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## You Are Always Entering Your Future

A SMALL CRUSHED GARTER SNAKE lay belly up on the warm road. A baby maybe. I was cruising downhill in my manual wheelchair on a gently winding road in upstate New York when I encountered it—my very first roadkill. I passed it, then pushed back up a few yards to investigate. Bending down from my waist, ribcage in my lap, my arms stretched out, my ears tuned to the car coming behind me, I dismissed the no no no don't touch it to yes, let's see what happened here. The squashed snake was dry but intact as I peeled it off the road. I could see the entire spine through the bluish translucent skin, flattened and spread laterally, the skin flaked like bits of mica, two dark brown ridges ran along the length of the body. A few minutes later, I was taking this snake carcass to my residency studio where I had been pulling paper and fusing embroideries on freshly made sheets, then drying them under pressure.

Indoors, long parallel marks of my wheelchair tires tracking water on the studio floor—papermaking is a very wet process—mapped my movement. Outside the studio, the wet forest had grown around and into an old cement factory; its stone walls rose from a jumble of ferns and tall wildflowers. For close to a week, flat thread snakes had emerged and started to twist and crawl around in my embroidery hoop. A topographical drawing of two feet in one image was surrounded by four blue snakes; were they moving toward the feet or away? While the feet seemed anchored to the land, the snakes were active, they were curious. Where a thread started or ended, I had pulled the needle out and let the thin cotton tails flow into and out of the stitching.

MY FIRST MEMORY of snakes comes from images. A moon calendar depicting Shiva, a serpent coiled around his neck and another one in his voluminous hair, hung in our kitchen, marked with holidays, festivals, and birthdays. Later we learned that the serpent itself was a king with a brilliant gem on his head. When Shiva uncoiled his hair, a snake

slid out along with a mighty sacred river, flowing over the land far and wide, creating fertile fields and unprecedented prosperity. The serpent king also protected the Buddha, deep in penance under a majestic peepul tree, his body open to the elements, his mind pierced with light. In other images a canopy of several hoods of cobras appeared; they sheltered gods and goddesses and graced temple arches while keeping their long bodies under supreme control. Kali, the destroyer of evil forces, was never displayed in our home. When as an adult I saw an image of her standing on Shiva's torso, her own neck garlanded with the heads of demons, I wondered if Shiva's serpent would now be free to become her guardian and companion.

Our adobe home in Ahmednagar was located next to an old circular fort, the rampart of which was black hewn stone, a moat around it was always full of vegetation and unseen animal presence. While parrots, mongooses, mosquitoes, and dragonflies were abundant in the fort, snakes and toads flourished in the dank waters around it. Children were constantly warned to stay away from the moat and its wild and teeming life, and even now, decades and continents away, when I think of someone in my old neighborhood running to their death in despair, the moat is the first place my mind presents. I still have no idea how deep it was, but in my mind, one could slip, fall, or jump into it and never be found. Occasionally, a dark rat snake or a brown viper would be found curled in a damp space in a home, a whirl of panic would blow through the rooms, the snake-man would be called to come and capture it, take it away in a small bag. Don't put it back in the moat, he would be told, before he exacted his fee. I don't believe I ever saw the snakes found in our home, I only heard about them nestled in the cool corner of a bathroom behind a bucket or under the metal bed frames where odds and ends were stored in suitcases. The stories were full of awe and danger, the pull of dread so exciting that everyone who heard the tale but did not see the snake felt cheated.

DURING THE EARLY nineteen seventies when polio was endemic in India, the country in its modern avatar had barely been formed; not even thirty years had gone by since the British ended their brutal colonial regime, leaving the region torn in two. I was seven years old and vaccinated but was suddenly sick and weak with fever, then permanently paralyzed. The virus entered my spinal cord and demolished huge chunks of it overnight. I lost function in my legs and hips, my

weakened torso muscles caused severe scoliosis, my pelvis would forever remain twisted and crooked. I was carried from home to emergency room to hospital to bathroom to examination room to X-ray to communal ward to operating room to waiting room to physical therapy to brace fabrication and fitting clinic to rehab to taxis to back home. No iron lungs and not enough wheelchairs were available at the Children's Orthopedic Hospital in Mumbai, the premier hospital in one of the largest metropolitan cities where children with polio were being treated from all over the country. Children were simply carried everywhere by parents and ward-boys around the hospital for observations and appointments. Ward-boy: a colonial remnant.

