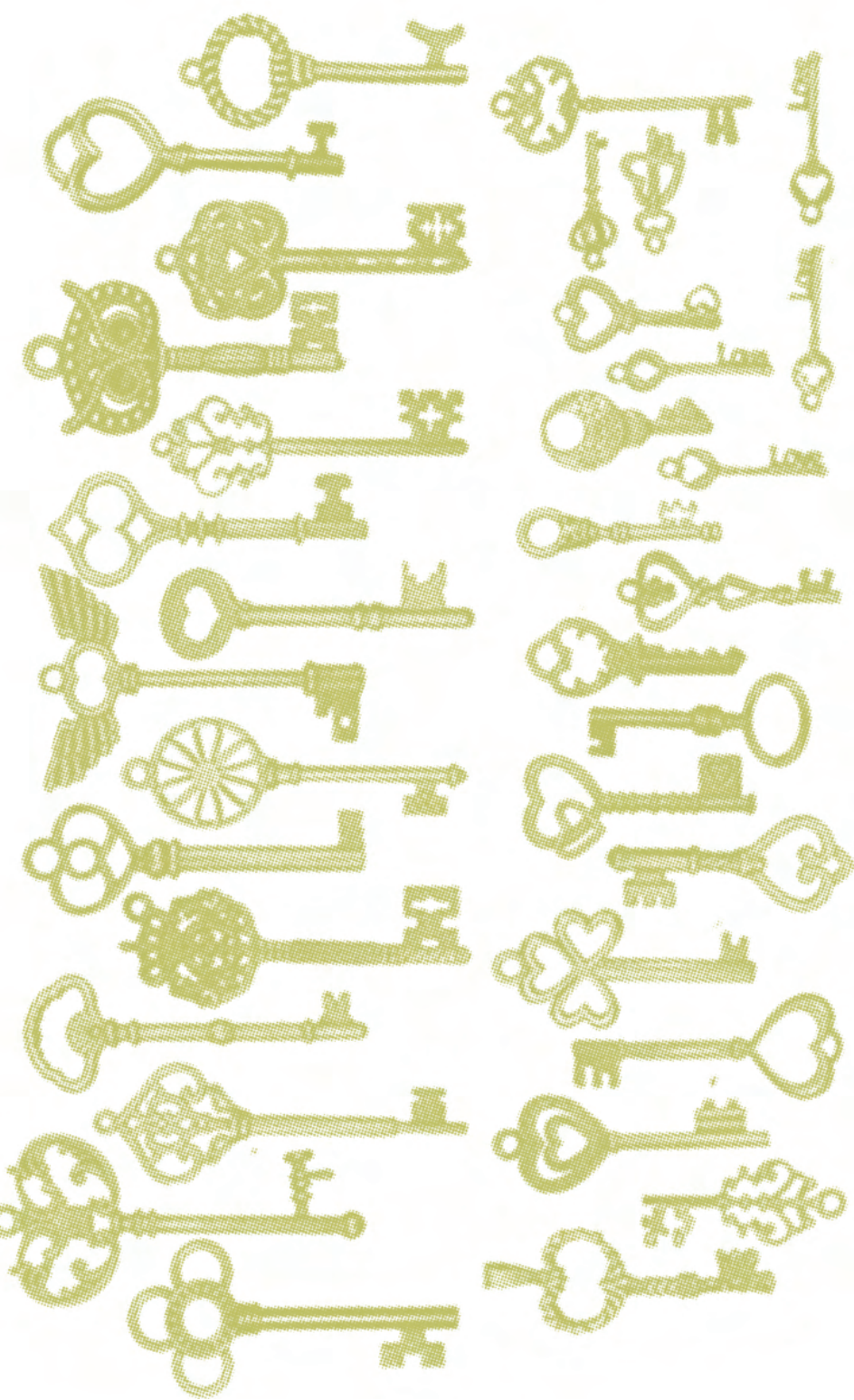




*Door
to the
Abditorium*





Door to the Abditorium

Medieval Latin abditorium, from abdō ("to hide").

Noun: *abditory (plural abditories)*

(rare)

A concealed location used for storage or to hide items. [mid 17th century]



The Carbondale Arts Creative Apprentice Program employs teens to work with creative professionals to create works of community value.

This Carbondale Arts Creative Apprentice Program was made possible through partnerships with:

Carbondale Banch Library
Sopris Sun

With funding from:



A special thanks to the guest artists who led workshops:

Brian Colley
Kyle Collins
Larry Day
Ali O'neal



Carbondale Arts

This project showcases the work of four Roaring Fork Valley teens. Over the course of 10 weeks we met to share stories, collaborate and create. The resulting poetry, drawings, and long-form writing expresses our experiences with and around mental health. Topics were addressed directly, personally and abstractly.

This topic could not be more critical as 30% of Colorado youth have reported symptoms of depression. The hope is that readers can relate to the voices shared here and realize they are not alone.

Because these topics are sensitive and can be difficult we have noted what topics are addressed at the beginning of each piece.

BIOS

Casey Weaver

ALIGNMENT
SPIRAV-TERRAE



LEVEL: 16/???
PRNS: THEY/THEM
HP: 170/200
ATK: 50
DEF: 35

CHARACTER DETAILS:

A studious artist who moves with their whims. Prefers to keep to themselves, but is quite talkative when given the chance. They like tiramisu, spiced apple cider, and deep forests. Though they enjoy apple cider, they detest apple juice. Can usually be found drawing or writing.

WEAPONS:

