg, Beth Cox, Rob Green, Jeremiah Rigsby and Andrew Strickland, Trinity University, Sammye Johnson, adviser

Third Place: Part, Laura Gleason, Loyola College, Kevin Atticks, adviser

Honorable Mention: So Lucky, Lauren Bettinger, Ashley Epperly, Lesley McCormick and Kate Skelley, Trinity University, Sammye Johnson, adviser

Honorable Mention: Minx, Samantha Joaquin, Leigh Pankonien, Renea Topp and Ray Valencia, Trinity University, Sammye Johnson, adviser

11. Start-up Magazine Project: Individual (16 entries)

Judge: Jerry Okabe, vice president / audience marketing of Primedia Business Magazines & Media

First place: Home Front, Kimberly Sweet Rubenstein, University of Kansas, Kara Lynch and Carol Holstead, advisers

Second place: re:design, Janette Crawford, University of Kansas, Sharon Bass and Carol Holstead, advisers

Third place: PlayBook, Katie Moyer, University of Kansas, Sharon Bass, Kara Lynch and Carol Holstead, advisers

Honorable Mention: Shawty, June Straight, University of Mississippi, Samir Husni, adviser

daddy's girl

CONTEST WINNER!

An ASU student visits her father in prison. She needs to know if he's a pedophile.

**BY NICOLE WILLIAMS
ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY**



The author with her father after a fishing trip in the spring of 1989.

Southwest Airlines Flight 251 from Phoenix to Portland, Oregon, isn't full. I have three seats all to myself. Chunks of salad cling to the back seam of the middle seat -- a previous passenger's lunch. When I sit down I smell Chinese food, and sure enough two rows back someone is cramming down Panda Express. The recycled air circulating inside the plane makes my eyes sting.

It's my last spring break as an Arizona State University student. I'm going to graduate in a few months, and I should be celebrating by traveling to Mazatlan or Cancun or Rocky Point, the Mexican resorts that attract so many ASU spring breakers. Instead I'm going to visit Wayne Williams, my father, a convicted child molester currently incarcerated in Oregon.

I haven't seen Dad in nearly two years. I know I have to go through with this planned visit, but it bothers me that I am going to visit him at all. Why should I give him the privilege of seeing me? It's like saying, "Hey, you haven't been there for me in the past 21 years of my life, but I'm going to visit you in prison."

I want to turn the plane back.

I'm going to ask my father if he molested my 9-year-old stepsister.

I don't even want to know the truth. Yet again, I need to know the truth. Something inside me tells me that if I just ask him, he will deny he's a pedophile and will say he was wrongly convicted and it will all go away.

I have everything packed. I have my tape recorder, notebook and laptop; everything but the audio CD of his sentencing, which was sent to me a few weeks ago by the Deschutes County Circuit Court. I have not been able to bring myself to listen to it yet. I left the CD in Arizona

continued next page

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Nicola

...You were the one in my life that made life worth living; when sometimes I wasn't doing very well. I will always remember and cherish these special times between you and I. These are the few little years that made you and me who we are as father and daughter, that I will always thank our heavenly father for...

Dad

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My father is one of about 234,000 sex offenders in the United States, according to the Bureau of Justice Statistics. The bureau says one in four children fall victim to inappropriate touching by a sex offender. Eighty-five percent of the predators are known to the victim.

In 2004, Dad was sentenced to six years in prison with no chance of parole for sexually abusing my stepsister. For the past six months, he has been serving his prison sentence in Two Rivers Correctional Facility in northeastern Oregon, in the isolated town of Umatilla, which is just across the Columbia River from Washington.

I was the first person in the family he wrote from prison. When I received that first letter in August, 2004, I felt as if it was the only time he'd ever tried to show me he cared about me. And yet he spelled my name wrong. Nicola instead of Nicole.

