



2SLGBTQIA+



Volume 11

Edition 5





# 2SLGBTQIA+ is an acronym that means:



2S - **Two Spirit**

L - **Lesbian**

G - **Gay**

B - **Bisexual**

T - **Transgender**

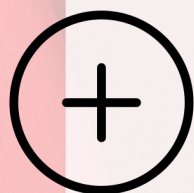
Q - **Queer or Questioning**

I - **Intersex**

A - **Asexual**



includes additional  
sexual orientations



and gender  
identities under  
the 2SLGBTQIA+  
umbrella







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love  
is love

# FROM THE EDITORS DESK



Welcome to the final edition of the Autistics Aloud, LifeSpans series; 2SLGBTQIA+ the Pride Edition.

I want to take this opportunity to thank every single one of the Autistic contributors that have been part of Autistics Aloud in its magazine form. **30** for the Seasons Series and **40** for the LifeSpans Series. What started out as a daydream for me in 2016 you all helped to become a reality and I am truly grateful to and for all of you.

When I was given the job as Editor-in-chief of Autistics Aloud it had existed as a quarterly newsletter since 2005. As a young undiagnosed neurodivergent kid I loved a magazine called Highlights. I found the combination of stories and pictures to be accessible to me. So I thought, why not try and create a magazine completely informed by first-person experiences that could have that same type of format.

I always knew I wanted to publish a Pride edition at some point. It's becoming more widely recognized that Autistics folxs aren't as attached to binary concepts of gender and sexuality as non-Autistic folxs are. When I think back to 6 years ago, I was still trying to figure out exactly what my gender and sexuality were.

I've long known that I didn't relate to what was being presented to me as what it meant to be a girl and then a woman. And I knew that I wasn't heterosexual, but being GenX, I was a teen at a time where the only choices were gay, straight, bi.

As I tried to figure it out in my teens, I was told that if you're gay you know it. Well, I didn't know it because I didn't know the words yet, so I tried to put it far away in my mind. When I found out what bisexual was, I thought that couldn't be right either. I somehow got it in my head that I needed to be dating/having sex with women for that to be correct. So straight it was.



But neither girl/woman nor heterosexual/straight felt right to me completely. I didn't have the words for what did though. As I write this, I realise how I pushed so hard in certain directions to divert from anyone knowing I had different feelings on the inside. It's all so obvious to me now, with the benefit of hindsight.

Coming to learn \* how much more common it is for Autistic folxs to be 2SLGBTQIA+ and gender non-conforming only validates me further.

\* <https://www.cam.ac.uk/research/news/autistic-individuals-are-more-likely-to-be-LGBTQ>

*“New research from the University of Cambridge suggests that autistic individuals are less likely to identify as heterosexual and more likely to identify with a diverse range of sexual orientations than non-autistic individuals.”*

This edition is being published during a time in history when many of the hard-fought for rights of 2SLGBTQIA+ folxs are being taken away. There's a particular focus on Trans people and that affects the Autistic community. I've been accused of some dangerous rhetoric in the past few months. Simply because they saw I am Autistic and Queer.

So, this Edition is important in a way that is different from the previous 4 editions. It holds space and pushes back, all at the same time.

Thank you to all who have supported Autistics Aloud.

It's been my honour to be the Editor-and-Chief.

Pride



What an amazing journey this magazine has been. I hope as time progresses the incredible value of every submission and the Autistic person who shared it will continue to grow and be recognized

This Edition Welcomes Lulu Bean!





# The colours of who, what, and why

~ Roniya

In the mud, in the land of always rain, sat a lonely little creature. Creature had bright, shining eyes, and a curious mind that categorised all the world in little boxes in its head.

Creature was unique. Creature didn't belong in the storm. The storm was loud, thunder crashing, winds hurtling Creature to and fro. Everything scraped Creature's skin, like shards of glass instead of droplets of water. The wind made its skin raw, and it wanted to scream all the time. It wanted to ask, "Why doesn't anyone else feel the storm? Why am I hurting all alone?"

Creature had a large, aching heart, which bled and bled as though it wept. Creature ached when it saw others who were hurt and suffering. Creature tried to help everyone, but everything always went wrong. Creature hurt rather than helped, at least that's how it felt. Creature felt like a monster, a demon, who destroyed everything in its path. An evil entity. Creature wanted to help everyone, but no one wanted to help Creature. All the others didn't notice the storm. There was no storm for them, so how should they help Creature find shelter?



So, Creature was trapped. Invisible problems caused Creature to scream, but when Creature screamed everyone was terrified and ran away. It couldn't understand what was different, why all the others spoke the same language and Creature did not.

All the others thought the way Creature loved, thought, and felt wasn't right. They thought there was something broken about Creature that should be fixed. Creature didn't want to stop being different, just for its difference to be accepted, but Creature didn't yet know what was different.

And so Creature travelled, and gathered clues, trying to find why it was different from all the others. Creature came upon a dark abyss, where there was nothing, no light, no feeling, only shadow. It was numb inside the abyss, but the only way out was through, and so Creature travelled.