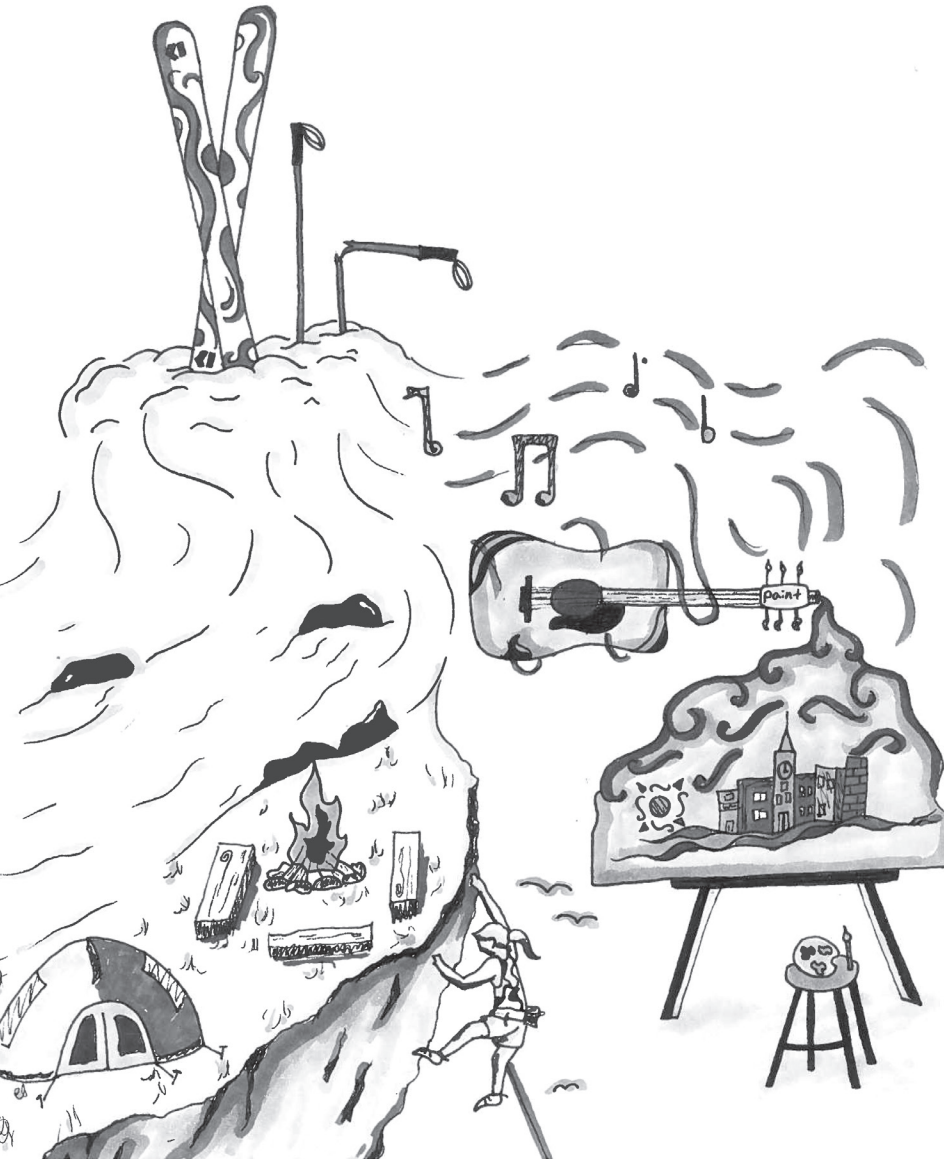
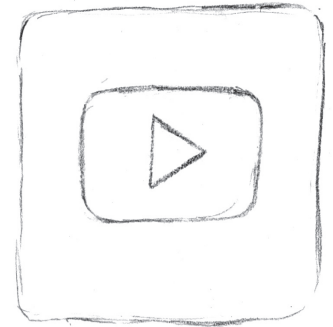
Recurve Bow [ATK: 34 DEF: 8]
Bone-Handle Dagger [ATK: 42 DEF: 14]
??? [ATK: ??? DEF: ???]
Elemental Attack [ATK: 37 DEF: 21]



! CHARACTER NOT YET UNLOCKED.



Spirit Bohlender



HOBBIES

For many years, I've been doing horseback riding as a family activity. Horses used to inspire a lot of my very old artworks and were the reason I gained interest in art. It wasn't until recently that I continued making a lot more art and staying motivated. Another main hobby of mine aside from art is reading. My favorite author is Rupi Kaur and her poetry books. Reading also became a big reason I gained interest in writing. I would mainly write fantasy novels when I was growing up and dedicate a lot of my time to thinking about different stories I could make, though I hardly ever went through with them. Sticking to storylines was one of my greatest struggles when I made my novels as a kid, but now finding out topics to write about is a lot easier.

INSPIRATIONS

Another big inspiration from my childhood was YouTube. When I was first allowed to use an iPad, YouTube was the first platform where I learned about animating and the process behind it. From there, I learned how to create flipbooks. Currently, my art is far more experimental and broad than it used to be. Now I try expanding the materials I use and try out different art techniques, though I still mainly use pencils.

heads up:
mentions of homophobia,
transphobia, and suicide.

product description

That's so gay™ is a product designed for casual homophobia. It may be used in everyday conversation, as an insult, or as a funny remark. Typically it is used to ridicule actions that may be perceived as feminine, but can be used to make fun of basically anything you want.

Have fun!

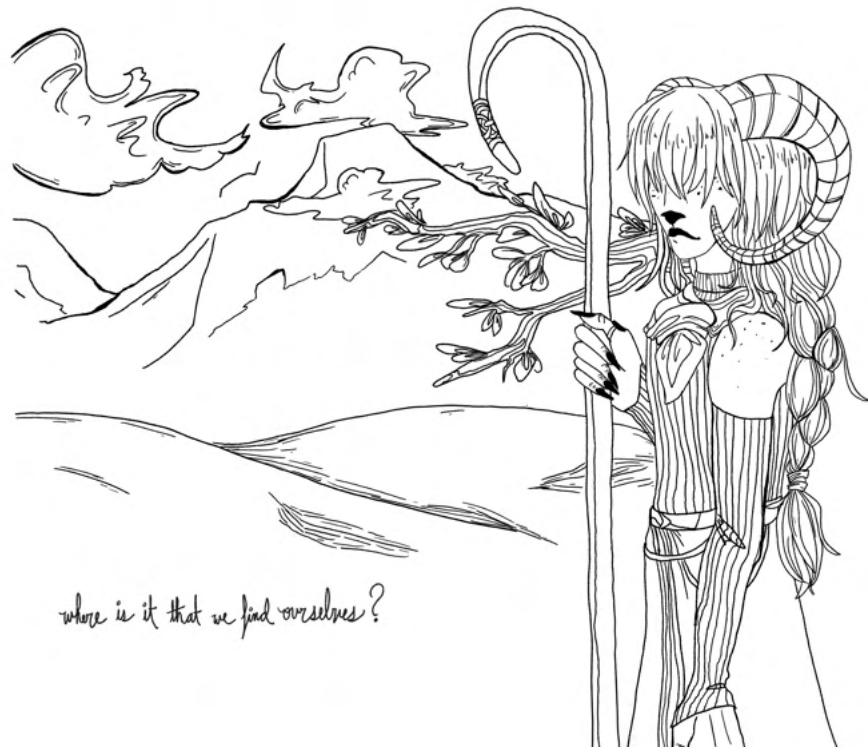
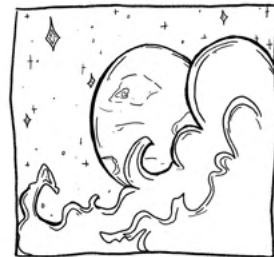
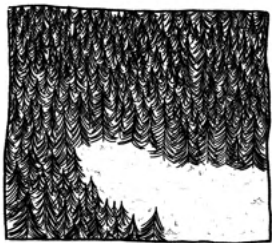
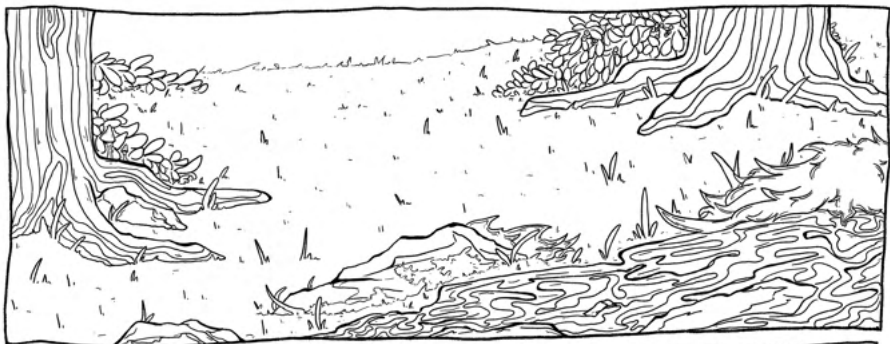
that's so gay

