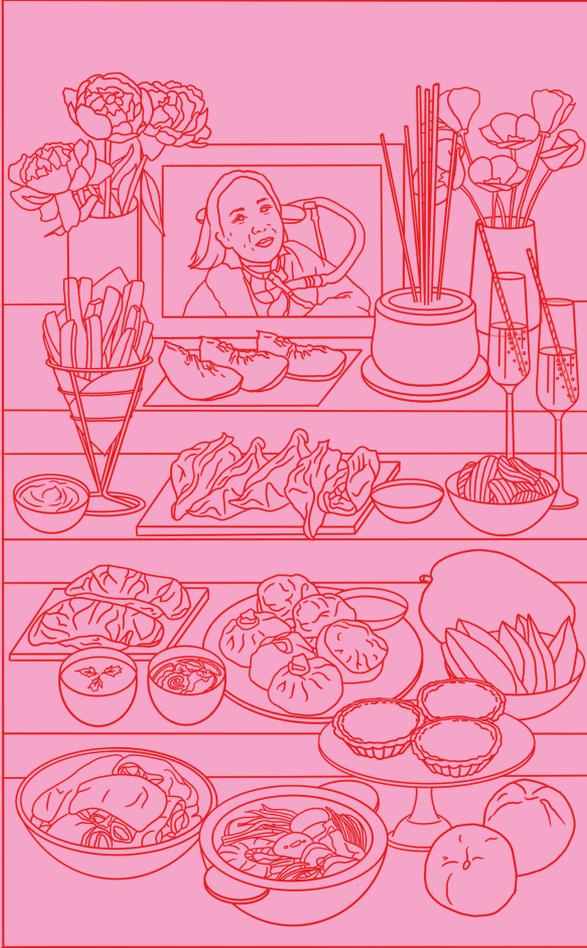


Alice Wong (1974-2025) Celebration of Life

The Asian Art Museum of SF on March 25th, 2026



Text in red on pink background reads: Alice Wong (1974-2025) Celebration of Life. The Asian Art Museum of SF on March 25th, 2026. Red line drawing of a Chinese ancestral altar. There are peonies in a vase, a portrait of Alice Wong, incense, and a vase of poppies. Decadent tiers of food are in front of Alice's portrait: peach slices, basket of fries, dumplings, champagne glasses, potato chips, o-toro nigiri, assortment of bao, fruit baskets, dan tat, soon dubu jjigae with seafood, chawanmushi, and tangerines. Artwork by Felicia Liang.

“For the disabled oracles out of time; I join you in the chorus of our wisdom.”



A square frame containing Alice Wong’s Chinese name, 王美華, written in seal script, an ancient style of writing Chinese characters. On top of the square frame are line drawings of Alice’s cats Bert and Ernie. Bert is in purple, with her head tilted curiously to the side, and Ernie is in orange on his back, with paws up. Artwork by Felicia Liang.



Program of Speakers & Select Remarks



The upper corners of this page have line drawings of a bundle of orange California poppies. At the bottom center are Felicia Liang's illustrations of Alice's cats Bert in purple, and Ernie in orange.

Opening Blessing
Rabbi Elliot Kukla,
facilitator

Lateef McLeod

Maddy Ruvolo

Speakers
Emily Wong +
Grace Wong

s.e. smith

Emily Beitiks

Ellen Wu

Charlie McCone

Steve Kaye

Abby Yim

Yosmay del Mazo

Sandy Ho

Geraldine Ah-Sue

Closing Blessing
Rabbi Elliot Kukla,
facilitator

Yomi Young

Eli Gelardin

A Message From
Alice Wong

Image description guidance for this section:
Following this page, remarks are in black text. At the end of each one are alternating illustrations of purple Bert and orange Ernie to indicate a space break before the next speaker's remarks. Not all speaker remarks are included.



Opening Blessing from Rabbi Elliot Kukla:

“Death remains my intimate shadow partner. It has been with me since birth, always hovering close by. I understand one day we will finally waltz together into the ether. I hope when that time comes, I die with the satisfaction of a life well-lived, unapologetic, joyful, and full of love.”

-Alice Wong, from an essay in honor of her 50th birthday in Time Magazine, March 27, 2024

We light a candle to celebrate the brilliant, fierce warmth of Alice’s spirit.

We take a moment in silence to remember how she embraced death as her shadow partner and lived so fully and lovingly until the end.

Alice is love!



Remarks from Ellen Wu:

It is truly marvelous to see so many characters from the Alice Wong Cinematic Universe gathered together today to honor our dearest Alice!

How many of you listen to National Public Radio (NPR)? If you tune in regularly, you know that NPR occasionally runs a StoryCorps segment that features pairings of ordinary Americans (usually close family members or friends) sitting down for heart-to-heart conversations about life. The conversations are intimate and emotional, and every time I listen I always end up crying.

Alice invited me to interview *her* for StoryCorps back in June 2015 as part of the launch of her signature brainchild the Disability Visibility Project. I was psyched! As I prepared my interview questions for her, I imagined that our exchange would culminate in an emotional catharsis where we would end up bawling in each other’s arms, a real StoryCorps home run.

The 40-minute session inside the recording booth flew by as we sprinted down memory lane. The thing is: Alice and I have never not known each other, so we had a lot of ground to cover. Our mothers gave birth to us just three weeks apart in the Year of the Tiger back in 1974: notably, the same year that also brought Hello Kitty into the world. Our families were part of a tiny, tightknit immigrant community in Indianapolis orbiting the lone Chinese church. Our upbringings were entirely ordinary for the suburban Midwest in the 1970s and 80s (brick ranch homes, swim lessons, sleepovers, trips to the public library) yet also somewhat askew. We shared a misfit sensibility and appreciation for all-things quirky and weird, and also the intuition that the world held grander possibilities for our cosmopolitan aspirations—yearning and curiosities that fed what Alice described as “our mutual creative dynamic” as two Gen X bossy big sisters.

From the very start, Alice always remained on-brand: consistently offering companionship, ingenuity, and adventure with impeccable instincts and razor-sharp humor. When I established my own lending library during elementary school—which in retrospect was probably an elaborate racket to extort overdue fines—Alice gamely became a steady patron and checked out many books. During hangouts and sleepovers, we logged countless hours watching TV (SNL) and movies (Heathers!) and playing endless rounds of euchre. We plotted themed gatherings with arbitrary rules, such as the high tea where guests had to wear their Sunday best and bring a stuffed animal companion and the progressive dinner with our Chinese church youth group where everyone was forced to adhere to a strict black-and-white dress code. We organized outings with purpose, such as the field trip she orchestrated with our siblings and her parents to the Art Institute of Chicago to see an awesome Claude Monet exhibit—the first time my brother Simon and me visited a serious art museum.

Alice demonstrated her many talents early on as master curator, influencer, tastemaker. Even before the internet and social media, somehow she just *knew* about stuff and had this Spidey-sense of what others might enjoy. Alice was my concierge and fellow arts and culture fangirl—

whether high, middlebrow, or low. As 1980s mallrats, we would scour the shops of Glendale and Castleton Square for rare stickers and Sanrio products. Birthday gifts from her were bespoke offerings reflecting her passions for literature, music, and fashion—must-read titles (Toni Morrison’s *Beloved*, Tony Kushner’s *Angels in America*, Art Spiegelman’s *Maus*); various CDs and mixtapes introducing me to artists ranging from the Beatles and Billy Joel to the Sugarcubes and Robyn Hitchcock and the Egyptians; a striped Esprit button-down that became a prized addition to my wardrobe. As many of us here know well, Alice was the queen of giving presents *just because*, and she spoiled me well into adulthood. During the pandemic, a succession of treats arrived in my family’s mailbox: a potted succulent, tins of quality matcha and hojicha, jars of salsa from the Mission, letters and cards on colorful stationery for my kids Paolo and Augie on Halloween, Christmas, and Lunar New Year and the long and lonely weeks in-between. Her careful attention to detail made the everyday into the extraordinary through these loving gestures.

After we finished our StoryCorps session, I wondered to myself if maybe I had fallen short as an interviewer. While I did ask her about some heavy questions about living with a disability and her mortality, we didn’t actually break down sobbing uncontrollably. I don’t think she even shed a tear!

But reflecting back, I appreciate our conversation even more for what it did capture—the day-to-day, bite-sized moments that accrued over many decades adding up to lifelong friendship.

One of my favorite pieces of wisdom from Alice is “Good shit takes time.” To me, one of Alice’s biggest legacies is modeling what it means to invest in and build relationships of substance—especially since we live in such a transactional world.

“Good shit takes time” means making an intentional effort, showing up for the little things, and sharing experiences over the long haul. Alice taught us to invest in one another, because relationships serve as transformative infrastructure.

Today's celebration life for our dear Alice is one glorious, joyful example of the fruits of steady investment in meaningful relationships –an abundance beyond what we could even dream we started out together as two baby tigers 52 years ago.

Thank you Alice, 小華, for being my friend. What we had together was truly good shit, “好難得” (hǎo nándé/rare or hard to come by), an invaluable treasure, “好捨不得你 (hǎo shěbudé nǐ). I miss you and I love you.



Remarks from Steve Kaye:

Alice Wong moved here in 1997 to begin graduate school in the sociology program at the University of California San Francisco. Given the force of nature she later became, it's strange to recall a different Alice. Of course she was sharp as a tack. But she didn't burst upon the scene as the fully formed Alice of her 40s and beyond. On first meeting her, I remember the scared look on her face when Mitch and I walked her home down one of San Francisco famous hills. She was quiet, unassuming, probably not the one student that everyone talked about. Either she hadn't yet turned on her famous snarkiness, or I wasn't privy to it. She was nothing but professional. It was many years later before I learned that she was really funny.

