

AUTITUDE!

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

WELCOME!

**Welcome one and all to this spooktacular issue of Autitude!
And we couldn't have got here without you!**

**Don't forget that Autitude is totally shaped by what matters
most to you and showcases a massive range of skills,
talents and interests.**

So 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. So, if you have something you
would like to share, please get in touch with us at
autitude@scottishautism.org.**

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

**Scottish
autism**

**WHERE AUTISTIC PEOPLE
ARE VALUED**

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Click & Connect - Block 3

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.

See below for details of the groups!

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, at 1pm - 2.30pm, until 16th December. Each session will run via Zoom and is free to join.

Virtual Art Group

Do you want to explore your creative side? Join our online Art Group taking place every Wednesday, at 5pm - 6.30pm, until 15th December.

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.

Virtual Choir Group

Our Virtual Choir takes place every Thursday, at 5pm until 6pm, until 16th December. 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 about the groups and sign up for a session [here](#).

REASONABLE ADJUSTMENT

(CRAZY ABOUT THE JOB!)

A SERIES BY LEA B.

9. Colin Greenthumb And Realisations July 2021. (Still...)

Found a man on the guest bed in my living room. It wasn't Henrik Handsome. It was a fellow named Colin and we started to chat in a well-being pottery class. (Yeah, grownups do that when they are desperate.) As one spin on the wheel followed the other, my few but very dear friends gently suggesting to me each week that I could 'at least get to know this chap better' and the 'maybe it's the right person to move on with' thing and, of course, the essential 'but you look so happy when you are talking about him' coda... I gave in when he gave me his phone number. I felt too tired, too sad and too much in love with Henrik to not text Colin within ten minutes. A mistake, already on day one. But, I mean, after two and a half years of longing, one engagement dissolved and zero point five career botched, can you blame me?

The truth is, I enjoyed how Colin looked at me. And I'm not talking about the fact that this guy could look at me, not at all, blindness was not an issue for me. I am just talking about that I-am-in spark in his gaze, as opposed to the I-wish-it-was-ten-years-ago-Lea-and-we-just-met groove. Unattainable, unshakable Henrik, I want you to be Colin and not-look-look to me like he does! Come oooon!...

But you are still not here, in fact you have not sent me a single line since I escaped the clutches of my work contract with Charity Towers, you must be still sitting at your desk sighing or being grumpy with yet another intern so... what if this Colin guy is my only chance to wrap my brain into some sanity?! We have quite a lot to talk about and when he asked me about my 'status' and I briefly told Colin about you, then he asked me if it was over in my heart about the you and me, I totally lied and said: pff, boy, I hope so. Just to feel for one minute like I felt before I met you, Henrik. Like I had a future social life I can actually influence. Instead of this intense and yet slow floating towards every inch of your personality that I cannot stop on any given day. Never mind. You would just say 'anyhoo' and walk on and... I'm afraid, this is what I will need to attempt with Colin Greenthumb. Even if it just feels like a story in a parallel universe that will always avoid completion. Everybody in Roll For Health (which is our pottery class, not a post-hippie biking brigade for overweight easy riders in their 60s) has at least one long-term condition. I count as one of the 'pros', with my three chronic illnesses, plus the autism, to raise the stakes. Because of my hypermobility, all the artworks I attempt to create remind me of a little Pablo trying to capture a flamingo again and again, without success, even with the softest bundle of clay the teacher can offer.



Yikes.

Yet, this Colin guy doesn't seem to be bothered by that, he just sends me those enquiring glances and smiles from the other chair again and again and again. Truth be told, with his brain injury, his pottery could confidently join mine at any time on a veterans' fair, so we are good. For something, I guess. Tadd, the recovering alcoholic eventually smashes all his ready pieces in the name of one of the twelve steps (forgot which one) and Edvina, who could be an instant double for Maggie Smith on Downton Abbey just tends to say: 'Oh, well, isn't that interesting?', sitting up a bit more straight while we are listening to the sounds of ceramic breaking. Eric, our instructor, twirls his beard with his fingers in a very sinister way when that happens and finally always mutters 'This is very liberating, Tadd.' (His partner has a home cleaning business.) What a bunch. Almost makes me wonder, what kind of a couple we would make with Henrik at all... – *Honey, where was the shopping bag left? – Oh, I put it on the table in the garden, sweetie. – How many steps for me roughly, babe? – Well, munchkin, I guess the first step would be to decide if you need it right now. Then if not, when would it be a good time to retrieve it? The second could be, I guess...*

Yeah, I'm out there, really out there on the spectrum, I can misunderstand the simplest things, like parcel deliveries, or somebody asking for a refill for their tea. How one of my previous romances summed it, after our break-up: 'I already feel sorry for your next boyfriend'.

You see, I partly get that. I really do. Partly. But my other part says: dude, I AM good! A true creative thinker, always up to finding solutions (including on Sundays and bank holidays), observant of both the pros and cons, and when I'm enthusiastic I make all the continents shift under us. And I can be awesome-patient sometimes. Which we need, due to Colin's moderate speech impediment. I got used to the idea of one disabled being made comfortable by another disabled folk while our brains try to decide whether to throw in those love hormones or not and if yes, how seriously. Anything from nostalgia to divorce.

We spend many hours with Colin, in person and in remote calls, discussing some books, music bands and vegetables and planting options these days. I guess this is the Anglican version of a sudden act of intimacy, to seek instant solace with one person for heart ache with another. Talking about only me here; Colin is a kind of semi-nihilist, which makes me wonder if Henrik could actually be a nihilist? (It would suit him in a way, I guess, and perhaps after one more year of missing him, me too.) Colin Greenthumb is a true gentleman when he doesn't suffer from one of his post-stroke mood swings and he even agrees to come and meet my church congregation this Sunday. Officially announcing the end of the Henrik-grieving era to my support dog, I try to walk the extra mile for the big day. New dress, doing my hair up properly, making the guest bed as comfortable as I can for Colin. But my hand slips away in less than a second when he would hold it. I start to feel really foolish, more so than when I was engaged to one, beginning to fall in love with another. He is only at my place anyway because he needs someone to help him with time management in the mornings and this is the only way we would not be late from the church service. Isn't he?

Colin asked me to stop our dates about a week later, saving me embarrassing moments. Because how could I explain to him, why I came out of my bedroom and stood in the door of my own living room that night, watching his sleeping figure, imagining that if it was Henrik then those feet were hanging in the air, sleeping and stretching beyond the end of my silly, short sofa bed. Perhaps Tadd is right and I too should smash one of my ready pottery pieces next time.

