

“What I Have Learned” by Chanika Svetvilas

Artist’s Statement: This drawing was created in May 2021 after Derek Chauvin was found guilty of George Floyd's murder, during the height of the anti-Asian violence protests and the rising death toll of migrants at the southern border. I thought of the strength and resounding voices of protest and the solidarity despite the barriers, conditions, and systemic racism. I reflected on my own experience of being under lockdown in the hospital and acutely aware of which side of the exit I was on. The only exit I had was within me — my imagination.

Image description from artist: My gaping mouth fills the entire page of lightly lined paper as I bare my crooked teeth. At the back of the mouth in caps and reversed is an EXIT sign. In front of the mouth are three lines of heavy barbed wire centered in front of the mouth.

***What I have Learned (Fill in the Blank)* series - *We Will Not Be Silent*, charcoal on lined paper, 36" x 24"**



Volume II
Taking Space / Making Space:

a zine on community, disability, race, and performance

Edited by Jidah Correll,
Ames Loji, Michael Stokes, and
Jessica Stokes

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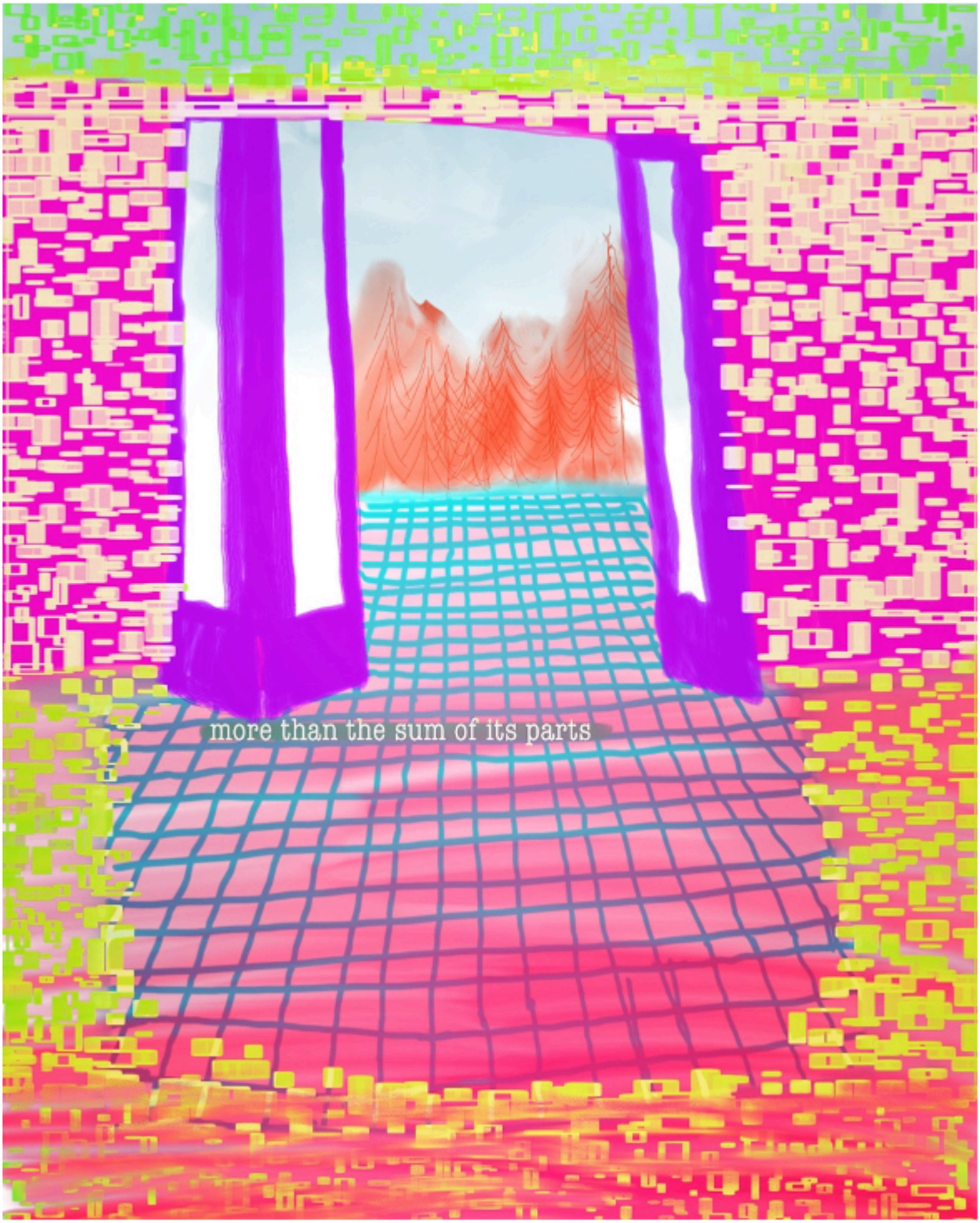
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kaje jasper wildz



