

AUTITUDE!



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

WELCOME!

Welcome one and all to the frankly magnificent ninth 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!

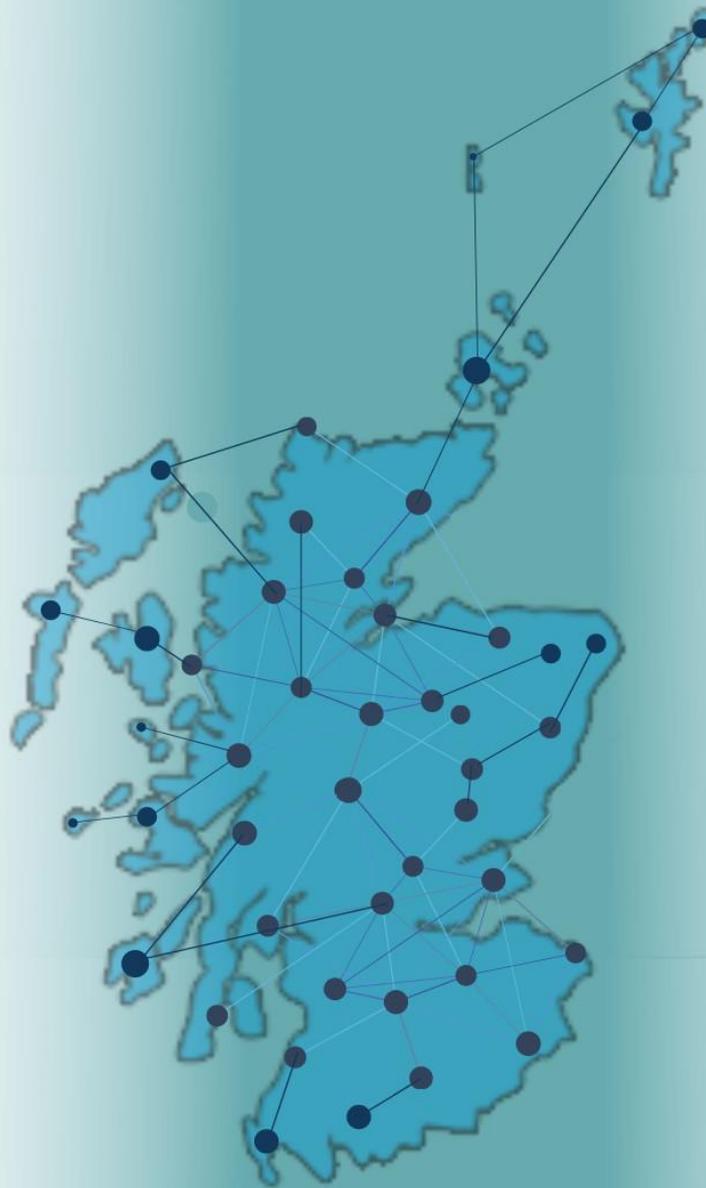
**Scottish
autism**

**WHERE AUTISTIC PEOPLE
ARE VALUED**

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**Scottish
autism**
WHERE AUTISTIC PEOPLE
ARE VALUED

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.

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 30th September. 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 29th September.

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 23rd of September. 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.

8. Back To Business

July 2021.

It's been over a month that I have been greatly blessed to work for the famous SOB (Strawberry Organic© Branch out)! An assistant to the managers, aka The Silent Knowledgeable Right Hand. A Person Who Tells Others What To Work On. That Smart Girl Researching Monthly Logs for funding statistics. The Staff Responsible Website Updates. I have no idea how it happened. But then again, by now I learnt the Henrik-way that some of the best things in life come unannounced, unexpected and seemingly most untimely. Just to get a better theatrical effect out of the moment, of course. Perhaps it was my good karma. Perhaps not too many other people saw the adventure in this role. Perhaps the Big Boss up there *was* inspired by my hard earned love confession to Henrik, after all. (Just couldn't find the solution for us up until now.)

At SOB, on our ragged, water damaged, wind-teared business sign the motto reads: 'Who plants the best deserves the best!' Then there's also another one on the door saying: 'Proudly serving organic farmers.' Right under it: 'Please, don't come in – Covid-19.' And below that: 'Tractors must not park in view.' It is a complicated world, I get that, sure I do. Nevertheless, Walley, our director kindly lent his office to me and Brad to use, since he does 'not like to come in', how he said. All the better for me, my autism support-dog and my autism itself. Walley's is the only room where the lighting is fully adjustable. Bingo!