Out of the abyss as a forest, whose trees were made out of colourful shards, which poked and prodded Creature as it walked by. Creature felt feverish, confused, and nothing made sense, but slowly Creature began to look closer at the colours. There was an order to them, a way they could be arranged where everything made sense.



And so, Creature collected colours on its way, as it continued to travel, until it came upon a small valley. There was no storm there, only a mist. Creature walked through the valley, through the mist, and came upon a pond of still water.

Creature looked upon the pond's sleek, silvery surface and found that Creature wasn't a creature at all!

Creature was a small person, and Person was beautiful. They looked into the waters and found a human face, and shining eyes behind which glimmered that curious mind.

Tears of joy, not sorrow, began to fall from Person's eyes as they looked upon themselves in the water. A Person, not a creature, were they. And so, curious as Person was about everything in the world, Person started to organise what they had found.

Person investigated the colours, slowly stitching each piece together in its designated place, sorting all the information just right, just where it ought to be.



When Person pieced the colours together, Person was no longer alone. High above them in the sky, it shone, proud and bright. Colourful, beautiful, yet not overwhelming. Suddenly Person understood everything. The 'why' behind their difference. Person was a person, just like all the others, but Person was simply made of more colourful stuff.

Slowly other figures gathered, staring up at what Person had discovered, compiled into the sky for all to see. Some were the others from the stormy place, but the rest were people made from colourful stuff, and they recognized themselves in the thing in the sky. Recognition, understanding, and community dawned in their eyes.

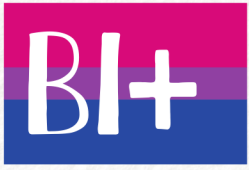


Ever closer, all gathering,  
they came to admire it.

The double rainbow:  
the 'after' of the storm.

~ **Roniya**





# LOUISE TARDIF

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## Biography

A finicky infant, an anxious toddler, an overwhelmed child  
This sensitivity of mine was seen as a flaw  
My exteriorization of such perceived flaws of mine therefore exiled  
My resulting mature demeanour left adults in a sense of awe

## Bipolar

A first misdiagnosis  
My drive, overexcitabilities and intensity  
Tilted the so-called expert's clinical opinion axis  
My teenage years living with a label where I felt no affinity

## Binary

Only two genders were discussed growing up  
How wonderful it was that my understanding evolved in my youth years  
Non-binary, androgyne, and bisexual, my identity shakeup  
Identities that were met with support from a community of peers

## Bifold

My 30s, a time of beautiful discoveries and affirmations  
Where my bifold was replaced with a magnifying glass  
Knowing I'm Autistic, finally allowed me to build better foundations  
Freeing myself to feel like I no longer needed to try to pass

## Bicultural

I am proud to call myself a queer neuroqueer  
Terms I used to describe two beautiful cultures I belong to  
Both have been instrumental in meeting my next life chapter without fear  
I am forever grateful for these communities of identity that have aided me in being born anew.





# Why I Identify as Autigender (Even Though I'm Cis)

★ ★ ★ Jane Meadus ★ ★ ★

Yes, you are reading this right. I am Cisgender, yet my experiences with gender are far from typical, so why is that? The answer is Autigender.

Autigender is when one's Autism affects how they perceive their own gender. Given that Autism affects the way we perceive everything else, it shouldn't be surprising that Autism affects the perception of gender as well. A common myth about this identity is that it's a gender identity, when it's actually a way to describe an experience with gender. My gender is NOT Autism, my pronouns are not rainbow/infinity, rather, my Autism affects my gender. I identify as female, my pronouns are she/her, yet, the way I think of my gender and femininity is not how the average woman thinks of hers. Another common myth is that only transgender people can be Autigender. The truth is, any Autistic person can be Autigender, no matter what their gender identity is. Everyone has their own personal experiences with gender, whether it be man, woman, cisgender, transgender, or anything in between.

While Autistic brains are wired to prioritise special interests, Allistic (non-Autistic) brains are wired to prioritise interpersonal relationships. While gender roles are not as much of a thing as they once were, there is still a social aspect of gender roles that is still present in society. For example, some girls might wear makeup and trendy clothes to try to fit in with their peers or to try and impress someone they feel sexually attracted to. They might try to act what society views to be feminine, even if they don't like doing it.



Now, don't get me wrong; not every girl does this all the time (or maybe at all) and even I like to fit in too. However, gender never played much of a role in my life, not interpersonally or intrapersonally; I've never felt a societal pressure to do or don't do certain things because of my gender. While I was born with female anatomy, I never felt feminine or masculine, I felt like me. I like to say that I perceive my gender the way an animal perceives theirs. They acknowledge their anatomy, but they don't follow a list of rules that society has placed on them because of what they were born with. Besides walking around shirtless and peeing standing up, gender has never stopped me from doing what I want. My favourite colour is blue and my second favourite colour is pink. I keep my finance books next to my romance novels on my shelf. I have friends of multiple genders and my relationships with each of them is based on common interests, not gender. My prom attire was even a tuxedo dress (see photo). What's important to me is to be myself, be it masculine, feminine or androgynous.

