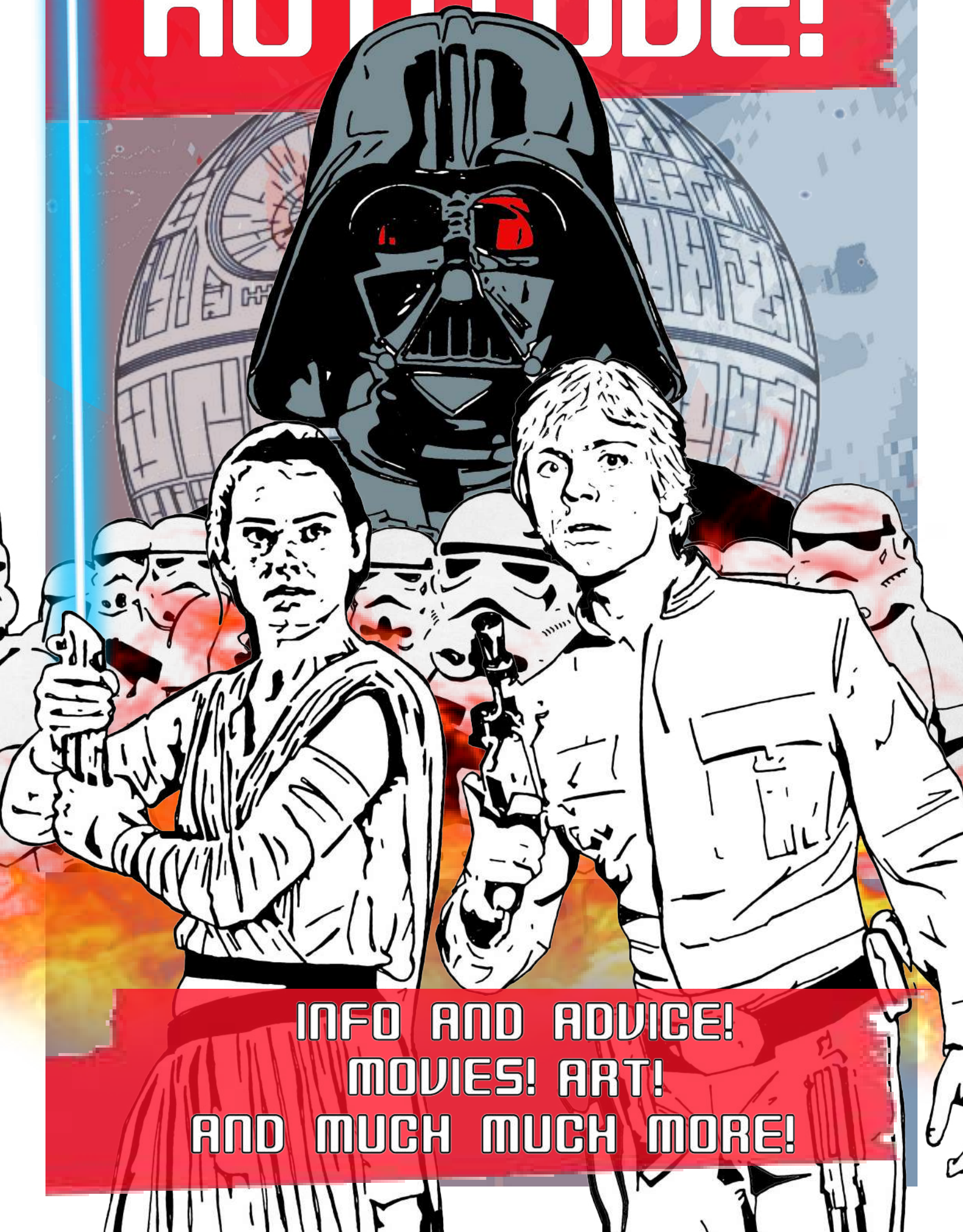


AUTITUDE!



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

WELCOME!

May the fourth issue of Autitude be with you!

Do you have artwork, photography, poetry or stories you would like to share? Or perhaps you have an autistic idol that you think should feature as our Spectrum Superstar?

Whether it's a thought, suggestion or submission, send it to 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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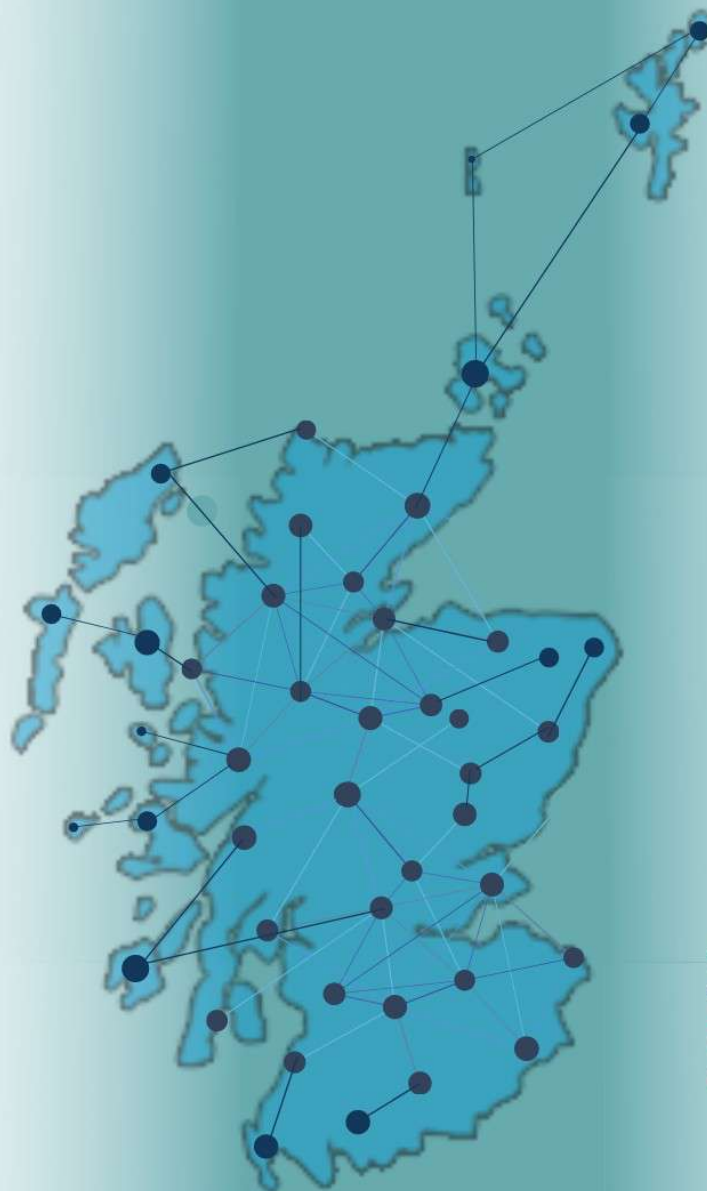
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Scottish
autism
WHERE AUTISTIC PEOPLE
ARE VALUED

