

*FLiP is published annually by students and mentors at New Urban Arts, a nationally recognized interdisciplinary art studio for high school students and emerging artists in Providence, Rhode Island. Our mission is to build a vital community that empowers young people as artists and leaders to develop a creative practice they can sustain throughout their lives.*

*FLiP volume 16 was created by high school students and artist mentors at New Urban Arts in Providence, RI, in May 2019.*

*The FLiP 2019 Team:*

*Zaidee Everett, Artist Mentor  
Dean Sudarsky, Artist Mentor  
Alexis Wood Trujillo, Artist Mentor*

*Cover Artwork by  
Jay Gomes*

*Extra Special Thanks to  
Sir Speedy Cranston*

*COME TALK TO US:*

*New Urban Arts  
705 Westminster Street  
Providence, RI 02903  
[www.newurbanarts.org](http://www.newurbanarts.org)*



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*Kevin Harper*  
*Tom Van Buskirk*

## **Artist Mentors**

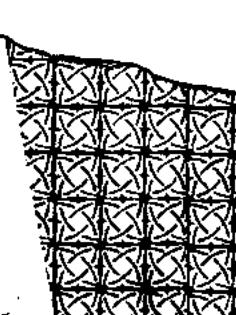
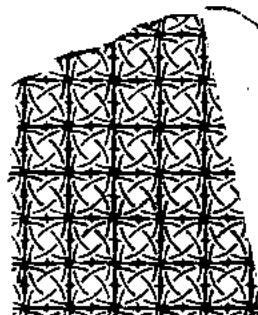
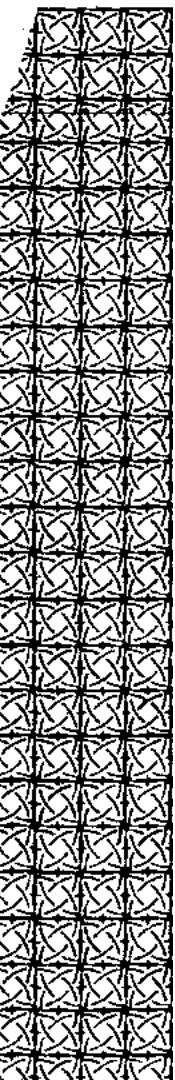
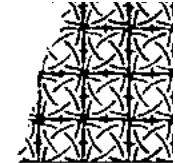
*Addy Schuetz*  
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*Alexis Wood Trujillo*  
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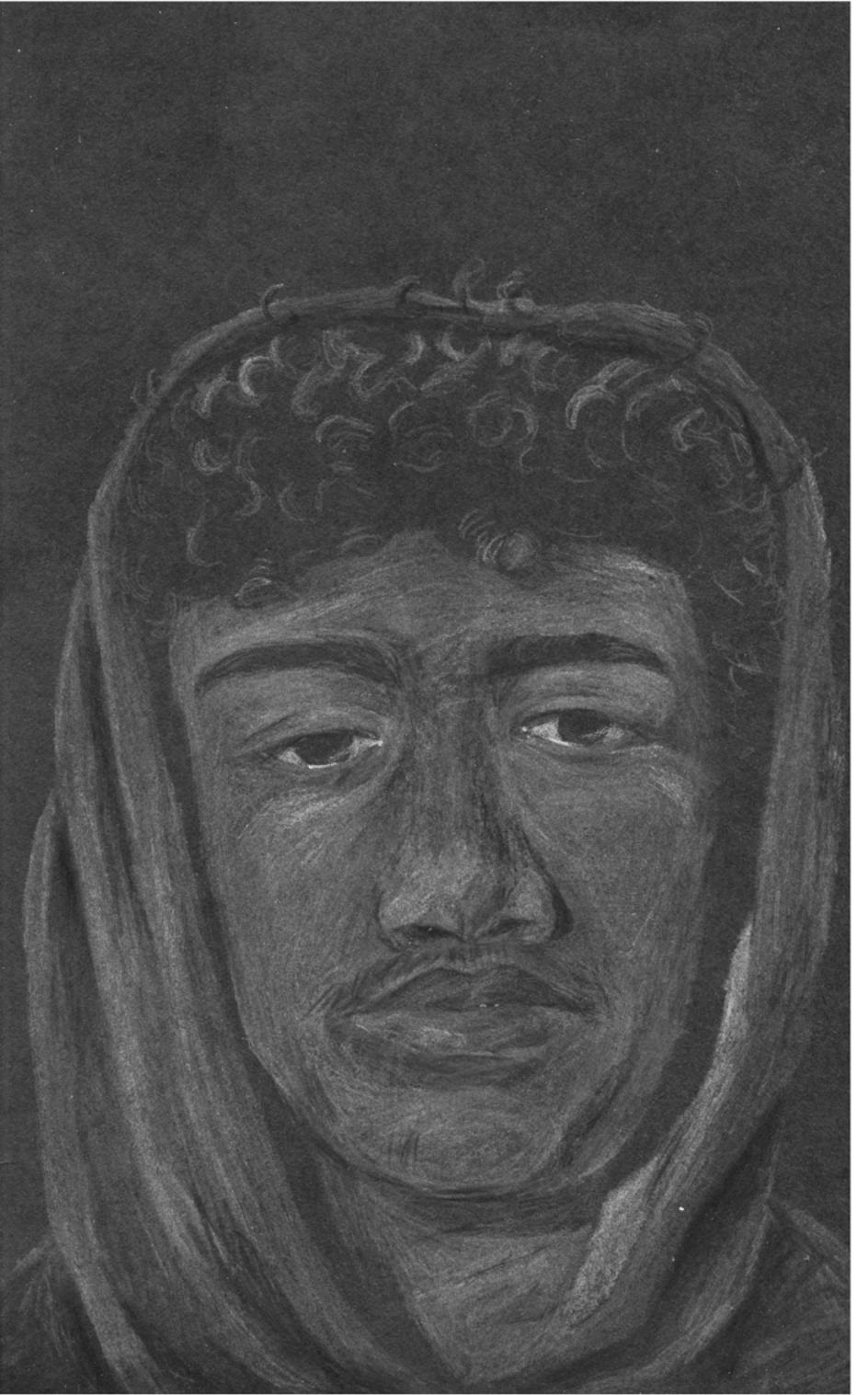




