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 and 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 and generous contributions from donors and former grantees, the fund gives encouragement and small grants to individual feminists in the arts (writers and visual artists). Our address is PO Box 717 Bearsville, NY 12409. Our website is www.demingfund.org.

Submission periods and deadlines for applications occur once a year: January 1-31, 2017 and again in 2019 for poetry and nonfiction, and January 1 -31, 2018 and 2020 for visual art, fiction and mixed-genre. Judges in 2017 for Poetry were: Judith McDaniel, Camille Norton, Alice Templeton, Crystal Williams and Elizabeth Wohl. For Non Fiction: Maureen Brady, Martha Hughes, Roz Kuehn, Mina Samuels, Glenda Pleasants and Elvia Arriola. Grants totaling $20,050 were awarded to 18 women.

Michelle Bowdler ________________ NON FICTION
(Tuscon, AZ)

The Idea of Order

Bowdler’s memoir addresses a major felony crime that overwhelmingly affects women and girls, although not exclusively. It is a crime that is destabilizing with a lifetime of consequences, and yet it is the least reported, least prosecuted and only 3 out of a hundred rapists spend a day in jail. This memoir tells a personal story woven with themes of feminism and social justice.

I am sitting in the back of the police car, like those accused of crimes do. I do not have on handcuffs; I have not been read my rights. Technically, I am a victim, not a prisoner, although the difference between the two has completely escaped me tonight, and will for the rest of my life. I am no longer in immediate danger and yet I feel doomed.

Award covers tuition for memoir classes at Grub Street to prep for publication.

Wynne Brown ________________ NON FICTION
(Tuscon, AZ)

Like Death to be Idle: Sara Plummer Lemmon, 19th Century Artist, Scientist, and Explorer

Brown’s research explores the unrecognized life and contributions of Sara Allen Plummer Lemmon who was among the early female “proto-ecologists” and did much of the work attributed to her more famous husband. The combination of her gift for art and her scientific knowledge gave her a reputation as “one of the most accurate painters of nature in the State.” Her inspiring story is one of grit, determination, generosity—and is as relevant today as in the 1880s.

Chapter One: Starting a New Life

The wooden side-wheeled steamer S.S. Alaska churned slowly through the steel-gray waters off Manhattan, away from Brooklyn where she’d attended Greenleaf Female Institute…., from the Cooper Union where she’d earned degrees in physics and chemistry….from Bellevue Hospital where she’d nursed so many Civil War soldiers…….she was tired….of packing and re-packing, tired of saying good-by… of trying to explain to friends and family why… her very life depended on leaving to start a whole new life a continent away. And she was frightened—and excited. Another decade was receding along with the New York coastline—it would be 1870 in a couple of weeks

Award funds travel to present research and cover living expenses while preparing book proposal.
Deluge

According to Chatti: “When I was still sick and first beginning to write these poems, I had a male professor tell me to stop because no one would want to read them. He told me, “There’s no need for feminist poetry anymore,” and that my poems about the female body were too graphic for editors. Being female (and Arab and Muslim) politicizes my body. I endured a great deal of misogyny from doctors, and felt crushing shame due to cultural taboos surrounding menstruation and infertility. I’m writing these poems to push back against the patriarchal holds in medicine, academia, literature, and religion.”

MENORRHAGIA

Christmas, flew home packaged like a gift. Beneath my jeans a childlike padding. Came to adore the wee god, his dolorous mother. All while bleeding like a can of cherries. Clots sluicing down my thighs. The storefront windows glaucous, spotted with ashen, ineffectual stars. From heaven dropped unrelenting sleet.

… Each night a night silent and wholly unbearable. Stains blooming on sheets like poinsettias. Percocets tumbling like flurries on the tongue. Fall on your knees.Collapsed sudden in a vestibule. O hear the angel voices.

Award underwrites living expenses to provide a dedicated time to develop this first book manuscript.

Li Qingzhao Translation

A first-generation Asian-American poet, Chen translates Li Qingzhao (1084-1151), considered the greatest female poet in Chinese history and renowned particularly for her ci, which are poems set to music with predetermined meters and tones. Chen hopes her project will contribute to a field that has been dominated by white male poets translating male Asian poets. Oftentimes, these projects, have been undertaken in a spirit of colonialism, orientalism, and fetishism. She strives to produce a counter-narrative to their projects and bring awareness to great Asian female voices while reclaiming space for the Asian-American voice.