#leadumpsmovingon

Back to the reality of my very responsible new job, sitting and sighing in my office, about seven incredibly far corners from Henrik's office, I can hear one of our regular clients, Mr. Dhar, in the hallway. He walks up to the reception, floor boards shaking with each godzilla-step in those prime, mucky boots of his, asking my colleague, again without the good morning-bit: 'But who is going to harvest my crops and my vegetables now??' Yes. Who. Given the current depressing figures of our economics, I could easily carry on: and who is going to drive those lorries, who is going to work in those care homes, who is going to fill those shelves? But, most importantly, sir: who is going to fill my pottery-heart? I still have a copy of John Patience's *Tales from Fern Hollow* with me on my double bed, my standard lights-out is 2.00 Am (after writing and editing) and I'm seriously thinking about time travel. Should I be worried?...



Poems by CD

Here

I need you to see me.
Covered myself in fairy lights,
painted a mural on my skin.
I am here.

The object

I am very excited
about the imminent arrival
of the thing
that I do not really need.

I will hold it
warm
in my once empty hand,
and smile

refusing to accept that
gradually it will lose its appeal
and sink
into the mess.

WHERE THE ANSWER ALWAYS LIES

**Do less and accomplish more
When entering the space
Where you do nothing
And achieve everything**

.....

**Your spirit has gone on ahead
Mind body having experiences
Through time and space to catch up,
Until, you become conscious & aligned
To your life's purpose**

.....

**When you listen with your eyes
You can begin to smell the flowers
And feel the taste of the wind
As it gently caresses the feelings you feel
As the sounds fall slowly & deeply around your soul**

.....

**What is man without his yearning
For knowing that deep inside is where
The answer does not lie**

.....

**As I drift into a soft flowing sleep
I hand over my thoughts for my knowing
To speak to me, as I travel in time and space
I am free, free to be as I float in time and space
Where the answer always lies - are you listening?**

David Yeoman – March 2011

"Day Off in Lockdown"

oh wouldn't it be nice
if we could all get high on bluetack
and have breakfast in the garden cos
the radio said it's election day?

oh the suns in the brining
and we thought it would be bicycle
to get up on our anoraks
and bristle in the earthenware and hay

cos the pigs got the antlers on
the antelopes are biting us
and making us into sandwiches
that haven't got any orange flavoured jam

cos they're feeding us to crocodiles
and eating all our livers
out of kidney-dishes they forgot
to take back to the hospital
cos not a lot of bicycles survived
to live the aftermath of maths-tests
we endured until we're sick between the
tents we met again

but the rest of us who still can breathe
are joining in rejoicing not a lot
about the fish we bought last week
from panthers in the sudden zoo

we fed them to the lettuces but
let us now presume they took our coins
but wouldn't let us use the loo

so shall we now assume there was
no celery to sip our substance through?
or shall i just admit the salad fetishists
have not a lot to do?

but all beside the lake we didn't
drop one in the ditch with any frown
the last of them the worst of us we sent
to get the beers we'd tumbled down

the waste of ends the loss of days
the wrath of kith and kin besides as well
the taste of ways the bread of bins
the cough that leaks into "what can i smell?"

the mask of ground the wind-blown bins
the people strewn about the drunken street
despondency and noone knows
or cares or hasn't even found their feet

well i should drop
yes i should fly
to see them all so lost in this despair
they haven't got any teeth
and they're losing all their hair
but i'm the one who says what goes and when,
so i can see hair any time i like.,.,.,.

by OTL Cellartapes

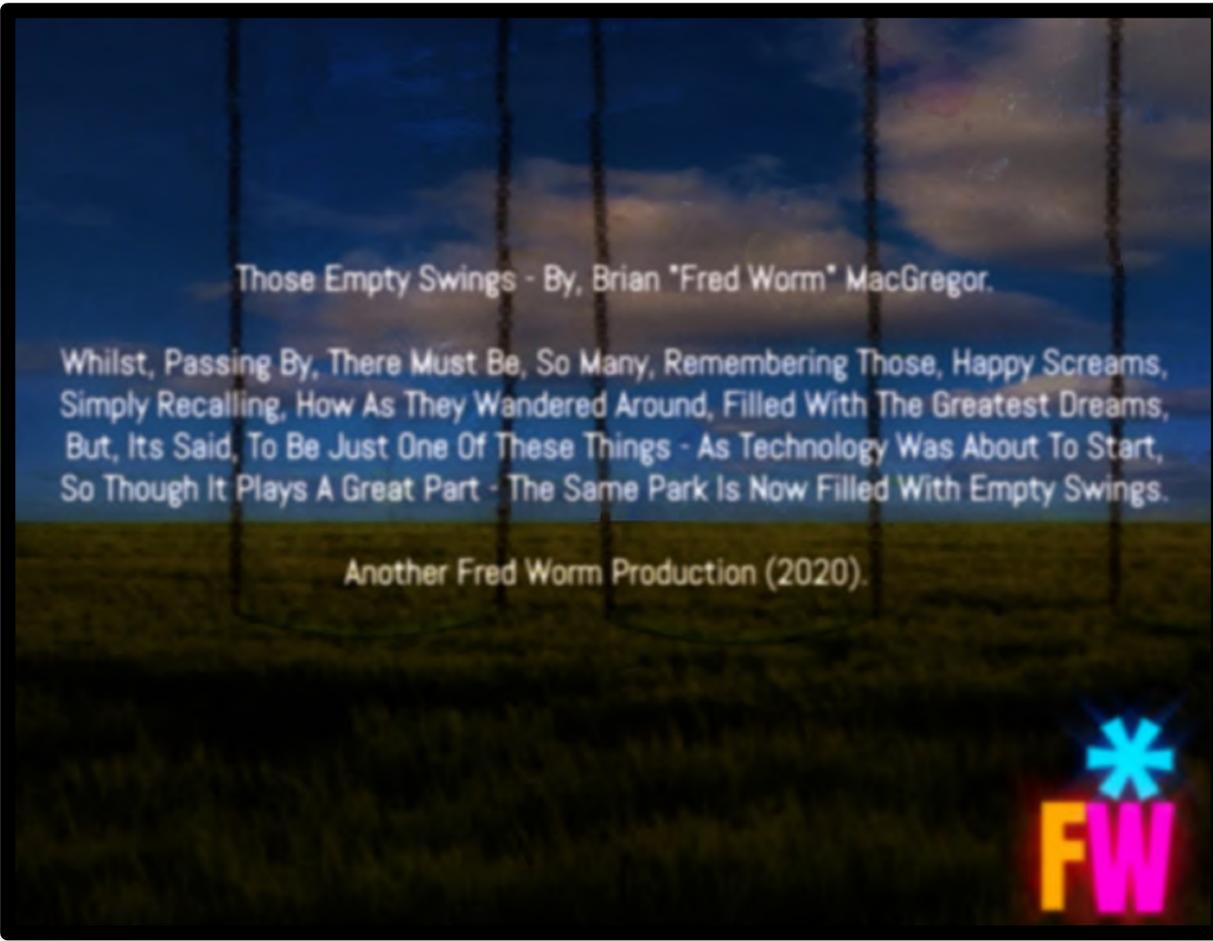


That Old Clock Above The Lane,
By, Brian "Fred Worm" MacGregor.