She didn't make a splash right away, but she made a splash. Several splashes, each one bigger than the one before. At UCSF, she fought hard for meat-and-potato issues like improved campus accessibility, a wheelchair-accessible Muni platform adjacent to the campus, teaching medical students that everything they thought they knew about disability was wrong. I remember a video in which she said, “I'm a pretty happy person!” How revolutionary it was back then for a visibly disabled person to say such a thing in a healthcare setting.

We had a research center, where, among other things, we studied the impact of the Americans with Disabilities Act and the Olmstead decision on disabled people.

We enlisted Alice to join our team, and she worked with us for about 18 years, well beyond her student days. She was an excellent qualitative researcher. I can see those skills when I read her anthologies and consider how thoughtfully she organized the material into less-than-obvious categories.

Alice founded the Disability Visibility Project, and soon her reach grew far beyond the confines of a UCSF research position. By then I'd become her boss, and I dreaded the day she'd call me to say she was done. But I knew it was the right thing for her, and for our movement. And she and I gradually made the transition from colleagues to friends.

In 2023, Alice entrusted me with a secret errand. Her parents had moved to San Francisco soon after Alice did; the three of them lived together, and it worked. But after a time, Alice needed to spread her wings. Knowing that her parents would be upset, she didn't tell them she was looking. Instead of going herself, she sent me to see a promising apartment. I gave her an enthusiastic report and sent her a video, and I made a point of telling the agent what a big deal she was. I'm sure you'll be hearing about that apartment from other speakers. Alice blossomed there, and it was incredible to see. She finally took the advice she'd given to so many others in our community to live life to the fullest. Maybe it didn't last all that long, but this is what I cling to: In her final years, she got to live the life she'd always dreamed of.



Remarks from Yosmay del Mazo:

I never left Alice's without a Tupperware of leftovers. She even conspired once to stuff an entire box of cereal and several ripe oranges into my bag. This was how Alice hosted her community – full plate, full heart.

Alice rolled hard for her people. We hung out, talked shit, dreamed into projects, shared about our families. Alice made me laugh a lot. Her comedic timing got even more epic when I had to wait for her speech assisted punch line.

One of Alice's magics was her clarity of voice and her strength in building community. This is how I first met Alice, as an audio producer with StoryCorps. She wanted to record stories for the 25th anniversary of the ADA. She took the oral history project at its word that they were accessible, knowing she was about to power chair blaze through the polite ignorance of a progressive institution. Five years and over a hundred interviews later, Alice built an incredibly dynamic and complex archive of disabilities stories and an online community.

This was the beginning of the Disability Visibility Project and my lifelong friendship with Alice. I spent hours in a recording booth with Alice, listening to her brilliant questions, bold jokes, sci fi leanings, and call ins of disability wisdom and history. In facilitating those interviews, I learned through paying attention, making mistakes, getting creative, breaking rules, and hearing about the joys and creativity of disability community. At the end of so many of those early interviews, the interviewee hoped to reach even just one person with a disability who needed to know they were not alone, that a community was awaiting them. Little did they know that this person was me, just on the other end of the headphones. I came to understand my experience not as an isolated struggle with personal illness but as part of a rich and vivid disability culture and history. Alice was the spark.

In the years since, she sent me a copy of every book she wrote. It was her very Alice way of saying many things at once – can you believe this? Are you proud of me? Get on it with your own book already! She was always hyping me. Alice had a loving and insistent way of pushing me to believe in myself. Alice created because she believed in stories, community, and taking action.

Alice loved a damn good party and cheeky fun and glorious fashion. She sent me cards and packages when my father was dying. I sent her texts and little comforts when she was healing or needing rest. When I got married, there were long texts about the suit and pocket square to match. Alice found the perfect one and it arrived gift wrapped at my door.

That's how she loved her people - an invitation to come sit, share brilliance, cook a meal, laugh, and plan the revolution. Alice wanted to be in it with me. She wanted me to be in it with her.

This is part of Alice's legacy that I hold close – loving with fullness and being bold. Where I hesitate, Alice would put on a red lip and designer pants and roll herself into the spotlight. Where I'm timid, Alice would call folks in and create something over dinner. So in honor of Alice and the DVP, let's build a mic where there isn't one, pass the mic to those who are silenced, drop the mic with knowledge, truth, and humor.... and always send our people home with tupperware.



Remarks from Geraldine Ah-Sue:

I was thinking about Alice as a disabled oracle. I'm in awe of just how much time she held, all at once.

Alice was like no other. Snarky and kind, prickly and generous, loving and angry. She was a whole universe, and it was a privilege to be in it.

I met Alice in 2013, when I was working at a national oral history project that archived stories in the Library of Congress and had a weekly broadcast on NPR. This was the start of the DVP.

After recording over 300 stories for the DVP archive, we were angling on how to get one on the radio. But we were constantly told "no."

Producers would tell us, "We don't want to air anything that will make our listeners uncomfortable." Read: we assume all our listeners are able-bodied.

They said, "It should be easy on the ear. The voices should sound 'natural.'" Read: no slurring, stuttering, spitting. No speech generating devices.

Don't make our [able-bodied] listeners "try too hard."
They wanted "diversity," but not to the point that it might
create actual change.

I watched as they kept their gates locked. They didn't want
to give Alice a platform. But you know what she did?
She built her own.

She made a platform bigger and better than any of them
could have ever "allowed" her. She made a powerful and
resonant space filled with stories from the disabled
community that delved into disability at the cross section of
every aspect of life - from political organizing to bodily
autonomy, from family planning to making art, and more.
She reached so many people.

She became a cultural icon. And the same cultural
gatekeepers that shut her out, now wanted to claim her as
their own ... And you know what she did?

She leveraged the shit out of them.

Alice was a strategic mastermind. And she was ruthless
when it came to love. Love for her community. Love for her
people. Love for the future and what it could be.
Alice was so many things all at once. Gloriously human,
fabulously cyborg, and wondrously magical. These days, I
like to think of Alice as a spectrum of infinite light that
reaches in all directions and connects every single one of
us through time and space. She touches on something
inside of me that is quiet and urgent. Hopeful and exciting.
And she tells me not to wait. Rest. But do. Fight. But be.
For possibility exists at the crossroads of time, where she
has always been. Waiting for us.



Remarks from Eli Gelardin:

I want to acknowledge that Alice is so many things to all of us. She truly embodies the Disability Visibility Collective Quilt, enveloping the community with so many brilliant and beautiful intersecting identities.

My patch of the quilt is woven from friendship, family, love, grief, and advocacy over a quarter of a century.

We met in the early 2000s in disability rights circles in the Bay Area, two policy nerds drawn to the same questions about independence, long-term care, and systems change. She was working as a researcher at UCSF's community living policy center; I was just beginning to lead Marin CIL.

We spent hours talking about Medicaid waivers and community-based services. Not typical bonding material. Somewhere along the way those conversations evolved into a lifelong friendship. She became my chosen big sister.

I had the privilege of a front-row seat to her brilliance; watching her grow into what so many of us recognize as our modern-day Disability Oracle. I can still picture the early day twinkling in her eye when she shared her audacious ideas, storytelling, podcasting, writing, culture change. She executed all of them.

Alice understood her power. She knew that narrative is power. That visibility is power. That proximity to decision-makers is power. And she used it for good; including fostering meaningful connections with civic leaders like my colleagues Supervisor Bilal Mahmood and DAS Executive Director Kelly Dearman, who are with us today.

She believed disabled and neurodiverse leadership belonged in all spaces including inside government; and demanded that it be listened to. Not just tolerated.

Fourteen years ago, Christina and I chose to start a family; a proud disabled family. Our daughter, Livy was disabled like her parents, but her disabilities were more complex and required significant support from the beginning. We navigated a healthcare system steeped in ableism.

At times, our parenting was questioned because we were disabled. I carried a load of internalized ableism as well—was I enough to be her dad?

Alice immediately understood what we were up against. Our battle with ableism and internalized ableism. She affirmed our decisions. She celebrated Livy fully. She lifted our family at every opportunity. One of those ways was encouraging us to share our story at the StoryCorps booth SF Public Library during the early days of the Disability Visibility Project.

Alice was also beginning to lose her voice and our daughter, Livy was nonverbal. Yet there was an extraordinary bond between them. Livy would balance herself upright against Alice's wheelchair and lock eyes with her. Alice would respond with air kisses, playful eyelash batting, and quiet laughter. They never needed words.

Nine years ago, we lost Livy suddenly and unexpectedly.

Grief is messy. It is not linear. It catches us off guard. It is relentless. When you lose a child, the self-doubt is raw and tormenting. The pride I once felt as a disabled parent began to waver.

In those early days, Alice, along with her family, embraced and nurtured us. They checked in constantly. They fed us. They helped us rebuild. That love stays with me, along with the orchids still blooming today.

Alice was equally intentional about being there for our son, Sage, playing with him, cracking jokes, showering him with gifts, spurring his curiosity, making sure joy remained part of our lives.

When I came to work for the city as the Director of the Office on Disability last year, she wasted no time. She sent me an email that began, "I was wondering if this is possible it's a bit audacious but is it possible to name the plaza after me?" She was talking about Hallidie Plaza.

She imagined it as a place that could “share information about disability rights and advocacy,” a space for disabled artists to perform, a Disability Visibility Book Machine stocked with books by disabled writers, and a digital billboard that would “expose the public to our culture and history.”

That was Alice.

She wanted to see the disability identity in our city not just accessibility— visible in our public spaces, reflected in our civic landscape, embedded in everyday life. Not hidden. Not symbolic. Present.

She reminded me constantly: comfort is not the goal. Justice is. Disability Visibility.

Last July, San Francisco opened the Disability Cultural Center, the Kelsey Civic Center, marked the 35th anniversary of the ADA, secured funding to address accessibility at Hallidie Plaza as well as advanced other significant capital projects, and commended Alice alongside other disability rights leaders and ancestors. It felt like the beginning of something larger. A commitment to begin embedding disability culture and identity into the fabric of this City at a moment when it was needed most.