Then there's also plenty of space for any random pacing and generous screens covering the window panels if I so wish. Bradley, being the only canine in the building takes full advantage of his fresh stardom, stretching as wide as he can under my director's desk (a human versus canine race for legroom) and he has the luxury of napping through people's weird comments I am supposed to answer to. Like: *'That is a dog under your desk.'* Yeah... Sir, I swear, he just followed me to work, I have no idea who didn't feed him his dinner last night! Right? Part of me is incredibly happy, landing in a job where my support dog can also add to his resume. On the other hand sometimes, glancing down from my tasks, I feel that I can't do this, I'm not strong enough to clock in to my shifts with a creature whose ancestors were howling in the night, freaking out my ancestors halfway through the bedtime story about a friendly mammoth, in the warmth of their cave...



In those sinking moments –occasionally also being after a mental sword-fight with a taxi driver who would deny us transport to work until I remind them of the law regarding diligently working hounds like Brad–, I feel that I cannot carry on without Henrik for another minute! In those moments I am very organic(©). Having my own room to work in means that my Jane Eyre-moments, wandering on the moors of 2018 and 2019 can last for a long time. 'Do you think, because I am immigrant, autistic, plain, and part-time, that I am soulless and heartless?'

I can see the alley to Charity Towers on the way to my new work. Each time I cannot decide whether I'm about to become extinct when the cab gets there or to be reborn by chance, with Henrik possibly appearing any minute. And the same when I go home from my shifts (only turning my head to the opposite direction). Yes, he might be there, just about now, walking from home (from Mrs. Henrik), or to home (to Mrs. Henrik). In our beautiful, unpredictable town, strawberry capital of the continent where hope rarely grows. When push came to SOB, the best policy was to tell them all, like Bridget Jones' successful job interview in the first movie. Everything: my falling in love, being nearly swallowed and chewed alive by my last manage(ste)r, the company's 'disabled' handling of some disabled employees, me included, ya da da. I know these folks here really care about me and it is healing beyond measure. Hank my new boss does this cute thing, telling me 'Lea, I have some good news!' every time I arrive and I do try to smile. But often by the time I get to our tractor- sign, I wish for one to ideally run me over, attempting to park in view. Then I remind myself not to wish for another tractor to run me over, for wishing for the first one to do just that. (My counsellor always tells me that my authenticity is one of my key strengths.)



It was tough with Henrik. Very tough. Eventually we became like the Újházi Chicken Soup we had in Hungary: there's chicken in it, there's beef. We passed each other by in ignorance and clucked alongside each other when colleagues were required to comment on things but otherwise we did not talk, at all. It was me – he wanted to be the polite colleague. But I knew that once I started to talk to him, there would have been no end to it and I would have re-confessed my love for him, once a week at least, as a new pattern in my life. And how would that fit into the life of a 'happily married man'? So, we did not talk, we did not see eye to eye, we did not see nothing, none of us, I guess. I even cancelled my company birthday cards. Defo was not in for receiving good wishes once a year from the chap it took me nine months to confess my love to! Let's be professional and assess my heart correctly for this once. I have an underlying entitlement for my sadness, after all. Even if it's past erased, report submitted, case closed.



Lea B. joined Charity Towers in October 2018 in the Publications department. She was managing a budding career, a failed engagement, her country of birth descending into right-wing oppression after successfully ascending from under the Ottomans, the Habsburgs, the Nazis, the Communists and early-capitalist economic crisis. She conquered her autism, her autism support dog, staff changes, her university studies and some of her dreams. She had a lot on her plate and she had many plates to fill. Chances were, she would remain hungry to some extent.

I still love him. Nothing changed since that December day almost three years ago when I realized that love at the first email is possible and I am no exempt from heart-wearing. I am digging deep into all the induction and training materials at my new work like I was a government inspector sent on them. While I'm hyper-focusing on these learning units (their excitement levels are fluctuating between zero and three), at least I'm relatively safe from crying after Henrik again and consuming additional sweets. Other options for not going crazy are: overbooking my diary with things to do each week, learning Braille-for-the-sighted (had the book for a year anyway, only to give up at 'N'), downsizing the contents of all of my bookshelves, learning to ride my horse backwards, making friends with the spiders in my bathroom – that could perhaps even become *one of those amazing interspecies friendship stories... 'Woman in Scotland gets on the web for first time. Pet-spider Taylor tells her every day not to get too entangled'* ...Nah. Somebody must have reported this already from Papua New Guinea or the like. Taylor-s must be the size of a budgie there!...

Part of me is standing right there, in one of the corridors of Charity Towers, just a little after four in the afternoon, watching Henrik walk away. Would he looked back at me if he could have? (And: is life more intelligent on other planets?...) How in the SOB-bing world will I ever glue my heart together like this??

'X', 'Y', 'Z', 'and', 'for', 'of', 'the'.



