



AUTITUDE!

INFO AND ADVICE!
MOVIES! ART!
AND MUCH MUCH MORE!

WELCOME!

Welcome to the seventh jam-packed issue of Autitude featuring a wonderful mix of artwork, writing and photography. Autitude continues to be shaped by what matters most to you and is curated and illustrated by Ash Loydon.

Keep your fantastic contributions coming. Whether it's a poem, a written reflection, a cartoon, a blog, photography or example of another creative pursuit, we would love to hear about it. If you have something you would like to share, please get in touch with us at autitude@scottishautism.org.

A new block of Click and Connect groups are starting up on 28th July so have a look and see if anything appeals to you.

To make sure you are updated when the latest edition is released sign up here – thank you!

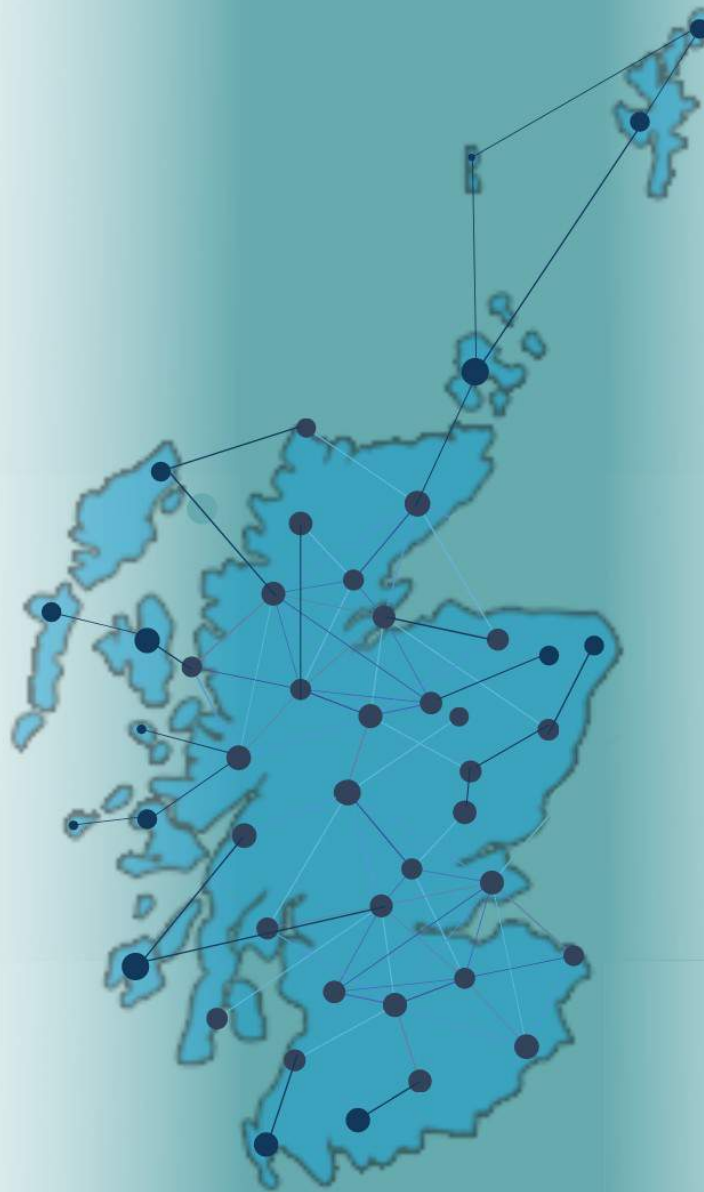
**Scottish
autism**

**WHERE AUTISTIC PEOPLE
ARE VALUED**

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Click & Connect

Click and Connect allows the autistic community and their families in Scotland to stay connected through the pandemic and beyond.

These groups aim to reduce feelings of loneliness & isolation by providing an opportunity to connect with others online.

Mindful Autism Support Group

Our Mindful Autism Support Group for autistic individuals and family members of autistic people in Scotland. Run by Jonny Drury, the group will take place every Thursday afternoon from 29th July to 30th September. Each session will run via Zoom and is free to join.

Find out more and sign up to the next session [here](#).

Virtual Art Group

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Do you want to explore your creative side? Join our online Art Group taking place every Wednesday from 28th July to 29th September from 5pm - 6.30pm.

The Art Group is open to autistic people and their families and aims to bring people together for creative expression in an informal and safe environment. It offers the chance for a mindful break from the day's worries and can help to reduce stress.

Find out more and sign up to the next session [here](#).

Summer Dance and Movement Group

Join our online Summer Dance & Movement Group taking place every Monday until 9th August, 10am - 10.30am.

Each inclusive Dance Movement class aims to build confidence, strengthen co-ordination and allow individuals to connect with each other through movement in a safe and nurturing environment.

Find out more and sign up to the next session [here](#).

Virtual Choir Group

Our Virtual Choir takes place every Thursday from 29th July to the 23rd of September from 5pm until 6pm. This group is for autistic people and their families in Scotland, and all ages and abilities are welcome!

Numbers will be limited to a maximum of 15 people so sign up quick!

We will learn a range of songs over the sessions. The songs will be chosen by you and you will be able to submit your favourite song or a song that means something to you when you register for the group.

Find out more and sign up to the next session [here](#).

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REASONABLE ADJUSTMENT

(CRAZY ABOUT THE JOB!)

A SERIES BY LEA B.

6. Alternative Text

10th September 2019

3.57 Pm

What is this image about? Lea sits most nervously in front of the empty conference room of Charity Towers. This mighty scene of press meetings and company announcements and life-changing contracts will now be the scene of A Particular Love Confession to Henrik. There won't be an audience this time, apart from Bradley the dog, of course, who already managed to sneak in, easily passing by the care taker who was much more preoccupied with a rerun of Emergency Room than the reception. While on the tv screen MD Mark Green is desperately trying to resuscitate a police man, Lea wonders: what will be the end of all this, for her, in 2019?... Whether Henrik will inform her immediately that he's sufficiently committed to Mrs Henrik, blindness, potty-training and full-time working still nuptially embraced, or will there be an opening for Lea to hear that he wishes to do a one-eighty in his life and it will be her small hand he would take this time, papers or no papers?... She knows she has no right to ask for anything but suddenly she feels so lost on that chair in the corridor. Not like a PR personnel who works here, more like a rookie journalist. Her knees pulled to her chest, resting her temple on her arm while Bradley quietly, humbly places his signature on the expensive blue wall-to-wall carpet of the mighty conference room in a corner. Yes, I was here... (Just to better prepare for the great talk, you know!)

4.02 Pm

Fast forwarding to the next picture, this is where Lea and Henrik are both sitting at the same table – well, not exactly because Lea grabs every opportunity to walk about, rearranging various objects in the room, double checking the lights for herself, then taking another round to align some chairs, politely enquiring about the other person's cough. Other person is becoming visibly more and more nervous, and Lea is happy Henrik is not asking 'Is that the smell of dog pee in the carpet?' when she sees his nose twitching. Indeed, this won't be your usual roses and scented candles type of love confession. Rather the short and deep one, in the waiting for nine months, just a mile away from the frontline, with surveillance planes zooming by above while the heroine's hair is troubled by the strong wind and the man's arms fold around her strongly in a sweet embrace etc etc etc. But, back to reality. Lea feels angry with Henrik for the very very first time when he tells her he took most of his antibiotics. Aren't people supposed to rigorously take all of the prescribed medications, a couple of times a day? – Lea is pacing to and from the table, her stomach pulsating in her chest. They have had this discussion meeting scheduled between them for two weeks... Couldn't they just continue chatting about Henrik Junior or about his coughing or even better: about life? But Mr. Henrik asks directly what does she want to talk about and there's no way out of this now. What she knew already by November 2018 will be verbalised. If her spectrum of relative luck prevails and selective muteness doesn't strike!

4.06 Pm

She has never felt that not being able to establish eye-contact with Henrik was an issue. If anything, it gave a break to her autism and allowed her to focus on the things that really mattered. There were so many other ways to bridge that gap anyhow; mind-contact, soul-contact, voice-contact, joke-contact, their work contracts, the most subtlest of touch-contact rarely when she handed something over to him. Lea felt completely floating on a cloud from that one square millimetre of skin shared with Henrik for a second. She will remember the sensation for the rest of her life. But now... just for now... it would mean everything to her to be able to share a look, send a gaze back and forth as she will be saying the milestone words: I love you. No need to panic though: suddenly a pair of chocolate brown eyes meet hers, with some canine relaxing treatment added, in the form of slow, long licks by Bradley on the sole of her shoe. 'This will be the world's most bizarre declaration of love like this' – Lea thinks but taking a deep breath she does say the words. Confessing her many days of love for him [not for Bradley, for Henrik] twice, while being closely stared in the face by a dog. Only then she dares to look at Henrik again. His cheeks now look bright red after all that paleness that could compete with any of the walls around them.