Nicola

...I'm finding that I have so many things I want to say and talk to you about, but I seem to get lost in all my thoughts and feelings. I pray that you and I still have time to spend together in this life. We've got a lot of catching up to do... so much unfinished business. So many things too, that we never had the opportunity to discuss, so we might have a better understanding of each other's feelings. You and I have been robbed of times that can never be caught or relived again, but I am thankful that not all has been lost...

Dad

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I don't have very many memories of my dad. I remember we went fishing. Rubber boots, hair in a pony tail, Levi jeans. I went fishing for the snacks; chips, jerky, sandwiches and candy. I also remember a lot of time spent with our animals. One year Dad decided we were going to incubate chicken eggs; we put the incubator in my bedroom. Thirty-two baby chicks hatched in my room that year.

I remember Dad leaving for work in the mornings. He was a logger. He loved cutting timber in the Oregon forest; he was one of few fathers I knew

who actually enjoyed what he did for a living. He would tiptoe into my bedroom just before he left and almost instantly I would wake up, but pretend I was still asleep. He would tuck the covers under my shoulders and all the way up to my chin so only my tiny face was peeking out. Then he would kiss my forehead and shut the door again. I would hear the rumble of his old Ford truck warming up while he packed his gear and power saws for work. He would pull the truck out of the carport and coast down our gravel lane. I would open my eyes just to watch his headlights dance across the top of my bedroom ceiling. Then the white lights faded into the early morning darkness. I would fall fast asleep after he left. I hadn't thought of it until now, but this memory of my father leaving me is the most vivid of all.

Nicola

...I wish for your sake that I wasn't in here so that you wouldn't be sad. I want to turn your sad into glad by saying I'm doing better in here than out there. What I'm experiencing in here is priceless for me. I will be a better person when I get out. I will know who I am again...

Dad

He wears dark blue jeans with orange letters 'TRC' patched on the left thigh and a blue collar shirt, and worn-out brown shoes. "You're the last person in the world I ever thought I'd see in here," he says.

JUDGE'S NOTE

Judge: Noell Howey, senior editor at Glamour and author of the memoir *Dress Codes: Of Three Girlhoods-My Mother's, My Father's and Mine*

Why it won: Understandably, few topics inspire more black-and-white nuance-free pieces of journalism than pedophilia. And that's just one reason why I was absolutely blown away by this essay about a daughter's struggle to come to terms with her father, a convicted child molester. What impressed me so was the author's unwillingness to play on the sensational aspects of her subject matter, or to infuse the narrative with lots of heavy-handed emotional hand-wringing (which could be tempting in a piece about so many difficult and weighty issues). Instead, we get a clear-sighted, cleanly written and compulsively readable essay that neither apologizes for nor vilifies her father. While I would have liked the writer to go even deeper in certain places (For example, did she ever feel the sense of jealousy and possessiveness that her brother did, in regards to her father and his actions?), her story ultimately feels real and human and truly lived.

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W

e lived in the country when I was little, in a small town called Marcola, Oregon. I loved our house. It was the last house on Railroad Lane. It was a large gray house with a weeping willow tree in the front yard and an old red barn near the back of the property. The tire swing in the large maple tree was my favorite place.

My parents split up in the summer of 1992. My mother moved my brother and me into a two bedroom apartment in town. I shared a bed with my mom. I was 8 years old. I felt my world had flipped upside down, right on top of me. I wanted my parents to stay together and I couldn't understand why they were apart. I felt punished.

After my parents divorced, my father lived alone in the gray house with three bedrooms and two bathrooms. After we moved out, the house was completely empty, only a bed in the master bedroom. No other furniture. My father sold most of the animals and so he had all the property to himself.

There wasn't much to do around our father's house during our weekend visits. My father usually slept most of the day. My brother Garrett and I entertained ourselves and created adventures on the unkempt property. Our favorite game was searching for buried treasure with homemade pirate maps. I was always Captain Hook and Garrett was Smee.

In 1994, my father married a woman who already had two children from an earlier marriage. I suddenly had a 3-year-old stepbrother and a 1-year-old stepsister. I was 10, Garrett was 6. Then three years later, when I was 13, my half brother was born. I was never close with my father's second family. I never felt welcome in their home.