Book your place for Click & Connect Block 5 taking place from April to June!

These online events aim to help the autistic community and families in Scotland to stay connected. All group sessions run via Zoom and are free to join.

Mindfulness Community Programme

**Following the successful Mindfulness programme in 2020, Jonny Drury will deliver Dialogica's new 10-week programme and will take Mindfulness activities to the next level. The programme will place more emphasis on practice and support the creation of a community of mostly autistic mindfulness practitioners. The group will take place every Tuesday morning* from 19th April until 21st June, 10am - 11am.
*excluding 17th May.**

Online Art Group

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.

Join our online Art Group taking place every Wednesday from 20th April until 22nd June, 5pm - 6.30pm.

**Scottish
autism**
WHERE AUTISTIC PEOPLE
ARE VALUED

Virtual Choir Group

If you're a music lover who enjoys singing, come along & share music with others in a fun, no pressure environment. This group is for autistic people and their families in Scotland, and all ages and abilities are welcome!

Join our Virtual Choir group taking place every Thursday evening from 21st April until 9th June, 5pm - 6pm.

Autism Support Group

Come along to our 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* 21st April until 23rd June, 1pm - 2.30pm.

***excluding 12th May.**

**Don't miss out, find out more and book your place now:
www.scottishautism.org/click-and-connect**

We are delighted to announce that bookings are now open for our Online Conference, 'Behind the Mask', on 12th May!

Scottish
autism
WHERE AUTISTIC PEOPLE
ARE VALUED

Scottish Autism
Online Conference
Thursday 12th May 2022



This virtual conference aims to understand the pressures, stresses and consequences that autistic people feel “fitting in”, and in accessing support. We will explore the ways that professionals can recognise the lived experience of autistic people; change practitioner behaviour to better accommodate autistic needs; and create safe spaces where autistic people can be themselves.

We will ask how professionals and those they support can exchange perspectives through meaningful dialogue, promote respectful interactions and relations, and create a more positive experience of services and society more widely.

Pay What You Can Scheme

Open to autistic people and their families*

*Spaces are limited



We are striving to make our conference as accessible and inclusive as possible.

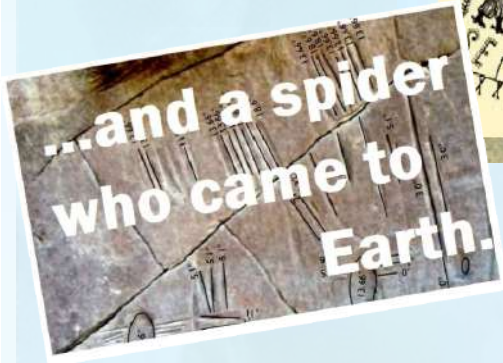
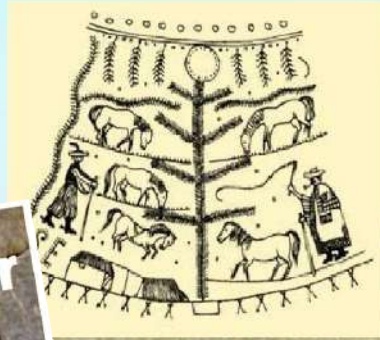
Our Pay What You Can is a pilot scheme open to autistic people and their families to access the conference.

Please note, places are limited.

To find out more and book, please visit

www.scottishautismconference.org

Letters to Angels



The 'csikós' (colt-man) of the great Hungarian plains has been a most popular guy for selling everything, from postcards to mugs, cups, t-shirts, fridge magnets and side bags to unsuspecting tourists. But the real beauty of this long remembered figure with the wide rimmed black hat, blue or white loose-sleeve handmade shirts and pants and, of course, the thunder-sounding Csikós Whip, comes from the Shamanic past of its nation. A horse ('paripa') was a conduit between the multi-layered heavens and the earth, taking the soul traveller to the realm of ancestors, the Sun, Moon and stars. An unbreakable bond of trust between horse and rider.

Dear Eagle,

It is hard to believe that horse-life is not eternal. It's been four days since you've been gone on this Good Friday and you have not come back. In our case, there was no mysterious gardener for us to ask where you are, and no angel told us not to look for you amongst the dead... We lost you and you were made to cross the rainbow bridge to ease you from your painful earthly shell. I have only known you for less than three years but you have become my whole future. My vision, my ambition, my force and my strength. How will I, how will we all carry on without you? When it is enough to not see your head leaning above the side of your old box in the stables to make us feel like everything was collapsing and turning inwards in total darkness. I am speechless and yet I have so much to say. But to capture your whole essence, All That You Were, and All That You Are to me and to each of us is a failed mission before it would even start. I've never fully realised that you became older.

