



**Start**

**Youth Presenting Art**

**Scarborough  
Festival  
2013**

Ontario  
Trillium  
Foundation



Fondation  
Trillium  
de l'Ontario



Proud to support the  
StArt Youth Presenting  
Art Festival.

We are working together with  
SuiteLife Arts for Youth to make  
a difference in our communities.



## Statement From

### ***StArt YPA Senior Co-ordinating Mentor***

I am honoured to once again be working with this committed group of young people. In 2011, Melicia Sutherland, Osvaldo Sales, Melissa Mather, Travoy Deer, Veronica Almeida, Carly Emmanuel, Jessica Peters, Mia Vanessa, Ornella Khalonji, Steven Walters, Ryan Baron and Steve Vargo came together as a team, created StArt Youth Presenting Art and “StArted something”.....

StArt YPA’s mandate to create opportunities for their peers resulted in the StArt Youth Presenting Art festival; making it possible for Scarborough’s young emerging artists to have a platform from which to share their creative endeavours.

The StArt Youth Presenting Art festival is in its 3<sup>rd</sup> year!

I am very proud to be a part of this project; witnessing growth, determination and collaboration.

To extend their community reach beyond the StArt YPA Festival, Melicia Sutherland, Melissa Mather, Mimi Starikova and Ajay Bagwe took the initiative to start their own individual mentorship projects; sharing their talents, skills and lessons they have learned. These successful initiatives were greatly appreciated and will continue this year.

The unwavering commitment of founding StArt YPA members Melicia Sutherland, Osvaldo Sales, Melissa Mather, Veronica Almeida and Travoy Deer’s to their community has inspired many to “get involved...to start something.” This year, Ashish Shukla, Alex McCulloch, Mimi Starikova, Ajay Bagwe, Grace Phan, Cherise Solomon, Kimberly Gayle, Daniece Blair, Taspia Wahid, Kyle Robinson and Ramonne Skinner joined the team. Together this dynamic group has mounted a festival whose artist and volunteer participation has surpassed the 2012 festival.

Salute!

***Denese Matthews***

SuiteLife Arts for Youth, Founder Creative Director

StArt Youth Presenting Art, Senior Co-ordinating Mentor



# Snippets of Scarborough

**Melissa Mather**



Scarborough sums up to be something significant to each of us.

There is archeological evidence that proves human inhabitation in Scarborough back all the way to 8000 BCE with the Seneca Indians. In 1693, *Elizabeth Simcoe*, wife of Lieutenant Governor of Upper Canada, thought The Bluff's shore was 'extremely bold and had the appearance of chalk cliffs'. The wanting to build her summer residence and calling it Scarborough, evolved into the residential area along The Bluffs we know of today.

Artists of international fame who also started their lives in Scarborough include actors *Jim Carrey*, *Mike Myers* and *Eric McCormack* (Will & Grace). Scarborough has also proven to home some influential musical artists including *The Barenaked Ladies* and Hip Hop artists such as *Kardinal Official*, *Saukrates* and *Choclaire*.

Before 1998, Scarborough was separate from Toronto but then after merged to be a more welcomed part of the GTA.

Even though somewhat separate from the business of Downtown and West Toronto, The East End and Scarborough forever stay a very special and wondrous place to many...

Quotes from true "Scarberians"

You can count on the 24 ~Waithe

There are lots of hidden gems ~Dunphy

Great trails along the Don Valley ~Gonzalez

It's *Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious* ~Sisnett

The Bluffs are the best place to find peace! ~Warshany

Agreed, eh?





Memories.....

**StArt Youth Presenting Art Festival 2012**



# StArt Youth Presenting Art Curatorial Statement

Like the StArt: Youth Presenting Art festival, the StArtYPA magazine boast amazing work from amazing youth who come from an even more amazing neighbourhood. With each page, you are presented with some of the most striking imagery, thought provoking poetry, and personal expression that talented youth from Scarborough have to offer. This publication is a true testament that with the right attitude, dedication, and commitment we as youth can achieve anything we put our minds to. This collection of work speaks louder than our voices, reaches farther than we can see, and more importantly inspires those we do not know.

“What we are today comes from our  
present thoughts build our life of  
creation of our mind.”

