

Produced by and for autistic people

The Spectrum

Edition **117** January 2024



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National
Autistic
Society

The Spectrum

The Spectrum is run by and for autistic adults (although some parents subscribe on behalf of their under-16s). The magazine is owned and run by the National Autistic Society, and aims to connect autistic people through their letters and articles and to share information so that they can lead more independent lives.

Please note that *the Spectrum* receives many submissions each quarter so it is not possible to respond to every one, nor for every contribution to be printed. Discussions on editorial choices will not be entered into. The magazine protects the identity of contributors by not printing full names.

The Spectrum is available at

www.autism.org.uk/theSpectrum

or by paying a subscription. To subscribe you, we need your postal address. Please subscribe online or contact the email address for a subscription form. All contact details are below. Organisations requiring multiple copies: please get in touch.

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This magazine was founded as *Asperger United* in 1993 by Pamela Yates and Patricia Howlin, in association with the Maudsley Hospital, and Mark Bebbington and Judy Lynch of the National Autistic Society.

This was in response to a recognised dearth of services for people with Asperger syndrome and the potential for self-help and networking as a means of support.

The purpose of the magazine was to develop a publication that was truly the voice of the people it was aimed at. The magazine has also provided work experience for those who have held the position of Editor and Sub-editor. These are Richard Exley, David Wright, Martin Coppola, Ian Reynolds, John Joyce and the Goth.

Pamela Yates provided support and advice to the editors until the publication was handed over to the National Autistic Society in 2000.

The name *Asperger United* was chosen by a group of original readers. This was suggested by **Anna Kaczynski**. The name *the Spectrum* was suggested by dozens of people and chosen in an online poll in 2018.

Please send all correspondence and subscription requests to:

Web: **www.autism.org.uk/theSpectrum**

and follow the link to the submissions form.

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Please note that the views expressed in *the Spectrum* are not necessarily those of the Editors, the National Autistic Society or those involved in the publication of the magazine.

Welcome to the delayed January edition.

We are sorry for the delay to the magazine this year. We are hoping to have the next issue (April's) with you in June.

We hope you enjoy the great variety of articles, poetry and artwork. This issue's theme is 'a new start' and we received some submissions on this but not enough to fill the whole magazine.

We are not going to have a theme for the April issue. Instead we are dipping into past submissions to pull together the delayed issue and get it to you as soon as possible. You will, however, find the theme for the July issue on page 10.

We hope you are enjoying Spring and all the new starts it brings.

Yours,

Fiona and Charlotte

the Editors

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A new start: fighting loneliness with photography and hiking

by **Angus**

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My story is about putting myself out there and how it has been a new start in fighting loneliness.

I graduated in 2019 from The University of Plymouth. All my friends disappeared straight after graduating which left just me alone in Plymouth. I stayed there for another three years but really struggled with loneliness, especially during the COVID-19 pandemic. I think since COVID-19 I had accepted I was going to be alone and wasn't going to make any new friends, so I invested a lot of time in cycling, photography and social media content creation. I did enjoy all those hobbies, but it didn't replace having mates.

Fortunately, when I moved to Bristol in May 2023, I joined a local photography group where I met my friend Stephan. Neither of us have been back to the photography group because we have been travelling and exploring at least every

fortnight together! We've hiked several times in the Brecon Beacons, played squash, run together at local running events and now we've booked a holiday together to go to Ibiza to run a marathon!

This is a message for all autistic people that struggle with both loneliness and making friends: don't be afraid to be uncomfortable and socialise for a bit as it could lead to really great things.

Last weekend, we went to hike up Sugar Loaf Mountain. On the way up, we adventured through a spooky forest. We spent literally two hours in this forest capturing the atmosphere. Not only do I have a friend that I enjoy spending time with, but I have found someone that loves photography as much as I do.





A new start: realisation for interest in philosophy

by **Siew Ming**

© Siew Ming 2024

I'm always searching for an interest. As an autistic, my parents always said that autistics should have a strong passion for an interest. However, I'm always searching for my passion.

This was until I stumbled on a local community for individuals who like philosophy. I joined the Telegram community without any hesitation as I always enjoyed philosophy. However, I didn't know that there are people who also like philosophy. I just thought that it is a rare interest which only I have.

Once I joined a group, I had a revelation that this is the exact area of interest that fits my passions. I enjoyed reading quotes by Marcel Proust, Immanuel Kant and Arthur Schopenhauer. Before this, my friends always said philosophy is a

mundane topic which only I love. They neglected me for loving philosophy.