disclaimer

That's so gay™ does not take responsibility for any lasting feelings of internalized homophobia, transphobia, or feelings of self-loathing that may be caused by its use. These mindsets are harmful and they are not the intended purpose of the product. If any of these side effects occur and result in drastic consequences, please call the national suicide hotline. 1-800-273-8255

Of the Woods

by Cas Weaver

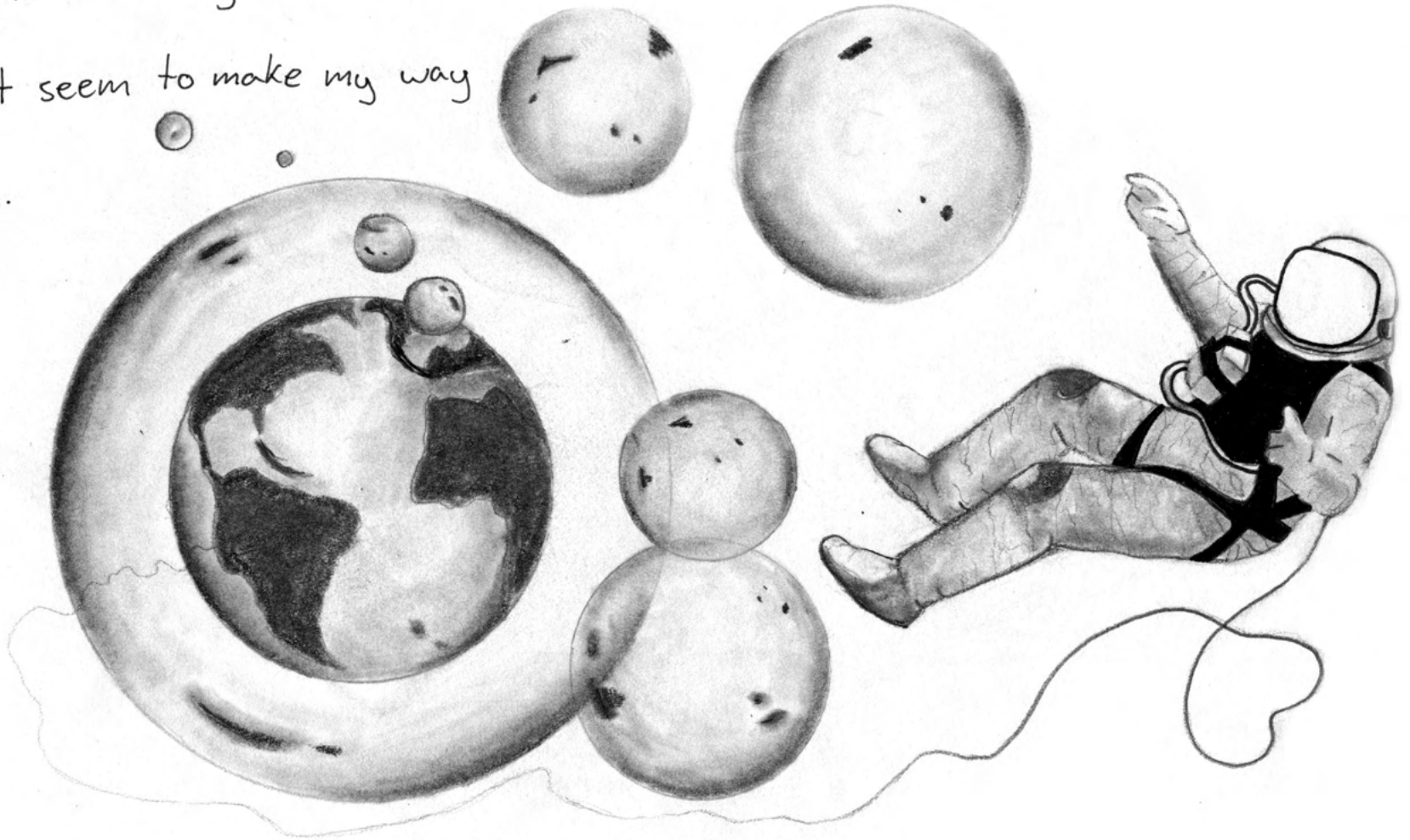


where is it that we find ourselves?