April Break Collaborative Print



Danny Svay



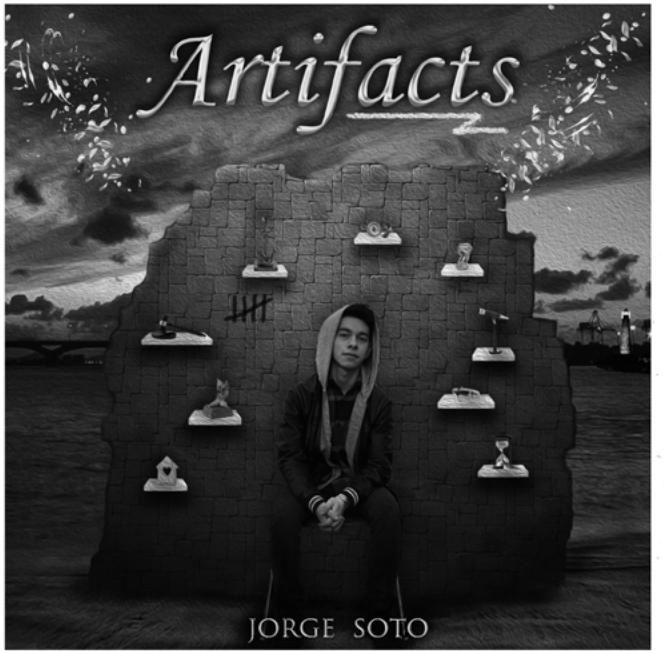
*Self Portrait — Joseph Grajales*



*Jai Salazar*



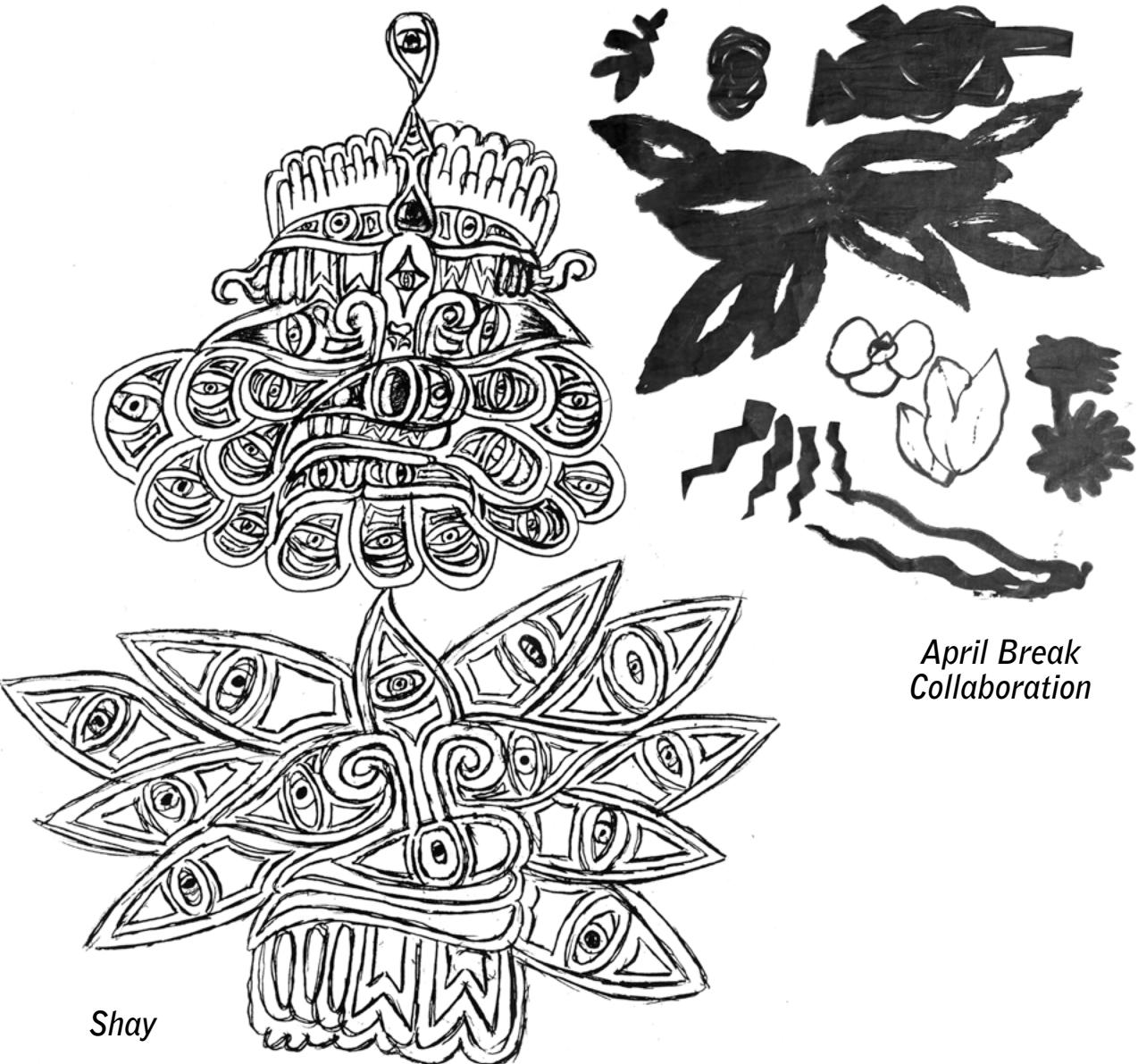
*Jay Gomes*



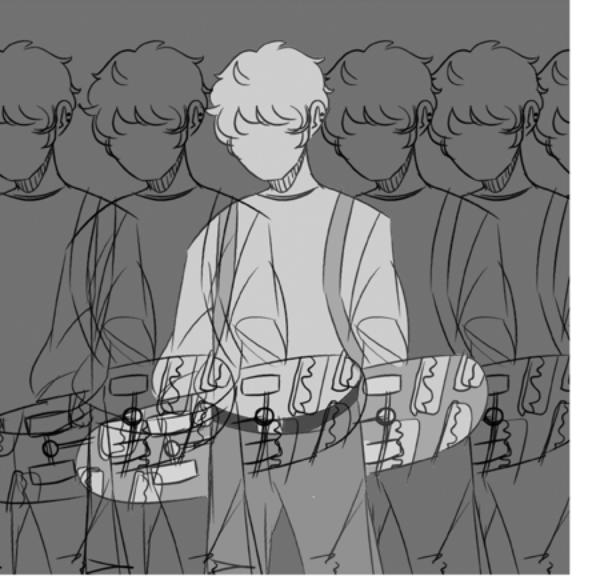
*unapologetic*

Atiyyah

A large, flowing, cursive script of the word "unapologetic" in black ink. The name "Atiyyah" is printed in a smaller, sans-serif font to the right of the main title.



meaningful?