You were majestic; brave and strong and stubborn like none! To be honest, I wasn't sure in the beginning if you and I could ever pull this off (no offence, buddy). When I first saw you, standing so tall and proud and somewhat arrogant I thought: it was one thing to learn to approach Henrik but this... this might actually break me. You might finish my enthusiasm, by one of your infamous kicks, bites or head-tossing.

It wasn't so. They told me, with my previous experience I will be able to handle you. But it was your acceptance and you stepping out of your dark moments for me that made this work. Sure, there were the carrots and apples and endless cuddle sessions, many soothing words – but it was you. You made that final jump to trust. Without the confidence you gave me, I don't think I could have managed all that took place in these more than two years and not because of the pandemic. Because of everything else.

You taught me how to stand up for myself, come what may. By submitting your powers to me – you showed me that I had powers not to submit to unfairness ever again.



The three yellow flowers with the golden ribbon that I left at Eagle's former residence at Easter, one piece for each year I spent with him (2019, 2020, 2021), one for each virtue this amazing animal taught me: * courage * self-esteem * resilience. May you graze in heavenly fields, my Teacher, my Friend.

I want to reassure you that even though right now everything is just a blur, and there's no upbeat beginning or end to my days, I will be alright. You don't have to worry about me; and that – in a huge part – is because of YOU. I know all the things I shared with you from my heart are safe with you, and you can be certain that all the things you passed on to me are well embraced, used and shared with others. You have a legacy here, boy! You left plenty of that, with several dozens of us. I thought to ask you, if you happen to come across my previous dog, Loaf, to say 'hi' to him and who knows: maybe the Two of you find some things in common. For example: both yourself and him were excellent jumpers (also when it was not the time to jump), you are both passionate about rubbing into things (the smellier the better, hah!) and I believe you both would rip all clothing from a human for snacks. Am I right? Now you will have plenty of time to discuss those matters and laugh at my expense if you want, for you two surely have seen me in some of my most ridiculous moments as a human. (Thanks for keeping it between us.)



An old photo of my previous dog, Loaf, from around 2011, taken in my grandfather's orchard in the Gödöllő Hills, Hungary. He was a fine mixture of German Shepherd and Staffordshire and could technically get out of any enclosure. Loaf, as a rescue, was the love-fruit of his German Shepherd dad's over-the-fence midnight romance and he had the most amazing splash and mixture of butter white, beige, black and brown on his fur. (And his fur was surely everywhere!)

Mind you, since you left us last Friday morning, a very large and so far friendly brown house spider appeared in my bathroom. When, supposedly for our mutual benefit, I let it out to the garden for the night to hunt and eat something... this morning it was patiently waiting outside on the window seal in a cozy resting position. Yaaawn. So I named her Janice and let her back in where she took up his previous favourite corner. She's not responding to my whistling yet but I wanted to enquire anyway: is this how animals reincarnate?... Up until now I have obtained some experience about how it goes with humans, also about how complicated it can get when you bump into each other again – they are not called past life connections without a strong reason. Is it the same with your folk? Not that I don't like spiders, I really do, if we can share the rent proportionately...

Just like I told you about Henrik each week, he was aware of you as well, each week while we were talking. There was not one of our Wednesday meeting of ours where I was not mentioning you and praising our time together, just like he did the same with Henrik Junior. You were and are my pride and joy, you were and are My Boy and this is not the end, how we all feel for the moment when we recall giving you a pat, sensing your wonderful warmth and softness in our palms, cradling you there despite you being three times the size of us. No, this is a change. This is turning a chapter, not because we want to but because we have to. I hate it, you know, reminding myself that you won't be waiting for me at the gate. Then breaking down. Therefore, I will stop telling that to myself. Instead what I will say will be: 'A yellow foal, ornate with bell / how I wonder where we go there? / Ta da dee da da da dam!' The wee folk song we learnt at the nursery when I was about four. Only I do not have to wonder where this radiant, golden foal took me; you took me to everything that is worth learning from a Horse in this world. Please, don't forget me.

By the way, what is the advantage of having a horse waiting for you in Heaven? – That it will be a nice *transition...*

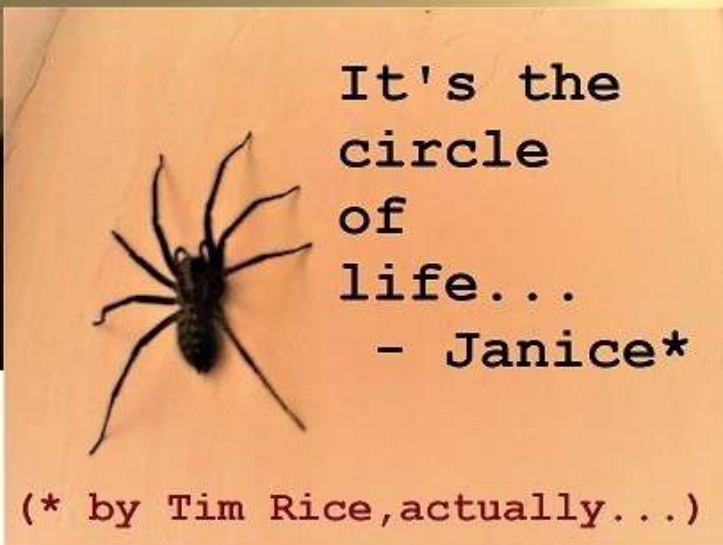
Sorry, I couldn't help but crack an equestrian joke before I finish this letter. You can bite me for it when we meet again, sweetheart! I love you. I'm a mess today but grateful for yet another dangerous journey of feeling for another being whole-heartedly.

