

Beyond Streaming

A SOUND MURAL FOR FLINT



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**MSU Federal Credit Union
Artist Studio Series**

Jan Tichy

Contents

6 Foreword by Steven L. Bridges and Jan Tichy

10 *I'll Call Back Later* by Jessyca Mathews and Pam Collins

20 *It Bears Repeating* by Tempestt Hazel

26 *Beyond Streaming* Creative Dialogues

Foreword

Steven L. Bridges

ASSISTANT CURATOR

Jan Tichy

ARTIST

The project that has become *Beyond Streaming: A Sound Mural for Flint* began in the summer of 2016 with an invitation to the artist Jan Tichy to respond in a meaningful way to the Flint water crisis. As part of the MSU Federal Credit Union Artist Studio Series at the Eli and Edythe Broad Art Museum at Michigan State University (Broad MSU), there were a number of key parameters to be met: that the project have a strong educational component, specifically directed toward local and regional youth, and that the artist residency culminate in an exhibition to be installed in the Alan and Rebecca Ross Education Wing of the museum. These parameters certainly helped shape our approach from the outset, but working in an open, flexible, and responsive manner meant that there were many unknowns along the way. Thankfully, the artist and I were supported throughout by many individuals, from both within and outside of the museum, and it is to the many partnerships and collaborations that were fueled by this project that I dedicate this publication.

First and foremost, the students from Carman-Ainsworth High School in Flint and Everett High School in Lansing require our deepest gratitude. *Beyond Streaming* developed out of the work between the students and Tichy, and together, they are the authors and artists who made this project what it is. Over the course of three workshops, each held in different locations between Flint and Lansing, Tichy and the students worked together to develop the content for both the exhibition at the Broad MSU and this publication. At the outset of the project the students were paired together to promote direct communication and interaction, the results of which are detailed here in their words and drawings, with a spread dedicated to each pair of students. While the installation in the museum has a more limited timeframe—on view from January 21 to April 23, 2017—this publication enables their work and words to live on for posterity. Additionally, one spread in this publication is dedicated to the work of their teachers, Jessyca Mathews and Pam Collins, to whom we are greatly indebted. Without their support, their

zeal for the project, and their countless hours of creative input, *Beyond Streaming* would never have been possible.

We are grateful for the essay in this publication by the curator and critic Tempestt Hazel, who directs her writing to the students—yet whose words are important reminders for us all. She writes:

This is an offering to you from someone who deeply acknowledges and respects the strength of those willing and able to speak up for themselves and others in the name of justice. It is something to keep in your back pocket for when you forget that your voice is a mighty weapon. It is to show how *Beyond Streaming*, this collection of pours onto the page and into the pipes, enters into a long legacy of using the page as a site of strategic defense and illumination.

For making the Artist Studio Series possible, we extend our sincere appreciation to MSU Federal Credit Union for their incredibly generous support of this series and the Broad MSU in general. Specifically we would like to acknowledge April Clobes, President and CEO, for her ongoing support and belief in the project. Through their in-kind support, we would also like to thank MSU Infrastructure, Planning, and Facilities for providing the copper materials that were critical to the installation in the museum. From that department, we extend our gratitude to Jeff Groll in particular. Without the department's assistance and resources, we would not have been able to realize the full potential of the installation.

Many other Broad MSU staff members were integral to the realization of *Beyond Streaming* and deserve our recognition. Most importantly, we thank Meghan Zanskas and Cory VanderZwaag for their unrelenting dedication and creative guidance. Much of the project came to fruition directly through the relationships Meghan developed and workshops

she organized, while the many technical and logistical challenges around the installation were navigated deftly by Cory and the team of preparators under his supervision. Of course we thank our director, Marc-Olivier Wahler, for his support of our efforts, along with the following other key staff members: Caitlín Doherty, Michelle Word, Whitney Stoepel, Jayne Goeddeke, Aaron Word, Brian Kirschensteiner, Doug Moffat, Stephanie Kribs, Carla Acevedo-Yates, Madeline Rosemurgy, Shalynn Sapotichne, Brian McLean, Ian Walker, and Britany Benson.

There are a host of people from Michigan State University who were instrumental in shaping our approach to the project and helping us connect the dots. For their valuable insights and assistance along the way, we would like to recognize Josh Sapotichne, Geri Alumit Zeldes, Cheyna Roth, Rae Schnuth, Cheryl Celestin, and Laurie Van Egeren. Of the many wonderful and helpful people we met and sought guidance from in Flint, we especially thank Joseph Schipani and Stephanie James.

To our friends and families, who are there with us each step of the way, we are forever indebted to you. For your unwavering support, we especially thank Sara Gothard, Davida Gothard-Bridges, and Efrat Appel.

We hope that this publication will serve as a testament to what can be accomplished when we come together and work together. The students from Flint and Lansing did not know one another previous to embarking on this project, but through this process they created something meaningful, impactful, and beautiful. As Tempestt Hazel's words above remind us: we are stronger together. *Beyond Streaming: A Sound Mural for Flint*—in all its many parts—speaks to just that.

I'll Call Back Later

Text by Jessyca Mathews

ENGLISH TEACHER, CARMAN-AINSWORTH HIGH SCHOOL (FLINT)

Artwork by Pam Collins

ART TEACHER, EVERETT HIGH SCHOOL (LANSING)

810-766-7202

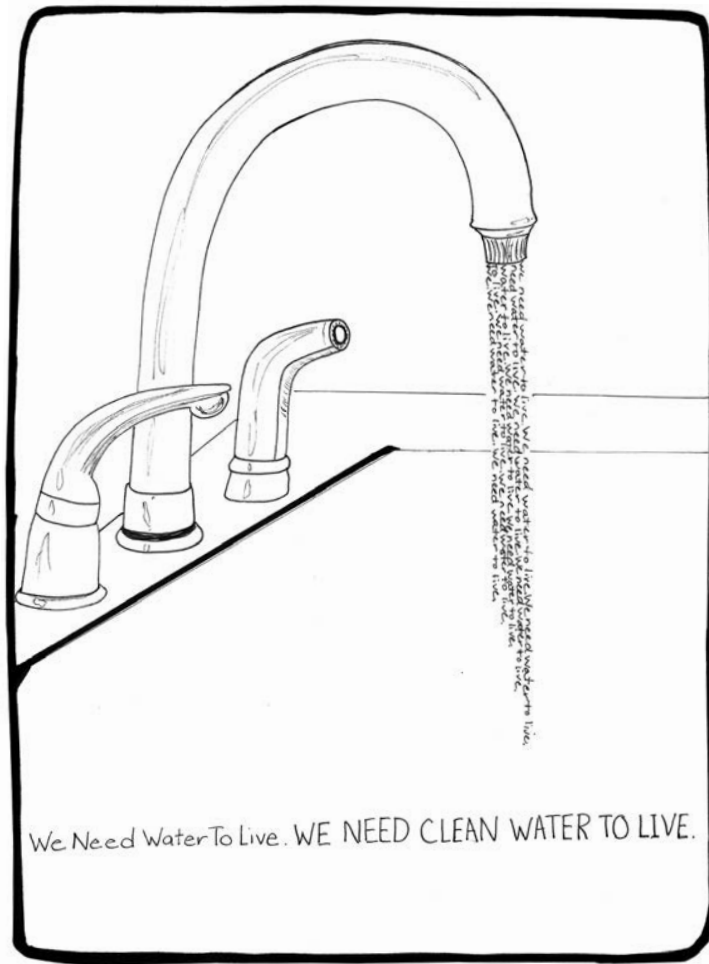
Yes...

I am calling because there is
Something wrong with the water.

You see,
I went to the faucet this morning
To make breakfast for my children and I noticed
A smell,
One that I have never experienced before.
One that brings me to mind
Of sewage,
Waste,
A smell that is in the wrong place
Of my pipes.

It's more of
A stench—
An odor—
A sign that this liquid has lost
Its purity and cleanliness.

I've noticed
When placed in a glass
There is
A color,
A tint,
A hint
That something isn't right for consumption.
Water for my livelihood should not come out
The same color as my skin



And blend
 Into the soil with no notice.

