

The cover of this *Buzz-Zine* Volume 2 is “tick”
by em irvin

tick

i placed a blanket on the ground
and lay there
but the blanket was eaten by ticks
i jumped into the sky
and hid there
but they rode my hair home
i pulled the hair free from my temples and eyes
and prayed there
but they burrowed into my heart
i husked at my skin unable to reach my heart
and cried there
but they made me their home
i set my skin on fire
and screamed there

mixed media; 2024; 41x31



Volume III
trip to the future

a zine on fiction, disability, and
speculation

Edited by
Jessica Stokes
and
Michael Stokes

Jessica Stokes and Michael Stokes: “Introduction”

All too often, stories of the future erase disability through cure, eugenics, or a simple lack of imagination. If disability does show up in science fiction, it is usually a signal of dystopia; the reader knows something has gone wrong when the fish arrives with three eyes.

In 2023-2024, HIVES workshop and speaker series on disability in relation wanted to transform our relationship to the future, telling stories with bodymind variation at the center. For our events, we insisted upon the centrality of imagining disability and more-than-human relations in our acts of speculation.

How will the stories we tell about disability change in the future? This question led us to prompt generative AI with the task of depicting disability futurity. The images we received had wheelchairs in the middle of staircases and a lot of remixes of the accessible parking logo. Letting a large language model average present understandings of future possibilities for disability didn't lead us to many hopeful images. Unless, we hoped to fall down some stairs.

This isn't to say that potent stories of disability futures don't already exist. In N.K. Jemisin's speculative postcolonial utopia “The Ones Who Stay and Fight,” the presence of accessible rail and people who self-describe as deaf are each counted among the signs utopia has arrived. Sami Shalk's *Bodymind's Reimagined* analyzes black woman's speculative fiction showing how it can transform understandings of the social construction of race, gender, and (dis)ability.

So this year our events centered on people (not LLMs) already doing the work to center disability in their storytelling.

We welcomed Dr. Soohyun Cho to present her talk titled “Art in Health: Building Social Connections Through Fandom and Artmaking.” During this event, Cho talked through the media phenomenon of autistic-coded, solo detectives and how fans remixed these stories in crafting online communities.

Then, HIVES was able to celebrate the release of Naomi Ortiz's new book, *Rituals for Climate Change: A Crip Struggle for Ecojustice* with a reading and discussion with the author. We spoke about the role of imagining the future in this present moment of climate change. In Ortiz's poem, “Future Orientation,” they wonder with their crip partner what they'll do when the water runs out. There's no good answer. The

partner speculates “We may just need to leave and lose everything.” But they keep imagining how “to plot our way through/ what was once thought extraordinary/ turned real.” This offering for Ortiz feels like one of the most compelling roles for speculation in a rapidly shifting present.

Following Ortiz, we wanted to attend to the necessity of speculation in shaping our politics of the present. In *Migrant Futures: Decolonizing Speculation in Financial Times*, Aimee Bahng offers a means to speculate in ways that open futurity to a plurality of bodyminds and ways of being by proposing a “politics of mutation,” where “mutation finds its expression in changing the materiality of a thing, likely in ways that alter conceptualizations of bodies, differentiation, origins, and copies” (151). HIVES mobilized this politics of mutation to shape our spring events to, as Bahng puts it, “persist speculatively, against all odds... to hold open the aperture to the beyond, where the systems that seemingly dominate cease to overwhelm” (170).

For us, this meant taking on the work of mutation in the classroom and beyond it. We opened the year of 2024 with an act of speculation with Assistant Professor in the Center for Integrative Studies in the Arts and Humanities at Michigan State University Garth

Sabo and Assistant Director of Assistive Technology Innovation for MSU’s Resource Center for People with Disabilities Tyler Smeltekop. In a three-way discussion, we considered the tools we have now for shaping more accessible classrooms and speculated on what more radical approaches to access we’d need to address our future concerns.

At Eastern Tennessee State University, HIVES co-coordinator Jessica Stokes led the generative workshop “Speculative Sutured Selves” invited by Basler Chair of Excellence Caro Novella to the Rehearsing Care Lab. In this workshop, Stokes encouraged participants to reimagine the future through the limitations of the present. Participants created speculative cut-up poetry from medical journals, personal medical paperwork, and diagnostic handbooks. Using the limited terms of doctor’s handbooks and personal medical records to envision a future that embraced, rather than stigmatized, these terms, participants were introduced to disability studies perspectives on valuing bodymind variation and intervening in the often stigmatizing language of diagnosis. Stokes worked with participants from around the university, including a group of clinical psychologists who were particularly interested in transforming the (DSM-5-TR)–the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders.

