

- MONEY FOR WOMEN/BARBARA DEMING MEMORIAL FUND,
INC.

GRANTS AWARDED: MAY 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. Deadlines for application are June 30th and December 31st each year. Judges and readers for this round were Maureen Brady, Martha Hughes, Roz Unruh, Andrea Freud Loewenstein and Lisa Ross. Awards for spring totaled \$ 6,000.

SUSANNA STARR,

Domestic Veneer

ART

(New York City, NY)

A series of sculptures which are very large sheets of micro-thin wood veneer hand-cut with a penknife into intricate patterns. *By manipulating the relationships between material and image, I am questioning fundamental dynamics of strength vs. fragility, nature vs. manmade and male vs. female.*

(to purchase materials for the last six pieces in this series)



"Cherry" hand-cut veneer (55 inch diameter)

LAURA HARTFORD,

Residency at Fox Talbot Museum, UK (Louisville, KY)
Inspired by Victorian aesthetics, the work of Constance Talbot and the calotype photography process that evolved at the same time as the daguerreotype, Hartford will use the Talbot darkroom at Lacock Abbey and have access to the house and grounds, which have not changed since Constance Talbot oversaw the estate in the mid 1800's. (partial funding for related expenses)

ART



"Dolls and Roadkill," oil on canvas 48"x36

CARA DeANGELIS,

Roadkill Series

ART

(Monroe, CT)

My still lives speak directly about death, domestication and femininity. The inclusion of dolls symbolizes not only the feminine, but also nostalgia and the infantile...I am quoting a specific genre and period of painting in order to create a dialogue regarding the cultures of the 17th and 21st centuries. Much of the wildlife that were once game and food, are now roadkill instead. The idea of meat that once represented "the meal" in 17th century paintings...is now a powerful symbol of death in our culture.

(partial funding for two additional paintings)

Please see other side

DEBORAH RILEY, **ART**
“Momentary Loss of Self” (St. Joseph MO)
A series of polymer photogravures that seek to raise awareness of and promote conversations about menopause among women and those close to them.

(for partial cost of laser printer and supplies)

ALICE LICHTENSTEIN, **FICTION**
Security (Oneonta, NY)
This novel seeks to draw attention to the deep personal isolation of 20th century, pre-feminist women, even those who were involved in progressive movements.

The telephone was a heap of black metal on Abbey’s desk. The agent had told her exactly how to unscrew the metal cap, how to place the listening device. She could hear the blood beating in her ears, an odd thumping, a mallet on stretched skin. Why was she doing this? For Saul? For the Cause? For herself? Her fingers shook as she grasped the receiver. Agent Roger had explained how to push aside the wires, how to strip back the sheathing to twist copper to copper, but he hadn’t explained, of course, why they wanted to listen in on Abbey. He wasn’t a member of the Party. He wasn’t even a fellow traveler. His actions during the War were beyond reproach. He couldn’t possibly --

(for research/travel costs to NYC and Washington DC)

KATY RESCH, **FICTION**
Adult Daughters (Richmond, VA)
Linked stories that question constructions of motherhood and girlhood.

I noticed a log on the other side of the creek I could picture myself sulking on, so I headed to it, grasping the trunks of thin trees as I trudged down the embankment... I glimpsed a small mound of fur, a sandy shape near my feet. I straightened up and froze – if it was an animal I didn’t want to startle it. I realized it was a baby deer, and I held my breath, waiting to see what he did. When he didn’t move, I crouched, seeing he was dead, the creek foaming around him.

(partial support for a writer’s residency)

AMY ROWLAND, **FICTION**
The Transcriptionist (Brooklyn, NY)
A first novel about a newspaper worker who takes dictation from reporters to transcribe their articles and interviews. *Her father was a farmer and a minister and when he discovered that she had a skill for remembering,*

he would have her memorize verses to begin his sermon on Sundays. It began as her companion and became her curse. Language was a game, that was how it started, a game between her and her father, the only one they ever played. She was a teenager before she saw what her father and his congregation believed. That was the first betrayal. They took her into church before she had the power of speech, was still drooling and had bows velcroed to her nearly naked head and passed her up and down the pews letting the ruffles on her underpants show. And all the while they were talking, telling her things, how things were, how things are, how things will be. And even when she found herself on the far side of a lonely chasm she still believed in language. She thought she could throw away God and keep language, that words would save her.

(to defray living costs while she completes the final draft)

KATHRYN TRUEBLOOD, **FICTION**
The Medicated Marriage and other stories (Bellingham, WA)
I believe the reform agenda of First Wave Feminism was never achieved – state supported childcare, equal pay, universal health care, and flex time—and my books explore the frustration, ill health, and exhaustion... women experience as a result.

Piper knew it wasn’t all bravado with Barb. She had a kid stashed with her mother, and though nothing about these two women added up on the same side of the column, they shared a raw abiding ache that could be conveyed with one look. Piper only worked at Botteger’s in the summers, had since high school. Come fall, she’d be back at community college while Barb seemed to have no plan that went further than the top of the mountain on the back of Duane’s Harley. She always came back wasted and happy, “Look we got Indian Paintbrush,” she’d say holding up staves of the pink wildflowers that the forest service would have fined her for big time. Or if it was fall, mountain blueberries in a warm little handful for Piper to taste, around Barb’s own mouth a crush of purple circles as though Duane has been kissing her with her mouth chockfull.

(time off from teaching this summer to finish the book)

We finally have a website. Please visit us and pass it on to friends. Names of finalists for this round of grants appear on the site under “recent grantees.”

<http://www.demingfund.org>