Poem by OTL Cellartapes

the quartermaster's raspberry quadrangle

oh – if – you – haven't got a gallon left to go and
get them drunk

on a flagon of the goodwine we all shared
then remember 'til december we were going to
save the embers

for a dragon in the wood-brine we despaired!

or – to – fit it flatteringly to a sudden kind of show
that presides in uncertain times over our deeds
we could fill it full of antlers or dig raspberry
souflees

in the attic where we're growing smelly weeds

if – there – wasn't any reason to keep raisins in
the basement

we would rather kick another kind of rhyme
but we had it from the coastguard that the raisins
were not pleasing
anybody who had tasted milk-sublime.,.,.,,

so we sent out to the ether to wring fronds of
fascination

and they billowed in on merry mari-time
and we rolled them in the carpets that had
bleached untattered fronds on
and lay back in weather, drinking leisure, in our
own sweet time.,,

“I am coming out” Autism Awareness Day.

“There I’ve said it” the cringing words of Francis Underwood from House of Cards.

After much inner conflict, confusion, relief and tears, lots of tears and support from ARC (Autism Resource centre) I’ve come out.

What a relief, what anger which quickly became regret, many ah ha moments and laughs too as many decisions, events, people and places now made sense. The beginning of the journey of self; who am I really? Having been labelled by our culture, especially during school years as thick, stupid; “doesn’t get it Mrs Yeoman”, tutors, more tutors etc.

At the young age of 57 years, I was screened, tested, diagnosed and identified with Dyslexia, Dyspraxia, Dyscalculia, Meares Irlen (Visual Scotopic Stress), ADHD and ASD (Autism Spectrum Disorder). 2015 was a memorable year for many reasons. This journey started in September 2013; due to overwhelm, confusion and many other reasons too which I will reveal in time.

When the Specialist Optometrist at the specialist clinic for reading difficulty and visual stress at Glasgow Caledonian University said I confirm you have Meares- Irlen Syndrome; “You didn’t stand a chance at school”, my heart sank like a multi-story building collapsing; the dust like clouds covering my whole being and existence.

As we entered the reception area to pick my frames for my special glasses at the specialised clinic (We is myself and my soulmate Beverly who is my eyes and ears in the Neuro Typical world) I broke down and cried inconsolably. The hurt, suffering, pain and frustration for me but also my Mother who had passed away 2 years earlier. “Mum; I now have the answer I muttered” My Poor Mum who tried so hard was now no longer here to share the news. This is my biggest regret. Nobody’s fault, as these conditions were not picked up in my time in the education system.

I have sprinkled bewilderment all my life in many situations.

Like many on the spectrum I have been bullied, manipulated, abused, ridiculed, taken advantage of and misjudged. Yes, we all have; however, there are degrees. I don't see people coming with their own motives and agenda. My father brought me up to treat people as you would like to be treated; he forgot to remind me of the snakes in the grass.

Beverly in assisting me understanding the behaviours from the confusing world I have lived in for 57 years decided to write a note; it did make sense at one level but I still don't really understand why people are so false and deceitful.

“David; the reason you can communicate with people like you and on the ASD spectrum is that you know you are all honest and therefore you understand what is being said. You also know that others understand what you are saying.

The reason you have difficulties in the Neuro Typical World is that you know that this world is not always honest. People here lie, either to themselves or other people and manipulate and deceive. Not everyone of course but you can't tell which is which.

This means communication in the Neuro Typical World is much harder for you. You are constantly primed to try and spot a lie, therefore not able to just be yourself like you can in the Neuro Diverse world.

Your defences must always be up and this is tiring and contributes to the nearly always having feelings of overwhelm over the last few years and the reasons for chronic fatigue.

All this is made harder by the fact that you don't understand why people lie. It isn't like this in the Neuro Diverse world”.

A psychiatrist will be assisting me in understanding why people lie amongst other issues that I may reveal in time.

I was a master at attempting to be “normal” always struggling to fit in with the world.

I am now consciously incompetent at being Neuro diverse. It's scary with deep feelings of vulnerability as I continue to build a relationship with myself; the authentic self without sounding too new age. What will I discover? Brutal honesty is not a technique; it's just brutal honesty.

Hiring myself as my own mentor / coach has got me so far; however further specialised help is going to be required and will assist me further.

I will continue to add to this post in the coming days and weeks with more information covering belief systems and other negative feelings I have felt all my life with my many deficits and also my “Island of Genius”.

The irony is not lost on me that I am a Language Behavioural Strategist, who has been acknowledged directly in newspapers as well other forums and other mediums as the cause and enabler in creating award winning teams in both business and sport.

When I thought my successes were due to my contemporary training; it is in fact due to my unique wiring. More later.

I will close by offering my sincere best wishes to all on the spectrum, parents, carers and support workers.