Some of the poetry and collage from this event is featured in the zine.

We ended this year's programming with a visit from transqueer puppeteer, clown, cardboard constructionist, and maker of plays, parades, pageants, suitcase theaters, and low-tech public spectaculah, Eli Nixon. Nixon led HIVES participants from MSU and the broader community in a day-long workshop of cardboard transformation and play. Together, we speculated on what we could make using cardboard, fabric, tape, and paper donated by the MSU Recycling Center and how our creations might interact with one another in a speculative future. This time for creation in relation gave us room to speculate on Stacey Alaimo's work with transcorporeality, "in which the human is always intermeshed with the more-than-human world, [and] underlines the extent to which the substance of the human is ultimately inseparable from 'the environment'... [while opening] a mobile space that acknowledges the often unpredictable and unwanted actions of human bodies, nonhuman creatures, ecological systems, chemical agents, and other actors" (2). In this enmeshed network of speculation, HIVES attended to ways present injustice limits our imaginaries of tomorrow as we expand our constellations of the possible.

This zine is the aftermath of our year of imagining. As Scott Norman Rosenthal writes in the poem "Electroshock, Sovereignty" "We are more than the ledgers/ of our naming./ Louder than the silence of our living." We welcome you, dear reader, into a series of images, collages, and poems that open up space and time for bodymind variance. We invite you to make more, to make noise, to transform, and to engage in your own politics of mutation after you read. How will you keep the aperture to the beyond open a little longer?

This zine was made possible through an interdependent network of support, including but certainly not limited to friends, animal companions, hermit crabs, 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 beehives.org.



Image Description:

A multi-aged group of workshop participants line up in front of a rainbow flag to show off cardboard creations, including stage-inspired costumes, occupational therapy devices, crayfish, forests, and vultures. Check out Eli Nixon's *Blood Tide* to learn how to make your own cardboard creations.



The QR Code above leads to the HIVES website, where this paper zine is also accessible as a .pdf file, as a large-print Google Document, and as .html with image descriptions.

<https://bit.ly/HIVESBZ3>

Grace Maclaren: "Beffica"



Image Description:

A bird made of recycled cardboard rests atop a tree. In the background are woodchips, a brick wall, and an early spring sky. The cardboard bird is puppeteered by a person wearing all black clothing who has red hair. No skin or identifying features of the puppeteer are visible.

I had never made a puppet before until I made this bird puppet (which I decided to name "Beffica") with the aid of Eli Nixon at the Cardboard Mutations workshop. To me, Beffica represents the ability of any material to come to life - something as simple as cardboard can be shaped into a moving creation, something that I had known beforehand but hadn't been truly aware of until I looked at the mess of cardboard scraps on my work table and found Beffica sitting in the middle of it.

Cavar: "Around Midnight"

*first published in Bodega Magazine
(2021).*

the bar closed like a hand round a shatter of glass. That is, the night bled on the bar, the bar sucked blue-black blood down its carpet, which everybody said was the only thing the place left dry. This one, this particular bar, took an especially tight grip, sucking the stars out of the sky, digesting, not spitting them up but stomaching them, a swarm of bees in a juicethick hive. Today the night was a woman, or was believed to be a woman, which is all any woman is, really. She wore her hair in soft black curls and if you squinted the oil on her face looked like a glaze, like stardust, like the night, unwilling fully to submit to the grasp of its venue, left a trace of itself on her skin. Her figure was an hourglass, but only because of the fist at her waist. Her hair fell long only because night, too, fell. When she opened her mouth pints of oiled stardust bled from the cracks in her lips, which were, if one looked closely enough, constellations.

"Differential Diagnosis (VI.)"

first published in swifts & slows (2023).

Okay, epistemology:
The story of the fuzz
On my lip. The backbreaking
Labor of being born, nay,
Of being known.
The manner of pimping
The body to the dictionary,
Or worse, the manual. The fucked
-up travesty lays
its egg in
definition. You want
to feel how it feels?
You want to hit
the embassy of my
Name? Cool, try this.
Open your fridge. Gloat
Yourself in cold. Invent a value
-system as consistent as
nonsensical. Event
milk. Event crisis. Event
horizon. State the beverage
as if it knows your secret
Name. As if Name's sat
Slack-heavy inside the
Great flat whiteness. You know
The milk risks reifying you
for good. Now,
What are you going to do?