Jidah Correll, Jessica Stokes, Ames Loji, and Michael Stokes: "Introduction"

HIVES is an ongoing scholarly, artistic, and communal organization dedicated to developing an understanding of the ways in which matter and beings function in interdependent networks. HIVES is capitalized not because it's an acronym, but rather to gesture toward the material reaction of bumps on skin and the physical space of a beehive. This research workshop reimagines a community space, a hive, for conversations on disability, race, and performance. Black feminist disability studies scholar Sami Schalk exhorts in *Bodyminds Reimagined* "disability studies scholars to not merely include race, but to allow black feminist and critical race theory to transform the field." In her piece, "Toward A Crip of Color Critique," woman of color scholar Jina B. Kim moves away from a disability studies centered on a disabled subject and instead to consider disability as verb: "to take seriously disability as methodology is to take seriously this politics of refusal, to recognize disablement and racism as inextricably entangled,

and to enact intellectual practices—like resistance to hyper-productivity—that honor disabled embodiment and history."
In seeking practices of resistance and disruption, HIVES turns to the work of performers, writers, and artists drawing on disability and race, as well as their entanglements, to transform fields and imagine otherwise.

In this second volume of the *Buzz-Zine*, the HIVES Research Workshop and Speaker Series on disability, race, and performance welcomed submissions that reimagine practices of community and kinship and think through the ways forces of globalization and coloniality interact with disability, race, and performance. We sought submissions that resist, reimagine, and re-shape conversations on race, disability, and their overlaps through performance or through practices of refusal. In *Black Madness::Mad Blackness*, Therí A. Pickens notes how "disability functions as a social structure that by virtue of ableist reliance on pity and sympathy determines who gets to belong to the category of disabled and whose experience of illness can be validated in the public sphere"

(Pickens 9). Following Kim and Pickens, *Buzz-Zine* Volume 2 is sharing how artists, activists, and scholars take up crip methodologies as necessary practices of remaking.

The contributors to Buzz-Zine Volume 2 have engaged in this work across a diverse range of mediums, disciplines, and perspectives. Together, their work invites meditation on the elements of subjectivity that transcend the discursively drawn borders of nations, cultures, and language. Many of the pieces in this volume have roots in intensely personal experiences of existing as a disabled person in the 21st century but grow branches that connect to the structural forces that bind us–capitalism, globalization, colonialism, racialization, and more. Together, within this volume, our contributors converse with and challenge both one another and those who engage with the zine. The collectivity within and between these pieces refuses any notion of disability as a purely individual experience, while also honoring the personal subjectivities that it does contain, ultimately remaking the dynamic where collectivity and individuality collide.

Zines and Process

Zines have historically been cheap and easy to produce/circulate increasing the accessibility of this type of independent publishing. However, they've often lacked image descriptions and lacked a multiplicity of formats thus limiting accessibility. With the *Buzz-Zine*, HIVES is working to increase access through digital cross-publishing and attention to multiple modes of engaging with creative and scholarly work. Early zines were a way for fans of science fiction to rank favorite stories, to propagate fan theories, and to form social groups; however, they also served gatekeeping functions, upholding some (white, male) voices and silencing others. In the decades since the first sf zines, new movements and publications have made space for people whose ideas and voices have been suppressed in their subcultures (e.g. Riot Grrrl zines that pushed back against the "male-driven punk world of the past").

In the *Buzz-Zine*, we've gathered a hive of scholarship/poetics/art that challenges the boundaries and definitions of the zine while reimagining accessibility and community. The

Buzz-Zine is a radically accessible zine that straddles material form and digital humanities. In its many incarnations, the *Buzz-Zine* continues to spread online, by mail through paper copies, in MSU's special collections as both a paper copy and as a braille two-volume set, and will be featured in the forthcoming exhibition: Creativity in the Time of Covid 19, made possible by a Mellon Just Futures Grant. Volume 2 of the *Buzz-Zine* brings together scholars, musicians, videographers, and artists from multiple continents.