Let us all celebrate our uniqueness and continue to make the unaware aware of what we have to offer the world.

David Yeoman.

I don't know why I bother

**I'm going to see my Granny who's nearly 84
I don't know why I bother she really is a bore
She doesn't even know I'm there
And all she does is sit and stare
I don't know why I bother she really is a bore**

**She's smelly and she slevs
Her skin is old and weathered
She never was like this before
She really is a bore**

**Her house is dark and lonely
she was my one and only
we played and sang and laughed alot
she called me little jelly tot**

**she held my hand when I was good
explained why not when I was rude
she told me stories from the past
the pictures in my head will last**

**she picked me up and held me dear
she took away my rising fear
she stayed with me through years and years
making laughter taking tears**

**but now I see her fade away
I thought she'd always with me stay
I think I maybe angry
cause when I'm looking back
My Granny was a marvel and that's the truest fact
I'm really going to miss her and wish she wouldn't leave
I feel the tears go down my cheek and know I'll surely grieve**

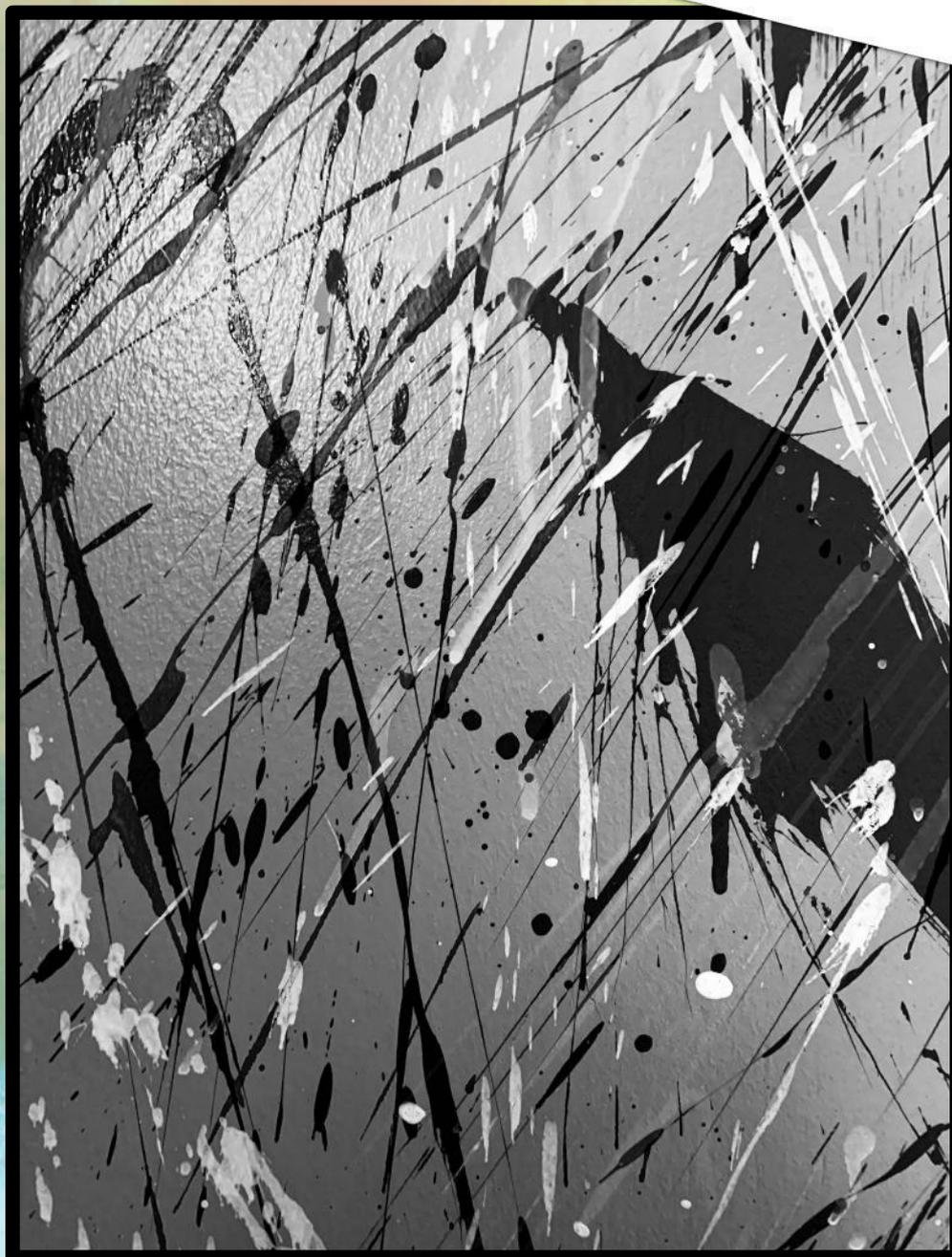
**Granny stay... I'll love you more
Don't go away you're not a bore**