Something isn't right.

And despite my calls earlier in the week
 For me to speak
 To your superior,
 I can't believe that things aren't showing up
 As improper on your reports.

I don't believe that things are fine.

Something isn't right.

I'll call back later...

1-800-878-1400

Yes...

I'm calling to look for help for my city
 People have started to talk and
 Think that this water issue is more
 Important than others want to give it
 Credit.

People around town have started to
 Complain
 To go insane
 At the fact that there are no answers
 For rashes and mishaps that are
 Attacking our children.



People's hair growing thin.
We can't help to begin to think that we
Are being ignored.
Poisoned.
Threatened.

We are looking for someone to shed
Light on the
Issue
Of the old people crying in their tissue
Of losing loved ones to disease.

So...
If you please...
Listen to the people.

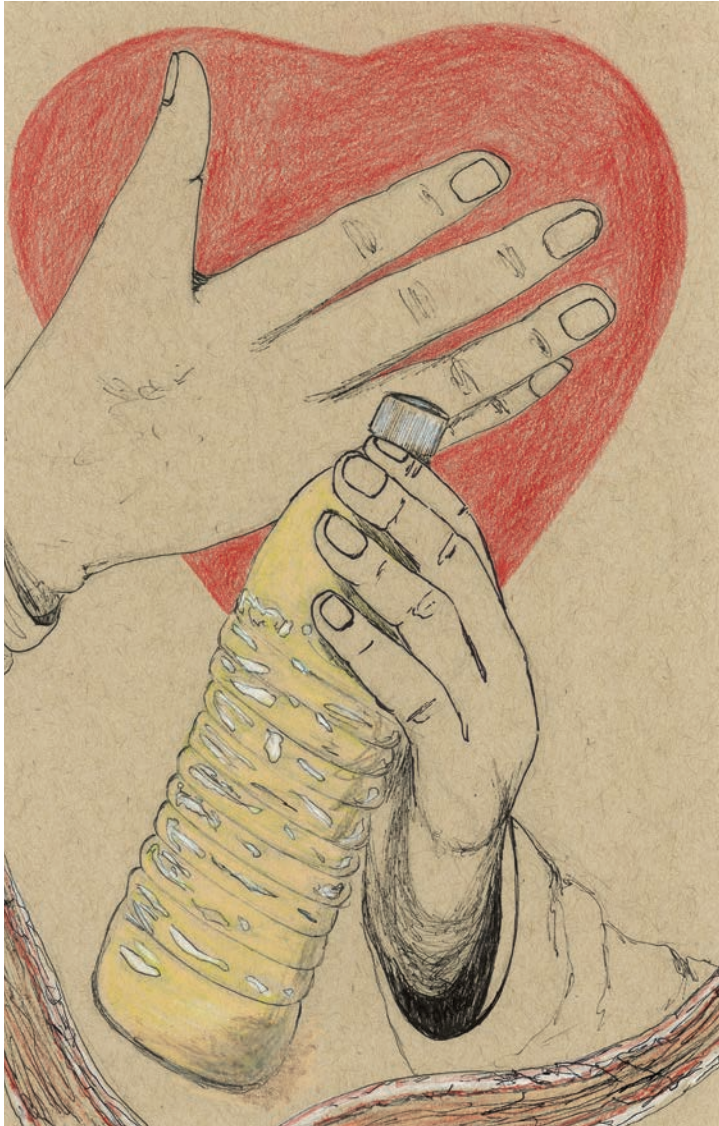
There is something wrong with the water.

We are becoming sick.

This can't be a trick
That we would need to continue to beg
For someone to help us
Find answers
For a right granted to
All its world's inhibitors.

Something isn't right.

We will continue to fight
To be heard
Until we have clear answers.



Water is what my household
Dreads.

The thoughts of still having to pay for
Poison I can't even use
Is a disgrace to me
And all those who
Are struggling to survive.

My child is crying!

My people are dying!

We keep asking,
"Why?"

We keep screaming
"HELP!"

And there are no answers.

Something isn't right.

I'll call YOU back later...

It Bears Repeating

Echoes for the students of Carman-Ainsworth, Everett, and the people of Flint

by Tempestt Hazel

I am angry. We should all be angry. Anger has a long history of bringing about positive change. But I'm also hopeful, because I believe deeply in the ability of human beings to remake themselves for the better.^[1]

Since my visit to Lansing and Flint, so much has happened. They are things that have continually kept you all on my mind. Just a few states away, the water protectors fighting against the Dakota Access Pipeline gained a substantial amount of attention. And although the work isn't done, significant strides were made and justice for Flint became an organic inclusion and linked cause, demands which were heard from Standing Rock. Then, this December, in my home of Chicago, the City Bureau published *Living With Lead*, an implicating deep dive investigation into the history, current state and future actions around lead, this element that plagues us, making clear to me something I already knew: your battle is our battle, too.

How does this happen? It's a question that I'm not sure I'll ever be able to wrap my head around and one that sits quietly in a cloud of disbelief between the lines of your poems, at the edges of your drawings, and within your recordings. Sometimes, when I'm at a loss, I try to make sense of the world using cultural metaphors and the tools of artists and writers. I believe makers of culture like you—like us—to be some of the world's fiercest warriors. When I use this strategy to think through that seemingly unanswerable question—how does this happen?—I think of what happens when a record needle hits a scratch on the vinyl and gets stuck in a groove. When a record skips, it's disruptive and alters the flow of things. But still, it has a rhythm to it—one that after a while might become comfortable to the point of people no longer noticing, almost like white noise or a quiet hum in the background. But for the careful listeners, connoisseurs, and those who appreciate the original form and function of a record, or in other words, for those with an appreciation of the

basic essentials of life and awareness of different times, getting beyond the violence of the scratch and the jerking sound that erupts at the start of each repeated beat or phrase, no matter how rhythmic and ultimately ignorable the repetition may become, is quite the challenge. To listeners and those directly affected by the altering of the record, that scratch becomes a jarring reminder of a shift in quality, decrease in value, and how easy it is to impact the possibility of preservation. Something will always come up to remind you that the scratch happened, it exists, it has yet to be mended, and you have yet to be offered the tools to do so.

On the flip side, or perhaps as a side note, there is also genius to be found in a scratch. The most innovative people find ways to persevere and survive, despite inflicted wounds, damages, and attempts to abandon or get away with reckless behavior. But the ability to survive and the fact that it's in our nature doesn't provide a pass for failing your people.

I see what you're going through as a sonic problem and a scratch that you never asked for. It's a communication breakdown and a failure in listening. It's an echo that starts off booming and loud, and then slowly fades over time due to fatigue and momentary conservation, until the next voice screams out again. And even with a consistent call out that demands accountability, the lack thereof makes it clear that maybe they, the people behind the enduring question of how, need some help finding coherence as far as basic definitions of hearing and listening go. They should know that hearing is the perception of sound—something that our ears are designed to do. It doesn't require additional hardware or even ones attention, just ears and their parts, to carry out its task. Listening, on the other hand, requires much more. Listening can happen by way of hearing, but it also makes demands of the head, heart, and hands. The head to make meaning. The heart to conjure up empathy. And the hands to carry out action. The people who are in the position to offer solutions and show evidence that they understand the urgency of the water crises, the people who need to regain your trust, the people

with the capacity to join you in this fight and stand with you in this struggle—they might hear you, but are they listening?

Until they do, your words bear repeating.

I'm proud to say I'm from Flint—born and raised.

*This isn't just a place where broken dreams make a home,
and this is more than just another run-down city.*

What I am trying to say is, we not perfect but...

*There is a color, a tint, a hint, that something isn't right for
consumption...*

...[water is] not a source of survival anymore.

Respect your blessings...

Hopefully, you notice my struggle, friend.

