

**MONEY FOR WOMEN/BARBARA DEMING MEMORIAL FUND, INC.  
GRANTS AWARDED: NOVEMBER 2012**



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 new 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, Lisa C. Moore, Martha Hughes, Rebecca Shannonhouse Faith Shearin, Susan Sindall and Chavisa Woods. Awards totaled \$8,000

**MARION BELL, POETRY**

*Hey High Lonesome* (Philadelphia, PA)  
*I am searching for a queer theory... a way of thinking that is non-normative/ non-dualistic/ non-patriarchal for "losers" i.e. vulnerable human beings.*  
 You bum person/you sweet thing/you non-object/  
 x-hate that I can't stop/can't stop the/why are you  
 being so pretty on/the internet//

(for a reduced work schedule for three months)

**NIKIA CHANEY, POETRY**

*walkers* (Rialto, CA)  
 Poems that come out of personal interviews with women who have been or are currently employed in the sex industry.

Almost

There  
 should be a way that is  
 much more than this, there should be a sheet  
 messy, a stained wet  
 spot on the skin.  
 There  
 should be in the corner  
 a crumpled piece of cloth and the walls should  
 sing as if the room is  
 full.  
 There should not be anger  
 voiced this should not be  
 a lack of shine.

(for equipment to conduct interviews)

**MARIT MacARTHUR, POETRY**

*The Situation*  
 A first book of poems

(Bakersfield, CA)

MacArthur continued

Is narcissism// anyone who ever/forgot the other/in  
 simply wanting an orgasm./Everyone who ever was/  
 a mother or a baby or had one/or paid or took/  
 currency or bartered// to watch a baby: like/  
 taking care of a cheerful suicidal/maniac intent on  
 accident accident./How many kisses/does she need,  
 how/many embraces/to believe you want//  
 her alive -she cries. from "The Situation"

(for two months of in-house childcare)

**ANNE MARIE ROONEY, POETRY**

*Spidering* (New Orleans, LA)  
 A queered feminist narrative that plays with (and often subverts) the tropes of performance, gender and depression.

When he enters my space and gropes a little into it/  
 It grows me smaller like warm butter sliding down/  
 When I decide to stop touching that thing I want/  
 A new word for the fury/Every girl on a bicycle is  
 me/ I answer many people still I am answering a  
 look/ I script-write the medium and imagine what's  
 impending/Rape duh/Maybe it's dark and goo-ey but  
 maybe dead from it/We are having the same dream/  
 all bodies of day/ All times of day/ Small times and  
 still/ In me is a door opening and a man saying I am  
 here/ I am every cookie in a small stomach hurting/  
 He speaks so gladly like nothing is withheld/ *This time  
 I'll be a bullet and stick my bone into you/* And I suppose  
 nothing is. From -- "Am I going to get raped in the park  
 where I read my mother's poem"

(for living expenses while she takes time off to write)

**GAIUTRA BAHADUR, NONFICTION**

*Coolie Woman* (Livingston, NJ)  
 A social history of the indentured women who  
 crossed boundaries in an epic passage from  
 Calcutta to the Caribbean.

Bahadur, continued:

Sujara was among the million “coolies” recruited from 1838 to 1917 to work on plantations worldwide after the British freed slaves in their empire. I hope to tell the buried and forgotten story of these reputedly fallen women. They lacked the power to write themselves into history....No diaries, no letters, no autobiographies speak for them. ...My narrative follows the arc of two journeys: my personal travels in search of my great-grandmother’s past...(and) is hybrid in nature, both memoir and social history.” (for transportation and 3 month’s residency at The Writers Room in NYC)

**CAREY LOVELACE,                      NONFICTION**

*An Army of Lovers Cannot Fail*

New York City, NY

A narrative chronicling the development of Feminist Art worldwide during its formative decade, the 1970’s. Based on hundreds of hours of interviews including Judy Chicago, Lucy Lippard, Nancy Spero and many others. To be published by The Monacelli Press in fall 2014.

“For the two-month run of the Whitney annual, every Saturday on the concrete plaza just down from the southeast corner of Madison Avenue and 75th Street, newly confident young artworldlings marched—carried placards, blew whistles, sang ditties, handed out flyers, standing with their hand-lettered signs. Fifty Percent! And Black Women Artists! They planted themselves in front of the Marcel Breuer building, in the chill, but not brutal December—and then January—weather. These were young women artists who had just gotten to know that they had kindred spirits. Older women were there, too.” (partial support for reproduction costs for illustrations)

**GRETA SCHULER,                      NONFICTION**

*Fragile: stories of an American Woman in Africa*

(St. Louis, MO)

Essays that draw on her work in and research on aid organizations in Zimbabwe and South Africa. She plans next to conduct creative writing workshops with female migrant sex workers.

“A sign on the wall informs patients that they must bring their own food, soap, blankets, and toilet paper; the hospital has nothing; cured patients sometimes die of hunger in their hospital beds... Sabina and the girl disappear down a hall. We wait. Another nurse returns with news: two patients need

Schuler, continued

attention, but the hospital has only one pair of plastic gloves. Local health workers estimate that one in three people in the region are HIV positive, no one gives medical assistance without plastic gloves.” (a month’s support to complete essays for the book).

**TRACY STRAUSS,                      NONFICTION**

*Notes on Proper Usage: A Mother-Daughter Memoir*

(Cambridge, MA)

A memoir about the discovery of her late mother’s secret collection of documents and journals and the complex causes and effects of familial abuse.

“I take note of the vacant space...where my mother once kept a VHS tape labeled “A Bank Officer and a Gentleman”: this was a movie that my parents’ closest friends filmed and produced as a surprise “gag” gift for my father for his fortieth birthday when I was eleven. In the movie, one of them played the role of a television reporter while the other acted out the character of my father, portraying him as a banker who barely performed his job, because all he was interested in doing was playing with a doll, a plastic little girl whose panties he loved to take a peek down.”

(for time off from teaching an extra spring course)

**JULIE MARIE WADE,                      NONFICTION**

*Other Peoples’ Mothers*

(Dania Beach, FL)

A collection of 12 autobiographical stories.

“While I am sick, which is a rare occurrence, I try to calculate the odds of the Rapture happening in my lifetime, the bitter irony of cheating death only to be left behind. But maybe I won’t be, I reason, the thermometer lolling under my tongue. If I believe the Rapture is a real possibility, then doesn’t that constitute some measure of faith in God?

My mother comes to take the thermometer out. She tells me to be still—an impossible imperative—then hands me two chewable, grape-flavored Tylenol and lays a cold compress over my eyes. How much is enough faith? I wonder, thinking of a track star vaulting over a bar—how, sooner or later, even the best athletes fall back on the mat, chests heaving, legs wobbling beneath them, the bar at last having been raised too far.” -- from “Mrs. Anderson” first published in *Passages North*

(for a one-month writing-centered stay in Seattle, where the book is set)