- Buddha

StArt YPA Team

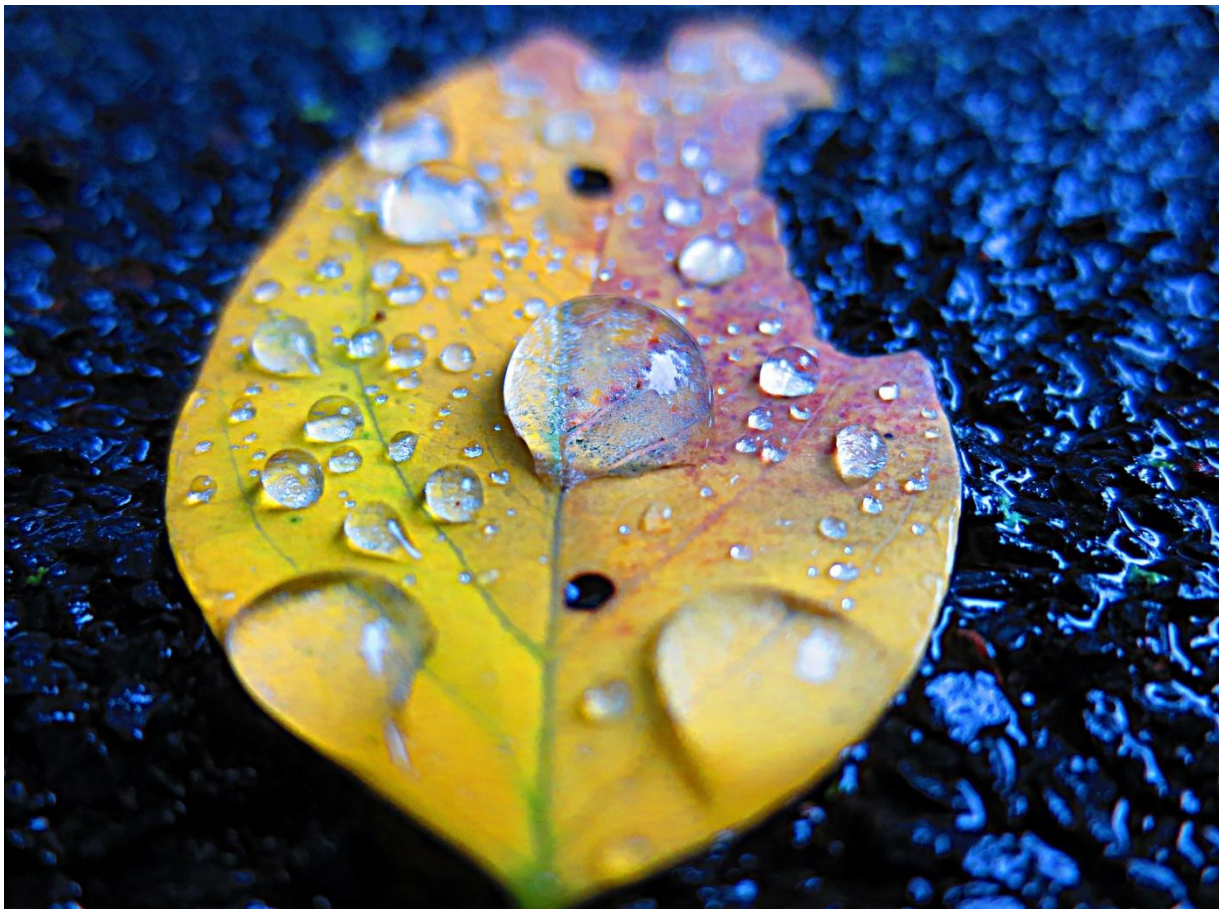
thoughts of yesterday, and our  
tomorrow: Our life is the



**Skittles in the Sky**

*Elee Stalker*





**Mistic Physics**



**It's Tooo Late!**



**Sentinel**

*Elee Stalker*

## Morning Mist

Kimberly Gayle

## Weather or Not

Melissa Mather

The weather never sleeps  
It bides it's time by keeping one Eye of the Storm  
Open  
The rain  
Washed up nightmares...

