

**MONEY FOR WOMEN/BARBARA DEMING MEMORIAL FUND, INC.
GRANTS AWARDED: NOVEMBER 2011**



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, Lisa C. Moore, Martha Hughes, Lise Weil, Faith Shearin and Susan Sindall. Awards for fall totaled \$ 5,500.

CAROL DINE,

Sutures: Poems on War

POETRY

(Brookline, MA)

Poems which portray women as both victims and warriors in WWII, particularly in the Holocaust, and the Iraq War. *These are poems about women who have inspired anti-war art, women who resisted the horrors of global conflict.*

"Train"

-- after Andrzej Jackowski

After the war/she's holding up/ a photograph with her sister;/they're dressed in leggings/and high-heeled boots.// She feels a throbbing/at her ankle/ *bone of my bone.*/ They had the same cropped hair,/ sloping foreheads,/eyes burrowed in.// She remembers/the cattle car/ the stench/ the large hook/over the window/nailed shut with pine,/ doors opening/in the dark,/ a bucketful of water,/ doors closing./ *O my sister.*//

(for time to complete the manuscript)

CAITLIN DOYLE,

Tea in Eden

POETRY

(East Hampton, NY)

Many of these poems focus on famous (and infamous) women such as Flannery O'Connor, Paris Hilton and Madame Tussaud.

Not that you're not art,/the angle of your head, your forward/hips. You pose in the lobby/of the Texas Hilton, hot-pink mini skirt/with luggage to match. We can hardly help/ ourselves, eye to belly-button/ with your blank-canvas midriff/ on the magazine shelf./ But who pulled your skin so taut, who spread/your easel-legs in that stance, no signature tells./ Unless you made your shape yourself.//

-- from "Paris"

(for time to further the MS)

SHABNAM PIRYAEI,

untitled

POETRY

(New York, NY)

Since my immigration to the U.S. I have returned to Iran five times not only to visit family, but also to work with NGOs that support women and girls.

The last word/was almost ready/to be born/but he smashed the egg inside her lip/a drop of blood/ emerged, gills wrapped suddenly in air,/ glistening then frantic,/and the small spread/ between mouth and cold kitchen tile./the footprints on the back of her blouse./ the flour like dust/of an annihilated moment./the clock unsure of what to measure.//

--from "struck"

(for two months off from work)

HEATHER HARPAM, **NONFICTION**

Happiness

(Eastchester, NY)

This is the story of my daughter Gracie's life with a grave blood disease, her ultimate recovery thanks to a bone marrow transplant, and my journey from being an unmarried mom to half of partnership strained by stress but fortified by love.

After months of waiting to see who she would be, after fending off the broad hints of sonogram technicians who (for opaque reasons of their own), were dying to give away the mystery of her, after lying alone in a thicket of heartbreak over her father, wanting to skip over incubation into active motherhood, she arrived...When I breathed her in, a complex sequence of synapses fired along a straight, bright path through my brain saying, at each stop, yes, yes, yes, yes, this is the one, yes. This reaction is hard-coded, animals

Harpham, continued:

identify their offspring through scent. But to me it felt like magic.

(for childcare after school)

JOY ANN JUVELIS, NONFICTION

Naked Survival: My Plummet and Struggle Through Americas (Flim-Flam) Safety Net.

(New York, NY)

I'm a medical anthropologist. My work has focused on barriers to health care for people in poverty with an emphasis on African-Americans and on individuals recently released from jail or prison. After a fluke accident with a tractor-trailer, I became too disabled to work in 2000. Living alone in New York City, with no family and few friends to help, I quickly became as destitute as the men and women I came to know so well in my research.

"Yes, I'm being evicted. That's fine with me. I'm not objecting to that. I'm disabled and I have nowhere to go. I was told that Adult Protective Services could buy me a little more time so I could finish packing and get my things out of here but apparently that's not going to happen." The short cop, seemingly bored, tugs at his ear lobe, while the tall cop listens to my story. "What I'm concerned about here," I continue, "is that because I'm a researcher ... my ability to make a living once I leave here depends on holding on to my library and my files of research data and so forth. That's what I'm most concerned about because once this door is closed, I may never see any of this again."

(for speech recognition software)

ELIZABETH HAUSSLER, NONFICTION

Cowboys, Pirates and Changelings: Following My Son into the World of Autism (Austin TX)

I've heard autistic children described as being gone with the fairies and to me that conjures up images of changelings. I think the story goes that the fairies steal the human child and leave in its place an impossibly beautiful, unknowable fairy child, a changeling.

These children are special. Their minds and hearts are not bound by society's rules and expectations. They speak the truth at all times, especially when the truth is the last thing people want to hear.

"Yes, you do look fat in those pants."

The first time I saw Ryan, he was handed to me in the hospital... his eyes were open and so blue

they were almost purple... He looked at me hard and I thought. "Here is someone who knows more than I do"... Ryan stared at me as if to take my measure and then screamed.

I read every baby book I could get my hands on because I had the only baby in the world that required no sleep.

(to purchase a notebook computer and audit "The Horse Boy Method training)

Grantee News

Andrea Cote, Visual Art 2008: *I'm excited to share some work I've been developing in the printshop recently at the SIP Fellowship Show at the Robert Blackburn Printmaking Workshop in NYC. I will be sharing the show with two talented artists, Jarrod Beck and Frederick Hayes. The Fellowship has allowed me to make some new developments in my work, which I look forward to sharing.*



Susi Wyss, Fiction 2010: Her first book, *The Civilized World*, (Henry Holt 2011) is a series of linked stories about women in Africa and has been selected as "a book to pick up now" by O Magazine



Mira Bartok, funded by us in 2009 for Nonfiction has a first book out (2010) *The Memory Palace*. She has been interviewed on NPR. The essays we funded dealt with the relationship between memory and loss.



Lory Bedikian's (Poetry 2006), first book of poems, *The Book of Lamenting* has won the 2010 Philip Levine Prize from Anhinga Press. Lori writes about what our award means to her in the enclosed letter.



Marie Myung-Ok Lee, (Fiction '09, '01) published a recent article in The Guardian (10/14/11) on designer vagina surgery. "One doctor's sales pitch invites clients to get double-D labia to go with those double-D implants." She says the novel we funded in '09 is almost finished, stories about the men who devote their lives to the care and manipulation of female sexual organs.