"Have You Seen My Autism?"

first published in Electric Lit (2023).

It all started
when I was born.

Worse yet, it started
on the taxpayer dime

In the bathwater, in the atmosphere, even

in the baby
if a baby

can get tall enough for college.
It's true, I am autism

But only when you ask
nicely.

My autism is gentle, yet growing
carnivorous.

Like Medusa, my autism
is something you maybe

shouldn't see,

but if you do, you should
write a book about.

Someone told me

if a flower opens
wide enough

it just becomes a backwards
flower.

Sanded teeth become new teeth,
renarrated to points.

With enough training, I'm sure

I can make a point
myself, I can

settle on a sex
for this my waspish swarm.

Be whatever gentle in

tends itself to mean,
though I've been nouns

that would kill you
instantly.

I am autism, if you're

willing. Autism,
if you're down --

Gentle, I'm a horny orchid
impervious

to pest control.

This autism's so long
it's forgotten

how to stop.

Cheryl Caesar: "Lotus Hands"

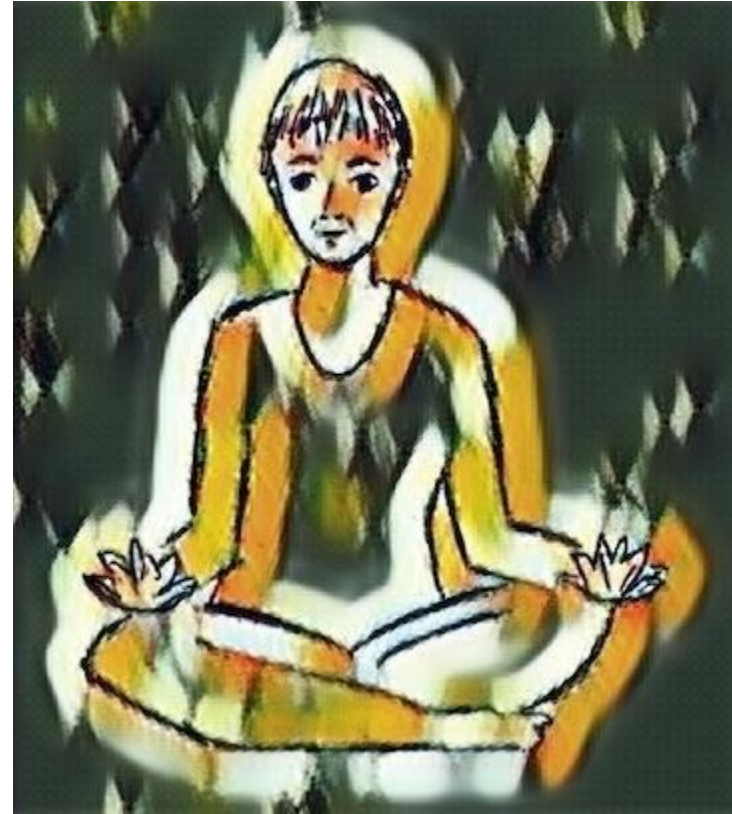


Image Description:

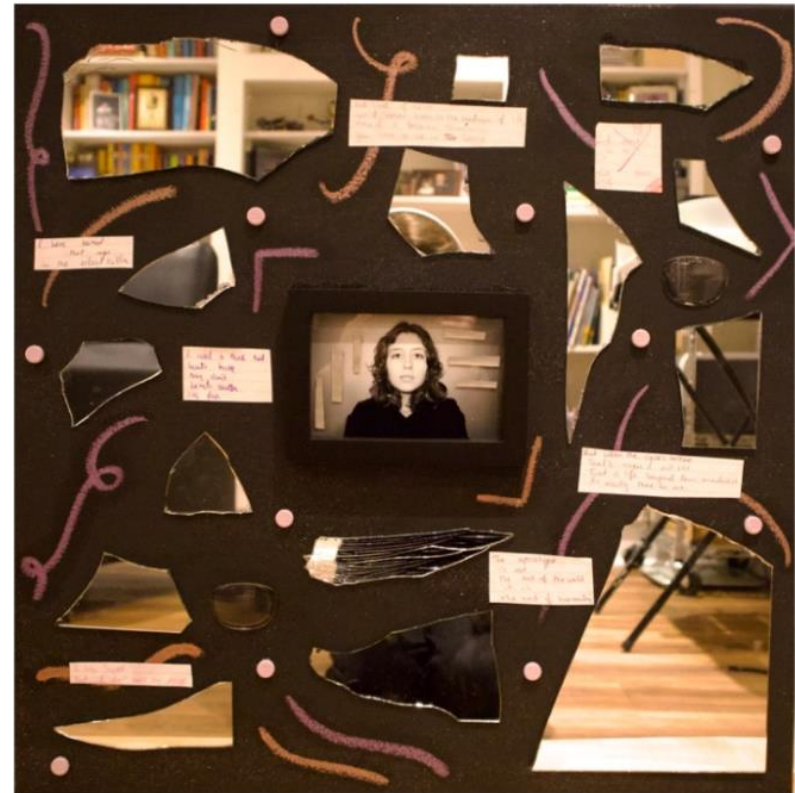
A self-portrait of the creator doing yoga, imagining a human/plant fusion where the gesture of lotus hands is rendered visibly as the flower of the lotus plant.

Grace Eaton: "Map of Madness"

Image on facing page →

Artist statement and image description:

my artwork is a multimedia collage on a square black and glitter-glued canvas. in the center of the canvas, there is a black picture frame with a black-and-white and high-contrast shoulder-up photograph of a white queer and mad person (myself) inside of it. six strips of silver paper are glued to the glass of the picture frame around my body. around the framed photograph, various materials have been glued across the canvas. these materials include mirror shards, purple junior advils (painkillers), snippets of poetry (from my high school journal), old lenses, and abstract lines drawn in shiny purple and dull pink lipstick. the poetry snippets include the following messages: "i have learned that anger is the silent killer," "but some of us— we'd rather listen to the loudness of life even if it means sometimes you have to sit in silence," "i want to be at peace," "i used to think that hearts broke they don't hearts shatter like glass," "i love myself but I don't make any sense," "the apocalypse is not the end of the world it is the end of humanity," "but when the cycle's broken that's when i will see that a life beyond this madness is waiting there for me."



Kasey Conklin: "Escape to Y8K"

Remember that time you woke up
With too many emotions on September 16,
Stunting your productivity and ceasing your will
to live?

Remember that time you were frozen with fear
And too lethargic to leave your bed
Causing you to miss too many days of your
meaningless corporate job?

Did you know that with a simple pill
You can live in the year 8000
Instead of the now?

Forget waiting around
To eventually be washed away
Faded and lost!

Forget being a victim
Of your psychopathology
Mental and behavioral disorders!

Instead, escape into the future world of
Unimaginable possibilities,
Efficiency and programming!

With a simple system update,
You, too, can experience tomorrowland
Advanced and robotic!

Introducing:
Emotional blunting!
A feeling sure to lead you... Into the hereafter!

Introducing:
A way to get away with no vacation time!
All of the distance with none of the
displacement!

Transform into a new you,
Swallow a solidified fate,
And become your better metal self today!

*(Be sure to ask your doctor
Before starting any of the following:
SSRIs! SNRIs! Antipsychotics! Tri- and tetra-
cyclics!*

*May cause unwanted side effects:
Insomnia, nervousness, stiffness, removal of
your heart, an increase in wiring
& a new cybernetic body casing*

*If you or a loved one experience any serious
adverse reactions
Contact us to discuss our new cyborgization
prototype
And take the next step to your maximized
potential!)*

Areej Alnaizy: "Glass Reflection"

I am watching it all— them—through
glass. Perhaps hardly noticeable,
perhaps so distracting that it is the first
characteristic anyone notices about me.

I see them. And they see me. But there is a
barrier of separation between us.
The florescent light of the room hits the glass
and reflects off of it and into everyone's
eyes, annoyingly so.

If hardly noticeable, everyone
becomes aware of the glass, at one point or
another, when they shift and catch a glint
of it, when I shift and it moves in sync
with me. If so distracting, I see that
distraction in their eyes and I
cannot continue a conversation.

They are watching it all— me—through
glass.