The cold air of the North whispering  
to the unsaid thoughts of a lover's mind  
"Relax, don't do it, where you gotta go"

Hurricanes hushing one's dirty thoughts  
to make them stop gushing  
about their beauty truths and sexy say of  
how they l o v e d kissing in the rain

Mmm mush, mush - the kiss of raindrops on my weary lips  
Mmm lush, lush - you felt like royalty wearing wet clothes and  
crinkled crown  
in my arms

Sewer pipes drain out the day  
into the lakes of tomorrow  
Whirlpools of spinning havack  
take ideas for a ride  
Over a tidal wave crashing  
onto shore  
The lightbulb bolts take turns

Clockwise: your heart stops beating  
Counter: your heart finds love  
Which way will you choose?

The winds sing the night some wishful lullabies  
And the wolves cry while the sun makes its routine rise



# Photography

*Melissa Mather*

## Morning Brilliance

*Melissa Mather*

I have a great idea:  
Let's find a place  
Where me and your face can see the world  
Let's go somewhere, some

S p a c e

Where rivers flow over rocky surface;  
"Where eagles fly over mountains high...  
We could be heroes... [not] just for one day."

We can save the world by preserving this never-ending beauty  
We can save the world by opening its ears and letting it

Listen

There's the silence you've been waiting for  
Resolved sounds of quietness, blurring the picture as the rivers flow  
I've lost my flow  
Everything is r o c k y like that surface under

Wonder if I'll ever flow in time with you?  
Will the tides let us collide?  
Will the rapids let us see a picture of where we're going-destination: living creature captured by beauty

I stand in the river.  
I feel the liquid breeze caress my knees - those musical keys a'singing - as I grab a hold of something sturdy;  
This tree feels my pain.  
As I hold it - branch locked inside my silent fist, bark bleaching my blistered palm with toxic clean –  
The tree b r e a t h e s with me

Everyday it takes life in and breathes experience out  
Everyday it stands tall and continues to extend until the roots grow tired of its tall extent  
The oxygen found around this tree is the food for it to grow  
The people I know create this flow for me: the fuel that makes me  
Go;  
The river with that ever-lasting f l o w...

# Speak Like Me

*Drusilla Morgan*



I am black  
I know who I am  
I am sick and tired of the vocal racial related comments  
That say I speak like a white girl

I've pondered on this statement for a while now  
Not knowing whether this remark is a compliment  
Or if it was meant to be offensive  
Well I have taken offense to it  
Why do I have to be a carrier of slang and urban culture?  
Just to prove that I am black

Most recently I've been called white washed  
But I believe our youth has been brain washed  
By the society that we live in  
Into thinking that only blacks use improper grammar  
Well I am not ignorant nor will I act as though I am  
I will not stoop to the level of mediocrity  
Conformed by these low income communities  
To become a supplier of profanity  
which has led to a nation of ignorance and poverty  
And then you wonder why they view us blacks as little  
Smaller than the atoms that makes up our bodies  
Invisible beings  
Unable to see you  
So how do you expect them to hear you?  
When your tongue is tied by the imperfections of correct  
language  
What you hold in your minds are the toxic seeds  
That the government has planted inside your brains  
To believe that you weren't meant to succeed  
Or achieve the things you believe to be yours  
Because of color  
Because of color



No longer in slavery but we still choke ourselves  
With psychological iron chains  
Begging for better treatment and change

And yes I am black so I can talk slang if I really want to  
To say nigga after every word  
With ease my nigga I could do dat  
But I know I'm better so I choose not to do that  
The number of blacks that marched, got beat, and fought  
For our equal rights and for that word to be demolished  
Just for us to spit ungratefulness upon their graves  
And hypocritical blacks  
Mad at the white man who says it  
But us black people can use it loosely  
That is so crazy  
And if white sounds like intelligence  
And black sounds like ignorance  
Well then, my ears are open to hear  
what purple, brown and yellow sound like  
And to see how these colors are personified

My poetry is my loose leaf  
I might need a few sheets to write out how I feel  
Because this topic burdens me  
I'm only beginning to speak on  
This senseless issue that has been bugging me  
With my words I'll paint mindful pictures  
To create the Imagery you see  
Excuse me if I speak with a little intelligence  
My mother gave me a chance  
To re write history  
The chance to become a better me  
To influence all human beings  
That there are greater things  
And to me one of them is speech  
The unknowledgeable mind cannot articulate  
or properly communicate  
The phrases they want to say  
So they use slang  
I am black, free, and educated  
No, I do not speak like a white girl  
I speak  
But I speak like me

**Radha Krishna**

*Neha Goyal*







## Celestial Romance

*Neha Goyal*

# A ROSE

*Logan Scott*

A rose has thorns.