Every morning I would wait in our rental apartment for Amichand to arrive and carry me to the hospital. He was tall and lithe, warm and funny, strong and gentle, a nurse's helper and aide. My mother paid him to deliver me to the hospital so she could finish cooking and cleaning for the day while I practiced rolling around on the floor with other children, then strapped my braces on and stood in front of a set of parallel mirrors, relearning the ballet of walking and climbing a small step, then two steps. In khaki shorts and a starched white shirt, Amichand would stroll to our door, pick me up from the floor with one swoop, and we would be off. The ten minutes it took him to go down stairs, enter a busy sidewalk, and then cross a large intersection—where I saw my first traffic lights—loom in my memory. All day long Amichand and others like him carried children from one part of the hospital to another or pushed a rolling stretcher with a child or teenager in a cast around the wards. While I was almost always with an adult, many parents were not equipped to leave work and other obligations to accompany their children through the maze of treatments. In these cases, a conscientious worker was indispensable to a child's care; they were the backbone of the institution.

After several months of rehab, my mother and I took the train from Mumbai back home to Ahmednagar, where I began the process of re-entering school and society. My extended family hadn't seen me through my transformation, and there I was, either waiting to be carried or walking with crutches, falling and waiting to be lifted back up or dragging my ass across the floor. The story of my survival is almost entirely dependent on how quickly my family rallied around me. My parents, sister, aunts, uncles, cousins, neighbors had no prior experience with disability, but they stayed with the confusion and daily anxiety,

they helped each other while also helping me. I must have been a sight as I moved from room to room, my arms behind me, palms flat on the tile, feet flopped to the sides, going someplace in reverse. I learned to haul myself from floor to bed in a single motion, my active upper body and the limp lower one delineated in a single arc. I would slide from my room to the kitchen for the afternoon snack as the family walked around me, tall and perpendicular. Then someone would sit cross-legged on the floor and we would eat from the same plate. I had seen kids in the hospital master the sideways slide, lifting and levitating, then moving, but I never managed it. To clean the floor in the mornings, I constantly pulled my knees close to my hips in a concertina motion, making room for the broom to sweep through. I was always dirty, sometimes wet, sometimes muddy. At some point, I started wearing long pants, and I haven't stopped. Four years later, during a family trip to England, my uncle bought me my first wheelchair.

My wheelchair got me off the ground and helped me move with ease around the house and in the neighborhood, but I never used it to go to school, college, then university. There were steps everywhere and I walked and climbed assisted by braces—a frame built out of flat iron rods and leather straps with several buckles—wrapped around my legs and hips. On coming home from school, I removed my braces and transferred to my wheelchair, then pushed to a neighbor's home for an evening stroll. She was my closest friend and we could be together on the road, stopping and waiting for a truck to pass talking about our day. I did not use my wheelchair to go to the bazaar to buy clothes, books, stationery, snacks, a cake for a birthday. In my early twenties, I immigrated to America and only now—with the distance of more than thirty years—do I see that in those formative years, I did not associate my wheelchair with access or travel.

IN 1991, William Pope.L, a Chicago-based multidisciplinary artist, designed a performance crawl as a continuation of interventions in public spaces that he had begun in the late 1970s. In a clip on YouTube, he is seen wearing a dark wool suit, shirt, and tie and trying to hold on to a small dandelion planted in a plastic pot as he crawls on his elbows in front of Tompkins Square Park.<sup>1</sup> His bare hands are on the ground, one knee is bent while the other one waits to be dragged. He talks about putting language aside to engage in crawling as action and about wanting to keep the dandelion flower in one piece through the crawl.

Among other things, he has stated that the pieces refer to the privilege of being a vertical person and the superhuman strength necessary for survival on the street. Years later in another crawl piece called *The Great White Way: 22 miles, 9 years, 1 street*, he performed segments of the crawl moving north from the Statue of Liberty through Manhattan into the Bronx. In this work, he wears a Superman costume, heavy gardening gloves or black oven mitts in his hands, a skateboard strapped to his back, and is seen crawling in a busy street, on railway tracks, up a ramp going into a ferry. In an interview with *BOMB* magazine, Pope.L said: "I'm very familiar with not having anything. Have-not-ness permeates everything I do."<sup>2</sup>