'What is it about elevated risk of stroke and heart attack for men once they enter their fifties? Oh, boy!...'



4.10 Pm

As it happens sometimes, Dr Mark Green was unsuccessful and he calls the time of death with a couple of spots of sweat on his forehead on the screen, as Lea drags herself back to her office with the usual canine follow-up. Is that real or fake? The sweat. Henrik's words. All this thing happening to her... "It's time to adopt that dog, Ms B, isn't it?" the care taker calls after her but she barely hears it. She's six years old again and Little Lea just discovered that life can be terrible and bad memories won't just go away. She's both running through the school yard, hoping her father would come a tad bit early today to take her home, and is slowly walking back towards her office. Dad has been dead for over thirty years and she will always remember today too for as long as she lives. The tears bubble up and she's unable to intervene, just wipe them behind a silly partitioner. She hopes that at night, in her dream, gentle dears will come to drink from the stream that is her great heart, that is every rejected women's hearts, the silver moon covering and gently wiping everything with healing, because her father will always remain late and then just not there, and Henrik may not come back either. What did that folk song say back in Hungary?... 'Love, love, tormenting cursed pain/How come you bloomed on all treetops ain't?' Such bitterness apparently can apply for Scotland as well, now that is certain in her mind, the immigration officer simply forgot to mention it when they issued the NI number...

Note: It was also on the tenth day of September that severe earthquake hits Constantinople in 1509 (commonly referred to as 'the lesser judgement day'), in 1515 Thomas Wolsey was invested as a cardinal on the same day, and the submarine HMS Oxley was sunk by error by fellow submarine HMS Triton in 1939, becoming the Royal Navy's first loss of such vehicle in the war. Further to this, on 10th September Empress Elisabeth of Austria (commonly known as 'Sisi') was assassinated in 1898, and in 1846 Elias Howe was granted the patent for the sewing machine - to close on a more positive note. Despite that, at this point Lea feels closer to HMS Oxley or Sisi and thinks that there's no sewing machine, or any other type of machine for that matter, that could successfully patch her life together again. Only Henrik himself.

4.25 Pm

And this is the part where Lea thinks, leaving from work to go home: it is for the better, after all. Because how would, in any case, a blind person with a beautifully complex personality and yet undefined amount of offsprings (one or more, how they say about cars, pensions and kidney stones) could ever feel blessed to love an autistic little lady from Szekesfehervar, who, by the way, also comes with a couple of other, much less exciting health conditions other than her autism, even if she doesn't have a car or a kidney stone? Perhaps no way. Yes, no way. There can be no way. No. And, what about Mrs Henrik? She must be doing the whole Henrik-thing so right! What was she ever thinking? (I mean Lea, not Mrs Henrik, the latter obviously thought to say 'I do'. But Lea, who is not Mrs Henrik and by all signs so far she won't become such either). In her country (in Lea's, not in Mrs Henrik's), the expression would be, after nine months of deep-swallowed feelings of love that were suddenly released and immediately wrapped back into the quiet: 'Hát ez szívás.' Which translates to Scottish, when it comes to all the efforts Lea put into this since October 2018, and Celtic half-gods and their marital status, as: 'Life sucks.'



Has anyone ever felt so unseen by a blind man in history? – Lea wonders this poetic question as the clouds part and September suddenly feels like January and the cab drive too painfully slow.

[It is undetermined at this point of the story though whose life sucks more, Lea's, Henrik's or Mrs Henrik's. – additional notes.]

[[Lea right now thinks it is the end of the whole universe as we know it. She will spend the next couple of months in countless counselling sessions, spending all her modest savings on paying for them, trying to find out why exactly she feels the way she does, making two–three therapists tear up even though they never had to confess love to a colleague who is like Hadrian's wall on most days; popular yet obscure, its importance misunderstood just by looking at its remains... except if Kevin Costner is walking on them! – end notes.]]

[[[Actually, right now she thinks it is the end of everything. Not Mrs. Henrik, but Lea. Mrs Henrik is probably making dinner for Mr Henrik and life is fairly normal. Just busy, busy here and there, when people have to go. Back to their desks, back to their wives, back to their funeral shroud–quietness. – end of end notes]]]

If you'd like to contact Lea about her article you can do so at
leapublish@gmail.com



Autism through many eyes: diverse perspectives enrich our understanding of the condition.

Autism – as mixed and varied as humanity itself – can present a distinct mix of strengths and weaknesses that are rarely in equal proportion to one another.

People have many differing viewpoints on it. Often, phrases such like high functioning autism and mild and severe although well intentioned, has let a false dichotomy take hold. People are complex by nature. That complexity, largely from us all being a product of many diverse influences means disability and strengths coexist and cut both ways. For these reasons it can be thought of as being a controversial area.

Controversial in that people have come to make sense of the condition in varied ways, behaviours can be interpreted through different lenses, and for those whose lives are touched by the condition – the repercussions can be life changing. However, its core features – referred to as the “triad of impairments” – can be useful in that it delineates the key aspects of the condition. It demystifies them, and from this standpoint, at least, it can be a starting point where people are empowered to make sense of the difficulties, at times great difficulty, that can be a feature of their daily life.

Being neurodiverse in a world largely governed by neurotypical ways of thinking, doing and being is disabling. Conversely, being neurodiverse affords us powers of intellect, and ways of perception, that enrich the world. Disability and neurodiversity, together; one does not preclude the other. For instance, a terrific capacity for single minded devotion to task affords a way out of the maze of thoughts, mostly negative, with no seeming exit. Perversely, they are two sides of the same coin; so, choose to spend your thinking time wisely.

Conflict, perceived or otherwise, arises in complex arenas where there are competing interpretations, viewpoints and experiences among groups of people. Perhaps the simplest, easiest most basic example could be humanity. We are, each of us, different: possessing unique characteristics; with differing views on the same subjects; and seeing the same matters from different angles. Diversity of opinion, and respectfully disagreeing with one another, makes us no poorer for it.

‘High functioning’ autism, taken to mean people without intellectual disability, could scarcely be more misplaced. Forms of autism, all of them in their own ways, are disabling. When people have more difficulty than most functioning in society, difficulty with holding down a job, such difficulty mixing with people that it causes distress, and difficulty even leaving their own home without feeling overwhelmed – the difficulty with this misnomer becomes clear.

When you are at the top of the Swiss Alps, you will get that highest level broadest view of the surroundings – as if all your senses were momentarily hijacked by its striking complexity. Yet as you progress downwards you come down to a level where it can be appreciated. So too with Autism.

Gordon Barlow.

With Daniel Craig's 007 swansong *No Time To Die* rapidly approaching, Andrew Moodie takes a look back at the actor's first appearance as Bond as he revisits...

CASINO ROYALE

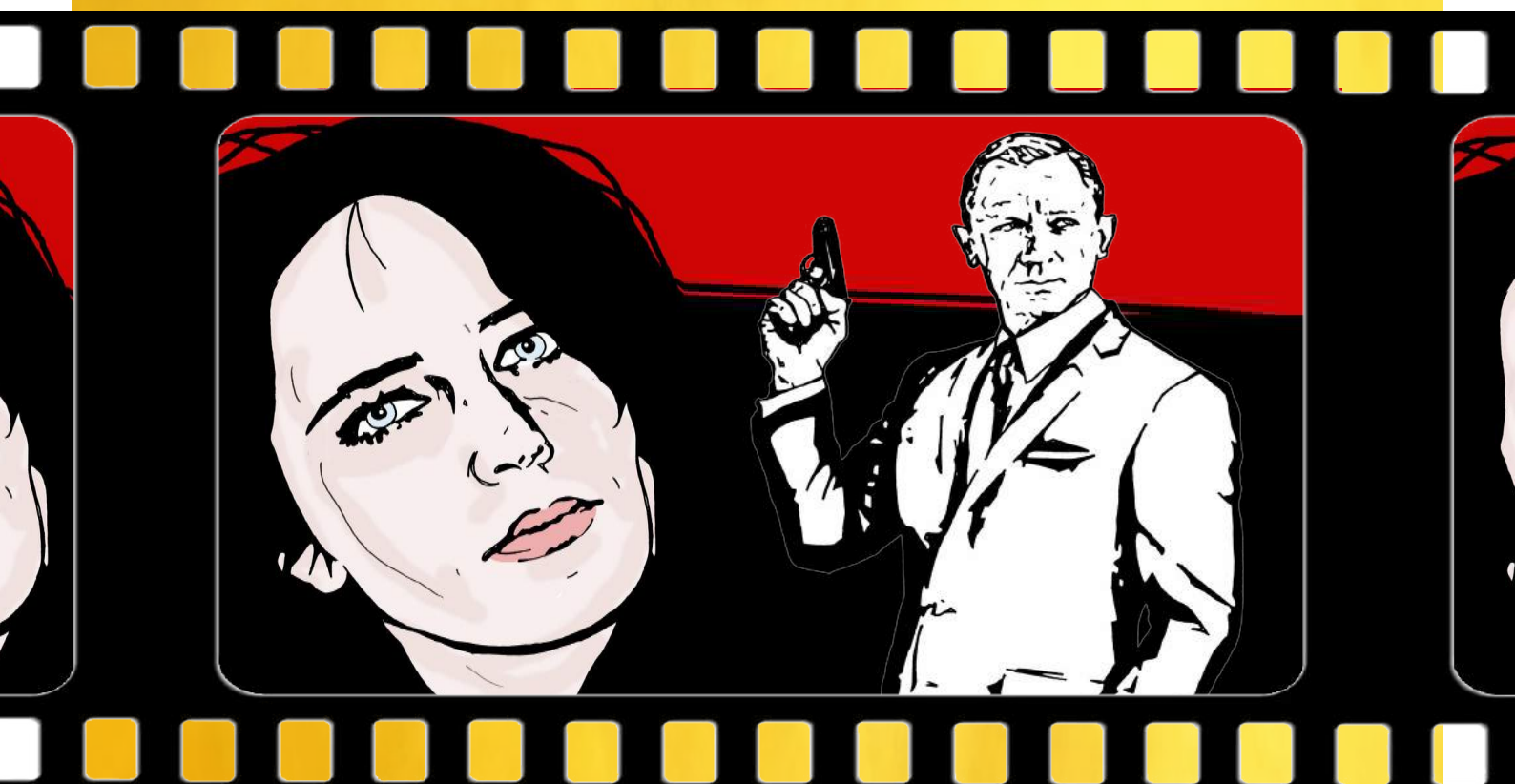
I think a brief history lesson on *Casino Royale* is necessary before talking about its 2006 adaptation. It was the first official Bond novel to be published (in 1953). It was adapted for TV several years after publication and due to rights issues wasn't able to be filmed under the Eon banner for many years. The closest thing we had was a spoof comedy version released in 1967 starring David Niven, Peter Sellers and Woody Allen. I don't blame you if you've never heard of that version as I couldn't even finish watching it.