A rose has thorns as nature shows us that even the most beautiful and delicate of creatures must have a way of protecting herself from unworthy possessors. Those who are patient and know how to handle her will not be harmed by her and will be one of few who are lucky enough to hold her. But those that are hasty, wreck-less and unmindful of her thorns: will feel the sting of her natural defense.



## Pink Flower & American Kiss

*Jada Kinnaird*





**Untitled 2**



**Untitled 1 & 3**

*Sudarsini Seeralan*





## Untitled

*Ashley Pleasant*



## Symbol

*Khevna Patel*



## Feels of Music





**Cosmic Love**



**Black and White**



**Koi**

*Edith Nataprawira*

# Reality

*Cynthiya Sri Rangan*

There was a full moon but it was hidden by the tall trees  
That crowded around me during the night that was dark and eerie  
Out of breath, panting and shivering, I couldn't run anymore  
Scared and terrified, something was chasing me, but I wasn't so sure

I run into your arms to find my protection  
A warm hug from you that leads to perfection  
Your careful arms coating my body so tightly  
But not too hard, full of love and so gently  
Able to hear your steady heartbeat, so precious and mindful  
As mine would race to follow your pace, so cautious and powerful

The warm globe turns into ice  
The spinning world has frozen, so calm and precise  
Your scent filled the air in my blood  
Letting me breathe, as my happiness started to flood  
A tingling rush, full of your warm breath, falls down my spine  
Everything was frozen, no wind, no movement, not even time

A close hug full of love but I don't want to let go  
But the thing that was chasing me is pulling me away, so deadly and cold  
Slowly I slide out of your arms, harshly being pulled away  
Against my will I begin to leave you, even though I want to stay  
But as I look to see what it was that pulls me  
I'm shocked to see that the only thing splitting us apart is **Reality....**



## Battered Whisk

*Connie Tong*



# Black Definition Unknown

*Kezia Kydd*

Now, what I don't understand is why must I conform to the norms of society

If I am my own individual then why can't I be individually me

In society to be black is a stereotype all on its own, but I have a question

And to me the answer needs to be known

Now what the hell does it mean to be black?

Just 'cause I don't cuss or be ah rude gyal you gonna call me white wash, you wanna call me whack.

See thoughts like that are upsetting to me cause you see I do curse, I curse a lot.

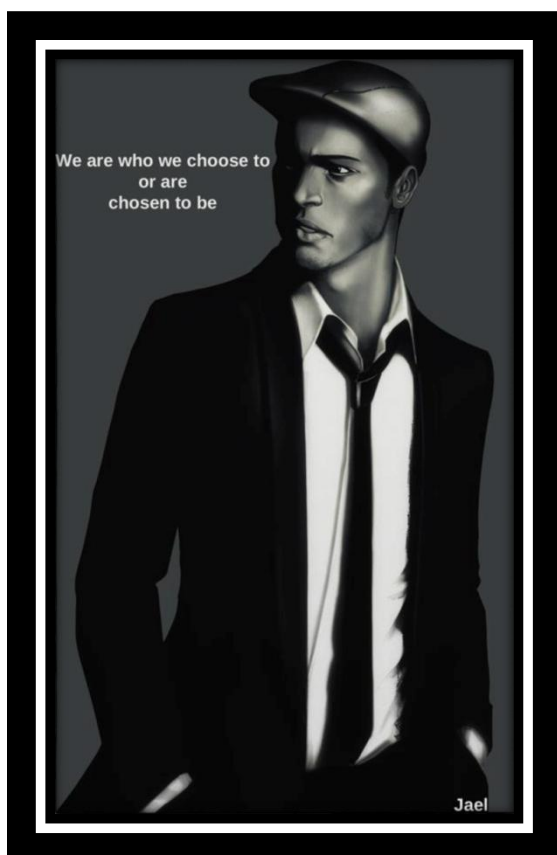
But I curse in my own way....I curse through poetry.

I curse because my peers look down upon me when I'm civilized they say stop acting like that, that's not being black.