Jay Gomes



Juliette Lange



The Sky Is Falling — Joseph Grajales



Jay Gomes



-Abanico Viejo by Jayson Rodriguez

“Vamos a mimir mi negro” dijo manni  
she takes me to the bedroom where my brother lies on his king  
size bed. she slowly lays me under the layers of frissas y me da un  
beso. She walks away like an angelito who has just blessed me.

the door closes shut.

y despues I hear a storm of voices come from the living room.  
Están hablando de una deuda de casa. están peleando. It seems  
like that's all they talk about these days.

so I know exactly what's going on.  
me levanto and I turn the switch on to a machine that blows air  
and lullabies never told.

the same machine that you turn en los días de el verano cuando el  
sol te está picando  
the same machine that manni turns on cuando ella está cocinando.  
the same machine that somehow makes everything disappear.

the same machine that holds me in its arms when my parents  
can t.  
fills me so full that it tells me it loves me and will always be here  
for me.

it almost sounds like my parents, almost.  
camino with my warm feet back to my bed and feel cold wind and  
floor frost beneath me.

I tuck myself back in como el niño grande I prepared myself to be  
and I feel as el abanico viejo kisses me goodnight...just like my  
mom did, but but

it somehow does it better than my mom ever could, better than my  
mom ever would.  
“Vamos a mimí” dijo el abanico. “Te llevo para las tierras de  
sueño mi niño bello, donde no hay deudas y te amaras para siem-  
pre”.



Jay Gomes



Apollo



A Muslim Woman in Covering  
by Atiyyah Mayaleeke

Yes  
I am hot in this  
No  
I am not forced to wear this  
Maybe  
I'll wear this to bed  
Only if I am feeling a bit lazy

I am a Muslim  
And this is my Hijab  
And for any listeners who are not aware  
And for any onlookers who are not familiar  
This is a result of my choice

Not the result of the choice of a man  
Not my father. Not an uncle  
Or the choice of anyone else as a matter of fact  
You see  
The reasons behind it are a little more sound

Now there are three major issues with being a Hijabi, a Mutahajibah  
One who wears the hijab

One:  
Is often being confined to the diminutive box consisted of stereotypes and misconceptions  
The ones that give people the idea that we are voiceless  
The ones that lead us to be sometimes thought as terrorists  
Like the mother of the little girl from across the street  
Told she can't play outside anymore  
At least not while the terrorists are

The ones that leave people weary  
When an Arabic word is uttered from my lips  
The ones that lead people to believe that we are restricted

That we can't be stylish, and modern  
That it prevents us from participating in sports and other activities  
That we can't possibly be empowered or a part of the feminist movement

Two:  
It lies within a question that I find myself getting fairly often  
That I can imagine a few of you thinking  
"Why?"  
"Why is that you wear that?"  
It is not the same for everyone of us  
I hope to make that clear

Being a person who wears the hijab is defined by the being  
For some, it is a religious duty and they feel as though they have to  
For some, it is simply to please someone that they hold with regard  
To feel that sense of pride  
For some, it is a fashion statement  
And for some, it's a path to tread  
For their own reason  
is still in the works

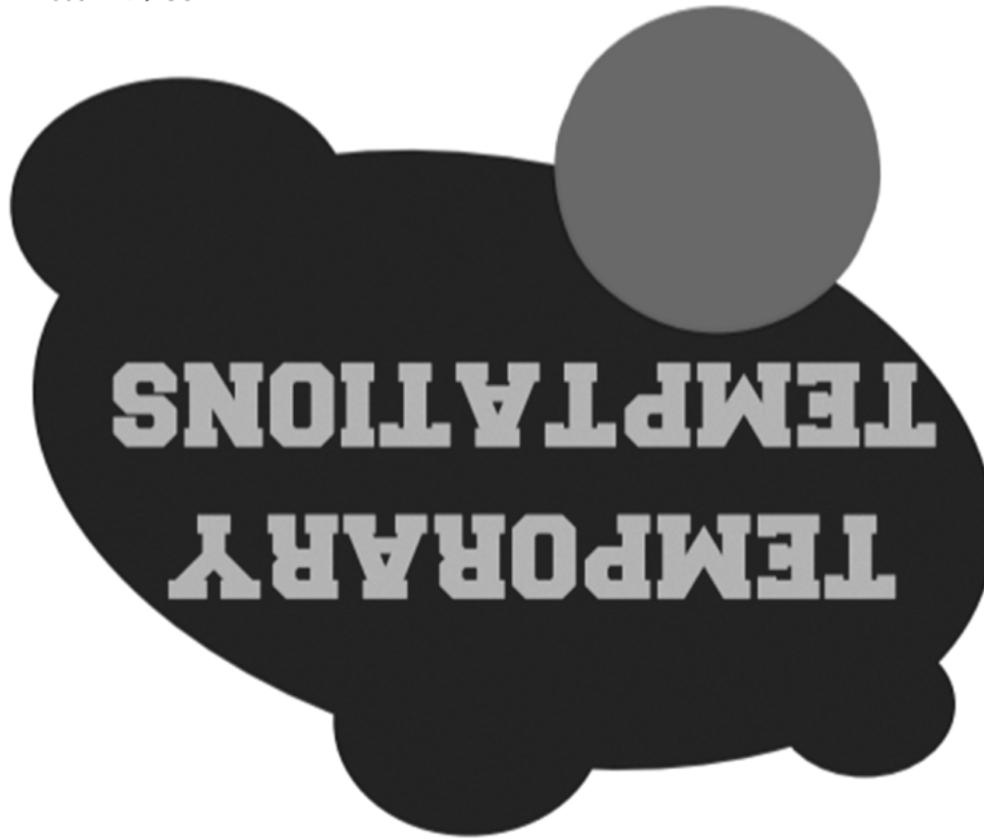
Three:  
The third issue  
With being a Mutahajibah  
The real issue  
Is that it does get quite hot in the summer

