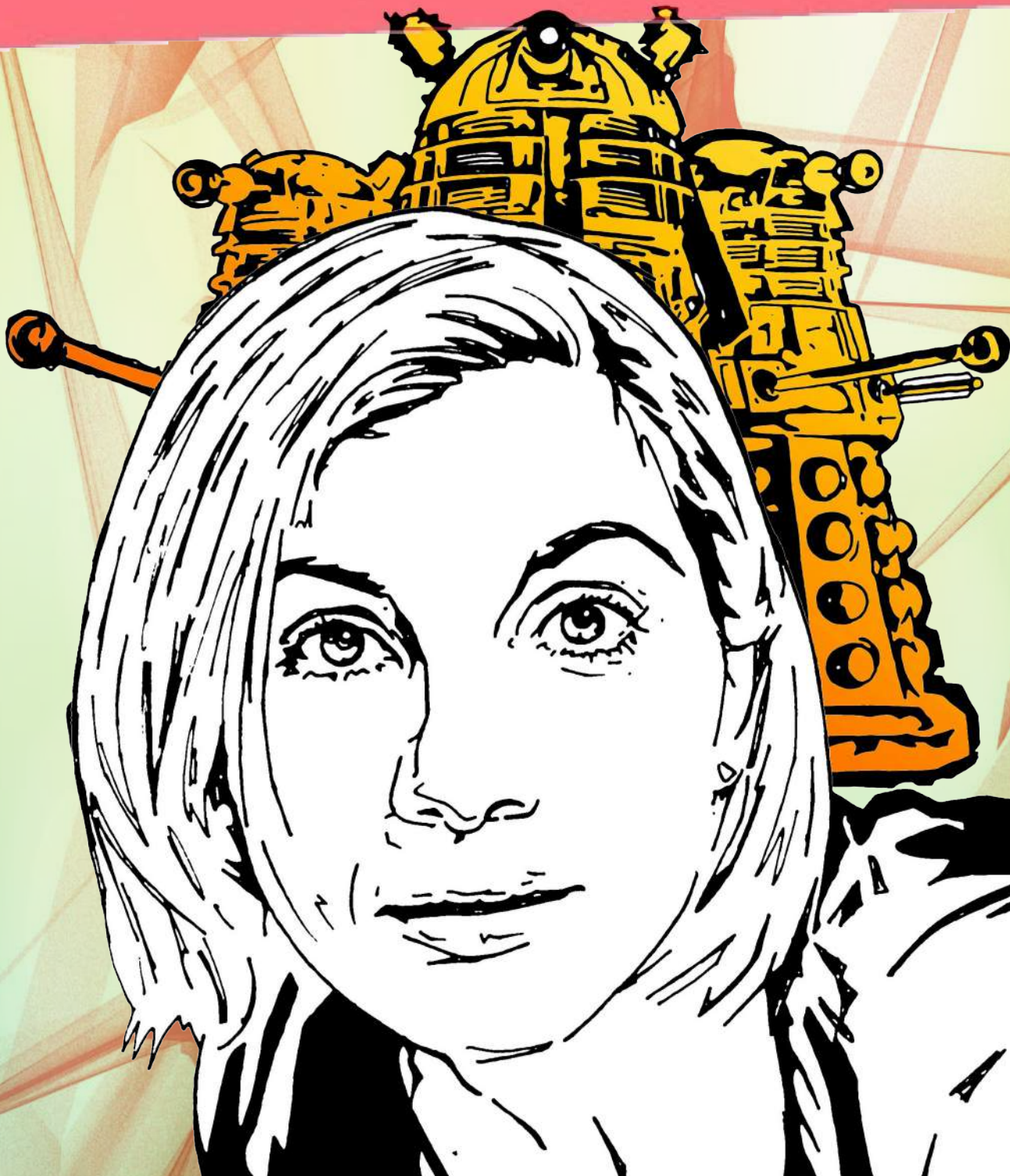


AUTITUDE!



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

WELCOME!

Welcome to the eleventh magnificent 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!

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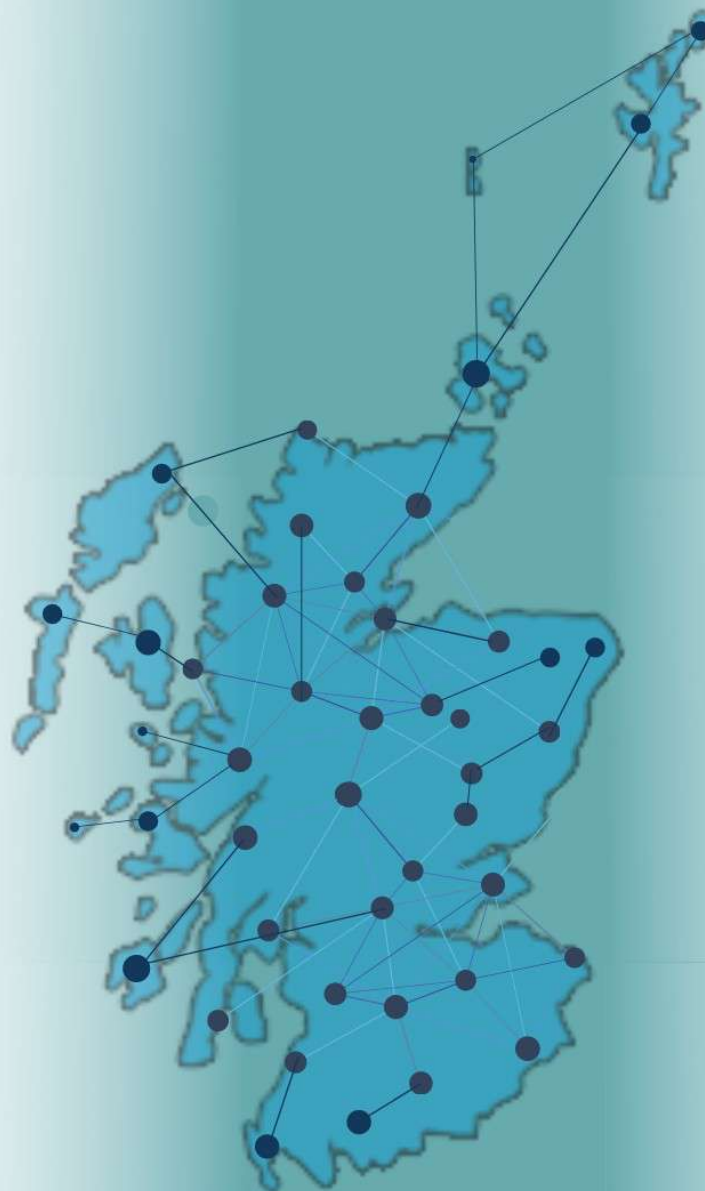
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Scottish
autism
WHERE AUTISTIC PEOPLE
ARE VALUED

Click & Connect – Block 3

Click and Connect delivers a range of online events via Zoom to enable the autistic community and their families in Scotland to stay connected through the pandemic and beyond.

Don't miss out, book your free space today!

Mindful Autism Support Group

Run by Jonny Drury, the group will take place every Thursday afternoon, at 1pm - 2.30pm, until 16th December.

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.

Virtual Choir Group

Our Virtual Choir takes place every Thursday, at 5pm - 6pm, until 16th December. All ages and abilities are welcome!

Mindfulness Community Programme - NEW!

If you want to take some time out of your morning to relax, these sessions may just be what you are looking for.

Jonny Drury delivers Dialogica's new 10-week Mindfulness Community Programme on Tuesday mornings from 10am - 11am, until 21st December.

Find out more about the groups and sign up for a session [here](#).

Scottish
Autism
WHERE AUTISTIC PEOPLE
ARE VALUED

REASONABLE ADJUSTMENT

(CRAZY ABOUT THE JOB!)

A SERIES BY LEA B.

10. The One That Got Back

To JJ,

without whom *Reasonable Adjustment* would have never been written
and who paw-somely (almost) united me and his owner.

November 2017.

Somewhere in the basement of Voice Daily.

Far from Charity Towers...

That is where rookie journalists typically end up towards the afternoon. Tying samples for the archive together, chatting about a greater career future. My fellow media-sufferer, Jonathan clears his throat a little and leans in even more vehemently towards the piles we are to organise, as if that would speed up him getting writing opportunities upstairs... To pass the time, we tend to come up with completely pointless therefore oh-so-good chat subjects. Today it is the 'terrible people I knew' sharing and we have already spent some of our best memories when Jonnie looks at me and, for the first time in an hour, lets go of that poor bundle of string in his hand. Must be sweaty by now, ugh. "That's an interesting one you met but wait until you hear about this guy." My curiosity is sparked as he takes a gesture with the cheap school scissors in his right.