Are they aware that I know of the glass? Do
they recognize the glass themselves,
or do they simply wonder offhandedly what
keeps shining in their eyes, what that
odd streak in the air right in front of me is

?

We are existing with a plane of glass between
us. Between the rest of the world and
me. Them and I.

I put my hand up to it, first press my fingertips
against the clean transparency and then my
whole palm. The glass is cold and it is warm
and it hurts, almost.

I push . I think I'm trying to break it.
Make it as though it never existed. Make it so
that my existence in a social setting does not
harbor it into creation every time.

It accomplishes nothing, except to dirty the
glass with my fingerprints.

Do they wonder why I am holding my
palm up? Are they aware of what I am trying to
do, or do they wonder, but are too polite to
ask, too offput? Do they pity
me, I wonder?

I am watching through glass stained
with my handprint. The glass is much more
obvious now.

I wonder if I should clean it back to its shiny
nontransparent transparency. I wonder if
I should even try. If there's any point, if that
act would carry any merit.

It wouldn't, I can answer without much thought. So I lean into it and use the glass to rest my temple.

Cheryl Caesar: "Tomato Twist"



Image Description:

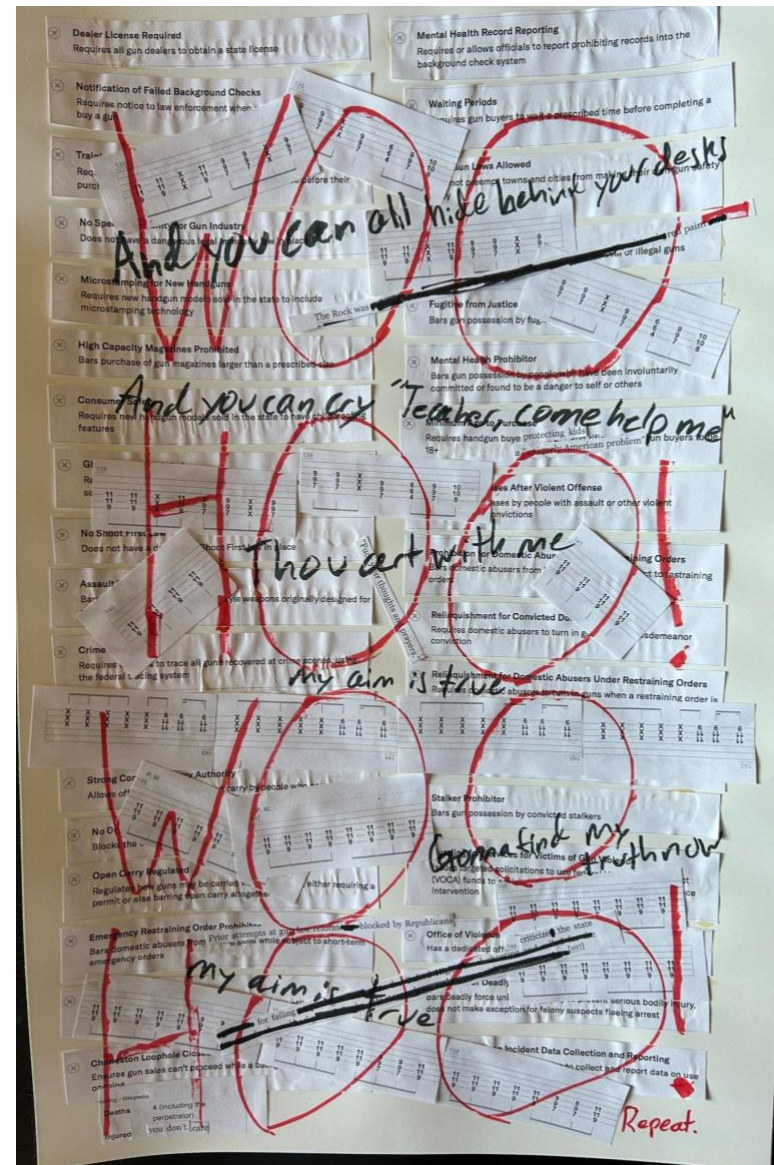
A self-portrait of the creator doing yoga, imagining a human/plant fusion where the twist of the spine moves with the twisting of a nearby tomato plant.