Alice has been a central catalyst for that change in this city. My big sister was proud.

Bobby, Henry, Emily, and Grace. We love you. Disabled family. We love you.

One thing I've learned in my grief is the importance of centering — of holding a visual in my mind that brings peace when everything feels overwhelming and I've added a new one.

Livy balancing against Aunty Alice's wheelchair. The sun is shining on them. Locking eyes. Air kisses. Eyelash batting. Disabled joy.

I encourage you to find your image.

And as for Hallidie Plaza? I don't know, Alice. I suppose anything is possible. Because I learned long ago to never doubt your magic.



A Poem by Lateef McLeod:

To Alice

My friend,
what can I say about you,
that has not already been said?
About the phenomenal writer that you are.
Writing books and publications,
that will stand the test of time.

You had so much light,
and you shown it on us.
You let the world see,
all our crip magic,
all our crip brilliance,
all our crip selves,
unabashedly,
unashamedly,
unapologetically,
for everyone to delight in.

My friend,
you were so remarkable,
that you could meet President Obama one moment,
and then snuggle with your cats, Bert and Ernie, the next.
You could win the MacArthur Fellowship one moment,
and then just be chilling with your homies for a dinner party
the next.

You were so famous you were royalty,
Everyone wanted to know and be friends with you.
You were so cool though,
that you chose friends with good hearts,
those who have compassion
and a will to fight for justice.
I am just so honored and overjoyed
to be counted among them.

My friend,
I just want to say that I miss and love you.
I miss our text thread,
where we talked about
the performance of the Golden State Warriors
and how bad we both wanted to meet Stephen Curry.

You were like the big sister I never had.
Someone that I look up to,
a disabled writer with political conviction
that I could a way emulate from.
Through your writing,
you made us visible,
you made us human,
I will honor your legacy in my writing,
and continue telling our crip stories to everyone.



Remarks from Maddy Ruvolo:

Hi, I'm Maddy Ruvolo, friend of Alice. Like many of you, I first met Alice online. After I moved to the Bay Area in 2014, Alice invited me to meet up at the Ferry Building, where she welcomed me into the local disability community.

Alice was a dazzling friend. She sent cards and care packages and excellent gossip. While she was always an enthusiastic host, the last few years of her life really saw the full power of Alice the social butterfly and community convener. She was building a better world in real time through the power of good food and thoughtfully curated guest lists. From her Year of the Tiger celebrations to her

50th birthday parties (parties, plural—because of course she had to have a spa day with a fancy resort dinner where we met an owl AND a huge banquet AND her family gathering) to the many, many parties, teas, and movie nights she held at the beautiful loft she shared with her cats, Bert and Ernie, Alice was determined to have the best possible time with the people she loved. And her community was ever-expanding. One of the last conversations I had with Alice was about planning for our third annual Hanukkah party. The invite list was ballooning, and we were talking through the logistics of hosting so many people. But that's fun, we said, it'll just be a big party.

Alice was a gleeful co-conspirator. She loved being in cahoots. She loved talking shit. She was so nosy. She was the only person who could be charming while asking when you were going to have kids already.

And of course, she had some bougie tastes. Who can blame her, she wanted to experience the finer things in life. But she might, for example, give you some delicious tea that would make you realize all of the other tea you'd been drinking was garbage, and then it was hard to go back. Or you'd take her to her first baseball game because she thought Shohei Ohtani was hot (again, who can blame her) and he'd hit a homerun and you'd have an amazing time and the following year she'd ask you to tag along to another game she'd been invited to, except this time you're in a suite. I had been going to baseball games for 25 years and had never been in a suite and of course that's where we ended up for Alice's second game ever.

But that was the thing with Alice: there was magic all around. Much of it she created, and some of it came about because of who she was. A few weeks before she passed, we went to the San Francisco Zoo to meet their koala. Our friend Lisa read Alice's bucket list in Year of the Tiger and thought she could make the koala meet happen, and of course because it was Alice the zoo was eager to oblige. Alice was totally enamored with the koala and was delighted to pet her soft, wooly fur. In true Alice fashion, she had many questions—about the koala's habits, her environment, her connection to other animals. Her name, we learned, was Stacey, which felt like a wink from our

friend, the late, great Stacey Park Milbern.

Of course, Alice wasn't just a friend to me, or to the folks in this room, but to communities working toward liberation all across the world. Many people bow to external pressure and social niceties as they gain increased public recognition, but Alice followed her moral compass and only got more fearless. "In times of crisis," she wrote, "writers, like all artists, have a responsibility to speak truth to power—to say the unsaid, to think the unthinkable, to question narratives that frame what is considered the truth. Disabled liberation is intertwined with the liberation of all people." Alice spoke out against the genocide in Gaza, using high profile moments like her MacArthur Award acceptance to draw attention to the Palestinian struggle and our collective responsibility to act. When others in the disability community remained silent or made cowardly statements that erased history and obscured truth, Alice was direct and unwavering in her solidarity. With Jane Shi and Leah Lakshmi Piepzna-Samarasinha, she raised millions of dollars for e-sims to keep Gazans connected. She would want us to keep working for a Free Palestine.

Anyone who has ever planned something with Alice knows that she loved to give very clear instructions. And I feel like what she left us, above all, were instructions for joy—to enjoy the fancy food and commune with the koala, and to live with courage and integrity, to make ourselves and our communities proud. Alice, my friend. I love you. I miss you.



Remarks from s.e. smith:

Alice didn't change the narrative.

She broke it.

When she started the Disability Visibility Project, the landscape for disability media was bleak. We were rarely represented, and when we were, it was as objects, not

people. People told stories about us and around us, shied away from our bodies, our minds, our lives. There was a profitable industry in inspirational schlock and better dead than disabled fearmongering, in lackluster reporting on “the disabled” and pity-driven narratives, but we, ourselves, as whole people, were absent. So were our stories, told in our voices, for us.

When Alice first reached out to me via a nascent social media site called Twitter, it was because she’d read some of my work about disability and wanted to read more of it. Alice did this over and over again with disabled artists, writers, dancers, singers, musicians, creators. She broke down doors in a way that I think people do not fully recognize, because so much of the work she did was behind the scenes, as a schemer and orchestrator, an editor of anthologies, a troublemaker, a party planner.

Alice’s public life as a media figure, writer, editor, and activist was dazzling in its brightness and meteoric impact, but so was the deep, quiet work she did supporting creative disabled people at all stages of their careers. She provided funding, cheerleading, introductions, a vote of confidence for people who are used to hearing the word “no.” No you can’t do that. No one wants to read that. You’re asking for too much. Lots of people tried to tell Alice “no” and she applied “fuck you, I won’t do what you tell me” to everything in life, including creating a better world of disability representation.

Many disabled people in media, myself included, owe a debt of thanks to Alice, whether she helped us personally or indirectly by fundamentally reshaping the culture around us. Alice knew that we deserved better. She demanded better, and took decisive action to manifest that which she wanted to see into the world. Alice wanted her people, her community, to thrive. To lead vibrant and chaotic and challenging lives, and she fought like hell to make it happen.

To know Alice professionally was to know one of the most spectacular writers I’ve ever read, bringing deep, unapologetic realness to her work, whether pushing back on straw bans or talking about disabled sexuality. She was

also the sharpest, most incisive editor I've ever worked with. It would never occur to you to bring anything less than your best, and she would push you beyond your limits, breaking through in ways you could never do on your own—or with a less visionary editor, one who didn't share your lived experience, dreams, hopes.

To know Alice personally was to have the most dedicated and loyal of friends. The same heart, drive, ferocity, disabled rage, and power that Alice brought to a public life as a radical firebrand showed up in the deepest, tenderest, and most intimate ways in friendship. Knowing Alice meant that any trip to the post office could result in a postcard, some stickers that struck her eye, a box of cat toys or treats—she spoiled my cats rotten. It was to know someone who shared my streak of salt and love of petty vengeance, who would text gleefully into the small hours of the night, who drank deep of the cup of ableist tears with me, who shared my love of cats and always wanted updates on mine, as well as the cats at the animal shelter I volunteer with. She was someone who always goaded me on in my most wild projects and ideas, who asked “how can I help?” Or “who are we taking vengeance on today?”

Alice cared deeply for her people: Not just those of us privileged enough to be her friends, but everyone she found common cause with. She believed not in pulling the ladder up after herself, but in installing an elevator and holding the door open for everyone long past the fire marshal's recommended capacity, knowing that it would expand to accommodate all of us, her bright red lips curved in a knowing smile, eyes alight with mischief. That is the Alice we celebrate today, and the Alice energy I carry forward as her legacy.

I believe that we do not truly die until no one speaks our names. By that measure, Alice, immortal, will outlive all of us, the universe calling out her name until it collapses in on itself, and even then, I suspect, she will live on in the whispers and the cracks between, because our tiger boss bitch cyborg queen is unstoppable. I know I'll meet you again in the stars, Alice.



Remarks from Emily Beitiks:

Since Alice passed away, I've been trying to process all that Alice was, and my brain is struggling to reconcile the multitudes. I've come to realize that I've been attempting the impossible. Alice Wong didn't make sense. And that was one of her strongest virtues.

Take, for example, the fact that Alice was one of the most humble people you'll ever meet. She'd roll her eyes at most compliments or flip them back onto you - some of the most charming things that have ever been said to me sprung from her humility. And yet - she was no shrinking violet. She suggested that the city name a plaza after her. Just, you know, casually. We're actually working on making it happen, but a bit of a dichotomy there - hard to hold those two truths about one person. But that's how big Alice was.