You're not alone in feeling silenced and shelved, which is hardly something to find comfort in. Your problem—our problem—specifically the poisoning of an essential life source for another human being, joins a long list of grievances in our backyards and around the world that need an immeasurable amount of attention and repair. There is still the problem of state-sanctioned violence and policing. There are still pipelines to be challenged, reimagined, and shut down. There are still wars being fought and cities being wiped out with no end in sight, and global environmental concerns looming over our heads. There are still the issues of equity and access to the resources and tools that give all of us a chance at a high quality of life and fulfilling future. There is still a battle being fought over our right to choose what we do with our bodies, who we love, and how we freely express our thoughts and opinions without censorship and surveillance. There is still the challenge of maneuvering around and within coded languages and convoluted systems that seek to make justice an inconceivable dream that's just beyond of our reach.

Your words can be repurposed and applied to so many systemic prejudices, turns of blind eyes, and hard-hearted neglects. From Flint and for the world, they bear repeating.

In the blink of an eye, life as we know it became confusing.
 ...[it] doesn't kick in right away, it takes a while to set in
 ...and still no justice
 ...far from done
 Feel forgotten about...
 How many of you can say to their faces...
 To think that this could have been avoided...

But let me be clear: this is not an attempt to tell you to get in line with all the world's problems. This is an offering to you from someone who deeply acknowledges and respects the strength of those willing and able to speak up for themselves and others in the name of justice. It is something to keep in your back pocket for when you forget that your voice is a mighty weapon. It is to show how *Beyond Streaming*, this collection of pours onto the page and into the pipes, enters into a long legacy of using the page as a site of strategic defense and illumination.

beyond the mornings and afternoons
 and deaths detonating the city.
 ...
 there are people
 navigating the breath of hurricanes.
 ...
 there is this earth. this country. this city.
 this people.^[2]

Who will someday help someone survive, be drank up,
 and even spit out...

To live and to move...
 Who would like love, fluent life, clean water.
 As the people cry tragedy, government continues their savagery.

Be loud. Be incessant. Bombard them with your words and find strength in your righteousness. It may feel like the damage has been done and record is skipping as you constantly repeat yourself to the government, to the media, to each other, and the world, but never let your sound vanish.

And when your rallying cry feels like it's dwindling and threatens to become nondescript white noise, turn up the volume. Silence is not an option. As long as you have a voice and something to say, as long as you are speaking out with integrity, it is your right and duty to use your voice and sustain it at a fever pitch. And never let the mountain of mess that we find ourselves in fade your fight or make you believe otherwise.

It is our duty to fight for our freedom.
 It is our duty to win.
 We must love each other and support each other.
 We have nothing to lose but our chains.^[3]

^[1] From the speech *We Should All Be Feminists* by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie

^[2] Excerpt from the poem *elegy (for MOVE* and Philadelphia)* by Sonia Sanchez

^[3] Quote from Assata Shakur

Note: All excerpts taken from student writings for *Beyond Streaming* unless noted.

Beyond Streaming

Creative dialogues between students from Flint and Lansing

TEXT BY

Ken Silas

ARTWORK BY

Tuan Nguyen

What about you?

What about you?

Our pipes are bad

So our water is too

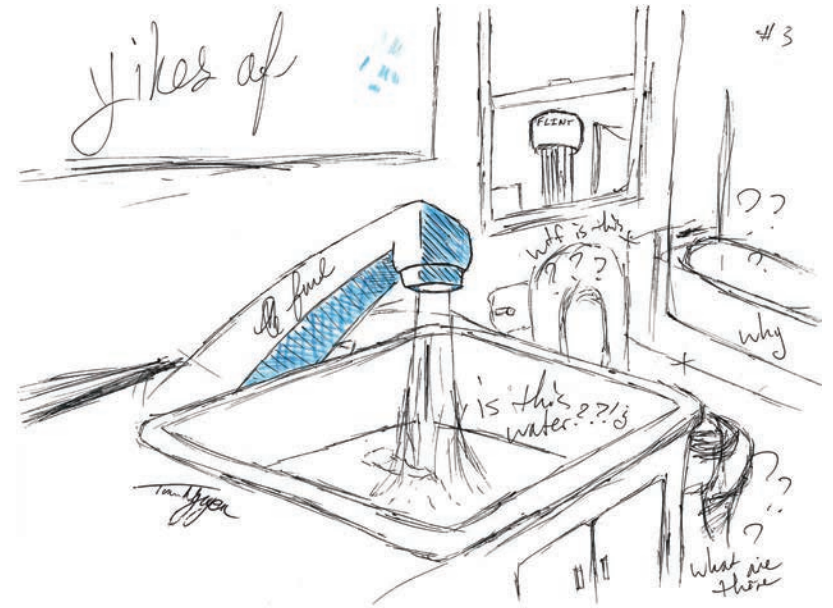
What would you do

If it was you?

Lead poisoning can stunt my growth

And mess with my mind

We would like help if you don't mind.



TEXT BY

Tiffany Whittington

ARTWORK BY

Lisa Phan

#FlintWaterCrisis

Flint.

A broken city.

Full of shattered dreams turned into despair.

Killings after killings... Except now there is a New Murderer.

#TheFlintWaterCrisis.

Slowly killing the young and bringing the elders closer to their death.

To think that this could have been avoided...

If only someone would have cared enough to take action.

Now a community that was already in ruins is ruined.

We cry to the government asking for help, but the answers we get are more like a threat.

The water bill must be paid, in full and on time.

We can't drink this water and yet we're forced to spend our dime.

Take a look at the media, and you will see Flint continue to cry, but how can we focus on the lead when the world is attempting to cover our eyes?

The elections occurred and our focus went somewhere else, how can we vote for a country who leaves us to fend for ourselves?



Bottle after bottle we watch the mother's pour, soon the children will be lead-ridden when the mothers just can't take anymore.
Lack of transportation, "I can't make it to the water sites."
But that's the solution for the water pollution.
Flint vehicle city, decades ago the center for jobs and a place travelers would go.

I can't Google Flint now without a cringe in my soul.
Once workers paradise dipped in gold.
Flint is now just a dead end...
Will we make it be old?

TEXT BY

Justin King

ARTWORK BY

Capria Galloway

Never

Never shall I ever forget the rumors about the water.
Never shall I ever forget turning on the news and hearing the anchorman tell me that our water was unsafe.
Never shall I ever forget the protestors at the Capitol Building.
Never shall I ever forget how I was told that our government leaders knew about this all along.
Never shall I ever forget seeing all of the water distribution centers pop around the city.
Never shall I ever forget the water testing systems.
Never shall I ever forget the countless water bottles in recycle bins everywhere.
Never shall I ever forget having to help my aunt move cases of water into her house.
Never shall I ever forget the government telling people that boiling their water would make it safe again.
Never shall I ever forget the word LEAD.



TEXT BY

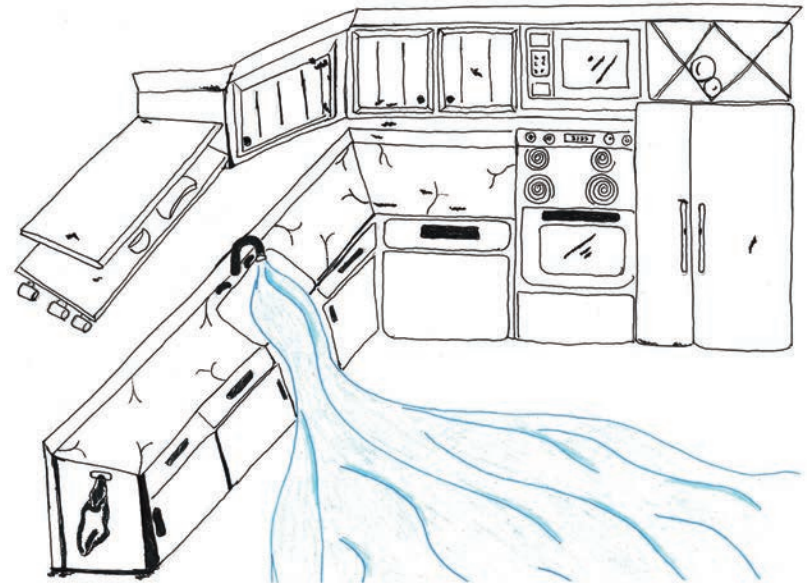
Shamiya Chapman

ARTWORK BY

Cing Niang

Lula Pearl Atkins-Nelson

Family oriented, mom, aunt, Elds sister
Lover of music, the power of family love was something serious,
and cooking the best dinners was her specialties
Who needed clean water to survive, taking her last breaths
wondering why she's leaving so soon
Who gives her blunt and honest comments upon others with
having no remorse, helping others without questions being
asked, and dying without answers
Who fears the thought of leaving her family behind,
another victim clueless of dying, and still no justice is done
Who would like to be here still, and hoping she would've never
encountered with the water
Who will someday be the talk of the town because
her death was a secret for so long due to this issue,
and will be a push to help save others' lives



TEXT BY

Briana Scales

ARTWORK BY

Dennis Therrian

Children

Children

Small, dependent, uneducated, scared

Lover of toys, naps, and food

Who needs a clean water supply, a good chance that they can
develop normally, and answers

Who gives joy, laughter, and questions

Who fears having problems mentally and physically, not being
normal, and being bullied

Who would like to be just like the rest of the people in the world,
answers as to why them, and a normal childhood

Who will someday overcome the outcome of the circumstances,
put Flint on the map for something good, and make it out of Flint.



