

Hazlegrove,

You'll notice I squeezed paragraphs; this was to save paper.

You seemed to have a bizarre obsession with my cultural homogenization amongst a rabble of frankly defective autists, additionally not accepting or caring about my own selection process, however much it might fall through (autistics of any capacity, like my short-lived local acquaintance Moss, will have more truly divergent opinions rather than just annoyingly strong and inflexible ones and so any fall-out will have a true basis in deep and profound disagreement rather than a dullard just not getting the point, which is ignorable enough but irritating). I can't speak with the kind of brick walls who had predominated the clientelle of Number 6 during my last ever visit there in late 2009, and even their best and brightest somehow had a conspicuous lack of fluidity in their thinking (then again he was 42 and hadn't been inside University halls for decades; I don't need the mindless appeal to a curriculum even mid-wits can master if tolerant enough to validate my mental presence, I've little patience for what's 'received' or 'given' because it's meaningless, and you've further enforced that idea by using it as arbitrary construct to justify throwing me into a den of retarded, predatorial lions).

This is why I refused your offer, in addition to protecting myself from the less benign predatorialness of the support workers, like Euan, who had been complicit in a culture of over-reporting and exaggeration ("Chris is not just using cyanide for suicide but also for terrorism!") that pervades the services effectively constituting an apparatus of legal persecution against autistics that out of their clientelle only I was remotely perceptive of at the time.

That it was formed on a foundation of falsehoods lends equal credulity to the idea of this being ethical, even if purportedly to prevent a suicide (that had actually just made more discrete my ideations on the matter, since I genuinely value my mental independence that much).

There a number of other items that can be called forth which completely blasts Autism Initiative's credibility as anything other than an autistic persecution apparatus. They sign up social-work ensnared morons – as a former support worker and the few actual autists who worked there, Shaun, once said, 'most of the smarter ones don't need support' – to what could constitute selectively biased samples to poorly designed research studies only hypothesized solely to force-fit the conclusion of autistic imbecility on a number of levels, not necessarily intellectually – but emotionally, socially, and psychically (since the perception of a lack of emotionality will lead to another of 'lacking soul-essence' as if that's a thing). *There seems to be a partnership with a bunch of what are essentially volunteer paramilitary-police-guards ("support workers" my foot) and the NHS-entangled academia to develop specious, matriarchally addled legitimization of the righteousness in the idea of anti-autistic persecution.*

That the NHS is a Fabian socialist apparatus purpose-built to expedite the suicide of undesirable groups whilst exalting others wasn't a new idea to me, but look at how far it's been taken. Limited resources only really applies to what's given to the autist rather than the sheer bureaucratic entanglement invested to set it up.

Actual National socialists, by comparison, loved Asperger and were deeply considering sparing autists whilst throwing unreal-rearards, now falsely diagnosed by our system, in the camps. Not because I disrespect their life mind you; it's solely eugenic and thus pragmatic – in reality I take a more utilitarian view, that is not to call a 'tard something it ain't and leaving them to their own devices. Maximal spread of pleasure and all that. Regardless, Hitler to me for this reason is admirable, and the neurodiversity movement's Jewishly co-opted lies disgusting. It is hence my distrust in liberalism (the neological variant, not the classics from where concepts like utility came from) and the deliberately projected mis-information of 'progressivity's' preponderance, when none actually exists, regarding the above, that makes me weary of the NHS as anything other than more realpolitik than legitimate medicine and care, especially qua psychiatry etc.

It reminds me to bring up an anecdote of what happened in October. ACAST made sure to emphasize to my mother when calling to rearrange an appointment that they were only an 'acute service' (presumably one-appt only as that seems to be the Fabian's most favourite allocation of

non-work to themselves), heavily implying that I deserved no sort of care, heavily implying that my mental duresses weren't legitimate ('not in a crisis'), and also, heavily implying that they had little regard for my ability to comprehend things. So I thought they'd go stuff themselves on the Friday appointment thereafter. Dare you have the gumption to say I'm misinterpreting things, go ask them your-- ah I forgot, these psychopaths, as you will trust, will cover themselves to evade investigatory censure and fictionally contrive 'new' implications to their words that are completely detached from reality.

Yet you regard me as either insane or otherwise unimportant enough to regard on their word. I can take to religion (of which my influences aren't limited to one faith, I'd use 'pantheism' to describe it but this doesn't refer to theism so much at all and is a term over-misused) and my very occasional drug abuse if I wanted truly deep esoteric insights into my thinking, lest for fear of misguidance, I'm not interested in your misinterpretation of the same, of which you are infamous just with respect to my anecdotal recall so far.

Even going so far as to gaslight me, denying that you'd requested for me to silence and fuck off on the week after our initial October interview. That I don't recall your exact words tell me that you just don't have the semantic depth to realise the flippancy of your remarks would impact me differently and hence your inability to recall, or maybe, in the absence of my old notes, which you'd lied I'd successfully and rather only attempted to tear, you're just fictionally drafting new and more scathing ones.

Also I don't trust your pledge of patient confidentiality. Despite not being sectioned, I was still discussed overly freely in what I'm sure was malpractice during my April 2014 Ward 17 stay by people whose familiarity with me I'm unsure, as in sure it did not given their absence, gave them the legitimacy to speak on my affairs. Many meretricious and hurtful value judgements were aspersed about me without my discussion or involvement, only *the pretence* to such had been offered, that I say given my ability to converse had been deliberately staved on psychotropic agents.