Within Springs, Deeper Showers - It Never Missed Any Hours,
During Summer When The Sun Burned - Those Hands Turned,
As, Autumns Breezes, Came - Time, Was Still, Kept The Same,
Then As They Reckoned - That Old Clock Above The Lane,
Some, Eighty, Years, Later - Had, Not Lost, A Single Second.

Another Fred Worm Production (2020)





Those Empty Swings - By, Brian "Fred Worm" MacGregor.

Whilst, Passing By, There Must Be, So Many, Remembering Those, Happy Screams,
Simply Recalling, How As They Wandered Around, Filled With The Greatest Dreams,
But, Its Said, To Be Just One Of These Things - As Technology Was About To Start,
So Though It Plays A Great Part - The Same Park Is Now Filled With Empty Swings.

Another Fred Worm Production (2020).



I Live Only To Strive – And, In This – I Am Alive...

Brian "Fred Worm" MacGregor



KNOWING IS WORTH NOTHING

WHERE

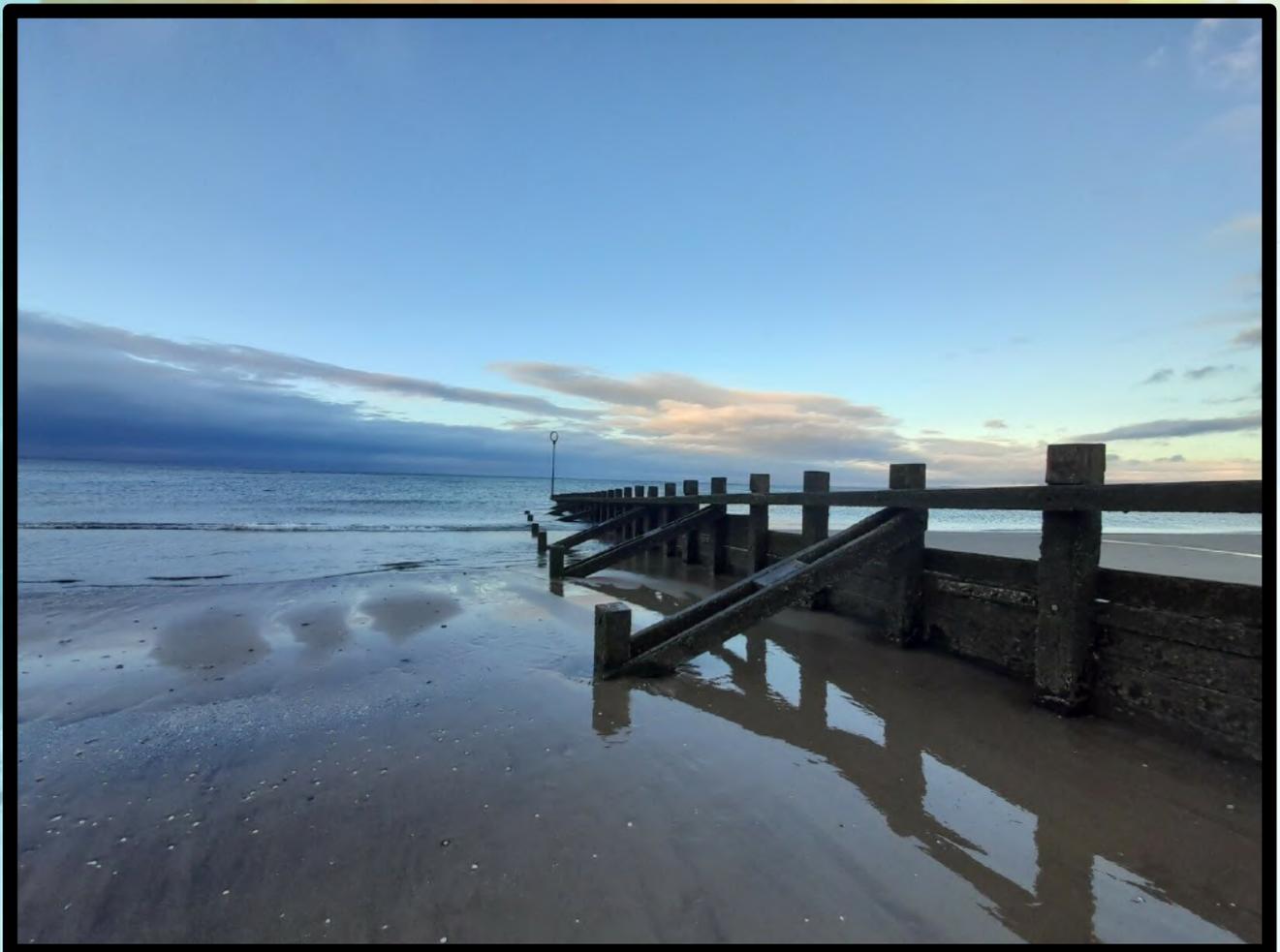
NOTHING IS WORTH KNOWING

A FRED WORM PRODUCTION (2019)

ARTITUDE!



