Nearly 160 women attended the IWWG Summer Writers Conference 2018: Connect, Create, Collaborate, held July 6–13, at Muhlenberg College, in Allentown, PA. If you know The Guild, you know the Summer Conference is our signature event, offering something to women writers at every stage of their literary life: 25+ workshops, from poetry to fiction to screenwriting, from an advanced seminar in memoir to a playwriting lab, from multi-genre and social advocacy to publishing, from art studios to critique sessions in poetry, fiction, and nonfiction.

Nearly 40 women participated in our book fairs and the Judi Beach Boutique. Evenings, we gathered for what we call “furious dancing” before the open readings, followed by socializing at the Red Door Lounge.

If you didn’t get to attend the Summer Conference this year, check out the additional photos and read what people had to say about it on pages 10-12, and start planning now! We’ll be gathering for the IWWG Summer Writers Conference 2019, July 12–19, at Muhlenberg College, our new home. Feed your writing Self with a week of enriching education, creativity, and community!
Learning English was like trying to do the twelve labors of Hercules. Impossible tasks, That weren't walks in the park.
Cuatro, cinco, seis.
Words clawed their way out of my mouth. Not sure if they were said right. Did I make up a new word? One that will never be used like Shakespeare's? One that tied itself around my body Not letting me continue like my friends. Forcing me to sit and do it all over again. Just for one mistake? Diez, once, doce.

Why was English so hard? Considering I grew up in the U.S.A. Maybe a home problem? No, a teacher problem. Moved schools, but only after a year. Two classes a day, A regular class and a special one for ESL. Trece, catorce, fifteen.

3 years it took me to learn. Never would have made it without my new teacher. If I could see her again I would thank her, Or maybe I would see nothing but red. Become a lion who was let loose in a big city after many years in captivity. Maybe my hatred would overcome everything.

Why would I be mad at her? Shouldn't I be happy she helped me understand you? Helped me read, and write? Shouldn't I be at my knees, thanking her? Without her, I wouldn't have been able to write this. It's all true. After all, she was the one who helped me learn English, But if only you could understand me.

She did help me in a way, But she also took some things very precious from me. The knowledge of my first language. The understanding of my first words. The pride of my race, ethnicity. The communication between me and my family. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen.

I've now come to terms, that I don't need to know Spanish To keep to my roots, To keep my culture, To be me, Because I am Latina no matter the language.

Nineteen, twenty, twenty-one. How do you say “one” in Spanish again?
You kept me in poor visibility, but I never had a problem with it at the time. I would sit in the living room, watching the TV, rooting for my favorite-colored car to win the race. I never once reassessed my situation. I was content to watch the races and be under your radar. I would tune out the near constant beeping of your heart, the artificial flow of air into your lungs. The IV drip policing your veins, keeping your body alive and doing what it was supposed to. I didn’t want to look over. To see you withering away, losing the war against yourself. You meant the world to me, and I wasn’t there for you when you needed me. I just wanted to chalk you off as collateral damage and watch my races. A race against time... The doctors told us you were past the point of no return. That the cancer had taken over and gotten into your brain as well. That you were going to become yet another casualty of friendly fire. The body turned against itself... I wasn’t there for you. That simple fact has and always will be my biggest regret. I wasn’t there for you, Nana. And it’s too late to ask your forgiveness. Nine. I was nine when mom told me. Nine years old when they had to tell Papa that deep statement... We regret to inform you, that your significant other has expired.