TEXT BY

Allison Clark

ARTWORK BY

Minani Rose

Cold

Water is a life necessity
So why do people treat
It like an accessory,
Life is dependent on
This steady supply
but that supply has been tainted,
How can we prosper when we cannot grow
How can we forgive with no one to blame
How can we blame with no one taking responsibility
How can the world ,
a city,
a government,
a person
be so cold?



HEAR OUR CRY

A Letter

NOVEMBER 28, 2016

Dear Governor Snyder,

I am a senior in Carman-Ainsworth School District in Michigan. I am not a resident of Flint, but I know many people who are. The emergency going on with the water should be a priority to every government official, starting with you.

First, I want to say that I am shocked that a city in the United States of America can have unsafe water in 2016. You hear about these issues in countries where they don't have money to have safe water and sewer systems. In the United States, we have regulations that make sure we have safe water. I don't understand why this has failed in Flint. Second, I want to know what the government is going to do to fix the water system. All pipes should be replaced. If there were a problem with the water in your house, you would replace the pipes, no matter what it cost? Governor Snyder, Michigan is your home. Third, I want to know how you are going to make sure that adults and especially children get the necessary health care to make sure the lead-infested water does not damage their bodies. The people of Flint, MI did not do anything to deserve this disaster. They have the expectation, like all other citizens to have safe water, and to live healthy lives. Lastly, they need to know that they can trust the government. Right now, that is not the case.

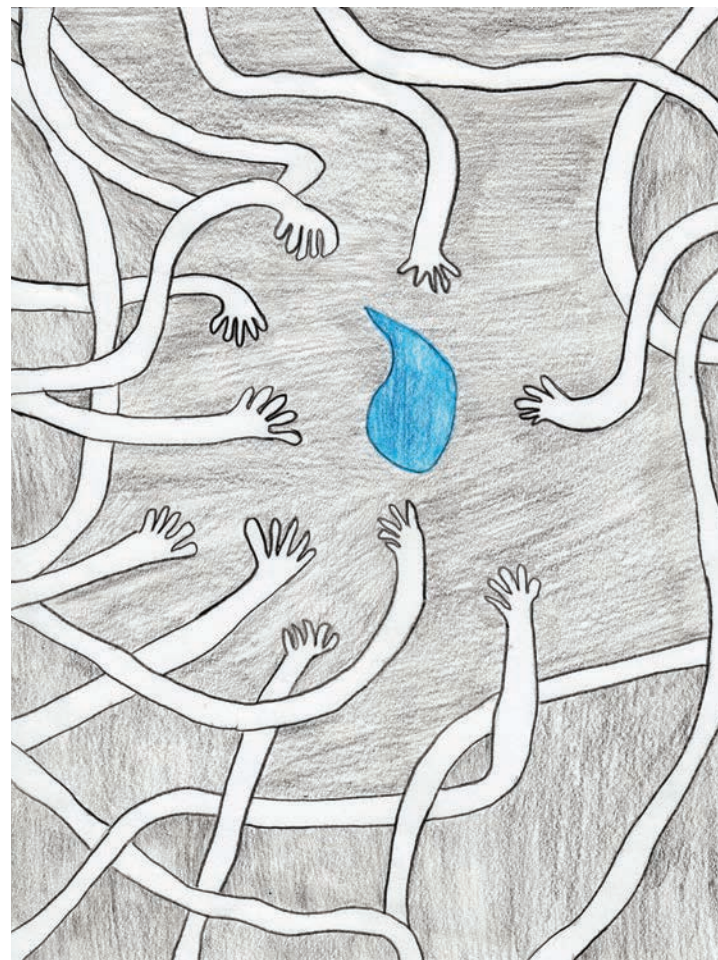
I feel that it is a shame that citizens of Flint do not have safe drinking water. The people of Flint need action, now. Thank you for listening to my letter.

TEXT BY

Tamera Blount

ARTWORK BY

Meh Tanda Oo



TEXT BY

Ahmard Clay

ARTWORK BY

Devyn Glasby

Water

Necessity, Poisoned, Life, Pure

Lover of Cleaning, cooking, bathing

Who needs to be fresh, who needs to be clean, who needs to be reliable

Who gives life, who gives relief, who gives a start to creation

Who fears drought, who fears dirt, who fears death

Who would like to see change come to the families in need of a reliable source of water and not have to worry about lead poisoning spewing out of their sink

Who will someday be brought to light and shown to the world the true story of why this has happened to our city



TEXT BY

Sarah Wagner

ARTWORK BY

Milecia Griffin

Lies

Never shall I forget the day I heard on the news they were switching
Flint's water pipeline to the Flint River.

Never shall I forget my dad saying how stupid of an idea it is.

Never shall I forget the day the water turned brown.

Never shall I forget the day when I saw Facebook posts pop up about
rashes and loss of hair from bathing in the water.

Never shall I forget the day they discovered dangerous levels of lead
in our water, and our children's blood.

Never shall I forget the day congress told us the brown water was
"safe to drink".

Never shall I forget the day they found a body in our water supply.

Never shall I forget the day the world started finding out about
our water.

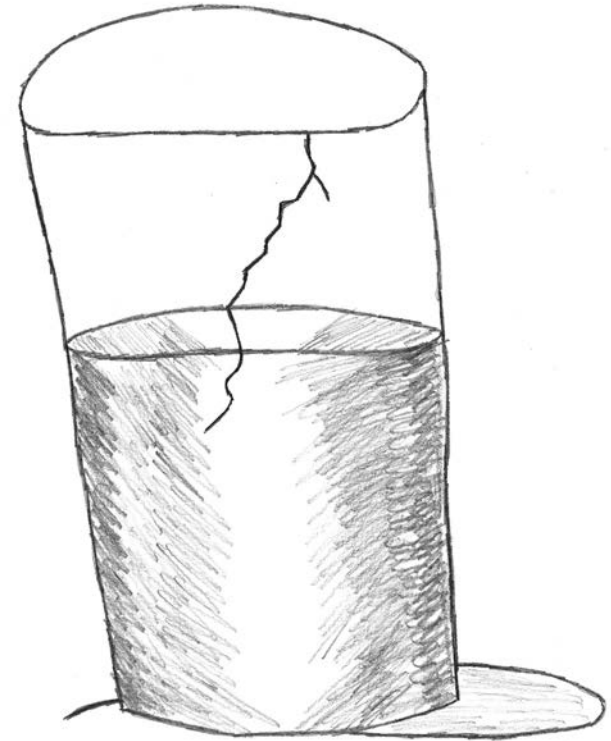
Never shall I forget the day people started donating bottled water to us.

Never shall I forget the day the media found a more interesting story.

Never shall I forget the day people stopped talking about Flint.

Never shall I forget the day Flint had clean water.

Never shall I forget.



TEXT BY

Ayana Moore

ARTWORK BY

Jeanne Murekatete

Garnett's Daily Schedule

I'm Garnett and these are the daily events that have gradually made an appearance into my life, since January of 2016.

5:00 a.m. BUZZZ...BUZZZZ... my work alarm goes off.