Before you go on to identify me as an Enby in denial, I would also like to mention why I am Cisgender, which is that I love being biologically female. When I undress and look in the mirror, I love admiring my curves, abdomen, pale face and slender physique; the fact that my body is capable of carrying a baby - and maybe someday will. Embracing my physical femininity fills me with a euphoria that I know I wouldn't otherwise get if I was Transgender. Furthermore, I remember being referred to as "they" by a friend once and felt uncomfortable about it. The pronoun is good when you don't know what someone's pronouns are, but other than that, neutral pronouns have a certain disconnection with me because they omit who I am; female.



So, does being Autigender make me transgender? No. I am Cisgender. Does being Autigender make me Non-Binary? Also, no. Again, I am Cisgender. Does being Autigender make me queer? I would say yes, because despite being Cisgender, I perceive my gender in a way that makes my experiences atypical, all thanks to Autism. (I'm also heteroflexible).





# Keyaunna

Throughout my life, I have always been an outcast, even in the LGBTQ+ community. In the rural area where I live, many members of the LGBTQ+ community either support terrible autistic companies, are ableists themselves, or are friends with ableists because *"it doesn't affect them."*



When I found out I was autistic at 13, it was a plunder to find acceptance from teachers in my school. I wasn't autistic enough to use the disabled bathroom, and when I reported ableism in my school, nothing was done about it. Absolutely nothing.

I felt like a lost cause in a constant maze. Where the only way I could get out was a safe space.

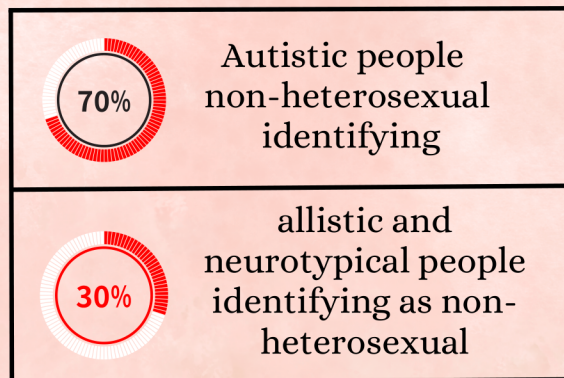
Even in school, autistic and other disabled children in our school were thought of as less than others. I was on the student council at my school, and when I noted that accessibility needs to be given to these disabled students, all that was said is *"they can just wear noise-cancelling headphones."*

Most times, that wasn't enough for me and my autistic sibling. At one event, I could see my sibling, even with noise-cancelling headphones, crying and panicking due to the sheer screaming and loudness the other children were spouting.





According to a study, 70% of autistic people are non-heterosexual identifying, with only 30% of allistic and neurotypical individuals identifying as non-heterosexual. (*R George et al 2018*)



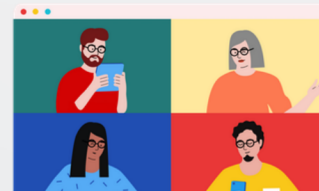
This means, that at many pride events or events from, for example, The Youth Project, there may be at least a few neuro-diverse people there.

However, many of these events are quite inaccessible to autistic people attending them. I am one of those autistic people that have found this in events that I have visited and taken part in. Therefore, in this entry, I wanted to list some ways that you can be accessible to autistic 2SLGBTQ+ members.

1. Provide sensory areas for those who are overwhelmed. In these rooms, things such as stim toys, weighted blankets, visual stim items, noise-cancelling headphones/ear defenders, and pressure items should be included.



2. Creating virtual spaces, events and live streaming events can lift barriers to autistics who have anxiety around being in public spaces, and can limit inaccessibility to disabled people who are immunocompromised and are scared to go in public due to the lifting of mask mandates.



3. No flashing lights of any kind should be included at these events. Many people struggle with flashing lights. Such as autistics, people with epilepsy, and those who struggle with sensory overloads, like people with adhd.







4. Instead of creating dance events, silent discos can be less overwhelming to autistic people who want to visit these events.

5. When sharing the events on social media, try to include closed captioning or alternative text! Many autistics, including myself, struggle with audio processing disorder, and we find that it is very difficult to understand spoken words at times. Alternative text is also important to those who are blind or visually impaired.



AltText  
Describes an image

6. Finding buildings or areas without fluorescent lighting can also be a huge help to those who experience sensory overload. Fluorescent lighting can make a large buzzing sound and can be very bright for autistic people.



7. Providing detailed written and verbal instructions depending on the event can help autistic people understand what is going on or what to do. Sometimes, if one doesn't lend enough detail, an autistic person can mess up without knowing what was to be done.



8. Educate the chaperones on autism meltdown signs and accessible language. Many autistic people prefer identity-first language, and it would really help if we didn't have to struggle alone at these events.

I am  
Autistic!  
Not with  
Autism!