"Even worse than the folks we already talked about??"

"Definitely" he says and gives me this look that is anywhere between Tom Hanks in *Apollo-13* realising that's the oxygen that was pouring out to space and a news anchor reporting about floods in India. "I need to sit down..." Finally, this gives me an excuse to sit down. "Are you listening?" Jonathan gears up, one of the nude lightbulbs giving a slight flicker near the cobwebs. "Yeahmanlam" I swallow and my throat goes dry. Spooky.

"So, there was this blind guy. Over there, at Charity Towers. Reeceally creepy guy." I sigh and have to smile, mildly shaking my head, imagining all the piles of newspaper we still need to archive today. "Jonathan... uhm, I know you miss your internship at Charity's but... I honestly don't see how a blind person could be that scary." He is immediately on my tail, catching up, all dead serious. "Well, this man was! Or is. He might still be there..." The lightbulb falters again. My pupils are fixed on my colleague. "Ok-kay..." – my daily voice comments. Then a moment of silence. My, I hope he will put down the scissors too – basements can be creepy. "Tell me then. I'm all ears." I cannot help but smile again.



"Alright, so imagine that whatever I said to that guy, his face always stayed the same. Never a smile. Never an easing up." I take a bundle of the papers to my lap, almost wanting to just move on with the string and tie, string and tie. "Well... what if he didn't like you. Or just... I dunno... Maybe he had a lot on his plate. Lost his eyesight recently, whatever. Jonnie, please. Can we just carry on?" my fingers fall towards the newspapers like dry autumn leaves. That is about how exciting this task is. But he doesn't let it go. "I am telling you Lea: you would not want to meet this guy. He is menacing. Never a smile. Not even a faint one, imagine that." And that is the moment when in movies that lightbulb would let us down. In reality, it is just me sighing and shaking my head. "That is terrible! Well... I will never set foot at Charity Towers so it doesn't matter anyway. Lucky me." is my answer. For now.

5th October 2021, Tuesday, 4:14 Pm

Somewhere in town. Very close to Charity Towers.

I recall how Jonathan's words were echoing in my brain when I first encountered Henrik, years ago. I just started at Charity Towers with the PR department, a not-so-rookie correspondent by then, and I had to admit that my ex-colleague's description of him seemed to fit perfectly – at least by appearance. Up to this day I don't know exactly why I skipped to a corner of the corridor and held my breath until Henrik passed me by. Reminds me of some great white shark encounters they portrayed on Nat Geo... How come this shark then swept me off of my feet, by the strength of some intranet messages he composed to so many, and then immediately gave me That Smile upon the very first introduction, a smile that burnt into the deepest levels of my soul, and then he gave me many more of those. How could Jonnie be so wrong about someone?

And now he is here again. Henrik, in front of my eyes, through my taxi's window at least, me travelling home from work, he doing the same walking. I always knew the irony of Charity Towers being so close to Strawberry Organic Branchout one day could result in collision. Me being let off from work early by my boss to avoid rush hour in the car, and him starting early, finishing early as always, family duty calls. The last time I saw him was the 23rd March, 2020 I mean, before we were all kicked out of the offices in the name of a tiny, less known virus... I got about eight seconds of Henrik that day, from the back, while he was walking towards the restrooms. Romantic on my scale? Yes. I watched him until he disappeared behind a wall section and I treasured all eight of those seconds. And there he is now, almost nineteen months later, walking evenly in the rain and through the wind (looking unhappy about said weather or about something else that I cannot fathom) and soon he will disappear again from my view, when he will turn on the corner, when the wheels take me away. Unless I...

I still love him. The difference is in me. I know that now, when I would leap from the cab, towards him, I will not lose myself like I did before. I changed, and I changed a lot. Back then, when I first met Henrik, I was a girl who was always looking for excuses to feel good in life, and usually it always had to be another person. Being in my own skin, who I was, what I was, what I did, how I felt was never enough reason for me to be fully satisfied or at peace. But these days, eventually, for the third try, I am engaged to the right person: myself. My talents, dreams, Friends – few they may be in numbers but I couldn't ask for a more dedicated bunch. My autism diagnosis, because it made it possible for me to finally make lasting friends, real ones, not the kind that walks past your address for five minutes, commenting on what is not working in your life and calls the Man You Love one without a personality.

'Xuse me! Personality he has! (And a wife too. But nevermind.) I am happily bethrothed to my articles, my writing corner, my small desk that was on sale and came flatpacked, my amazing support dog, the horses I ride, the projects that enabled me to create some form of a legacy. I vow that I will take my Self, Lea, to be my wedded might, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death does me apart (yuck!).

Putting everything together that transpired in the past two years, eleven months and three weeks, all the counselling sessions, university studies, walks in Nature, surviving manag(st)ers with unresolved childhood issues, editors and lockdowns, I can say, with sureity: I have never met a man like Henrik. And, I can say with certainty, that he has never seen a girl like me. And as for Love... I am reasonably adjusted now. I know this time I won't loose my Self while loving him. And this time we may find us.

I once read on Wiki: "Martin Seligman concluded that there are five elements to 'well-being', which fall under the mnemonic PERMA. Positive emotion: can only be assessed subjectively. Engagement: like positive emotion, can only be measured through subjective means. It is presence of a flow state. Relationships: the presence of friends, family, intimacy, or social connection. Meaning: belonging to and serving something bigger than one's self.



Achievement: accomplishment that is pursued even when it brings no positive emotion, no meaning, and nothing in the way of positive relationships. These theories have not been empirically validated."

I guess the Hungarian word for it would be *boldogság*. Which would be translated in Scotland as: *happiness*.

Yours write-fully,

Lea Berta,
student.

P.S: "Seligman's foundational experiments and theory of 'learned helplessness' began at University of Pennsylvania in 1967, as an extension of his interest in depression. Quite by accident, Seligman and colleagues discovered that the experimental conditioning protocol they used with dogs led to behaviors which were unexpected, in that under the experimental conditions, the recently conditioned dogs did not respond to opportunities to learn to escape from an unpleasant situation." – Wikipedia

P.P.S: Seligman and Lea have never met.

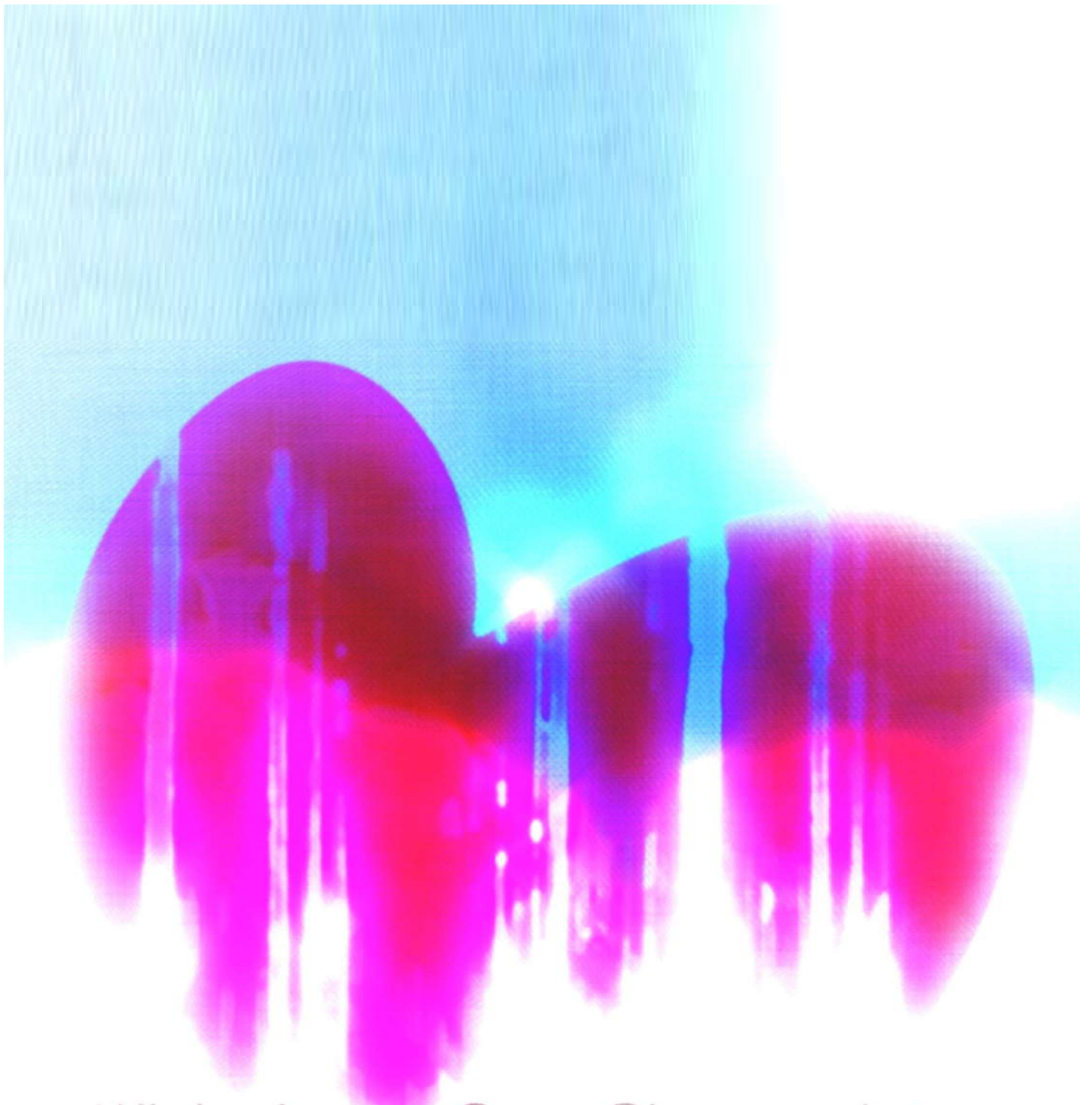
If you'd like to contact Lea about her article you can do so at leapublish@gmail.com