5:15 a.m. I grab a water bottle or three in order to brush my teeth and wash my face.

5:30 a.m. Shower Time. Sadly since I will be using a ridiculous amount of water bottles just to take a bath. I must take showers in unfiltered water.

6:00 a.m. After prepping for the day, I have to spend more time preparing breakfast.

6:05 a.m. Preparing breakfast isn't like the ordinary. I have to grab more water bottles and check the water filter.

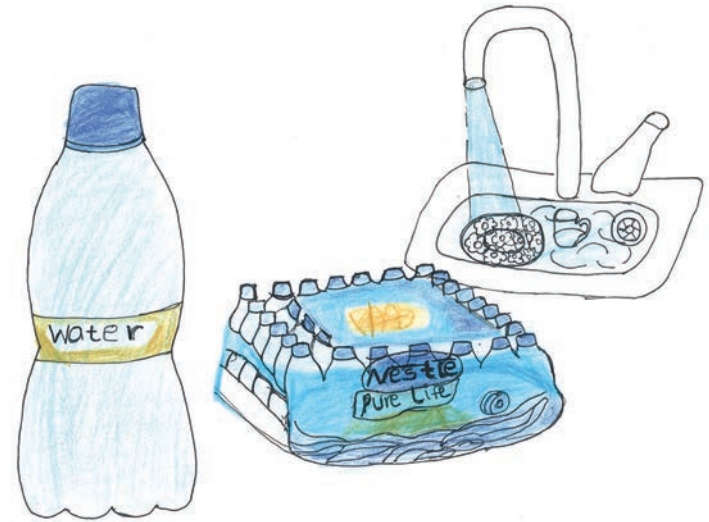
6:10 a.m. Oatmeal is what's on my breakfast menu today. I grab 6 more water bottles to make the oatmeal and my daily dose of coffee.

6:30 a.m. Oats Gone... Next Clean Up Time. I use a water filter to wash my dishes and to give the water bottles a break.

7:00 a.m. Time for work.

7:03 a.m. Before leaving for work, I grab three water bottles for me to drink during the day.

12:00 p.m. Lunch Time. My job is located in Flint, so the water there isn't safe to really use or drink. For lunch, I settle for a plain sandwich and bottled water.



3:00 p.m. Work is now over.

5:00 p.m. Upon arriving home I realized that I only have a few water bottles left. So I'll have to pay the water distributors a visit.

6:30 p.m. Location: Church! Churches are where most water is distributed to the community. I tell the people are helping that I need 4 cases of water. Then I load the cases into my car trunk.

8:00 p.m. Dinner Time!! For dinner, I'm preparing Chicken and Dumplings something light and easy to make. P.S. the more you cook the water bottles used.

11:30 p.m. Bedtime. After a long day, I can finally rest up for the next day. But there's one thing that's on my mind constantly, water bottles!

5:00 a.m. Buzz... Buzzzz my work alarm goes off. Another day with yet again another water bottle.

I am Flint

I am Flint

I am

The kids of Flint

The happy, joyful

Hard working, open minded

Hard headed, loud mouth

Smart and knowledgeable

Children of Flint

I am the kids that the people see

Make it or Fail to do anything with themselves

Do something with their lives or go to jail

Either play sports or rolling dices

Get a job or sell drugs

In School or a gang

In the books or some pants

But now

I am

The Kids after the water crises

Embarrassed of the rashes on our skin

Tired of having to go to other people's houses to take showers

Feel forgotten about

Fed up with the jokes

Exhausted of having to get water bottles

Scared of if we use the water we get lead poisoning

What I am

Trying to say is

We not perfect but

We are going to get worst

If you don't notice us

And help us get this fixed faster

TEXT BY

Eric Hunter

ARTWORK BY

Monica Granado



TEXT BY

Karisma O'Neil

ARTWORK BY

Sheylin Diaz

Water Activism Declaration

The way I feel about this issue is sad, disappointed, and miserable. How can the people in charge just sit and watch their once powerful-bright city deteriorate? This isn't just a place where broken dreams make a home, and this is more than just another run down city. This is a place people call home, a place to be proud of, a place where all the toughest, strongest people are. A place that will always hold a special spot in people's hearts.

I'm proud to say I'm from Flint—born and raised. But to let someone ruin it? It's heartbreaking. What if this happened where you lived? Where you grew up? Where you had all your best memories and where you want to make many more of them?

I hate this. This feeling of emptiness and helplessness. What could I do? I'm just a middle-class teenage girl. How could I help my neighbors? My friends? My family? The only way I can do something is to say something. If I make my voice be heard and if I talk to as many people as i can. Maybe they'll spread it around and the right people will understand it and will want to do something.



TEXT BY

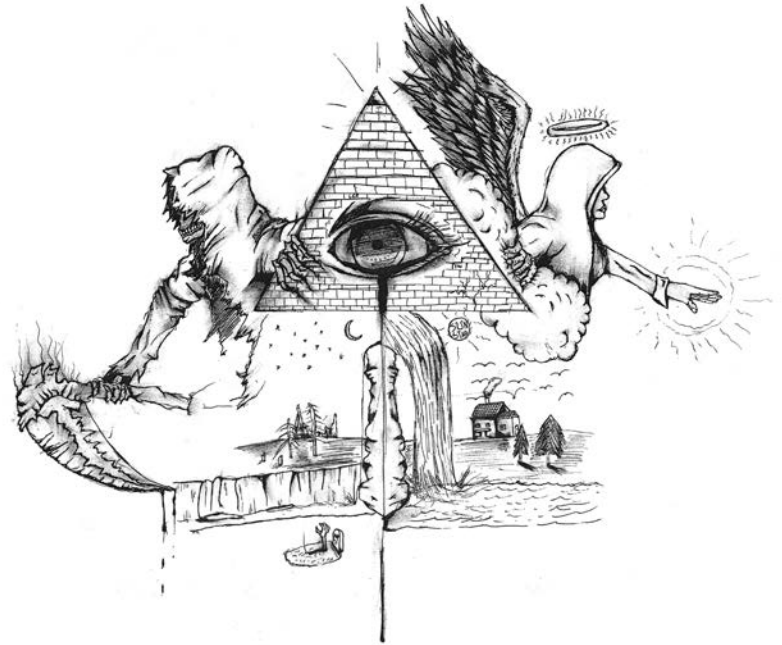
Zachariah Amthor

ARTWORK BY

Thomas Yang

Flint Water Crisis Rhyme

The Flint Water Crisis is still here
I don't understand why this isn't clear
The crisis still needs attention
So here's something I should mention
Nobody did anything to help this
In fact, they ended up with a swing and a miss
They could've helped and made an impact
They could've been a hero, and that's a fact
But instead they tell everyone everything is ok
When the truth is this crisis is far from ok
Do they even care about how many lives are impacted by this
That all their water is poison and death waiting for a kiss
And yet all this can be fixed by one simple job
And that fixes the pipes that cause the prob
Just think about the lives impacted on a daily basis
How many of you can say to their faces
That it's alright, and the water is fine
When they're water is still the same, and yet they're all in line
In line for cases of water bottles for their families
Trying to help keep alive their children and babies
So I hope now you'll all realize that this is far from done
You can contribute to making a change it just takes one person just one
So help these people as an angel from above
And spread the support, the caring, and the love



An Introduction

Hello, my name is Wayne the Water particle I have been flowing in the Flint River for years now. I've noticed over the last few years that there was less water in the river. Then one day I was flowing along, and this tube sucked me up, here I am floating along this dark, cold tube. It is hard to flow through the inside of this it is so rough. I have now started to see the light at the end of the tube, and I hear the water splashing around at the end. I have fallen out now and smashed against a big metal box, and I have to say it did not feel very pleasant to be treated in this way. I have heard talks of us being shipped through another metal tube into somebody's house. It is a lifelong dream of mine to be absorbed by a human, and I am so excited that I have a chance. So here I am sitting in this tub, and they started putting these things that make water "safer" for people to drink, but all it did to my friends is make them disappear. We weren't just water any more we were dirty and contaminated but they tried to cover it up with the harsh chemicals nobody should ever digest. I hope that all the pain I feel is all worth it in the end. My whole life all me and my friends dreamed of helping people. Oh no what's that noise, we are getting sucked into another tube I think we're off to a house and I am so excited. It has been three hours now cycling through this tube and its so dark and cold. Finally, I see the light again I am coming to meet the world. Here it is my last seconds in the tube, and now I'm in a cup. Oh, my there are so many people watching me. After a long journey, I'm finally in a cup and I am being handed to a man. He took a sip and there i was inside of him sitting there waiting to see what was happening. Finally, he started talking about this evil thing that was hurting people then I realized it was me I had been killing people and making them sick. But the worst part is I just lived my dream after taking the lives of people who never had a chance to live there.

