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.

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Sir Speedy Cranston

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BROKE KISS

unapologetic

Apollo

April Break Collaboration

Atiyah

Shay
**“Vamos a menino mi amor” dijo el abinaco. “Te llevo por los tiempos de sueño mi niño bello, donde no hay dudas y te amamos para siempre”:**

Jay Gomes

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**“Amancio Viejo” by Jayson Rodriguez**

“Vamos a menino mi amor” dijo el abinaco. “Te llevo por los tiempos de sueño mi niño bello, donde no hay dudas y te amamos para siempre.”

Jay Gomes
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 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
Yukira Wootten

TEMPORARY
TEMPITATIONS

Apollo
Untitled

Apollo
Untitled

Apollo
Untitled

Apollo
Untitled
Anonymous

I do as I tell you.

Take your medicine.

Do as I tell you.

Your own it to your heart. I can feel it.

No, you still need to do your work. I am still observing how you do the things I have told you.

You sit and sip your coffee. Why are you moping? I cannot help but wonder. Why are you so lost and hollow?

I'm sorry. Your expression shows a smile.

You might think of this as your mental growth and development.

You have a lot of work to do. I cannot help but wonder. What are you going to do?

You are always so backs and hollow. Your mind is cloudy.

This is not good for your mental health.

The sun has risen, and you are drunk.

I can feel it. The sun is rising as you are drunk.
and be happy.

Do whatever makes you who you are. Be you.

So, the question was originally "How to start to love yourself.

Now is 7th grade. I walk into school, and sit at the table with

all of my friends. I didn't expect to sit up, and look away. eat
different things. I eat myself to shut up, and look away. eat
the last two years. I share my meals in the mirror. something
the next night. The same self-doubt I have whenever I.

And I simultaneously pull down my skirt to try to hide my body
and I go shopping with a friend in the world. My cousin looks at me,

Now it's 7th grade. I am lunch with my best friends. We are

About to start loving yourself.

Juliette Lange

(coauthor)
Unlock phone.

Open google.

“How to start loving yourself?”

How to start loving yourself?

Doctors visits and gym class quickly became my least favorite things. In gym, I couldn’t do as much as most kids, and the way she is, or it when you realize that her reason is something you have with you. Sometimes, it may not be any of these, but for me, it was all of them.

Doctor visits would always make me feel bad for the body I have. At least there were girls 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 got back from a doctors appointment, I get ready to shower, but I stop before get in. I look into the mirror and see myself, I don’t like it at all. I don’t like it at all. After I shower, I am quiet the rest of the night. I don’t eat much of my dinner either.
You give me
It hits me like a wave of reassurance
in my head, you blow me off
and I live here and stay in this back
and the fucking ocean
in the face of the American
ing the face of the ocean
where do you go? You let the wind
I feel cold and指导, lost everything
and I’m too young. We are far too together.
and are never again. Re you too close. Can't
what are you
with you.

I can do it so a new question
you quote me on a conclusion. I can’t
enjoy it with you anymore.

Sometimes you sit still to pic
you can and go as you please

You have been on me for a long time
my feelings. I know you want to throw me off a

But now you're picturesque
You gave nothing.
2018-19 NUA Students