My journey is long, I say, and the sun is setting. I’ve studied poetry and attempted astonishing phrases—to no use….

Wind, move again. Blow my boat to the island of immortals.

Award provides living expenses to cover dedicated time to complete translation manuscript.

The Grace and the Torment: In Search of Wilmeth

Part memoir, part detective story, part social history, Dickinson’s book is inspired by family secrets—her grandmother, Wilmeth’s suicide in 1965; her father’s silence about it; and her childhood visions of the ghost of her deceased grandmother. It uses Wilmeth’s suicide at the age of 48 as the locus for an exploration into the nature of inheritance, family history, gender, and the consequences that long-held secrets and trauma can have across generations. (Continued)
Elizabeth Evitts Dickinson

*The Grace and the Torment: In Search of Wilmeth:*

Driving Baltimore today, some of the old streetcar tracks surface. There, emerging from the porous asphalt, the legible script of metal lines, blacktop riven by a scar of steel. . . . They make your car tires thwunk thwunk when you drive over them. . . . .

Family history is like this. You get a piece of the past that you can see and feel and trace. You can ride back and forth as long as you like, until the steel wears thin from the retreading, but it never gets you anywhere.

I often contemplate the enormity of my grandparents’ tragic deaths. I think about what it meant for my father and, by extension, what it has meant for me; what I inherited as a result of that gunshot. Other times, I zoom in on that dime. Who was the woman who could shoot like that?

Award covers costs to attend a three week writers residency to continue work on her memoir.

Laura Ellyn

**NON FICTION**

(Montreal, Quebec)

*A Graphic History Of Reproductive Rights In Canada*

As Ellyn describes: “My project is a non-fiction graphic novel composed of a series of short comics on significant moments and concepts in the landscape of reproductive justice in Canada. From historical protests like the abortion caravan of 1970 to significant court cases like Tremblay V. Daigle, to the struggles faced by First Nations communities and other communities of colour when environmental racism jeopardizes their reproductive health and the history of coercive sterilization practices throughout the years in Canada, this book will be a comprehensive look at reproductive rights and justice that expands the scope of these issues beyond abortion and provides valuable insight through interviews, oral histories, and in-depth research presented in an accessible and dynamic format.”

Award covers costs to attend a three week writers residency to continue work on her memoir.

Laura Ellyn:

Laura Ellyn

**NON FICTION**

(Montreal, Quebec)

*Environmental Racism and Reproductive Rights In Canada*

Tracy Fuad

**POETRY**

(Jersey City, NJ)

*Dictator*

Fuad investigates the relationship between the personal and the political against the backdrop of the fractured non-state of Iraqi Kurdistan. Her poems bear witness to the Kurdish genocide under Saddam Hussein, the aftermath of the second Gulf War, and the current threat posed by ISIS. What emerges is an exploration of how honor, shame, sexuality and gender are conceived of as they collide with the institutions of the family and the state. As a queer American woman of Kurdish descent, Fuad finds herself at the intersection of many opposing narratives and struggles for power . . . this project is her attempt at making sense (and “sometimes failing to make sense”) out of a history of violence and oppression that has taken many forms.
**MONEY FOR WOMEN/BARBARA DEMING MEMORIAL FUND, INC.**

**GRANTS AWARDED**

**JUNE 2017 POETRY AND NON FICTION**

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**Tracy Fuad**

**DICTATOR:**

*Raisin*

*After all, she is just a single raisin.*

–Saddam Hussein

*From sand*
*we have made bricks*
*and from bricks we have*
*made homes and in homes*
*we have made honor and honor*
*when broken is turned into shame*
*and shame can be punished*
*with stones and girls made*
*of stone turn back-
*wards and back*
*into sand.*

Award covers travel expenses to Kurdistan and Halabja to record the stories of aging relatives who carry knowledge of the past.