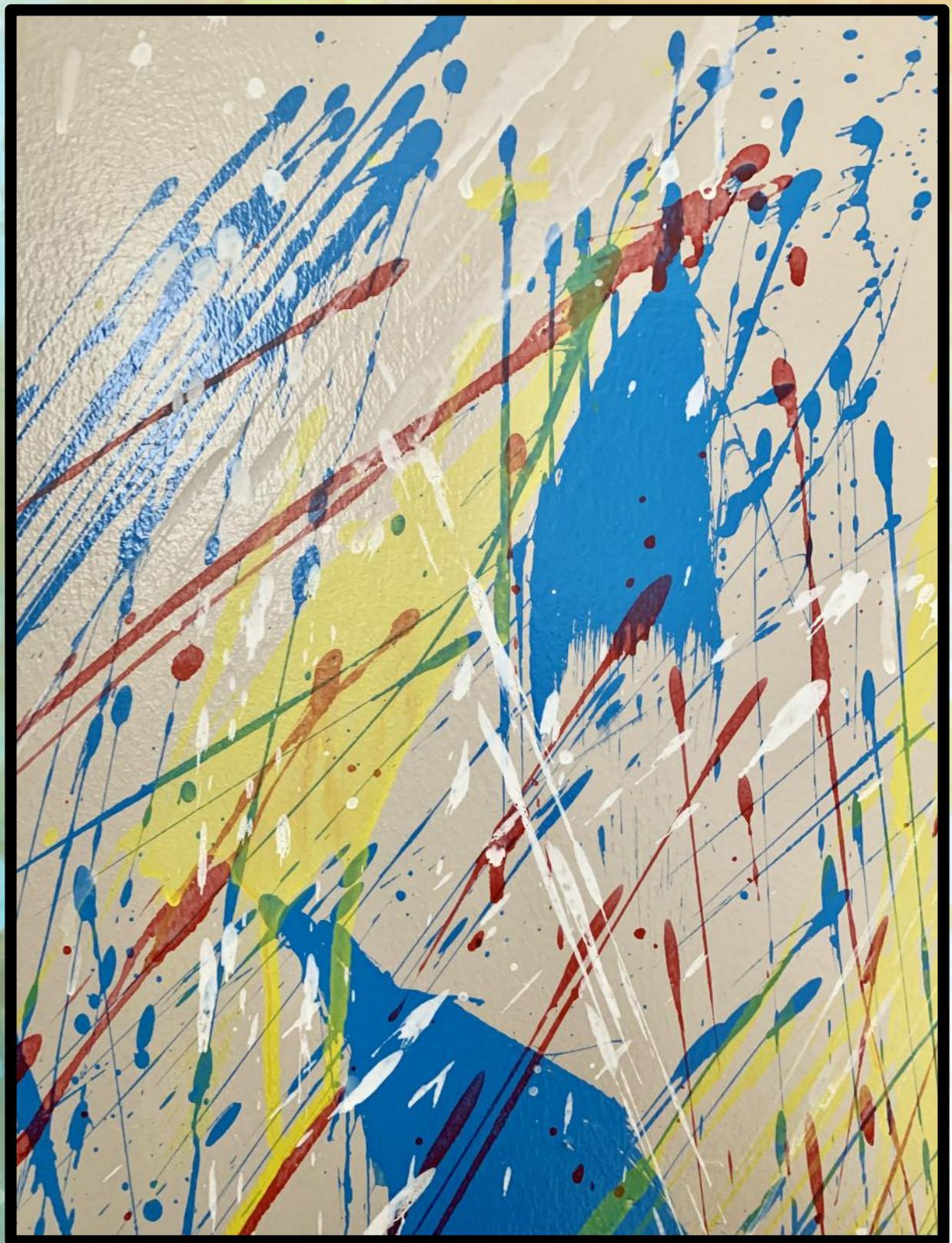
Dorothy Welsh

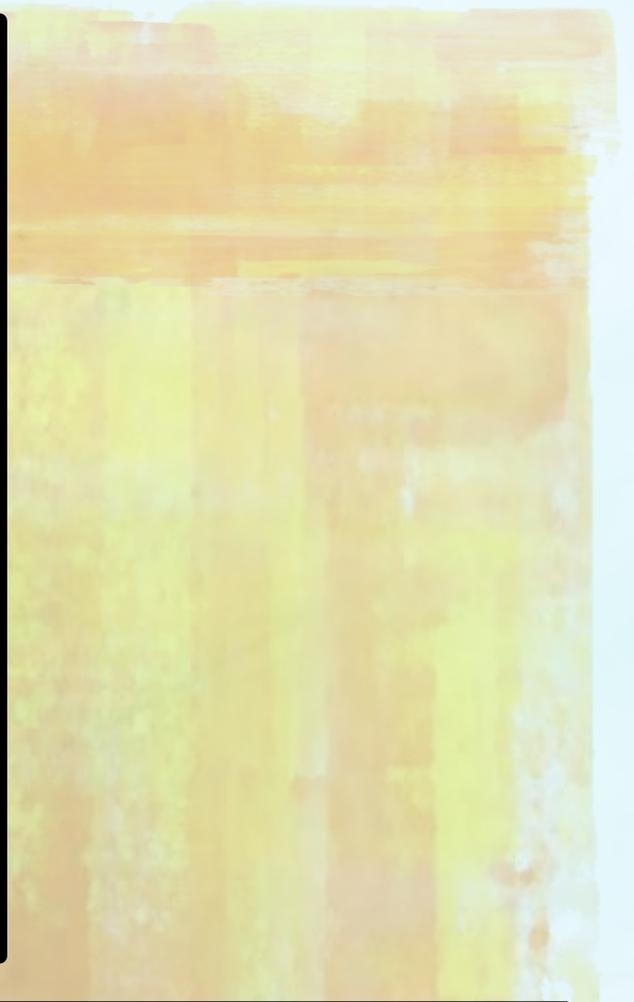
Time now for some more of our readers' creative endeavours as we showcase their fantastic ...

ARTITUDE!

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

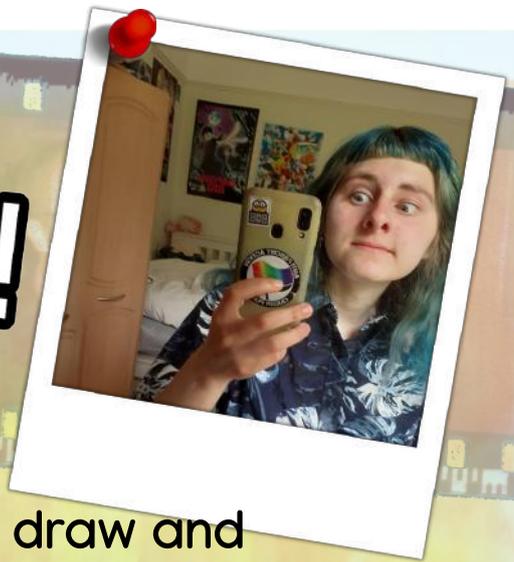








ARTITUDE!



Hi, my name's Eddie and I love to draw and write/develop characters. My favourite thing to draw is faces, especially very exaggerated cartoon-like expressions. I also love very bright colours and patterns.

I'm currently writing a story and developing a world that my main characters exist in. It will present itself in the form of comics/zines and short animations (maybe even a game)! Each of my characters, while being their own selves, interact with the world in different ways and are based on a certain fragment of how I understand and experience the world myself. I can only write characters from my perspective, so by default they are expressions of certain feelings and mindsets I've experienced or understood – they are all a small part of me. A challenge I face is trying to write character dialogue which doesn't sound like it's just verbatim from my own speech patterns.

The “main” character is autistic, and she's called Irvine. I relate to her the most. She has a deep interest in music and sound production and she loves playing video games. She's quiet around anyone but her best friend called Guy, they make music videos together. She feels emotions very intensely but tends to keep them to herself. Here are some pictures!