Following the less than pleasant reception of *Die Another Day* in 2002 it was agreed that Bond would be rebooted in a similar fashion to the Batman franchise with *Batman Begins*. Bond would lose all its over-the-top tendencies and go back to its roots with an official adaptation of *Casino Royale*, directed by Martin Campbell who also had also directed Pierce Brosnan's debut Bond film *Goldeneye* back in 1995. Brosnan would not return to the role but would be replaced by the blond-haired and blue-eyed Daniel Craig from films like *Layer Cake* and *Road To Perdition*.

We begin with Bond at the beginning of his career, receiving his 007 status by killing a traitorous section chief named Dryden (Malcolm Sinclair) and his contact Fisher (Darwin Shaw). Bond kills Fisher brutally in a bathroom and wastes no time with Dryden who, in a blink-and-you'll-miss-it shot, has a picture of his family on his desk. James Bond just killed a family man – that's certainly a new one.

Bond goes on the trail of a bomb maker in Madagascar, then an associate in Nassau and before you know it he's stopped an attempted bombing at Miami airport. He clearly gets results but his methods are disapproved of by his superior M (Judi Dench) who tries to keep him grounded but it's obvious how well that's going to work.

All of this leads to Bond going to Casino Royale in Montenegro to play poker against a known terrorist financier named Le Chiffre (Mads Mikkelsen), who is desperate to earn back money he has lost from some people who are not the easily forgiving type. Bond is aided in his mission by treasury official Vesper Lynd (Eva Green) with whom he has some minor disagreement but generally gets along with very well. All Bond has to do is beat Le Chiffre at poker and get him into the hands of the authorities, which may be easier said than done.



I know many people were sceptical of Craig's ability to inhabit the character of Bond. I can only imagine how embarrassed they felt once all the positive reviews of the film started pouring in, many of them praising Craig's performance. He's as far from Brosnan's Bond as it's possible to be. He's cold, efficient but very much human and is given small touches that help him to stand out from his predecessors. For instance, after surviving a fight that left him covered in blood, where Brosnan's Bond would just get on with it, Craig's goes to a sink and washes it all off, wincing as he does it.

Eva Green makes a lasting impression as the first Bond Girl of this new era and has great chemistry with Craig. Unlike many other Bond Girls who seem to fall in love with him instantly, it takes a while for the two of them to get to that place in their relationship. This brings us to another moment where Vesper is sitting under a shower and freaking out because she has just killed someone. Bond sits down with her and comforts her. That's something that you would never see any of the other Bonds doing.

On to Mads Mikkelsen as Le Chiffre: he doesn't have a volcano lair or a plan to blow up the world, instead he's easily disposable and he knows it. He has presence, charm and an odd sense of desperation, especially in one particular scene that I will not go into detail about, but anyone who's seen the film will know what I'm talking about. It's refreshing to see a villain who is less of an over-the-top caricature and more of a human being.

Neal Purvis, Robert Wade and Paul Haggis had the task of creating a story worthy of the reboot that would hopefully open new doors and opportunities for the franchise. As far as I'm concerned, they succeeded. I'm not sure if I would credit this to the writers or to Martin Campbell's direction, but the beginning features a lengthy parkour chase scene which despite its length never becomes boring. There are some small touches to convey that this Bond is lacking in the experience that some of his enemies have. For instance, the man he's chasing in Madagascar is more than capable of parkour and jumping from a high rooftop onto a crane, but when Bond tries it he more or less crashes on it; and when the parkour expert jumps through a small window with no door in sight, Bond has no choice but to burst through a wall.

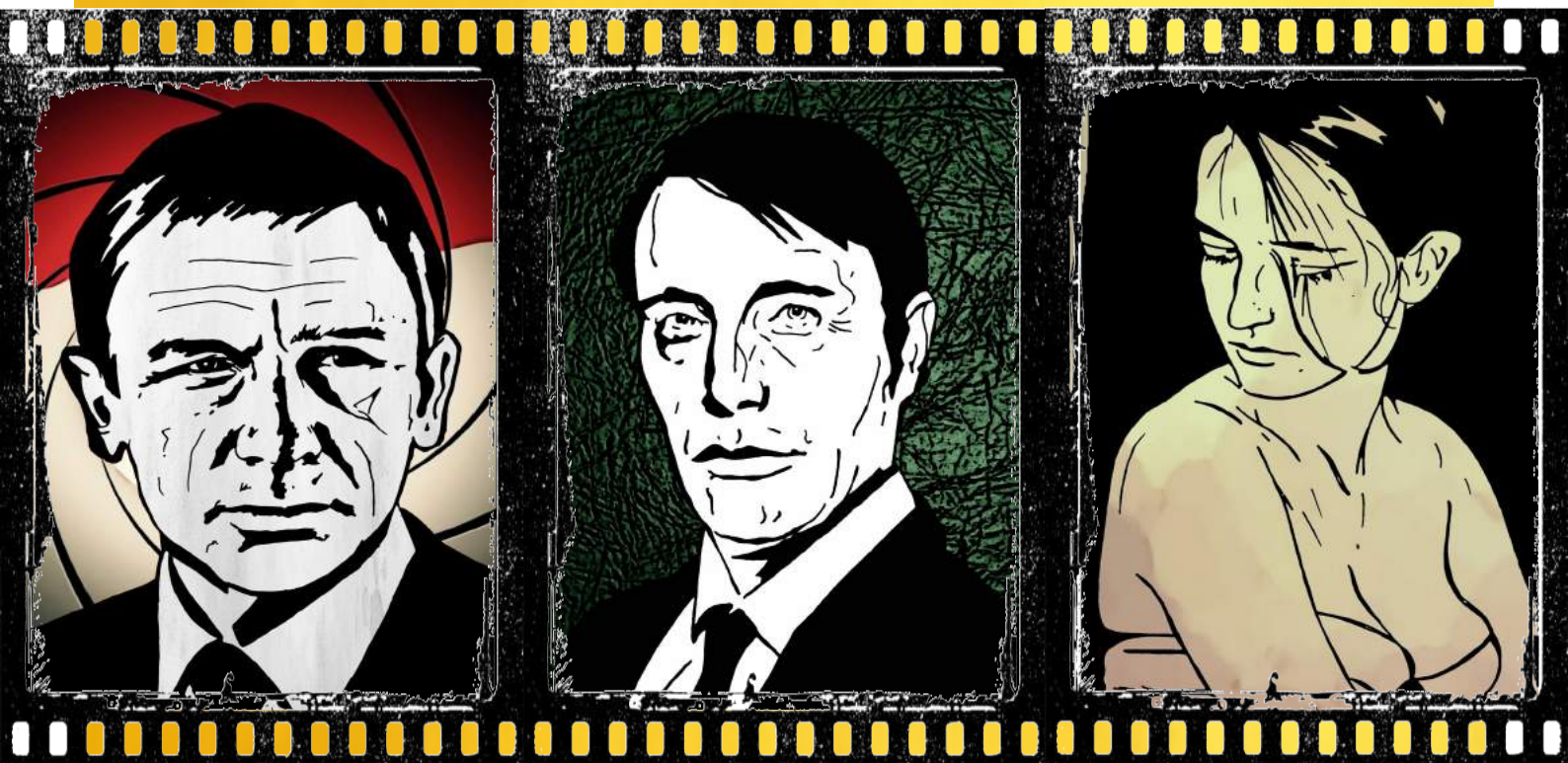
Another key moment to point out is when Bond is seducing a woman to get information out of her about her husband. They are making out and any Bond fan can see from miles off where it's going... but it doesn't. He gets the information he needs, orders a bottle of champagne and leaves, once again demonstrating that this is far from the James Bond the audience have come to expect.