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**Maggie Graber**

**POETRY**

(*Valparaiso, IN*)


In SWAN HAMMER, explores themes of technology, culture, space, and life in the 21st century in the context of opening up chapters of her life growing up in the Midwest. “I’m trying to make sense of the present through a variety of techniques, interdisciplinary lenses, and approaches... One emergent presence in the project is that of the Internet and technology. I have a lot of questions about how touch-screen technology is shaping not only our world, but how it is neurologically impacting our brains and biologically affecting us as human beings. I’ve been wondering if there is an “Information Ceiling,” a maximum amount of information we can process before shutting down, so to speak.”

**Maggie Graber**

From Screens:

*I mean, disconnection. I mean, unplugged. I mean, technology’s phantom limb, every building like a Temple to Wifi, I mean the way I ride a public transit bus through Seattle and watch networks come and go like the names of the dead. I mean, this is how I wrap my mind around genocide in the 21st century, the disappearances of bodies, I mean, I’m always looking through windows.*

Award covers living expenses, supplies, tuition fees and research to complete the project.

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**M. J. Kledzik**

**NON FICTION**

(*Norfolk, VA*)

Father-Daughter Incest, The Secret Crime

(Warning of Chicago)

As Kedzik explains “Through the use of my personal essay as a victim of incest plus my presence as a healthy survivor, I want to give voice and courage to the silenced and shamed women among us. I will present programs to raise awareness and knowledge of research specific to father-daughter and stepfather-daughter incest. I will elucidate the specific issues relating to incest that are different from other types of sexual abuse: betrayal by the people who should most love and care for their child, the dependency and inability of a child to get away from the perpetrator, the lack of help from other sources and sometimes re-victimization from outside sources that should help, the immature psychological resources to process what is happening, dissociation, acting out at an early age, prostitution, addiction, depression, early PTSD and suicide. I hope to open discussion along the lines of consciousness raising and healing.” (Continued)
M. J. Kledzik  
*Father-Daughter Incest, The Secret Crime (Return to Chicago)*:

. . . it’s Saturday. By now, I’m constantly alert to where my parents are and for tones of anger in footfalls or voice. I’m watching my one TV treat. The Lone Ranger is trapped and about to be shot through with arrows! Father walks through the den, his heels hitting the carpet; I stiffen. “Go clean your room!” I check the clock: ten minutes to 11:00. Hurry, hurry up, Tonto! He walks back with a yardstick, cracking and breaking it on my back. I know my mother is in the kitchen, nearby. Still…these are my parents. I’m their child. They can act toward me however they choose. They are the grown-ups. They have cocktail parties. Everyone admires them. They only seem happy around their friends.

Award funds research and equipment to support and share her work.

Cynthia Manick  
From: NY MTA Transit Exam Attempt #4:

And I learn to hide my shimmer forget spelling bees star-sticker reading charts and test score smiles, thinking them Master tools to be used only in secret.

Award supports research expenses and manuscript submission fees.

Jessica Mehta  
*Poetry (Hillsboro, OR)*

*Savage: Salvaging the Prison Love Letters of My Parents*

Mehta’s poetry is sourced from the love letters shared between late Cherokee father, while in prison, and mother who is now living with dementia. As Mehta explains: “Savage” is traditionally a derogatory term for Native Americans, but some (including myself) are in the process of reclaiming the slur. Declaring one’s self-identity, with the help of history and ancestry if at all possible, is a lifelong endeavor. For me, it’s explored—and shared—through poetry. Mehta’s work is informed by these salvaged, “savage,” bits of love.

*Savagery*

*What are you? I can see the Indian in your cheekbones.*

My skin, white as the albumin on salmon, the only whisper of Cherokee etched into the bones begging to be birthed. *Show me your tribal card, your ancestry lineage, proof of Dawes Rolls in your blood. Am I not Native enough for you?*  

*You look like something. Something savage and uncontained.*

Award covers transportation and expenses to recover source material from her mother’s home.
Deborah Ostrovsky____________NON FICTION  
(Montreal, Quebec)  
"The Daughter in the Well" (WorkingTitle)  
Ostrovky explores the subtle but pervasive ways in which gender stereotyping continues to exist—and has arguably increased—despite the incredible advancements made by women in all areas of contemporary society. “I use my recollections as a first-time mother to examine the conversations, remarks, and comments that were shared with me before and after giving birth to a baby girl, as well as the fears and anxieties that fellow mothers expressed, and continue to express, about raising girls. my book scrutinizes the subtle observations, discussions and the minutiae of everyday life, providing greater insight into the wider reality of gender oppression and inequality that girls experience so young . . .”  