Paul Hedges: "In My Head"

Image on facing page →
"In My Head" was created after February 13th, 2024 - one year after the tragic shooting that took place on Michigan State University's campus in 2023. This piece was created to help preserve the memory of those killed and injured, and to highlight the "uniquely American" problem that is school shootings with references to Michigan gun control laws and the Oxford High shooting in 2021. The cutouts from articles are overlaid with lyrics and tablature from "Hammerhead" by The Offspring, specifically using the raucous cheer to juxtapose the horror and trauma of such an event to reflect the tone of the song.

Image Description:

This collage layers elements of gun laws that the state of Michigan does not have in effect from *Everytown*, tablature and lyrics from the Offspring song "Hammerhead"—a song purportedly showing the internal monologue of a school shooter—, and excerpts from the *Wikipedia* article detailing the events of the school shooting that took place at Michigan State University on Monday, February 13. Atop these cut-out elements are the words "WOO HOO" written in red sharpie. In the bottom right corner is the single hand-written word, "repeat."



Jessica King:
"Bejeweled Grandmother"

*Recently accepted at California State University,
Long Beach's RipRap Journal*

You made me believe that dragons exist,
sculpting opal clouds into pictures for children
in the ruby and gold of summer skies.

You made me believe that, even as monarchs
muzzled
my autonomy in an ebony tower, my nurtured
candlelight
will seize the world by firestorm. But when I
looked for you,

your eyes had faded to gray pearls, leaving
your memory
in a bed of citrine sunflowers, a sunset of
garnet
epilogues and chalcedony tomorrows.

You'd let me believe we'd fly in pictures
we'd create for children. You'd loved me in
sacrifice
until you dissipated into moonstone

clouds. Forevermore guiding my wings
through pictures that you create
towards an amethyst sunrise.

"Elegy of Aging"

*A cento poem from the works of Billy Collins,
Jack Gilbert, Nora Hikari, Li-Young Lee, Lateef
McLeod, and Padraig Regan*

We are most honest when unprepared, in a
moment of
faith: that form erupts magnificent from the
broken thing,
a sense of mortality without pen or paper.

Medicine cannot fix illicit fears,
the salt in the soy filling the blanks in the dead
nerves.
No wonder the moon in the window seems to
have drifted

to a little fishing village where there are no
phones.
Let me at least fail at my life,
a syncopated code I long to know—

the memories you used to harbor,
to bear witness & attend to the whims of the
dead.
The soul weighs twenty-one grams,

dewsoaked, disappearing before me.
Let me fall in love one last time
out of a love poem that you used to know by
heart.

"Semicolon"

*Previously published in Phi Theta Kappa
International Honor Society's Nota Bene
Anthology*

From the moment we're born
we're all writers, the masterminds of our lives.
Every breath is a space, a pause a period... or
an ellipsis.

Some chapters swell with events and memories
while others slip from our minds like misplaced
ink.

Some words flow from our pens with mirth
while others struggle and resist landing on the
page.

A writer's block can make us want to close the
book,
a narrative wavering on a cliffhanger, cruelly
destined
to never reach its resolution.

Dear young writers, main protagonists, precious
survivors,
your story isn't over—I haven't given up on you.
The conflicts are long and painful, the climaxes
short and sweet,
but I know you'll win the final battles with your
superpower: your existence,
you're alive, and you're fighting, and you're
conquering another day.

So please, when you're writing your next
chapter,
leave a semicolon on the last page
so I know you'll be back tomorrow;

Heather Keven: "My name is"

Image on next pages

Image description:

This collage poem layers text from a fortune card, a receipt, a National geographic, and a pill bottle with images of penguins and sky.

My name is
breathing body
water in every vein
 feathered with flying hours
 it felt
other information
 tidal force
 I have good friends and you?
earth
 use more than directed
 slur Remember a day
 longer than directed
increase
expect before you now WHAT'S COMING
a wave called back
gone be returned
by and by,
Swift speedy time will bring new

pretend in the pain

describe how
"the chances are higher if you

risk is higher if you
if you have ever had
a doctor
which may cause severe
complications
may cause problems
right before or after
 gets worse
 gets worse
warning: This product
warning:
YOUR FORTUNE
can be fatal
PLAY AGAIN!
REFUND-CUSTOMER COPY

My name is

breathing
body

it felt

water in every vein

feathered with flying hours

I have good friends and you?



earth

tidal force

Remember a day

lose more than directed

longer time than directed

increase

except

before you now

WHAT'S COMING

a wave
called back,
gone be returned
by and by

Swift speedy time will bring new

describe how

The chances are higher if you

risk is higher if you

If you have been hit

of failure

which may cause injury

complications

only cause problems

right before or after

gotta watch
gotta watch

warning: This product

warning

YOUR FORTUNE

Clear One Patent

PLAY AGAIN!