TO MY UNBORN DAUGHTER
by Lorena Herrera Ventura

Just the thought of having you here, being half of me and half of the love of my life, brings tears to my eyes. You see, I didn’t have my mom around when I felt that it really mattered. She didn’t talk to me about boys or my period or that girls are mean because they are jealous. She didn’t teach me how to deal with the pain of having my heart torn into two, because even though I had his name written all over me, he would dance with his thoughts instead. She came into my life after I had been through it all and didn’t bother to ask if I survived. But I’m not mad at her. I love her, and if it weren’t for her, I would never have thought of having you. I’m glad that I saw everything I needed in my mother, so that when you come along, I can give you it all, and more. I will tell you that one day you are going to get your period, and that you can wear pads or tampons. It will be okay; tampons don’t take your virginity, as they say. I will take you shopping with me, and ask you what colors you like and which ones you don’t, and why? I will ask you questions that will make you think about who you are, so that when you are 19, you have a sense of what you like. I want you to know that you like Marvel Movies because you really like them, and not because he did. I will ask you questions about your feelings, and why it is that you feel this way, so that when you are 19, you don’t sit here and not know whether you are sad because you left him or because you wish he never happened. I will be there for you when you come home from school, heartbroken, because the boy you like doesn’t like you back. I will be there, because I know what it’s like to lock yourself in the bathroom and turn on the shower, so that no one hears you cry and gasp for air because it hurts so much. I will do things to remind you that I love you, to make you feel loved, so that when you come across a boy or a girl who is worthy of you, you know how to show them your love. I will teach you to not be fearful when expressing your feelings, so that you are not always in your head. I will always be there for you, so that you never know what it’s like to feel alone.

WORDS ON... SPREADING THE WORD

Dear Members, we serve each other and the world with our words! Let’s serve both by passing along this copy of Network: Hand it to a friend. Give it to your local library. Leave it on a bus. Add it to the stack of magazines at your doctor’s office or favorite coffeehouse. Help spread the good word(s) of The Guild.
PRIZING WOMEN AND THEIR WORDS

Drum rolllllllll. Here are the winners of the first two of our new annual literary prizes! Congratulations to these seven standout writers, and big thanks to all of you who submitted your winning words.

Not only do these contests put The Guild on the radar of the larger literary community, but we’ve attracted new members and contacts, and we’re getting acquainted with the voices of the hundreds of women writers who’ve submitted their work. Read about our four annual literary contests at www.iwwg.org/literary-contests.

Pat Carr Prize for Mainstream Literary Short Story
Judge: Kat Meads

FIRST PLACE
Katie Barnes
“Open Letter to Rose”

SECOND PLACE
Mary Alice Hostetter
“Nancy Drew and the Least of These”

THIRD PLACE
Deb Jannerson
“Jagged Patches”

HONORABLE MENTION
Nancy Shattuck
“Dogs Howl in Monsoons”

Myra Shapiro Prize for Poetry
Judge: Lauren Clark

FIRST PLACE
Cindy Milwe
“Hunger”

SECOND PLACE
Christine Graf
“Diamondback Turtle”

THIRD PLACE
Leatha Kendrick
“Another April”

These pieces will be published in our online journal launching in early 2019!

ANNOUNCEMENTS & REQUESTS

Formerly called a “kitchen table,” an IWWG “writing circle” is a local gathering of women writers who meet on a weekly, biweekly, or monthly basis to share their work in a mutually supportive environment. We promote local writing circles by publishing information submitted to us, as well as requests by members looking to either join an existing group or form a new group.

Note: If you wish to find or form a writing circle, or are currently a member of a writing circle open to new members, send your request/announcement, in the below format, to iwwgmembernews@gmail.com, or browse previous issues of Network for a listing in your area: www.iwwg.org/network-newsletter

CIRCLES SEEKING WRITERS

Columbus, Ohio
1st Saturdays, October 6, November 3, December 1
10:00 a.m. –12:30 p.m.
Karl Road Branch Library
5590 Karl Rd.
Free and open to all. We offer writers a supportive environment for writing, reading, and gentle critiquing. Each participant may share her writing. Bring 4–5 copies of the work you’d like to have critiqued.
Jeanne Marlowe
jamarlowe@juno.com; 614-476-8802

New York, New York
I host writing circles in that mix energy work and yoga with the writing. The purpose is to mutually support each other in our writing and our health. For more info, please email me or visit my website, www.sherylburpeedluginski.com.
Sheryl Burpee Dluginski
sheryl.genfit@gmail.com
WHEN THE SCARY BECOMES SACRED

It was love. I began to love Fr. R’s Mass. Became completely focused and liked every enunciation of his sermon. Not only his sermon, but I liked his way of pronouncing words and intonation of Eucharistic prayer.