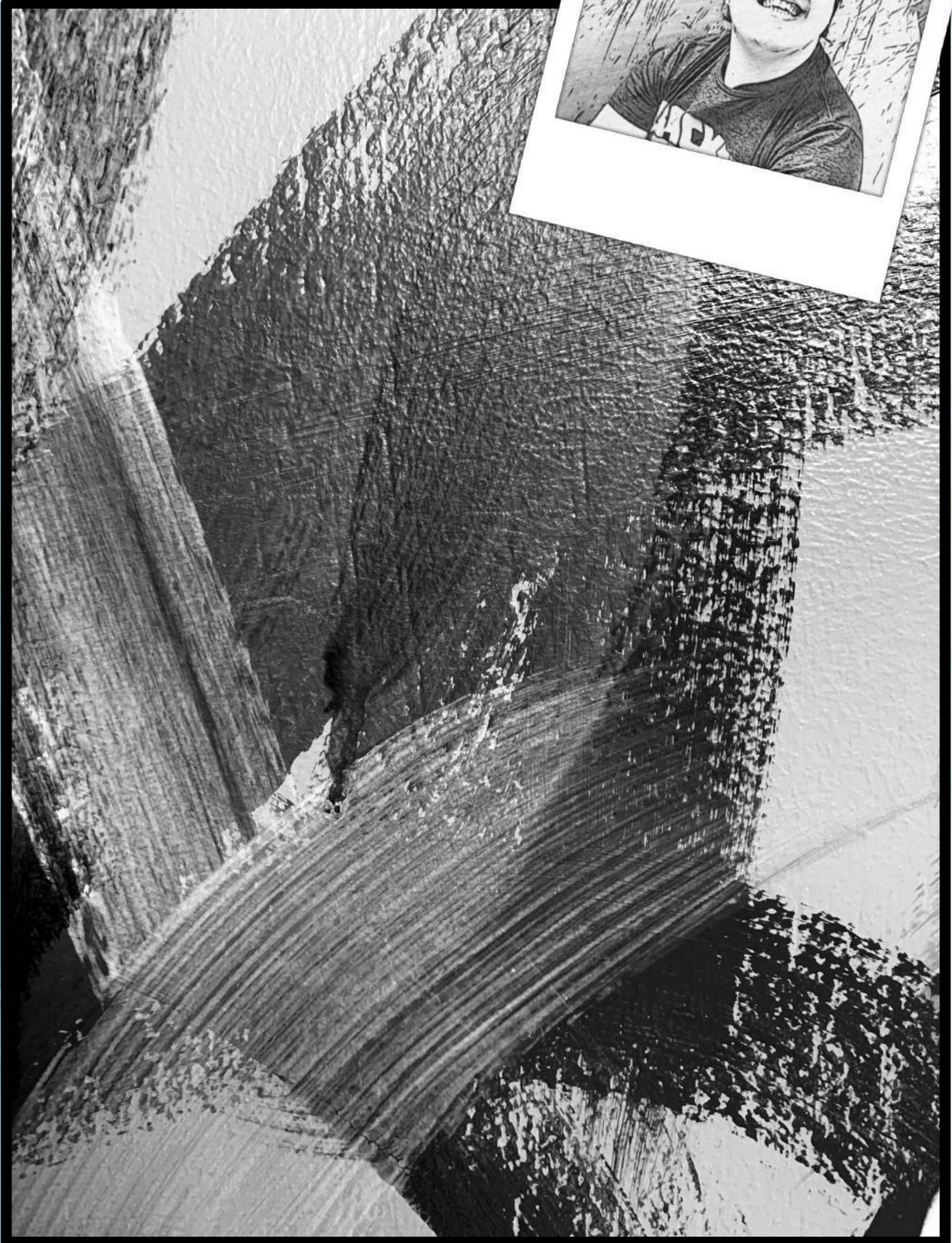
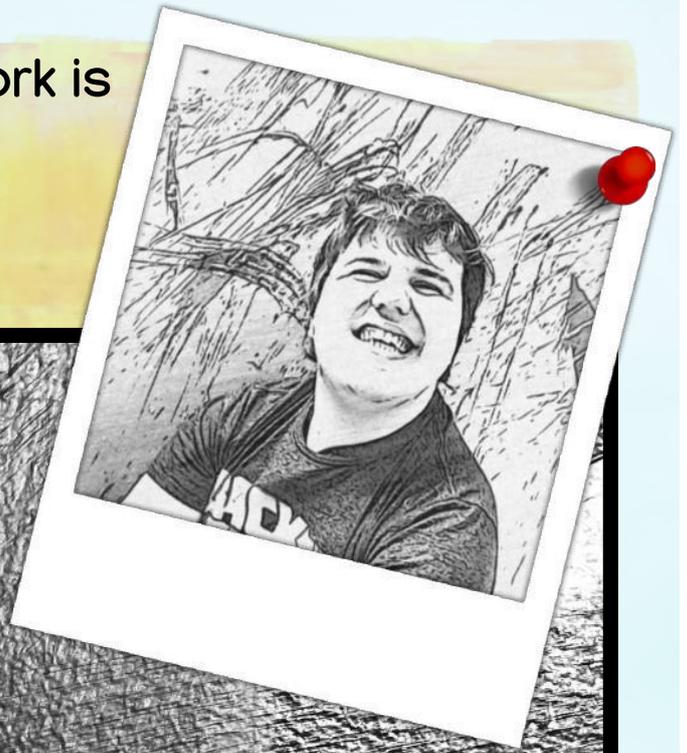
Hi, I'm Sandra Louise Smyth, after my late diagnosis of autism at the age of 45 I bought myself a camera and took up photography. This has helped me to get outdoors more often and helps with the anxiety that I often feel. I took these photos recently on a trip.







Lee is a beginner to art, his work is non-representational. Two methods are used: thick brush strokes and paint splatter.



