

**MONEY FOR WOMEN/BARBARA DEMING MEMORIAL FUND, INC.**  
Visual Art and Fiction Awards, May 2014



Barbara Deming (1917-1984) was a feminist, lesbian, poet, writer and nonviolent activist in the civil rights, anti-war and women's movements. She founded the Money for Women Fund in 1975. She said, "In my life I've been helped as a writer to do my work. I think it's fair that I try to help others." Now a "memorial fund," and also sustained by the late writer and artist, Mary Meigs as well as much-needed contributions from donors and former grantees, the fund gives encouragement and small grants to individual feminists in the arts (writers, visual artists and poets). Our address is PO Box 309, Wilton NH 03086. Our website is [Http://demingfund.org](http://demingfund.org) Deadlines for application are June 30th and December 31st each year. Judges and readers for this round were: Maureen Brady, Julie R. Enszer, Martha Hughes, Sally Bellerose, Mary Beth Caschetta, Roz Kuehn, Elin Menzies and Lisa Ross. Awards totaled \$9,000.

**Pamela Dodds, Art Toronto, Canada**

A suite of 6-8 large-scale vertical prints. The long expanse of paper, veiled, articulated and layered with a delicate pattern of wood grain that has been printed from long planks of prepared plywood, will represent a vast and alluring sea in which carved and printed figure forms will be suspended. Award is for materials and tools.



Hays, *Her Majesty* watercolor on paper 34"x58"

**Bethany Hays, Piling Up Portland, OR**

I see piles of laundry as incidental, transitory sculptures and mountainous landscapes, which blur the boundary between the domestic realm and the majestic landscape. Award is for four large-scale (34"x58") watercolors which will form the heart of her upcoming exhibition in Portland.

**Katie Hovencamp Agglomerate Bellefonte, PA**

She is a performance artist who uses her body to confront issues of gender, beauty and identity. *I am interested in standards of beauty and how the gender binary generates hierarchies that fracture the unified*

*experience of being present within one's body. Like the body, fairy tales use a perpetual state of becoming and alteration to teach us about morality.* Award is partial support for a 3-month residency program in Pittsburgh and purchase of a high-quality camera.



Hovencamp, *Charge* 2013 installation with wood, plaster and Easter grass, dimensions variable

**Carrie Mae Smith, A Chair of Her Own  
Bloomington IN**

She is creating a physical time line of the history of birthing chairs, using woodworking, metal working and fabric construction. Award is for materials, shop rental and tools.

**Nicole Y. Dennis-Benn, Fiction  
Here Comes the Sun Brooklyn, NY**

This novel delves into the lives of five Jamaican women who struggle to find their identities.

*Behind the counter, Thandi spots Queen of Pearl crème. Another exotic thing Mr. Levy carries. She clears her throat. "Gimme Pearl too," she says, the Patois sounding strange coming out of her mouth given that she's still dressed in her Saint Emmanuel High school uniform,*  
*please see other side*

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[HTTP://demingfund.org/recent](http://demingfund.org/recent) grantees

*the pleated white skirt falling well below her knees, the white socks folded neatly at her ankle, her shoes polished to a shine. She gestures toward the crème with her chin, an action that she sees the women in the shop do when they place their order, their confidence evident in the way they stand, leaning with all their weight on the counter, one leg hinged on the back of the other...Thandi has seen the effects of the cream on the women who use it, the lightness coming into their skin and the darkness receding like a sinister shadow around their hairline.* Award is for a new laptop.

**Barb Johnson, *Turn it Up* New Orleans, LA**

A novel set in the American South, primarily along the Gulf Coast, and also in northern California, *Turn it Up* spans thirty years.

*One morning I'm trailing my mother around while she's getting ready for work. From just outside her bedroom doorway, I watch her take the small, gold buttons off of yesterday's uniform and put them on today's. She could buy a single set of buttons to replace the ones that fell off and cut this stupid rotation out of her morning routine, but changing how she does things isn't my mother's way. It's like she enjoys everything being broken. Like it proves something to her about what she's due in this life. She doesn't see me see her. This is the key to success at our house, seeing things without being seen.* Award is for time off from teaching to research the last, San Francisco portion of the novel.

**Tsering Lama, *Transference* New York, NY**

A multi-narrative, multi-voice novel about Tibetan exiles. *My parents and grandparents rarely talk about their past, and when they do, they can cover twenty years in one sentence...Maybe they are silent because they believe it's better not to know, leaving the wounds of the past untouched... I write to counter these silences, to throw into light these lives that are always on the brink of invisibility.*

A memory came to her: Father's feet blackened from the snow. He had kept it hidden from them for days, until they made it to Mustang, until it was too late. Mother had nursed his feet with dough made of barley and tea, pressing it to his deadened toes and arches. She had burned incense and circled the plumes of smoke around his body, had given him all of the blessed hard balls of ground herbs they had, and a few days before he died, had cut off all of her hair and tucked it inside her father's boots to warm his feet. Father cried – seeing her hair in his shoes – and revealed that he could not feel his feet anymore. He had been lying, saying that he felt a little better each day, wanting Mother to believe her efforts and prayers were bearing fruit. Award is for six weeks off from teaching this summer to work on the book.

**Annie Liontas, *BadEye* Philadelphia, PA**

The first in a three-book YA series, *BadEye* rejects the common YA model, which disregards the intelligence and psychological complexities of the adolescent.

*Since I can remember, I have been trying to find an adult who could explain me to me. It should be mom, but mom is gone, so it should be Grandmother, but Grandmother is gone, too. Dad has been telling me since I was twelve that the clay jar on the highest shelf in the living room is what remains of Grandmother. This is the second thing that Dad believes that I never will. TROOT, Grandmother got on a plane to Trinidad at Newark Airport. TROOT, she held a black plastic bag filled with her belongings to her chest like it was her final, personal memories and she intended to bury them over her mother *pace*, her island. Her fingers twisting around the bag's yellow handles, TROOT, she say, "I ain't sayin' yes, and I ain't saying goodbye," and stroke my head until her flight arrived. And kept saying it from the plane's vanishing window. TROOT, she did not come back and this clay jar does.* Award is for travel to Trinidad for research and reimbursement for attending NGC Bocas Lit Fest.

**Jude Whelchel, *Ofekinoke* Asheville, NC**

A novel-in-progress, which examines the ways women have been connected and disconnected with the natural world.

*She was a large and strong woman. Of the things she had been called in her life, it was ox more than anything. Looks like an ox. Nose like an ox. Sized like an ox. Before Taber was in her life, there was no consideration of her need for rest or such things as pleasure. She did not account such things for herself. "Your wife works like a man," the neighbor observed, holding back his thought, which was the thought of everyone in Fargo, Georgia that Mrs. Taber Rawls looked more man than her husband, dark skinned, a full head taller, ox shoulders, a man's boots only shoes to fit her feet. Her face wore a hard, furrowed expression, without a trace of soft or lovely. Orphan girl and ugly was the whispering about her. Also Injun blood. More man than woman, more dark in her than white, if one had to say, but as most counted, Rawls himself was more woman than man, blue white, delicate if pretty. For all the oddness of their union it was an equation, and people, for the most part, let them be.*

Award is for six weeks of childcare

More complete Fiction excerpts as well as work by the visual art grantees can be found on our website: [Http://demingfund.org](http://demingfund.org)