I liked his handsome features and his posture. His disposition was holy, solemn, gentle, and kind; I found the sanctity and peace in the presence of Fr. R. Most of the time, the core of his sermon was, “Repent. The Kingdom of Heaven is near. Go to confession.” I listened and completely comprehended what he was saying, but I couldn’t imagine going to the confessional myself. Whenever I’d see a red light on the door of the confessional, I felt scared.

As my love toward Fr. R. increased, I became restless and couldn’t concentrate on what I was doing in my daily life. Nothing was interesting in real life. I waited to see Fr. R. at Mass: the weekly Mass, of course, and I didn’t miss the Holy Day of Obligation Mass, either.

During this intense time, a sad day came. The pastor made an announcement: “Fr. R. will transfer to Saint Patrick Church. He will load his bag on his motorcycle and leave.”

“How can I see Fr. R. again?” I sighed. I called his new church. Fr. R. greeted me kindly. When Fr. R. absolved my sin, I knew I met God and I was in Heaven.

Shichung Park

UPCOMING THEMES & DEADLINES:
- Winter Loves Me: October 30
- Decluttering My Life: January 15
- What Can Be Heard in a Seashell: May 15

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES:
Submission is open to Guild members only and can be written in prose or verse. Please keep the length to 250 words or less, and proofread your work carefully. Email your piece, as a Word attachment (.doc or .docx), to membernews@iwwg.org, with “Giving Voice” as the Subject line. Failing to follow these instructions will result in our not considering your work this time around.

WORDS ON... CREATING A FORM OF EXPRESSION

“Emotional truth is the reward of digging deeply enough to find the truth about how one really feels, but in order to convey this truth with any force, or artistry, one needs to create a form of expression, and this form determines its own genuine information.”

Philip Schultz

Join us for Hybrid Lit: To Genre-Bend/Blend/Blur/Bust for Truer Narratives, where we’ll explore the prose poem, flash fiction, flash nonfiction, haibun, zuihitsu, the lyric essay, surreal memoir, and the graphic poem and essay to elicit fresher ways of seeing and saying the scenes and stories that compose your life. Full details on page 7.
HOT OFF THE PRESSES!

Elizabeth Bodien  
**Blood, Metal, Fiber, Rock**

Poet Ernest Hilbert says, “Blood, Metal, Fiber, Rock transports the reader to a world where ‘the moon is full, the deep road is calling’... always reminding us, ‘My task’s to bear the beauty.’ Bodien’s poetry is mythic and lyrical, mournful, playful, and plaintive. She writes with striking authority and originality.”

Aldrich Press (an imprint of Kelsay Books) 2018  
www.elizabethbodien.com

Kerri Lukasavitz  
**Mystery Horse at Oak Lane Stable**

Meet 12-year-old Cassie Piotrowski—a hard worker, good student, and devoted horse lover. Her dream of owning a horse comes true when her dad gets an unexpected promotion at work in spite of the nation’s economic hardships at the end of the Vietnam War. But things don’t go quite like she hopes....

Orange Hat Publishing, October 2017  
www.kerrilukasavitz.com

Stephanie Kaplan Cohen  
**Body Work**

Pat Carr says, “Opening a copy of Body Work is like lifting the lid of a jewelry box to discover each gemstone carefully carved, polished, and sparkling. These poems resonate with intelligence, authenticity, delicious irony, concise and biting images, and deep empathy.”

Plain View Press, March 2018

Margaret Dubay Mikus  
**Transcending Boundaries: Inspired by Eric Whitacre and Virtual Choir**

Have you ever felt deeply moved by art? Perhaps a movie, book, painting, or piece of music spurred you to create? Inspired by composer Eric Whitacre and Virtual Choir, the poems in this wide-ranging collection celebrate inclusiveness and love, a literary antidote to divisiveness and fear.