Every Stupid Liar Was Once A Smart One,
Though They Lost Their Genius Continuing,...

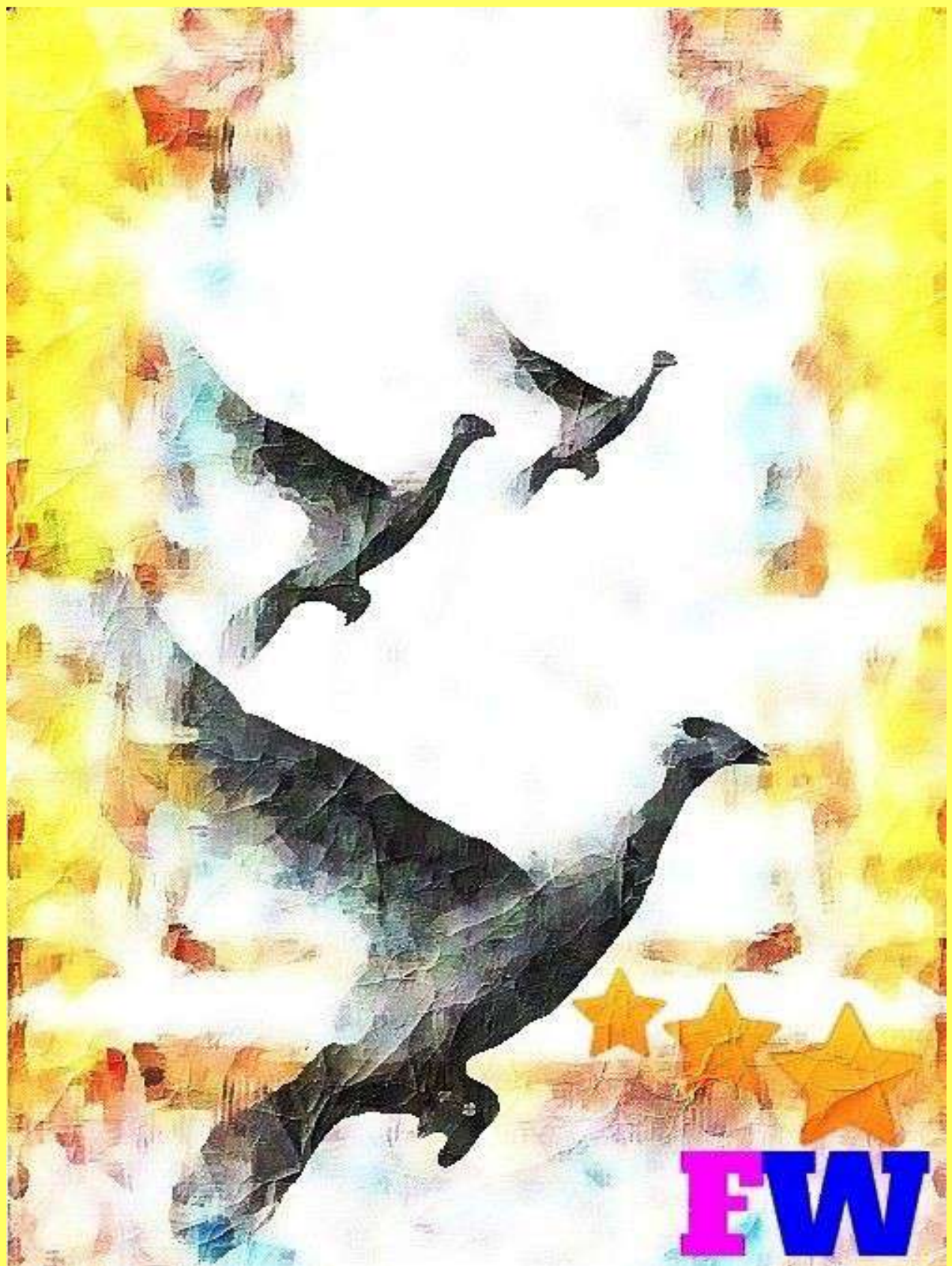
Brian "Fred Worm" MacGregor (2019).





Whilst Love, Can Change Life,
Living Loved - Changes Lives.

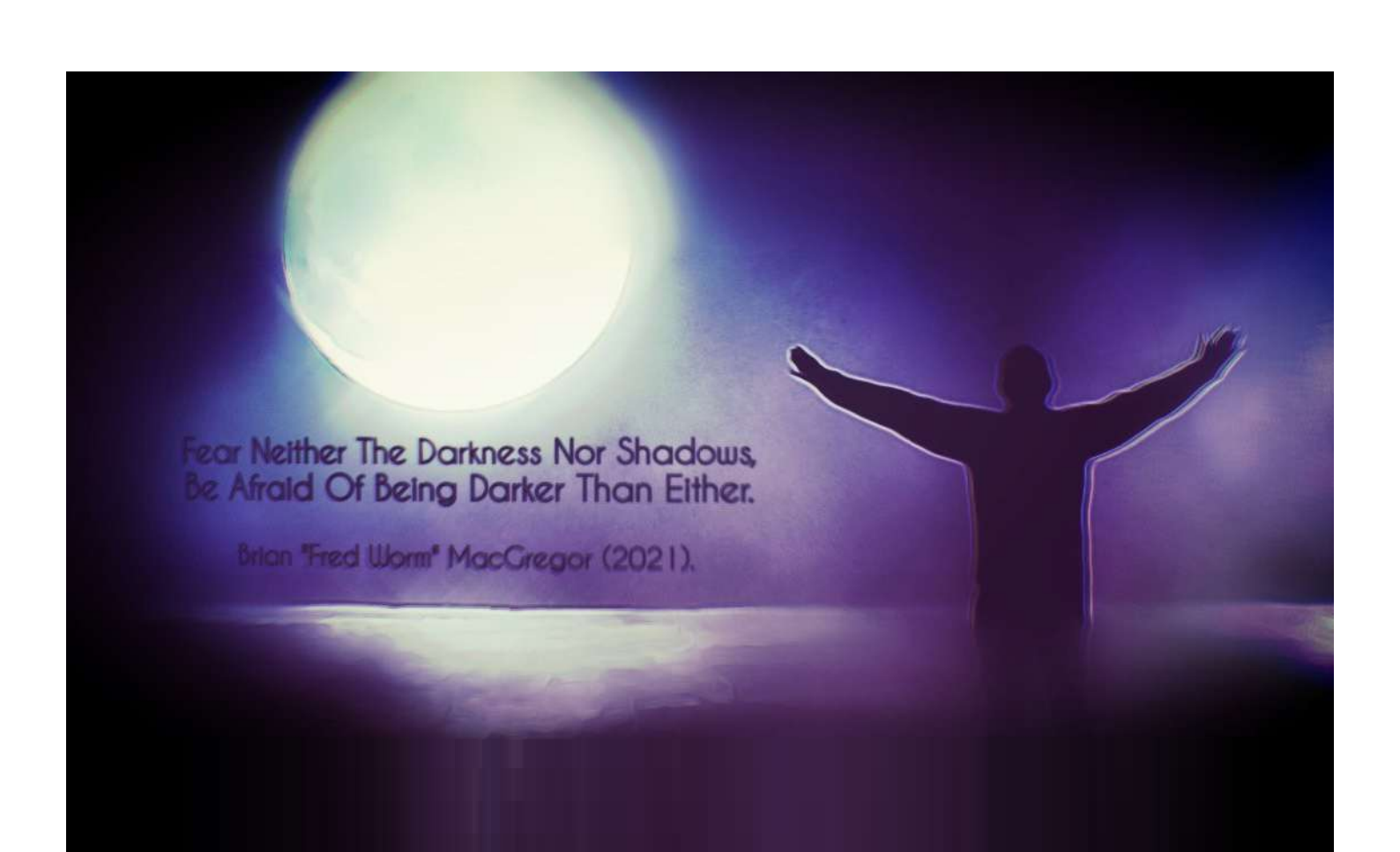
Brian "Fred Worm" MacGregor.