And there's so many more examples. She radicalized young disabled people in her writing for Teen Vogue, but also my 83-year-old father first grasped disability justice after hearing Alice's speech at the grand opening of the cultural center (and I'm going to focus on that as a sign of Alice's strength and not just my failure).

She was brilliant, with the MacArthur Genius Award to prove it, though one of the things she used her genius for was watching and deconstructing some really ridiculous reality tv - she went down the rabbit hole of the Golden Bachelor with the rest of us.

She was a radical who got an invite to the White House. In a disability community meet-and-greet with SF's Mayor Lurie, she spent the first five minutes of the event telling him off, and yet she left such an impression that when she passed away, she was honored by the mayor and the city. She was wildly brave, willing to call people out and end all her speeches with "Free Palestine," and yet she was publicly vulnerable about what scared her, from spiders to a deep fear of being institutionalized.

She had exquisite tastes that were maximalist bougie. She introduced me to the BEST ice cream, the BEST tea, and she came to be known in later years for having the BEST lipstick, even though she was also, in her own words, “a Medicaid welfare queen.”

She was the most thoughtful and generous aunt to so many of our children, always making sure to have some surprise to welcome them to her home. But she had the mouth of a sailor, accidentally introducing my daughter to the concept of “ghost sex,” Alice’s final to-do item from her adult wish list in her memoir, and side note... please let Alice be skipping this speech to make that dream come true right now.

She laid down firm boundaries and fought for rest. Her email auto-response basically told people to F off, and yet she made time to mentor hundreds and was always there for her friends when we needed her.

I could go on, but the point is that she could hold all these contradictions authentically, they were all the real sides of Alice Wong, and in these multitudes we see an important part of Alice’s legacy for disability culture: She taught us to defy boxes – sure, we know this already in the disability community, but she taught us to defy ALL the boxes - unless they were for her cats to play in. To offer Alice’s words, “we are multitudes and we are more than enough.” I’m deeply honored to have learned so much from Alice and to be with you all today. Thank you.



Remarks from Charlie McCone:

My name is Charlie McCone, and it's the honor of a lifetime to say a few words today on behalf of my friend, Alice Wong. I've been a Long COVID patient advocate since a mild SARS-CoV-2 infection disabled me in 2020, and Alice's work and friendship have been incredibly instrumental to me and the millions around the world with this condition.

I first dove into Alice's work after a few years of Long COVID advocacy, wanting to explore more of the disability landscape. Her book, *Year of the Tiger*, was the perfect introduction—full of grace, wisdom, humor, and inspiration. It does a remarkable job connecting disability justice terms I found daunting to the bread-and-butter challenges newly disabled people face.

An excerpt reads: *“I think a lot about these multiple waves of people whom I consider part of the disability community—people who are called ‘longhaulers’ because clearly, recovery from COVID can be a life long process.”* She also shares *“Disability pride and identity took a long time to develop... I had to acknowledge the messiness, shame and internalized ableism that will always be part of me.”* I later realized this patience for herself and newly disabled people came in part from a piece of wisdom she shared with me often: ***“It takes time to work through your shit”***, which I found liberating and affirming.

After picking up the book, I sent her a thank you on Twitter, and she kindly invited me for tea shortly after—we quickly became friends and bonded over one of our favorite pastimes... talking a lot of shit about a lot of people. In reading her work and getting to know Alice, I felt reoriented and re-inspired. I remained determined to keep fighting for better care, recognition and support for Long COVID patients, but I realized I didn't have to mortgage my self-worth in the process. Alice showed me I could lead a meaningful life—and be cool doing it—while sitting with my pain and limitations and channeling our rage back at the fuckers trying to ignore and erase us.

Alice and I also talked about the silos that existed between Long COVID, disability, and COVID-cautious communities

—and how there was at times, at least online, a disconnect as well as tension. Alice remarked, “Maybe we could do something about *that*.”

A few weeks later, Alice seized an opportunity to unite and organize these three communities in her now-infamous and internet-breaking #PodSaveJon Twitter campaign, in effort to fight back against narratives minimizing COVID. Up until this point, I had heard and read about Alice as a legendary online organizer, but I had yet to see it in full force. What followed was a Jedi-like maneuver the likes of which I had not seen during my four years on that hell site. She channeled a boiling point of rage into remarkable action, inspiring thousands of people to use the hashtag to educate our progressive leaders about Long COVID.

What is less known is that this campaign helped push Senator Bernie Sanders to host the first Long COVID Senate hearing just weeks later, which led to the introduction of the Long COVID Research Moonshot Act—the highwater mark of Long COVID advocacy to date. Through this, Alice was able to organize these communities to turn a hashtag into real results from our leaders—expressing solidarity in action in the most creative way possible that also brought these communities closer together, and again, demonstrating that we can be just as effective advocating online from our beds, as we can marching in the streets.

Alice welcomed our grieving but boisterous community at a time when few others did—and she continued this work. She invested in our community by funding a Bay Area Long COVID birding group, the Spoonbill Club; she invested in telling our story with significant contributions and guidance to a Long COVID news site, The Sick Times; and she protested for keeping masks in health care on this exact city block with me and hundreds of others.

She taught us the power of disability justice not by telling us—but by showing us. One way we can honor her legacy is by continuing to build coalitions between groups and understanding that all of our struggles are tied—in other words, working together. It’s difficult work that few people do, but Alice did it gracefully. If we want our advocacy and

work to be as effective and exciting as hers, she left us the greatest gift of all: the template of how to do it.

I encourage us all—the Long Covid, COVID-cautious, and disability communities, and beyond—to hold the values of Disability Justice close, and strive, as Alice did, for a broader, connected community fighting for dignity, care, and equity.



Remarks from Sandy Ho:

Dear Toad,

There are 3,094 miles between Boston, where I first met you over a Skype call, and where I eventually relocated to the Bay Area. If we lined up our decade worth of postcards and letters end-to-end, I imagine they would span the entire world. In my mind it looks like a paper trail gently hugging the equator in a way everyone wishes we could hug you now. Still, that would hardly be enough to hold the magnitude of all that you are.

When I was younger I had an imaginary friend. Someone I would call on my cup-and-string phone that was looped through the rungs of my bunk bed's ladder. Someone who would make me feel less alone after a day of being "the only one" at school, in my family, in my neighborhood, in my friend groups. I could not express that feeling of equal parts isolation, a stifled rage, a hunger to be knowable. But I would whisper into my cup-phone. Thanks to you, I now know that confluence is ableism breathing stale morning breath on all of us. You gave us language to put onto our crip bodies, to hack and twist into our crip lived experiences, and you told us we all had stories that needed to be known before many of us even knew we had stories worth telling. Especially the grimy, and freakishly sexy stories that are unmeasurable with any evaluation tool or metric. You took their words they said were not for people who look like us, and proclaimed

“to love all of us, you cannot look away from any one of us: Disabled people of color. Disabled Palestinians. Disabled queer, trans, and Two-spirit folks. Disabled immigrants and refugees. Disabled young people.” You built a political home for all of us to gather in-person and remotely, to love, and to feast.

In a world where so many crip bodies and stories are disappearing, and being destroyed, you insisted that sharing our stories is not enough. We must preserve our stories because we are all worth saving, for the future generations to come. For that kid who stared endlessly into the bottom of a cup-and-string, you gifted us with crippling up fantastical gluttonous futures.

I eagerly launch into this portal you've opened, and fantasize about the full animated series of your universe. I imagine you as Bing Bong from Pixar's Inside Out —only ever crying candy teardrops, a herd of hologram cats meowing at your wheels, and the ability to turn into a ferocious red panda just like Mei Mei in the movie Turning Red. You are the Captain of the Space Station, leading us all fearlessly into rescue missions all while crafting delicious meals from the replicators.

There is so much power and boldness in placing our crip bodies, our care networks and infrastructures, our spit cup needs and tubes directly into the center of other multiverses. Even, in creating our own. Over the course of a decade, these exchanges where we synced up our dreams for alternative realities, was one of the most intimate ways of knowing your infinite power.

You loved what your friends loved deeply, and to an almost irrational degree. I believe this is your secret sauce to being one of the most stubborn, iconic and principled community organizers of the century. Because when we love the things our friends love we become invested in some of the most lifegiving goals and dreams. Over the course of my short time in the Bay Area, I repeatedly fell into the trifecta “Froggy traps” that you'd set to get me to come over and stay longer: ice cream, Lego, and Star Trek. Don't think I

didn't see through your schemes, Toad! (And for the record, these traps were hardly necessary.) By loving the things our friends love, we expand our commitments, we always ensure that we have time for more, our generosity magnifies, and the things that are lifegiving for us become theirs and theirs become ours. Your aptitude for this is what drove your advocacy, activism, and community organizing. It is really strange to miss and grieve a friend I first got to know through words. So thank goodness you left us spreadsheets and hella long to-do lists about ways to Celebrate you, instead. To celebrate your words is to celebrate your legacy that you've left behind, and in what will be created long past any of our own futures.

So here's one more Frog & Toad letter I'll add to the equator, another hug wrapped around the world. I look forward to meeting up very soon for tea and ice cream in our Bay Area lily pads, over the pages of your next book!

Love always,
Frog



A Blessing for Alice Wong Upon Becoming a Disabled Ancestor

We are guided by our disabled ancestors – Harriet Tubman, Frieda Kahlo, Mel Baggs, Carrie Ann Lucas, Ing Wong-Ward, Stacy Park Milbern, Patty Berne, and so many more.

Alice Wong has now joined this eternal gathering and will always be with us.

Alice taught us to tell our stories;
may we never stop lifting up our voices in her honor.

Alice was a tiger for justice;
may we keep working for a better world from San Francisco to Palestine.

Alice role-modeled how to stay human in the face of callousness and inhumanity;
may we be tender and compassionate towards each other, even as we rage.

Don't let the bastards get you down, Alice told us, and we won't.