Nonetheless  
The concerns and the curiosity is valid  
I am only to make a point  
A point that has been and will be reiterated throughout time  
Here to assure people that we are capable of everything that you are  
And that I'm not here to harm anyone  
And I'm not oppressed  
And I don't plan to change a thing

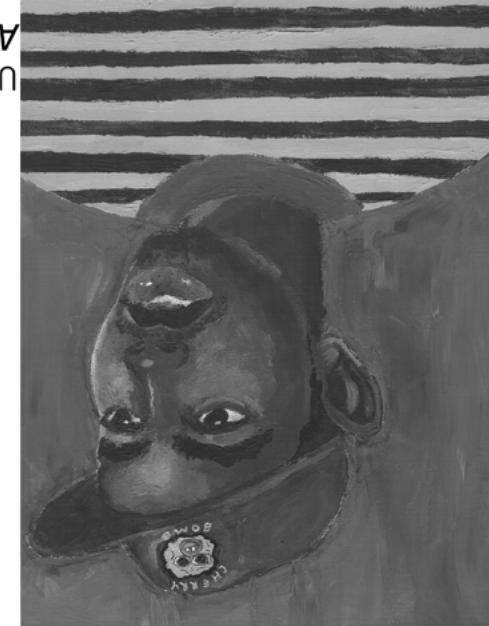
So  
From a Muslim woman in covering  
Not a Muslim woman in hiding

Yes  
I am hot in this  
No  
I am not forced to wear this  
Maybe  
I'll wear this to bed  
Only if I am feeling a bit lazy