This edition was curated, designed, and edited by Jidah Correll, Jessica Stokes, Ames Loji, and Michael Stokes.

This zine was made possible through an interdependent network of supporters, including but certainly not limited to Michigan State University's English Department, a Michigan State University Creating Inclusive Excellence Grant, and support from the Creativity in the Time of Covid 19 Grant. If you are curious about what HIVES is, does, and will do: visit behives.org

Gaia Thomas: “stonecrop moon”

Distant lover. I write across the lenses of our mutilation. I write in time and must claim a *you* to my *I*. When I was the lake the lake was self entire. But here I hold the water in my leaves and am your *telephium*. What survived selection shaped itself into receiver. When we were water I did not look for you. The ground got wet. Now I wait for the floor to be troubled with your vibrations. I concealed myself in the rock to evade creation. My legs had come unhinged and I needed a forest of kelp to mend them. I left them in disarray, I was ashamed, forgive me. They told me if I claimed you it would end me. Under my skin the lie molted snow. The ground got wet. They consoled me with memory. My leaves burned with the hard swell of estrangement. Beloved the water picture I hold will tremble when yours does. Like a nut I found this stone in my heart and gave it water. There is a punishment for escaping chronologies. From here we drop names and interrogate the limits of motion. Come to hull slipped from seed; seed slipped from hull. Before the sequestration into names we were a field of generous potentials. A scene covers the doorway. *We touch under some*

wild grape vines. Ecstasy. With exits everywhere it was easy then. They pacified with time and swaddled us in latex. For years I feared discovery. Identity served only to isolate my longing. *Proud as a wound.* Because the sun ended the day I stuck out from the horizon. I whistled in hope of other bodies. A mouth and ears and lungs and tongue. Translation soars in search of life these corpses left behind. For taut leaves giving off a moist fog. *To whom shall I address the estrangements?* Gather the nectars. Let me taste in the honey some essence of you. *Distant beloved.* She (within the hive) quit (lay a fruit) their games (nourished every bird). [Wanted to take a picture. very suicide, an art perfected. *How much time before the blood runs out?* And what about when she wanted to be held? Abstraction settles into form when we reduce the violence by degrees. I am trying to become the world for myself. I make of sex voices a surrogate. My wants exceed the water globe. To be) Even rows of trees tweezed into place (fucked and unharmed. My equations fail to compensate for conservation of woe. I have in the seeds of her teeth spread out to dry sought compensation. He raked

the gravel in yellow overalls with holes cut out for the nipples. There is no (a residue) replacement for (left on) the other (my hunger). Nothing to be made out of clay and a rib. Some comfort in persistence. Contra collective. An aversion to porosity. I leaned into your reverb. *This wish born still.*]

Lonely_Saboteur: “Untitled”

A crip-reimagining of Margarida Ferreira’s work



Shanti Collins: “Disabled”

It’s okay
You can say it
Dis-a-bled
Don’t pretend
Or prance around it
Like you’re afraid you can’t pronounce it
If you can say
Supercalifragilisticespialidocious
Then surely
Disabled should be a snap
Go for it, Yell it
And don’t hold back
Why is it the cats got your tongue
I’m telling you
You won’t offend me none
Don’t say differently abled
Or any other Baloney
Wow, well then
If you’re gonna say it like *that*
NEVER MIND
I take it all back !

Molly Joyce: “Cure”