Yours, yours, yours, to the sky and back,
with unending carrots and apples on the menu,

Lea

[Contact: leapublish@gmail.com]

A P R I L



R.I.P. EAGLE

Picture with the April title: horse and its rider in the sunrise, with misty hills and a lake in the background and dark grass. Janice the spider's photo has the text in it: It's the circle of life... by Janice. Then correction in brackets: by Tim Rice, actually.

Just as good

January brings the granary low,
Makes the cold wind to blow,
Makes the snowdrifts high and strong,
Just as good as Nordic ones.

February brings the thaw tha knows,
Makes the snowdrops up to grow,
Makes the plough-clods high and strong,
Just as good as any rows.

March it brings the hare so mad,
Makes the stark trees look so sad,
Makes the fire sparks, spark so high,
Just as good as any to fly.

April brings the spring and rain,
Makes the garden good again,
Makes the flowers high and strong,
Just as good as any wand.

May it brings the Fayre show,
Makes the maidens to glow,
Makes the suitors high and strong,
Just as good as any swain.

June it brings the swooning
honeymooners,
Makes the sunny afternoons;
Makes the days light and long,
Just as good as any ones.

July it brings the Hula-Hoop,
Makes the Flycatcher loop-the-loop,
Makes the temperatures sure to rise,
Just as good as any surprise.

August brings the root beer sincere,
Makes the old ladies so austere,
Makes the cow bell to toll,
Just as good as any role.

September brings the days remembered,
Makes the wheat stalks to sway,
Makes the hay-ricks high and strong,
Just as good as dolly ones.

October brings the sun so low,
Makes the spud-picker to bow,
Makes the wind blown leaves to flow,
Just as good as they go.

November brings the nights in now,
Makes those ghostly mists to prowl,
Makes the stars so high and bright,
Just as good as any sight.

December brings the cold and damp,
Makes me want to tramp and stamp;
Makes the lamplight's high and strong,
Just as good as any fashion.

by John Roney

MY OLD DOG

by John Roney

*You are in my every pore.
My dog stands at the door,
To go outside.
When will it ever end,
This sore inside my head.*

*You are in my every pore.
My dog out on the moor;
It's cold out here.
When will it ever end,
This floorless emptiness.*

*You are in my every pore.
My dog at it's leashes end;
It's bold to flout my commands.
When will it end,
This tireless torment.*

*You are in my every pore.
My dog holds up it's paw,
A golden Labrador.
When will it ever end,
This troubadour to trouble.*

*You are in my every pore.
My dog is old and grey,
Maybe I should pray,
He'll last another day.*

*When will it ever end,
Now, — unfortunately.*

SECRET THING.

by John Roney

*Like a secret sea—wet—thing,
Sleek in water a king.
Seeking me, I see a nose;
Seeking me, I see a pose.
Just her selchie sad eyes so keen,
A treasure trove.
And now she goes, an arching back,
Her flipper toes.
And all because I rose an inch,
That made her flinch, such a shame.
Wish she'd come back to me,
My secret thing, my selchie soulmate,
My kin.*

Finis

Cara Island Colours

Cara, Cara, baritone blues,
Guitars awinged are our cues.
We're just the sea-mews in our queues,
Making music with our coos.

Cara, Cara, maroon red,
In my carapace itchy to shed.
My crabby features are well fed,
Creeping sideways along the seabed.

Cara, Cara, smaragd green,
Married to the sea-rocks mean.
Just us Green Cormorants marine,
Lifting up our wings to preen.

Cara, Cara, mascara black,
Scarecrow scratchy on your back.
Craving for a bloody snack,
Midges, Mosquitoes and miasmatic tracks.

(continued).

Cara, Cara, caramel brown,
Feeling biscuity when I frown.
Just the old grass on my crown,
Making a chair to sit down.

Cara, Cara, Sahara white,
Down your beaches brittle bright.
Just the Twite birds, twittering trite,
Twixt the sea and this island site.

by John Roney

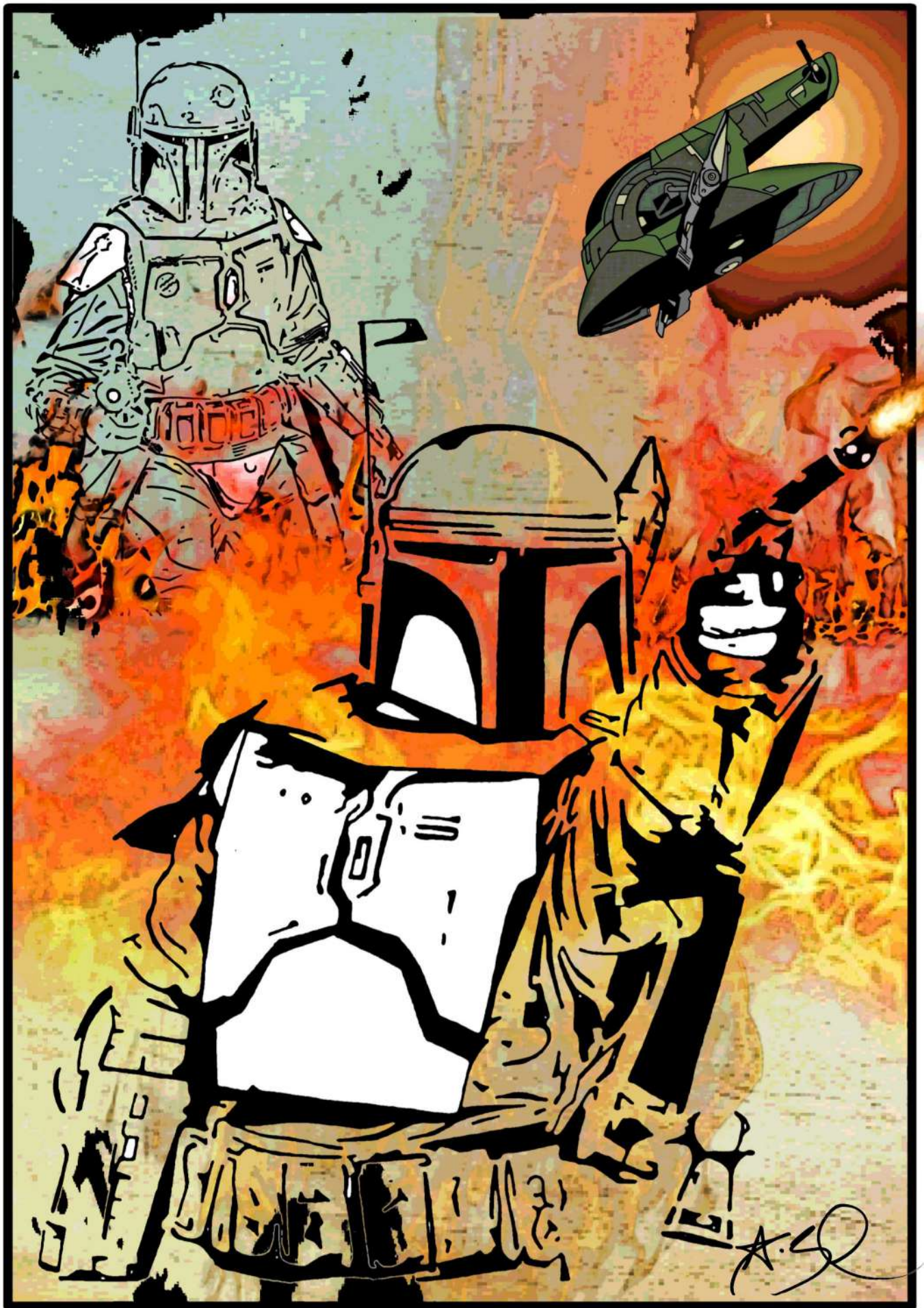
ARTITUDE!