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he day after I fly in from Phoenix, my mother, Dawn, and my stepfather Doug take me to Two Rivers Correctional Facility. The drive to the prison seems long and boring. Train tracks run parallel with the highway for almost 10 miles.

The Columbia River flows along the highway too. The river is murky and still.

Doug has been in our lives for the past nine years. He's been more of a father to me than my real dad ever was. Doug was there for the dance recitals, the plays and the swim meets. Doug was there to help me with my homework. Doug checked under the hood of my '91 Honda Accord my freshman year when he and Mom dropped me off at college. Doug handed over the "in case of an emergency" credit card. If it were up to me, Doug would be my dad.

But he isn't.

Mom asks me what I might talk about with Dad.

"I don't know." I say, looking out the window.

"I think you'll feel a lot better when this is all over." Mom says. "I remember the day you were born. I was sick, so I didn't get to hold you right after birth. The nurse was cleaning your newborn body and you were screaming. Your dad always said you were the loudest baby in that hospital. The nurse handed you over to him in a neatly wrapped bundle. You were still screaming at the top of your little lungs. Then he said your name. 'Nicole.' He started talking to you and suddenly the screaming stopped and the tears disappeared. He says he thinks this happened because he used to talk to you through my belly. You knew the voice in that hospital room was the same voice you'd heard in my womb. Your dad and you have always had a connection, whether each of you has seen it or not."

They're nearly at the prison. I can't find a place to rest my hands and the orange juice I had an hour ago has gone sour in my stomach. I wonder what the room will look like. How will I gather the courage to ask my father if he hurt my stepsister? Will he deny it? Was he wrongly convicted?

W

look like. How will I gather the courage to ask my father if he hurt my stepsister? Will he deny it? Was he wrongly convicted?

I think about the sentencing CD back in Arizona and what it might say.

I realize I've never had a one-on-one conversation alone with my father before. My brother, Garrett, has always been right there with us, he always cleared the dead air of silence. My father and brother have always been close; joined at the hip, working on some odd job together, going hunting, talking football... anything as long as they were together. When I tell Garrett I'm going to visit Dad in prison, it surprises him. The first thing he asks is if he can come along.

I tell Garrett he can't come with me, because Garrett is 17 and a minor and Dad had committed a crime against a minor, so Garrett isn't allowed to visit him. Garrett is angry and jealous.

"This isn't fair," Garrett shouts. "Dad never once tried anything with me! He didn't even think about it! Why am I the one being punished? I want to see my dad and he wants

I miss you Nicola and I have for a long time. I hope from the things I have written to you, you can understand how much.

to see me. This whole thing is stupid."

To make him feel better I ask him to help me recall memories about our dad growing up. "Remember how Dad always walked around the house only in this underwear?" I ask.

"Remember that time you wanted a drink of Dad's Squirt and you took a drink out of his spit bottle instead?" he asks.

"Ugh, yeah, he always wore jeans with a Skoal ring in the back pocket."

"With Budweiser suspenders," my brother adds.

Nicola

...I miss you Nicola and I have for a long time. I hope from the things I have written to you, you can understand how much. I just hope, now that you're older, we can talk about things that are already molded...

Dad

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We arrive at the prison. I walk across the empty visitor's parking lot, leaving Doug and Mom back at the truck. I'm doing this alone. I walk into a red brick building with low vaulted ceilings. There are green holding lockers to my right where I must leave my tape recorder and list of questions. I'm not allowed to bring anything with me, but it's OK because I know what to ask. I pass through a metal detector three different times before two correctional officers stamp my hand. I walk down a hallway to an outside door. I'm in a retaining cell until the next door opens and I follow a breezeway toward a much larger building that smells of fish. The officer tells me it's Fish Friday.

I'm led into a visiting room with white walls and 10 rows of chairs lined up on the black floor. Couples face each other in some of the chairs. There are makeshift coffee tables made from wooden boxes painted black. Artwork created by prisoners is tacked on the walls. The names of the artists are tagged under each work of art - the drawing of the American flag, the sketch of a lion, the painting of a mountain landscape.