It did motivate me not to repeat the mistake of overly trusting their ability to rightfully interpret my annoyance as something other than anger (you love ascribing anger to me only on the basis of my diagnosis *irrespective of what I'm actually feeling, like fear, or betrayal; these are more than just the 'appearance of my behaviour/anger' as you trivialize them but have a deeper causality in those*) on my July 2014 ward stay and actually, perhaps did have the effect of trying to convert my behaviour into psychopathic pseudo-charm (something entirely learned and not innate to any anti-sociality I assure you) to dissuade them from further psychiatric intervention.

Not that this helps because, then, you can't gauge a true measure of me, instead effectively exploiting my fear for superficial change. Of course consequently to this I am increasingly convinced that you're thus not interested in doing so, as a professional concern for portraying a human face to the Asperger, the denial of such deeply ingrained in your pathologization of them. My autism's acceptance is moot at this juncture. That you'd misdirected the question to such speaks to the insincerity of your consideration of me as anything more, which you've amply demonstrated that you don't. I understand that I'm 1/400<sup>th</sup> of your problem, but the way you act inattentively sometimes tells me that I'm also 1/400<sup>th</sup> of 1/400<sup>th</sup> of your problem in that you consider my humanity to be as meagre. That's a lot of fractions that I can't simplify further, only to get the general message that my inconsequentiality is maximal to you rather than my utility.

Being a human calculator isn't that which I should accept, then; it seems key to your little autistic-degeneration conspiracy is to get them to regress into caricatures of themselves. I ranted as much in 2 manifestos, one of 42 pages on race and character – how anti-Mongoloid stereotypes, the Mongol racial grouping being practically autistic, staved their contribution to White culture for years despite higher intellectual performance and greater cultural achievements thousands of years hitherto, following then with a flowery apologia of their civilization's greatness as a model for Aspergians – and then one of 16 pages on sex and character – a personal observation, rather than academic deference, to expose female self-servitude and hypocrisy. Those two that, if I recall rightly, were given to psychiatrists to analyze by the police, but I digress.

No mere sperg, as in, this classification being analogous to autistic in a way that 'nigger' is analogous

to a Black of better standing, would appreciate these finer points of a demand and necessity for independence, instead deferring to integrative hypocrisy, and rather stupidly, too, without realizing the neuroleptic retardation-dispenses they rely on to 'control their behaviour' is actually a control, a word they missed the meaning of at some point, apparatus. Control imposed from anywhere other than the self is a suicidal idea for anyone yet autists seem disturbingly complacent. That it is conducive to self-control is an illusion created by the obliteration of self, such that analysis of such control as emanating personally is contrived. That would, of course, force them to confront their inhumanity. I've had my own struggles with that, striving for, rather than being frightened by, this self-awareness.

Context in a state of existence that one has no status in and thus, no ability to relate to, i.e. to properly gauge Autistic behaviour by neurotypical mores, is impossible; thus, empathy between the two is impossible, but that doesn't stop other strategies – introspection, inner/esoteric experience – by which I try to relate to the Aspergian and really, everyone. Reception by the social, especially when your consciousness is addled by retardants, of course can never be conducive to the same. (Consequently a discussion with such individuals is fruitless.) A “lack thereof” doesn't mean entirely devoid, rather than being measurable only by other strategical rubrics. Again, there is no interest in this, but a complacency with the idea that you can forge an even worse autist to feralize the perception of us. It seems the vested interest in this is clear – by way of the prison service, medicinal-academic, and tertiary 'charitable' industrial complex. I've only ever seen the destructive side of so-called 'civilized neurotypical behaviour' in this regard.

I think this has been a much more fruitful discussion than my misleading by 'leading' (lol, hardly given my deflection at their obvious nature) questions and statements like, 'you never let them help you', in response to my retrospection of many years of redundant over-intervention by Autism Initiatives. What kind of telepathic mind's eye do you have, able to deduce years of my experiences? And no, a phonecall with liars isn't close to a substitute.

You seem to want to lend yourself some kind of predictive power with statements like the erosion of my relationships, which you seemed obsessed to see fruition, or my confinement into Celto-negroidic town, to see myself degenerate spousally with an equally dreck-like human that'll be sure to see my deterioration. I was probably most scared by these. Forget your other crass and callously made aspersions; staying here longer than I have to shouldn't be my only privilege, to forever see my essence disperse to lumpenproletarian vicissitude as has lamentably been for a painful number of years. Don't mention a single concern of safety again when Britain is dangerous for more in bureaucratic machinations, even. Stagnation and novelty seem to carry equal risks of danger rather than being two ends of a direct relationship, from my experience in trusting Euan, letting me rot in a prison cell with no food for 5 days and in a psychiatric ward with complete deprivation of freedom thereafter.

You seem to think I'm a target for exploitation or something, given a really contemptuous view of my abilities and furthermore, overestimation of my fragility. Didn't the matriarchy teach you that I'm the fucking “oppressor”? Stay on narrative, kindly, you've no business pretending to concern for the Aspergian. In the only capacity I have been, *it has been by the system*. Individuals are a paltry threat by comparison; the only risk is that I'd be sent back. Nothing lost, seeing as I *had* nothing. A sarcastic passive-aggression pervades any of my writings so if I've unsettled you, I do apologize in advance nonetheless, it isn't for everyone, just like Maddox (a really dickish internet commenter) wasn't.

It comes to my exhaustion to at last conclusively draw this correspondence to a close. I'm open to enquiries here after. Including a criticism of the qualities of my writing. The comprehensibility thereof which is always described as a 'word salad' to the unobservant (I'm pretty sure I'm not outright psychotic, and everyone's a bit paranoid or delusional), without knowing what this means in reality. I like to believe that I'm somewhat on-point, if discursive or tangential. It is nevertheless that I was weary of composing this letter at first given the power of the individual addressed to wield a detrimental outcome in response to any offense there-derived but, it overcomes my verbal (really just 'spoken') deficiency to detail at times.