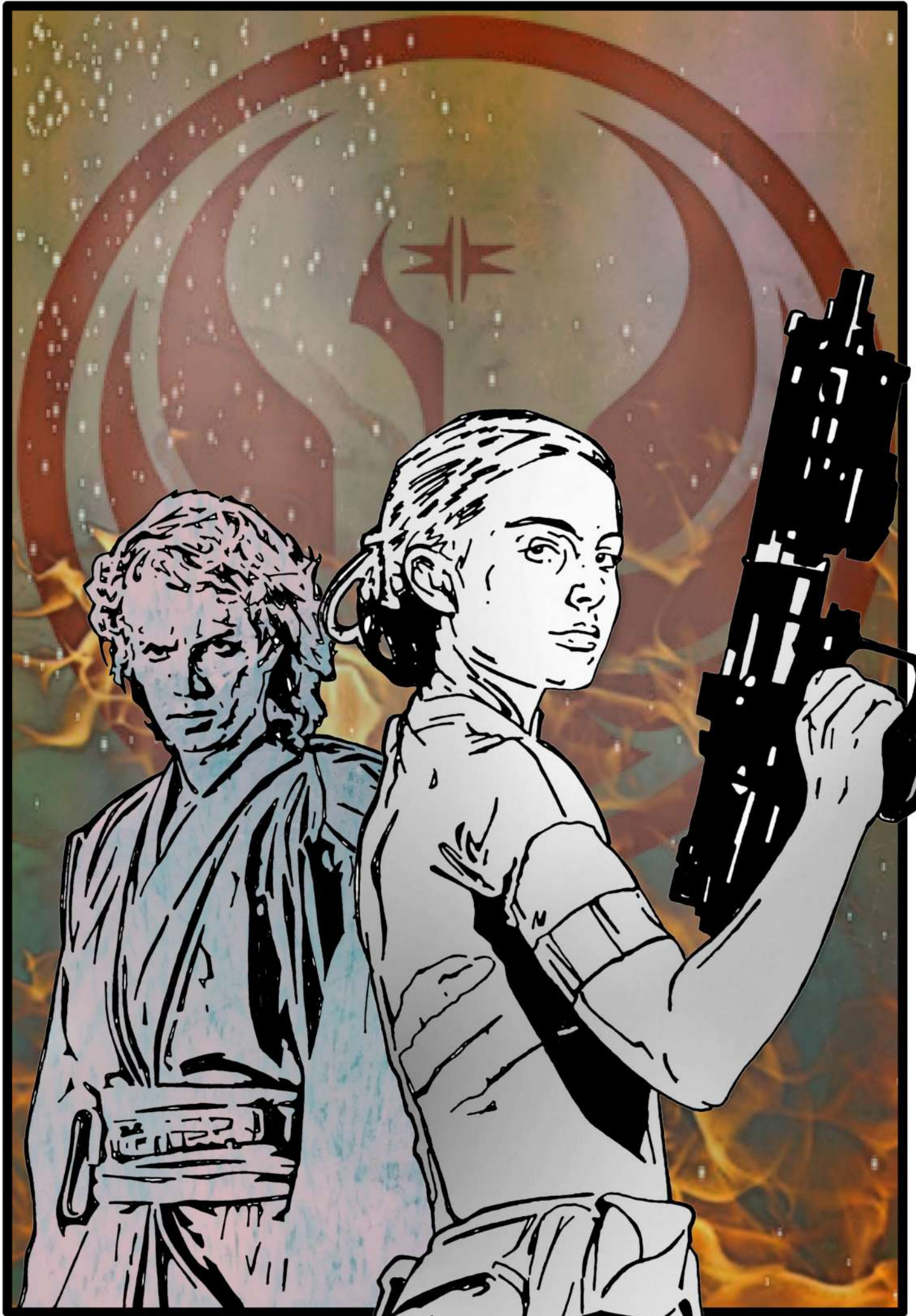


Ash

Celebrating the 45th anniversary of the release of Star Wars and counting down to the Obi-Wan Kenobi series....