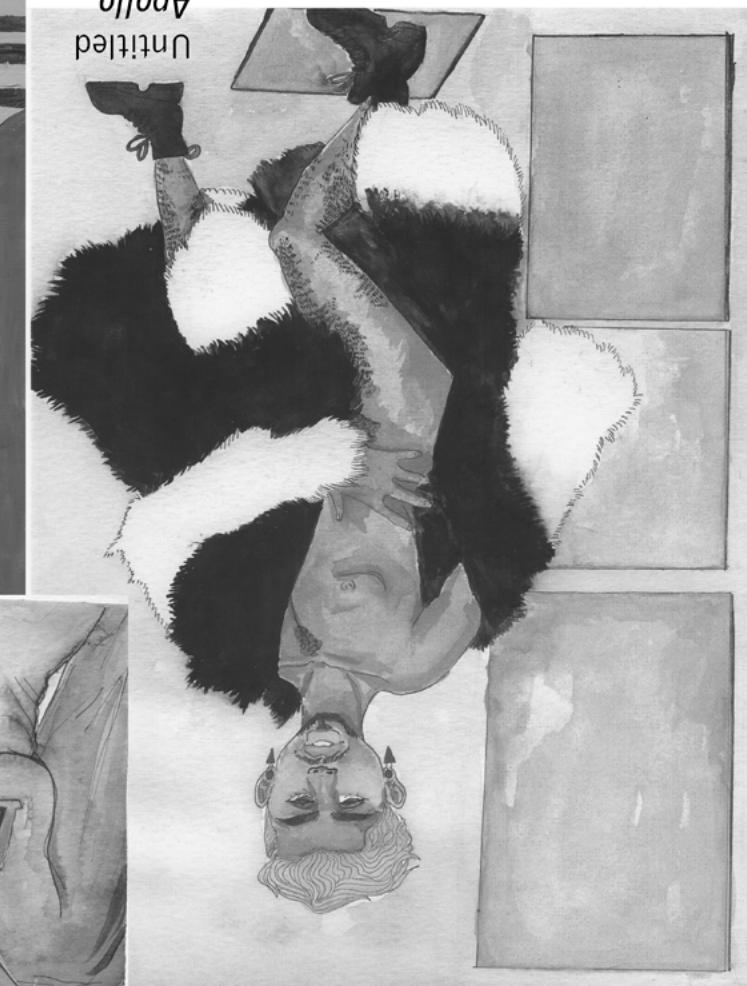
*Yahira Wooten*



Apollo  
Untitled

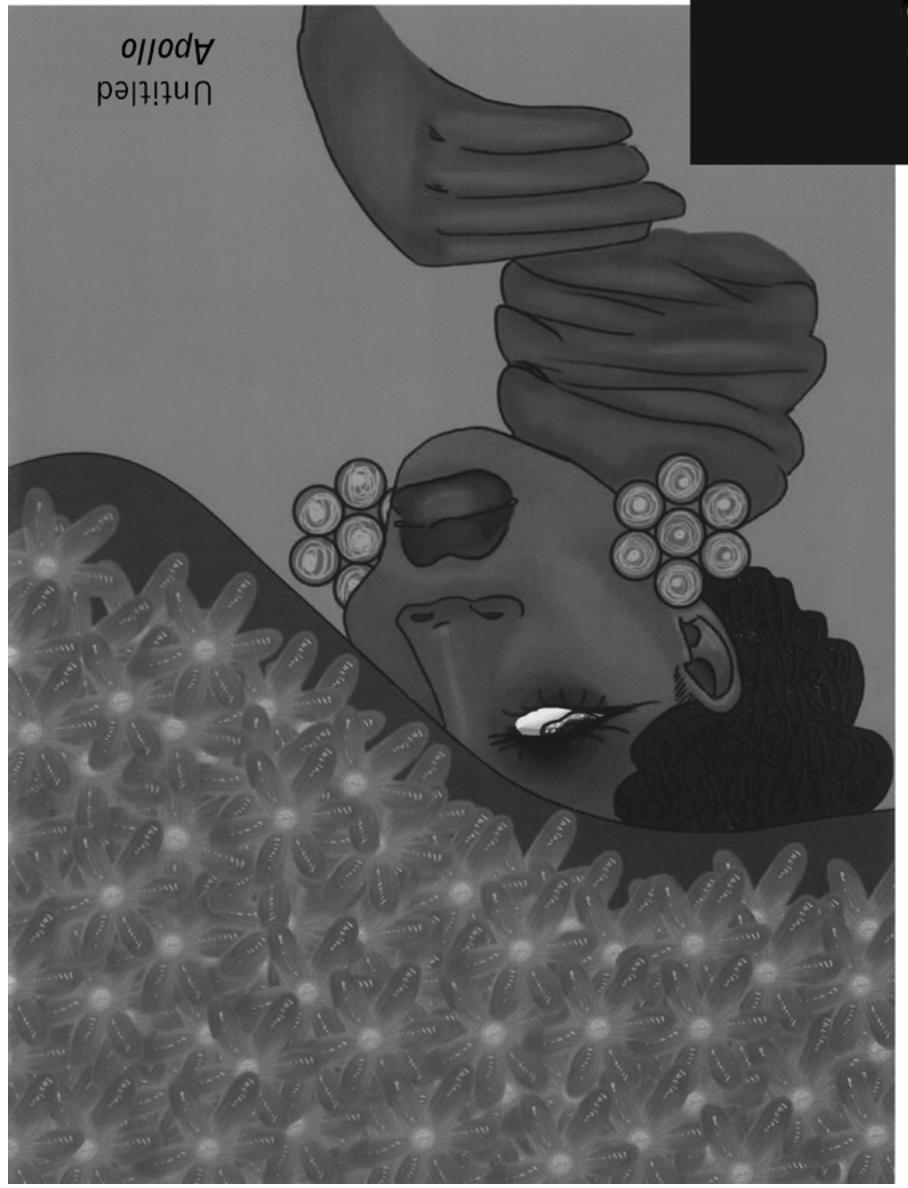


Apollo  
Untitled



Apollo  
Untitled





Untitled  
Apollo



Bunny Hoodie  
Jay Gomes

Ode to Duality

The Sun loans over you as you eat  
The Art carves your mood has chaotic  
Your so less aggravated, This Pains you  
Lewy in its energy absorbing it for your  
Grun, your expression shows a smile  
Hiii! The Elaborate full Greater you've  
Mud in awhile, your so happy  
What changes  
you sit and sip your coffee  
your creamy skies I can feel it  
your creamy flowers just like lightning  
in a storm, a true sight of power  
your sweet still besides despite your sister  
a humanlike feeling that cuts  
but there something else  
stop you we want her if  
your pen helps us stretch our split  
surfaced water sentence the arena in  
doesnt stop until now. The poem  
is done as you sit isolated from  
the power you once had

Anonymouse

Ode to Duality

Now, it's 8th grade. I am at lunch with my best friends. We are goofing off without a care in the world. My crush looks at me, and I instinctively pull down my shirt to try to hide my body. That night ends the same as every night I have showered for the last two years. I stare at myself in the mirror, but something different happens. I tell myself to shut up, and look away. I eat all of my dinner that night.

Now its 10th grade. I walk into school, and sit at the table with all of my best friends. I compliment my friends drawing, and she compliments my looks. I have a smile for the rest of the morning. I walk into the school bathroom and see myself in the mirror. I don't think about my size for more than 2 seconds. Even though, there is no solid answer, or any way to stop those thoughts, there are ways to fight them. First, if you get sucked into the mirror, will yourself to look away. Even if you really do get hypnotized in your bad thoughts, don't let them hold you. Also, surround yourself with good people. Anyone who sends you into a self depreciating state, drop them. They may be amazing any other time, but you have to understand that some things are more important than loyalty. Finally, do whatever the fuck makes you happy.

So, The question was originally "How to start to love yourself. Even though, there is no solid answer, or any way to stop those thoughts, there are ways to fight them. First, if you get sucked into the mirror, will yourself to look away. Even if you really do get hypnotized in your bad thoughts, don't let them hold you. Also, surround yourself with good people. Anyone who sends you into a self depreciating state, drop them. They may be amazing any other time, but you have to understand that some things are more important than loyalty. Finally, do whatever the fuck makes you happy.

Juliette Langue

Albert Gomes  
(continued)