However, once I went through all the group discussions thoroughly, I realised there is a large community in my country, Malaysia, that enjoys fostering philosophical discussion. I'm so surprised and I decided to have a new start and to dig deep into the realm of philosophy.

To end this article, I would like to encourage all of you to pursue your interests, even if people dislike it, or they have negative remarks about it. It's your life, and your passions should never be judged by other people.

Dispelling myths about autism and empathy

by **Eule**

© Eule 2024

Hello! I'm Eule, an author of LGBTQI literature, and I live in Yorkshire. I received my diagnosis of ASD over a year ago. Although it was not a surprise, having a label that explains my neurology has been tremendously impactful for me and my family. The term explosion is not an exaggeration. An official diagnosis has helped me to navigate the significant realities of burnout and anxiety at work. I'm able to understand my past in a way that would never have

been possible before. Now I get why teaching was so difficult for me! Best of all, the strong bond with my child – who is also neurodivergent – has become even more precious.

What has shocked me is how much more aware I've become of ableism. I now understand with raw, painful clarity, the extent to which ableism and ignorance is ingrained into our society at every level;

one of the articles continued and a poem

how much these attitudes hurt my community, and how much they stop us from living life fully. I barely get through a day's work without having to escape to the bathroom to breathe deeply.

I wish I had initiated my diagnosis sooner so that the anger, the passion, sadness and hope in me had been awakened years before. I could have dedicated myself into producing books and art which reflect an autistic neurology, instead of trying so hard to suppress myself to fit in. Only by understanding what it means to be autistic can the neurotypical world begin to include us, support us, hear us. I wish for my child to have a world where they can be understood and valued.

I have written a book, titled *If we were stars* (published by NineStar Press on 2 April), that reflects my journey since diagnosis. The spark was ignited from one word: blimey, and from an incident years ago where a teacher told me that autistic children could not love. Even now it is difficult to think about the encounter without crying. Our protagonists are two autistic teenagers, Kurt and Beast, who unexpectedly find themselves at Cape Canaveral where they smash every stereotype that autistic people do not have empathy and cannot love. I hope every reader will love Kurt and Beast as I do.

My joyful little story offers an opportunity to step inside the process of authentic autistic thought. The story has been structured around the complicated tapestry that many neurodivergent people use in order to navigate life. I hope readers will enjoy my tale, and afterwards welcome more literature that comes from a place of neurodivergence.

Conflict

by Nicola

© Nicola 2024

"All my life
I thought
I was a square nut
On a round hole

A discontented pony

I may have
Made less than sticky
Cakes

Or more than a few abstract
Paintings

But always
A striver
A contriver

A Conundrum
And
A contradiction

Fluid motion
Hardly still

Definitely a lot
In a small package
The full A to Z

A very soft squidgy
Centre
If you
Bothered to
Stick
With
The lumps"

The myth that Black girls can't be autistic

by **Phenomenally Autistic**

© Phenomenally Autistic 2024

I always knew something was 'different' about me, but I didn't know what, and nobody else did either, including my parents, family and educators. I didn't speak much. People would say hello to me and I would ignore them or just turn away. I would go sit in the corner and draw for hours because it was an easier way for me to communicate than speaking. People would ask, "What's wrong with her?" Most of the time, I would just be called 'crazy', 'moody', 'shy' or 'a brat', but I was far from any of those things. I had anxiety, but none of us knew what it was at the time, and I was autistic, which no one knew either.

Art has always been my escape – drawing, painting, theatre and dance were my communication tools. It was a place for my emotions when they didn't fit anywhere else. I did not have a lot of friends and I was bullied most of the time. I didn't understand that I was being teased or tormented. I just felt like I was being treated differently. When I was in plays as a child, I would always get the role I auditioned for, and sometimes that meant a friend who auditioned for the same part would stop speaking to me, call me names, and get others to stop speaking to me as well.

Many people don't believe people with autism are worthy of living their dreams. I think Hollywood, Broadway, and even smaller theatre groups often have a horrible lack of representation of autistic actors. There are plenty of autistic performers capable of playing autistic and non-autistic roles, but they won't be cast. They will easily cast a non-autistic person to play an autistic person, or a non-disabled person to play a character with some other type of disability, before even looking within the community.

