

MONEY FOR WOMEN/BARBARA DEMING MEMORIAL FUND, INC.
GRANTS AWARDED: NOVEMBER 2014



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, Martha Hughes, Lise Weil, Cheryl Clarke, Kathleen Debold, Faith Shearin, Susan Sindall and Julie Marie Wade. Awards totaled \$8,000

Brit Blalock, *Submerge*, Denver, CO

As a native Alabamian who then moved to NYC and Denver, I am extremely intrigued by the relationship between our bodies and the places where we were raised

Someone must be recording
history to replay on the organ
of your breathing. Nothing objects
to fumbling your hair with slow
fingertips and the nearness.

--from "Lovejunk"

Award is for a month's leave from work to finish and edit the manuscript

Carol V. Davis (*Dis*)place Los Angeles, CA

How is it, for example, that my grandmother was able to leave Austria traveling alone and make it to the United States?...Having escaped war and uncertainty in Europe, neither set of grandparents ever felt completely at home in America. Although my parents were both born in the U.S., they inherited this unease, as I did, to a certain extent.

My mother fled 3,000 miles to escape immigrant superstitions./Yet when I was pregnant, she advised not buying the crib/ ahead of time, as if its purchase would doom the baby to an odd/number of toes or even worse, derail the birth altogether./

--from "Knocking on Wood"

Award is for time away from work in the winter semester

Doyali Farah Islam, *split sonnets and other movements*, North Bay, Ontario, Canada

I wanted to write about bees in this/book – how they make and share a rare sherbet,/a dense clarity hiding in our word./ but darker ones swarmed into light, out from/the

Islam, cont.

underbrush, in common work. those who/find
life in the dirt and rot of discard,/ I give myself to
these tough-footed ones.

--from "ants, bees"

Award is for time to revise a section of the manuscript

**Staci R. Schoenfeld, *The Blue Notebook*,
Frankfort, KY**

At 12... I wrote my reasons for overdosing on Quaaludes and other pills in a notebook that I told my parents about when I woke up in the E.R. the next day. I never saw it again.

The Truth Is

When I was a little girl, maybe four or five, I watched movies on my bedroom wall. Far across/ the sea of yellow shag carpet I'd sit cross-legged and hunched over on my bed. The truth is they/were not real. The truth is I saw them, still. Even though there was no machine showing a world/that didn't exist, no film wrapped around a reel like a belt around a fist./

Award is for artists residency fees and transportation

**Hope Wabuke, *The Body Family*,
Los Angeles, CA**

Poems that explore my family's escape from Idi Amin's Ugandan genocide and the aftermath of healing in America.

There are other people's small horrors too:/ a friend who is trying to get pregnant/another miscarriage/says it feels like/meeting a ghost without/ever having met/the person before.

--from "July 14 2013: The Nerve"

Award is for preschool three hours a day for her son

Please see other side

Jasmin Darznik, *Sin: A Life of Forugh Farrokhzad*, Larkspur, CA

"All her life Forugh loved the word, and as a girl it thrilled her to think that a wily spirit lived inside of her... The nanny, Sanam Khanoom, prepared tonics to calm and quiet Forugh... To temper the *jinn* in her wayward charge, she'd drop a tincture of valerian in Forugh's stew, another in her sour cherry juice. At night, she tipped a speck of opium into her boiled milk. But Forugh detested boiled milk, and anyway she was much too clever for such a ruse. When Sanam Khanoom wasn't looking, she emptied the milk into a plant or the kitchen sink or else handed it over to her little brother Fereydoun, who always drank it hungrily and then slept for sixteen hours straight."

Award is for translation support and research materials

Lauren Flores Fantauzzo, *The First Impulse: Notes on Love, Film and Death in the Philippines* Thousand Oaks, CA

An emotional detective story where Fantauzzo finds herself investigating a five-year old murder of two filmmakers in Manila.

"That was how it began, my inability to forget their names. Alexis and Nika. Nika and Alexis. Nika Bohinc. Alexis Arellano Tioseco. They seemed to follow me of their own accord, as if I had known them all along and had only now remembered them."

Award is for data storage costs and travel within Slovenia.

Sonja Livingston, *Ladies Night at the Dreamland Lounge*, Memphis TN

A collection of essays inspired by women and girls whose stories include daredevils and poets, stargazers and singers, misfits and models from the time of the English colonists to present-day America.

A Most Shocking Crime. A Memphis Society Girl Cuts a Former Friend's Throat -- *New York Times*, January 26, 1892

"That Alice killed the one she loved best was never disputed, Lillie later testified to Alice's return to the buggy, the way she refused to wipe away the blood on her face because it belonged to Fred, the way she'd only asked about the quickest way to kill herself. Alice herself admitted to the killing, saying she'd planned to cut her own throat as well, but had been thrown off course when Fred's

Livingston, cont.

companions interfered. In fact, the trial that captivated the nation was not for murder, but for lunacy. Alice admitted her love for Fred in court, speaking of their plans to marry, her own idea to dress as a man and take a job to support them. She spoke of these things openly in 1891 Memphis. And without a speck of shame." Award is for manuscript preparation and revision, submission and postage costs

Lee Reilly, *The Book of Cares: Becoming a Low-wage Caregiver in an Aging America* Chicago, IL

The Book of Cares addresses a huge question for women and for American society: "Who will take care of us?" Us being 70 million baby boomers headed toward old age. Of course, part of the answer is known. Women will take care of us. They'll wash our bodies and our hair -- also our dentures and soiled sheets... My hope is that this book is a call ...for a new respect for work that is grueling, intimate and worthy; and a new fairness in pay, working conditions, and social policy.

"...the team works together to wash the woman, careful to explain every move they're about to make. "I'm going to lift your breast now. Is that okay?" But her weight poses difficulties. On her stomach, under her breasts, there are thick pulpy folds of skin harboring Stage 3 bedsores, which look like open, red, skinless ulcers, shedding white stuff. Each open sore is reported in respectful, official tones, and treated gingerly... Forty minutes, 50: it's painstaking, smelly, sad work, The urge to cough, pinch your nose closed, hide in the bathroom, or express a feeling is powerful...The silent suffering of weeping sores is humbling."

Award is for purchase of journal articles and transcription assistance.

Anna Vodicka, *Sons & Daughters of Babel*, Spokane, WA

My first book, a memoir-in-fragments (is) set against the chaotic political backdrop of the early 1980s ... and my mother's mental illness, which manifested itself in religiosity and a fractured personality... While the narrative is personal, my goal is to use subjective experience as a lens into dominant cultural narratives about women, the mentally ill, and rural religious experience. Award will go toward the purchase of *Logic*, recording software, that would enable her to pursue her interest in audio storytelling, which she sees as increasingly relevant in publishing's digital age.

To view complete poems and nonfiction excerpts go to
<http://demingfund.org/recent-grantees-pd-20.php>

Deadline for Fiction & Visual Art, December 31