

MONEY FOR WOMEN/BARBARA DEMING MEMORIAL FUND, INC.  
GRANTS AWARDED: MAY 2013



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. Deadlines for application are June 30th and December 31st each year. Judges and readers for this round were Darla Bjork, Maureen Brady, Roz Unruh, Julie R. Enszer, Debra Moskowitz and Elin Menzies. Awards for spring totaled \$ 8,500.

**KILEY AMES,**

*The Great Ladies*

**ART**  
(Orinda, CA)

A series of sculptures of the female figure, based on her first-hand experience of those at Der Vigelandsparken in Oslo Norway.

(for partial travel to Norway and materials to complete this series)

**SARAH BETH GONCAROVA,**

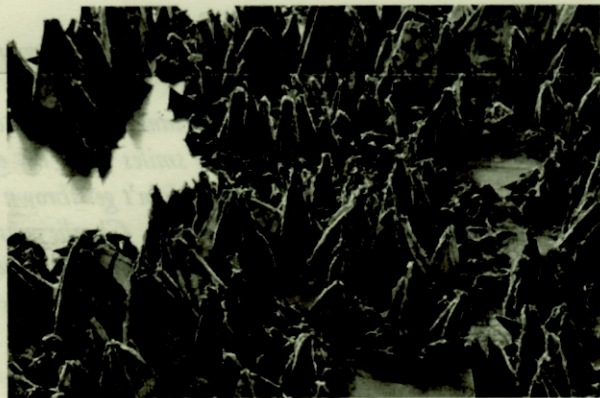
*Keeping Time with Needle and Thread*

**ART**  
(Woodbridge CT)

Textile sculptures made with a variety of hand and machine-sewing techniques.

*I have been working on these over the past 10 months. They have seemed to grow not only in form and structure but in meaning as well. They have become not just a record of time but also of determination, fortitude and patience...elevating women's work to the status of fine art.*

(materials for the last 3 pieces in series)



Goncarova, "April" hand and machine-sewn canvas 6' x 8' x 5"

**SHIRL CHOUINARD,**

*Unspeakable*

**ART**  
(Cambridge MN)

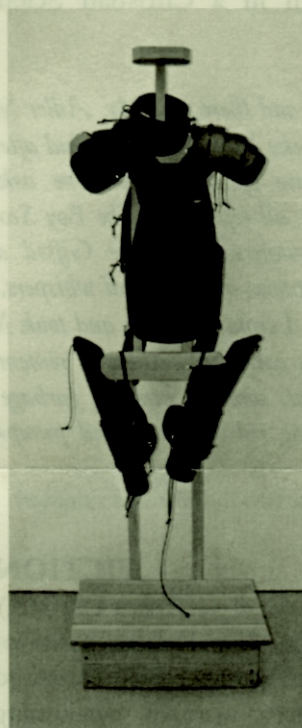
The last pieces in this series of mixed media soft sculptures will address childhood sexual abuse.

*Chouinard continued:*

*When my mother passed away, she released me from our terrible family burden of domestic violence and child abuse.*

*I have a powerful story to tell and have rededicated my art to focus on issues affecting women and children in the U.S. where every nine seconds a woman is abused... and more than five children die daily as a result of child abuse.*

(partial funding for studio and materials)



Manoski, Armor and stand

**MONICA LYNN**

**MANOSKI, ART**

*Armored* (Allston, MA)

Life-size suits of armor made from cast sugar and suspended from hand made armatures for a solo show at Fourth Wall Gallery, Boston. Manoski will be casting the armor at the gallery and will be available to talk about the project, and her own personal struggle with an eating disorder. (for liquid silicone mold material, 200 lbs sugar, lumber)

**ALICIA DeBRINCAT,**  
**ART**

*Medical Playground*  
(Brooklyn, NY)

A photographic silkscreen painting series based on extensive research she is conducting on the misogyny and abuse that women diagnosed with Hysteria endured under Dr. Charcot in Paris' Salpetriere Hospital, from 1860 until his death in 1893.

(for canvas, gesso paint and access to a print lab)

*Please see other side*

**ELISE ATCHISON,***Crazy Mountain***FICTION**

(Livingston MT)

A novel that chronicles the development of a small mountain valley in Montana over a 40-year period. Kate, the character who appears in every story, is seen as wild and unknowable by the town—in the same way as the land which they cannot fully understand.