I had a late diagnosis, I believe partly because there is a myth that Black girls don't have autism, so

it would never be something they would think to test me for. When I was diagnosed, it hadn't been the first time I had heard I could possibly be on the spectrum. Years before, my therapist had mentioned I seemed like I could be on the spectrum, but never did anything about it or took any further steps to help me get some answers. When my team of doctors sat down to discuss it with me, they asked me if anyone ever mentioned to me that I may be on the spectrum. I was hospitalised at the time, so this is where my evaluation was done. It took hours; I couldn't focus or sit still, and I was getting aggravated. We took several breaks, and they were very understanding.

My test results were not a surprise to me. It was hard to accept, but it was also a huge weight lifted off my shoulders. There was a reason I am the way I am. There was a reason I struggle to communicate, have sensory issues, have nonverbal periods, etc. It gave me a better understanding of myself. Learning I was autistic changed my life because I could now teach people how to and how not to treat me. I could now handle situations better because I was aware of the reason my mind reacts to situations and information the way it does. I understood I was not having tantrums; I was having autistic meltdowns. I understood I wasn't having shutdowns; I was experiencing autistic burnouts.

In many ways, it did not change me. My character, my heart and my outlook on life are all still the same. I was still the same inside. I was still me; I just now know what I've dealt with my entire life. Common misconceptions I have seen include: "Black people can't have autism"; "people with autism are 'stupid'"; and "people with autism have no empathy". These are false. I'm Black and I have autism. I'm not 'stupid', although I may need things explained to me in a different way than a non-autistic person. I'm also very empathetic.

an article continued and another article

I am an autistic person – I do not suffer from it. I'm a naturally happy person. No matter what is going on, I'm going to smile, I'm going to laugh, and I'm going to be grateful. Like many people with autism, I have a generalised seizure disorder and experience seizures, but even with that, I am not suffering. It's hard, it's dangerous, and it has caused lingering damage, but I'm not suffering. I'm just living differently.

When I draw, paint and design, I don't only create things with autism in mind. I've made awareness art for breast cancer and other illnesses as well. When we had a surge in police killings – or when they were more publicised, and more awareness came to the issue, with cases like Breonna Taylor and George Floyd – I made pieces in tribute

to them, to raise awareness and show my support and honour their lives. This is the way I knew how to express what I was feeling about the issues. I didn't know another way to communicate it.

I hope others know that staying positive helps a lot. You may be living with challenges, but that doesn't mean you still can't be blessed. I am very blessed. I always want those living with autism (or any other challenges) to know they should never put limitations on themselves, and they should definitely not let others put limitations on them, because I believe God puts no limitations on you. If you have a dream and passion is there, you can do it. Some days will be really hard, but others will be really great. I choose to focus on the really great.

My solace in solitude

by **Holly**

© Holly 2024

Solitude. Normally a word in which negative connotations are derived. But not to me. To me, solitude is home, it's warmth and it's comfort. The want and need to spend time alone runs deeply within myself; it's how I recharge, how I process my world around me, free from pressures and noise, it's a judgement-free zone in which I can unequivocally be my most authentic self.

For me, being alone has never resulted in a feeling of loneliness – if anything, I believe I am unable to feel lonely. I find myself having to untie the knot that society has me wound up in. A knot in which it is frowned upon to seek solitude instead of socialising, where if you are alone you are immediately seen as 'lonely'. But why? Why isn't being your own best friend more normalised? Why should I feel pressure to branch out and constantly seek connections with others? I know me, back to front, I'm with me for the rest of my life, and I like that.

All in all, solitude is solace for me, I love the feeling, knowing no one is watching you, there are no social cues for me to accidentally miss, no questions requiring immediate answers, instead just calm. A haven where my thoughts can run wild, where the complicated web of life can unravel, and where I can thrive and just be Holly. I think solitude is more than just a social behaviour, it's a mindset. To me, it's not seclusion, it's following instinct. It's a way of life, and I adore it.

So yes, I may spend 95% of my time by myself, but it means I'm not afraid to confront any uncomfortable feelings when alone with my thoughts, if anything it provides me with a deeper level of interoception. I can still enjoy being with people every once in a while, but nobody understands me more than I understand myself, so that's the one person I want to spend the majority of my time with.

The knowledge of oneself holds utmost value and is the most important thing a person can learn.

Book review one

Smelling the taste of sound

by Harry

© Harry 2024

I have read a book recently that I enjoyed and that I think others would too. It's called *Smelling the taste of sound* by The Autistic Lawyer.