9. When dealing with autistic advocacy groups, there are many focused on LGBTQ+ representation. Such as the Autistic women and Non-Binary network.



awnnetwork.org

10. Accept the use of AAC, which stands for augmentative communication. Many nonspeaking and mute autistic individuals may use this to communicate. It is also important to understand that just because an autistic is non-speaking, doesn't mean that they can't communicate.



11. Finally, lend autistic LGBTQ+ adults a chance. Many people still believe that autism somehow goes away when one turns 18 but that is absolutely not the case. Autistic adults absolutely deserve LGBTQ+ and autistic representation in their adult lives, and they deserve to be accepted at these events no matter what.



With this all in mind, accessibility is ever so important no matter where or what you come from. We all deserve a chance at friendship, love, and acceptance. For any 2SLGBTQ+ autistic people who may be reading this article, let me say this to you. You are not embarrassing. You are not weird. You are not a burden. You are not "using your autism as an excuse." You are not too much, and you are not alone.

**You deserve to know you're loved.**



**Keyaunna**

# Autistic Conversion Therapy / In Spite of Ole Ivar Lovaas

2009

In the music teacher's bright yellowish sunroom  
my eyes traced the notes in her songbook  
and my voice followed.

I used to love how freeing it felt to sing.

She lifts her fingers from the piano keys  
turns her chair

and looks straight at me:

*if you want to become a singer, you need to make better eye contact.*

Each time I looked away, she stopped playing.

2013

I learned a song called "she" on the guitar.

*Why would you sing a song like that?*

The rest of the afternoon, I sing *she smells like lemongrass and sleep quietly, like a secret.*

2023

*you don't seem queer*

*you don't seem autistic*

Where is the queer autistic girl I once was? Where did she go?

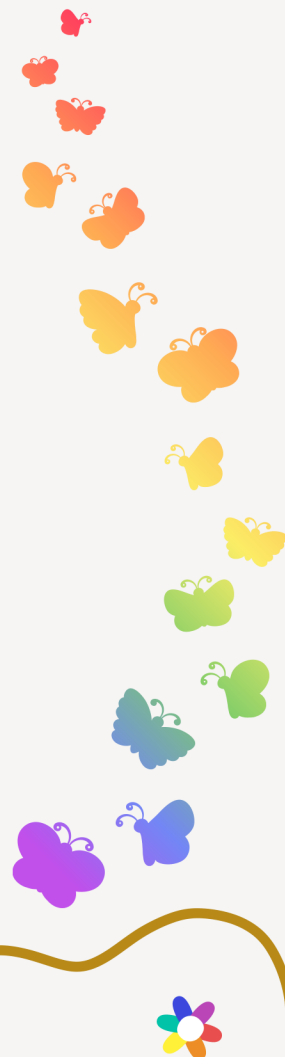
I want to say:

She has been mostly dissolved

And you can only see the remnants left behind

The pieces of her that stayed as a protest

But I do not.







© Madisyn Snow

M  
A  
D  
I  
S  
Y  
N  
S  
N  
O  
W

## The Hares Journey

A man once said that us mixed Natives are like rabbits, white in winter and brown in the spring... which in my case is so true, and that's what partly inspired me to create this piece!

I've been really missing my Grandfather lately... so I try to remember all the fun we had trapping rabbits every winter since I was a kid! He'd shared all the tips and tricks he learned over his lifetime and passed that wisdom down to me, which I use to this day of course!

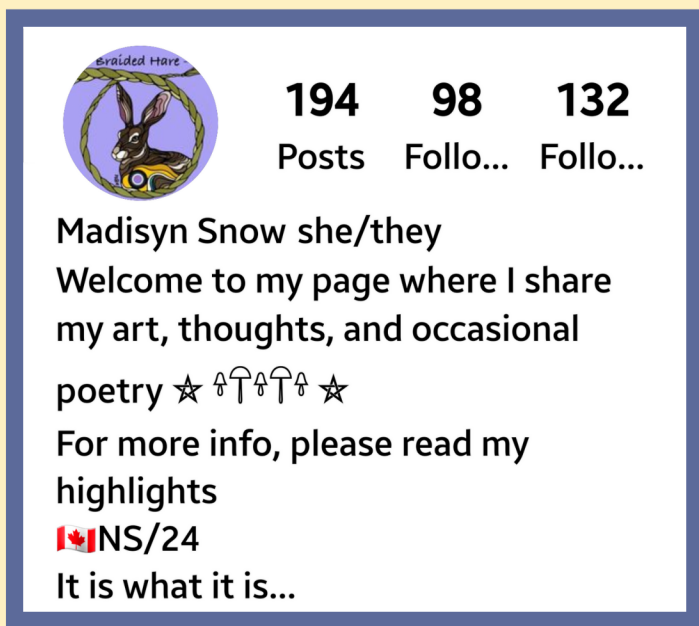



I also wanted to incorporate pride into this piece and if you look closely you can see a few flags! I'm finding comfort in being open about my asexuality and growing as a person.