EW

Lively progressive positive adaptations overcome
Those gradually developing negative changes in life,...

(c) Copyright 2018 Brian "Fred Worm" MacGregor.



Fear Neither The Darkness Nor Shadows,
Be Afraid Of Being Darker Than Either.

Brian "Fred Worm" MacGregor (2021).



Space

Where We Cant Reach, We Dream Of
In Our Minds, We Are, Already There,...

Brian "Fred Worm" MacGregor.

ARTITUDE!

Mairin McCuin:

I have a very weird fandom that I like to draw sometimes, but I do normal work more often. To see more of my artwork visit my Tumblr account:
https://w_GoBack_GoBackww.tumgir.com/mynamese



John of Roin:

Early painting of mountains in Norway, I climbed both mountains, the one with the wolves is called, Galdhopiggen. The other, Kyrkja, near Leirdalen, the Jotunheimen Mountains, central southern Norway. Galdhopiggen is 8460 feet high, and the highest in Norway. Next door to it slightly lower because it's lost 300 feet of its ice cap due to global warming; is Glittertind. That's to the east, on the other side of a long glaciated valley.





Lee's Artwork:

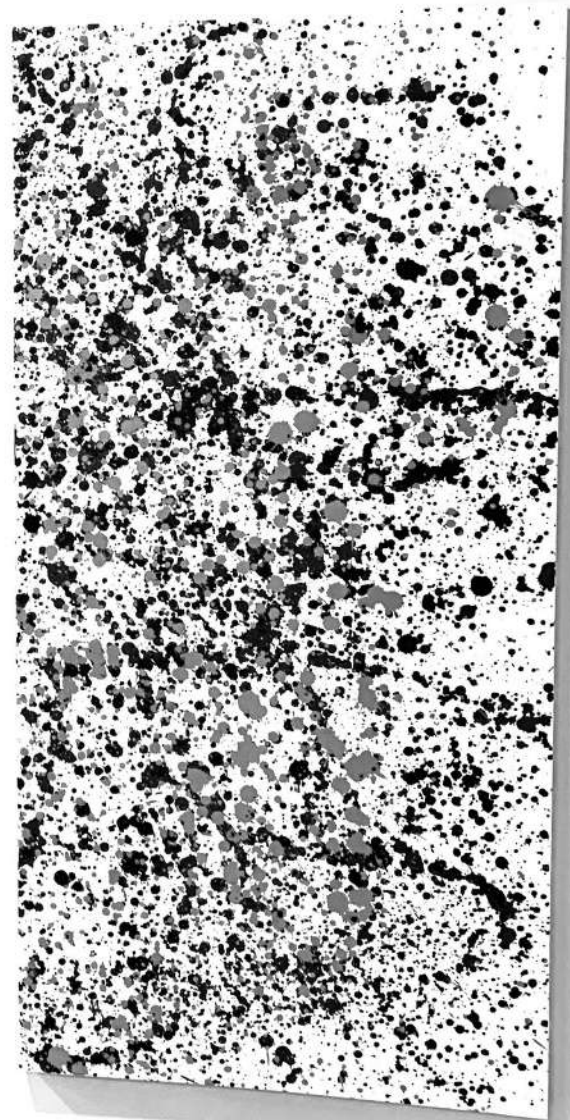
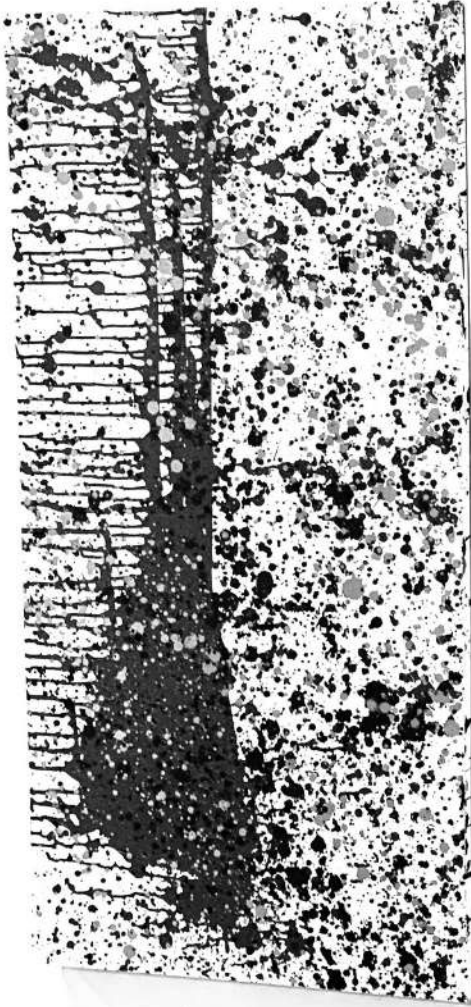
Our son Lee has been cared for by Scottish Autism and lived in his own property since 2008 and each member of support staff brings their own unique talents to help our son flourish. Recently Robin, a member of our son's support team, has been working closely with Lee using paints and teaching Lee the art of brush stroke on canvas and on the walls of his craft room.



We are thrilled as Lee's parents to see this happening and the beautiful work he is producing with the help from Robin. This has taken time and patience to help our son discover this new found experience into painting.

Mr & Mrs Wilkinson (Lee's Parents)