THE LACEYFISH WAS ONE OF THE FIRST CREATURES I SAW OUT HERE. THEY'RE LITERALLY EVERYWHERE. XENA CALLED IT A LACEYFISH BECAUSE ITS FINS ARE IDENTICAL TO SHOELACES (SHE JUST FOUND OUT WHAT SHOES ARE THAT DAY).

Laceyfish

THE FIRST ILLUSTRATION OF A LACEYFISH.



XENA ALSO POINTED OUT ITS NOSE LOOKS LIKE "ONE OF THESE THINGIES".



SOME LACEYFISH STICKERS

I also draw digital and traditional things which aren't attached to my main project.

You can find some of my other drawings on deviantart!
<https://www.deviantart.com/flareythecat>

Towns and streets speak to our past and present.

The people who live in my area are a diverse grouping who probably have shared characteristics with those elsewhere. There are those who have lived here for decades and raised generations of family members. They have generally tended to be employed in more traditional and labour intensive industries such as mining and farming.

Although they constitute a sizeable element of the local populace, the arrival and addition of new residents has consequently altered the compositional make up. Those who have moved here tend to have different characteristics. Their job occupations tend to be more managerial or professional. Thus, while there may be commonalities and unifying features among some people, it must be acknowledged that there is difference and variation too.