TEXT BY

Grayden Hamilton

ARTWORK BY

Zaria Cannon



TEXT BY

Dawaan Brundidge Jr.

ARTWORK BY

Quamez Webb

It is Flint Water

Water

It's supposed to be healthy right?

Maybe good?

What about safe?

I wish I had safe water

Respect your blessings

It is Flint Water

It is Foggy

It is Murky

It is Unclear

It is Brown

It is Questionable

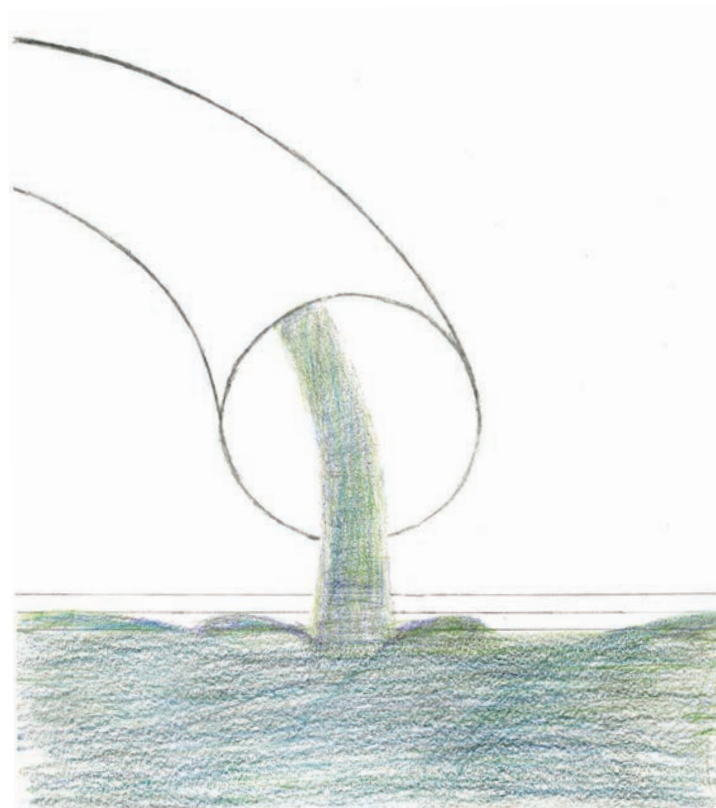
It is Disturbing

It is Unhealthy

It is Misused

It is Mistreated

It is Flint water



TEXT BY

Z'yaire Gee

ARTWORK BY

Sierra Link

Never Shall

Never shall I ever forget the day
My mom told me
I can't drink from the water faucet.
She told me the water was dirty,
and it wasn't safe.
I looked at her with disbelief.
She told me I couldn't take a shower so
I didn't know what to do.
She told me to watch the news
so I can have a better understanding of what
she was talking about.
I watched the news, and
they were saying the water has lead running through the pipes
and it's not safe to drink the water.
From that point forward it was hard to do stuff without clean water.
So Never shall I forget that dreadful day.

Flints Water Crises



TEXT BY

Jonathan Powell

ARTWORK BY

Michelle Yang

Water Bottle

Plastic, Clear, Mass Distributed, Source of Pollution
Lover of being chilled, quenching thirst, and being packaged
Who needs to provide clean water for Flint, shipped to
distribution centers, shared, and given to the people
Who gives hope to Flint, drinking water to families, and
temporary relief
Who fears further polluting the world, going unused, and
becoming lukewarm
Who would like to see this problem solved, people receive
clean water, and to be chilled in a refrigerator
Who will someday be used, recycled, and made into
something else.



TEXT BY

Chang Yeng

ARTWORK BY

Deshun Philips

Government

The leaders of Flint, Power to the city, key to the power house,
but yet then they keep their pockets chunky,
make sure they eat and drink well,
we the people are suffering from the contaminate water,
waiting for an answer that we will never receive,
They sit there and lie to our face,
as they drink a cup full of clean water,
putting people's lives in jeopardy,
thousands of adults,
have been exposed to drinking water with unsafe levels of lead,
everyday we wait to turn on the shower to see that
the clear color of water, but the devil lays inside those people mind.



TEXT BY

Treanna Banks

ARTWORK BY

Cing Niang

Water

Fresh, hydrating, necessity

Lover of giving plants life and hydrating people

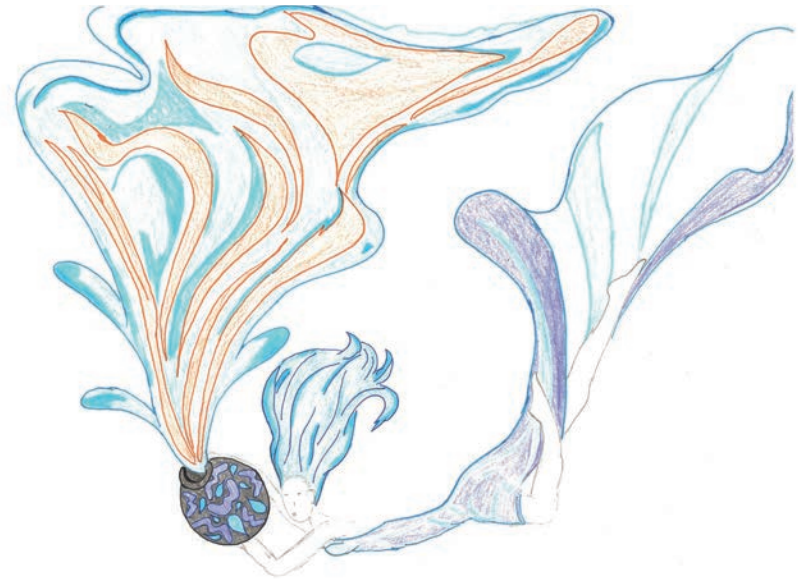
Who needs people to drink it

Who gives us life and hydration

Who fears not being drank and being left in a corner

Who would like to be drank

Who will someday be clean enough to bathe in,
cook with and drunk



TEXT BY

Zach Sheely

ARTWORK BY

Nalie Xiong

Drip! Drip! Snap! Snap!

Crunch!!

Drip. is the sound I hear now coming from the faucet
I use to drink from.

Drip.

Is the sound I hear from the faucet

I use to take food out the fridge and clean it when

I wanted to eat something.

Drip.

Is the sound I hear from the faucet

I used to brush my teeth when

I wanted a fresh mouth.

But oh no I forgot

I have to pull one of those bottles out.

Snap Snap.

To pop off the cap.

CRUNCH when I'm all done.

These are the sounds

I hear every day when the water is this way.

Drip, Snap Snap, CRUNCH!!

Drip.

Is the sound I hear from the shower head now where

I once use to get clean and feel refreshed but now if

I want to wash my ass I grab a stiff water bottle and pop the cap



SNAP SNAP!!

As you can see this is my life every day.

And this life is not comfortable to live in anyway.

And I know Donald Trump getting elected was a scary day.

And I don't mean any offense when I say what I'm about to say.

Since you're so worried about making America "great again".

Hopefully, you notice my struggle friend, and come to

FLINT to make these pipes

CLEAN AGAIN!!