I'm delighted to be your ancestor, Alice told us, *I believe disabled oracles like us will light the way to the future.*

May we “roll, stim, limp, sign, and move in a million ways,” with no one left behind*, into the future of access, justice, love, and care that we all deserve.

Repeat/sign after me (or type into chat online):

Alice is Love!

- Rabbi Elliot Kukla

*Adapted from a phrase by Leah Lakshmi Piepzna-Samarasinha, in *Care Work: Dreaming Disability Justice*



A Message from Alice Wong:

FRIENDS (to be read at memorial)

I'm sorry I am unable to send individual messages to all of my friends but you know who you are. Our letters, postcards, drawings, text, emails mean the world to me. Our connection is a lifesaver, a balm in the midst of such violence and chaos. I hope you save the bits of ephemera from me and treasure it. Archives are one way we leave evidence that we were here. Have a great time today!



Big Cat Energy: A Maximalist & Fierce Life



A heart shaped pink cat nose with orange whiskers is at the top of the page, it is behind black text - Big Cat Energy: A Maximalist & Fierce Life. In the center is a photograph of a square quilt with the foundation paper pieced words "all cats are beautiful," clipped to a fence in a meadow surrounded by trees. Each word on a separate line against charcoal background. The lettering for "all cats are" is a rich maroon, "beautiful" is spelled out in rainbow. Quilting stitches are dense and swirly. Quilt by s.e. smith.

Graphic by Jen White-Johnson is in the style of I heart NYC. The heart symbol is in the shape of a bushy haired orange tiger. The graphic illustrates I heart Alice.



Digital portrait by Jen White-Johnson. Alice sits with a tracheostomy tube attached to her throat in a wheelchair. She is wearing a bright red lip and a blue cardigan. On the left is her cat Bert, a brown tabby, and to her right is Ernie, an orange cat. Behind them is a pink background with a round halo enveloping them. There are curly stylized red and orange clouds in the background.



“I became a cat parent today! Introducing Bert & Ernie Wong, a bonded pair that were both strays found on the streets of Oakland. I adopted them from Community Concern for Cats. Bursting with excitement for my chosen feline family.” - 09/08/23



A watercolor of Alice who is in the center of the image. She has a crooked smile with classic red lipstick and her tracheostomy tube from her neck. She is wearing an orange tiger striped sweatshirt. Beside her are what look like two floating chocolate ice cream cones and holding them are her cats Bert and Ernie, a brown tabby and orange cat with stripes. Behind her is a field of tiger lilies and besides her is a paper cut out of a large tiger lily glued on to the right side. By Michaela.

"We are the past. We are the present. We are the future. We are forever."
08/06/20



At the top is a torn sheet of paper with "We are the past. We are the present. We are the future. We are forever." Below an illustration combining elements from the book covers that the artist designed for Alice Wong. A red tiger peeks out from the lower right corner, with green leaves in front of it. A purple and light blue triangle overlap next to the tiger, and above it is an orange flower. To the left of the orange flower, above the triangles, is a light blue flower. More small leaves, triangles, and circles in various bright colors surround these central elements. By Madeline Partner.

“Whether you are disabled or not, some of the ideas and words may be new or uncomfortable for you, and that is the point! I hope they challenge you to think about disability, accessibility, and ableism in new ways and encourage you to learn more long after reading this book.” 10/26/21

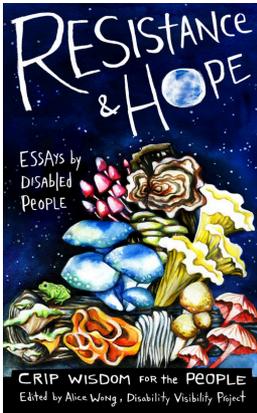
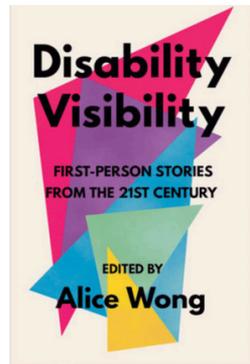
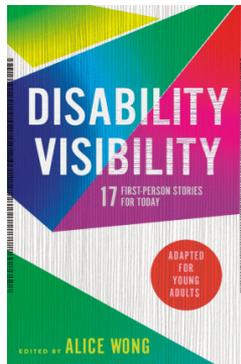


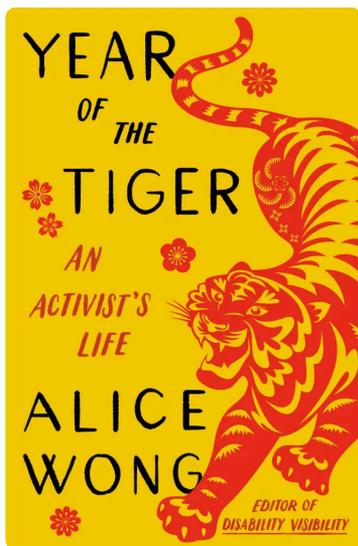
Illustration by artist Micah Bazant featuring a midnight blue sky with little white stars. Below is a log with mushrooms growing out of it in multiple shapes and colors. “Text reads: Resistance & Hope, Essays by Disabled People, Crip Wisdom for the People, Edited by Alice Wong, Disability Visibility Project.” The ‘o’ in ‘Hope’ looks like a full moon.



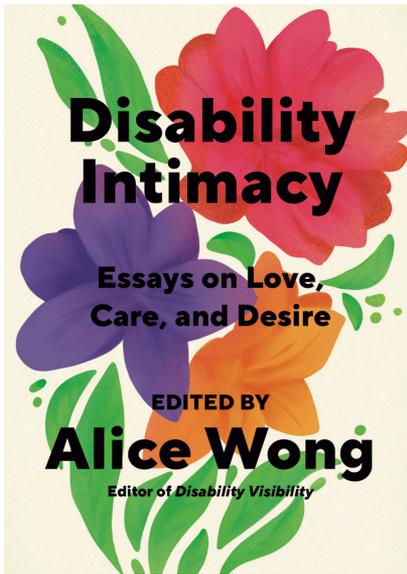
[Book jacket designed by Angela Carlino of DISABILITY VISIBILITY: 17 First-Person Stories for Today adapted for young readers. The cover has thin vertical gray lines with overlapping geometric shapes in green, blue, magenta, yellow and purple. Book titled ‘Disability Visibility: First Person Stories from the 21st Century’. The book cover has overlapping triangles in a variety of bright colors with black text overlaying them and an off-white background. Designed by Madeline Partner.

	A	B	C
18	Ode to a Spit Cup	121	Ed Yong
19	Getting to the Marrow	126	
20	Let's Recognize Why #AccessIsLove	134	Jen White-Johnson
21	How I spend my Saturdays (and Nights) at Home	164	
22	Proust-ish Questionnaire	213	
23	Diversifying Radio with Disabled Voices	227	Moya Bailey
24	Tiger Tips on Interviewing	242	
25	Letter to Asian American Disabled Women and Girls	255	
26	About Time	259	Nancy Wang Yuen
27	I'm Disabled and I Need a Ventilator to Live. Am I Expendable During This Pandemic?	267	Evette Dionne
28	Freedom For Some is Not Freedom For All	271	
29	Cooking in Quarantine	275	
30	A High Risk Timeline of Alice Wong	285	
31	In Praise of Peaches	300	Aimi Hamraie
32	No to Normal	304	
33	Ancestors and Legacies	311	
34	As I Lay Breathing	319	Patty Berne
35	Dream Dispatch	332	
36	How to Create a More Inclusive Future Post-COVID	335	Mia Mingus

Screen shot of the Year of the Tiger Sign Up Sheet. Each row is a color of the rainbow with text from YOTT sections, page numbers, and names of people reading each. A behind-the-scenes snapshot of the community effort that launched Alice's memoir in 2022. From the Google Drive of Sandy Ho.



Cover for Year of the Tiger: An Activist's Life with a marigold yellow background. On the right side is an illustration of a crouching tiger in red in the style of Chinese paper cuttings with delicate cutouts in various shapes giving form and definition to the tiger. The tiger has a fierce expression, eyes and jaws wide open, teeth bared. On the left in black large text YEAR OF THE TIGER at the top and ALICE WONG below. In the center in smaller red text AN ACTIVIST'S LIFE and in the lower right corner EDITOR OF DISABILITY VISIBILITY. Small, delicate red flowers are sprinkled throughout. Book cover by Madeline Partner.



Light beige background with a red flower on top, green leaves on both sides, underneath that flower is a purple one and right next to the purple is an orange flower. Under the purple and orange flowers are stems. Overlaid on top of the flowers in black bold letters: Disability Intimacy Essays on Love, Care, and Desire Edited by Alice Wong, Editor of Disability Visibility. Book cover by Madeline Partner.

Publishers Marketplace	Deal Report
Category: Non-fiction: Anthology	May 31, 2024
DISABILITY VULNERABILITY By Alice Wong	
Imprint: Vintage	
<hr/> <p>Activist and editor of <i>DISABILITY VISIBILITY</i> and <i>DISABILITY INTIMACY</i> Alice Wong, ed.'s <i>DISABILITY VULNERABILITY</i>, an anthology of writing that explores the precarity of life in the disabled community, focusing on the COVID-19 pandemic and ensuing fallout, again to Anna Kaufman at Vintage, for publication in spring 2026, by Julia Kardon at HG Literary (world English).</p>	
Rights: foreign@hgliterary.com	

(Forthcoming anthology to be completed by Sandy Ho.) Screenshot announcement in Publisher's Marketplace on May 31, 2024, "Activist and editor of *DISABILITY VISIBILITY* and *DISABILITY INTIMACY* Alice Wong, ed.'s *DISABILITY VULNERABILITY*, an anthology of writing that explores the precarity of life in the disabled community, focusing on the COVID-19 pandemic and ensuing fallout, again to Anna Kaufman at Vintage, for publication in spring 2026, by Julia Kardon at HG Literary (world English). Rights: foreign@hgliterary.com."