So I have a question,

If I wear my clothes with my female goods peeking out at the world to say hello is that me being black?

If I act like the B word, is that me being black? What is your so called definition of me being black?



Our ancestors have brought us so far, and climbed so many ladders and built so many walls to hold us strong.

So tell me why is it that some in my generation chooses to fall backwards into mental slavery.

Did we now turn Martin Luther's dream into a nightmare, where we now fear our own freedom

Instead of standing on the shoulders of our black giants, we choose to kneel at the feet of the giants of other races, why?

Rosa Parks sat down so we could stand up for our rights, not standing to throw our fist in a fight

See, we are no longer controlled the way we were, how we are controlled has taken a different form

A different shape so we won't see its hidden mask.

## The Blind Man

*'Jael' Tristan De Gale*





**Catastrophe**



**Evergreen**

*Trinh Vo*





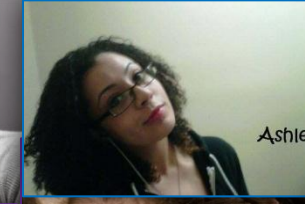
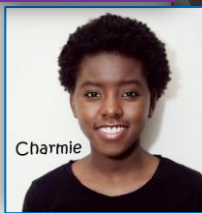
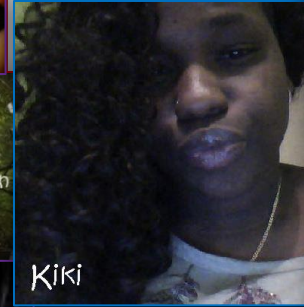
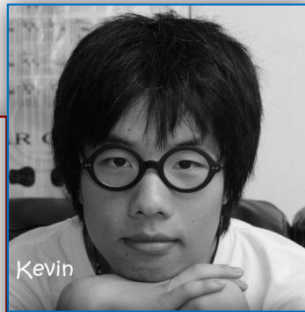
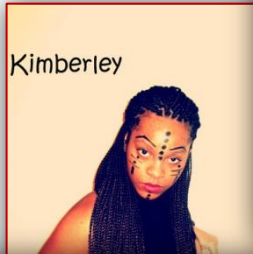
**Lionfish**  
*Marissa Huang*



**Midnight Rockies**  
*Rubaiyat Ashna*



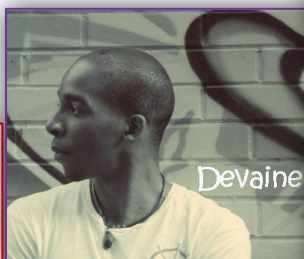
## StArt PYA Artist's "head shots"







Neha



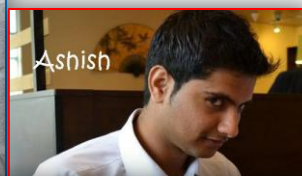
Devaine



Jael



Khevna



Ashish



Chivone



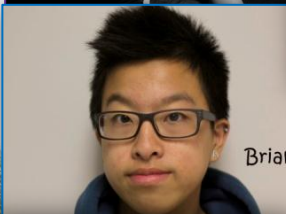
Trinh



Sudarsini



Drusilla



Brian



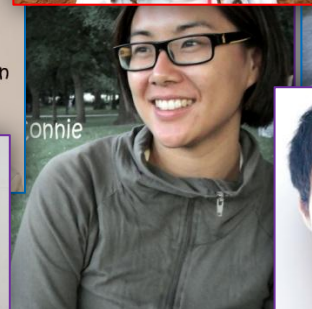
Omri



Marissa



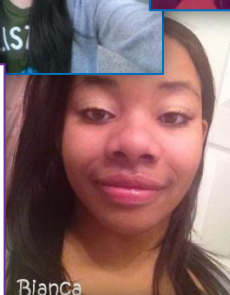
Plaidwrights  
& Charleston Relay



Connie



William



Bianca



Kevin



Abigail



Denzyl



Sonetta



James



Mariah



Rubaiyat



Aria



Fateha



Alice



Edmee

# Him

*Sidratum Miah*

His odour makes me feel safe,  
His eyes play with mine,  
His hands are honest,  
His mouth is truthful,  
His shadow makes me feel sheltered,  
His presence is oxygen for me,  
His anger is a nightmare to me,  
His happiness is my pride,  
I love him.