Structurally the film is split into three acts. The first two have a lot of action with the first seeing Bond doing a lot of investigating. The second takes place mostly in Montenegro at the Casino and when there's action, it's gritty, visceral, and with not a trace of camp humour in sight. Act Three is more character-focused with the relationship between Bond and Vesper taking up a fair bit of screentime – this is fine, but anyone who's read the book will know how it's all going to end. There have been some changes from the novel, but mostly minor ones and the fans who also love the books can be assured that this film is faithful to the original, even going as far as to include its most iconic scene.



David Arnold is back to compose the score, but when it comes to *Casino Royale* and its music I can only think of the theme song *You Know My Name* by Chris Cornell who of course is sadly no longer with us, but his song definitely helps with the contemporary feel this new film was trying to create.

Not everything is perfect – I do wish that the poker scenes were cut down a little. Given that the film is two hours and fourteen minutes long, if you cut in the right places it would have made quite an exceptional two-hour film. But that's just my opinion and others seem to be okay with it.



Casino Royale very successfully brought James Bond into the 21st century with a realistic, gritty tone and a new Bond who stays close to Ian Fleming's original vision. I think that after seeing this, many people felt that the damage done by *Die Another Day* had been more or less repaired and I would have to agree. This was certainly a good direction for the franchise at that moment in history and I only hope that Daniel Craig will leave the role of James Bond with as much of a bang as when he entered it.

Who wrote 'Autistic'?

The evidence for autistic authors through history is strong. What do we make of the ancient bards and shennachies of Scotland could recite reams of poetry and history from memory? Were they autistic? I'm sure some were. They often used complex structures and metres which make most modern poets look like slackers. They were often hereditary, suggesting a genetic component.

In more recent times, one can see a writer like David Foster Wallace, who died in 2008. I've no idea if Wallace was ever officially diagnosed, but his personal life, and the devotion to detail in books like "Infinite Jest" and "Consider the Lobster" scream autism to me. I realise there is a danger in diagnosing someone posthumously, but what can we do? Even today, screening for adults is not what it could be. If Wallace had lived several more years, we might know the answer.

Other strong candidates might be James Joyce and Emily Dickinson, for very different reasons. I have also heard Jane Austen suggested, but my money would be on Emily Brontë. Maybe that's just because I prefer her writing.

There are many Scottish writers I suspect of being on the spectrum. Hugh MacDiarmid's autobiography hints at it. As does Helen Cruickshank's. I wonder about writers like Sydney Goodsir Smith or George Campbell Hay, not to mention political activist Wendy Wood.

Nowadays, some published authors are openly autistic such as Elle McNicoll. Many are not. I know several such people personally, and understand why. You may have even read some of their work without knowing it. They are part of a long tradition that goes back before the invention of writing itself.

Poem by C.D

Bat Girl

I'm no good at the big statements.
Professing love.
Explaining what it means to have you in my life.

But I want you to know,
when you're older
and you think that we never cared,
I want you to hear about this moment.
To know that today dad had two exams
that he is worried about,
I'm struggling with my broken foot, and
your twin brothers won't stop screaming.

But this morning, dad and I sat with you.
Working together,
Calmly, helping you colour in,
making a last-minute superhero mask
for you to wear,
to school today.

I don't really understand emotions.
But even I can see what this means.

Time now for some more of our readers creative endeavours as we showcase their fantastic ...

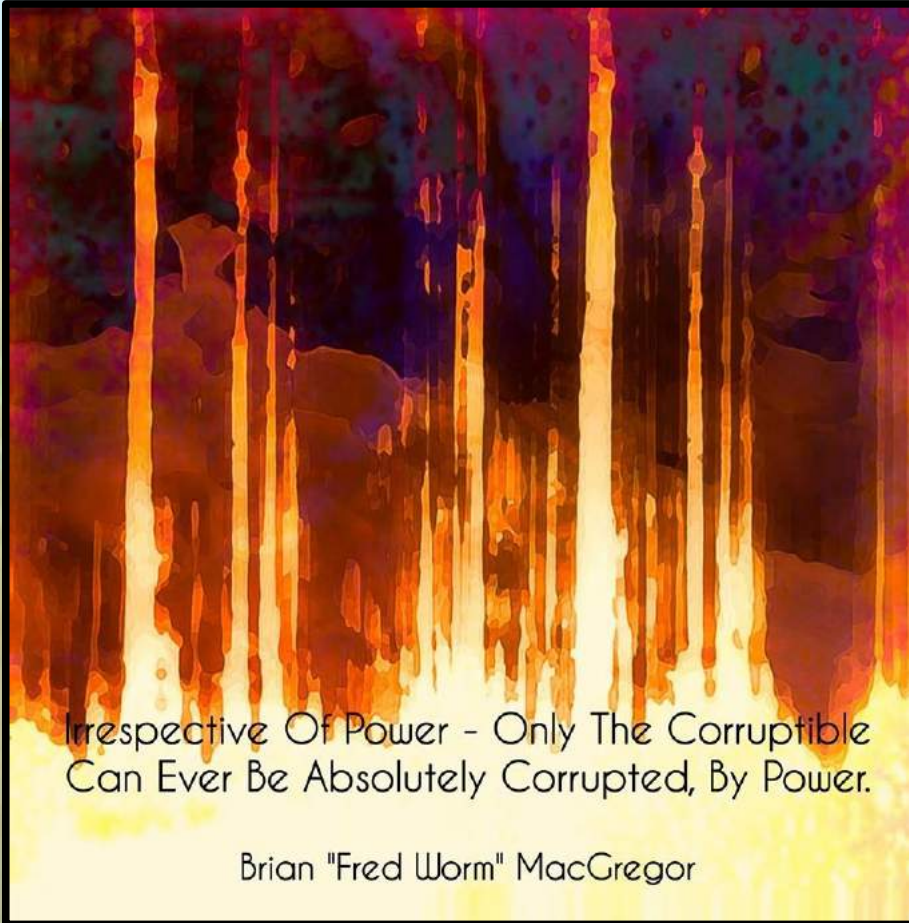
ARTITUDE!

Brian 'Fred Worm' MacGregor.

One Great Measure Of Strength Is Making
Best Use Of What Little There Is Left,...