ASH '19

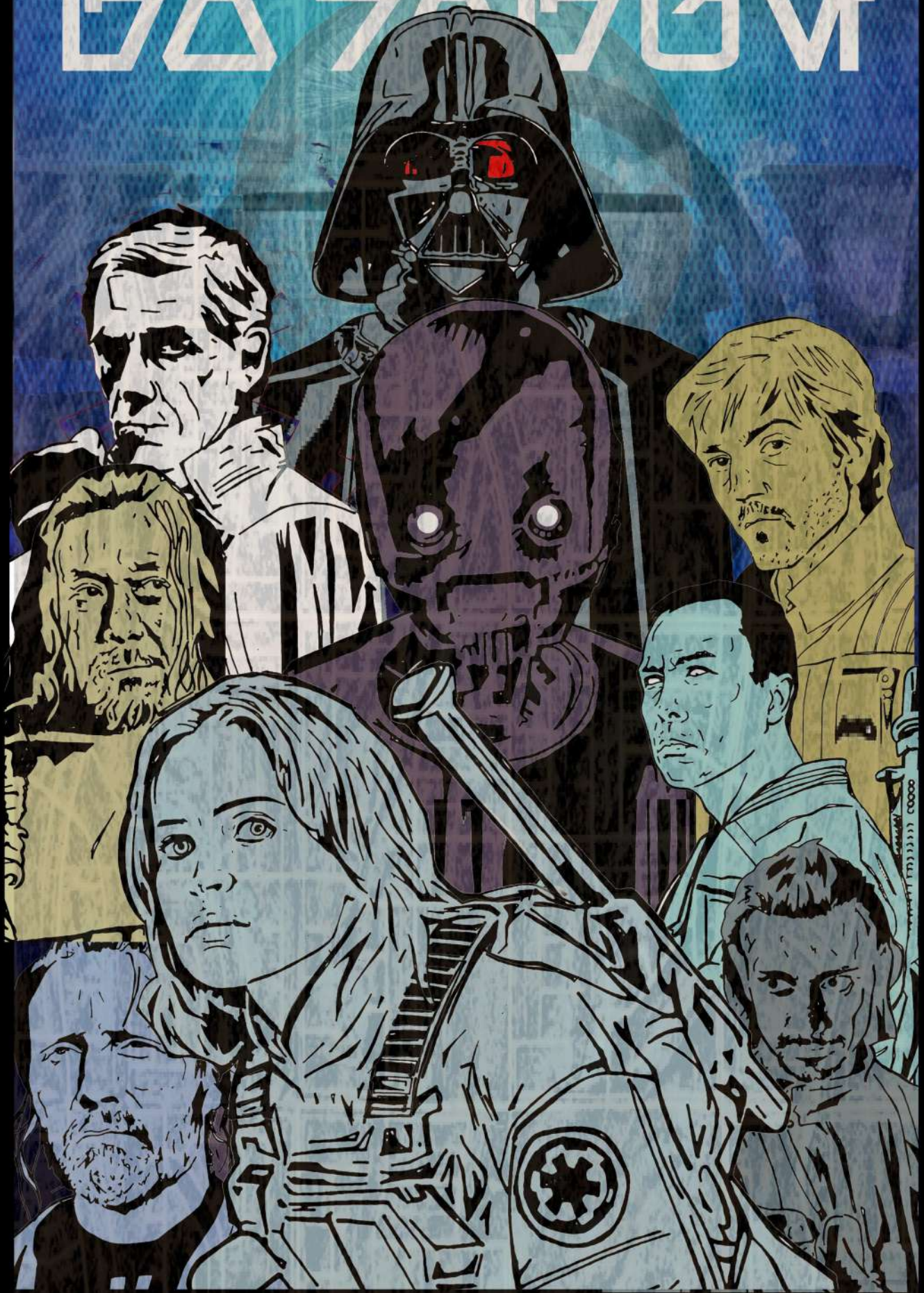


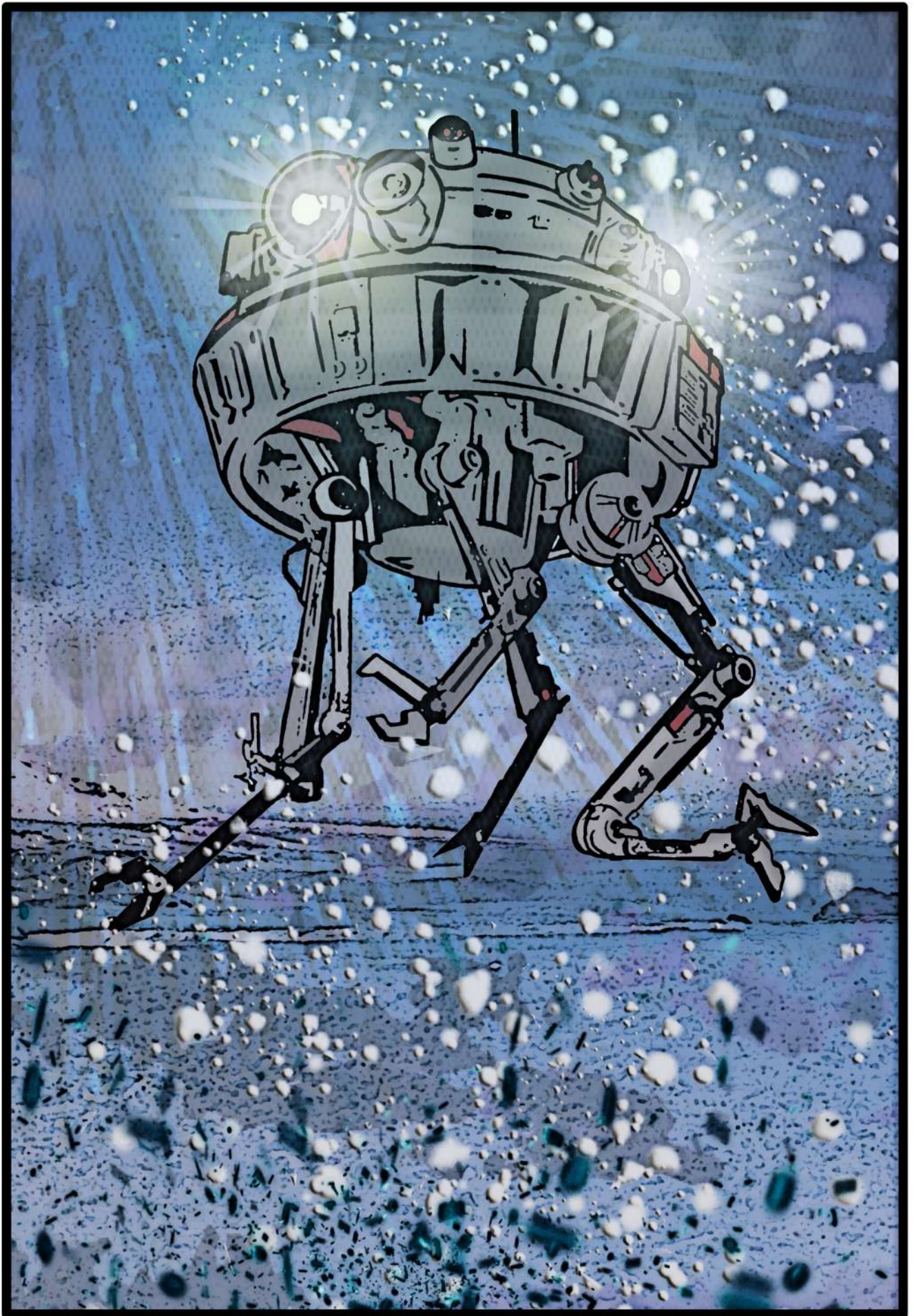


ASH '19



STAR WARS

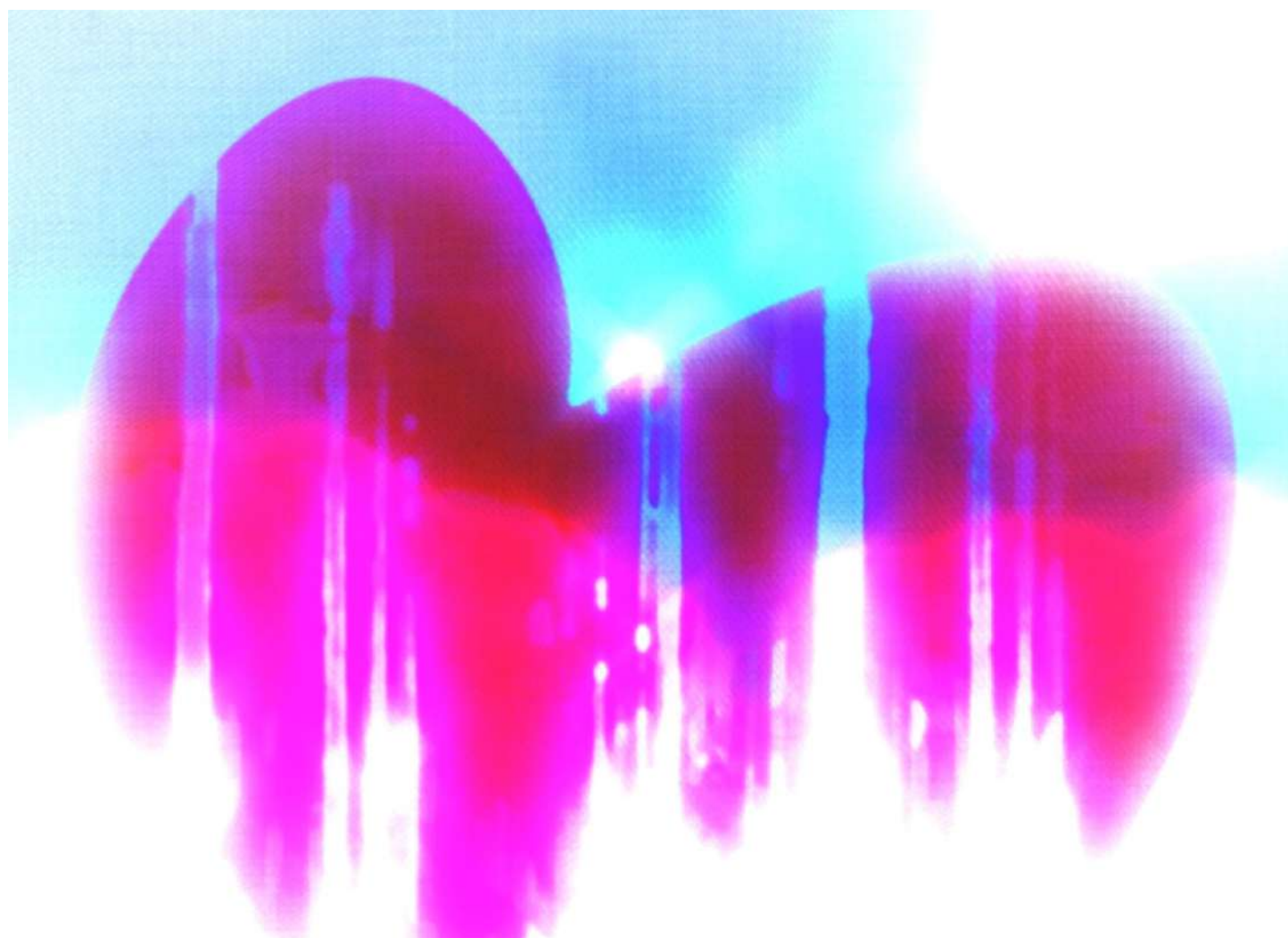




**JUST AS I WONDERED - THEN AS I IMAGINED,
THE IMAGINATION REALLY WAS A WONDER AFTER ALL.**

BRIAN "FRED WORM" MACGREGOR (C) 2018.