“These vous êtes pointue, Madame!”  
Women in my Montreal neighborhood accost me almost daily on my walks to the bakery, the dépanneur (the corner store), and the park. Your belly is pointy, they say, nodding their heads with ebullient approval.  

According to a conte de bonne femme (old wife’s tale), having a pointed belly during a pregnancy means you are carrying a boy... I’m not widening around my middle. ... Girls do that to you, not boys, they explain, with a tone of foreboding in their voices. When you’re pregnant with a girl, they steal your beauty, these older women say.  

Award covers living expenses for a month and a half of time to write during the summer of 2017.  

Jo Pitkin ______________________POETRY  
(Cold Spring, NY)  
Village: Recession  
Pitkin aims to write poems that reflect on the disappointment and anxiety many of us face as a result of the Great Recession as well as the different ways in which we help each other. During tough times, for example, she has found solace in small acts of kindness and in everyday encounters. Unexpectedly, inspiring stories and lessons of my family—whether they faced the hardships of immigration or the catastrophic Great Depression of the 1930s—are also finding their way into the manuscript. On a broader scale, she hopes the poems in Village: Recession will touch on relevant contemporary economic issues such as the gender pay gap, globalization, and job loss due to automation.  

Excerpts from Village: Yellow Cow:  

With a nail, he tacks a handwritten note  
don’t come in call the police to the door,  
then wipes a spatter of mud from his cheek,  
gets a stool, turns the muzzle on himself.  

...  

Now, at the kitchen table, his widow sorts bills,  
gazes out at distant crocuses pushing up  
like tiny purple teats from a fresh, dark barrow  

Award covers living expenses to allow time to work on her manuscript.  

Fatima Policarpo____________NON FICTION  
(Sacramento, CA)  
History of a Body  

“History of a Body,” explores Policarpo’s early childhood in Portugal, her immigration experience and acculturation into U.S. culture. It also includes the experiences of the women in her family during the António Salazar dictatorship in Portugal (from 1930s through 1974), including her mother and aunt’s experiences as nuns in the Catholic Church for nearly twenty years. Her work illuminates how women’s rights can be limited through imposed government legislation and cultural and religious belief systems, and also how these limitations can be passed on to future generations of women. “This work assumes that telling these stories communally has the potential to regenerate and create change today.” (Continued)
Fatima Policarpo  
*History of a Body:*

Belle was my adopted parents’ mother. . . . She bullied me for a few years herself when I was on the cusp of teenhood, but then she got sick and our roles reversed. She swung to the opposite end of her illness, to the meek and frightened end. And I too was living on the extremities, mean and driven by a rage I could not name or control.

Violence has a way of spinning out and snagging everything.

Award funds expenses for childcare to allow time to complete her manuscript.

Stephanie Sauer ____________ NON FICTION  
*(Rough and Ready, CA)*

*Almonds are Members of the Peach Family*

Sauer actively examines the toll of violence on the individual as well as on society, and looks at the ways such trauma-rich histories are managed across the Americas. First-hand accounts of domestic violence, rural poverty, war, alcoholism, and severe disability across two continents and five generations of one mountain-dwelling family are embroidered onto fabric (for a concurrent exhibition) and into the fractured narratives (a textual approach to scrap quilting). The book, pieced together from conventional and unconventional sources is an inquiry into how trauma is and is not assuaged by the repetitive rituals of domestic work and handicraft.

1992, Nevada County, California:  
Grandma dresses me in a button down shirt, pressed with starch, dried by the fireside. She talks me through the binding of a tie, pointed at the end like my father’s, knotted perfect.

*Don’t you never kiss no man’s foot.*

Savannah Sipple ______________ POETRY  
*(Lexington, KY)*

*WWJD & Other Poems*

Sipple observes: “Appalachia is often quite matriarchal, but women are rarely treated as equals. Physical, emotional, and verbal abuse occurs at alarming rates—and not just in Appalachia. Religion ties in closely with abuse because it’s often used as a justification for oppressing, particularly women and those who identify as LGBTQ. The poems capture the complexities of my experience of the region, and while I am aware that my experience is only one of many, I do believe there needs to be more art and writing produced that encompasses all the voices of Appalachia, particularly queer rural voices.”