The Art Of Dissociation

words and illustration by Jade Marsoun

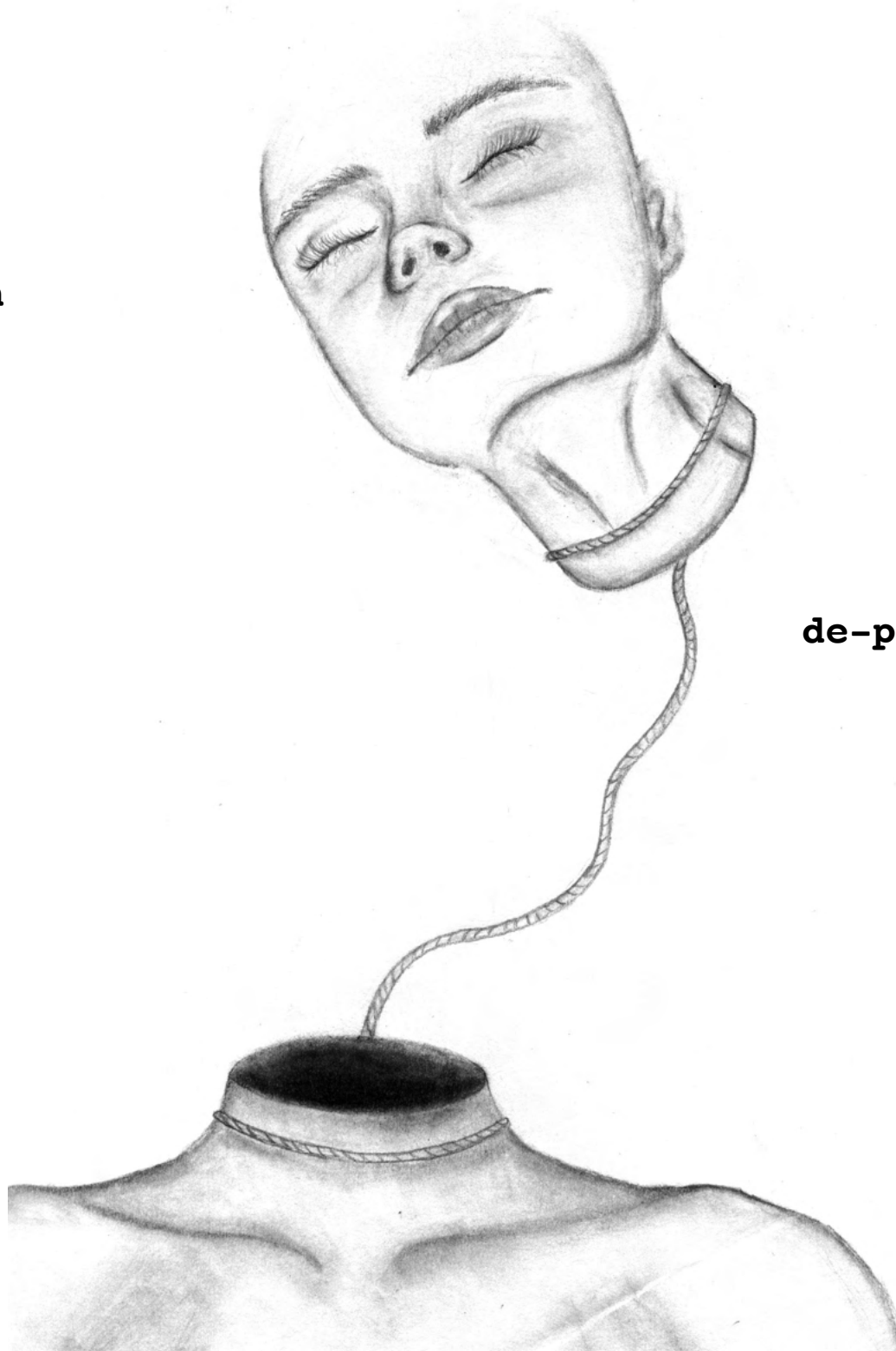
Though i'm running out of air,
I can't seem to make my way
Home...



At least
it's finally
Quiet.

de-realization

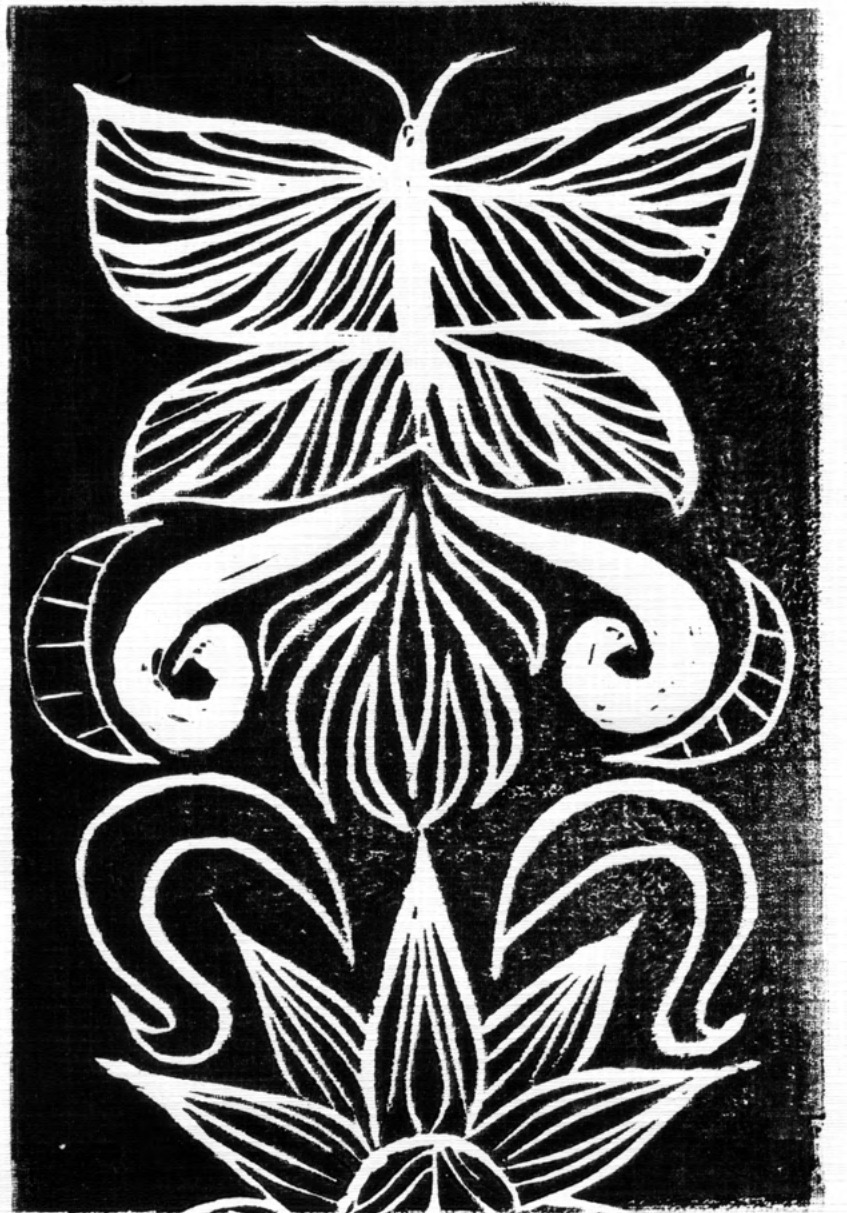
an alteration in the perception of the external world, causing sufferers to perceive it as unreal, distant, distorted or falsified. Other symptoms include feeling as if one's environment is lacking in spontaneity, emotional coloring, and depth. It is a dissociative symptom that may appear in moments of severe stress.