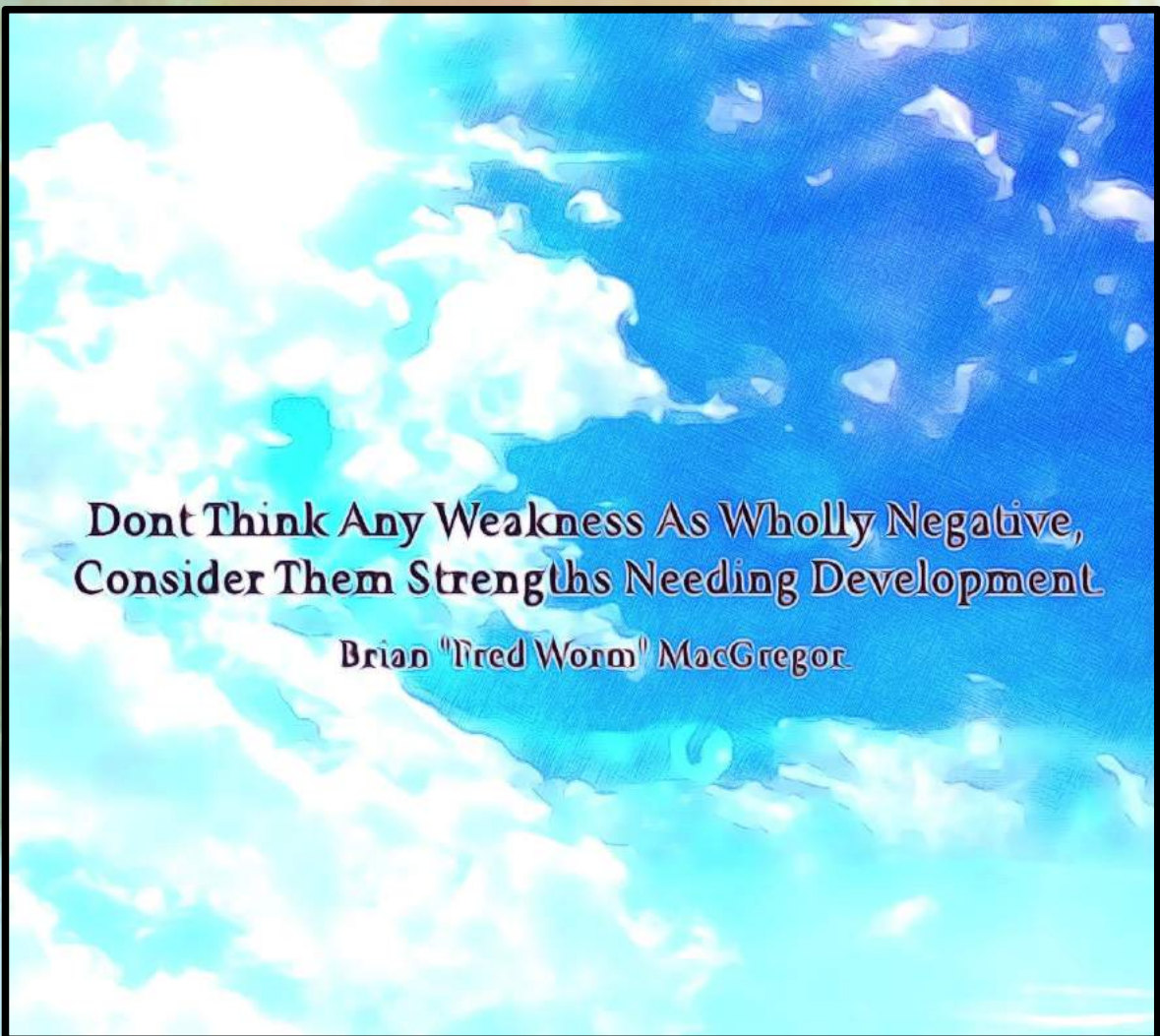
A Brian "Fred Worm" MacGregor Production (2019).





Irrespective Of Power - Only The Corruptible
Can Ever Be Absolutely Corrupted, By Power.

Brian "Fred Worm" MacGregor



**Dont Think Any Weakness As Wholly Negative,
Consider Them Strengths Needing Development.**

Brian "Fred Worm" MacGregor

Nobody - Is Perfect.

It Has Quite Often, Been Said,
'Nobody- Is Perfect'.

I Have Been This All My Life,
And, I Still Make Mistakes, Daily.

Brian "Fred Worm" MacGregor.



© 2017 Brian "FredWorm" MacGregor.

**And, they, bring, only, the offering, of a storm,
Those, who caw, so, ever loud, so, ever proud,
Piercing, cyclic, their voices are carried, onwards,
Announcing, its arrival, as they, flutter above,
The fences, those hedgerows, the stone walls,
Now, that, initial, eerie silence, is broken,
Compelled even, willed to, just speak,
Of, the, approaching, changes,...**

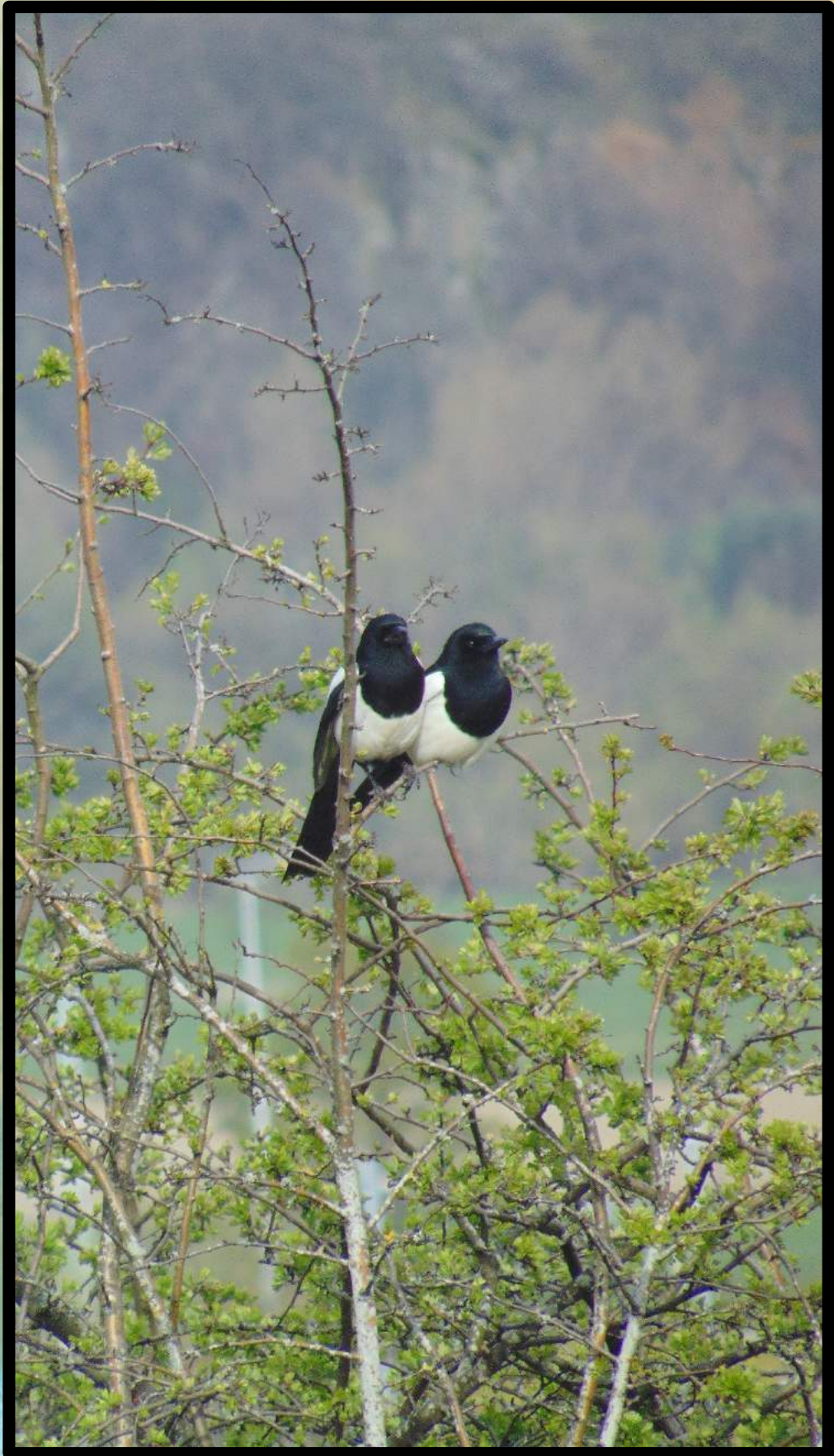


Anna McIvor's photography.

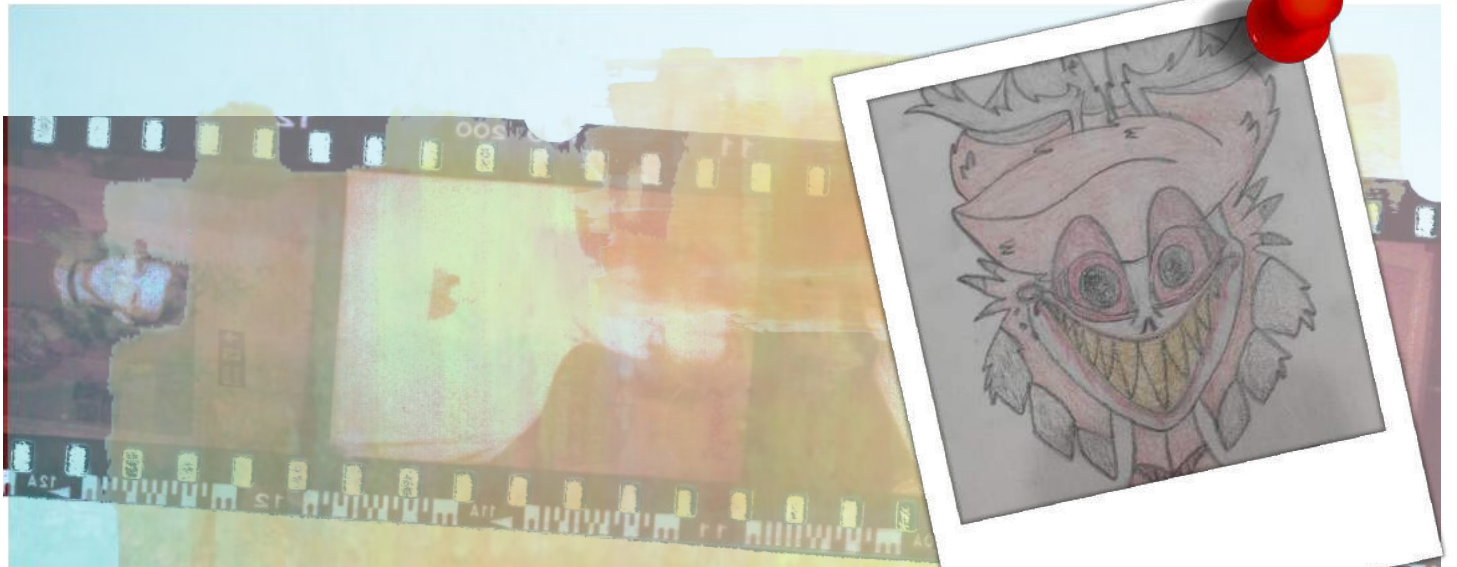
I have always enjoyed photography and art from a young age and it has become my passion in adulthood. Growing up bullies made me feel like a failure and that I would never get anywhere but recently I completed my college course with my Higher National Diploma in Digital Media. I am also a part time artist who does commissions: my favourite things to draw are animals especially birds (I am bird obsessed). Operating a camera is difficult but navigating this world with Autism is even harder for me. Nature is beautiful and amazing; I want to capture all of it's glory with my photography.