Ghost Sex

by Lulu Miller

They don't come out of the walls. It's not like that. It's loamier. It doesn't have to happen at night. They are big fans of dawn, big fans of crocuses that split ground in fall. Look for those and you'll know they're near.

They don't always come in packs. Sometimes you'll feel just one hand brushing up your side, toward your underarm, lingering in the zone just before you get ticklish. I know it's cliché but they are into liminal realms. The beast loves what it loves or whatever.

Mary Oliver doesn't come out much to fuck. She's too busy haunting owls.

Their hands grow large as you let them in, each one the size of a palette, and slatted—like moonlight or streetlight through blinds. They wrap like a sheet around your thorax. Compression. That's the thing they are great at. What's neat is that their heat is cool. What's neat is that they never leave you.

Unless you ask them to.

They are masters of consent. They take what they want. They bind you to the bed and take all the things you hide.

They are plural in the way we all are, in the way the self was a lie forged by some philosopher with too much forehead and not enough friends. They aren't a herd so much as a constellation, a river, a fabric that swirls around and inside you.

They leave when you're ready. They always return. A haunt, the word reveals, is a kind of home.

ride or die

by Liz Henry

pulling flowers
from my toolbag

gooseneck stem
tripod mounts
& sockets
to cradle
your phone
in reach

like a starship docking,
an EVA
to work
on the airlock,
i get out of my chair
to kneel
at your feet

with hose clamps &
the double slot
unitrack
attachment points
for bolts,
we're laughing,

then i eat
the food you made –
as you watch
my eyes for joy,
I can't stop looking
at your perfect lipstick

chán pēi(馋裴)

by Travis Chi Wing Lau

we first bonded over gossip, yes, about that curse,
the one still haunting the bakery that stays
open barely half the year but kept alive by
its egg custard tarts, which I know you once
savored but can no longer. but this surprises
neither of us: to be sustained by something so delicate,
so simple, even if it is memory. so when i arrived
at your flat to the spread of cakes and mochi donuts,
i tasted first for the bittersweet of a chán pēi's grieving,
as if my tongue had known to grieve what was coming.
but i should not have been surprised, for our mouths
have always been too sharp (or so our people say)
because we were made to learn early how to taste for poison,
to taste for falsehood in a land so tainted by both. *is survival really
anything more than that?* no wonder then that we have made
good oracles: our angry bones rattling loudly like a
rasping cough trying desperately to clear the world's throat.

No One Gets an A+ in Grieving

For Alice Wong, beloved friend and ancestor

by Jane Shi

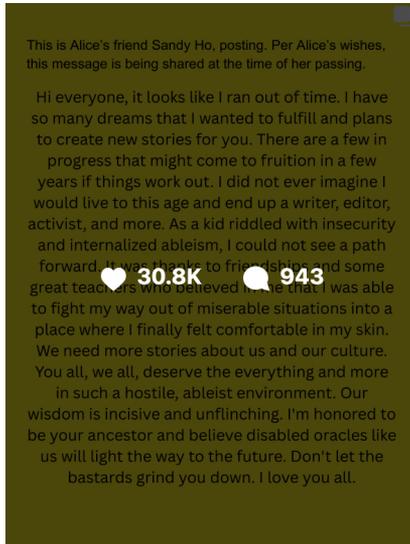
Only the stars that blanket the eyelids
Only the dreams of a care-filled futures
Only the taste of spoons while eating with our ancestors
Only the aroma of medicine wafting our shared air
Our shared air
Our shared air
Our shared air

if one breath isn't sacred, none are
and if in this universe and lifetime we are profane
let every word we utter be a forbidden curse
multiplying into a beckoning a galaxy close
and near where nothing
about us without us and nothing
without us is as worth fighting for as they say
in that casually cruel gesture that
calculated disregard
the pace of organized abandonment
hurtling towards a mountain
a river a snail a stone

Alice said if this isn't genocide
it is something far worse
that is yet to be named
and she's right of course
about our capacity to fight
our mightiness through love
our carefully spun care
web a connective tissue box
until our bones are dust
until the dust returns
to starlight

until no one doubts that our most profane
hour is our greatest
blessing shared breath
after shared breath after shared
shared breath

Poet's note: Alice, when I heard of your passing from Sandy on Instagram, I was already worried that I was doing it wrong. That there's a right way to grieve and that I had already failed, that I should have sent you more texts and emailed you back sooner, returned your postcards with more of mine. Then your friends reached out to me and shared their poems and eulogies and good memories and memes and secret machinations. We aren't burdens, grieving-machines needing to be perfect; we are something far more extraordinary. I learn you are still with us—through the communities you are still building wherever you are now. 朋友，去休息一点吧。 / 朋友，去休息一點吧。



Screenshot of Alice Wong's final words posted to Instagram darkened. In white the heart emoji shows 30.8k likes, and 943 comments. On top are line drawings by Felicia Liang of her cats, Bert in purple & Ernie in orange.

A hodgepodge digital collage of Alice's bylines in Eater, reprinting of Bitch Magazine's Access Series in The Fly Trap, NYTimes, KQED, TeenVogue, Orion Magazine, Vox, and RadioLab.

APP **EATER**

LOW AND SLOW

Eater and Disability Visibility Present: Low and Slow

A series on the joys and pleasures of eating, cooking, and sustenance

by Alice Wong
Illustration by Ananya Rao-Mishra, narration by Cheryl Green
Apr 20, 2023, 2:00 PM EDT



The New York Times

Opinion

DISABILITY

My Medicaid, My Life

By Alice Wong
May 3, 2017

teenVOGUE

STYLE POLITICS CULTURE IDENTITY VIDEO GUMMIES SHOPPING

Augmentative and Alternative Communication: How Becoming a User Changed My Relationships

Disability Visibility is a column on being disabled in a nondisabled world.
BY ALICE WONG
MAY 16, 2016

SCIENCE

I'm disabled and need a ventilator to live. Am I expendable during this pandemic?

As medical rationing becomes a reality, "quality of life" measures threaten disabled people like me.

by Alice Wong
Apr 4, 2020, 10:30 AM EDT

crapBitch

Honoring Alice Wong: Reprinting Bitch Magazine's Access Series

Alice Wong, who reshaped the world of disability media, joined our ancestors on November 14, 2025. The Flytrap is proud to reprint her curated Access Series for Bitch Magazine.

Evette Dionne, Alice Wong
28 Nov 2025 • 3 min read



Photo credit: Ananya Rao-Mishra

KQED

THE CALIFORNIA REPORT MAGAZINE

'My Life Is in My Caregivers' Hands': Disability Advocate Alice Wong's Vision for a New Approach to Health Care

By Alice Wong Dec 9, 2012 Updated Oct 16, 2024 Save Article

ORION

Subscribe | Current Issue | Donate | Shop

LAY OF THE LAND

In Praise of Peaches

Sometimes a peach is just a peach. But sometimes it's a portal.

BY ALICE WONG

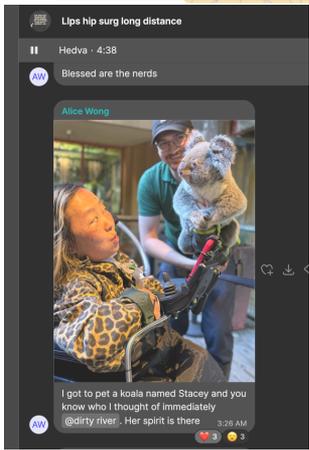
CommunicationFIRST

Because communication is a human right.

RadioLab Podcast Episode, "Voice:"
t of Segments Featuring CommunicationFIRST's Alice Wong

'16, 2025, CommunicationFIRST Advisory Council Member Alice Wong appeared RadioLab, for an episode called "Voice." Alice speaks starting at the following timestamps: 00:32:47 and 00:58:45. At the timestamp 1:00:48, CommunicationFIRST receives a shoutout, and at 1:05:50, CommunicationFIRST Board Director Lateef McLeod is also mentioned. A transcript of the full episode can be found [here](#).

"Life is a dumpster fire, but I'm not alone." 01/02/25



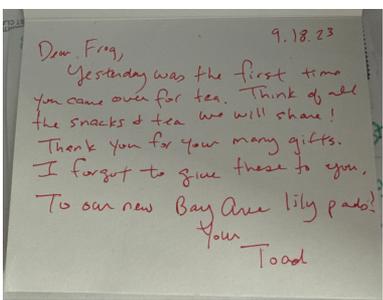
screen shot of a text message exchange between Alice and Leah Lakshmi Piepzna-Samarasinha, a photo of Alice in cheetah print jacket in her chair looking in awe at a person holding a koala bear. The text reads: "I got to pet a koala named Stacey and you know who I thought of immediately @ dirty river. Her spirit is there."



Illustration by Indi Maverick of Alice Wong and Ed Yong. Alice has a BIPAP tube coming from her nose, and is wearing a black and white checkered shirt, Ed is wearing a collared orange shirt with black speckles. There's lightly colored shading behind them.



Liz and Alice making excited, silly faces for a selfie, heads tilted together; Liz has purple-blue hair and glasses, and tongue out; Alice in glasses and a neon zippered jacket has mouth open like aaa!



Letter in red ink reads: Dear Frog, Yesterday was the first time you came over for tea. Think of all the snacks + tea we will share! Thank you for your many gifts. I forgot to give these to you. To our new Bay Area lily pads! Your, Toad.



