About The Money for Women/Barbara Deming Memorial Fund: 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, Lise Weil, Faith Shearin, Susan Sindall and Sherisse Alvarez. Awards totaled $7,200

### ANNE CHAMPION, POETRY
*Small Wreckage*
(Brookline, MA)

A blend of narrative and lyric verse that explores the abuse that’s inflicted on us and abuse that we inflict upon ourselves and others.

And they did laugh, they squirmed in their seats a bit, especially men but when women squealed it was only at realizing they could save themselves. I always said women should get their own brigades, that wars could be more effective that way – tempered with good sense and empathy and wit and let me tell you when a woman’s pissed her aim is perfect.

(from “Annie Oakley"
(for one month off from teaching)

### BARBARA COLE, POETRY
*ear say*
(Buffalo, NY)

A rapidly spreading ear tumor which left me hearing disabled—dramatizes the poet’s relationship to language… A work of narrative fragmentation, ear say evokes the overheard, misheard and misunderstood which all of us… encounter every day.

Held down she was
good didn’t scream a girl
scrapped scraping she was
mouth shut a girl
a good good girl didn’t
with the shut and she
good allowed good didn’t pick
held good she
to be a girl herself allowed
held shut and held down she
kept her girl mouth shut good

(for 100 hours of childcare)

### AMY MENG, POETRY
*The New Animals* (chapbook)
(Brooklyn, NY)

Your child is in an urn buried in the family plot.
The urn is not yet fired. The child is not yet born.
Both child and urn are possible as clay sleeping in the ground.
The pregnancy test sits in the pharmacy, its window still blank.
Chemicals churn in her body.
They haven’t decided their names.

from “Undoing the Child”
(for submission fees, printing and postage)

### MELISSA FEBOS, NONFICTION
*Abandon Me*
(Brooklyn, NY)

I met my biological father for the first time, an elderly (closeted) lesbian aunt, and the legacy of a Native patriarch who hid his ethnic origin in shame. Thus began a relationship with a troubled family and history that I’d never acknowledged.
Simultaneously, I immersed myself in a love that equally broke apart and redefined me and my sexuality.

On a highway outside of Colorado Springs, a pickup truck in front of us flipped three times, three little girls in the back seat. They all survived, though the mother had a piece of metal drove through her arm, eyes glazed and senseless. (The body, I marveled, in that pocket of slowed time: a strawberry-soft miracle of survival. What a ceaseless miracle to not be crushed, sliced open, bled dry, peeled in one swift piece by the slightest sigh of this sharp-edged world…

(for research travel, and transcription of interviews)
A memoir about her experiences in the child welfare system
I Had Choices: An Emancipated Minor’s Journey to Freedom
(San Francisco, CA)

A collection of essays that engage with the public and private story of
maternity, a history fraught with distortion, clinical breakthroughs,
ceremony, consumer practice and personal transcendence.

“Stray cells wander from the source, crossing the placenta to
swim the bloodstream like pollen stirred out of a tree. These
are the same cells that compose the material of the child’s eyes
and the folded channels of his brain, which will translate and
store all that he sees.

By the time the child is born, six percent of the mother’s
DNA is not her own. The mother is someone other than she
was before, literally. The refugee cells remain in orbit,
searching for permanent residence in the lungs or muscles,
looking for a way to knit into the fabric of the skin, the brain
even, as studies suggest it’s possible for fetal cells to penetrate
the blood brain barrier and generate new neurons... For every
fetus a woman conceives she will carry something of him or
her inside her. “The moment a child is born, the mother is
also born. She never existed before.” Osho, the spiritual
teacher, said that.”

(for 100 hours of childcare)

BONNIE J. MORRIS,
NONFICTION
The Mystery of the Vanishing Lesbians
(Washington, DC)

“A book about the ongoing disappearance of lesbian culture—
the vanishing of women’s music festivals, bookstores and other
spaces which galvanized lesbian identity and art in the recent
1975-2000 era... What had happened? Why was the L in
LGBT losing steam and esteem? And where were the lesbians,
anyway, as “gay” rights supposedly moved into the
mainstream? Hell, lesbians in America were the cover of
Newsweek on June 21, 1993, although inevitably represented as
two feminine, affluent-appearing white women: Lesbians Coming
Out Strong. What Are the Limits of Tolerance? If we had “come
out strong,” had we gone back in? Or had everyone lost
interest - except for some evangelicals boycotting JC Penney’s
after Ellen DeGeneres appeared in their ads?

(funds for a writer’s residency)

TERESE SVOBODA,
NONFICTION
St. Lola: A Biography of Lola Ridge
(New York, NY)

“Not for want of accomplishment has Lola Ridge lacked a
biography: at her death in 1941, the New York Times
declared her one of America’s most important poets. Her
subsequent neglect is partially explained in her anarchist
faith in freedom. (She) was the first to delineate the lives of
the poor in Manhattan, especially those of women. A
radiant dedicated spirit, she worked as an editor of two
important literary magazines, “Others” and “Broom”
and presided over a salon filled with the best poets and writers
of the era.

Her obituary in 1941 declared that she was one of the
leading poets of America. You’ve probably never heard of
her. Ridge was famous for her poems of social justice and
her own exquisite brand of Imagism but she died at the
nadir of leftist politics pre World War II. In the world of
poetry, Eliot and Pound had by then very effectively
blanched the art of the real world, retreating to elitism.
Surely my generation – the sixties – that rediscovered
feminism and anarchy would have resurrected her. No. As
a poet who often writes with a political slant – my fifth
book is entitled Weapons Grade – I wondered why I had so
few predecessors. When I read Ridge’s poetry for the first
time in Robert Pinsky’s 2011 Slate column, it was as if I’d
found my own missing link.”

(for time off from teaching to work on the book)