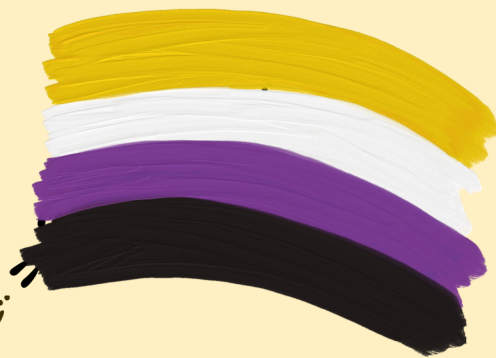
As a very young individual, before I even knew anything about the LGBT+ community, I never quite felt like a girl, and I definitely didn't feel like a boy, so that always sat heavy in me and I longed to figure out who and what I was!

It wasn't until I went to my first pride group in university that I began to really explore myself, and after many difficult years, I discovered that I'm perfectly happy as a nonbinary person! And that my friends simply means that I am nothing but myself, existing as far as I can outside of any social constructs (as I've never fit well in any box anyway)

 [www.instagram.com/braidedhare/](https://www.instagram.com/braidedhare/)



**braided Hare**  
  
**194** Posts   **98** Follo...   **132** Follo...  
 Madisyn Snow she/they  
 Welcome to my page where I share my art, thoughts, and occasional poetry ☆ ⤴⤴⤴⤴ ☆  
 For more info, please read my highlights  
 🇨🇦 NS/24  
 It is what it is...



I'm finally starting to find a bit of peace along this journey, and I'm happy accepting my autism, being asexual/aromantic, and just existing as myself.



# GROWING UP AROACE AND AUTISTIC

MARIE-EVE BROWNELL

Growing up as a pre-teen in junior high, amidst all the awkward talk of puberty and body changes, one thing was made very clear: you were either gay, straight, or bisexual, with nothing else outside that supposed spectrum. Gender was certainly not discussed, and the whole “sex talk” was vague, brief, and not overly pleasant.

I was thirteen when I was diagnosed as autistic, around the same time that kids my age were starting to get crushes and even go on “dates”. I had had crushes - or at least, I thought I had. Mostly, I’d picked one person I deemed “interesting”. They were just like any other “special interest” - any sort of attraction, romantic or otherwise, never crossed my mind.

The idea that other kids my age actually had partners - and did more than just hold hands with them - seemed like a funny joke to me.



Why would anyone want to slobber all over someone else’s mouth for the enjoyment of it? Why were other fifteen-year-olds taking birth control and even thinking about sex? And later, when my best friend got a boyfriend in high school and he ended up cheating on her, I was confused why it bothered her so much; *why would anyone want a boyfriend anyway?*

I just wanted to talk about anime, history, and drawing, but as I grew older, nobody else in my grade really wanted to. Most of the conversations turned to dating; and despite the fact I felt I had more interests in common with my male classmates, the moment I became friendly, I was faced with a strange binary choice: either avoid them entirely if I didn’t want to flirt, or start to date them. Platonic friendship was out of the question.







Meanwhile, I continued to ‘blame’ my autism for how I felt; I figured I wasn’t interested in dating because I was autistic. I had a brief ‘relationship’ (of barely two months) in high school with someone who wasn’t autistic, and its failure (and my anxiety all throughout) seemed to solidify that idea; I was convinced I had figured out what was going ‘wrong’.

When I was seventeen, though, I heard the word ‘asexual’ for the first time online - the absence of sexual attraction to another person. I had just started going out with another non-autistic person who appeared, at first, to respect my boundaries and quirks; everything was going ‘right’. But when they started to push my boundaries and comfort levels, and ask more of me that I wasn’t comfortable with, I ended up confused and anxious. I didn’t understand why I didn’t want to be close or intimate with my partner like other, non-autistic people did. And, until I’d read about asexuality, I’d figured this was all just another ‘autism problem’.

I was relieved; I had a word that described me and how I felt, and that didn’t pathologize my autism any more than I already was. But when I told my family and friends, none of them had even heard of asexuality before; I was told I “just hadn’t met the right person” and “it’s normal for autistic people to have trouble dating”. So, I forced myself to ignore everything I’d read about asexuality, pushing through what ended up being a traumatic and abusive relationship, all the while telling myself it was something wrong with me - not with my partner, whose needs and wants were ‘normal’. Mine, though, couldn’t possibly be...





The lingering fallout of that relationship, and that of the equally-tumulous one that came years later, ultimately led me to look into asexuality again; I had already begun to accept my autism as part of me, part of who I was, instead of something to blame for all the ways I wasn't like everyone else.