Three Heart Press (with CreateSpace), June 2018  
www.FullBlooming.com

Erica Miner  
**Death by Opera**

In this sequel to Murder in the Pit, young violinist Julia, having survived her entanglement in a murder plot at the Metropolitan Opera, finds further operatic turmoil at the Santa Fe Opera. Murderous activities plague performers on stage and off, as Julia comes face-to-face with a murderer on the loose.

Twilight Times Books, May 2018  
www.ericaminer.com

Phyllis M. Newman  
**The Vanished Bride of Northfield House**

This historical gothic mystery is set in 1922 England, a lyrical, haunting tale about love, loss, and tragedy during the social and political upheaval following The Great War. The main character, Anne Chatham, seeks employment in a grand manor as a typewriter. Not only is she capable and clever, she can see spirits.

PageSpring Publishing, January 2018  
www.readPhyllisMNewman.com
**VISITED OUR DIGITAL VILLAGE LATELY?**

For year-round, round-the-clock, across-the-globe learning and community, see our online offerings—workshops, panels, interviews, open mics, discussion groups—at [www.iwwg.org/online-digital-village](http://www.iwwg.org/online-digital-village). Read more and register there!

Mark your calendar, and if you can’t attend “live,” a video recording of each webinar is either emailed to registrants or uploaded to our YouTube channel, IWWGchannel: [www.youtube.com/channel/UCXZ072zGFsvKr0AkQdmNe2Q](http://www.youtube.com/channel/UCXZ072zGFsvKr0AkQdmNe2Q)

**Thursday, October 18**

**All Voices Open Mic**
7:00–8:00 PM Eastern / 4:00–5:00 PM Pacific
FREE to members & nonmembers

**Sundays, October 28, November 4, 11, 18**

**Webinar (4-week): Hybrid Lit: The Gateway Genre, with Marj Hahne**
7:00–8:30 PM Eastern / 4:00–5:30 PM Pacific
$99 Member / $129 Nonmember

**Wednesday, November 7**

**Member Book Spotlight: Kpana N. Gaygay, author of The Liberian Civil War in the Eyes of a Child, interviewed by Pamela Varkony**
3:00–4:00 PM Eastern / 12:00–1:00 PM Pacific / 8:00–9:00 PM Liberia
FREE to members & nonmembers

**Sunday, September 30**

**Hybrid-Lit Book Club: Julie Marie Wade’s Small Fires, facilitated by Marj Hahne**
7:00–8:30 PM Eastern / 4:00–5:30 PM Pacific
FREE to members

**Sundays, October 14 & December 2**

6:00–7:30 PM Eastern / 3:00–4:30 PM Pacific
FREE to members

**Thursday, October 18**

**Member Book Spotlight: TaNisha Fordham, author of Go Black Boy Fly, interviewed by Marylou Streznewski**
6:00–7:00 PM Eastern / 3:00–4:00 PM Pacific
FREE to members & nonmembers

**Wednesday, November 7**

**All Voices Open Mic**
4:00–5:00 PM Eastern / 1:00–2:00 PM Pacific
FREE to members & nonmembers

**Sunday December 9**

**Member Book Spotlight: Marlon L. Fick and Francisca Esteve, editors/translators of xeixa: Fourteen Catalan Poets, interviewed by Kelly DuMar**
1:30–2:30 PM Eastern / 10:30–11:30 AM Pacific / 7:30–8:30 PM Spain
FREE to members & nonmembers

**Sunday, December 9**

**All Voices Open Mic**
2:30–3:30 PM Eastern / 11:30–12:30 PM Pacific / 8:30–9:30 PM Spain
FREE to members & nonmembers
Member News

We’d love to hear about all your writerly news—readings and recognitions—and any feedback for us. Please email it to membernews@iwwg.org.