DOES LONGING have a lineage? In the rock temple of Chennakeshava built in Karnataka during the twelfth century CE, among hundreds of sculptural forms, there is a relief sculpture of Naga and Nagini.<sup>3</sup> A male and a female with human upper bodies and a snakelike tail for the legs. They are carved in a lateral embrace, the inside arms around each other, his outside arm holding a small sword and hers a small gada. They have a similar countenance, their heads tilted to the side just so, several cobra heads form a hood of protection over each of them. While both heads and torsos face the viewer in independence, the tails are entwined, making a shape not unlike the infinity symbol. I look and look at this image on Wikimedia, trace my finger over each tail starting from a navel to its tapering end. If these ancient bodies could move, what would that look like? Would they sit with regal repose and slither with flash and speed? What would it sound like? I try to imagine the hands that made this image, the stone carver and his tools appearing and disappearing into my recollections of a dismal trip to another rock temple. The stone carver was never a woman, but isn't it possible that when he went home at the end of the day and talked to his woman, she showed him a way to convey the human-animal duality?

WHILE SOME OF US can invite the interconnectedness of animals into our lives, for many of us our dominant emotions toward most species is fear, aversion, and cruelty. In case of reptiles, their habits and habitats, their ability to survive in the harshest of conditions, their cold-bloodedness, their constant necessity to avoid humans—is admirable from a distance, yet that is where they remain—removed from

interest. While snakes were rare in our home in Ahmednagar, the common house geckos were in every room, scaling the walls in search of insects or cracks to get into, threatening to drop on the mosquito nets under which we slept. What is true is that I simply did not have much to do with animals, pets and otherwise, while growing up or later as an adult. Ants, grasshoppers, crickets, moths, snails, crows, mynas, sparrows, dogs, cats, goats, cows, and donkeys were regularly seen in our yard and our neighborhood but they remained outside the periphery of my sustained attention.

What I did do was spend a lot of time waiting. I waited in taxis, at the bottom or the top of stairs, in separate lines, and in separate rooms. I waited to be carried, to be pushed, to be examined, to be measured. I waited for doctors, for nurses, for visitors, for friends, for good grades, for degrees. After surgeries, I waited to be fed, to be washed, to be touched, to be told we could go home. Having begun the process of immigration, I waited to exit the land of my ancestors and for permission to enter another country. Then I waited years to acquire a green card, and later more years to take the oath of allegiance. Even though I never admitted it, I waited to be noticed.

It was not lost on me that the existence of a paved road that made it possible for me to be outside on a quiet afternoon in New York was also the reason for the small garter snake to be killed by a vehicle. As I looked at it day after day in my studio, I could not explain the impulse to bring it inside. I did not know its story, its trajectory. I only had this *bardo*, this intersection between the shutdown of its movement and the beginning of my curiosity. And while a kind of terminal waiting remains embedded in my psyche, even the hint of a kinship with a snake is a thing I want to follow into some unseen baffling and messy place. It means that if I attempt to move to where that kinship takes me, the movement itself may be a wellspring.

SCIENTISTS ARE STILL trying to understand how snakes move. They move on land, on forest floors, on other bodies, they swim in water, they climb trees and rocks and walls, they enter and exit holes and cracks, they move suspended in air. The undulating locomotion that we frequently associate with snakes is just one of the many ways these animals use their ribs, vertebrae, muscles, and scales to generate the motor patterns needed for movement. Timing is everything, synchronization is key. They arch, lift, wind, bend, grab, propel, contract,

stretch, creep, glide. Not knowing what they will encounter next, they change the type of undulation depending on their environment; the plasticity and diversity of their movement is unrivaled.<sup>4</sup>

Garter snakes are incredibly active and come out both during day and night. In their movement, they are swift, slippery, stealthy. They move on the ground and in the water, climb shrubs and trees to escape. They can travel to congregate during hibernation season when their bodies are tightly coiled together to maintain survival temperature.

WHAT DO I mean by human-animal duality? No, I am not talking about familial relationships with our domestic animals, although I am aware of the depth of many such bonds. No, I am not talking about spirit animals, although that kind of thinking has provided solace to many. Maybe I want to question what it is like to be human at times, animal at others. Maybe I want to talk about the intensity of being a human animal, the mind at the mercy of the body. Maybe this is a threshold into how we can begin to actualize our belonging to where we are naturally placed on the species continuum.