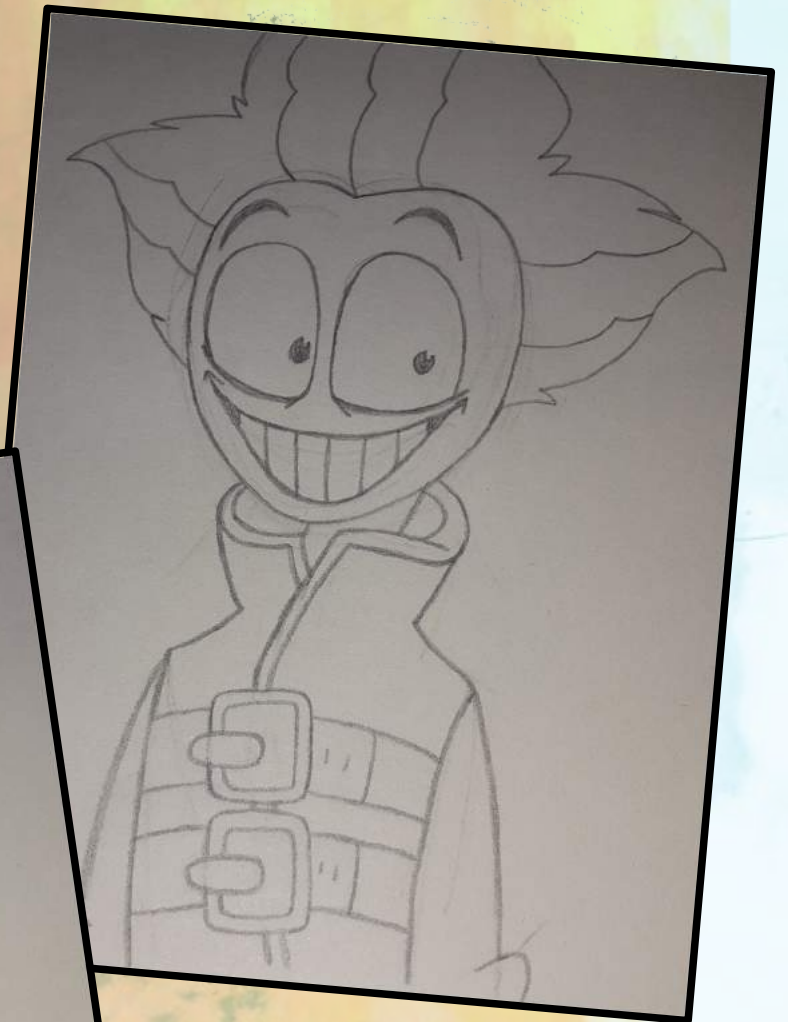


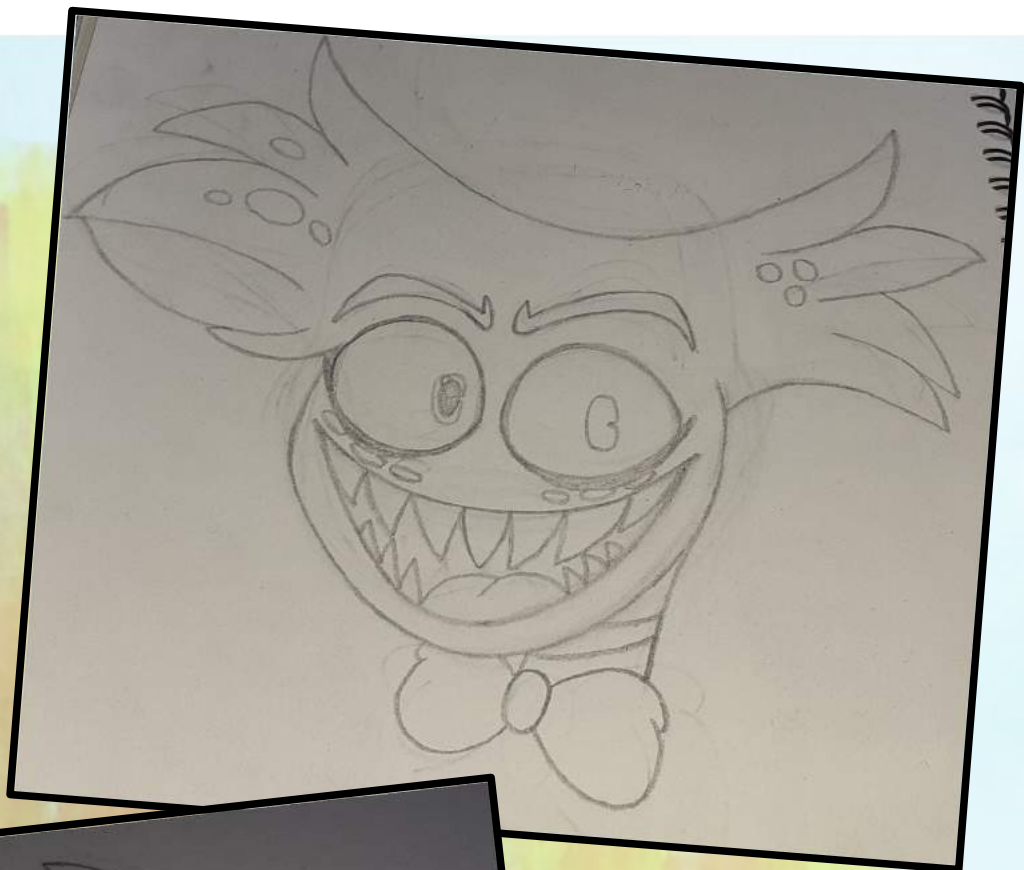




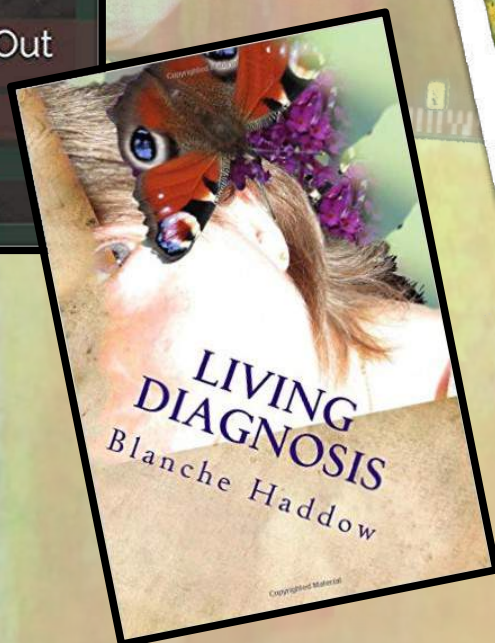
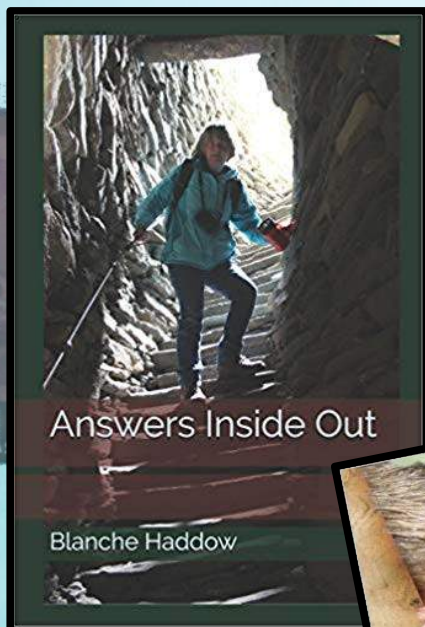


Drawings by a Talented Artist.