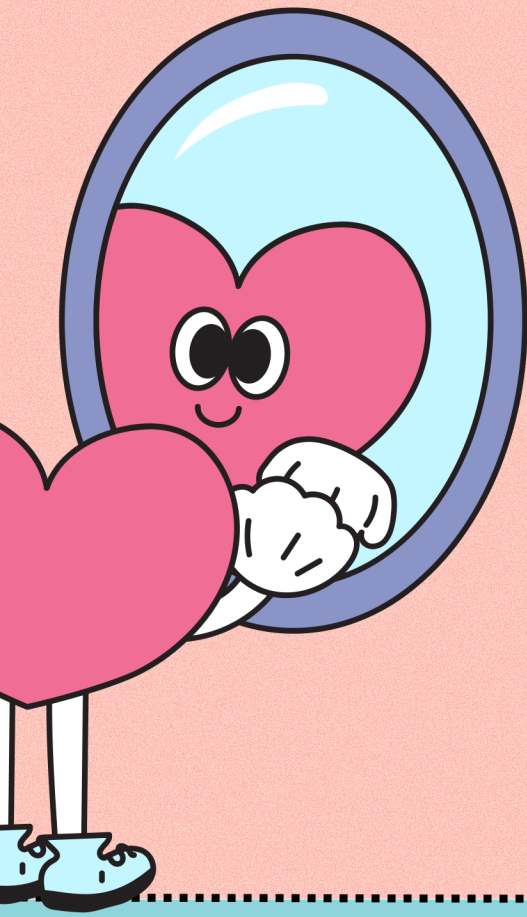


I learned about aromanticism (a lack of romantic attraction), and the more I allowed myself to identify with these definitions and descriptions, the more at ease I suddenly felt.

A part of me, though, remained anxious; what if all of these feelings were 'just autism' instead of 'just aro-asexuality'? How was I supposed to determine what was me being autistic, and me being aro-ace? In my mind, I needed for that distinction to be black and white; I needed to know what was autism, and what was my sexual orientation. I liked to have a simple, clean explanation for why things were the way they were; suddenly, I didn't have that.







Learning that autistic people were more likely to identify with the 2SLGBTQIA+ community, though, had a profound impact on the way I saw myself. Why did traits, such as my dislike of being touched by other people, have to be attributed to either my asexuality, or my autism? Who was going to tell me I had to choose one ‘reason’ or the other? The only person holding me back was my own self - and I was tired of the mental strain it was putting me under. My asexuality and neurodivergence were both too deeply ingrained into my identity to tease apart, and I had to learn to be okay with that.

Looking back, I wish I would have learned earlier in life that it was just as valid to be asexual as it was to be gay, straight, or bisexual - and that asexuality had been talked about in those junior high sex ed classes, too. I don’t know if it would have alleviated my worries about “what was autism” and “what was asexuality”, but I’d have been more at ease coming out as a teenager, rather than suppressing my true self till adulthood.



Today, I am  
single and  
perfectly  
content being  
so - as my  
autistic and  
aro-ace self.



# THE MULTIPLIED STRUGGLE

COLBY  
NASON

It feels hard to exist in doubles.

I had always thought that to be unique was a strength, that it made you special, that it made you stronger.

But all I have found is more difficulties.

The more you don't relate to those around you, the harder it becomes to find happiness and solace. To find a steadfast companion.

The more different you feel to those around you the more you are isolated in your uniqueness. To be one of a kind is still to be one, and only one.

But humanity is not meant to be alone, and it does not do a soul good.

I've been told I exist under a double rainbow, and it sounds as though that should be a wonderful thing, and I want it to be so badly.

But it feels like I am just doubly strange, doubly unusual, and I must work doubly as hard to achieve the same amount of happiness.

Have I just not found my tribe, my fellow one of a kinds, so that we may feel seen together? If that is true then where are they?

Perhaps they are also wallowing in the false notion that they are alone, and are too busy struggling doubly as much to make their way through this world.

A world that does not appreciate people who are doubled in there differences, and are doubly unqualified to fit the mold that it has laid out before them.

That is the root of it, that the world is built on a foundation of rules that were dreamed by those who live under no rainbows at all.

How are they to make a land suited for those who live in singles let alone doubles?



I went back to university at the age of 35. A comrade mentioned that I talk about my age a lot and was worried I was undervaluing myself. I am actually really proud of myself and my age.



Part of going back to university at an older age, I went to a meeting last year and everyone was introducing themselves with pronouns. I am seeing pronouns listed on e-mail signatures and even at my workplace we watched a video.

In September 2021, I was attending a club meeting and introduced myself as she/her, I didn't know any different. I love watching shows like RuPaul's drag race and heard about "non-binary", plus a member of the club introduced themselves as "they/them".

I can remember even back to age 10, feeling like I was not the "girl" that my mum had dreamed of. There have been "signs" all over the years, but I didn't know the terminology for it.

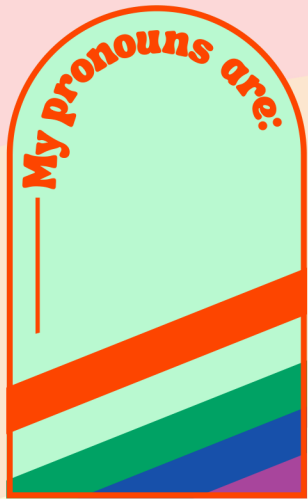


In January 2022, I made a Facebook announcement saying that I am non-binary and I use they/them pronouns. I can speak for myself, I have always said that about my autism as well. Everyone is different and I will speak and advocate for myself, I always tell you I am speaking on my experience.