Still, how do we see the nonhuman in us? How do we move toward critters, animals, plants, trees, rocks, and rivers in order to understand our desires? Here, I don't simply mean sexual desire but every other kind as well: to migrate, to collect, to caretake, to decorate, to facilitate, to sing, to make kin. With fresh perspectives and few guidelines, how do we transact the world with the bodies we have? How do we learn to sharpen our senses, to hold our working parts in chorus with our injured ones, to give ourselves permission to be animal in ways accessible to us? When I think of wildness, I think of heat, of flow, of high up, of deep down, of mutation, of unknowability, of a certain kind of transcendence. How do we remain eager to define wildness to include a network of thinking and being, a multispecies approach rather than a singular expedition?

CAPITOL CRAWL IS one of the more memorable protests in the fight for equality and the passing of the Americans with Disabilities Act (ADA). On March 12, 1990, after marching from the White House to the US Capitol, several disabled protestors left their wheelchairs and other mobility aids at the bottom and started crawling up the eighty-three steps to the entrance of the building.<sup>5</sup> Once they assembled at the top, they demanded to meet with the Speaker of the House to

inquire why the legislation was stalled. This demonstration of the insurmountability of architectural barriers was a symbol for a mountain of discrimination disabled Americans faced in their day-to-day lives. Photographs from this day have made it to disability history seminars and books, to film, to stories of direct action.

The youngest person to crawl up the steps that day was eight-year-old Jennifer Keelan-Chaffins, a cerebral palsy survivor. In photographs, she wears blue jeans, a light blue T-shirt, and a bandana on her head. She climbs on all fours, photographed when she first begins and then later as she persists. The video of her crawl from the day of the protest is electric—she is climbing on her knees and elbows, dragging, at times almost leaping as she crawls—she is fast and determined.<sup>6</sup> Surrounded by people who are watching and holding microphones, she asks for water because it's a hot day and it's a long way up. An adult Keelan-Chaffins was interviewed for part of the video. She tells us that she wanted to be part of the protest not just for herself and her generation but for her friend Kenny Perkins, who had died earlier that year. Nobody was going to stop me, she says. The video was produced in 2020 to coincide with the publication of the children's book *All the Way to the Top: How One Girl's Fight for Americans with Disabilities Changed Everything* by Annette Bay Pimentel. In a foreword to the book, Keelan-Chaffins writes: "As one of the few young children who got to be closely involved in the disability rights movement, I recognized that I had a very important responsibility placed upon me."<sup>7</sup>

In 1989, when I moved to the United States as a graduate student, the ADA legislation was long overdue. My uncle was an orthopedic surgeon in California, and he was aware of the possible merging of various localized disability rights legislations into a comprehensive federal law. His enthusiasm convinced me to take the leap of immigration on my own. Now, as I study the history that makes my independence feasible, I wonder how many in the House of Representatives on Capitol Crawl day thought that the crawl was undignified and shameful and could not bring themselves to witness it, as opposed to how many truly believed in equity for their fellow citizens. I wish I had been there.

I had never considered crawling as a form of protest. As I grew into adulthood, I dragged my body on the ground less and less, and then only in front of family. Somehow I understood that it made others uncomfortable and me the center of unwanted attention. We were middle-class and had access to information about disability aids, had the means to



buy them. My father devoted himself to the idea that I would have a life outside the home by making sure my braces and my wheelchair stayed mechanically tuned. He built a hand-operated rickshaw for me to drive to college, then taught me how to drive it. Sometimes on that drive I would see a young paralyzed man sitting on a rudimentary skateboard moving along the side of the road with slippers on his hands. In my mind, he was there with all the other poor, struggling to get by, and I was protected from the hardships of that effort. Out of the few other disabled people I casually knew through my time in the hospital, none had a wheelchair. We were isolated from each other, there was no community, the impetus for protest had not yet made it to us.

PEOPLE WITH DISABILITIES have long struggled to be recognized as fully human and to be seen as beings with all the intricacies, the tensions, and the joys that permeate human existence. Most, if not all stories of disability are ultimately about this struggle. It is about how our stories are woven with how we insist on our humanity, given that for many of us, we are regarded as subhuman, crude, burden, special, ugly, inconvenient, abnormal, unnatural. Loaded with condescension and othering, these terms serve to put us in categories where most things we do can be considered either inspiring or strange. They also serve to separate us from the organic nonhuman around us, which is steeped in its own astounding glory, its sensuality, its specificity.