Hello, I am Blanche, I love the idea that Autitude uses artwork, writing and photography, these are the 3 things that I love and say I am an APA (Author, Photographer and Artist).

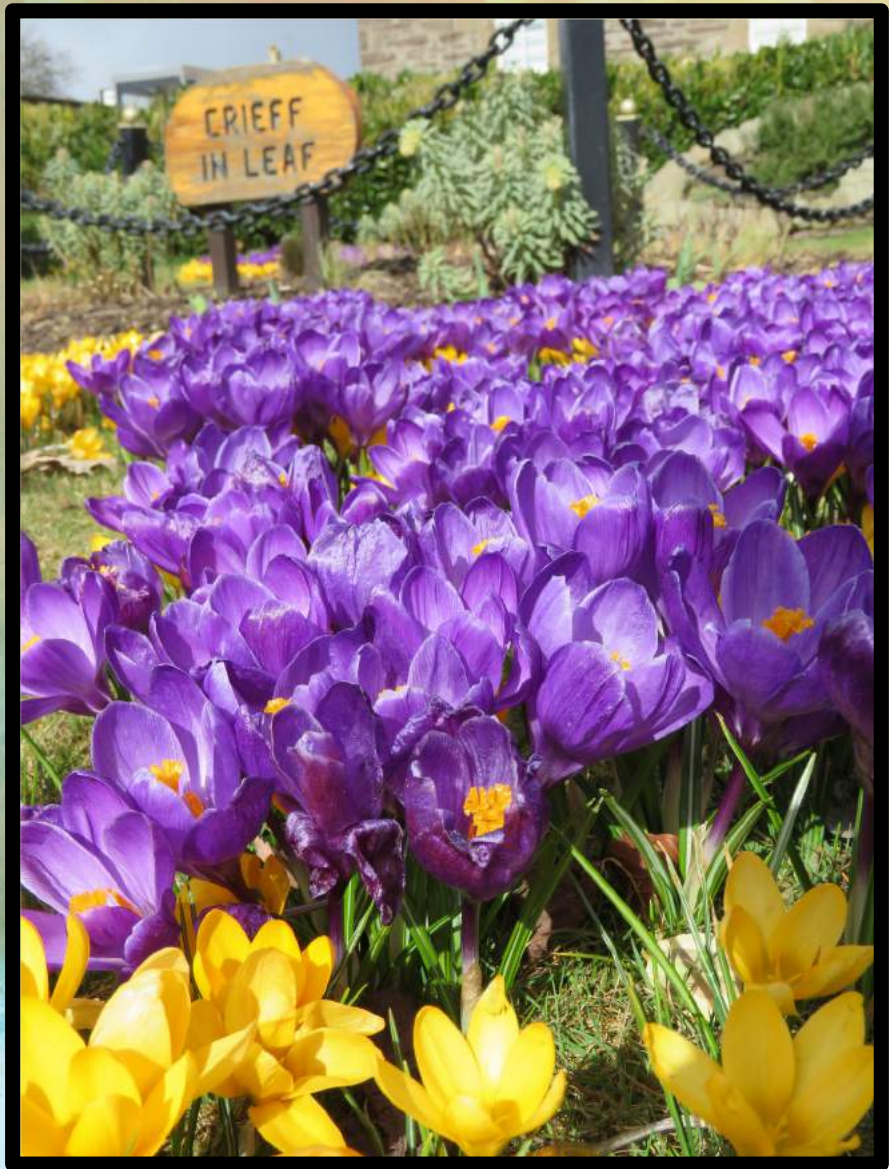
I love to go walks and take photos and I have also written 2 books. The first, Living Diagnosis, is about my head, how we process things and how we might or might not fit in with Society. The journey I went through writing this book and the response from others, led me to write my second book, Answers Inside Out, which is about carrying on that journey of exploration and finding out, age 51, that I have Aspergers.

You can visit my book Facebook page where I post about my books, connected subjects and in general about books, films, art, education etc at:

Answers Inside Out | Facebook







the doctor says i've got a multiple fracture
and that's why the cracked sky is shattered in shards
seven-year mirror hangs gaping above me
swinging from clouds that loom low in my yard

and fog breaks and turns into solid-shaped angles
whilst brown under sun with a book down i lie
on rockinghorse landscape the sleighbell jing-jangles
and staring at shivering sky wide-eyed I

clench and unclenching – all fists and feet breathing
in too-deep gasps whilst the air throbs 'round my head
gasping and swaying – arms swinging and pacing
and gravel is birds' heads "Cheep Cheep" to be fed!

in barefeet my soul starts to prickle and stretches
on moulding invisible hands, thin and red
so i jump out the windows and glance back up at myself
pacing and craving – JUST ONE CIGARETTE!

OTL Cellartapes.

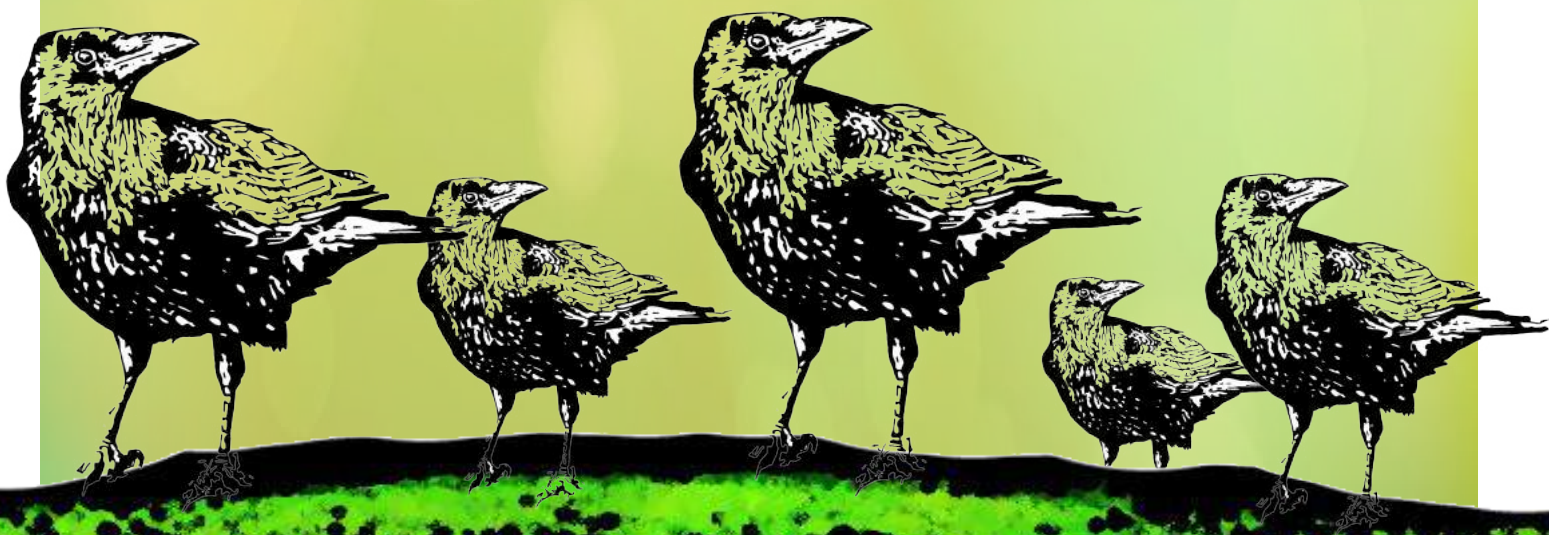
In Other Words.

“I’ve always been interested in writing and my family knows this. One day, five or so years ago, my Godmother handed me an article she’d read about a contest for aspiring writers on the Autism spectrum. Contestants could send in an example of their writing and eight winners would be chosen from the entries to pen a short story for a collected anthology. I entered and was chosen as one of the eight winners! I spent a couple of months going down to London to meet the other winners and take writing workshops with them. It was very heartening to meet other Autistic authors like me. The other contestants and I didn’t necessarily talk to each other all that much, but there was a quiet unified feeling of understanding between us that I had never felt with any group of people before.

One of our writing exercises was to write a paragraph inspired by a newspaper headline. The one I chose was for a story about how congregations of crows were destroying a university’s lawn. As just a headline without context it sounded rather ominous to me. Inspired: I wrote a paragraph about a twisted university campus with a lawn full of demon crows that I went on to use as the setting to my story. Said story details the protagonist’s escape from the creepy, crow-infested, funhouse-mirror version of his University where he finds himself trapped. Once I had written the story it was added to the manuscript with the seven other short stories; which then went on to be published by Unbound publishing.”

Kate Roy.

You can read and purchase Kate’s work featured in In Other Words [here](#).



Do Autists Dream Of Electric Sheep?

A while back I submitted an academic paper on the fun filled idea of Ridley Scott's classic Blade Runner (1982) being the most Autistic movie ever made.