The officer tells me I may hug and kiss my father, but only when I first see him and when I'm about to leave. I can only hold his hand, no other touching is permitted. He says I may purchase a snack or a soda from the vending machines but I'm not allowed to share them with my father. He says I can buy a separate snack for my father, but once I've handed it to him I can't take it back. He emphasizes again I may not share. I feel guilty I didn't bring any change.

I start crying.

The officer hands me a square of tissue torn off a roll of toilet paper. He says to sit tight and wait for my father. I wait 10 minutes. I want to bolt out of this room and never look back. Then my father enters through the back door of the visitor's dayroom. I break down to another level. I sob.

My father has lost some weight and I can tell he's been working out. He has a well-kept, trimmed beard. I remember that in the summers, he would always have a dark tan, which he attributed to his Indian roots. He

would shave his full beard off, to keep cool and he would always slim down. In the winters he would grow the full Grizzly Adams beard back, and gain weight in his gut.

I'm surprised to see how old he looks. His hair has been receding since he was in his early 30s, and now it has thinned to a peppered black and white fluff of hair above the forehead and sideburns. Behind his '70s looking glasses, his dark brown eyes seem foreign. I really don't know this man is sitting in front of me. I just know he's my father. He wears dark blue jeans with orange letters 'TRC' patched on the left thigh and a blue collar shirt, and worn-out brown shoes.

"You're the last person in the world I ever thought I'd see in here," he says.



I can't believe it either. This time the officer brings me the entire roll of toilet paper. My father asks about Garrett. He asks about Mom. I chat. I smile. I cry. But I can't bring myself to ask if he hurt my stepsister.

My father tells me that as a child, he grew up with an alcoholic father and a working mother. He took care of himself. Sure, he always had a warm bed to sleep in at night, a hot meal and Christian discipline, but he never had any emotional support or love.

This relationship has happened between us too. Yet I feel sorry for the bearded stranger in front of me. I tell him he needs fresh air in his lungs, the breeze on his cheek; wide-open space. He doesn't belong in an isolated prison in Oregon.

Now he cries. I have to share the toilet paper roll with my father. We only have 10

The prison facility where the author visited her father.

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minutes left to our visit, I know because I keep looking at the clock above my father's head. I feel sorry for my father. I didn't expect this, but I hope that time will stop just this once and we can stay in this place forever using this time to catch up. But I need to ask him the question that's been burning a hole in my mind since the day I found out. I need to ask him if whatever is recorded on the CD from his sentencing is true. I wonder if Dad had wanted to abuse me, and that's the reason he stayed away from me when I was little.

Then the guard says visiting hours are over. Dad tells me not to worry about all the little things in my life right now. He tells me to live in the moment and never take life for granted. He tells me to forgive and forget. He tells me to talk to God every day.

I reach across the black box and hug my father. I tell him for the first time in 10 years that I love him. As I line up to leave the room, my father blows me a kiss. In the breezeway I smell Fish Friday and I know that my father is on his way to eat lunch and I wish I were joining him.

I need the safety of my mother's arms. I melt into her shoulder. We laugh because I've smeared mascara all over her shirt. She tucks my hair behind my ear. I tell her I never asked my father if he molested my stepsister.

My mother says she knew I couldn't do it.

"I wasn't a reporter in there," I tell her. "I couldn't ask my question, I was just his daughter. I don't even know who that man is in there, Mom."

"I know," she says. "I knew when I asked you earlier that it was going to turn out like this, I'm just glad you came all this way to see him. This is good for you."

My father never molested me.

How could he be a pedophile?

I am back at ASU. I don't talk about my spring break. I still dread listening to the CD from the court. I need to hear my father's confession. But I can't push the play button. I need answers still, and the CD is all I have left, since I couldn't bring myself to ask my father anything during our visit. Finally, I ask my roommate to help me

out by pushing the play button. She does. We listen.