REFUND-CUSTOMER COPY



Scott Norman Rosenthal: "The Malingerer Goes to the Movies"

*(a Dis-Ability Coming-Out poem,
for Colin Kempner, and Judith Wright)*

1.

*You're sitting there,
and it's getting harder to breathe.
It feels as if a little man, like a gnome,
has crept up the back of your seat,
and dropped a net into your head,
over your brain...*

*You glance at the woman sitting next to you,
and she isn't there...*

*You look at the screen, and it seems unreal,
like a bad film...*

*Are you in a theater at all?
Are you in a room filled with water?
ARE THERE ANY PEOPLE HERE!?*

2.

*Show's over, you're out in the parking lot,
wondering how to get home...*

(Scott Norman Rosenthal, Autumn '82)

"Electroshock, Sovereignty" *for CAPA*

Refuse of stars.
Hemmed by streets.
Seeking skies
untainted.
Mind dims.
Pain encircles.

Stay on your pedestals.
Drink your own lightning!
We are more than the ledgers
of our naming.
Louder than the silence of our living.

(Scott Norman Rosenthal, Spring, '23)

Michelle Jones: "Breathtaking"

Crunching turns to thumping
As my knock-off Converse transition—
From the steep dirt switchbacks
To the worn boards of the overlook point.
"Isn't it incredible?"
Asks a disjoint multitude of voices.
"Fantastic!"
Responds their counterpart chorus.
All voices absorbed into
The crashing water's roar.
Gripping the railing's damp wood,
I direct my eyes
Toward the wall of hazy white.
"Look! It makes little rainbows
when the sun hits the mist just right!
Breathtaking!"
They marvel,
And I trust that it is.

Fibers' gentle rasping turns to a muted
thudding
As my bare feet transition—
From the recently vacuumed carpet
To cracked, decades-old kitchen linoleum.
"Coming to dinner, hon?"
Asks my mother.
"Just washing up first!"
I respond.
Our voices melting into
The evening newscaster's sign-off.
Lifting my dripping hands from the basin,
I focus on a single drop of water
Suspended from my fingertip.
It filters the window's patches of grey
pavement and green trees
Into a weird kaleidoscope of bound temporality.
"Breathtaking..."
I marvel,
And I know that it is.

Contributors:

Cavar

Madness comprises and composes all of what I do. For the last few years, I have been exploring Madness from a craft-oriented perspective, asking what a deliberate practice/praxis of nonsense does for my work. In my view, writing with and into Madness is not merely exploring “mental health” or “mental illness,” nor providing descriptive insight into a given set of diagnoses. Mad craft is for me a celebration of play, of complexity, and of the “surreal” which is in fact real for those excluded from normative regimes of sanity and truth. These pieces aim to reflect Mad complexities [which are also trans complexities, crip complexities, queer complexities...] without reduction or translation or other “recoveries” of legible meaning.

Cheryl Caesar

I am a breast cancer survivor and in remission from neuromyelitis optica, a condition similar to multiple sclerosis. These two images are self-portraits of me doing yoga, and there is a kind of human/plant fusion going on: “lotus hands” in the first case, and a spinal twist like the curve of a tomato vine in the second. (I was doing the yoga on our deck, and the tomato plant was growing next to me.) I teach writing at MSU and enjoy making art and poetry. Last summer, I won first prize for prose in the tri-county My Secret Lansing contest.

Kasey Conklin

As a biology student who spends way too much time reading research papers, Kasey Conklin likes to spend her free moments composing poetry. She likes to explore the debilitating nature of mental illness and hopes to share the sentiment that no one is truly alone.

Paul Hedges

Paul is a recent graduate from Michigan State University who loves to write and read all things fiction. When he’s taking a break from sci-fi or fantasy, Paul spends his time making stir-fry, jamming out on guitar to the group TOOL, and exploring a newfound love of poetry.

em irvin

My work is a resonance of barriers – a rhythmic echo of boundaries that are physical or invisible, arise abruptly or are established, press with force or in whispers, are felt by many or manifest as a singular event. Traces of these encounters persist as they are inherited as embodied knowledge, passed on and shared. These traces are remembered through my iterative material investigations by indexing fingers and tongues – movement and language –as I perform and write.