Yes, I know I need to get out more.

Anyway, turns out that although the folk concerned liked it the whole thing didn't really fit in with the conference in general so unfortunately couldn't be presented.

Me not fitting in? Imagine that!

To be honest tho' I enjoyed the research and groundwork so much that I'm tempted to continue with it and see what happens.

And most importantly they didn't tell me it was utter rubbish and to just stick to the wee drawings which was nice!

So to that end here's a sneak peek at the introduction.

And you never know, if enough folk like it I may even finish the thing!



I was always told that it's best to start as you mean to go on, so to that end, let me begin by saying that Blade Runner is, most definitely an Autistic (of which more later) – as well as artistic obviously movie and whilst it's true that Blade Runner features absolutely no characters actually identified as having Autism spectrum disorder – but lets be honest barely any of the characters featured are actually human – it's a fact that every character on screen at some point displays recognizably Autistic traits.

The trick is how to look for them and where to see them.

And all without the aid of our own personal Voight-Kampff machines.

To do this you have to acknowledge that the usual cinematic portrayal of Autism in films such as Rain Man (Barry Levinson, 1988), The Accountant (Gavin O'Connor, 2016) or Please Stand By (Ben Lewin, 2017) are on the whole usually made with a majority Neuro-typical audience in mind, the experiences of any Autistic character shown firmly from the point of view of those who are non-autistic.

But Blade Runner doesn't go that route.

Blade Runner is different.



But before we go any further a quick idea of what we mean by Autistic may be useful, according to the National Autistic Society Autism is defined as:

Autism is a lifelong, developmental disability that affects how a person communicates with and relates to other people, and how they experience the world around them.

And just to shake it up a bit the definition of a Replicant is:

A genetically engineered creature composed entirely of organic substance designed to look and act like a human being but lacking in empathy.

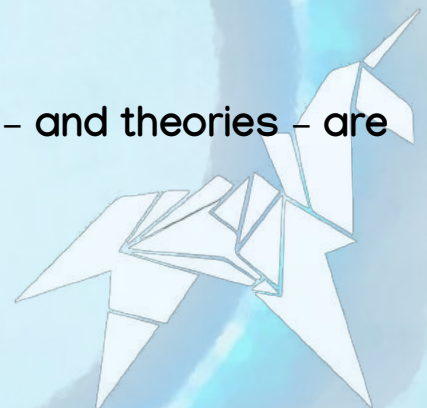
And it's this issue of empathy that is the most important theme of the movie as far as seeing it through an Autistic eye is concerned for as much as the films characters use this as a way to 'judge' replicants in reality the neuro-typical community too uses this vague notion to judge, explain and sometimes marginalize members of the autistic community.

And it's the theme of marginalization, social exclusion and sometimes just blind prejudice that are not only at the films core but issues that affect autistic people every single day.

It even features in the Voight-Kampff machine a test that, when the science fiction trappings are removed is similar to the methods and questions that have been used to diagnose ASD.

But surely it's not just a - dreaded - sense of the familiar that has made Blade Runner into such a defining film for the neuro-diverse film-going fan?

More to come, probably...but as ever thoughts - and theories - are most welcome.



Paul Wady is among other things a writer, performer and musician whose work takes in everything from the Guerilla Aspies, The Terminal Beach album and The Model Aircraft Museum stories and music from which we present a preview of here.

The album is available from Bandcamp and can be found [here](#).



The Model Aircraft Museum

An excerpt of the booklet that accompanies my downloadable album on BandCamp.Com.

HE DREAMED OF MACHINES.

Lines.

Beautiful sequences, lines running into others. Angles and corners. He dreamed of cubes and shapes. Rectilinear systems grouped together in their mutual assistance. All conspiring towards the greater purpose of the assembly. Machine. Mechanism. Device.

He lay there in the dark, absolved of his life. Floating in dreams.

Sometimes he felt like the surface of the moon. All those craters, all those impacts. A heart beating sweetly, its love pounded by the world. The stars shone over head and all around. A black and white mechanism lying silent and flawless in its symmetry on the moon of his dreams.

He would love a million times brighter than anyone if he could. He would find her, and she would glow in the dark with the radiant bloom of his affections. But she did not exist, and he was there now floating over the great grey orb of the Hasselblads, the Apollo exposures. His life was sometimes nothing more than fragments of other records, often images recorded on film.

For in his day the digital was in its infancy, and the infinite resolution of the film emulsion ruled all, determining the conscious and unconscious images of generations. He would live to see the rise of the pixel: the usurpation of the machines and their grids of information, bytes of reality pixilated into them through larger and larger groupings.

He would. But just not now as he floats over the great city of his lunar machine.



WHITE NOISE AND WATER.

The wall is covered with falling water. He stands there frozen, the white noise enveloping him. The hypnosis of the flow across the fine grid patterning in front of him.

Water falling down, about 10 feet high and a good 30 across. An open-air display. Black marble at the base.

The noise is like a gas pouring out of the structure, cloaking him from the world.

With his sensitive hearing, it is like facing a sea and diving into a great wave that does not stop pouring over and around him. Drowning but always breathing. Frozen and witnessing. Sheets of water pouring down with no end to them. Perpetual.

He could stay there forever, watching for when the surface breaks slightly. Curves of air scarring the moving surface. Then the water seals over again and the wall of liquid continues, unbroken.

Pouring down, sheets without end but not of any material. A wall of molecules. Loose, odorless and in perpetual motion.

He loves it more than he can understand. It is something completely in harmony with himself. He could have a home with walls like this, surrounding a central spot where he could stand, sit, be still. Always.

GRID.

His soul was cold, cold and systematic and alive. He walked the earth absorbing the grids all around him, pavements, roads, wires overhead. Linear.


Years before he had seen a Myspace profile on a woman called Claire. He'd heard her music and seen the message. Now, in the dark, the sea exploded by the side of the promenade as he walked and walked up the concrete. No sleep for him that night, driven by a song.

He had built up a vision of the woman with art deco bubble hair and dark eyebrows. Eyes that stared solely at him.

He left the machine and traveled to Brighton, where he had never been before.



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More lines, the public seats underneath a canopy. The bars of wood aligned with the railings by the sea. The round nodules that linked each length of metal. Cylinders, tied together in solid bonds. Going on and on and on.

The loop recording taken from the machine. The same song over and over again, the piano and the high hat. Claire's voice, over and over. The ecstatic loop of Obsessive Compulsions – the payoff of Autism. How beautiful to be held in an obsession. How perfect the symmetry of the inner echoing.

I WANT YOU ONE LAST TIME...I WANT YOU ONE LAST TIME...I WANT YOU DOWN MY LEGS...I WANT YOU IN MY HEAD...

Sweat from the back of the driven man, boots marching to the rhythm. Perfect feeling of weightlessness, walking, walking, euphoric in his stride. Soaring now, into the game.

Claire. Claire. Claire. Claire. Claire. Claire. Claire. Claire. Claire.

The sea winds blow the side of his head. Staring ahead into the tunnel of the lines. Someone he will never meet in his life, for whom he has a passion beyond anything she could ever personally experience without feeling fear.

No one around but him. But that is okay, because he is going somewhere if you look at him.

Isn't he?

ALONE, FROZEN AND STILL.

The adrenalin died down.

He sat there on the cold bench, mercifully warmed by the summer breeze from the rising sun. Hunched over with tired muscles, the passion of the nights walking sustained him. Shivering, he stared at the paving stones of the Brighton seafront.

Lines with small green growths, dark scars in the paving stones, breaking them up. Lines framing the tiny worlds, landscapes composed of blackened chewing gum and smudges of dirt, dirt, unknowable things. The surface of a map of a world.



SPECTRUM SUPERSTARS!



Name: Daryl Christine Hannah

Age: 60

**Occupation: American actress and
environmental activist.**

Autism Appreciation Week (6 – 10 September 2021)

Scottish Autism is hoping to pilot an Autism Appreciation Week in September (6th-10th).

April has been established as Autism Awareness Month, with the 2nd April being internationally recognised as Autism Awareness Day. We acknowledge that, for many autistic people, promoting awareness is not enough and that the message of acceptance is preferred.

We feel that an important aspect of acceptance is appreciation for what autistic people bring to society. We would like to highlight this by an Autism Appreciation Week organised by Scottish Autism. As this has been an incredibly challenging year for many, we want to show our appreciation of those we support in our services, those individuals we have worked with and show our appreciation for autistic people and their families in our wider communities.

As ever, we want to hear what you think about this approach. Would you welcome an Autism Appreciation Week? Please email us your thoughts at marketing@scottishautism.org.

**Scottish
autism**

**WHERE AUTISTIC PEOPLE
ARE VALUED**

AUTITUDE NEEDS YOU!



Well that's it for issue 7!
Hope you've enjoyed it!
Don't forget to send your contributions to
autitude@scottishautism.org