Nagini, with her half-human half-serpent body, pulls us away from fixed notions of gender, away from borders, away from a specific idea of mobility, and places us in a confusing yet expansive space of desire and design. I am trying to imagine that world where hybrid combinations of gods, monsters, animals, trees, creepers, and humans provide a way to invite mysterious and unrecognizable forms into discussion and debate. I am beginning to locate my longings in animacy, in the subversive joys of turning toward ancient bodies of knowing, in the practice of movement that is both feral and ambiguous.

WHEN I FOUND the dead garter snake on the road, I was away from familiar surroundings for the first time in decades, at Women's Studio Workshop, a residency for artists. It was a time to immerse myself in the making of paper from pulp, to develop new skills in a well-equipped studio, to take the time to slow down and think and experiment. My wheelchair makes it possible for me to embark on these

adventures and it also makes everything new fraught with constant adjustment. I had not been thinking of crawling per se, but I remember being consumed by the amount of movement I wanted to fill my days with. I wanted to go everywhere, especially up the mountain and into the dense forest outside my window. Then there was the studio and all the papermaking equipment to grapple with, beautiful and worn and new to me. There was the living space with a shared kitchen and new people and friendships and expectations. There was the asking of help every day, each time revealing a thing I couldn't do on my own and thus needed to expand my circle of who might assist me, which made me think about what I might offer in return.



*Disembodied spine, 2018*

COTTON EMBROIDERY FUSED ON HANDMADE ABACA PAPER  
12 x 12 INCHES.

*Courtesy of the artist.*

An embroidery of a black, two-headed snake rising behind a tan brown pelvic bone, with red plantlike branching out from behind them. Set against a lighter tan background.

But something had shifted before the crushed snake made an appearance. After fretting over different ideas about how to incorporate the embroidery onto the paper, a serpentine form had emerged abruptly. The crisscross of the herringbone stitch with its back and forth, the thread slowly filling up a shape, was ideal for the substrate I was using. This material would then be fused on top of wet hand-made paper sheets, thus making the embroidery float on the paper. I embroidered two disjointed eyes, then filled the space in between with intersecting circular forms. Thread snakes floating on cotton pulp continued to appear in various colors and dimensions, along with rocks and plants, disembodied human hands, feet, and bones. In one image two black hands were tied together with a green snake, while in another, a two-headed black thread snake formed a curved spine attached to a pelvis with blood vessels growing out of it like a delicate red plant.

Though profusions of plants and animals in various modes of connections had appeared in my work before, the snake provided me with what Jenny Odell, in her book *How to Do Nothing: Resisting the Attention Economy*, calls a kind of “attentional prosthesis.” If the wildness of this limbless creature could enter me, I wanted to open myself to it. Odell writes: “When the pattern of your attention has changed, you render your reality differently. You begin to move and act in a different kind of world.”<sup>8</sup>

A year after my residency, I found my old X-rays—hard pieces of plastic rectangles printed with translucent images of my bowed spinal column—and began to view them as a surface for embroidery. I used colorful glass beads to create relief embroideries of neurons, viruses, and synapses on top of the X-ray. If the interlocking vertebrae form a long snake animating my body, an embroidered motor neuron with its branchlike dendrites and snake-shaped axon would be a character with its own velocity. On another X-ray, a motor neuron disintegrates as a virus inside it multiplies and pushes toward the cell walls. I mourned the many I had lost to that invasion. A bright green and pink synapse looks like a flowering plant; its symmetry balances the uneven bends of my body. In trying to juxtapose the science of disease and the shape of loss, I want to dissolve the purpose of the X-ray and extend the story of disability beyond the human body. In claiming nature, I want it to claim me.

IF I EVER wanted a different body, I don't remember it. If I ever burned with a desire to walk on fresh grass or warm sand or into a shallow puddle of the first rain, I haven't paid much attention to it. I may nod in agreement about the pleasures and the dangers of hiking the short hill at the edge of my city, but some days I have ways of leaving those practical conversations and entering dream spaces where the hills and the valleys and the trees and the rivers swirl around me and carry me from peak to rock to cloud to cave. I live near an ocean and I can roll along the estuary but every so often I can arrange my life to fabricate an imaginary underwater participation with the kelp and the shark, the wave and its rush. Being in big nature is sometimes available to me in tiny doses, and even those are legislated, the threat of being denied always present, always probable.