TEXT BY

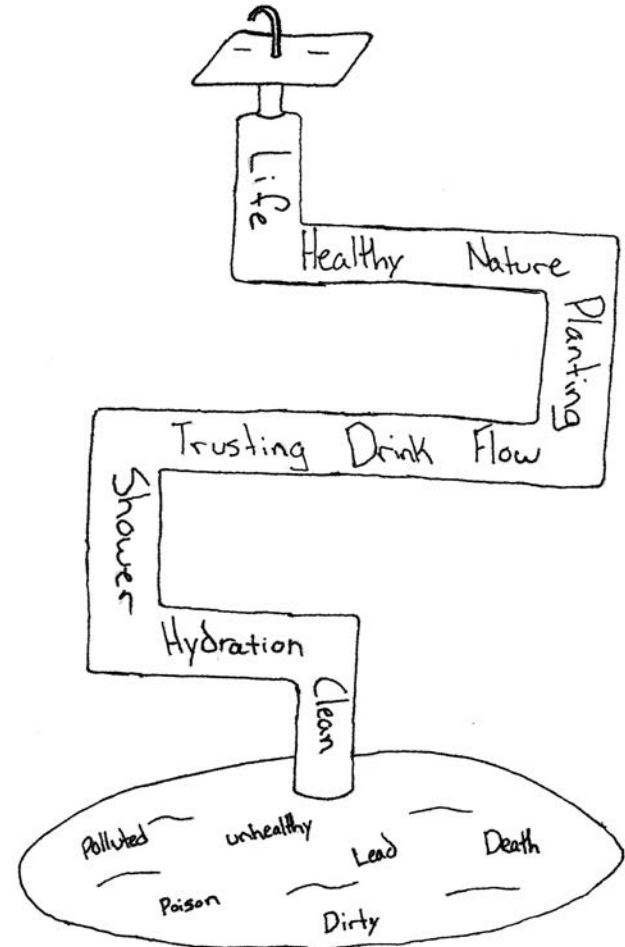
Imani Cooper

ARTWORK BY

Rene Gelista

Refreshment

Crammed, clear, drinkable, survival
Lover of life, refrigerators, summers
Who needs, coolness, love, a healthy body
Who gives, quenchers, refreshers, life
Who fears, sinks, hot stove tops, ground floors
Who would like, space, coolness, condensation
Who will someday, help someone survive,
be drank up, and even spit out.



TEXT BY

Treyvion Thomas

ARTWORK BY

Jordan Fierke

Scavengers

Once were scavengers, wild animals
Survivors and runner of
the streets
Who loves
people, scraps, toys and friends
And a warm place to stay
Who needs someone to
give him a home, clean water and attention
Who gives
security, safety and forgiveness
Who fears animal
control, abusers and poisonous water
Who would love to see
their owners family grow up just like his pups
I AM a pet
I AM a victim of the
Flint water crisis



TEXT BY

Jaylen Smith

ARTWORK BY

Ella Burrell

No Dehydration

How do I feel about water?

We need water

To live

To move

So dehydration won't come upon us

So our health can be good and have young feeling.

The world even needs water, plants, trees, animals.

Every living thing needs water

To live and to move.



TEXT BY

Travis Gilbert

ARTWORK BY

Derrick McKinney

DIE-ing of Thirst

Children.

Children bright and playful, now dull and lead filled,

My water can kill trees you and me

Can change brain chemistry of ours sons and daughters

Can alter our state of security

And confirmed the feeling that the governments not hearing me

As they refuse to see children suffer

As the lead buffers the bone structures of moms to be

And the brain their babies

As the people cry tragedy

Government continues their savagery



TEXT BY

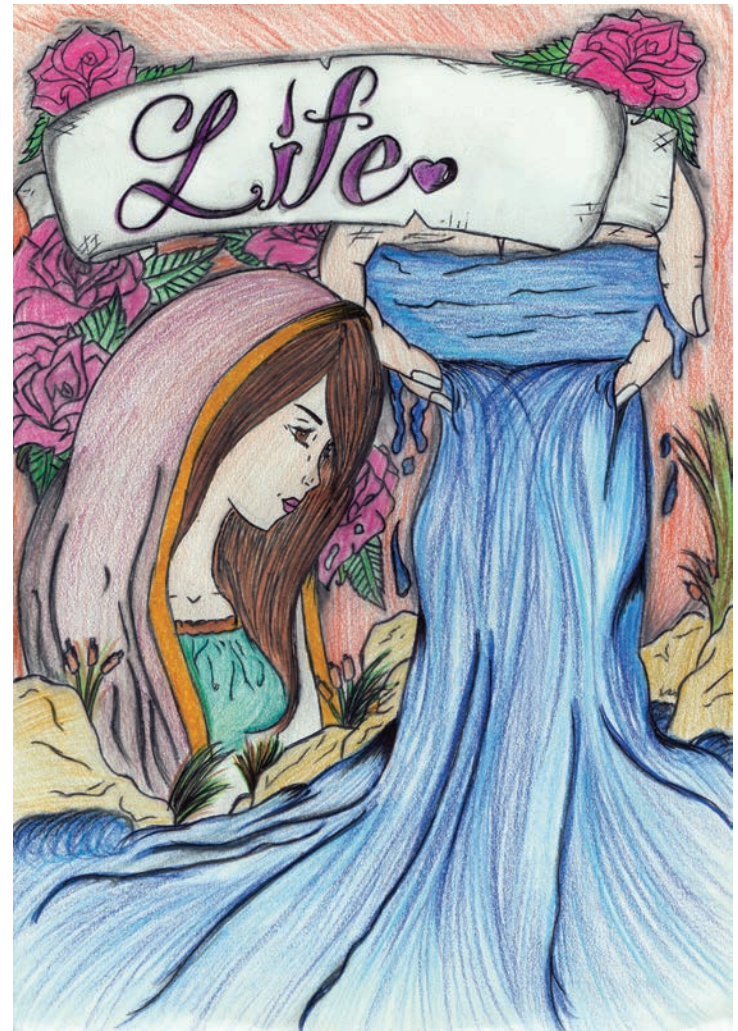
Nicholas Mack

ARTWORK BY

Sammy Silva

Water

Keeps the earth alive, you drink me, you play with me,
who needs me
lover of the land, you need me when you're tired,
and you never run out of me
who needs me, families in Flint, but was poisoned by one man
Rick Snyder, that has the power of the water in Flint
Who Gives only care for the money, who cares for himself,
and his family
Who Fears that he will have to suffer, to lose all of his power,
and to lose his money
Who would be glad if people stop talking about it, to leave Flint
out of the picture, and to stop calling him out on things
And karma will get him soon, Hope he loses sleep when karma
gets him, and to give back what people had before



TEXT BY

Miesha Pitts

ARTWORK BY

Dalia Noori

Broken

Broken, Damaged, Dirty, Painful

Lover of purity, pollute-free water, and better outcomes

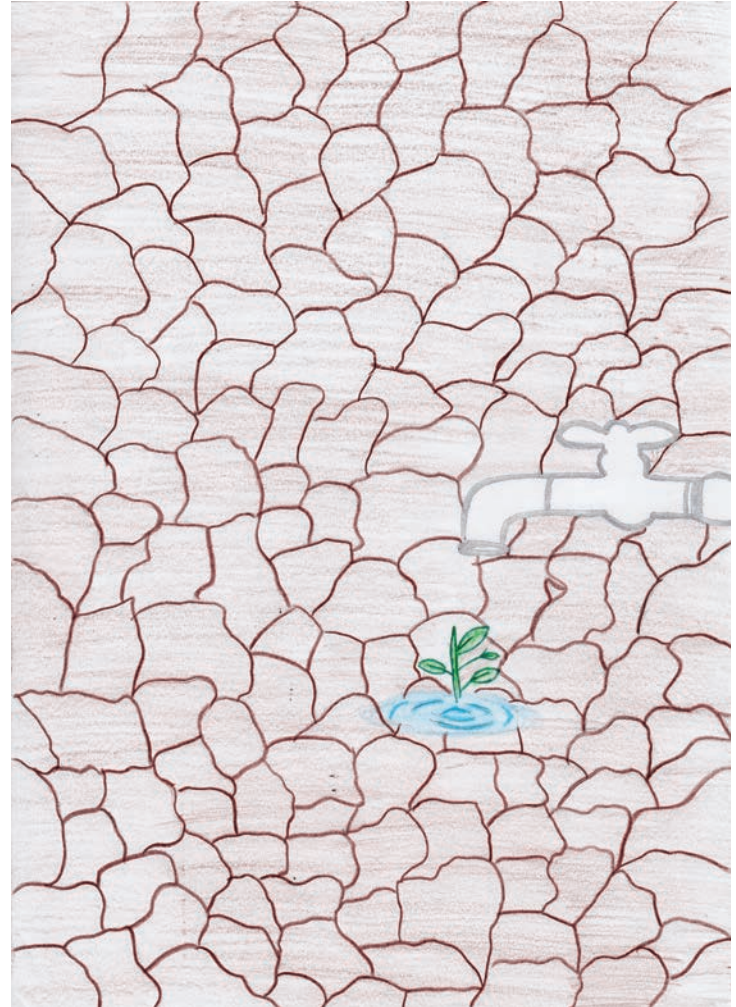
Who needs help, new pipes, and a stronger support system