First Essay Publication!
In April 2018, Memoir Magazine published my essay “How My Father Groomed Me for Rape Culture,” a non-winning entry in their #MeToo Essay Contest. You can read it here: https://tinyurl.com/father-groomed.

Sheryl Burpee Dluginski

Share Your Multimedia Creativity in Columbus, Ohio
Saturday, October 27 (and most 4th Saturdays): A Time to Honor Our Individual Journeys, 12–1:30 pm
JungHaus, 59 W. Third Ave.; free for members of IWWG, the Interfaith Association of Central Ohio (www.iaco.org), the Jung Association of Central Ohio (www.jungcentralohio.org).

Share 3–5 minutes of your photography, art, music, dance, dreams, or writing, or simply enjoy what emerges from informal multimedia group process when we express what matters to us, enriching understanding of our diverse and common humanity.

Jeanne Marlowe
jamarlowe@juno.com;
(614) 476-8802

Life to Story to Stage
About a year after my memoir, TESORO: The Treasured Life of a Discarded Daughter, was published, playwright Jenifer Badamo approached me with a proposition. “It has to be put on the stage.” I thanked her and laughed out loud. “I’m done with the story,” I said. “I’ve spent all my life living it, healing from it, and telling it.” Jenifer didn’t give up. Six months later, I agreed to a chat over coffee, and “WAIT (ESPERA)” was born. Our biggest challenge: reducing the 428-page book to a 90-minute play. Despite our very different writing styles and personalities, we kept the focus of my story clear: families are flawed, sometimes dangerous, but nevertheless contain the seeds of all the good we can become. After a year of writing and rewriting, Jen and I saw our work come to life. On August 21, 2018, “WAIT (ESPERA)” opened at the Hudson Guild Theater, in New York City, as part of New York Theater Festival’s Summerfest. As Jen says, this is just the beginning.

Veronica Picone

A New Face

Meet Dana Robb. She’s the owner of Barefoot Marketing and, since January, she’s been working behind the scenes for The Guild, for you. This snazzy Network design? That’s Dana. Our distinct 2018 conference logos? Dana again. The colorful flyers and brochures for our conferences, literary contests, fundraising? Dana, Dana, Dana.

And now, Dana will be working her fast, creative magic front-and-center, managing the inboxes for iwwgquestions@iwwg.org and membernews@iwwg.org and tracking our members-only Facebook group, IWWG Members’ Room. She will not show up by boat or bare feet at your door (you gotta read her bio), but she will be replying directly from her professional email address, dana@barefoot-marketing.com. Read more about Dana, in her own words, here: www.barefoot-marketing.com/about.html.
GET YOUR WORDS OUT THERE!

IWWG Members’ Room
www.facebook.com/groups/IWWGmembers
Join our private-group Facebook page, where members sometimes post calls for submissions. You need to have a personal Facebook page to join a Facebook group.

IWWG Writer Share Forum
www.iwwg.org/forum
If you get an error page at this link, it means you need to log in with your email and password; you’ll then find “Writer Share Forum” in the drop-down menu under “News” in the navigation bar.

NewPages
www.newpages.com

Fundsfors Writers
http://fundsforswriters.com

Trish Hopkinson
https://trishhopkinson.com/category/call-for-submissions
To receive up-to-date calls for submissions, join her “Calls for Submissions” group Facebook page at www.facebook.com/groups/35517751475.

Submitable
www.submitable.com
Subscribe to free “Submishmash” e-newsletter for calls for submissions for writers and artists. To receive up-to-date calls for submissions, “Like” the Facebook page at www.facebook.com/submishmash.

Erika Dreifus
www.erikadreifus.com
Resources, “Practicing Writing” blog, plus subscribe to her free “The Practicing Writer” monthly e-newsletter, which includes writing contests and calls for submissions. “Like” her author Facebook page at www.facebook.com/erikadreifusauthor to receive her weekly “Monday Markets and Jobs for Writers” posts.