de-personalization

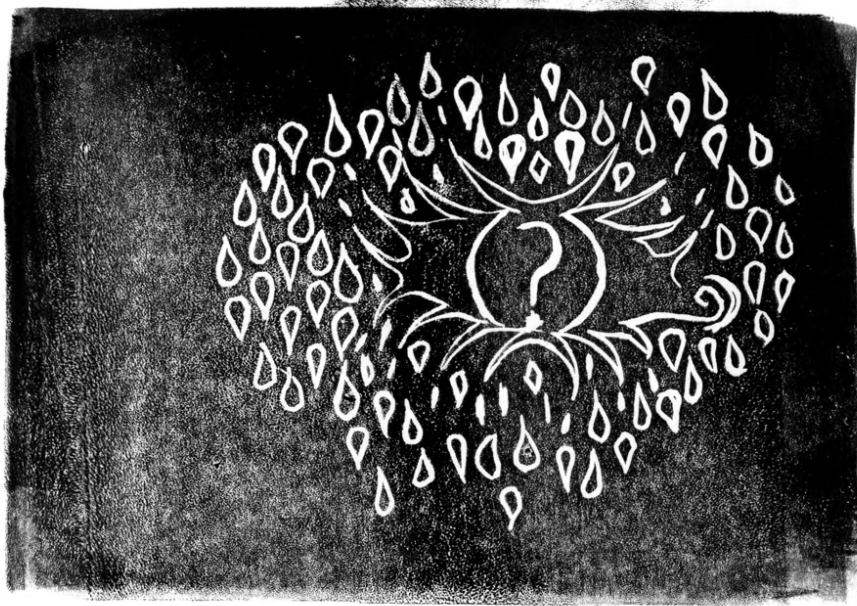
"consists of a detachment within the self, regarding one's mind or body, or being a detached observer of oneself. Subjects feel they have changed and that the world has become vague, dreamlike, less real, lacking in significance or being outside reality while looking in."





the goat & the crow.

the goat & the crow
together, they go
from under the pines
out into the snow



but the days, they bring signs
of a heart that declines
for the crow, it cannot stay
and the goat will be all alone

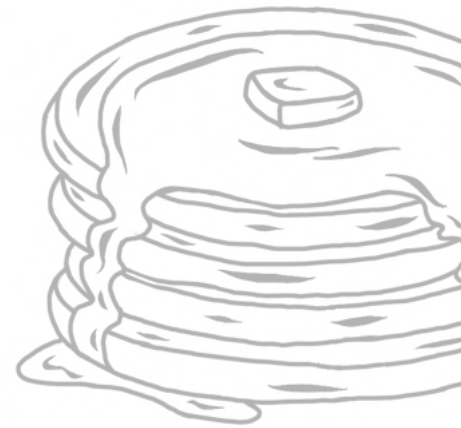


so the goat & the crow
under clouds a pale grey
go their separate ways -
no longer an "and".



Breathe

text and illustration by Lucy Silcox



She is a young girl, and young girls must stay healthy. Her parents sign her up for sports to keep her in motion.

Her father loves cross-country skiing. They teach her how to ski at two years old. She hobbles along, crawling as her parents smile fondly at her. She is happy. She is adored.

When she is six years old her parents move away from the city and into a small town. No longer will they have to drive an hour to get her to a ski area. They sign her up with the local program. She skis twice a week until she is in the fifth grade, when her parents try to convince her to join the middle school ski program. She firmly denies interest. In sixth grade she is given no choice. She is enrolled.

It is quite a small team, in fact, only about twelve people. Sometimes only three people come to the practices. It is chill. It is routine. It is fun.

She only attends one race that year, and absolutely loathes it. She decides racing is not for her, but skiing is. She does the summer program. She stays in shape. She comes back the next year to a larger team with more people in attendance. She does

not race again till January, when she packs her bags for an overnight trip. It's the best decision she's ever made, she decides in the midst of the adventure. She has a blast. She makes new friends. She is content.

She attends every race after that, and does another summer program, and continues through her eighth grade year, attending every race. Then, suddenly, middle school is almost over. Her time has run out. It's time for the next step.

She's been expecting it for over a year,

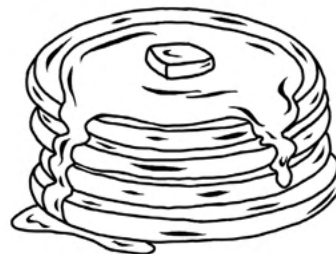
joining the national competition team. Year-round, six days a week, with only two weeks off in the spring. She's ready, prepared. Excited.

She joins in late April, and up until early June is assigned workouts and does them all on her own given the quarantining circumstances of the pandemic. June she goes to her first practice, then almost every day of the summer after that.

The summer is long and hard. She is the only new teammate this year,

and she is quite a bit slower than all of the others, but that doesn't bother her. She doesn't talk to many people. She skis on her own in the back. She still has fun. She gets fit. She's the most athletic she's ever been in her life. She's much more athletic than anyone her age.

It continues through the fall. She participates in cross-country running at school and is on the junior varsity team. She races a bit and then throws herself back into skiing for the remainder of autumn and the entirety of the winter. She does races, and she, well, she often comes in last place.



See, there's an interruption here, among this perfect timeline. A story that leads to the discrepancy in her commitment and her race results. I didn't talk about it the first time around, you see, because surface-level, this is a young teenager who is committed to and in love with her sport of choice. But let's rewind, quickly. We're back in her eighth grade year, in late January. She's crossing the finish line in twelfth place, breathing rather abnormally.

And by that I mean, she feels she cannot.

She catches her breath after two or three minutes, flashing smiles to the race officials and her coaches and teammates and family members. Nobody seemed to notice.

She did.

The next few weeks after that, she comes to the top of every hill huffing and puffing as if she'd just sprinted at top speed, as if she'd just held her breath underwater for as long as she could. She then would break out in a rattling, scorching cough, one that shook her and everyone around her. The more she coughed the tighter her throat felt.

Is it in your chest?

Her mother would ask.



No, She would respond. *My throat.* They headed to the doctor, who didn't think it was asthma but gave her an inhaler anyway. It didn't do anything. She couldn't breathe.

She couldn't *breathe*.

The enormity of this realization was not one she thought of, really. It was a simple fact now, something to laugh about. How was your race? People would ask, and she would giggle and say, well I couldn't breathe, but otherwise it was fine!

