

# The Ableism of Networks

Some days I cannot string a sentence together, I cannot put one word after another. People encounter me on these days. I try to speak, I struggle, I fail. Some days I head out to an event, a talk, an opening, something. I get half way or even reach the door then turn back. The anxiety of being there is too much. I try to go, I struggle, I fail.

It's not the people, it's the dynamic of the situation that holds me back. The art world is full of these dynamics. They form the economy of its circuits. For those of us who cannot plug in, whose own circuitry follows a different design, these dynamics are disabling. The ability to be part of the art world requires the ability to perform and be present in its networks. To capture and exploit their flows. The networks are not neutral. They are governed by tacit protocols that select, filter and exclude. Those who know how to play the protocols will flourish, those who don't, those who cannot even read them or who struggle to perform them, are placed in permanent error.

Failure is our connection. Double-empathy our protocol. Spoon the network.

# Recovery Time is Labour Time

Everyone gets tired from working. Everyone needs time to recover.

We crip, neurodivergent, mad, spoonie people need longer, much longer. The total time consumed by labour, the time it takes to do the job plus the time it takes to recover, is far greater for us than our able-bodied, neurotypical, sane, non-spoonie fellow workers. As a result, the wages you pay us give back far less than they take away.

You have always paid us crips badly, but even when you think you are paying us the same you pay us less.

Do we demand a fair day's wage for a fair day's recovery?

That would be a start but, fuck, no, more than that, we demand an end to the conditions that enforce the endless cycle of exhaustion and recovery upon us.

We demand the life you take away from us.