The prosecutor states the facts.

"The victim in this case, was the step-daughter of the defendant... It was reported that on approximately five or six occasions the defendant had the victim rub lotion on his penis and at least one occasion it was reported that he licked her breasts."

I hear my father's voice.

"Everything written on this paper is true but one thing," my father tells the judge.

"I have to admit being a sinful, malicious, piece of dirt is not a good thing when you find out that's what you've been. I'm a very sinful man. I've caused a great sin towards my whole family, not just to the family I can't go back to. I have a lot of people in this world who love me. I'm thankful there are some who are able to forgive me... I never once threatened my daughter; I never once terrorized my daughter. There was never any verbal abuse, there never was any physical abuse, and there definitely was sexual abuse."

My father's voice breaks, he sounds remorseful. But then in a roundabout way, he blames my stepsister for what had happened. "She was curious about me," he said, "and I didn't realize what was going on. I never realized my sexual feelings for her until she was 7 years old. I treated her as my first daughter Nicole... I helped with her bath, helped her go to the bathroom."

He had fallen in love with my stepsister.

"I never once went against her will," my father tells the judge. "I never once made her do anything. We had a very loving precious relationship... I don't feel good at all about what I've done. I miss my daughter, and I know she misses me... Sexual abuse is nothing I am proud of. It's hard to explain the relationship that we had for a few years."

Then my father feels sorry for himself. "My depression comes to a point where you don't feel anything any more. You just want to die. You want to commit suicide; you want to end your life... You get so wrapped up in your depression. Where it comes from I don't know... When you get depressed you lose your feeling about anything, the only thing that made me feel alive in these depressive states of mind was pain. Why I don't know, I just didn't feel anything else. And it's not in my heart, but in my in my mind. If I could give my heart out there and show it to every

body in this world, you might be surprised what's really in my heart. I never wanted to hurt anybody. Never."

The judge pronounces sentence in a monotone.

"You'll be sentenced to 75 months. The post prison supervision is 120 months... You'll be required to submit to DNA testing. You're also going to have to register as a sex offender that will be for the rest of your life. I recommend that as conditions of post prison supervision you'll have no contact with the victim or her immediate family. I recommend that you have the standard sex offender conditions, no contact with minor females."

I cannot explain why I still love my distant father, but somehow, under the roof of the medium security prison, I felt as if we finally understood we needed each other as father and daughter. But how do we sustain a normal relationship?

My father's confession to the judge plays over and over in my head. I'd put off listening to the CD because on some level I knew I couldn't have visited him if I'd heard the confession before.

Dad did unspeakable things to a defenseless child, and yet I feel I need to be strong and love him for who he is. He has to live the rest of his life knowing what he did was a sin. He'll also have to live the rest of his life knowing that I will never trust him, and will never leave him alone with my children when I have them.

After the prison visit, I receive another letter. He spells my name right this time.

Nicole

...I am here to help you find truth and understanding. I will never tell you what to believe, that is between you and God alone. I will tell you what is in my heart and how I feel and all I know about my relationship with God. I will give you things to think about but will never tell you what to believe! I love you Nicole Marie. Thank you so much for your letter. Thank you too for coming so far to see me. Love you forever...

Dad

I know the answer now.
My father is a pedophile.

Brasch Act: Political raves for book

Both liberal and conservative critics have praised the latest book by Walter Brasch, university journalism professor and a frequent contributor to major liberal alternative publications.

Barbara Reed, professor of media studies at Rutgers, points out America's Unpatriotic Acts; The Federal Government's Violation of Constitutional and Civil Rights (Peter Lang, March 2005) is "a persuasive, and expertly documented indictment against the tactics of fear that resulted in the PATRIOT Act and the government's use of it to skirt the Bill of Rights and promote a political agenda." She says Brasch "comprehensively reports the story with page-turning suspense."