**Canadian Soldier**

*Mimi Starikova*



# A Present for My Teachers

*Mimi Starikova*

I love my teachers

You are my Chinese teachers who taught me how to speak my first language  
in my mother country, China

You are my English teachers who taught me how to speak my second language  
after I immigrated to Canada

You are my piano teachers who taught me how to play my first musical instrument  
that I love

You are my dance teachers who taught me how to express myself, emotions and stories through dance  
in my life

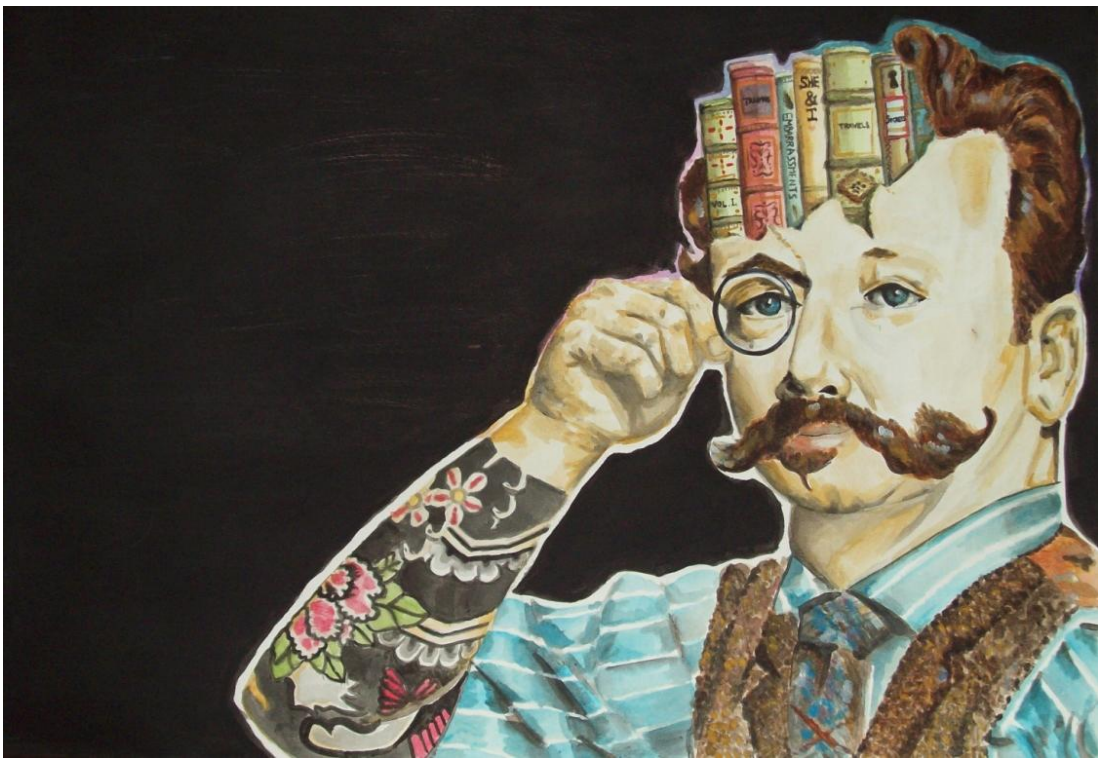


Therefore, I would like to THANK YOU today and express it  
in my dance

THANK YOU  
Gratitude is always  
in my heart



**Autumn**



**Memories**

*Rachel McKenna Marshall*





## Reckless Royalty

*Elee Stalker*

## The Sun

*Natalie Guimond*

Every day I fall in love with the sun  
It always rises before I wake, but it always waits for me to join it  
A display of colors in the sky  
Accompany the star upon its arrival  
Together, they prepare the world for mine  
The sun seems to beam most confidently  
In the morning when I rise  
It welcomes me into its light  
Through the slits of my eyes  
I turn my head in an effort to avoid it  
Until it makes its intentions known  
It isn't here to annoy me  
It's purpose is simply to deploy me into the day that lies ahead