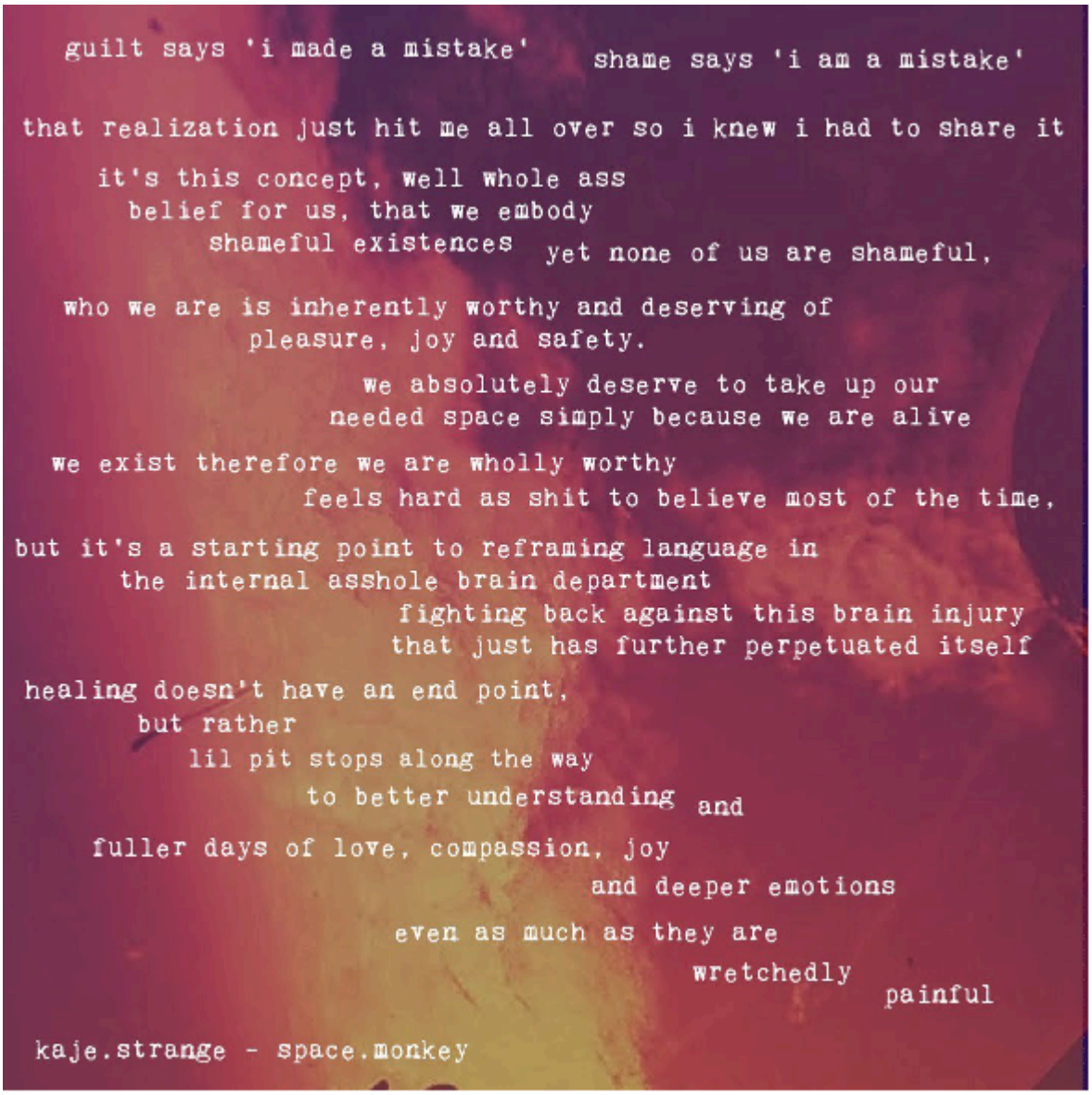
Perspective is an ongoing project featuring disabled interviewees responding to what access, care, interdependence, and more means to them.

The project began in a 2019-20 fellowship at Halcyon Arts Lab in Washington, DC, during which legendary disability activist Judith Heumann asked why I refer to my left hand as “weak.” I have an impaired left hand from a previous car accident, and this question motivated a larger rethinking of weakness and further terms, specifically asking what these terms mean to interviewees across a range of disabilities, experiences, and more.



https://bit.ly/BZineCure

kaje jasper wildz:
“guilt says ‘i made a mistake’”



Lisa Alexander: “Taking Up Space”

I

How can something which is already broken, break?

We’ve been throwing garbage on the landscape for hundreds of years. Adding COVID-19 didn’t make it less or more broken. It just highlighted the newsprint, that had been whitewashed, with blotches of ink. The scraps of paper did not hold good news. We were not a wholesome, inclusive community.