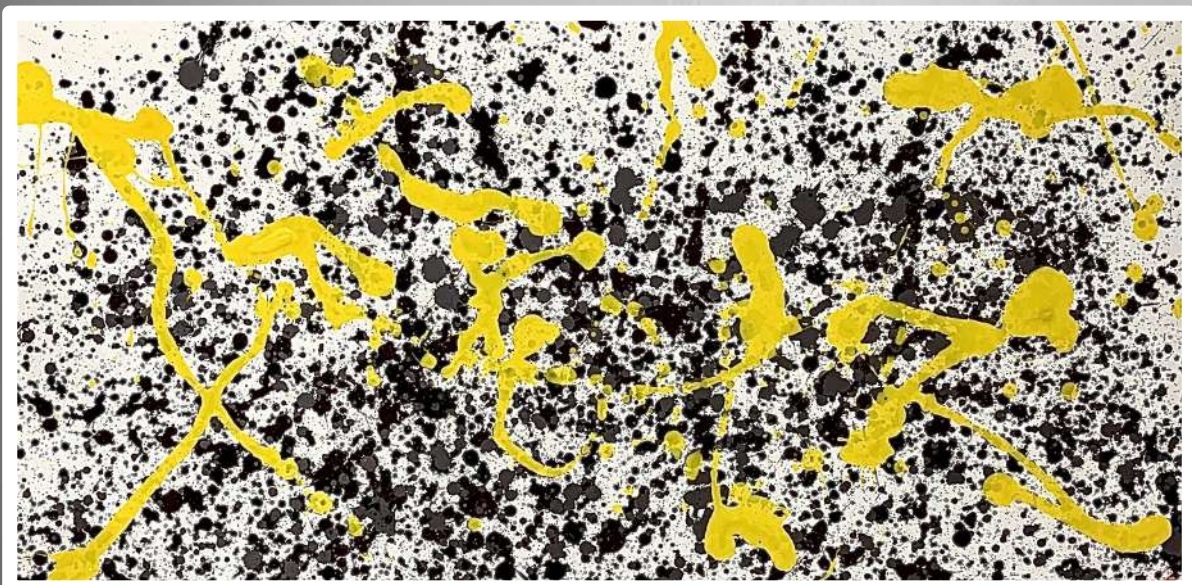
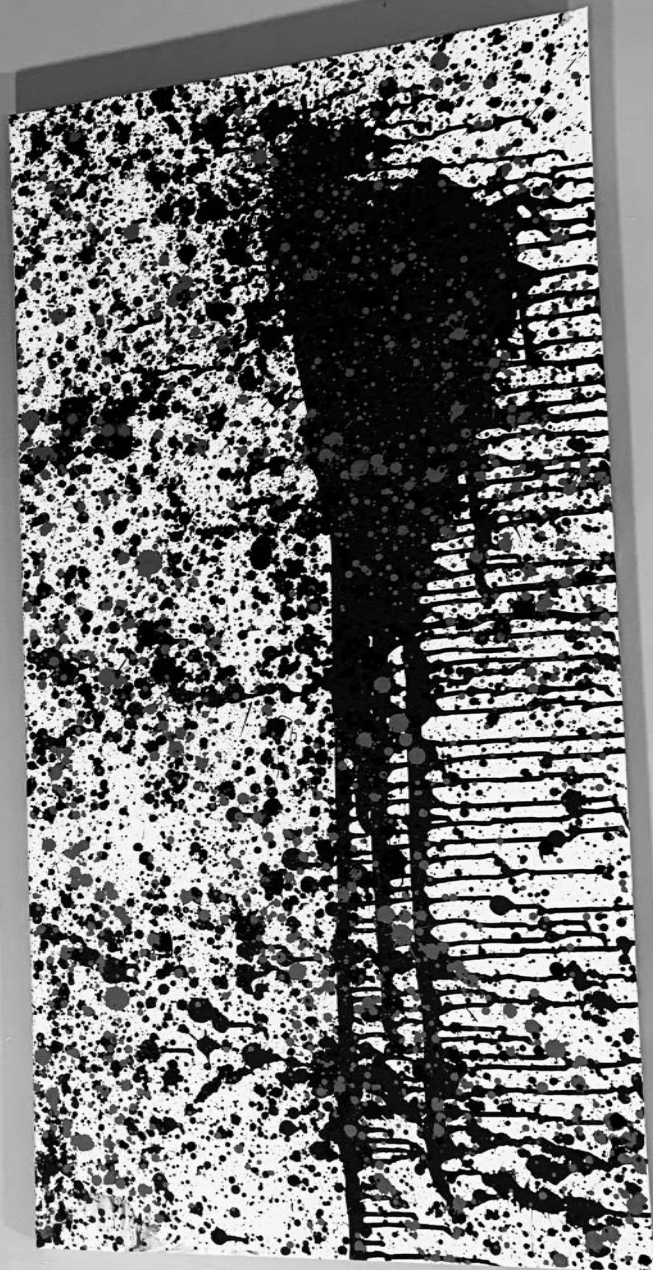
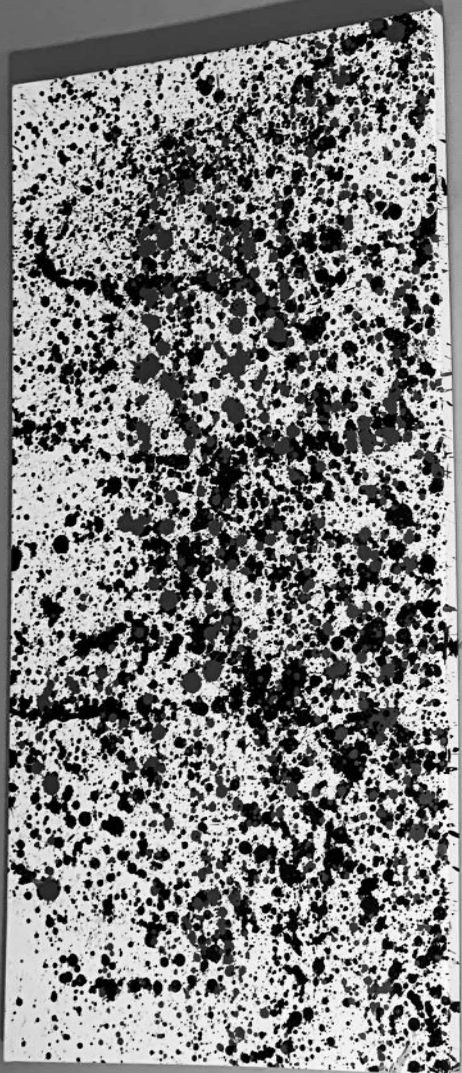
"This time around the core structuring principle or approach was to focus on development of creative and aesthetic.

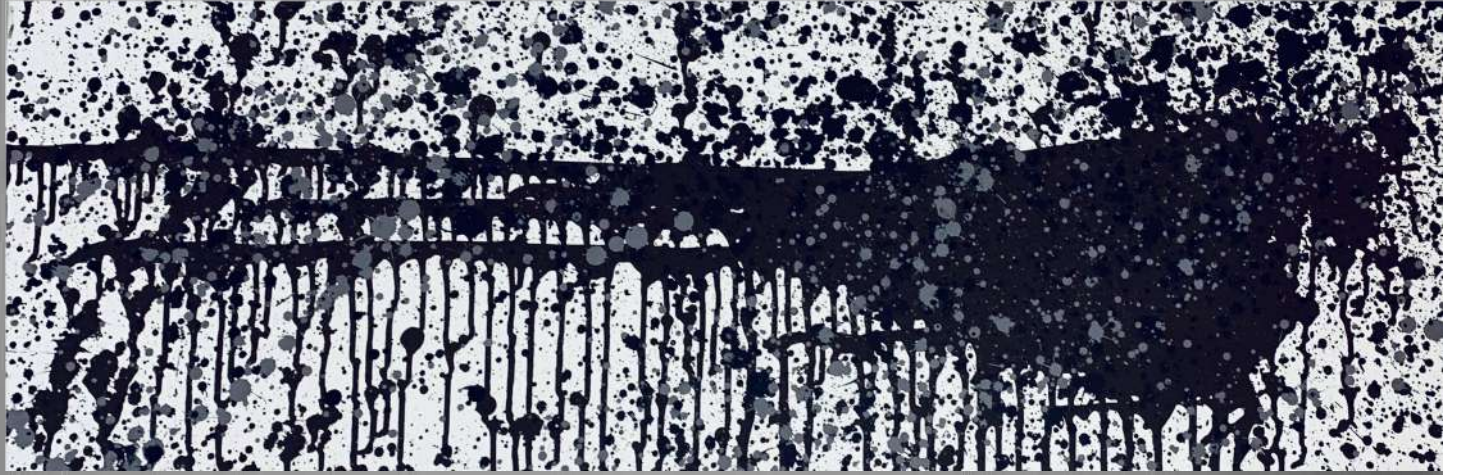


Style: Action painting.. Lee has used a style of painting in which paint is spontaneously... Dribbled, splattered or splashed onto canvas

A perfect fit for Lee... his work is direct, instinctual and vigorous.

In two words.... Highly Dynamic"





No Time to Die has a lot to live up to.

It's the twenty-fifth film in the James Bond franchise and it's the last time that Daniel Craig will play the role of Bond. It was heavily anticipated for a long time amid rumours of directors and writers leaving over creative differences and others being brought in. Everything finally seemed to be in place for April 2020, and then the pandemic happened. Eighteen months later the film is now out and the big question is, was it worth the wait?

Before I move on I will make it clear that I intend to keep this review as spoiler-free as I possibly can.

NO TIME

TO DIE



Review by Andrew Moodie

The film starts with a sequence that feels as if it belongs in a horror film, with a young Madeleine Swann being chased by a masked man calling himself Lyutsifer Safin (Rami Malek). There's even a jump scare when he appears right outside the Swann residence. An opening like this isn't much of a surprise when you consider that the director, Cary Joji Fukunaga, was meant to direct the recent two-part adaptation of IT. Swann obviously escapes from Safin unharmed since she is now in a seemingly perfect relationship with Bond, who has now left MI6. The two briefly enjoy a holiday in Matera, Italy where Bond plans to visit the grave of Vesper Lynd, but the moment is ruined by explosions, gunmen and a car chase and it looks as if Madeleine has betrayed Bond to whatever remains of SPECTRE. So he puts her on a train, and now it seems the film can really begin...