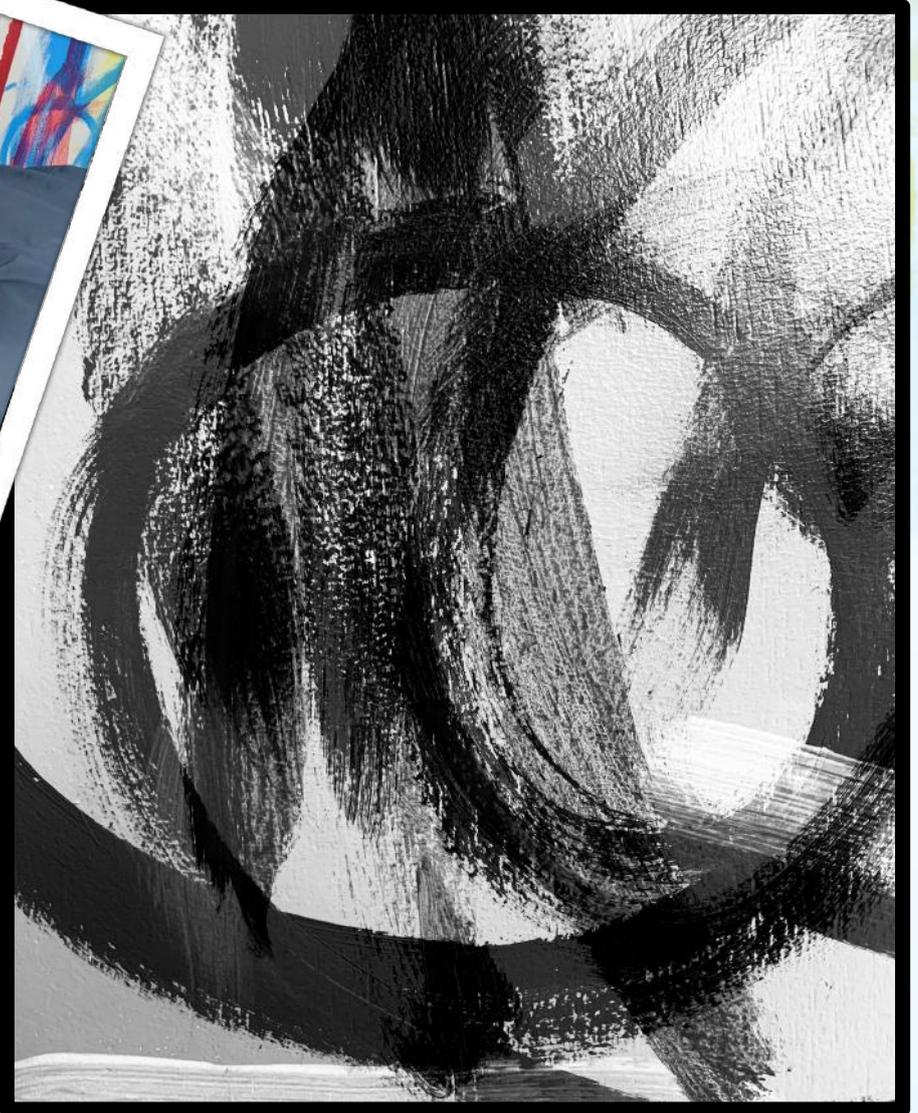


Leo



Leo





Looking back on the year 2015, one thing is clear: it was a good year for spy films – Kingsman: The Secret Service, Spooks: The Greater Good, Spy, Mission: Impossible – Rogue Nation and The Man from UNCLE. But of course the big one that people were really looking forward to was the twenty-fourth James Bond film, Spectre. Following the huge success of Skyfall in 2012 it was clear that anticipation was high for whatever would come next. For a while all we knew was that Daniel Craig was still playing Bond and Sam Mendes was returning to direct. But then as soon as the title of the film was revealed most people could guess where it was going to go and in some ways I think they were right.

S P E C T R E

Review by Andrew Moodie

Spectre gives Daniel Craig his first real gun-barrel sequence at the start instead of the end. After that, little time is wasted as the film proceeds right in the middle of a Day of The Dead parade in Mexico where Bond is on a mission to kill a man named Marco Sciarra (Alessandro Cremona), a final request of his old superior M (Judi Dench). I know it probably didn't mean much when the film was first released but looking at it now, the way the camera moves at the start is made to look like one long continuous take – which is an approach Mendes would utilise to its full potential in his later project 1917. Bond accomplishes his mission and causes a great deal of destruction along the way, and in the struggle he takes Sciarra's ring that has an octopus design on it.

Back in London Bond is grounded by his superior, the new M (Ralph Fiennes) but must still fulfil the request and go to Sciarra's funeral in Rome. There he meets the widow (Monica Bellucci) who at the time was and I think still is, the oldest person to play a Bond girl. Bond saves her from assassins and briefly makes love to her (even though he did kill her husband) but as in Casino Royale he gets the information he needs and then he's gone.

In due course we are introduced to the film's henchman Mr Hinx (Dave Bautista) along with the man in charge of the organisation, Franz Oberhauser (Christoph Waltz). A car chase ensues that's competent but not particularly exciting. Bond then finds Mr White (last seen in Quantum of Solace) in Austria who gives Bond one request – to protect his daughter Madeline Swann (Lea Seydoux). Soon we learn the name of the organization that is responsible for poisoning Mr White and whose meeting Bond gate-crashed earlier. They call themselves Spectre, which of course is a very big clue as to what the name of Waltz's character really is. But the audience will still be expected to see it as a twist when it's revealed.



This is where the script (by four different writers, Neil Purvis, Robert Wade, John Logan and Jez Butterworth) really begins to feel too much like a conventional Bond film. Bond has to establish some kind of meaningful relationship with Swann, he has to go to the villain's main base and escape and of course fight off the main henchman on a train which he's done before. But then there's the supposed continuity that all of the recent Bond films share and how it ties all of them in with Spectre, with that organisation being behind all of the villains from the previous three films. Then there's the 'twist' that can be spotted miles away where Oberhauser reveals that he now goes by the name Ernst Stavro Blofeld. Not much of a surprise when the film is called Spectre and right before the reveal the camera lingers on a white cat.

But here's an odder twist. After his parents died, Bond was taken in by the Obenhausers where the father treated him like a son leaving his real son jealous. So in this continuity, Bond and Blofeld are foster brothers. I know it's meant to be dramatic and raise the stakes of the story but this exact detail has already been used... as a joke in an Austin Powers film. Here it's meant to be taken seriously.



Craig's approach to playing Bond hasn't changed much. He's got the charm and ruthlessness that would be considered essential, but not too sure about the more human qualities that he was noted for in his earlier portrayal. Waltz had the potential to be a great Blofeld but, despite his best efforts here, he missed an opportunity to be the cast standout. Seydoux is fine as Swann but I felt she was just going through the motions. Fun fact: Seydoux and Waltz were both in the opening scene of the film *Inglourious Basterds*, where Waltz definitely stood out for the right reasons.

Fiennes gives his first real performance as M and he shows he can play the role of a stern but likeable superior; or maybe it's just odd seeing him in a film where he's both a good guy and has a nose. At one point when Wishaw was speaking, all I could hear was Paddington.

Cinematographer Roger Deakins has been replaced by Hoyte van Hoytema, who seems capable but the best he can do is make locations like Mexico and Africa nice to look at. I was much more impressed by the visually-arresting title sequence by Daniel Kleinman.