What I liked was that it was quite unusual throughout, while looking at neurodivergence through the eyes of a working woman.

The book starts by talking about the author's background and experiences, how she got diagnosed, the signs hiding in plain sight and a bit about autism. This then sets the reader up for the journey she goes on just after being diagnosed. It's a white-knuckle ride.

The author starts a new job and career in a law firm. But instead of things being supportive and accessible, it's not. Undeterred, she presses on and shares stories about her time learning to become a solicitor.

Some of the clients are probably neurodivergent and, whether for them or for neurotypical colleagues, she shares how she made adjustments for everyone else while few were being made for her. She talks about her coping strategies and it's a real

success in spite of understanding and support not being in abundance.

It wasn't just a list of problems. It tackled the problems of an autistic woman in a very real and refreshing way. The author shares her views, expands on difficulties and it's very thought provoking. It made me think about prejudices I didn't think I had. It's brutal at times.

It shines a light on the difficulties autistic people face when it comes to preconceived ideas around invisible disabilities and the daily battles some folk encounter. It was a rollercoaster of a journey, and the writer took you with her every step of the way.

This is a book for anyone whether they're autistic or not. It's beautifully written and written from the heart. Employers need to read it too. The narrator is so engaging, and the story is hilarious and moving at times. I think it'd be a great drama for TV.

The suggested theme for the July 2024 edition is: **Diagnosis.** You are invited to interpret this any way you like and respond to it in writing or with visual art. You could think about your reasons for wanting or not wanting a diagnosis, your experience of the referral and assessment process, your reaction to getting your results, and what impact having or not having a diagnosis has had on you.

We also welcome submissions on any other topic of your choosing, unrelated to the suggested theme. Remember to complete a permissions form for your submission, as we can't publish anything without it. Please submit work here: www.autism.org.uk/the-spectrum/submit-work

Book review two

Smelling the taste of sound

by **ES**

© ES 2024

This book was recommended to me by a friend, and it is very different to other books on autism I have read.

It is written from a personal perspective. The author, a woman, is diagnosed in her thirties with autism and ADHD shortly before entering an inner-city law firm as a trainee solicitor. She reflects on having had these conditions all her life but how they only came to light when she was retraining to be a solicitor.

With great humour and honesty, she describes the daily difficulties she faces. The author raises the question about adjustments – by law they should be made for her – but feels that she is making them for the neurotypicals, ie everyone else. She describes how autistic people process information differently and the consequences of that. She has to develop new coping strategies and is masking daily to survive.

The author needs to spend time in various departments as a requisite for her qualification to become a solicitor and she describes people she meets during her training. The environment and individuals she comes across are so very different from her own upbringing and she challenges her own views about mankind.

She questions the awareness of autism in society. I find her insight amazing. I like her use of language. Some parts of the book made me cry and sometimes I laughed out loud.

It is inspirational and educational: she conveys her daily experience and struggles really well, from the perspective of a professional woman who has been diagnosed late in life. The reader can follow and understand her journey of self-discovery easily.

You can hear the author's voice come through her book. She speaks with authority and compassion. I found it utterly compelling and couldn't put it down!

Tick-tock

by **Paigetheoracle**

© Paigetheoracle 2024

I look at my wife
and think about the time...
Tick-tock, tick-tock...
When we first met
and waltzed hand-in-hand,
through life's doorways...
Tick-tock, tick-tock...
Now I stare at the clock
on the mantelpiece,
watching my life tick away
and think nothing at all,
about nothing at all...
Tick-tock, tick-tock...

Letter to myself

by **Nasima**

© Nasima 2024

Note: Women have been misunderstood for far too long, but finally, science has opened its doors to accepting neurodiverse women. This poem was written after receiving my diagnoses, which led me on a journey to making my dreams come true.

Dear Naughty Nas,

After all these years of...

...trying to fit in,

...wanting to be loved,

...wanting to be accepted,

...wondering what is wrong with you,

...wondering why you can't be like everyone else,

...trying to fix the broken you,

Because you didn't belong in any groups,

Because you were damaged goods!

Trying to be a good girl,

Trying to act your age,

Trying to be Bengali,

Trying to be Muslim,

Trying to be more like a girl,

After all these years of chasing other people's dreams and trying to do what other people expected of you,

It is now time to claim your GIFT OF FREEDOM from God (Allah) and embrace your SUPERPOWER.... your Neurodiverse self!