What does a dream space look like and what is the reliability of sensory experience? Often when we are being profoundly affected by natural spaces or nonhuman abilities, we think: is this a dream? In dreams, obstacles can simply disappear. In dreams, embodiment can take indescribable forms and memories of conscious experience can merge with myth and perspective. In dreams, what is subterranean can rise and appear logical and palpable.

If Nagini could detach herself from the rock and uncouple herself from her beloved, how would she move in my garden? When the early morning pulls at her, she slips out the back door and slides onto the flagstone, tail scraping and palms bracing. She sits on the ground, takes a moment to survey the damp earth and the pale sky above, breathes in the cool fragrant air. There is no denying the mad burst of white daisies edging the porch or the purple flare of the basil, brimming and streaming. Soon she darts between the trees and coils under the bushes. She climbs into the barrels and slithers under the roof. There is a crawl space for her. There, around the lavender, is a loop for her to twist around and burrow in. She falls into the deep embrace of the old pomegranate tree and feasts on the crimson blooms. Writhing against the trunk and then the mulch, she moves slowly, deliberately. She clings and curls the old metal spinner and stays for a while in a shadowed corner, marveling at her neural control. Muscles and ligaments coordinate to propel her up and down and forward as she seeks the large mallow near the spiky bulbine. She is porous, she is plural. She glides from one end of the garden to the other, the length of her body brushing, accepting, collecting.

DURING MY RESIDENCY, I wheeled along the edge of the Joppenbergh mountain via the Wallkill Valley Rail Trail, a section of which was right outside the studio buildings. Initially I had some trouble rolling on the gravel, but eventually I was able to push more than a mile from the studio to the Rosendale trestle one hundred fifty feet above Rondout Creek. A postcard-perfect view of the valley awaited me at the trestle; I could see the two-lane highway going into town, the bridge across the creek over which a friend would drive me a few days later. Along the way, I was in proximity to scores of trees I had never seen before. There were maples, oaks, aspen, beech, birch, hickory, eastern cedar, among many others, all of them lush after a long summer. If I looked up at the interlacing of thousands of branches laden with broad leaves, down at the mushrooms and the moss, ahead to the trail bend, I could forget the road on the other side. Then one day the heavy rains came, the trail got muddy, I took to pushing on the road, and found my snake.

## NOTES

<sup>1</sup>Museum of Modern Art, “Pope.L American, born 1955,” Museum of Modern Art, 17 January 2020. (Online.) Available: <https://www.moma.org/artists/37145?locale=en>. (Accessed 9 August 2020.)

<sup>2</sup>Wilson, Martha. “William Pope.L Interview,” *BOMB Magazine*, no. 55, 1 April 1996.

<sup>3</sup>Wikimedia Commons, File:Naga et Nagini (Temple de Chennakeshava à Belur, Inde) (14319408898).jpg, 9 December 2014. (Online.) Available: [https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Naga\\_et\\_Nagini\\_\(Temple\\_de\\_Chennakeshava\\_%C3%A0\\_Belur,\\_Inde\)\\_14319408898.jpg](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Naga_et_Nagini_(Temple_de_Chennakeshava_%C3%A0_Belur,_Inde)_14319408898.jpg). (Accessed 17 August 2020.)

<sup>4</sup>Jayne, Bruce C., “What Defines Different Modes of Snake Locomotion?,” *Integrative and Comparative Biology*, Vol. 60, No. 1 (July 2020): 156–170.

<sup>5</sup>Eaton, William J., “Disabled Persons Rally, Crawl Up Capitol Steps,” *Los Angeles Times*, 13 March 1990.

<sup>6</sup>Mugrabi, Sunshine. “How an Eight-Year-Old Girl Made Disability History: A Conversation with Activist Jennifer Keelan-Chaffins and Children’s Book Author Annette Bay Pimentel,” 23 July 2020. (Online.) <https://www.dsausa.org/democratic-left/how-an-eight-year-old-girl-made-disability-history-a-conversation-with-activist-jennifer-keelan-chaffins-and-childrens-book-author-annette-bay-pimentel/>. (Accessed 10 August 2021.)

<sup>7</sup>Pimentel, Annette Bay. *All the Way to the Top* (Naperville, Illinois: Sourcebooks Explore, 2020).

<sup>8</sup>Odell, Jenny. *How to Do Nothing: Resisting the Attention Economy*, 1st Edition ed. (Brooklyn: Melville House, 2019), pp. 122.