*How to Start Loving Yourself*

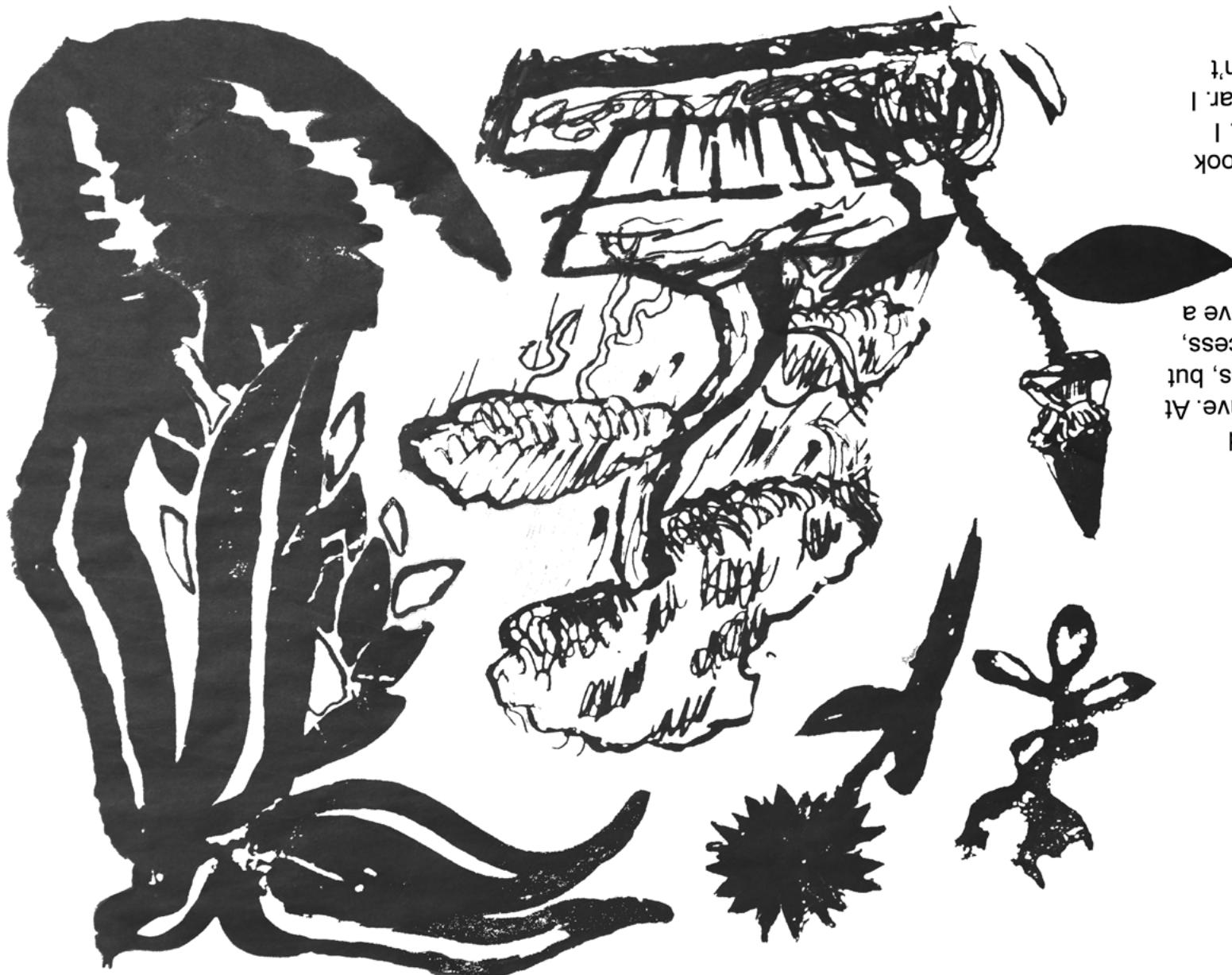


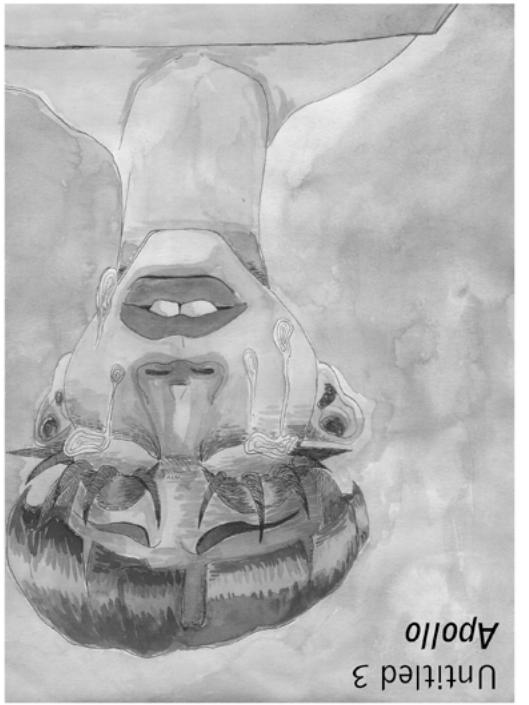
## How to Start Loving Yourself

Albert Gomes

"How to start loving yourself?"  
Unlock phone.  
Open google.

Answers aren't ever easy to get, especially the answers to  
this. The best way to start, is to ask when did you stop loving  
yourself? Is it in first grade, when you realize you're always  
last pick in soccer or basketball, or is it 3rd grade when you  
realize why? Is it when you see your mother  
constantly worry about her weight, when she looks perfect  
the way she is, or is it when you realize that her reason is  
something you have with you too. Sometimes, it may not be  
any of these, but for me, it was all of them.  
Doctor visits and gym class quickly became my least  
favorite thing. In gym, I couldn't do as much as most kids, and  
doctor visits would always make me feel bad for the body I have. At  
this time, I hid myself away for the most part. I did have friends, but  
I never really did things with them. Yes, I would play tag at recess,  
but I would never be able to play the full game. They didn't have a  
problem with it, but I always felt like trash for it.  
Jump cut to 6th grade. I just got back from a doctors  
appointment. I get ready to shower, but I stop before I get in. I look  
into the mirror, and see myself. I don't like it. I don't like it at all. I  
want it to go away. I want to hide away. I wish it would disappear. I  
don't like it. After I shower, I am quiet the rest of the night. I don't  
eat much of my dinner either.