A hand cut and paste collage in the style of Radical Visibility Zines (influenced by 80's and 90's aesthetic) on gold glitter paper with orange hand cut geometric shapes. The central photo is of three people modeling Rebirth Garments against a gray wall. Sky Cubacub on the left wears pink and blue scalemaille headpiece, chainmaille crop top with shoulder and reflective clear/white scalemaille details and sleeveless bodysuit colorblocked with neon colors and black-and-white triangle pattern with handmade wrestling boots in silver and turquoise. Alice is sitting in a power wheelchair in the middle using a ventilator with blue chainmaille attached to it, and is wearing a knit pink hat that says "crip", a silver chainmaille necklace, a hooded cape with zig zag patterns, teal and orange color blocking, and lastly black-and-white zigzag and polkadot leggings with the seams on the outside. Nina Litoff on the far right kneels down, wearing a black chainmaille chestpiece with a black sheer tank dress with a chevron piece over her chest. All three wear colorful geometric makeup and look directly at the camera. Two other playful photos are collaged on top of the main photo featuring Alice and Sky, this time with Sky wearing a pink vinyl vest and just their **(Image description continued on next page).**

shaved head with geometric tattoos and Alice wearing a neon green hat. The top right photo is of Alice resting her arm on Sky's head while Sky sits on the ground beside her. On the bottom right Alice has her vent tube around Sky's neck while Sky is gently reaching up to touch the tube, they both have sly smiles. Photos by Grace DuVal

Smaller Rebirth Garments graphics are collaged on the photos including a text graphic that says "Access Bitch" in a pink groovy 70's style text, a queercrip symbol with a Palestinian flag filling in the symbol diagonally, and a black and white Rebirth Garments logo which is a 4th dimensional Dürer's solid.

Text cut into strips and collaged on the photos reads: In October 2016, I brought Alice a custom made outfit I made for her based off of the interview I do with all of my models, I did her makeup highlighting her vent and lips, and then we did a photoshoot in her backyard. We did a combo of silly photos and powerful photos. I squat a lot when I model, so I was squatting next to her, and she asked if she could put her vent tube around my neck (I said yes of course!) because she thought it would be a sexy photo! Alice has always been such an amazing accomplice to queercrips, Sky Cubacub (signed in pink with a drawn heart)

Excerpts from emails:

Alice Wong

to: Sky Cubacub

Aug 30, 2016, 11:50 PM

Hi Sky,

if you could make me a cropped hoodie/cape and high-waisted leggings, that would be awesome!

Also, if you have time, maybe some chain metal tie-ons for my vent tubing?

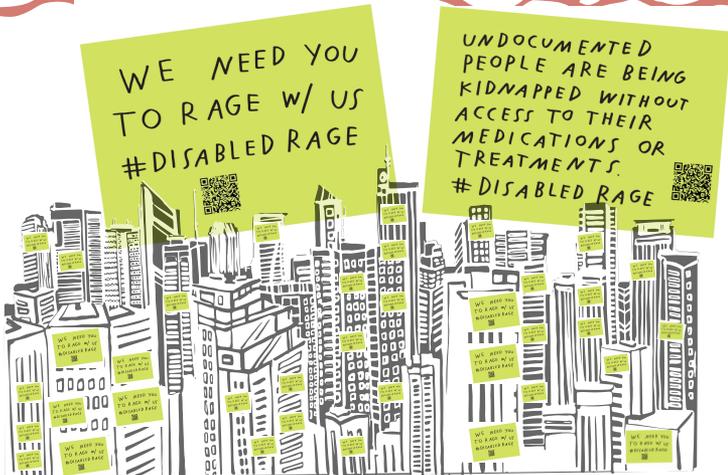
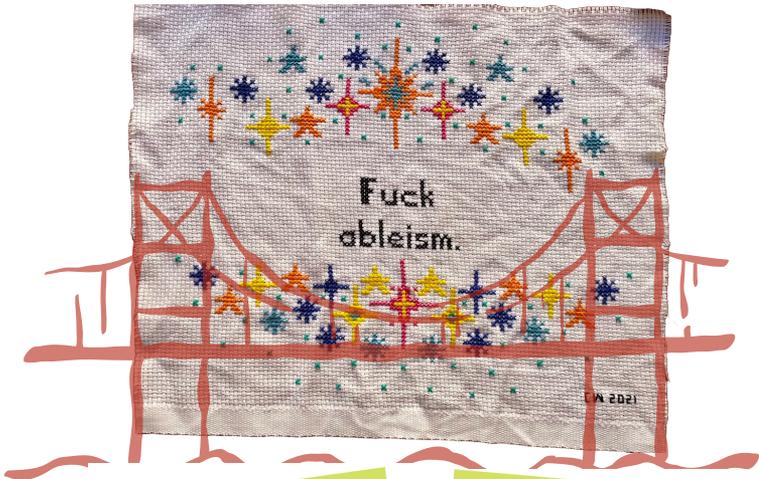
Apr 27, 2017 at 4:02 AM

When I first learned of Rebirth Garments, their manifesto deeply resonated with me. Sky created a custom-made outfit for me tailored to my body. As a disabled woman of color with bent and bony elbows, uneven legs, and bit of a belly, having clothes that were fun and expertly crafted meant the world to me. This is what radical visibility is all about--being your full true self at all times. I am proud to support Sky's work and I hope you do too.]

**“We are modern day oracles.
It’s time people listened to us.”
09/23/24**

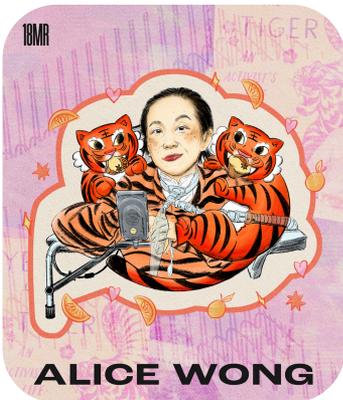
At the top is a faded washi tape banner with flowers and a blue bird hummingbird. Over top the text reads “We are modern day oracles. It’s time people listened to us.” 09/23/24

Below is a cross stitch by Carrie Wade with different colored asterisks all around the words: Fuck ableism in black text. Over top is a red graphic of the Golden Gate Bridge. Below is a poster project collaboration between Alice and Finnegan Shannon. There’s green post its with black text: We need you to rage w/us #DisabledRage and a QR code. Next to it in the same format is text reading “Undocumented people are being kidnapped without access to their medications or treatments. #DisabledRage. Beneath is an outline of a black city skyline, with multiple small green post its all over.





A sea turtle emerges from a coral reef to offer help to a baby sea turtle. Yellow tangs are cleaning the sea turtle. Text reads, "we envision a world where we work together to ensure everyone has access to what they need. #SuckItAbleism" Artist, Jay Smith.



Digital illustration with the 18MR logo in the upper right corner. The background is a light purple collage of tigers. Here, Alice a former board member of 18MR, is in red lipstick, tiger striped shirt, a side smile, and raised eyebrow. Her wheelchair joystick is visible along with tracheostomy tube at her neck. Two mischievous tiger cubs with mochi muffins are on her shoulders. An orange cloud like border is around her with hearts and tangerine slices. By Brenda Chi, with permission from 18MR.

"Showing up for others can be physical, social, and spiritual. Being present is key."

- @SFdirewolf

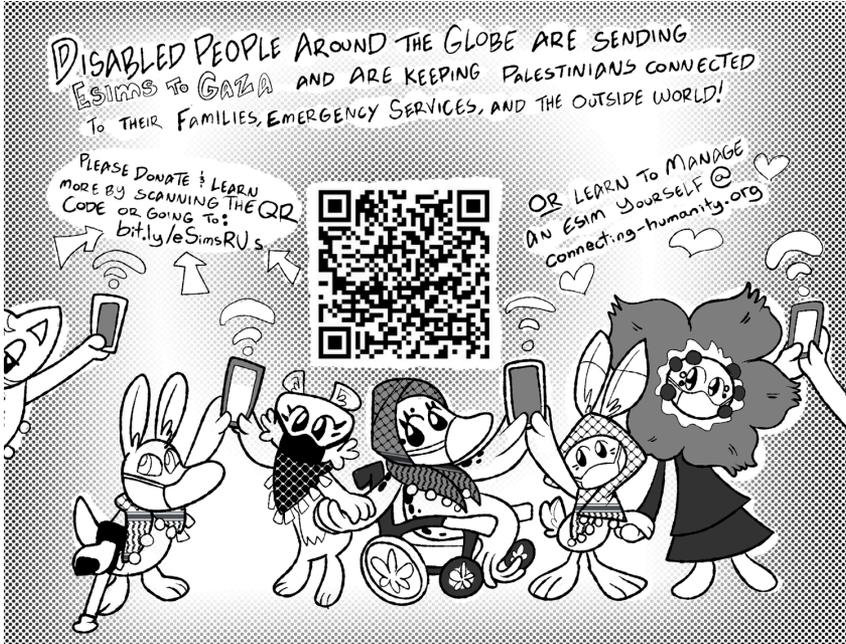
#AccessIsLove

Graphic at the top has a red frame with black text that reads "Showing up for others can be physical, social, and spiritual. Being present is key." - @SFdirewolf. At the bottom of this frame in black is #AccessIsLove

Graphic below has a red frame and has ACCESS IS LOVE in black. The 'O' in Love is replaced with a red heart. The bottom reads #AccessIsLove

**ACCESS IS
L♥VE**

#AccessIsLove



“Disabled People Around the Globe Are Sending eSims to Gaza and Are Keeping Palestinians Connected to their families, emergency services, and the outside world! Donate & Learn More By Scanning the QR Code or Going to: bit.ly/eSimsRUs OR Learn to manage an eSim Yourself @ connecting-humanity.org” Below the text is a QR code and several animals wearing masks and kufiyas, and holding phones with wifi signals emitting from them. Artist, Barabones.