Bond is enjoying a quiet life in Jamaica when Felix Leiter (Jeffery Wright) along with another American agent Logan Ash (Billy Magnussen), whom Bond doesn't approve of, pay him a visit with news of a terrorist attack at a secret lab in London. The only survivor was an abducted scientist named Valdo Obruchev (David Dencick) who has given Safin a bioweapon that kills certain individuals on contact. Bond accepts the mission, goes to Cuba where he once again gatecrashes a SPECTRE meeting and with the help of Paloma (Ana de Armas) captures Obruchev and takes him back to Felix. And that would normally be the end of the film... but given the nearly three-hour runtime, Bond eventually returns to MI6 and meets up with M (Ralph Fiennes), Q (Ben Wishaw) and Money Penny (Naomie Harris) and then things can really, really start to move forward.



Daniel Craig's been playing the role of Bond since 2006 and for his last outing he plays it in much the same way that he has in the previous four films. The main difference here is that he gets to show a little more emotion than he did in *Casino Royale*. At the start, in retirement, he seems to be really enjoying himself and even in the face of enemies like Ernst Stavro Blofeld (Christoph Waltz) he can show a sense of humour. And his successor Nomi (Lashana Lynch) waving her 007 number in his face doesn't seem to bother him either.

Malek as Safin was one of the main talking points for the film. There's no doubt that he plays the role with charisma and has the poetic dialogue that's expected of a Bond villain. But he's far from being among the great villains. He may not be as bad as Dominic Greene (from *Quantum of Solace*) but he's certainly no Raoul Silva (*Skyfall*). I can't say much about Blofeld without spoiling anything, so I will just say that Waltz feels wasted once again. He does get to embrace his inner Hannibal Lecter, but that's what everyone thinks of when someone interviews an imprisoned psychopath. All of the other returning cast members are fine and Craig has believable chemistry with most of them, especially with Lea Seydoux who comes across as someone whose relationship with Bond is different from those who have come before her. Lashana Lynch is only really noticeable for a while, and as soon as she drops any hint of animosity towards Bond she just becomes another face.

It wouldn't be a Bond film without multiple writers. As always there's the duo of Neal Purvis and Robert Wade, with Fukunaga himself and Phoebe Waller-Bridge (who of course is behind the BBC spy show *Killing Eve*). There are a lot of action scenes, dialogue-heavy scenes and humour, with a focus on making Bond more human, definitely a staple of the Daniel Craig era.

All the usual elements that go to make a Bond film can be found here, but there are one or two things that don't do it any favours. One of which is obviously the lengthy runtime, there's padding for sure which felt to me especially bad in the beginning with a pre-title sequence that feels like it goes on much longer than it needs to. Also, Safin's plan feels like something that would be more at home in a Bond film from the seventies or eighties. Any sense of making Bond grounded has more or less been lost. The attempts to change Bond's attitude to women weren't as noticeable as I think people were expecting. After all, the audience come to see Bond for the character and action, not to add up how many people he manages to sleep with.



There are some things that don't seem to add up: how old are Safin and Madeleine meant to be? If he was already a grown man, supposedly at least in his late teens or twenties when Madeleine was a child, then he would have to be in his fifties or even sixties by the time of the film's main events. Being played by Malek ensures that Safin looks fortyish. Hans Zimmer's score has a surprising number of nods to *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, mainly in the form of the melody of the song *We Have All The Time In The World* being played in several scenes. But he does try to come up with some emotional music in the climax which just about makes up for any lack of originality. While I'm on the subject I will say that I think the title song is just about okay, no more. But I'm not a Billie Eilish fan and I won't pretend to be. Johnny Marr is apparently playing guitar on the song – for someone with his reputation I was expecting him to make his presence felt but I don't think he did.

If I could sum up *No Time To Die* in one word I would have to say, underwhelming. It can be applauded for pulling out all the stops and taking a few unexpected turns but it didn't have as much of an impact as I would have liked after all this anticipation. Craig has to be respected for the effort he's put into the role of Bond over the years, but now that he's given up the role the question now is, who will replace him? I don't know but it's going to be interesting when it's announced. I just hope that whoever is chosen gets a warmer welcome than Craig did.

All I can say for now is, goodbye Mr Bond.



My Neurodiversity Journey Part 1

Autistic & Dyslexic Blog Post

I am 63 according to my DOB. However, I really feel I am only 6 years old. Why?

What I said to the doctor was “I can no longer cope; I have run out of strategies” Some may say it was a mental breakdown in August 2013.

It was a very kind person, who suggested I may be dyslexic. No way, I replied. I have always thought I had the odd bit of word blindness. Simple examples being, writing few instead of view; how and who, as and has.

There are many more examples; (correctly spelt I think!) Pronunciation was also challenging with many words and still is today.

Well, the journey of self - discovery commences.

As it turned out, it was “BURNOUT”. I could no longer cope in what is called the Neurotypical world. I belonged in another world and retrospectively a totally different schooling method. Not the linear schooling which the Western Education is based on.

Another new word I learnt was “MASKING”. I had been doing that all my life without knowing just to survive in a very confusing and at times a very hostile world.

My definition of Masking is pretending to be something or someone I was not. Just to attempt to fit in.

As we all know this takes up a lot of energy. Another word from our English language I learnt early on was “SHUTDOWN”.

Another way of describing “SHUTDOWN” is the Central Nervous System overstimulated, overwhelmed, closed and time for time out from the world due to sensory overload.

After re charging batteries back to full on back into the crazy world of attempting to be normal; whatever that means.

Let's start with labels; we must be careful what labels we use to describe ourselves (our own internal conversations) in our language and especially mindful of the language and words others chose to give us.

Examples of words and labels given to me from teachers at a very young age approx. 5 or 6 years old; include, lazy, thick, doesn't get it, can't write properly and the daddy of them all, just stupid.

Get the picture, does this resonate with you?

The effect on one's own self-esteem, confidence, self-image has lasting effects as we all know.

This also makes our sense of self very confusing with lots of frustration.

No real Purpose or Identity, with no idea for the future, = Vision, Beliefs were all what my teachers told me, Values, mean what is most important to you which drives your Capabilities or skill base which at the end point delivers your own unique Behaviours in any given Environment whether at school, home, playing or at work.

Now, where were we?

Yes, language that creates realities that don't exist. As you sit down and place your hands on your lap; stand up now and tell me where your lap is? Ah, get it language is context dependent and not universal.

So, back to my journey of self- discovery and my assessments.



It transpired over a 18 month period which included hospital checks on my eyes, psychiatrist and special eyes clinics I finally found out my true Identity and Purpose :- I am Autistic, I am dyslexic, I am dyspraxic, I am or have dyscalculia, ADHD and Mears Irlen visual scotopic stress syndrome.

Note; my choice is to say I am Autistic and I am dyslexic as this is part of my Identity as opposed to David has dyslexia or David has a cold. If David did have a cold it would go away. Being Autistic and Dyslexic does not go away. Thankfully, as they are my strengths.

Why do I say strengths, once you accept your deficits; mine include “memory and speed of visual processing” (well below average) “Phonological skills (Below and well below average) “Handwriting skills & Reading and Handwriting Speed” (Well below average)

However; my underlying ability is embarrassingly high; something that I am still not totally accepting yet.

I am still on my exciting journey of self-discovery and in the next blog I will discuss in depth, language and the abstract terms, such as belief systems or in my and many others instances distorted belief systems.

As a Neurodivergent I like my identity to be easy on the listener as Neuro Autistic & Dyslexic with co occurring conditions.

How do you describe yourself?

Until the next time, stay safe and be kind to yourself and gentle to those around you.