*...this fear
for her safety
made her
all the more
suffocated.*

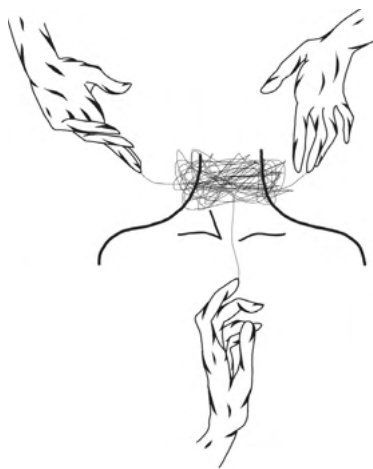
She drove down to the big city she once lived in to see a specialized doctor, who would diagnose her with a condition once called vocal cord dysfunction but now called exercise-induced laryngeal obstruction. What a name to place on a young girl.

There was a little issue, however, and that was with the pandemic, nothing could be done! Of course there's no medicine for it, it simply must be processed and dealt with till they could invite her to a five-day training session in their hospital where they would teach her a breathing technique to combat it. Until then she was on her own.

So here we are in our story, and it is the same summer she began to train with the more committed team. She spent her first cross-country running season and ski season pulling into the finish line sounding like she was about to collapse. People would put their hands all over her, for

comfort, stability, because boundaries don't expand to those who can't breathe. But in the end it didn't matter what they intended because all this feeling, this discomfort, this fear for her safety made her all the more suffocated.

Because her throat was so sticky. It was so clogged. She was in such a struggle that she would not be surprised if an x-ray revealed not



bones in her throat, not muscle or tissue or anything alive, but sticky, gooey, thick wads of maple syrup dripping down the cavity of her body that was made for breath. Her mother gave her the metaphor 'breathing through a straw' and although she didn't like it that's how she explained it to others. It was easier that way.

In April of the following year she goes back to the doctor and the hospital and completes her new breathing technique training. It certainly works, she can't deny that, but it is hard to learn and she still feels sticky when she tries too hard. So she simply stops. In mid-July she cannot take it anymore. Her training slows down to the bare minimum and she can feel her body dwindling, working itself into something slow, even slower than before. Because, you see, maple syrup is meant for pancakes. And she isn't using it for such. So when she discovers that her pancakes are really not caring and not training and near-quitting she finally puts the syrup to use, and then it isn't there anymore. She is in complete control. She can *breathe*.

She joins the cross country team again and is surprised to find that after her first race she can control her breathing perfectly until the last two hundred meters or so when the syrup comes bubbling up and out of her mouth into strangled coughs and high-pitched, dying breaths. There is one little problem with

this development, however, and I guess she must have had to trade her previous running speed for decent breathing. She's much, much slower.

Races that were once twenty-five minutes become twenty-eight. Her personal record from the previous year was a little over twenty-three minutes, but it is now twenty-seven. Four entire minutes.

Pathetic.



She shames herself for giving in and eating the pancakes but she can't stop. All motivation goes soaring out the window like the breath from her lungs. She finishes the season discouraged and dreading the way she'd have to go back to skiing, and commit, and keep going even slower than before. It is just too much. The promise of friendship or teamwork is not enough, no matter how good

or genuine the people there are. Too much pressure is pushed onto her. She's crumbling.

Breathing is essential to life. She can breathe now, but she's lost the edge. And it's almost like the level of athleticism doesn't matter in the end. Being fast or slow is relative when you're committed and having fun. But she's not. She's crying with the thought of attending practice. She is crying when she gets home from practice. She is unhappy.

In the end, she doesn't stop. In fact, she's not sure she knows how. She keeps going to practices and training camps and gets ready for the next season of racing.

Her coach tries. Her parents try. Everyone around her, everyone who cares, they all try, and she sees that. They try so hard it makes her sick. And she supposes, if they can try so hard, then so can she.

Because the thing is, it used to be good. It used to be something she could always be sure of, something she loved more than anything. And for that, and mostly for her own personal self, she will stay, for at least this next season.

She'll continue on, even if there are so many other ways for a young girl to stay healthy.





Religion The Double- Edged Sword

text and illustration by Spirit Bohlender

heads up: *This doesn't apply to all religions/religious people.*

Religious trauma is when someone struggles to break free from religious standpoints. The way it occurred for my family was when we put two and two together and saw just how oppressive the church was to us.

I have been part of a church for over 11 years and haven't had the chance to leave until the COVID-19 pandemic happened.

During that period, I've struggled with self-image and identity issues because of notions pushed onto me by the church. Leaving made me feel far more comfortable in myself and who I am as a person.

During our first few years at the church, we were young and saw it as a safe space for us. We were taught lots of

messages, such as obeying our elders unless they were pressuring us to do something bad, and simple tasks like attending the church regularly. Although they taught us many great things, plenty of their notions were contradictory.

Though my family was told to unconditionally love and respect those around us, the people at the church would ridicule anyone with separate beliefs and

try to push their notions onto people with different religions. The main example I have of this is regarding their response to paganism. When it came to paganism, they spread a lot of false information

about it and the people who practiced it, including invalidating their beliefs and lying about practices they do: these were centered

around spells and sacrifices. There were also cases where the people at the church mocked others who decided to convert religions. The people of the church would often forgive smokers and drinkers after becoming religious yet would classify LGBTQ+ people as unsaveable sinners without a second thought. Religion was a double-edged sword that divided me into two, a half that faked a perfect image, and a half I set aside because it didn't belong in that environment, imperfect to their eyes.

The main thing I believe the church could've done better was being more inclusive to other groups of people and religions. Instead of judging other religions, they should have done more research into them and not have jumped to conclusions. They also should've been less brutal towards people in the lgbtq+ community.