The beautiful thing about being non-binary I am learning is that it is it can be whatever you want, it sounds so simple but it is. It is important to note that there can be moments of "euphoria" and sadly moments of "dysphoria".








I went to a meeting last night and after everyone introduced themselves, I was like “Pronouns!” I introduced myself as “they/them” and was pleased to see others, but also “she/they”, “he/they”. At my club meeting last night, I felt comfortable to share I have ADHD and autism. So we had a lot of other neurodivergent members as well as LGBTQ+.

he  
they

she  
they

they  
them



I have found some helpful Facebook groups, but especially one for older and non-binary individuals. There are people in their 50’s, even 60’s, discovering this journey. It is definitely a journey. I may have a day where I want to be “masc” and I love that feeling. I even look happier, the day I went to a barber for a first time was an incredible euphoric experience for me.

Just like autism, my LGBTQ+ experience is also a journey. I went on a road trip to a Pride event with friends, it didn’t go as planned, so we called it a “fun adventure”. Our mindset and attitude can make such a difference in an outcome.

Not everyone has the support of their loved ones, it can be really difficult if you live with family members that are opposed to your journey. Part of the LGBTQ+ community that appeals to me is the concept of a “chosen family”, I have a chosen family and I am so glad they are in my circle.



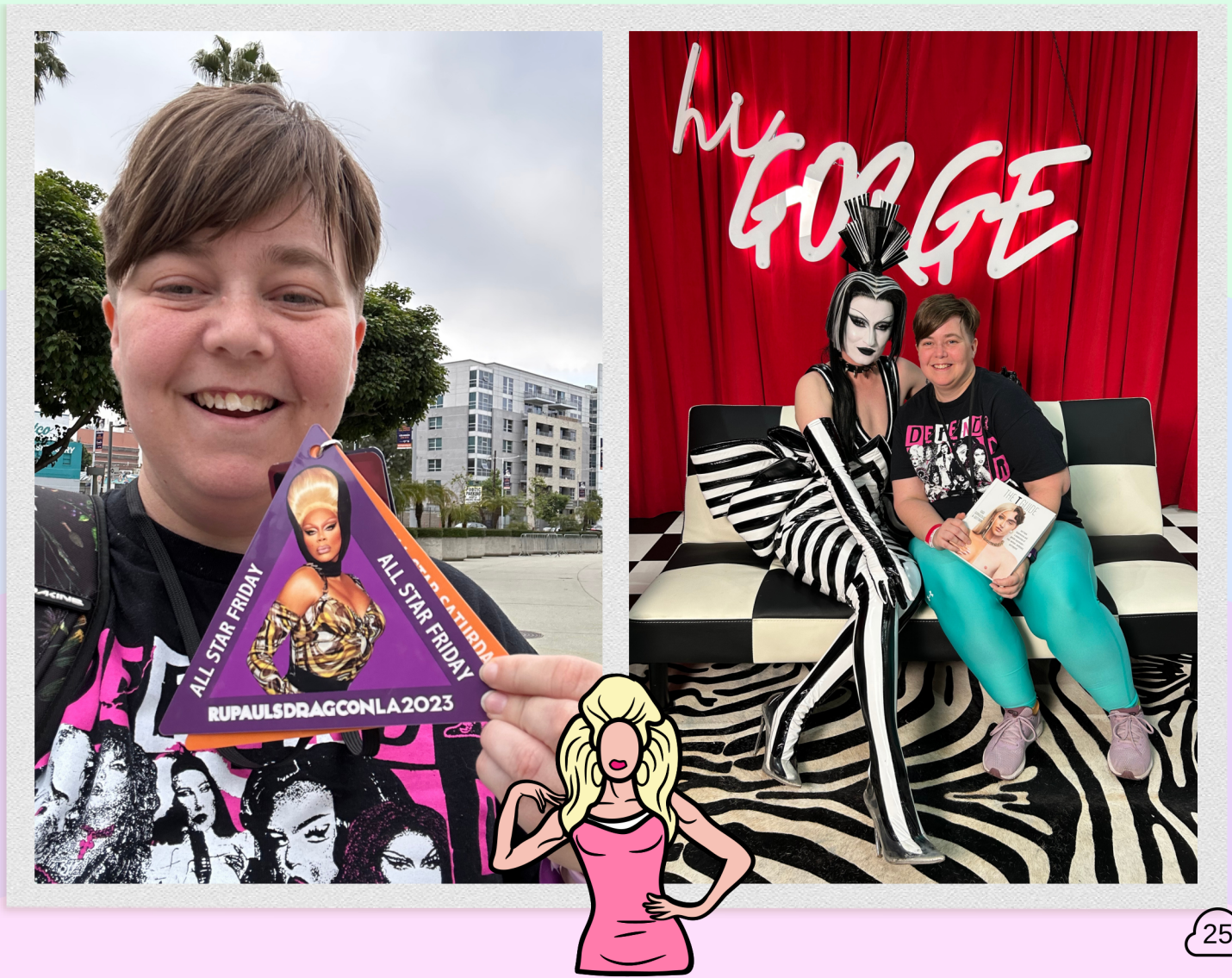


**I decided to keep this original writing and just add an update.**

It's now **June 14, 2023** and I have been using my name Riley at my workplace along with he/him pronouns on my name tag. I joined a lot of FTM trans groups on Facebook, I wasn't sure about masculine comments at first but over time I've realized I'm a trans man. I wasn't sure if anyone would "love" me being trans and I am very single, but I am definitely happy. I've started testosterone and seeing a transition doctor.