Cheers

David



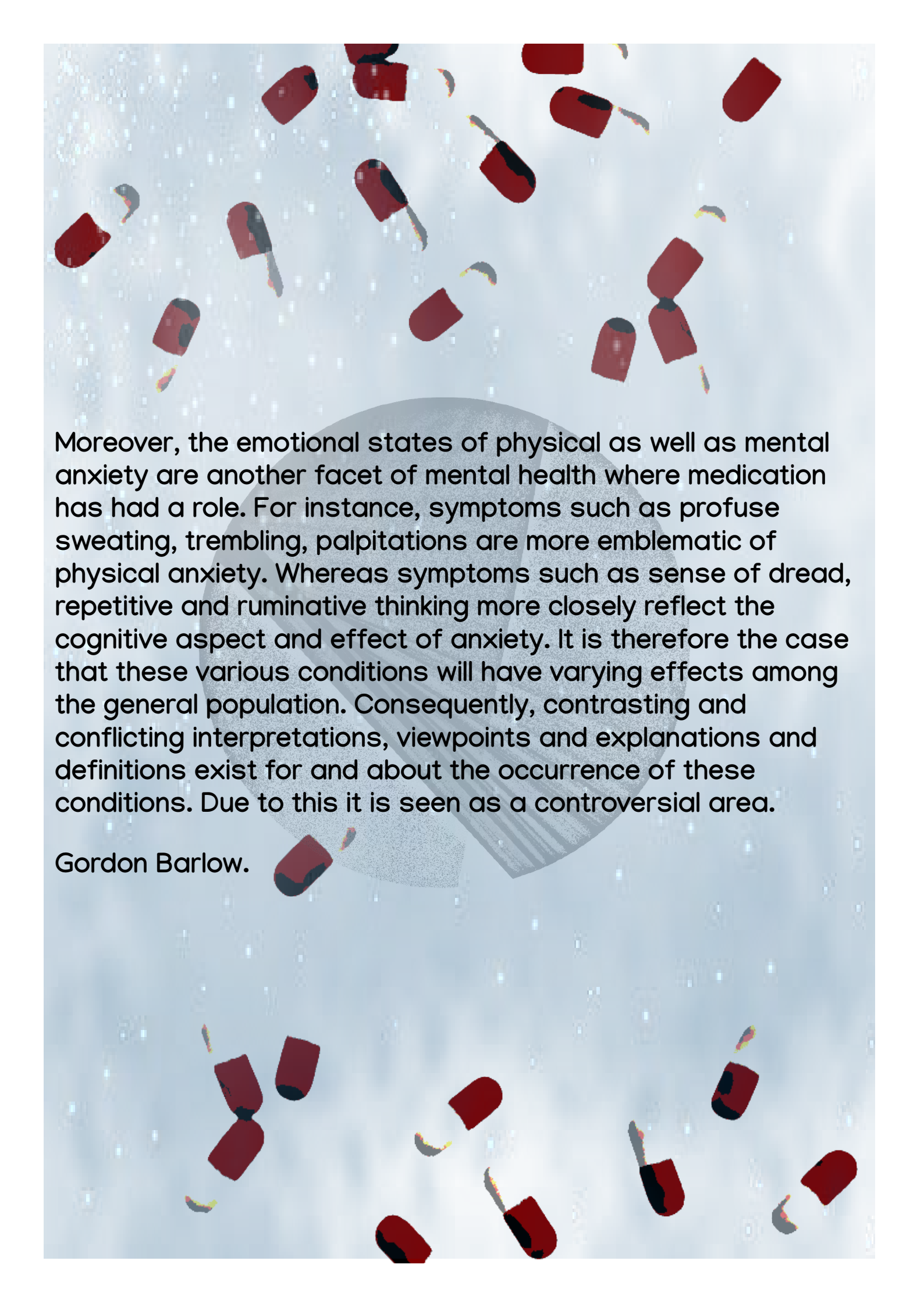
Extended definition

Psychotropic medication

Psychotropic medication refers to man-made substances which are typically given to individuals who are experiencing mental health difficulties. These medications can include antidepressants, beta blockers, anti-psychotics, and anti-panic agents. Their principal aim is to lessen the effects these conditions induce. These pharmaceutical agents have broad applicability to a range of psychiatric and non-psychiatric conditions.

For example, although antidepressants are commonly used to alleviate depressive states, they have also been shown to relieve symptoms of chronic anxiety. Another area which has been identified as having had detectable benefit from medication usage is obsessive compulsive disorder. This condition can be defined as a cognitive phenomenon. It is characterised by recurrent and persistent thoughts which lead those affected to engage in compulsive behaviours. This is the physical manifestation of that inner underlying mental effect which is experienced by people with this condition.



The background of the slide features a light blue, slightly textured surface. In the center, there is a faint, semi-transparent grey globe. Scattered across the entire background are numerous red, pill-shaped capsules, some of which appear to be falling or floating, creating a sense of motion. The capsules are oriented in various directions, with some showing their black and white markings.

Moreover, the emotional states of physical as well as mental anxiety are another facet of mental health where medication has had a role. For instance, symptoms such as profuse sweating, trembling, palpitations are more emblematic of physical anxiety. Whereas symptoms such as sense of dread, repetitive and ruminative thinking more closely reflect the cognitive aspect and effect of anxiety. It is therefore the case that these various conditions will have varying effects among the general population. Consequently, contrasting and conflicting interpretations, viewpoints and explanations and definitions exist for and about the occurrence of these conditions. Due to this it is seen as a controversial area.

Gordon Barlow.

Life as an Autistic Personal Trainer

Mark Welsh

-----A little backstory-----

But let's get this out of the way.

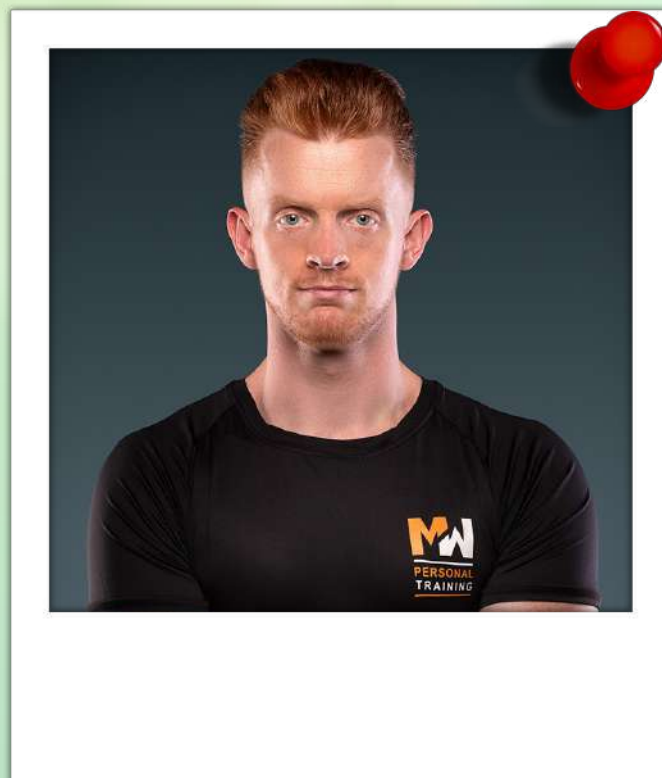
Yes, I do fall on the autistic spectrum.

I have:

1. Taken more time to interpret information
2. Struggled to understand how other people think or feel
3. Made poor eye contact with others
4. Done the same things over and over
5. Found it hard to communicate with other people
6. No confidence. No social skills.
7. No interest in my physical health. Growing up had its own sets of challenges.

So I went on my own journey to feel better.

Physically and mentally. And guess what? I do not see it as an illness anymore. As I still live a good life. Maintaining a strong, consistent workout regime kept me feeling good and much more confident than I ever was beforehand.



Fast forward to today – and this is also why I became a Personal Trainer.

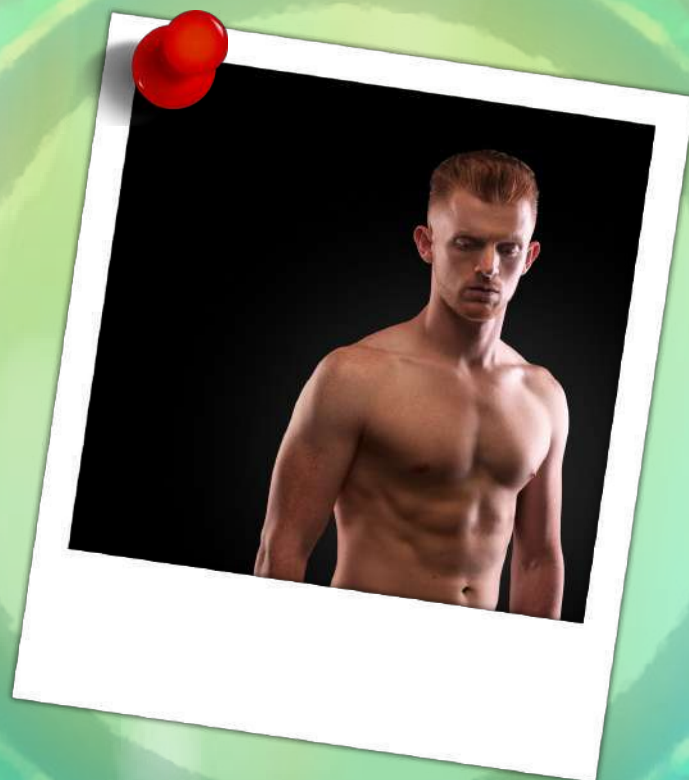
So, I could help folk feel better about themselves. Show them how much fitness helped to change my life for the better.