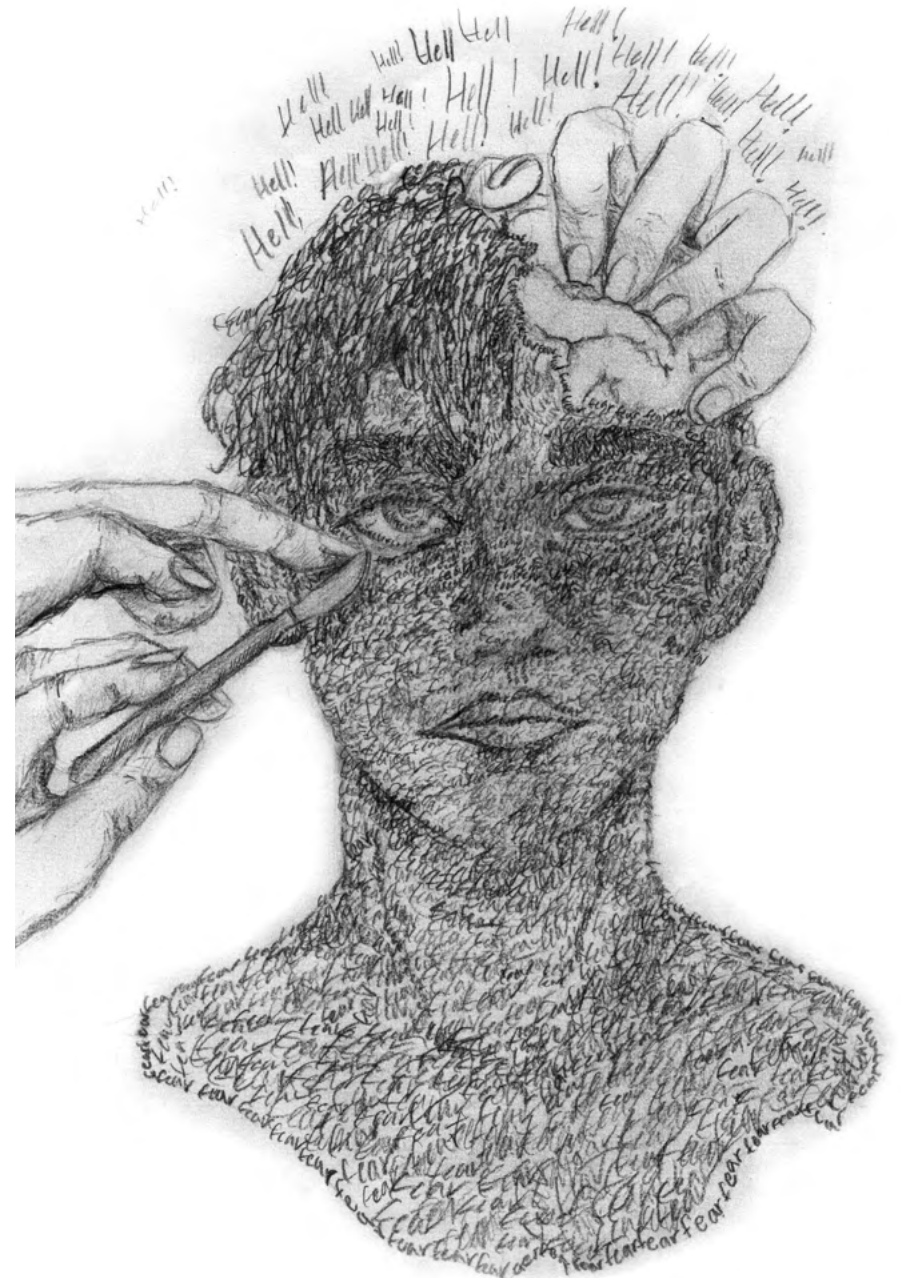
The church did a lot of things right too. They were inclusive of other races and ethnicities, and they hosted

events for us to go to for fun such as trips to Chicago or other parts of the state. The church wasn't an entirely horrible place and was an enlightening experience at times, especially for children. There were times when it was fun to be there and I made some good friends.

Leaving a religion takes time and thought. Not everything you learn that you disagree with is worth leaving over. What worked best for me was separating certain beliefs of mine from the church. I chose to no longer involve myself with the church because of the toxic environment and lack of common ground. Consider what you want from religion and not what others do, in other words, don't let people force their beliefs onto you and don't force yours onto them.

Although they taught us many great things, most of their stories were contradictory.

**RELIGION CAN
GRASP ONTO
YOUR BELIEFS
AND ALTER
YOUR VISION
IF YOU
ALLOW IT TO.
BE CAREFUL
WHAT YOU
CHOOSE TO
FOLLOW.**



Religious Ties to Rape

text and illustration by Spirit Bohlender

heads up: *This section of the article talks about concepts of rape and injustices centered around the topic. This is intended for mature audiences only.*

Religious rape has occurred throughout history, unfortunately, the topic isn't widely discussed amongst religions.

"To others, it may look wrong, but in God's eyes it's just love." A large influencer of a catholic church said to a minor after they openly explained their discomfort with the situation. Cases like these aren't uncommon to children or adults alike, which is an unfortunate truth.

In a report from Npr.org on October 5, 2021, there was a case from Frances Catholic Church where there was an estimated 330,000 children who were victims of sexual assault in that church alone over the past 70 years. The people accountable for these rapes were priests and other church associates who added up to there being around 3,000 abusers. 80% of these victims turned out to be boys according to the report.

Oliver Savignac, a victim who faced similar circumstances with religious abuse, and the head of victims association Parler et Revivre also took part in the investigation. He voiced concerns about

the alarmingly high ratio of victims to assaulters and how the church approached the cases as "individual anomalies instead of as a collective horror." Savignac also described his case about being abused at the young age of 13 by a Catholic vacation camp director. "I perceived this priest as someone who was good, a caring person who would not harm me," Savignac said. "But it was when I found myself on that bed half-naked and he was touching me that I realized something was wrong....And we keep this, it's like a growing cyst. It's like gangrene inside the victim's body and the victim's psyche." The priest mentioned was sentenced for child sexual abuse. Though many injustices happened, Pope Francis issued a law to hopefully limit more of these rapes from happening in religious settings. "Pope Francis issued in May 2019 a groundbreaking new church law requiring all Catholic priests and nuns around the world to report clergy

sexual abuse and cover-ups by their superiors to church authorities."

Another case I looked into was about a school called Liberty University that had many accusations of not handling sexual assault cases properly. An article made by ProPublica on October 27, 2021, stated that one of the spokespersons of the school allegedly was fired for trying to speak out against how Liberty University handled allegations of sexual misconduct. " Scott Lamb, a vice president-level executive at the school, said in an interview with The Associated Press that he pushed for answers about what was being done to investigate claims raised in a lawsuit filed over the summer by 12 women, and was continually dissatisfied." The lawsuits of these women, "alleged the school had a pattern of mishandling cases of sexual assault and harassment and had fostered an unsafe campus environment." The victims had good evidence to back these claims as well, like documents and photos. One of these cases is from a woman named Elizabeth Axley. Axley reached out in an attempt to receive guidance after allegedly being raped at a Halloween

party outside the campus. "Three students, including Axley, recalled being made to sign forms acknowledging possible violations of the Liberty Way after they sought to file complaints about sexual assaults. Others say they were also warned against reporting what had happened to them. Students say that even Liberty University police officers discouraged victims from pursuing charges after reporting assaults." The University was mostly framing the victims for violating policy than taking action.