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

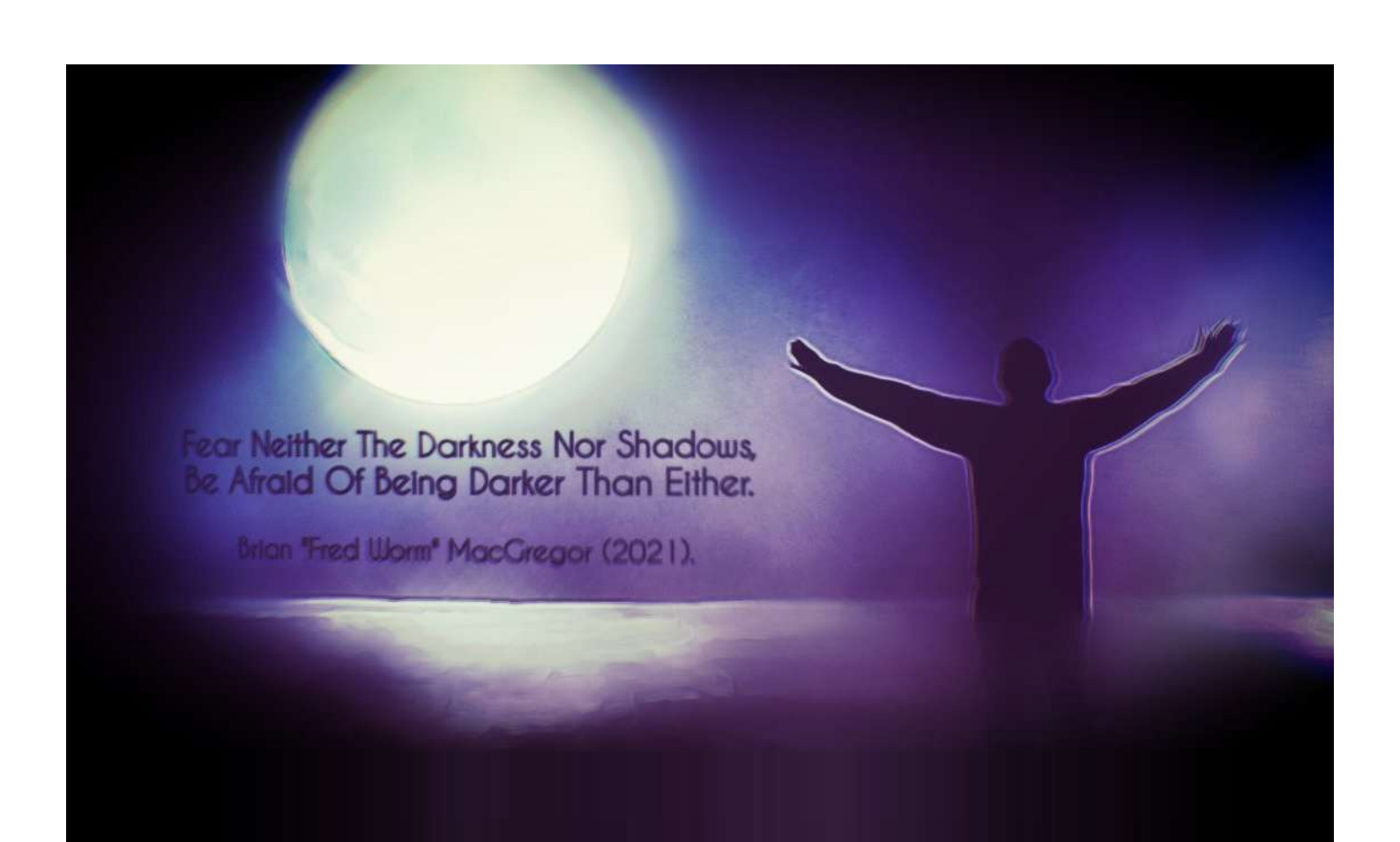
Brian "Fred Worm" MacGregor.



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.

If Only She Knew:

(Childhood)

Skipping happily off to school, going home, feeling like a fool, kids can be so cruel.

Sat alone at my school desk, unable to sit with the rest. I try to play, but all the noise keeps me away.

They wait for me everyday, to torment and tease, I try to run away.

Libraries are my hideaway, from the nasty looks I receive everyday.

Can't wait to be home with my pet, on her love I can bet. Her beautiful fur, her soothing purr, she makes me smile, at least for a while.

(Teenage Years)

All the girls discussing boys, uninterested, I still love my toys.

They talk about fashion, but it's not my passion, they talk about looks, all I want is to read my books.

It's so hard to pretend, all to have one friend.

All I got was lies and stealing, which left me with such bad feelings.

(Adulthood)

Finally relieved to be assessed, six long weeks, I did my best.

Diagnosed at forty five, there were more than a few tears.

Left to take off the mask, this has been the most difficult task.

Pretending for so long, I hardly recognise myself at all.

Authenticity has slipped away, looks like PTSD is here to stay.

"If only they knew..... the damage they do"

Sandra Louise Smyth

SPECTRUM SUPERSTARS!



Name: Phillipa Margaret Brown AKA Ladyhawke
Born: 13 July 1979
Occupation: Singer, songwriter, multi-instrumentalist

AUTITUDE NEEDS YOU!



Well that's it for issue 16!
Hope you've enjoyed it!
Don't forget to send your contributions to
autitude@scottishautism.org