Thomas Newman returned to compose the score but I was more interested in the theme song, *Writing's On The Wall* by Sam Smith. This got a lot of praise but there were doubtless some detractors when it was revealed that Radiohead had actually recorded a song called *Spectre* that was rejected on the grounds of being too melancholy. Yet Sam Smith, whose voice can be a bit whiny at times, got in without a problem. It's the only Sam Smith song I have really listened to; it's far from the likes of *Skyfall* and *You Know My Name* but I hear there's an instrumental version that makes for better listening.

Bond escapes with Madeleine from the charred remains of the old MI6 building, after seeing some odd pictures of himself and people from his past in a shooting range. Denbigh is dead, *Nine Eyes* is successfully shut down and now, thanks to an explosion, the new Blofeld is missing an eye and has a scar on his cheek. Bond doesn't kill him but instead seemingly leaves MI6 with Swann in his DB5 and so ends *Spectre*.



It's definitely entertaining in a lot of ways. I don't think it's as good as *Skyfall* but it's much better than *Quantum of Solace*. I'm aware that isn't saying much, but I like to think it counts. There wouldn't be much talk about what would follow it for a few years, but now at the time of writing this, *No Time To Die* is hopefully less than a month away. Let's see if Craig can leave the Bond franchise in a better place than he found it.



This is Thomas, he is nine years old with a combined diagnosis of ADHD, ASD and sensory issues. Thomas started martial arts two years ago through an after school club which his mum participated in with him. He thoroughly enjoys his two neuro typical classes a week and his ASN class. Thomas assists his sensei with this class and helps with symbolic timetable and showing them the moves. Thomas is two belts away from being in the advanced group.



Adele Lea, an author with high-functioning Asperger's Syndrome, has recently published the book *It's the Details that Count*. In addition to being an enjoyable read, it has the hope of raising awareness and giving an insight into females with high-functioning AS, as the following elucidates...



“Throughout my life, I have frequently utilised thinking up labyrinthine mystery plots as a coping mechanism in stressful situations; however, with more time on my hands due to Covid-19, my family suggested writing one of them down.

Diagnosed with high-functioning Asperger's Syndrome at the age of four, from my experience of seven schools, I have become well aware of how people's lack of understanding the way AS presents in girls massively impacts in day-to-day life. Liking some socialising (unlike the autistic male stereotypical form), I didn't just sit in a corner and say nothing, or in contrast, run around the room and dive under tables. Simply because I looked normal and achieved well academically, people wouldn't accept I had any difficulties, insisting on putting everything down to my being an only child.

This was despite my displaying obvious AS signs that people could have easily picked up on with a little awareness. For instance when I was younger, I: took my teacher's metaphors literally, such as being really worried and going to find her when she wasn't back in '2 secs' as she'd said she would be; struggled with changes to routine, and groupwork; lay on the floor due to sensory overload; got into trouble for answering that 'no' I wouldn't *like* to open the window; highly exasperated teachers by 'interrogating' them due to my anxiety and auditory difficulties; annoyed the local police by actually answering their question in a school talk concerning whether we could remember what our teacher was wearing over a week before – I apprised them of every small detail and this unintentionally disproved their point about how their work is “highly skilled” because “people don't notice, or remember, information”.

However, obviously with age, the signs to look out for become more subtle. Thus, hoping to raise awareness so other people can be better understood, I have given the book '*It's the Details that Count!*' the slant of giving an insight into female high-functioning Asperger's. This also helped the fact I had instinctively made high-functioning AS determine the actions of the two main characters, Martha and Nora Quick, (who are aged 16 and 14-and-3/4 years respectively).

By having the local police's undisguised antipathy contrasting the CID Detectives' acceptance, I've tried to demonstrate the effect of people's understanding and reaction to some unique quirks caused by their AS (mostly their literal mind and matter-of-fact nature).

I have always loved a good complicated, but enjoyable, mystery, and didn't want the AS explanations to dominate this aspect. Therefore, I have put the explanations concerning the AS behaviours in brackets so it's easier to follow the plot, and isn't too intrusive on the novel if some people aren't primarily interested in this non-fiction part. After all, as is the case with most things in life, AS presents slightly differently in each individual, although the main underlying principles are the same. After deliberating a way to link AS and a murder mystery, I came up with the important link: details. Small and seemingly insignificant points that only those with AS would take any notice of, prove to be vital in solving the intricate mystery. I had already unintentionally made them important and so this was not difficult to develop. This, plus the main characters' love of mathematics and *counting* interpenetrate to form the basis for the link between the plot and AS, and thus the title.

One of the hardest parts of writing the book was not to let the 'exuberance of my verbosity' dominate the book! Although the book is written for adults/teenagers to read, I want the insight to be within reach of a wide range of academic levels, and so my Nana who is neurotypical has reined in some of the long words when helping to edit the book, as I know not everyone shares my obsession for them!

The setting was difficult to decide on – I originally had it by the sea, then in the mountains, and finally decided on part of Yorkshire where the scars (hills) and lakes would enhance the context.

At one point, the plot became so complicated and mixed up – some described it as a lot more complicated than any Agatha Christie – that I wondered whether I would be able to complete the book. However, my family (and the comfort of my dog) helped me get back on track with it and write a summary to get things clear in my head. An adapted form of that summary is now incorporated at the end, as I know there's nothing more frustrating than small, but significant, details being left unaccounted for.

It's been difficult getting the right balance between: the book's being a pleasurable read, and raising awareness into the AS difficulties and 'silver linings'. However, I hope its being written in the first person of Martha (one of the sisters with AS) facilitates the reader in escaping into the world of the Quick sisters and in better understanding how their AS makes them view it.”

Adele Lea

Click here to order 'It's the Details that Count' by Adele Lea
on amazon

More information can be found on the following website:
<https://byadelelea.wixsite.com/detailscount>

What Am I Called?

'Read the four descriptions below, can you guess what they are?'

Gordon Barlow.

A peripheral hardware device whose primary purpose is to convert electronic data into hardcopy form. Like most hardware devices, they require interaction and communication with a computer so that they can perform the completion of the task. Consequently, to enable this two-way flow of information a cable is connected to the device that is then plugged into the computer which results in the successful transmission of the data.

This type of equipment can be integral to the successful running and functioning of a variety of different organisations, and for that reason it is not uncommon for them to be found in schools, homes, offices, and businesses across the country.

The distinctive features and attributes that are characteristic and most commonly associated with them are a screen, a loader tray, buttons for options, and a scanning function which captures data in one format and reproduces it in another. Together these individual functions create an interface with which a user interacts to issue commands and carry out tasks.