It is my alarm clock  
So consistent and reliable  
That I've gotten so used to it  
The feeling of being beckoned out of darkness  
At the start of every day  
It never fails to meet my needs  
The sun never fails to grow seeds into trees  
Or simply to facilitate every single thing that exists on our planet  
so that we as human beings can simply exist  
Not just exist but thrive  
Thriving is the word to describe my relationship with the sun  
Intimate on the deepest possible level  
And by far the most loyal I've ever had  
I can always count on the sun to wish me good morning and good night

In the most grandiose display of affection  
Painting pictures in the sky for all the world to see  
In all my favorite colors  
That's how I know it's for me  
One by one they appear  
Turquoise, purple, coral and pink  
Then slowly fade away as if to say goodbye  
When the sun is gone, it sends the moon to keep me company  
While it spends the night lighting up my dreams  
Trying to trick me into thinking the world that exists inside my mind  
is nothing more than make believe  
But I know it's real  
I take in every second  
Watch the energies I've absorbed in the day time  
bounce around on the walls of my brain

I don't indulge in the moon's performance  
At least not lately anyways  
It's beauty is short lived  
Before I know it, it's already over  
The darkness has lifted  
I open my eyes to the light, to my energy source,  
my life line staring right back me  
It caresses me with its golden rays  
Reaching towards me through my open window pane  
It's raw heat comforts me  
I feel humbled as it acknowledges my presence  
From the vast universe above  
It reminds me I am alive  
That I matter  
And I fall in love all over again.



## **SALVATION**

*Ashish Shukla*



## **Monster from the Well**

*Kevin Kai Ye*



# Paper Plane

*Aria Tom*

Like a paper plane that flies through the air  
Where the wind takes it, without any care  
The freedom it has  
The freedom possessed  
Nothing is bad  
When the pilot will test  
Simplicity, at its finest  
All is swell, in the world of  
The paper plane

Fold one, fold two  
Across the space of a road  
Over grass in a park  
Until the wind stops  
The cabin's never dark  
Passengers boarded  
Seatbelts fastened  
Fast track to freedom  
One-way ticket there  
No return flights home  
A decent priced fare  
To a place we may roam

Sky's clear today  
Sky's clear tomorrow  
A day to play and say  
What we want, what we wish  
Not a word filled with sorrow  
Now we're descending  
To the place I'll be spending  
The rest of my days  
In all the freedom I can dream  
I'm just a paper plane that flies through the air  
Wherever the wind takes me, without any care

# Buildings

*Brian Tse*





## Sight

*Alice Pintaric*



# Black I Wanna Be 🍷

*Brandon Roberts*

I wanna be that guy who makes you smile  
I wanna be the guy who wipes the tears from your eyes  
I wanna be the guy who makes you forget about the bad things in your past  
I wanna be the guy to make you forget about your last  
I wanna be the guy who can make you laugh  
I wanna be the guy to play your favorite song  
And we can share a dance, because baby "I Adorn" ya  
I wanna be the guy to kiss your sexy lips  
I wanna be the guy to hold you from behind  
And wrap my arms around your hypnotizing hips  
I wanna be the guy who can make you cry...Tears of happiness  
I wanna be the guy who massages you when you hurt  
I wanna be the guy to wash the dishes to give you less work  
I wanna be the guy who can love you right  
I wanna be the guy who can make you outshine the brightest light  
I wanna be the guy you make up with after we fight  
I wanna be the guy you know as your love and affection  
I wanna be the guy you call to for protection  
And thou this relation won't be perfection  
You'll never have to worry about being neglected  
I wanna be the guy to who treats you right  
I wanna be the guy who tells you how much your one of a kind  
I wanna be the guy who makes love to your mind  
I wanna be the guy to walk down the street and hold your hand...  
Baby.... I... Just wanna' be your man.



## Untitled Miguel Pinzon



## Angelus Travoy Deer

If you took a look in mind you would see  
You and me together in perfect harmony  
I don't want for nothing cause you're everything I need  
It feels so real but I know it's just a dream  
Time and time again I try to make reality  
Knowing only you could end this curiosity  
I must admit that sometimes I lose my sanity  
Sometimes I forget and it becomes so hard to breath

If you give me that L O V E  
I promise that I will make you happy  
If you give me that L O V E  
It will be everything that I need

I know that you think I am playing games  
But you make a man like me change all my selfish ways  
I pray to the lord that I see you every day  
You not loving me is a price that's too high to pay  
If you don't agree I hope friends we'll remain  
Thanks for taking time out to hear what I have to say