*She picked that spot because she loved the bony beauty of the aspens, she loved the brilliant bluebirds that landed like sapphires on the slender gray branches, she even loved the constant wind and sculptured snowdrifts that settled deep and heavy in that canyon. Their daughter said that she never wanted to leave this place. They had planned to pass on the entire twenty-three thousand acre ranch to her and her future family when the time was right, but that time never had a chance to come. Now there was only Frank left, and after he was gone there would be no one, no one at all.*

(for partial support for three months this summer)

**EMILY FRIDLUND,***A History of Wolves***FICTION**

(Swarthmore PA)

A novel seen through the eyes of a teenaged girl in a remote northern town. There are two concurrent narratives: a middle school teacher accused of sex crimes and a child's death in a Christian Science family.

*We all crowded across the hall, and there was Mr. Adler lying face down on the floor, looking like Lily Holburn's dad after a weekend drunk. "Does he have epilepsy?" someone asked. "Does he have pills?" We were all repulsed. The Boy Scouts argued over proper CPR techniques, while the Gifted and Talented kids reviewed his symptoms in hysterical whispers. I had to force myself to go to him. I crouched down and took Mr. Adler's dry-meat hand. It was early November, I remember there was a distant bonfire scent, someone burning garbage in plastic bags, some janitor getting rid of leaves and pumpkin rinds before the first snow.*

(to defray living expenses for two months this summer)

**MESHA MAREN,***Chokedamp***FICTION**

(Iowa City, IA)

Linked stories based on the Appalachian town of Render, W.V narrated from perspectives as varied as gospel singing housewives, sexually awakening teenagers, wayfaring daughters and chicken factory assembly line workers.

*A man stares up at me with dark diamond eyes, his right hand raised, ready for another knock. Behind him crowd six others... They look worn out and used up, like they've become a part of the desert, shifting sand people. Fear darts across their faces like a bird in a house. The man says something and his words come out all jumbled up and unintelligible...*

*The man's words mean nothing to me and he has not taken a step back, in fact he leans his stocky body forward into the frame of the door, nearly touching my elbow. Below his cotton tee-shirt, tucked into the waistband of his pants, I see a form like the curve of a pistol butt. He says the words again, raises his right hand in a drinking motion and lifts an empty milk jug up towards my face. "oh ...water," I say, "you all need water."*

(time off from work and postage and contest fees)

**FARNOOSH MOSHIRI,***Deer Hunt***FICTION**

(Houston, TX)

A novel that traces the life of Ahoo (deer, in Persian) from the age of fifteen when she is trapped and tormented by a stalker, to twenty-two when she is tied to a post to be executed at the hand of the same man who is now called the Python, the merciless head of a prison in the outskirts of Tehran.

*To be able to tolerate the pain she focuses on an empty sack – a black sack that would finally swallow her and she'd be in peace there. This is a scene in one of Tolstoy's stories, she read when she was in high school...Now she creates a sack for herself, something like a womb that if she let go, it will take her in, The sack is a good thing, it's her savior. So, she keeps concentrating on her head that is now being sucked into the dark, moist sack, until she is in it and she can hear the swishing sound of the whip no more.*

(funds to attend a writers colony this summer)

**VOLTRINA WILLIAMS,***Mama Ain't Nothing Like the Sunshine***FICTION**

(Groveton, GA)

This novel is the coming-of-age story of a young girl who struggles with her own racial and budding sexual identity, the harrowing circumstances facing her family and an uncertain future.

*When I dream, I dream my Mama loves me. She hugs me, baby Emma and my brother Charlie too. She talks to us. She notices me. In my dreams, I'm important to her. Instead of looking at me like I'm a bother, she smiles when my eyes meet hers... In my dreams baby Emma didn't get thrown up against the wall when Mama was drinking. Charlie wasn't burnt either when Mama threw the hot corn meal at Daddy for staying gone too long.*

(funds to attend Southern Women Writers Conference at Berry College)

You will be able to see all the artwork on our website, where you can read about the fund or make a donation <http://www.demingfund.org> You can also "like" us on Facebook