God (Allah) has created every millimetre of you with so much love and care, which is unique to you,

Yes, You!

God (Allah) created you to be different,

So, why do you need to fit in?

God (Allah) loves you,

God (Allah) has a plan for you,

So, start living in the moment...

You are not broken,

You do not need to be fixed.

You are loved,

And all that you do is keeping the Community (Ummah) united, so keep this going until it's time to return to Allah... the afterlife!

Disclosing my diagnosis

by Kyra

© Kyra 2024

After I was diagnosed as autistic, I was over the moon to finally put a name to how I was feeling all these years. It wasn't until after my diagnosis that I experienced situations where I felt obliged to disclose my autism.

A few months back, I had to disclose my autism due to feeling overwhelmed by a family member, in which I was bombarded with questions. One of my sensory differences is that I'm easily overwhelmed when I cannot process all information at once. This has been a common sensory difference since I was a child, and when I'm overwhelmed, everything feels like a concussion of noise. Every part of my senses become overly sensitive, including my hearing, sight and touch.

During that moment, I began to feel myself slipping into a meltdown and knew that I had to remove myself from the situation. Instead of forcing myself to negotiate a common ground, I decided to fully disclose my autism diagnosis.

At first, I felt proud that I had fully disclosed my autism to someone outside of my social circle, but then the family member saw me disclosing my autism as an excuse.

A common misconception of disclosure is the assumption that autistic people disclose autism to use it as an excuse to abuse facilities or for sympathy, but many autistic people disclose their autism to feel understood in a world where autistic and neurodivergent people's feelings are often overlooked.

In the past, people have often assumed that I was constantly nervous or confused due to the way I present myself in public; which often involved not being able to accurately present the facial expressions and actions that reflect my emotions. The truth was that I was mostly never nervous or confused in those situations, but in fact found it difficult to present my feelings. Thus, sometimes it's vital to not only tell people I'm autistic to avoid people making false assumptions but for them to understand me as Kyra.

If I could go back to that moment, I wouldn't stop myself from disclosing my autism, as that was a massive step for me to take, but instead, I would've stopped myself from feeling guilty because I'm autistic. A part of setting boundaries with family, friends or colleagues is to clearly state when a boundary has been crossed, such as in this case. I could have said, "I respect your opinion, but I would rather not be a part of this conversation."

The takeaway from this conversation is that in addition to autism awareness, there needs to be an increase in autism acceptance to allow autistic people to feel comfortable disclosing their autism without receiving hostile and inappropriate responses. A world where an autistic person is valued is a world where disclosing your autism is not seen as an excuse to receive sympathy from the allist community.

Letting my hair down

by Grace

© Grace 2024

“Your hair’s coming loose already, let me just fix it.”

I stiffen as my friend Georgia reaches over and adjusts one of the grips in my hair. I try not to grimace too visibly at the sensation.

“Thanks,” I reply, conscious of the grip pinching tighter at my hair, now unnaturally straight and smooth. “This is why I don’t really do much with it. It’s kind of hard to hold it down for long before it goes wavy.”

“You should really do more with it,” she says. “It looks so good straightened and styled. You want to look your best at a party.”

We have just spent the past couple of hours at Georgia’s house. She was desperate to do my hair and makeup, and because this is a special occasion, I agreed. I gritted my teeth through the sensation of the straighteners slowly pulling my hair. I tried not to flinch when she did my makeup. I was going to have to look my best and like it.

Now I look around me at all the people in the room, mingling in small groups. I can hear snippets of conversation from all angles. The music in the background is pulsating in my head. The zip on my dress feels scratchy and my shoes are rubbing. There is so much to see and hear and feel all at once, too much to filter out so I can just focus...

“You ok?” One of the other guests is looking at me.

“Sorry, yeah,” I reply, remembering just in time to make eye contact. “Just got distracted.”

Next to me, Georgia is shaking her head at me slightly, chuckling.

“Sorry,” I say to her quietly. “I did say I’ve never really been much of a party person.”

“Of course you are!” she says brightly. “You just need to be more confident. Talk to people a bit more, make more effort with your appearance, that sort of thing.”

I make a non-committal noise. I don’t tell her that talking to people isn’t as simple as it sounds. That all the confidence in the world won’t help me navigate unspoken social expectations, like when to talk and what to say. That looking my best does nothing for me except pull at my scalp all evening, make my face feel sticky or rub at my skin for hours.