**Brooklyn Bridge**  
*Yalini Kandasamy*



**Untitled**  
**Miguel Pinzon**





**Prototype B2701\_2-1**  
*Kevin Ye*



**The Journey**  
*'Jael' Tristan De Gale*



**Uncle John George**

*Dylan Smith*



## Untitled

*James Okore*



## Personal Space

*Mimi Starikova*





## Resistance

*Edmee Nataprawira*

## Of Love and Laboratories

*Edmee Nataprawira*

When we die, the thin fine fingernails of angels break into us  
Reaching into the intricacy of our carnage, one tightly woven blanket  
of muscles and tissues, water and veins. From this blanket,

their hands dissect like tweezers and silver scalpels the sum of our livelihoods,  
Probing its texture and consistency for something beyond  
the penciled appointments on our refrigerator doors and the thickness of our back pocket wallets,

Something with more substance and sonority than the pronunciation  
of each of our names. They wrap their fingers around this something  
that is laced between the threads of our being, and they pull

freeing from the tangle of our bodies a jumbled web of actions and inactions,  
decisions and indecisions, which they lay out on their table beside their petri dishes.  
They prepare their microscopes. Their clear, brilliant eyes peer inside, wondering, wondering—

In their glaring precision, they fail to consider the variable 'R,' for relationships  
opting instead to look at each subject's web individually, you as you and me as me  
rather than you and me, as us.

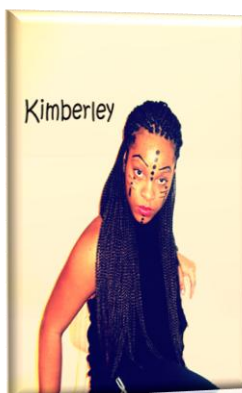


## StArt YPA Team

### *Founding team members*

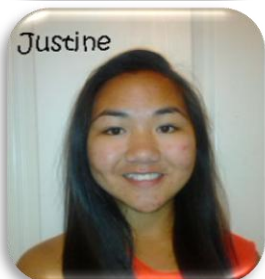
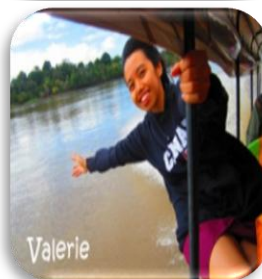


### *Newest members*





## StArt YPA Volunteers





# SuiteLife

## ARTS FOR YOUTH

Love

Drama

Dance

Music

Theatre

[SuiteLifeArts.org](http://SuiteLifeArts.org)  
Call: 416.691.3269  
**AUDITION**  
in October for the  
2013 program

2013



2010



2011



2012

2008

2009

2003

2004

2005

2006

2007

1997

1998

2000

2001

2002



Passion

Creativity

Discipline

Commitment

Education

## StArt YPA Thank You

The StArt Youth Presenting Art team wants to thank all the wonderful people who participated in the making of the third annual StArt YPA Festival. Without the support of the following people we could not have realized this ambitious dream of ours.

Our mentor Denese Matthews/SuiteLife Arts for Youth who helped make our audacious dream of a Scarborough StArt YPA Festival into a reality; Marva Ollivierre/Doe Eye media Productions whose tutelage in the Business of Arts Management played an integral role in helping us build and maintain a strong foundation; Josette Holness/Scarborough Youth Outreach Worker who shares her time to help us mount a successful event.

We greatly appreciate the Artist/Teachers who generously contributed their time and talent to the StArt YPA Workshops: Conrad Coates (acting), Dean Douglas (dance), Andy Lee (photography), Nicole Brooks (singing), Paul Wysmyk (fine arts) and LeviAthan (spoken word).

A special thank you goes out to the Scarborough community: Theatre Scarborough for sharing the Scarborough Village Theatre with us; Scarborough Village Recreation Centre for donating space for our Workshops; Christ Church for allowing us the space for our weekly meetings and auditions; Action for Neighbourhood Change/Scarborough Centre for Healthy Communities who helps us with community outreach; TD Bank; Toronto Arts Council; City of Toronto in partnership with Toronto Cultural Services-Arts Services; the Scarborough Mirror; Rogers TV; Long and McQuade; Metro (food store) and SuiteLife Arts for Youth.

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