Excerpted from [Jesus is my best girl friend, my dutch boy]

We’ve been talking about my closet for years, the razored ways I hate myself.  
My mantra: *it’s nobody’s damn business.*  
People lose their shit over a rainbow flag on my profile picture. I ask Jesus if they hate me or themselves. He shrugs his shoulders, says, *Honey, I just do not know.*  

Award covers attendance at LGBTQ writers retreats and research materials.

Please visit our website [www.demingfund.org](http://www.demingfund.org) for more information, and like us on Facebook for updates on current and previous grantees, application deadlines, and information about Barbra Deming and her legacy.
Cindy Stewart-Rinier ___________ NON FICTION  
*Back Track*  
(*Portland, OR*)

Stewart-Rinier’s work explores the complex legacy of Double Colonization and its effects on mother and daughter. It tracks the reconstruction of a family history whose transmission was interrupted by various agents of assimilation. “At the heart of this project is my passionate belief that allowing our family story simply to die with the elders, laying claim only to my European descent, would not only hobble my personal understanding of who I am, but that it would also contribute to the final erasure of the Indian, which constitutes the fulfillment of assimilation’s mission. It would, in short, let the bastards win.”

I settle into the wide lap of the waiting-room chair, its stiff, square cushions covered with a scratchy, pumpkin-colored weave, its plywood arms veneered with faux-walnut. I close my eyes against the pastel prints on the walls, the sharp October light slanting through the tall windows, and try to imagine the dark space in which my anaesthetized mother must now float while the surgeon splits her sternum, applies the rib spreaders that will pry open the cage of her bones to expose her heart.

Award covers expenses for a period of sustained research and writing time.

Emily Jungmin Yoon ___________ POETRY  
*Charge Number One*  
(*Chicago, IL*)

According to Yoon: “I believe that as some of the keenest observers of human life and the world we inhabit, poets are inherently political figures. My poems are both records of injustices and cruelties against marginalized bodies—especially those of women—and spaces in which I cope with those brutalities and connect with others. . . . Although I live in the United States, my family lives in Korea, where I can see the pain in our collective memory of both Japanese and US occupations. I ask myself: how do I navigate these colonial realities, in both Korea and the US, through poetry?”

**Excerpt: Kim Yoon-shim**

In June 1945  
when the camp seemed deserted  
I escaped and ran all night  
in a month I reached Korean shores  
In Harbin, I saw at a stream a hand  
of a sick girl  
who had been buried alive.  

In my dreams, she is still reaching toward wider waters  
my hands with their crooked fingers cannot help her

Award covers fees for poetry workshops and residencies.

Our task, of course, is to transmute the anger that is affliction into the anger that is determination to bring about change. I think, in fact, that one could give that as a definition of revolution.

Barbara Deming
Dear Supporter:

You have always been a friend to the Deming Money for Women Fund, the longest ongoing women artists’ fund in the United States, so we turn to you again to ask, please remember us with a small donation, anything from $5 - $50 or more.

Annually, The Fund awards grants of $500 to $1,500 to up to 20 women developing as visual artists, fiction writers, nonfiction writers and poets. Vitally important, the grants pay for everything from childcare to art supplies and support for unencumbered writing time. As well, the peer recognition boosts women’s confidence at early stages in their careers.

“In my life I’ve been helped so that I was able to do my work. So I think it’s fair to try to help others,” Barbara Deming said, when founding the fund.

The Fund has helped others “do their work” – for forty-one years. Former grantees include accomplished women artists and thinkers of our time: Edwidge Danticat, Andrea Dworkin, Jewelle Gomez, Harmony Hammond, Marie Myung-Ok Lee, Eileen Miles, Cheryl Strayed to name a few. Please help us add to this list by sending your donation to:

The Money for Women Fund,
PO Box 717
Bearsville, NY 12409

or via PayPal on the “Donate” page at www.demingfund.org

And, Thank you!

I think the only choice that will enable us to hold to our vision. . . is one that abandons the concept of naming enemies and adopts a concept familiar to the nonviolent tradition: naming behavior that is oppressive.

Barbara Deming