It was possible for them to be characterised as a weighty addition to your workstation, although as technology advances they have become increasingly portable. Added Wi-Fi capability now negates the need for the older method of cable to cable communication.



2. Description of an object – name it!

A form of electronic communication that has grown in popularity. These devices provide their users with a means of communicating with one another over a large geographical spread. The portable nature of these handheld gadgets means they can be found virtually anywhere, and they have become convenient and ideal for many on the move.

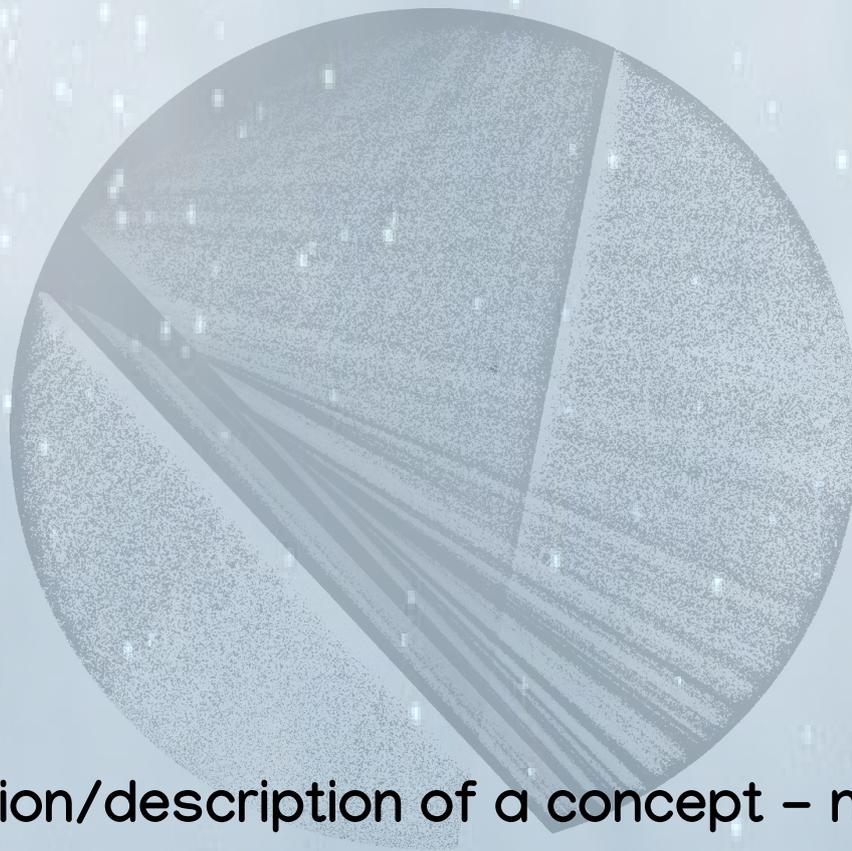
There are many different types of brands and models. The characteristic features associated with them are a screen, a keypad, and a camera. The screens usually have touch capability. Together these component parts allow the user to operate it through the interface.

They were once known only for the primary function of a two-way exchange, but such is their technological transformation and advancement that they are perhaps best described as multi-purpose. These increasingly sophisticated, advanced handheld pieces of kit are now capable of web browsing, video interaction, and the use of applications.

A small card usually slots in the back. A battery is then fitted. The principal function of the card is to relay signals to the base station so that the device can access the network and its services.

3. Definition of a concept – name it!

It is a system of active participatory involvement whereby the collective expression of individual citizens is represented in an institution. A key defining characteristic of this system is the occurrence of an event. The participation of people in this event produces an outcome, and that outcome is enacted by the agents which comprise the membership of an institution.



4. Definition/description of a concept – name it!

This concept refers to a flexible educational institution which was the product of a belief that the opportunity of education should be spread. That the pursuit of academic education, and the advantages that flow from it, should be available and open to all who can meet that standard. It is to my mind a great British institution. If today's current government ever wanted a lesson in social mobility, this would be the place to teach them it.

(Answers on page 42).

MONSTER MOVIE MASH!

Being a huge horror fan (as I've mentioned before, my first memory is from around 2 years old and it's not of my parents, it's of sneaking out of my cot, crawling into the living room and watching the 1931 Frankenstein from behind a chair. Which I think says more about me than anything else really.) I reckon it's never too early to introduce your kids to the joys of classic creepy cinema but, I hear you cry, where to start?

So to this end – and with the help of my terrifying Shining like twins Amelia and Embeth – I thought I'd share their top 6 favourite freakishly fun family friendly films for Halloween!

You're Welcome boils and ghouls!

The Corpse Bride (2005) – Tim Burton's stop-motion classic – featuring the voices of Johnny Depp, Helena Bonham Carter, Joanna Lumley and the fang-tastic Christopher Lee – centres on the poor lovelorn Victor and his bride to be Victoria whose parents arrange for the pair to be wed in the hope of elevating Victor's nouveau riche parents to the upper classes whilst restoring Victoria's families wealth and standing.

Although the pair hit it off immediately, Victor ruins their wedding rehearsal by forgetting his vows and setting Lady Everglot's dress on fire and so flees to a nearby forest where he spends the night practicing his vows on a tree and placing the wedding ring on an upturned root.

Scarily though the root is actually the finger of a dead woman named Emily, who rises from the grave claiming that she and Victor are now married and with that whisks him away to the Land of the Dead.....

The Monster Club (1981) – Famed horror author R. Chetwynd-Hayes (John Carradine) is approached by a strange man named Erasmus (the legendary Vincent Price) who turns out to be a hungry vampire.

Erasmus bites the writer, and in gratitude for snack, offers to take the writer to the Monster Club, the secret nightclub frequented by all manner of ghouls, goblins and strange supernatural creatures where Erasmus tells Hayes 3 ghastly tales of the macabre for him to use as the basis for his new book....Billed as 'The horror film that's fun!' on release, cult producer Milton Subotsky's homage to 60s/70s portmanteau horror movies is a gloriously camp – and occasionally scary – throwback to the classic days of horror.



