There is something dazzling and radioactive... in his beingness. The man — he could be me — refuses to blend with the humans around him. His beingness radiates a thing called Autism!

He doesn’t know where he carries it, but he must carry something. Otherwise, why would people gawk at him?

If you carry Autism, you better do your Autism right!

Many people will look at you; a curtain of preexisting beliefs will prevail between you and them. Movies and books about Autistic individuals are like swatches at a fabric store — so many designs to choose from! Are you doing your “Autism” right?

Even if you are standing in a remote corner of a room filled with an impervious crowd, you will undoubtedly be seen through. You are like radiation from a nuclear particle, undaunted by the barricades of humanity, detected by “eye” monitors. A silent alarm may go off. Everyone knows something about Autism today. “Wasn’t there a television show somewhere?”

Radiation from a single Autistic being is enough to alert the crowd. Call it limelight if you want to flatter me. Call it pitiful if you want to feel that sudden spring of human difference. You have options. You read an article and you are wondering wheth-
er my head is mathematical as in the Rain Man movie. You will be surprised. I will not be that mathematical savant you prefer. Mathematics makes me see stars before my eyes.

I can assure you that I have studied every look with the patience of a bone from the other side of the curtain. I know that if I suddenly decided to walk up to you, you will walk away, pretending to unsee me. In your rush, you may forget to hide your startle.

Then I will know I am doing my Autism right!

I may not even be looking at your eyes to know. Yet I sense you are still there behind your curtain not knowing enough. In your belief I would never understand enough.