II

Truth be told, “shelter in place” was okay for me. It seems as though the less human contact the better. This brain of mine has less to untangle and decipher. And life becomes simple with the TV off, a cat and a dog nearby. So while I am usually alone and sometimes lonely, I often feel calm.

And then one night I woke up in the wee hours of the morning and for some odd reason turned on the television and saw a White man putting his knee on another man’s neck. Then I saw the White man pick up the man on the ground, and his head hung, just flopped down. And I knew. I knew I had just seen a White man kill a Black man. I hyperventilated.

(It had been going on for centuries and had never stopped.)

I hiccuped and sucked in air. Inhale. Exhale. Alone. I wanted to scream. I wanted to punch a wall. And then I felt it. I was not alone. The anger was terrifying to me, but I breathed it in. I was not alone anymore. Not like I was.

Mr. George Floyd was killed by a Minneapolis police officer, on video. The anger was worldwide. Palpable. Protesters, people (needs to be said), risked dying by police in riot gear or later from COVID. I stayed home and watched it out my front window. I felt overwhelmed. So much anger. I could not hold it all. I stayed in. People marched, protesting down my street. My heart swelled. A white van with police in riot gear parked in front of my house, I video recorded.

Reprieve. Just taking that in.

III

More and more, this is a survival-of-the-fittest contest with no option to sit out and with the end being a death sentence. I am so very tired of the game.

Yet I will be. In my space. This space. I will be. I rent this space with section 8 bullshit. I will be. Now, intentionally alone. I am this way.

I am. And I will be. I take up space. It is intentional. This takes practice.

Making myself perfectly clear to community and the outsider “what-are-you-brown-person,” I got dreads this fall. I adorn myself with bird tattoos and mate pink lipstick with blue eye liner. Feels good, kinda in your face for this femme “crazy” (I own it) woman of color.

I make “outsider” art unapologetically. Here with kindred spirits we plan an art collective for persons with lived experience of mental health challenges. (What’s the PC word for mental health issues?) I’d rather just reclaim crazy. I embrace me. No apologies. Alone but not isolated. Adorned. Creating in community. And taking up space.



Martin Sweeney:

“Solidarity 1”



“Solidarity 2”



Rajah Sandor:
“10 Facts of Growing Up Without Arms”

10. Occasionally at restaurants people would pay for my family’s meals.

9. A doctor put one of my toes in my shoulder, to make something grow.

8. Fights with my brother ended when he punched me in the jaw because we both knew I couldn’t retaliate in-kind.

7. I was told I couldn’t be a psychiatrist because I couldn’t do an ER rotation. (The same woman would eventually tell my mother that I was never going to find anyone who wanted to be with me.)

6. Strangers felt comfortable coming up to me to tell me I was an inspiration to them. One guy even told me that seeing me in McDonald’s
one day made him quit his job and drive medical transport vehicles. (though, to be fair, this one still happens)

5. A woman told my mother I would end up in heaven, just because I don’t have arms. Because she equated physical disabilities with cognitive disabilities and just assumed I would never be able to think for myself just because I was missing limbs.

4. I was not allowed to eat on my own at school until I was in middle school, because other kids may see me and want to emulate me. So until I was 11, I was not allowed to eat my lunch independently.

3. One day, my 5th grade P.E. teacher made everyone bat without hands and called it “Rajah Day”. To teach them to appreciate what they had, because it could be worse, they could have been born like me.

2. When I was 7 my mother made me explain to a total stranger that I wasn’t a freak, I was just born differently. On that day she made it clear to me that it was my responsibility to make everyone else ok with the fact that
I don’t have arms.

1. Congenital phocomelia was the reason I was adopted. My mother would routinely tell me that she looked for children with physical disabilities when she was adopting, teaching me to ground my worth in what I was missing.

Maria Oshodi:

“A Trail of Two Cities”

A Trail of Two Cities (TO2C) is an Arts Council funded project that researched and develop the urban experiences, connections and inspirations shared between two blind artists of African descent: London’s Maria Oshodi and LA’s Lynn Manning.



bit.ly/BZine2Cities

Alana Gracey: “Survival Quiz”

1) What do you do when you can’t walk?

a) Avoid steps at all costs.

b) Cry when they keep telling you that you’re too young (and too fat) for surgery.

c) Climb to the 3rd floor every other week to receive the love you’ve dreamed of your whole life.