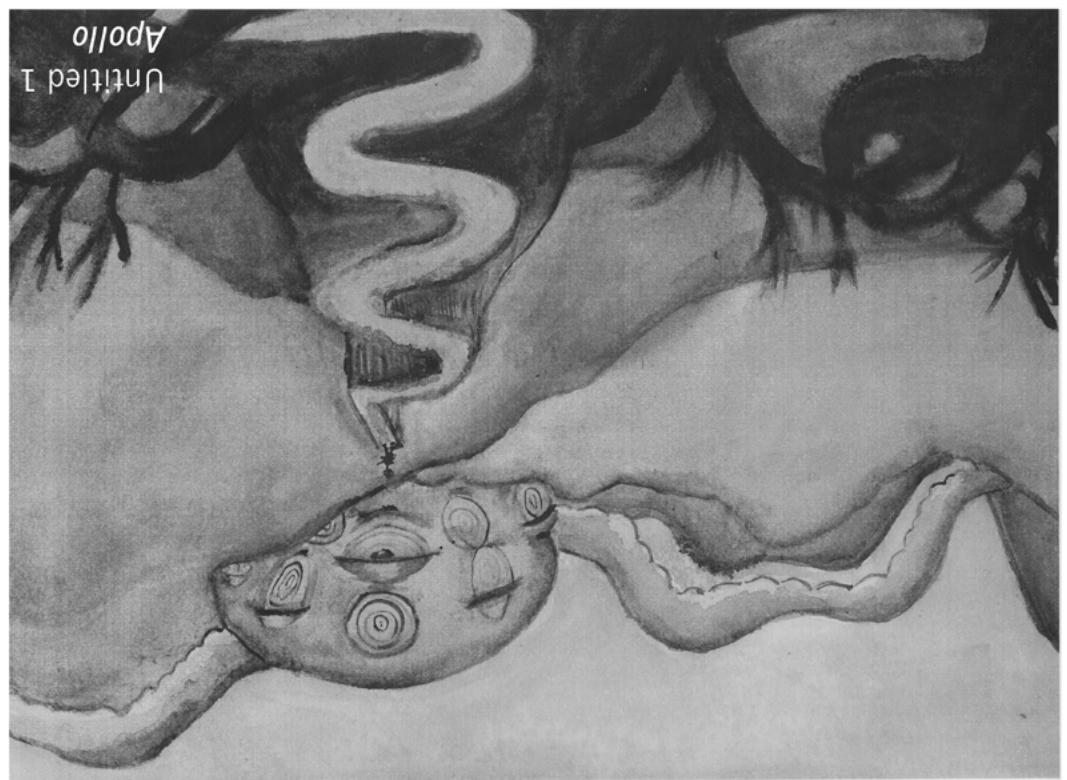




Untitled 3  
Apollo



Untitled 2  
Apollo



Untitled 1  
Apollo



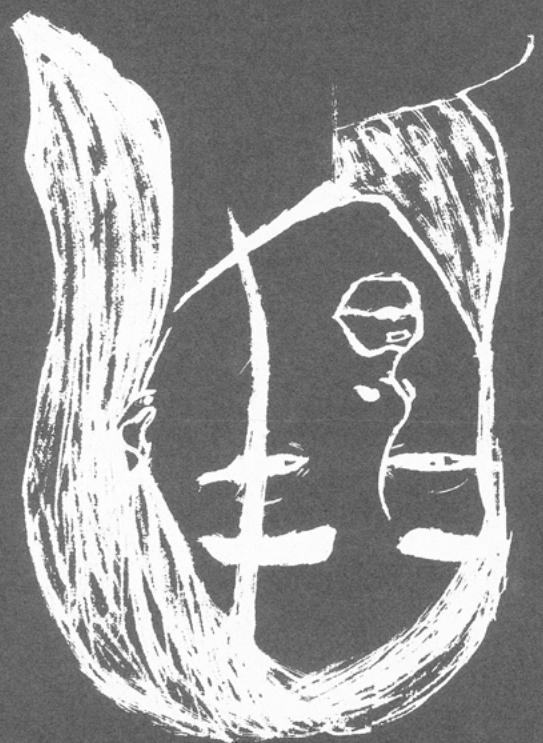
Julio Tinoco



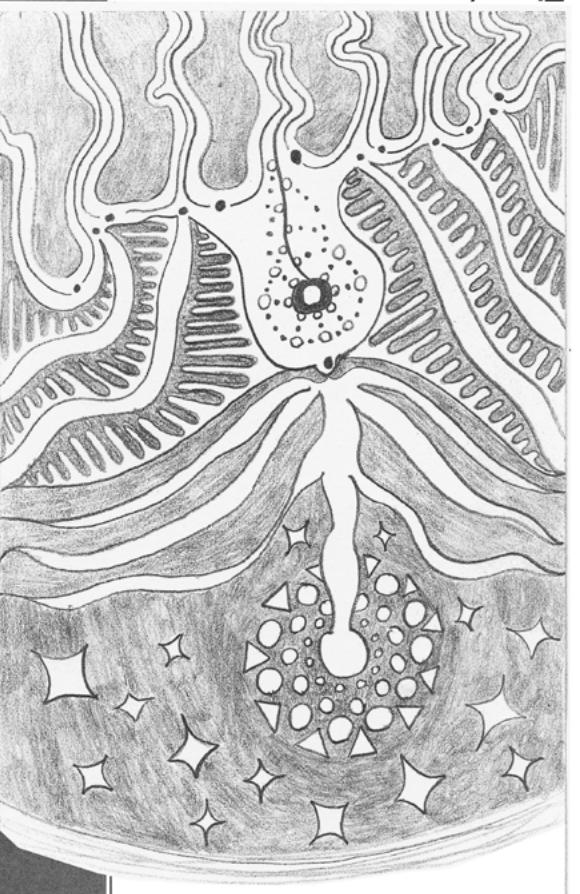
Anonymous  
Ode to identity

Ode To Identity  
You will never know  
But how you love me  
Introducing my middle thoughts  
I brushed you off as a joke  
Only for you to throw me off a cliff,  
You've become an ordinary  
Never imagine  
You come and go as you please  
Sometimes you sit next to me  
Gently me with your stunning looks  
You guide me to answers I can't  
Find, and see a new direction  
With you,  
What are you  
You'd never answer me your love boy  
and I'm too young, yet us we grow together  
I feel old and useless, left following a  
stry of knots you've tied, you leave  
me in the aftermath of the storm  
and I lie there and scream into the hole  
in my head you play me, I future  
I'll eat with these unanswered questions