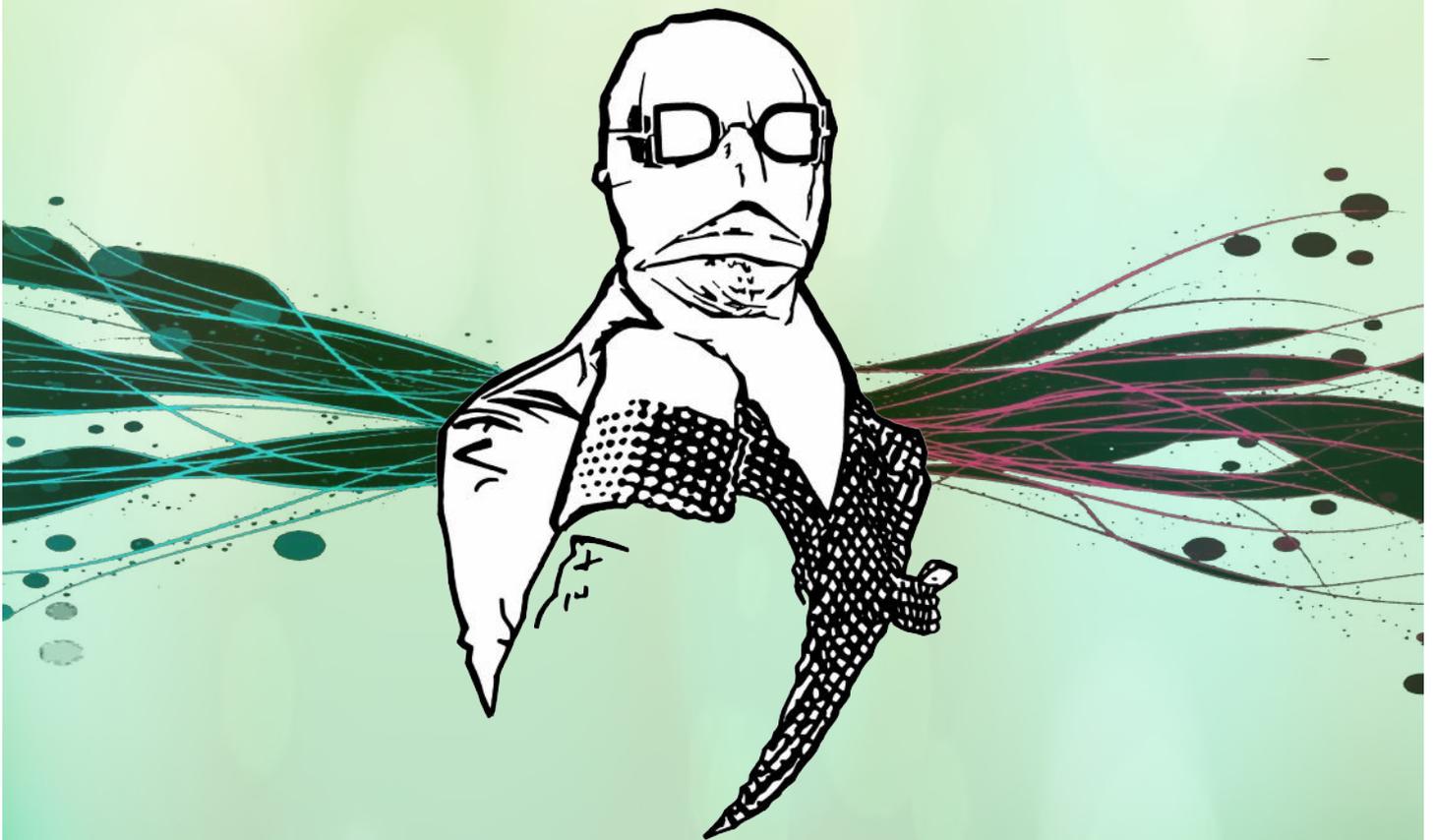
For teens brought up on shows like *Stranger Things* why not show them how it all started with Fred Dekker's criminally under-rated *The Monster Squad (1987)*.

The aforementioned squad is a club of pre-teen misfits who meet up to share their love of the classic monster movies of yesteryear but when a group of famous monsters led by Count Dracula arrive in town to create havoc (and destroy the world) it's left to the group to save everyone....with a little help from Frankenstein's Monster that is!

The Rankin/Bass movie *Mad Monster Party?* (1967) might not be as well known as their bigger hits like Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer and Frosty the Snowman but this stop-motion musical comedy – co-written by Mad Magazine co-founder Harvey Kurtzman – is probably their most fun movie and an obvious influence on folk like Tim Burton and Henry (Nightmare Before Christmas) Selick.

The plot centres on Baron Boris von Frankenstein (voiced by the legendary Boris Karloff) who, after discovering the secret of total destruction, sends out messenger bats to summon all monsters to his tropical island to inform them of not only his discovery but to also announce his retirement as head of the Worldwide Organization of Monsters.

The Baron plans to make his well meaning nephew Felix Flanken (who is unaware of his family roots) the organizations new leader, much to the annoyance of Frankenstein's assistant Francesca who persuades the arriving monsters (including Count Dracula, the Mummy, the Wolfman, The Invisible Man and the Creature from the Black Lagoon) to help her take over....



ParaNorman (2012) – Sam Fell and Chris Butler's animated movie tells the story of Norman Babcock, an 11-year-old boy who is able to see – and talk – with the dead, including his late nan and various ghostly inhabitants of his town.

Obviously no-one believes this and so Norman is left isolated from his family and bullied at school.

Neil, another boy in his class, is also bullied so him and Norman soon become best friends.

But all this is about to change as when rehearsing a school play commemorating the town's witch trials from three centuries ago, Norman's seemingly mad great uncle, Mr. Prenderghast, bursts in to explain that the town is in great danger from an evil supernatural force and only Norman can protect it....

Coraline (2009) – Henry Selick's stop-motion animation based on Neil Gaiman's novella tells the tale of Coraline Jones who, neglected by her workaholic parents, is left to her own devices after the family move to the Pink Palace Apartments in Oregon.

Becoming friends with the landlady's grandson, Wyborne – and a curious black cat who follows them around – she comes across a small button-eyed ragdoll that is an exact copy of her which leads Coraline on an adventure to an idealized parallel world hidden behind a hidden door, unaware that the alternative world contains a dark and sinister secret that may cost her her life.....

Enjoy....and stay scared!

Ash Loydon.

SPECTRUM SUPERSTARS!



Name: Daniel Edward Aykroyd CM Oont

Age: 69

**occupation: actor, comedian, producer,
musician and writer**

Answers to Gordon's quiz:

1) printer

2) mobile phone

3) election/parliamentary democracy

4) open university/distance learning.



AUTITUDE NEEDS YOU!



Well that's it for issue 10!
Hope you've enjoyed it!
Don't forget to send your contributions to
autitude@scottishautism.org