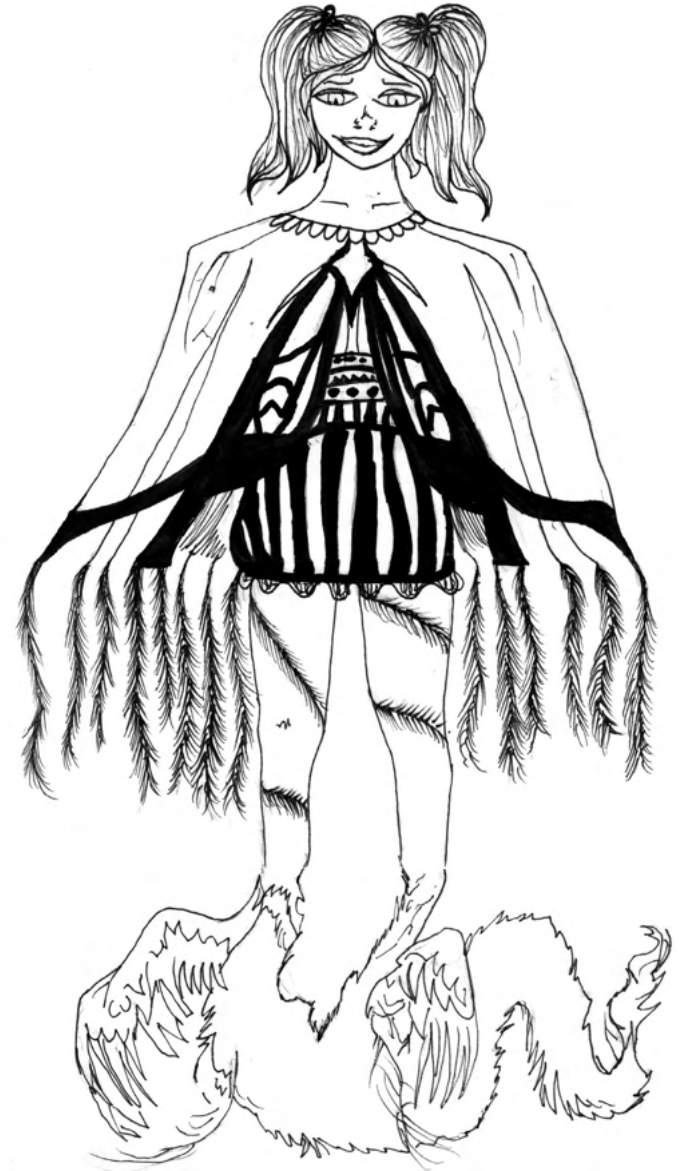
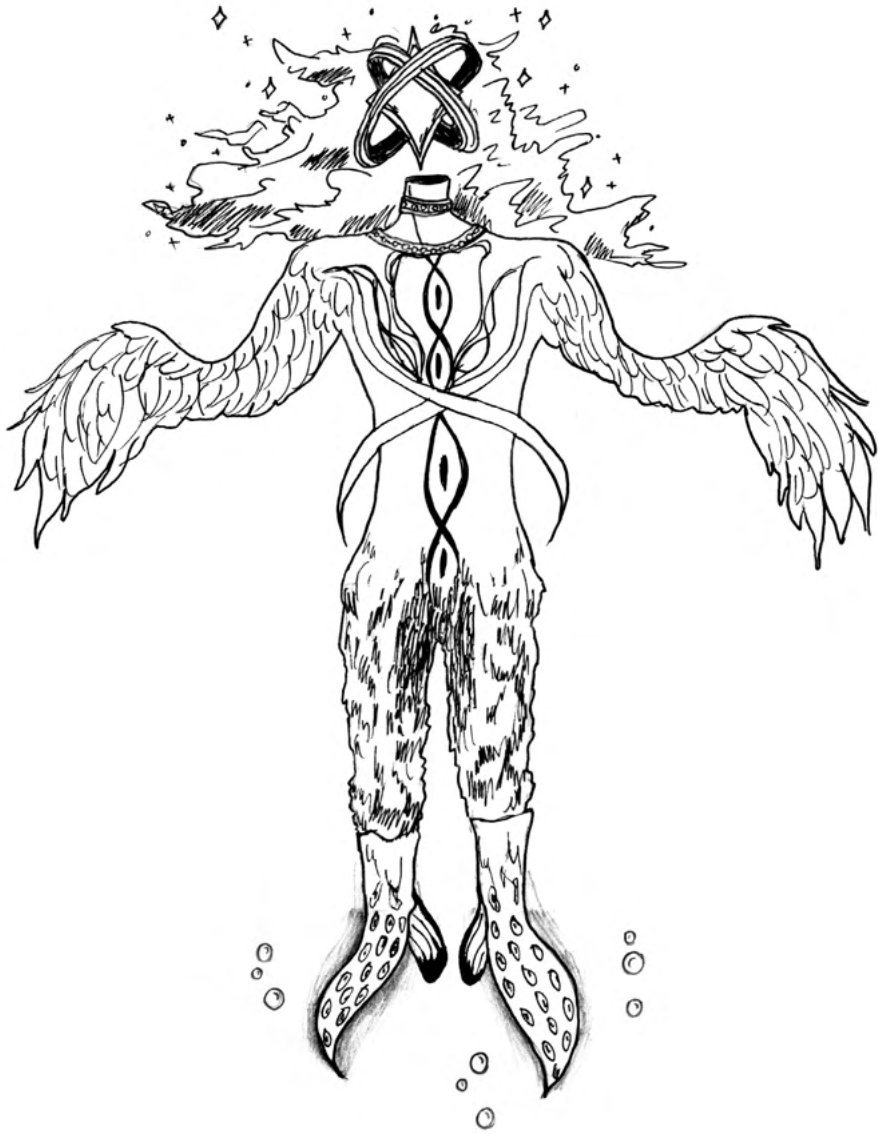
Cases of rapes in religious settings need to be far more displayed in media and confronted so no more of these tragedies happen. Issues like these inside and out of churches should be handled with consideration so that nobody will need to fear people of authority in churches. Instead, the topic of religious traumas and rapes should be brought to people's attention so that they can be aware of the problem and not fall prey to similar situations themselves.

Sources:

<https://www.getreligion.org/getreligion/2021/10/27/propublica-covers-horrors-at-liberty-university-but-do-all-christian-colleges-hide-rape-cases>

<https://www.npr.org/2021/10/05/1043302348/france-catholic-church-sexual-abuse-report-children>





i want to lay down with the cedars
i simply wish to be asleep
oh, to meet the sleep that never comes,
but the wind always does
and it tears through my mind
taking all that it can find
it flows endlessly and aimlessly
but i suppose that's alright,

because wind never dies