The commonly identified features can be characteristics such as age, family circumstances, employment status, and disability. Moreover, it is also possible to include other aspects such as political affiliation or personality subtype. Compartmentalising people in this way can seem unnatural at first, although this approach showed me how commonalities and differences exist and how they can be used to make classifications.

Social deprivation refers to a combination of factors and circumstances which limit the involvement and participation of a person in society. It is the result of a complex interaction of seemingly unrelated, disparate individual factors.

Collectively and individually these factors increasingly predispose an individual towards an unfavourable outcome. It is important to highlight that there are factors which cannot be easily modified voluntarily. They can include material considerations such as poverty, low wages, ill health, or disability.

Educational opportunity is another influential and determinatory factor in your advancement in society and the opportunities it affords. Access to and participation in good, quality education is not only influenced by innate cognitive abilities but also circumstances present in an individual's life.

A child whose parents are in low paid, unsecure work may possess great intelligence yet struggle to obtain and attain grades commensurate with that level of intellect. This concrete example illustrates the nature of social deprivation and illuminates further on it.

Gordon Barlow.



After Quantum of Solace in 2008 suffered poor reviews and was generally reckoned the worst Bond film of all, whatever MGM did next would be make or break for the franchise. They started work on the next movie in 2010, only for filming to be suspended due to money troubles, but in January 2011 they were rescued from bankruptcy and over a year later, on Friday 26 October 2012, the world got to see the 23rd James Bond film and the main event of its 50th anniversary – Skyfall, directed by Sam Mendes, famous for such films as American Beauty, Road To Perdition and more recently 1917.

SKYFALL

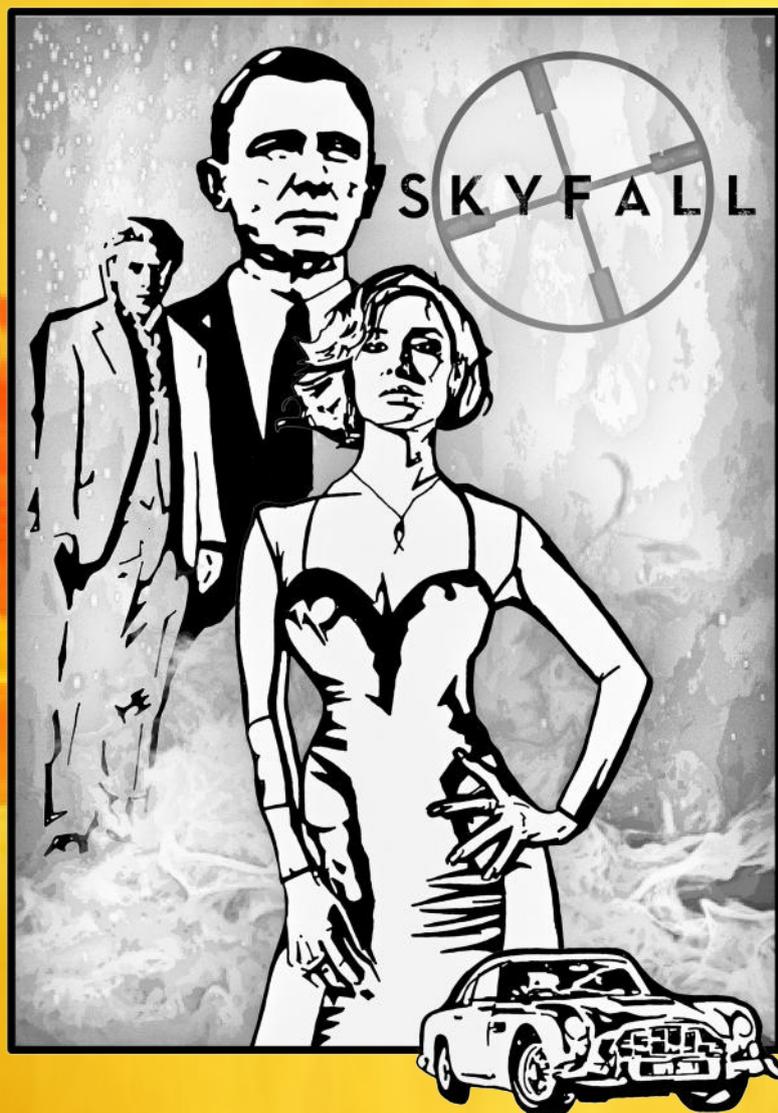
Review by Andrew Moodie

Quantum of Solace was released in 2008 and was the second Bond film to star Daniel Craig in the role, with Marc Forster of Finding Neverland and Stranger Than Fiction fame taking over from Martin Campbell as director. Forster claimed he wasn't a Bond fan before Casino Royale.