Instead, I strike up a conversation with one of the girls opposite me. I force myself to make eye contact, watch for social cues and focus on saying the right things. Nice top! Where did you get it? Ah cool. Do you enjoy shopping? Then Georgia chimes in about where we went for our latest shopping trip. I try to stay in the loop, but now my hair grips are rubbing uncomfortably behind my ears. A sudden chorus of laughter erupts from a cluster of people nearby and I jump out of my skin. The noise is getting unbearable. I turn back to Georgia and the others, but they are chatting away now, barely looking at me.

I get up and slip off towards the bathroom. I look at myself in the mirror. My hair is trying to curl, pushing the grips out of place. I don’t have the know-how to fix it, nor the energy to sit through someone fiddling with it again. I get my phone out of my handbag and scroll until I find the Uber app. Select time, select pick-up spot...

a short story continued and a photo

Home at last, I kick off my shoes and head upstairs to my room, glad I can walk without further chafing my ankles. The silence feels like a shock to my system, but with my mind still buzzing with sensory overload, I embrace it. Once in my room, I take off my dress and tights, and pull on some tracksuit trousers, fluffy socks and my favourite nightshirt, relishing the contrast. The trousers and socks feel soft and not too clingy. The shirt smells warm and comforting. I reach for a makeup wipe and rub away at my face until it feels nothing but clean and fresh.

Finally, I free my hair from the hair grips and let it fall back into place. I carefully undo the little plait at the side. I gently run a brush through it until it is back to its own comfortable shape. Then I lie down on my bed, feeling comforted by the softness. Now I can let my hair down. Now I can just... be.

Staffordshire sunrise

by **Nick**

© Nick 2024



a painting



© Stephen 2024



© Stephen 2024

The lady seagull

by Fred

© Fred 2024

The little seagull one among many
Was a peculiar looking long-billed lady
She had little pink legs as well as webbed feet much
as a duck
Her flight feathers and whitish wing-tips
Were good for soaring and dips and flips.

Wailing and squeaking and squawking
Huoh-huoh-huoh-huoh
Calling clearly, squawking shrilly, makes noise early
in the morning.

Side-to-side walking
Hovering, flying in curved patterns fast
Soars in the wind
Paddles like a person in the water.

She fiercely protects her young chicks
Watching them with eyes like a hawk
And drinks sea water
So she can fly far far out to sea.



stuff you might like to know about *the Spectrum*

The rules of *the Spectrum*

(contact information for *the Spectrum* is on page 2 and again on page 20)

- 1) *The Spectrum* is funded by the National Autistic Society and readers' subscriptions. We welcome submissions on any topic from people across the whole of the autism spectrum.
 - 2) *The Spectrum* is quarterly, published in January, April, July and October. If you do not receive a copy when you expect to, please contact the magazine.
 - 3) Pieces that appear in *the Spectrum* are credited using the author's first name only, unless the author requests something different. This is done to protect your privacy.
 - 4) Book reviews are the most popular thing with readers of *the Spectrum*, so please consider submitting one. They can be about any book, not just books about autism. If you do not want your review to appear in other National Autistic Society publicity about that book, please make this clear.
 - 5) When you send in a piece for publication in *the Spectrum*, you need to complete a permissions form. The online permissions form is at

www.autism.org.uk/spmagpermissions
 - 6) The National Autistic Society promotes *the Spectrum* on social media using pieces taken from the magazine.
 - 7) The National Autistic Society would like to keep in touch with you about National Autistic Society services, support, events, campaigns and fundraising. If you want to hear from the National Autistic Society, you can opt in to this on the National Autistic Society website. The National Autistic Society will only contact you in the ways you want.
 - 8) If you subscribe to the paper edition and move house, please inform *the Spectrum* and include your old address as well as your new address. Even if you've paid for the Royal Mail forwarding service (or another forwarding service), you still need to inform *the Spectrum* that you have moved address.
 - 9) You do not have to be a member of the National Autistic Society to subscribe to *the Spectrum*.
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 - 11) If you want to resubscribe (or subscribe for the first time) inform *the Spectrum* and include your postal address and fee (for the paper version).
 - 12) Although each issue is themed, submissions on any subject are welcome. Only some of the letters and articles will follow the theme. All submissions may be edited, especially for privacy, libel and for fitting the space available.
-



Razzle dazzle

by **Max**

© Artwork by Max 2024



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