Wherever you are,
Whatever sand you
can throw on the
gears of genocide
DO IT NOW.
IF IT'S A HANDFUL,
THROW IT
IF IT'S A FINGERNAIL FULL,
SCRAPE IT OUT
AND THROW IT
GET IN THE WAY
HOWEVER YOU CAN
THE ELIMINATION OF THE
PALESTINIAN PEOPLE
IS NOT INEVITABLE.
WE CAN REFUSE
WITH OUR EVERY BREATH
AND ACTION
WE MUST

RASHA
Abdulhadi

Black and white hand-drawn text in varied-style typography, both serif, italicized, bubbled, in the style of graffiti and street art. "Wherever you are, whatever sand you can throw on the gears of genocide, Do It Now. If it's a handful, throw it, if it's a fingernail full, scrape it out and throw it GET IN THE WAY however you can The Elimination of the Palestinian people is Not Inevitable. We can Refuse with our every breath and action. We must. Rasha Abdulhadi."

Crips for eSims for Gaza **ALICE WONG, FOREVER**

Alice's Celebration of Life Update
3/25/26

From the Year of the Rabbit to the Year of the Horse, our project hopped and slithered and breathed fire and galloped to where we never thought it could go. To date we raised nearly \$2.5 million USD worth of eSIMs—providing continuous Internet to thousands in Gaza.

As Palestinian poet Suheir Hammad writes under our Instagram mutual aid posts, "Alice lives!" Alice would want us to keep fighting for Palestinians facing starvation, bombardment, and debilitation for the third year. There is no disability justice without a free Palestine, Congo, and Sudan. In Alice's honour, we will keep Crips for eSims for Gaza going so our disabled Palestinian kin may live. - Jane & Leah



a background of scalloped layers resembling a gradient in different shade of teal
"Crips for eSims for Gaza Alice Wong, Forever" in bubbly black text.

Three orange-, blood-orange- grapefruit-coloured SIM cards, the second one upside down, both with green and white kufiya patterns inside where the SIM chip is. Inside the last SIM card is a green QR code.



#CripTheVote

Alice Wong, Gregg Beratan, Andrew Pulrang
Nine years, 67 Twitter chats

#CripTheVote Twitter Chat
Chronic Pain and Opioids
January 21, 2018
4 pm Pacific/ 7 pm Eastern
Guest Hosts: @msdoomb @alexhaagaard
Details: <http://cripthevote.blogspot.com/>



#CripTheVote Twitter Chat
Medicaid Work Requirements
May 19, 2019
4 pm Pacific/ 5 pm Mountain
8 pm Central/ 7 pm Eastern
<http://cripthevote.blogspot.com/>



#CripTheVote Twitter Chat
Making Activism Accessible
May 20, 2018
4 pm Pacific/ 7 pm Eastern
Guest host: @autselfadvocacy
For more: <http://cripthevote.blogspot.com/>



#CripTheVote
Twitter Chat
Homecare Workforce Crisis
Sunday, March 6, 2022, 7-8 pm Eastern
Guest hosts: @aijenpoo & @Spirit_SCI
<https://cripthevote.blogspot.com/>



#CripTheVote Charla de Twitter
Inmigración
15 de Julio de 2018
4 pm Pacifico
Convitedor invitado: Coalición Nacional para Latines con
Discapacidades @DisableDLatine
Para más: <http://cripthevote.blogspot.com/>



#CripTheVote Twitter Chat
One Year Later
November 12, 2017
7 pm Eastern
Details: <http://cripthevote.blogspot.com/>



#CripTheVote
Twitter Chat
Pandemic Policy
Sunday, January 16, 2022
7-7:30 pm Eastern
<http://cripthevote.blogspot.com/>



#CripTheVote
Twitter Chat
Voter Suppression
September 13, 2020, 7 pm Eastern
Guest host: @the_tattooedjew
<http://cripthevote.blogspot.com/>



#CripTheVote
Twitter Chat
Voting and Caucus Accessibility
October 13, 2019
4 pm Pacific/ 5 pm Mountain
8 pm Central/ 7 pm Eastern
Co-host: Disability Rights Iowa @D_R_Iowa



#CripTheVote
Twitter Chat
Coronavirus & 2020 Election
Sunday, September 27, 2020
7 pm Eastern
<http://cripthevote.blogspot.com/>



An array of past #CripTheVote Twitter chat banners over the course of 9 years, totaling 67 twitter chats.

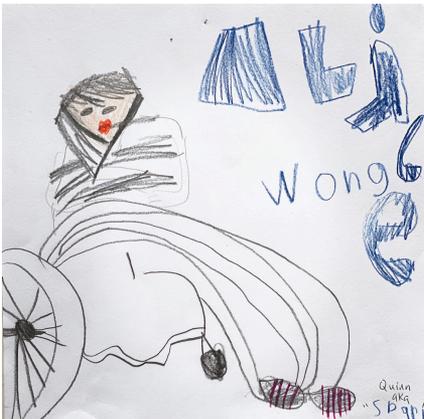
“To my younger self
and all the disabled
kids today who
can’t imagine their
futures. The world
is ours, and this is
for all of us.”

10/26/21

A red post-it note with a
piece of yellow and blue
tape on opposite corners.
In black text it reads: “To
my younger self and all
the disabled kids today
who can’t imagine their
futures. The world is ours,
and this is for all of us.”

10/26/21

A collaborative painting of
Alice by Moss and Elliot
Kukla (ages 7 and 51)



A solo drawing of Alice by
Quinn



Disability Justice

Access is Love



Waller Center & School Disability Justice - December 8-11, 2020

All Abilities are Welcome! 10am - 12pm

12pm - 2pm

Location: Monday, December 8, 2020

Changemaker: **Alice Wong**

Disability Activist, Writer, Storyteller



Waller Center & School Disability Justice is a community-led event that provides a space for people with disabilities to share their experiences and perspectives. The event is free and open to all. For more information, please contact the Waller Center & School Disability Justice team at disability@wallercenter.org or call 415-362-1000.





A solo drawing of Alice by Moss

A banner reading “Access is Love” from a DJ assembly in Alice’s honor mounted by Geraldine Ah-Sue, Abby Weintraub, and Elliot Kukla by the children and staff of Walden Center and school on Dec 12, 2025. Geraldine, Abby, and Elliot are pictured here along with art teacher Julianne Hughes who facilitated the construction of this banner.



Alice's Dreams & Legacy

There is a marigold strip of washi tape graphic illustration that is like a banner at the top. In black text it reads Alice's Dreams & Legacy

One of Alice's greatest dreams was to have a Disability Visibility Center in partnership with the San Francisco Public Library. In keeping with Alice's wishes we will work with her close friends Sandy Ho and Ryan Easterly to accomplish her dreams.

The DV Center will be a living archive of disability culture with books and other media by disabled writers and editors. It will be a community space for connection and joy. The Center plans include hosting a wide range of programming such as community meetings, youth programs, live performances, film screenings, book talks and other events.

Once we have the appropriate 501(c)(3) status, we hope to crowd source additional support. We look forward to your continued support of disability culture and storytelling which were core to Alice's legacy.

The Wong Family

Zine Contributors

Andrew Pulrang
Brenda Chi
Carrie Wade
Elliot Kukla + Moss
Felicia Liang, *cover artist and Bert & Ernie illustrations*
Finnegan Shannon
Geraldine Ah-Sue + Quinn
Gregg Beratan
Jane Shi
Jen White-Johnson
Leah Lakshmi Piepzna-Samarasinha
Liz Henry
Lulu Miller
Madeline Partner
Mia Mingus
Michaela Oteri
s.e. smith
Sky Cubacub
Travis Chi Wing Lau
18MillionRising

with gratitude to:

Alice Wong and her detailed spreadsheets
The Wong Family:
Bobby, Henry, Emily, and Grace (and Bert & Ernie!)
The Tiger's Den:
Abby Yim, Ellen Wu, Sandy Ho, and Yomi Young
Elliot Kukla
Shaina Ghuraya
Allie Cannington
DJ Chico Chi
The Asian Art Museum of San Francisco
SF Disability Cultural Center
Max's Garage Press
& all of Alice's preselected speakers for today's program.

This page intentionally blank.
To the Oracles: we've been waiting for
you, your doodles, and words.

Future Notice*

**modified and edited selection from
Year of the Tiger*

At 51, in the Year of the Snake 2025, Alice Wong died in San Francisco, California. Oracle, storyteller, cyborg, troublemaker, activist, night owl, filmmaker, editor, maximalist: Alice was the firstborn daughter of Henry and Bobby Wong, who emigrated from Hong Kong to Indiana in the 1970s. Alice moved to San Francisco in 1997 for graduate school and the Bay Area disability community. San Francisco became her home for many decades. In 2014, Alice founded the Disability Visibility Project, which led to a blog, a podcast, and a series of anthologies.

“Good shit takes time,” Alice wrote in her first memoir, *Year of the Tiger* (Vintage Books, 2022). She took her time with both her work and the pleasures of life, as someone who did not find success until her late forties. Known for throwing excellent parties, curating disability media and culture exceptionally well, savoring a good latte and pastry, being a benevolent Bossy Boss to close friends and comrades, and messing around at all hours of the night, Alice is survived by her parents, her sisters, Emily and Grace, and her feline progeny, Bert and Ernie.

Instead of flowers, donations can be made to your local animal shelter, food bank, library, or mutual-aid collective. The Tiger’s Den, a preselected group of Alice’s friends and family, have been informed of Alice’s wishes and dreams pertaining to her legacy, and will ensure these are honored accordingly. Please contact the Tiger’s Den for permissions, requests, or questions, as members know her wishes best and want to prevent any inaccurate coverage of Alice’s life and work.

Alice imparted these final words: “We need more stories about us and our culture. You all, we all, deserve the everything and more in such a hostile, ableist environment. Our wisdom is incisive and unflinching. I’m honored to be your ancestor and believe disabled oracles like us will light the way to the future. Don’t let the bastards grind you down. I love you all.”