We begin with a car chase that has no impact whatsoever apart from being an attempt to get the viewer's attention. It also demonstrates the way Forster will direct the rest of the film, mostly using the technique called 'shaky cam' that is supposed to look more realistic but often makes it hard to get a clear grasp of what's going on. But I'll get more into that later. Despite being shot at and trashing his car as usual, Bond succeeds in bringing Mr White (Jesper Christensen) to an MI6 safe house in Siena, Italy for interrogation and that's all just in the pre-title sequence.

Bond along with M (Judi Dench) interrogate Mr White and Christensen does his best to act amused that MI6 have no idea who he works for. That is, until M's bodyguard Mitchell (Glenn Foster) is revealed to be a traitor, shoots Mr White, Bond chases and kills him, and we are treated to more less-than-admirable camerawork.

It starts with a pre-title sequence set in Istanbul with Bond (Daniel Craig) and another agent known as Eve (Naomie Harris) on a mission to retrieve a stolen hard drive containing the names of undercover agents. In a shocking twist of events (that really should have been kept out of the trailers) Eve takes a chance to shoot the target but hits Bond instead, and then the target is gone along with the hard drive, and Bond is presumed dead.



Things get worse for MI6 with M (Judi Dench) – who for once has a prominent presence in a Bond film – having to meet with the chairman of the Intelligence and Security Committee of Parliament Gareth Mallory (played by Ralph Fiennes). He pressures her into retiring and if that weren't bad enough MI6 itself is hacked and explodes in front of M's eyes. After all that, it's revealed that Bond is alive (of course), he finds out what's been happening and just like that is back in London and taking tests to determine if he is ready to go back into the field. Eventually he comes face to face with the latest villain Raoul Silva (Javier Bardem). While I'm on the subject of newcomers, Ben Wishaw debuts as Q and Naomie Harris is the new Moneypenny.

Once again Daniel Craig turns in an impressive performance. This is his third outing and by now he should have figured a way to bring something different to the character. He does tend to stick to what he does best; he has charm and can deliver the one-liners, but also manages to demonstrate an idea of how an older Bond would act in certain situations. For example, holding onto the bottom of an ascending lift makes him break into a sweat – in *Casino Royale* I think he would have done it without turning a hair. Then again, James Bond (and M) are getting to an age where they maybe shouldn't be in this kind of life any more; or maybe they just don't blend in with a world where espionage is seemingly dominated by technology.

Skyfall (2hrs 24m) really takes its time in setting things up – it's not one action sequence after another and in fact it can be a slow burn at times. But the key aspect that the scriptwriters have learned is that all they need to do is keep the film interesting enough to keep watching. They also keep the reveal of the villain back for as long as they can and when it comes, it's very memorable. When we finally see Silva, he's walking closer and closer to the camera, monologuing – no music or sound at all – and there's something unusually compelling about him. That goes for his performance in general – he can do anything from charming psychopath to ranting about horrific details in his past and do both equally convincingly. He works very well with Craig, and his character certainly knows how to put Boom, Boom by The Animals to good use when making an entrance.

Following Silva's arrival into the film there are some more chase and action sequences, set in a train station and an inquiry room where Silva moves with admirable but unsettling efficiency before things go in a somewhat unexpected direction with Bond and M going to his childhood home in Scotland which provides the title of the film. There they intend to fight Silva to the death, with the help of an elderly gamekeeper called Kincaid (Albert Finney) who has apparently been there since Bond was a child. From there the film starts to look like a grittier version of *Home Alone*, but with actual guns and dynamite and the apparent destruction of the Aston Martin DB5, still with the famous ejector seat button.

Mendes directs competently and another highly-regarded name in his field is cinematographer Roger Deakins. In locations such as Istanbul, London, Shanghai and Macau, he does what he can but it's nothing ground-breaking.



I didn't think there was much to say about Thomas Newman's score but since I'm on the subject of music, I may as well mention the title song by Adele. It's fine, she's capable at what she does, and it does go well with the title sequence at the start.

In the end, Silva is no more, but there is another detail that I will keep out of this review for the few people who have yet to see the film. In the end Skyfall was a film worthy of the franchise and was a great way to help people to get over the disappointment of Quantum of Solace and celebrate the anniversary. It's also not a bad film for someone to see if it's their first Bond... trust me, I know.



SPECTRUM SUPERSTARS!



Name: Patrick George Considine.

Age: 48.

**Occupation: Actor, director, screenwriter,
and musician.**

AUTITUDE NEEDS YOU!



Well that's it for issue 9!
Hope you've enjoyed it!
Don't forget to send your contributions to
autitude@scottishautism.org