2) What do you do when you drop out of college?

a) Never get paid your worth no matter how hard you work.

b) Feel uncomfortable whenever you have an opportunity to be in a room full of college graduates--even though you are their intellectual equal.

c) Keep showing up, even when you feel out-of-place.

3) What do you do when you are usually the largest person in a room?

a) Try to do the impossible and shrink yourself, no matter how physically, emotionally, and mentally painful it is.

b) Try to understand the duality of being invisible and too visible at the same time.

c) Stunt. (Because fat and fly are not mutually exclusive.)

4) What do you do when you want to give in to every voice that ever told you why you don’t matter—especially the ones fighting in your head?

a) Cry at any random moment, remembering how worthless you’ve felt.

b) Fight internally, sometimes believing every word and sometimes not believing them at all.

c) Never give up because voices don’t have the power to shout down your purpose.

Answer Key: All of the above.

Alana Gracey: “Joints Roots Revolution”

To unlock the movement in my knees

To march to stand

To prove this crippling pain does not make me less worthy

To know that the revolution won’t be televised

without editing
so that only beautiful ones shine in glorious
death

but my death due to my inability to run will go

rival my friends gasp when I remind them I

will not survive an able man’s uprising they

agree in their hearts weep for my

disadvantage

and mourn my life’s end held in chains of immobility

I want to free them of obligation

Free myself of life where Black femme lacking

sufficient mobility and access to spaces I’ve

dreamed of touching

create a hollow my joints can’t pull me out of

But if I perish if these broken knees

disintegrate somehow fertilize soil mixed with

a drip of my blood and the wash of my tears

if the salt of exclusion nourishes the dirt

if I stop breath but germinate seeds of

what should be possible and there is no

need for knees as new life bursts

through earth and roots plummet

further than any legs could ever reach

and I am a part of something that will

stand against wind and rain and

freedom is leaves that constantly reach

for sun

Then I experience freedom for the first time

grounded with the earth while touching the sky

Then I can still be revolution

Naomi Ortiz:

“On the Politics of Being Too Much”

bold bright
we take up space

e x p a n d i n g

between wheelchair rim and performance stage
between furled wrist and plastic straw
between red lips and medical forms
between silver hoop earring and
boardroom doorframe
between bloody tampon and leather bucket seat
between LED streetlamp and gritty dirt

our silhouettes dance guarded eyes laughing loud

yet, it’s an illusion we’re ever (really) seen
except through movement and tone of voice

in a reality defined by “normal”
they are unable to discern our contributions from the subtle shift in wind
they feel (only) coolness blocking out the sun

they see (only) the change in equation
their shifting future

they are afraid almost always

you and me melting into squishy hurt feelings
doesn’t help
we live real to us
dreaming
creating
molding a future

every
sound
breath
heartbeat
an omen of purpose

Jose Miguel Esteban: “Inspiration”

What is the breath that sustains *me*?

The narratives that fill my lungs,
saturate my blood.
The stories that flow through me,
out into the world.

I move through stories.
These stories exhale our movement.
We story through moves.
These movements inhale my stories.

What is the breath that sustains *us*?
The breath…
…from which our movement finds life and power.
The breath…
…through which our life and power sustains...

Inhale…
our lungs are filled.
Exhale…

we are emptied.
we are emptied into the world.
we are emptied through each other.
filled by each other.
filled by the world.
filled.

Exhale…
…a breath lingers.
Inhale…

…a lingering breath.

Contributors:

Alana Gracey

Alana Gracey's career in social advocacy has been in service to women (mostly of color) who exist in vulnerable states of survival, namely intimate partner violence, teen homelessness, and sex trafficking. She is currently working as the Basic Needs Organizer with Mothering Justice. As a spoken word artist with a deep appreciation for the importance of writers of all ages having the opportunity to have their voices and their stories heard, Alana facilitates independent creative writing workshops, reading and discussion groups with The Tuxedo Project, and is a Teaching Artist with City Wide Poet's, a poetry after school program for InsideOut Literary Arts.

Chanika Svetvilas

Chanika Svetvilas is a Thai American interdisciplinary artist and cultural worker who utilizes lived experience to create safe spaces, to disrupt stereotypes and to reflect on contemporary issues. She has presented her interdisciplinary work nationally in multiple spaces and contexts. Her work is also included in *Studying Disability Arts and Culture: An Introduction* by Petra Kuppers and *NuyorAsian Anthology* edited by Bino Realuyo. She holds a BS from Skidmore College and an MFA in Interdisciplinary Arts from Goddard College.

