

## CODING

A possibility for writers, storytellers, artists to describe a character with the help of **stereotypes** that are **easily** and **quickly recognisable**.

Those stereotypes don't have to be representative of real, existing people/groups, but must be recognisable by the majority of the audience.

## REPRESENTATION

Characters in art and media that a person/a group can (partially) **identify** with based on **characteristics** that can be **recognised** as one's own.

## TROPES

"A trope is a storytelling device or **convention**, a shortcut for describing situations the storyteller can reasonably assume the audience will **recognise**."

*tvtropes.org*

## Autistic coding

lonely, sad, recognised as "different" by surrounding, in a world of their own, isolated, talented/gifted, innocent/angelic, non-human, beyond reach, can't communicate, emotionless, no empathy

## Tropes connected with disabled/ autistic deaths

tragic, sad, romanticised, unavoidable, "just the way it is", met with apathy and lethargy

**Eleanor Rigby**

*The Beatles*

Ah, look at all the lonely people

Ah, look at all the lonely people

Eleanor Rigby

Picks up the rice in the church where a wedding has

been

Lives in a dream

Waits at the window

Wearing the face that she keeps in a jar by the door

Who is it for?

All the lonely people

Where do they all come from?

All the lonely people

Where do they all belong?

Father McKenzie

Writing the words of a sermon that no one will hear

No one comes near

Look at him working

Darning his socks in the night when there's nobody  
there

What does he care?

All the lonely people

Where do they all come from?

All the lonely people

Where do they all belong?

Ah, look at all the lonely people

Ah, look at all the lonely people

Eleanor Rigby

Died in the church and was buried along with her

name

Nobody came

Father McKenzie

Wiping the dirt from his hands as he walks from the  
grave

No one was saved

All the lonely people (ah, look at all the lonely  
people)

Where do they all come from?

All the lonely people (ah, look at all the lonely  
people)

Where do they all belong?

# A Most Peculiar Man

*Simon & Garfunkel*

"He was a most peculiar man"

That's what Mrs. Riordan says

And she should know

She lived upstairs from him

She said he was a most peculiar man

He was a most peculiar man

He lived all alone

Within a house

Within a room

Within himself

A most peculiar man

He had no friends

He seldom spoke

And no one in turn ever spoke to him

'Cause he wasn't friendly and he didn't care

And he wasn't like them

Oh no, he was a most peculiar man

He died last Saturday

[...]

So he'd never wake up

To his silent world

And his tiny room

And Mrs. Riordan says he has a brother somewhere

Who should be notified soon

And all the people said

“What a shame that he's dead

But wasn't he a most peculiar man?”

## **Vincent**

*Don McLean*

Starry, starry night

Paint your palette blue and grey

Look out on a summer's day

With eyes that know the darkness in my soul

Shadows on the hills

Sketch the trees and the daffodils

Catch the breeze and the winter chills

In colors on the snowy linen land

Now I understand

What you tried to say to me

And how you suffered for your sanity

And how you tried to set them free

They would not listen, they did not know how

Perhaps they'll listen now

Starry, starry night

Flaming flowers that brightly blaze

Swirling clouds in violet haze

Reflect in Vincent's eyes of china blue

Colors changing hue

Morning fields of amber grain  
Weathered faces lined in pain  
Are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand  
Now I understand  
What you tried to say to me  
And how you suffered for your sanity  
And how you tried to set them free  
They would not listen, they did not know how  
Perhaps they'll listen now

For they could not love you  
But still your love was true  
And when no hope was left in sight  
On that starry, starry night  
You took your life, as lovers often do  
But I could have told you, Vincent  
This world was never meant for one  
As beautiful as you  
  
Starry, starry night  
Portraits hung in empty halls



Frameless heads on nameless walls

With eyes that watch the world and can't forget

Like the strangers that you've met

The ragged men in the ragged clothes

The silver thorn, a bloody rose

Lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow

Now I think I know

What you tried to say to me

And how you suffered for your sanity

And how you tried to set them free

They would not listen, they're not listening still

Perhaps they never will

## **Make Your Own Kind of Music**

***Cass Elliot***

Nobody can tell ya

There's only one song worth singing

They may try and sell ya

'Cause it hangs them up

To see someone like you

But you gotta make your own kind of music

Sing your own special song

Make your own kind of music

Even if nobody else sings along

You're gonna be nowhere

The loneliest kind of lonely

It may be rough going

Just to do your thing's the hardest thing to do

But you gotta make your own kind of music

Sing your own special song

Make your own kind of music

Even if nobody else sings along

So if you cannot take my hand

And if you must be going, I will understand

You gotta make your own kind of music

Sing your own special song

Make your own kind of music

Even if nobody else sings along

You gotta make your own kind of music

Sing your own kind of song

Make your own kind of music

Even if nobody else sings along