But the highlight was going to RuPaul's DragCon LA last month with my friend and meeting Gottmik, the first trans man on RuPaul's Drag Race. I wanted to keep my original story because figuring out your gender can be a journey and it's okay not to know or take time to explore.

**RILEY MESSOM**





# OUR STORY

Autistics Aloud has been supported by Autism Nova Scotia since it began in 2005 as a quarterly published Newsletter. It was started by Danny Melvin, who saw a need for Autistic led perspectives. Danny ran the newsletter from 2005-2016 and published Volumes 1-9.



In April 2017, Disability Rights activist, artist/poet/and creative, Patricia George-Zwicker, came on board as Editor. Patricia decided to take the newsletter to a magazine format - a big change after 11 years, but they kept the original values of the magazine, **Nothing About Us Without Us.**

On June 23, 2017, Autistics Aloud was published as a Magazine for the first time. It was 18 pages long. The Autumn edition that followed doubled to 36 pages. The Winter edition was a whopping 48 pages. Those first editions shared 31 unique first-person perspectives with content ranging from poetry, reviews, cartoons, original art, and articles on topics like autism and addiction and autistic identity. We signal-boosted organizations that promote autism-friendly events and gave space to anyone on the autism spectrum who has a business they'd like to promote.

Autistics Aloud Volume 10 made it into Question Period at the House of Commons on Parliament Hill in April 2018. Copies were personally presented to Members of Parliament, Senators & Leaders in various stakeholder Autism Communities all throughout Canada.





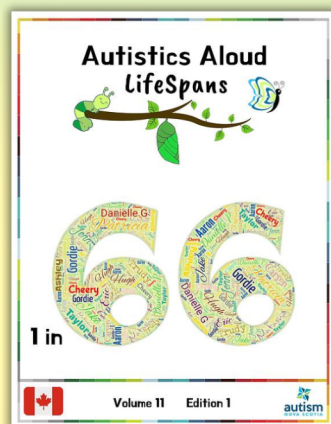
Autistics Aloud is a print and digital grassroots publication based in Nova Scotia, Canada.

With this edition, Autistics Aloud has completed the process of publishing the LifeSpans Series which endeavours to share the first-person perspectives of Autistics in Canada by exploring a wide variety of topics. Edition 1, "1 in 66" was recognised in the Nova Scotia Legislature in 2019 and in early 2020 was placed in the Isabel and Roy Jodrey Memorial Library in Hansport, Nova Scotia.

This edition on 2SLGBTQIA+ Pride is the fifth and last in the series. The other published editions of the LifeSpans Series can be found on our website:

[www.autisticsaloud.ca](http://www.autisticsaloud.ca)

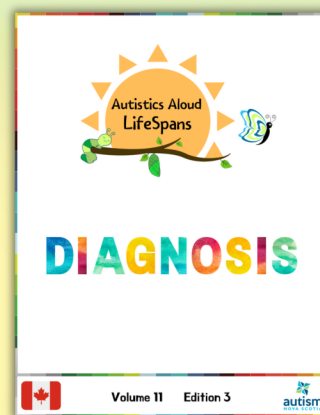
### Edition 1 > 1 in 66



### Edition 2 > Health



### Edition 3 > Diagnosis



### Edition 4 > Education



### Edition 5 > Pride





# 2SLGBTQIA+ Resources

## Website Links

### UNDER A DOUBLE RAINBOW: AUTISM AND LGBTQIA+

<https://thinkingautismguide.com/2017/11/under-double-rainbow-autism-and-lgbtqia.html>

### Creating Inclusive Queer Spaces

[www.autismbc.ca/blog/creating-inclusive-queer-spaces/](http://www.autismbc.ca/blog/creating-inclusive-queer-spaces/)

### Re:searching for LGBTQ2S+ Health! Two-Spirit Community

<https://lgbtqhealth.ca/community/two-spirit.php>

## Opens as a PDF:

### The Trans Autist Resource Guide

[https://neurodivergentinsights.com/s/Trans-Autist-Resource-Guide\\_Neurodivergent-Insights.pdf](https://neurodivergentinsights.com/s/Trans-Autist-Resource-Guide_Neurodivergent-Insights.pdf) 







Autistics Aloud is a publication of Autism Nova Scotia that has been in circulation since 2005. Every year since, we have proudly provided a platform for Autistic voices to be heard across Canada.



**Nothing About Us Without Us**