Gaia Thomas

Gaia Thomas is a disabled poet living in Alameda, CA. She has lectured at UPenn, and Michigan State University on crip poetics. Her work has appeared in several anthologies, and will be featured in the upcoming sequel to *Beauty is a Verb*. Her manuscript, *Serotine*, was a finalist for the Carolyn Bush Award.

Jose Miguel Esteban

Jose Miguel (Miggy) Esteban is a Filipino-Canadian dance/movement artist and educator based in Tkaronto/Toronto. Miggy is a PhD student in the Department of Social Justice Education at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, University of Toronto. His research engages with disability studies, dance/performance studies, and embodied practices of research-creation to encounter the interpretations of gesture as sites for inspiring a return to our bodies, to our (un)belonging within space, and to our movement in relation with one another.

kaje jasper wildz

mad disabled tender transgender queer creative sharing lived experiences thru multiple artistic expressions to help others feel less alone in their reality of this world.

Lisa Alexander

Lisa Alexander, who lives in Duluth, Minnesota, is a blogger (often on mental health topics), writer, and self-taught artist. She has a commitment to connection, community, and holding space for diverse voices and experiences.

Maria Oshodi

Maria Oshodi is a writer, arts consultant and the Artistic Director of Extant, the leading performance company of visually impaired artists in the UK. Her current independent project, A Trail of 2 Cities, is a reflection on London and Los Angeles by two blind African heritage artists.

Martin Sweeney

Martin first joined the disability community as a parent, then as an advocate, and later as an assistive technology specialist. He has served on several boards and commissions in support of disability rights.

Molly Joyce

Composer and performer Molly Joyce was recently deemed one of the "most versatile, prolific and intriguing composers working under the vast new-music dome" by *The Washington Post*. Her music has additionally been described as "serene power" (*New York Times*), written to "superb effect" (*The Wire*), and "unwavering" and "enveloping" (*Vulture*). Her work is concerned with disability as a creative source. She has an impaired left hand from a previous car accident, and the primary vehicle in her pursuit is her electric vintage toy organ, an instrument she bought on eBay which suits her body and engages her disability on a compositional and performative level. Her debut full-length album, *Breaking and Entering*, featuring toy organ, voice, and electronic sampling of both sources was released in June 2020 on New Amsterdam Records, and has been praised by *New Sounds* as "a powerful response to something (namely, physical disability of any kind) that is still too often stigmatized, but that Joyce has used as a creative prompt."

Naheen Ahmed

Self_Saboteur is a chronically-ill Bengali illustrator based in Canada. She creates zines, acrylic paintings and illustrations about disability and culture. Check her work out on Instagram and Twitter: @Self_Saboteur6.

Naomi Ortiz

Naomi Ortiz is a Poet, Writer, Facilitator, and Visual Artist whose intersectional work focuses on self-care for activists, disability justice, climate action, and relationship with place. Ortiz is the author of *Sustaining Spirit: Self-Care for Social Justice* (Reclamation Press), a non-fiction book for diverse communities on dealing with the risks of burnout. They are a 2021-2022 Border Narrative Grant Awardee for their multidisciplinary project, Complicating Conversations. Ortiz is a 2019 Zoeglossia Poetry Fellow whose poems have been nominated for Best of the Internet and listed on Entropy's "Best of 2020-2021: Favorite Poems Published online." Their poetry has been published in outlets such as *Split This Rock Poem of the Week*, *About Place* literary journal, *Poems and Numbers*, and *VIDA*, and performed at events such as the Disability Pride Parade in Chicago as well as shared through performances around the country. Ortiz is a Disabled, Mestiza living in the Arizona U.S./Mexico borderlands.
Website: www.NaomiOrtiz.com

Rajah Sandor

I write because I have to. I share because watching people connect and resonate fuels me. Making my words available means everything.

Shanti Collins

Shanti is a twenty-five year old writer, musician, and all around creative with disabilities. When she’s not performing with her Pop Rock Band ‘Rizzo Frenzy’, she is most likely reading a suspenseful book, dancing wildly, or eating apple pastries. Find her here: @shantixtweet / @shantixinsta / @shantixttok