Cathy’s Comps and Calls
http://compsandcalls.com
Competitions and calls for submissions, many with deadlines falling within the current month. Subscribe to the free monthly e-newsletter at http://compsandcalls.com/wp/subscribe-to-comps-and-calls.

Poets & Writers
www.pw.org
Search engines for literary magazines and agents, articles, grants & awards, small/independent presses, conferences & residencies, and writing exercises in poetry, fiction, and nonfiction (can also receive these by subscribing to free “The Time Is Now” weekly e-newsletter).

Winning Writers
https://winningwriters.com
Resources, plus subscribe to free e-newsletter for free literary contests and access to database.

Writing Career
http://writingcareer.com
Listings of calls for submission (magazines & anthologies) in poetry, nonfiction, and fiction (including speculative, sci-fi, and fantasy).

Freelance Writing Jobs
http://online-writing-jobs.com
Freelance writing jobs, plus subscribe to Brian Scott's free weekday job-alerts e-newsletter.

Freelance Writing Jobs
www.freelancewriting.com
Freelance writing jobs, writing contests, articles, and free e-books on writing and freelancing.
WORD ON THE STREET

About the Dining...
• The food was amazing!
• I love the outdoor eating area. Such a nice option!
• Excellent food service operation: everyone was pleasant and helpful, and the food was tasty and varied.

About the Special Events and Activities...
• *(Books as Tools and Potential: The Contemporary Manuscripts of New Illumination in Gyumri, Armenia – A presentation of her international work by Suzi Banks Baum)* I was amazed to see the community-building work that Suzi was doing with her writing. It’s an inspiration to me that writing can make the world a better place.
• *(Play Lab Performances with Kelly DuMar)* I love, love, love this aspect of the week. Being a slow, process-oriented human, I’m amazed to witness what Kelly and her students accomplish in a few days. I love having my mind blown.
• *(Book Fairs and the Judi Beach Boutique)* Great fun, and it’s a pleasure to sell books face-to-face.
• Woven through the Conference were many moments of See. Discuss. Be present to critique. Write. Read one’s own work. Hear feedback. From germ-ideas to a year’s labor to a published piece. For sure, the performances gifted us in many of those areas. What an achievement in a tiny slice of time! Thanks to all.

About the Experience...
• **I have found my voice,** after a lifetime of writing.
• I was able to find a way to **reconnect to my own writing.** I found a way to organize what I have written, and to improve it, and a way to present my writing. I also found a way to block out the craziness of my life, to connect to the universal, and to write in a voice that is authentic to me. I found value in my writing and the voice in which I write.
• Coming to the IWWG Summer Conference is always an exciting, fulfilling, and fun experience. It starts with being about the workshops and writing, but this year I experienced a reconnection
to myself (not unlike other years). Being here gave me the opportunity—that I have nowhere else in my regular life—to explore subjects that have deep meaning for me. And to wonder about existential questions! I don’t mean that as a joke. When or where does one get the chance to ponder life’s questions, dwell in the ambiguous, and commune with our tribe? I’m so grateful for this organization and the women who devote their time to manage it, as well as everyone who comes.

- The evenings of readings were wonderful, and an important way of being together, supporting each other, and receiving support. It is beautifully organized and run by Marj. (If there was a question on this in the survey, I must have missed it.) And its progression through the week showed people who were reading for the first time and/or reading work written in workshops, getting prepared to do this through the example and support of others. One of the things that it teaches is how much women have to say, and what a variety of emotions and experiences they share—which is, in many ways, the point of the conference.
- The community of creative women. Reconnecting with old friends. Some I see only at the Conference. Meeting new friends. Learning more about myself as a person and a writer. Discovering new threads in my life and my writing.
- I learned that the greatest gift is to have active younger people participating in workshops. They are invigorating.
- The Conference that helped me discover my writing self and find my writing voice is now nudging me toward making that voice heard in a way that might help the greater world. It feels like we have grown up together.
- I am a writer. I belong in this community.