To have more confidence to get on with their daily tasks. Too often I see autistic folk with similar struggles. Especially during a time when we are all living during a pandemic. Many who suffer from extremely low self-esteem.

So, I want them to also experience life to the absolute fullest.

If you are reading this and are currently struggling with autism.

Send me a message – I have my own Personal Training business where I aim to help sorts of folk towards a more confident lifestyle.



Mobile Number: +44 07903 623968

Address: The Gym Glasgow Bothwell Street
156–164 Bothwell St, Glasgow G2 7EA

Facebook: [/markwelsht](#)

Instagram: [/markwelsht](#)

Celebrating the children's hero that adults adore returning to our screens.....

DOCTOR WHO



And why do folk like us love this creaky old British SF show so much?

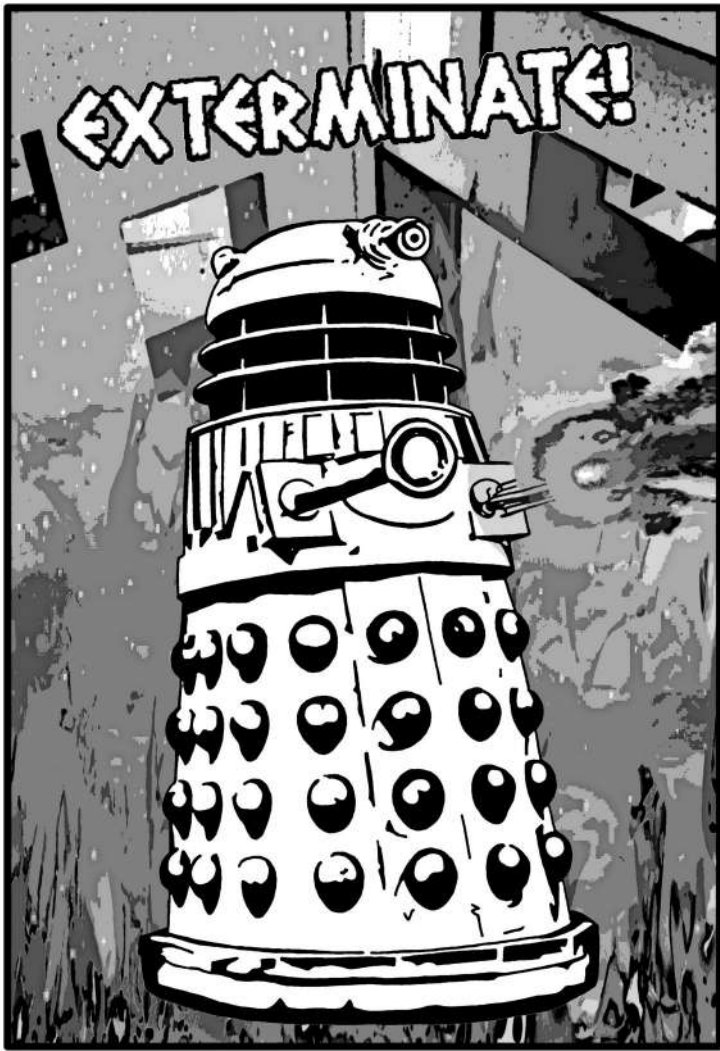
Is it because we see our oh-so slightly different worldview and love of odd things encasulated in the character?

Is it because we enjoy unravelling the long, convoluted and sometimes contradictory history and backstory into something workable (still at it after nearly 50 years here!)

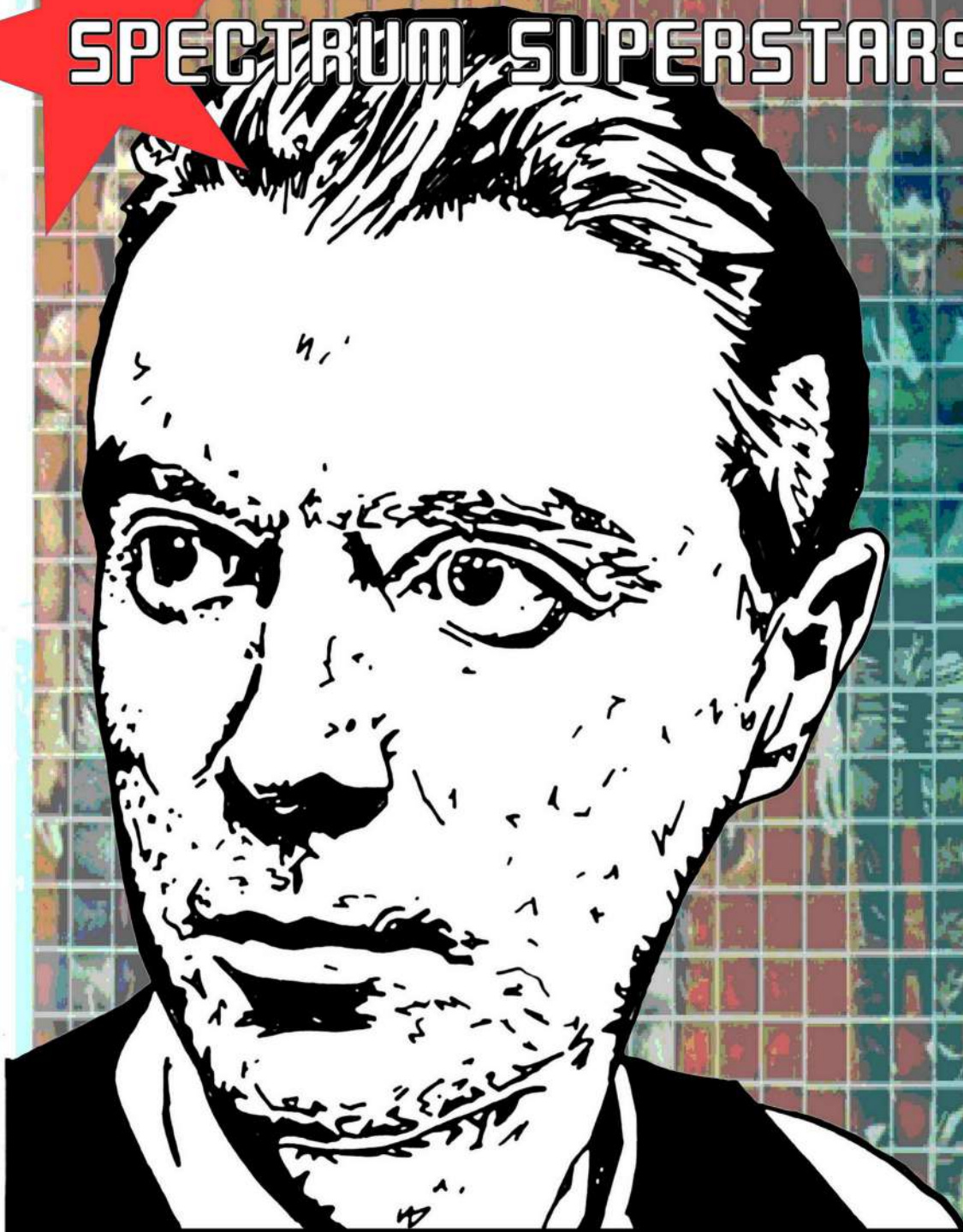
Or is it just because it's so much fun? – as Tom Baker said:

'There's no point in being grown up if you can't act a little childish sometimes'





SPECTRUM SUPERSTARS!



Name: David Byrne.

Age: 69.

Occupation: Singer, songwriter, record producer, actor, writer, music theorist, and filmmaker.

AUTITUDE NEEDS YOU!



Well that's it for issue 11!
Hope you've enjoyed it!
Don't forget to send your contributions to
autitude@scottishautism.org