Grace MacLaren

Grace MacLaren is an English Major at Michigan State University, focusing on Creative Writing and taking a cognate in Film. Currently in her junior year, Grace (a lifelong Michigan resident) plans to be an author once she graduates, and enjoys experimenting with other forms of art and expression, such as drawing and puppetry.

Grace Eaton

I am a 21-year-old artist, filmmaker, and writer based in Toronto. My collage included in this zine is about shining, a concept I formed that challenges how disability and mental illness are represented in society and art. Disability and mental illness are often represented as undesirable in our culture, especially concerning the future. Shining (in the context of disability studies) rejects this and demands the visible presence of disabled people both now and in the future, similar to a beaming light. Shining also challenges representations of disability as lacking beauty. Instead, it declares disability as so beautiful that it can be used for as a tool for activism and change. In summary, the concept of shining proudly positions disabled people as so present now and in the future that our beauty cannot be ignored. I desire a future where we all flourish.

Jessica King

Jessica King (she/they) is a first-generation, late-diagnosed AuDHD undergraduate studying creative writing, comparative world literature, human development, and health humanities at Long Beach State University. Her publications can also be found in Nota Bene Honors Anthology, Sole Image Creative Arts Journal, and RipRap Journal. Specializing in disability studies and activism, she's developed partnerships with campus programs, student clubs, nonprofit organizations, and online endeavors to advocate for communal awareness and acceptance. One of her projects includes the inaugural issue of Enabling Disabled Expressions, a multimedia anthology of disability narratives. Her activities can be followed on @TheWhiteDovePoet and her website, www.thewhitedovepoet.com

Heather Keven

Heather Nadia Keven has an extensive collection of both large earrings and treasured friends. She is homey, crafty, and ever curious about the experiences of others. Heather feels especially endearing towards her bed, bathtub, family, books, hand written letters, hiking, art museums, wildflowers, music, camping trips, fruit, and vegetables. She is known for taking too many photos. Heather currently lives in Johnson City, TN.

Michelle Jones

A lifelong resident of Sonoma County, Michelle Jones (She/They) is entering her final year in Sonoma State University's M.A. in English (Literary Criticism) program. She currently works as a Teaching Associate within the SSU English Department as well as a CRLA Certified (Level 1) Tutor for the Writing Center (part of the Learning and Academic Resource Center (LARC)) at Sonoma State. Her scholarship focusses on contemporary American literature read through a Feminist-of-Color Disability Studies lens. After completing her M.A., she plans to obtain her Ph.D. in English Literature, Interdisciplinary Humanities, or another related field. Ultimately, Michelle intends to pursue a career as a postsecondary educator, dedicating herself to the expansion of inclusivity within the academy through her scholarship, pedagogical approach, and personal experience.

Scott Norman Rosenthal

I'm a survivor of the Psychiatric system. I experience neuro-metabolic "invisible disability." The "Malingerer" was the first attempt to record the bizarre symptomatology. The poem concerning electroshock was done at the behest of an anti-psychiatric group.

Jessica Stokes

Jessica Stokes has a purple wheelchair and a lot of hair. They live in Michigan. Jessica is a disabled poet/performer/educator/scholar and co-founder of the HIVES Research Workshop on interdependent, multispecies, disability community at Michigan State University. Jessica analyzes contemporary poetry's methodologies for crip climate survival. Their poetry has appeared in *Wordgathering* and *We Are Not Your Metaphor: A Disability Poetry Anthology*. Jessica's scholarship has appeared in *The Routledge Companion to Gender and Science Fiction* and the *Feminist Review*, where recent work with collaborator Anuj Vaidya, "Resurrecting Jatayu," has been published.

Michael Stokes

Michael Stokes is a sci-fi buff who is not buff. He lives in a state of confusion. He is a PhD candidate at Michigan State University. His work focuses on mutants and how they held the door open for human variety in an era of ugly laws and censorship around bodymind diversity by reading into the thrills and possibilities presented by science fiction pulps, film, and comics between 1904 and 1964. Michael's work has been published in *The Museum of Science Fiction's Journal of Science Fiction* and *The Journal of Analogue Game Studies*.