Noam Chomsky calls the book "a lucid and well-documented study of the PATRIOT Act that reveals in meticulous detail how far

we have traveled down that road" to giving up Constitutional rights in the name of security. Paul Krassner, syndicated columnist, author, and editor of *The Realist* (1968-2001), the nation's leading counter-culture magazine, says, "America's Unpatriotic Acts serves as a red alert, spotlighting domestic terrorists who reek with arrogance as they assault our civil liberties." Krassner notes the book is "Responsibly researched and diligently documented, transcends liberal/conservative labels to reveal the utter arrogance behind cutesy acronyms" of programs that reduce America's civil liberties.

As Brasch notes in his 15th book, "attacks upon the USA PATRIOT Act transcend liberal and conservative doctrine." Alan Caruba, whose column appears in more than 50 con-

servative publications and is a frequent talk-radio guest, says Brasch "has written a book that all Americans who treasure the protection the Constitution provides should read." He points out, "page after page of this book examines the abuses that have occurred since the passage of the Patriot Act and anyone, be they politically liberal or conservative, will find ample cause for concern, if not outright fear."

Brasch interviewed dozens of civil rights advocates, Congressional members and staff, executive branch staff, citizens caught up in the Act's web, members of the judiciary system, and others.

The book is available from www.walter-brasch.com/unpatrioticacts/htm, www.peter-langusa.com, and most major on-line bookstores.

JOHNSON WINS FELLOWSHIP

Sammye Johnson, professor and Carlos Augustus de Lozano Chair in Journalism at Trinity University, has been named the 2005 recipient of the Dr. and Mrs. Z.T. Scott Faculty Fellowship in recognition of her outstanding abilities as a teacher and adviser. The Z.T. Scott Fellowship, given annually at Trinity University for excellence in teaching and advising, includes a cash award be used for professional development and research. It is the university's highest award.

Johnson began teaching at Trinity in 1980 as an assistant professor of communication after a distinguished career as a magazine writer and editor. Since then, she has published more than 300 articles as a freelance writer and editor in consumer, trade, and association magazines as well as in newspapers. She has received more than a dozen writing and editing awards. In addition to serving as a design and editorial consultant to a number of magazines, corporations and public relations firms, she has co-authored two books, *Magazine Publishing* and *The Magazine from Cover to Cover*, with Patricia Prijatelj of Drake University. Johnson also has authored numerous chapters in books about magazines and her research has been published in key academic journals. She has been a member of the Magazine Division since 1985 and served as head of the division in 1988-89 after holding a variety of officer positions.

Merrick named Fulbright specialist

Beverly G. Merrick, former head of the Magazine Division, has been awarded an appointment as a Senior Fulbright Specialist to Georgia, the former Soviet Union.

Dr. Merrick will be teaching and coordinating collaborative research with American researchers and Georgian scholars at Grigol Robakidze University. Merrick will lecture on mass media ethics, journalism law, public affairs reporting and photojournalism.

The research will include an anthology, with a working title is as follows: "Mass Media for the Twenty-First Century: The East and The West Meet International Challenges of Global Communication." Adherents of the ethical traditions of the founders of the East and West systems of the mass media seek multidimensional practices and theories to meet the challenges of complexity in global communications across cultures.

Editors of the anthology are Professor Merrick; Professor George

Baramidze, president of philosophical association of Georgia, Robakidze University; Professor Mamuka Tavkheldidze, Rector of Grigol Robakidze University; and Professor Nino Kemertelidze, Vice Rector of Grigol Robakidze University. There are plans to do the anthology in English and Georgian. The university has already published the first 10 Federalist Papers (book is bilingual English-Georgian) and dedicated the book to the President George Bush's recent visit to Georgia.

Dr. Merrick is a 1995 Freedom Forum Ethics Fellow and a 1998 Fellow of the Institute for Journalism Excellence of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, where she was assigned to *Newsday*, the largest U.S. suburban newspaper.

She is now at the University of Nebraska at Kearney, her hometown college, where she was recently awarded First Place as "College Newspaper Adviser of the Year" by the Nebraska Press Women.

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