Karla R



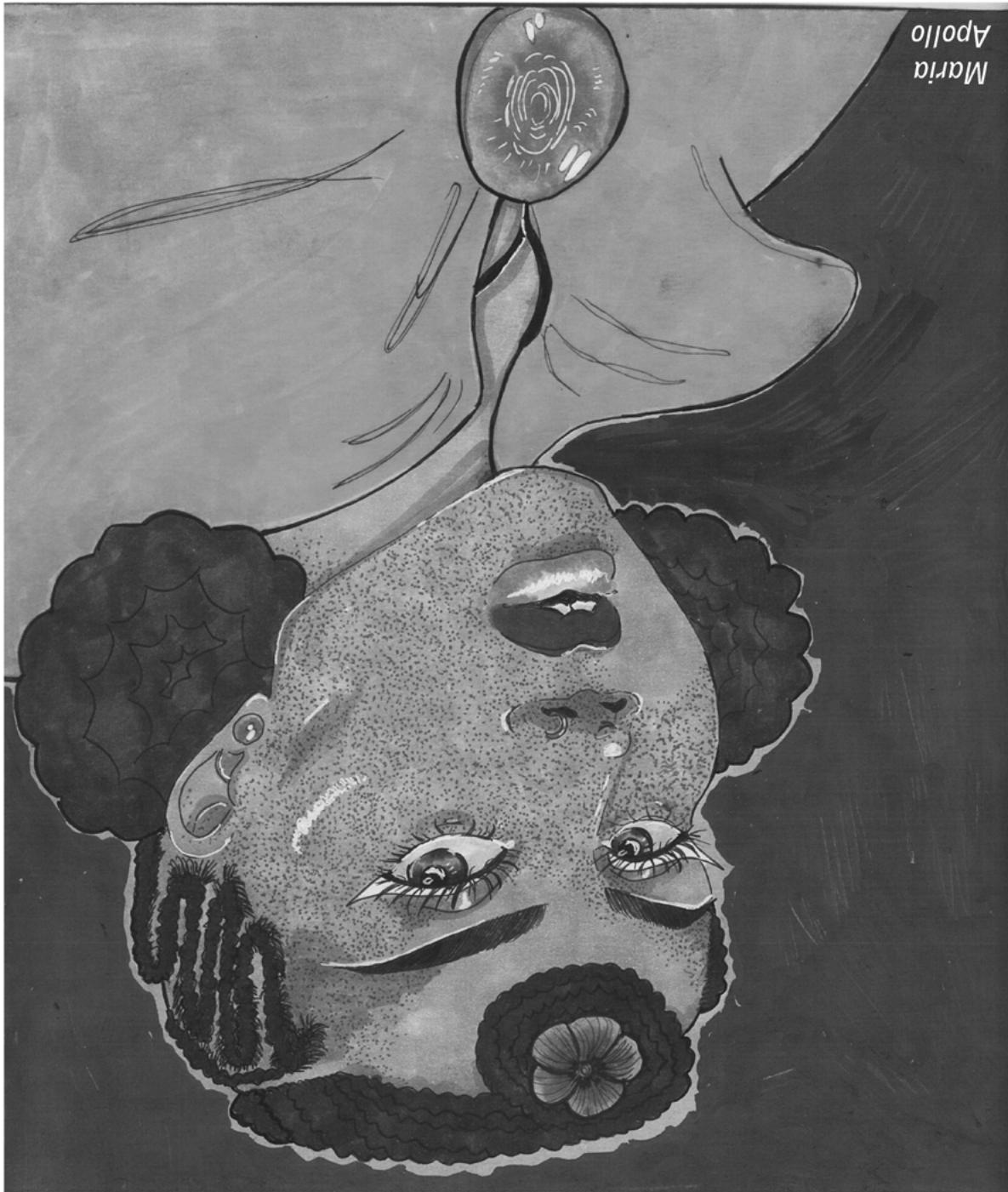
Timosha



Buddha



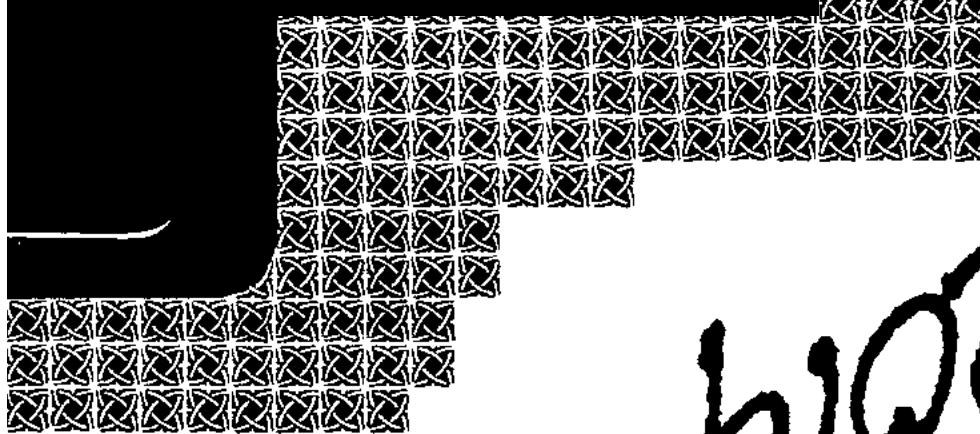
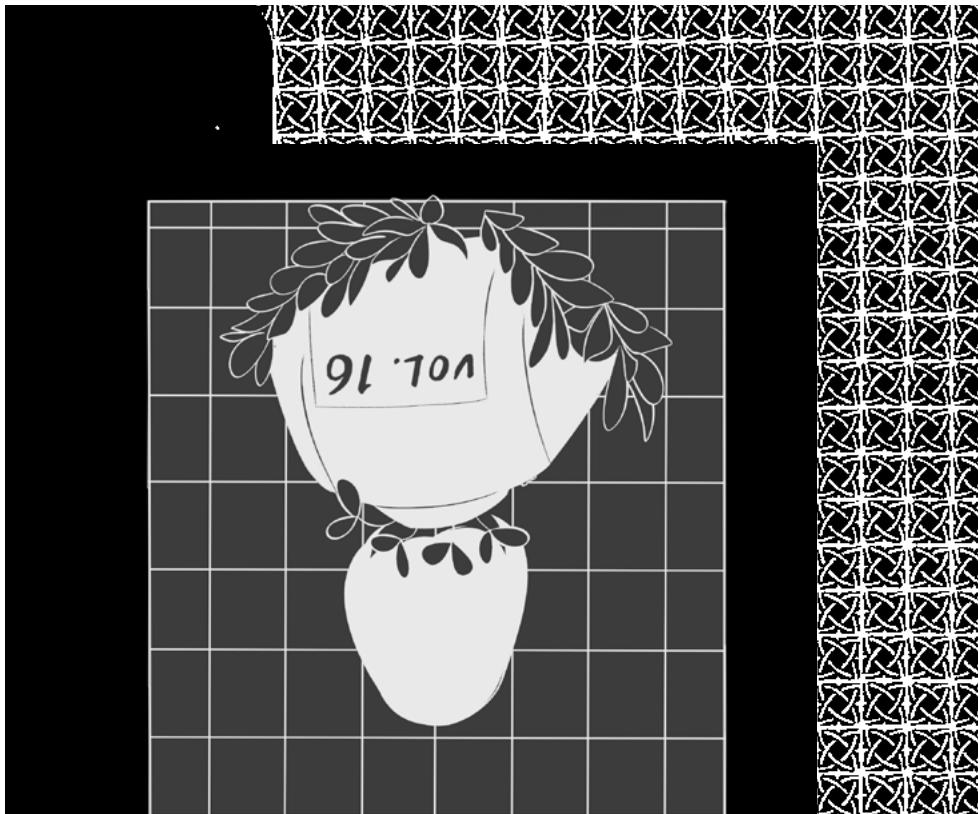
Mariia Apollio



Katharine Tracy	Layca Figueiroa	Madarla Buente	Miguel Ruiz	Owen Gray	Rosario Santalate	Stephanie Perez	Wildays Cosme	Widder Rosales	William Irons	William Phillips	Desjardins	Rubi Peguero	Pamela Cruz	Paige Brown	Ruben Corporan	Stephan-Lee	Makayah Wray	Makayla Pope	Milly Jones	Malay Chhum	Minaa	Hammarsstrom	Marilyn Santanellio	Mariel Rodriguez	Mariel Rivera	Katrina Abbad	Katie Rodriguez	Kathy Vinas
Kathy Vinas	Leadsie Perez	Madarla Buente	Miguel Ruiz	Owen Gray	Rosario Santalate	Stephanie Perez	Wildays Cosme	Widder Rosales	William Irons	William Phillips	Desjardins	Rubi Peguero	Pamela Cruz	Paige Brown	Ruben Corporan	Stephan-Lee	Makayah Wray	Makayla Pope	Milly Jones	Malay Chhum	Minaa	Hammarsstrom	Marilyn Santanellio	Mariel Rodriguez	Mariel Rivera	Katrina Abbad	Katie Rodriguez	Kathy Vinas
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