Who gives a way of life, a voice during an ongoing struggle, and
avoiding helpless-homes

Who fears to be the cause of someone's death, being replaced,
and being ignored

Who would like love, fluent life, clean water,

Who will someday show that this can be fixed, be reduced to a
smaller issue, be clean forever



TEXT BY

Hailey Zimmerman

ARTWORK BY

Niya Bush

Flint Water Crisis

We never knew how much running water impacted our lives until it got taken away from us. The use of our sinks and showers got taken away. Water bottles are used for everything now, from cooking to washing our bodies. We had no idea the water we consumed every day was poison; the water was killing us, and we had no clue.

Sometimes we stand in line for hours for our water to get a checked to see if we had lead in our water. Some are saying "no" to people on their lead levels, and the others hear "yes" and they give them a free water filter. Some of the filters didn't even work to purify the lead from the sinks. Free water signs started to pop up around Flint. On Sunday after church, people stayed after to hand out water in their parking lot. The hashtag Justice For Flint flooded the internet but a few weeks later? No one talked about it. Our water is still contaminated, and our government still don't seem to care.

Flint water crisis seems to be a joke to some, but do they see that people are dying from this?. Do they see that people struggle every day to cook, clean and bathe with a water bottle? I wish people would see my city and want to help us and not make racist, disrespectful, ignorant jokes about the water.



TEXT BY

Donnell Spencer

ARTWORK BY

LaSharea Ellis

A Letter to the Governor

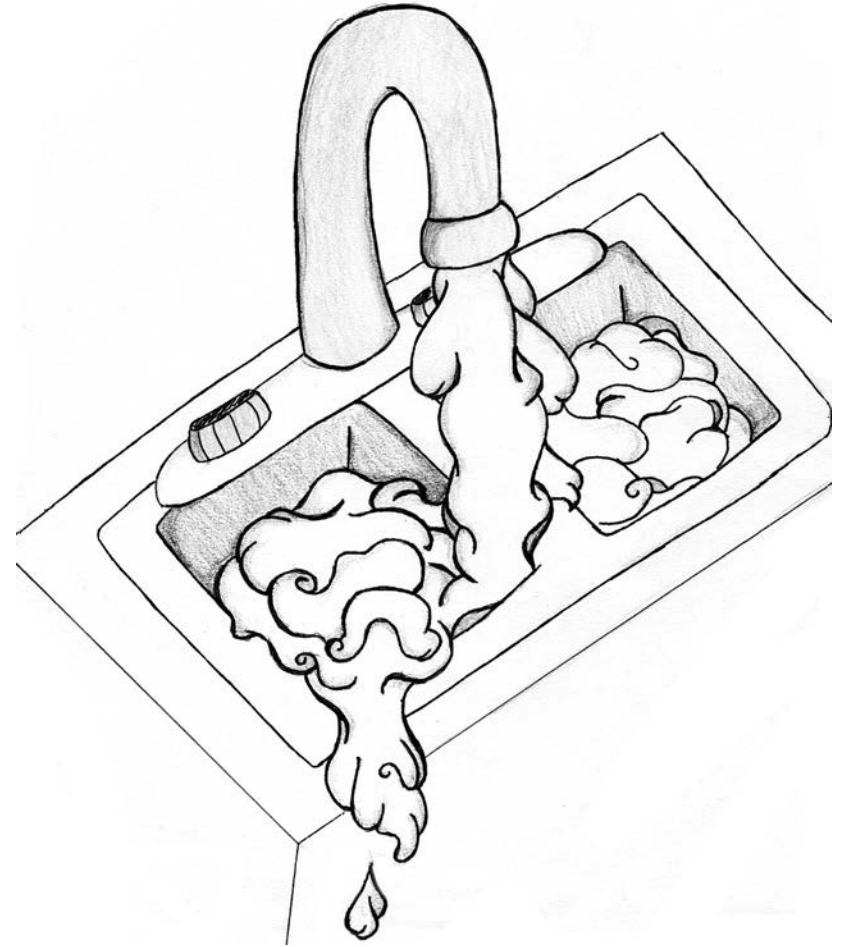
Dear Governor Snyder,

I'm coming to you not to be rude or disrespectful, but I need answers as to why you decided to hurt Flint in the way that you did. I love my city and always will. I've seen many changes over the past 40 years of life here alone. I've seen many things hurt my community but I never thought the water would ever be a cause.

How can you live and sleep knowing there are many kids and adults out there that are sick and not doing good because you decided to change the water? How do you feel knowing that people can't bathe without the fear of losing hair or breaking out because of the water? You must not understand the fear or pain people have living in Flint. I go everyday worrying about being sick or going bald because of using something essential to everyday life. I just hope that you get something out of reading this letter.

I don't want you to feel bad. I just want you to know that every action has consequences whether they are good or bad. I really hope that this a learning experience for you. Thanks for your time.

Sincerely,
William Wright



TEXT BY

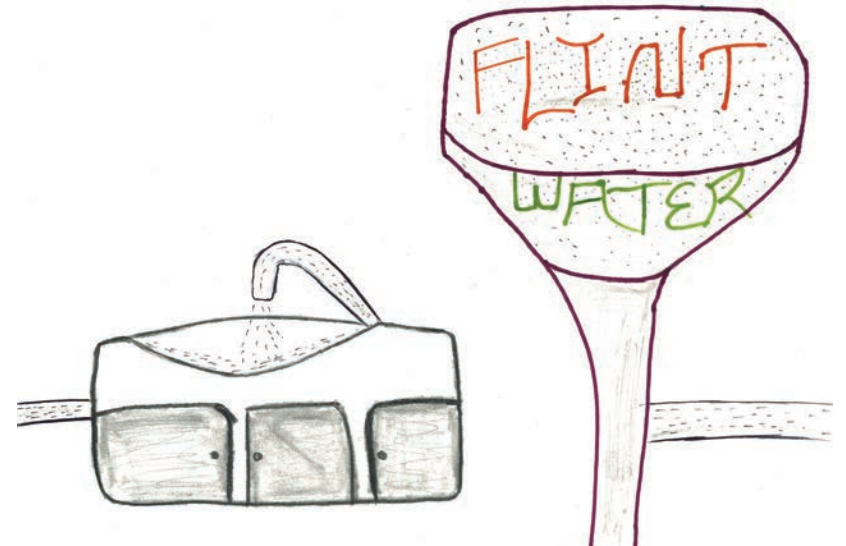
Justin Snider-Jones

ARTWORK BY

Arjun Poudel

Conditions

Living in the conditions of only using water bottles. I have to use them for brushing my teeth, cooking food, drinking water, and showering becomes a hazard for little kids because little kids like to drink the bath water. It gets hard to live the way I use to because I am always worrying about if I drink the water I will become sick or even worse. There have been times where people have died by using the water of Flint. I came to realize that the water doesn't kick in right away, it takes a while to set in maybe even years! I try never to use the water because I know people personally who have used the water and became sick for weeks just because they used the water on an everyday basis.



TEXT BY

Jazmine Cozart

ARTWORK BY

Marissa Flores

Acidity

Acidic water.

Dumped chemicals, dangerous, so unhealthy it is embarrassing.

Lover of eating, drinking, and being healthy.

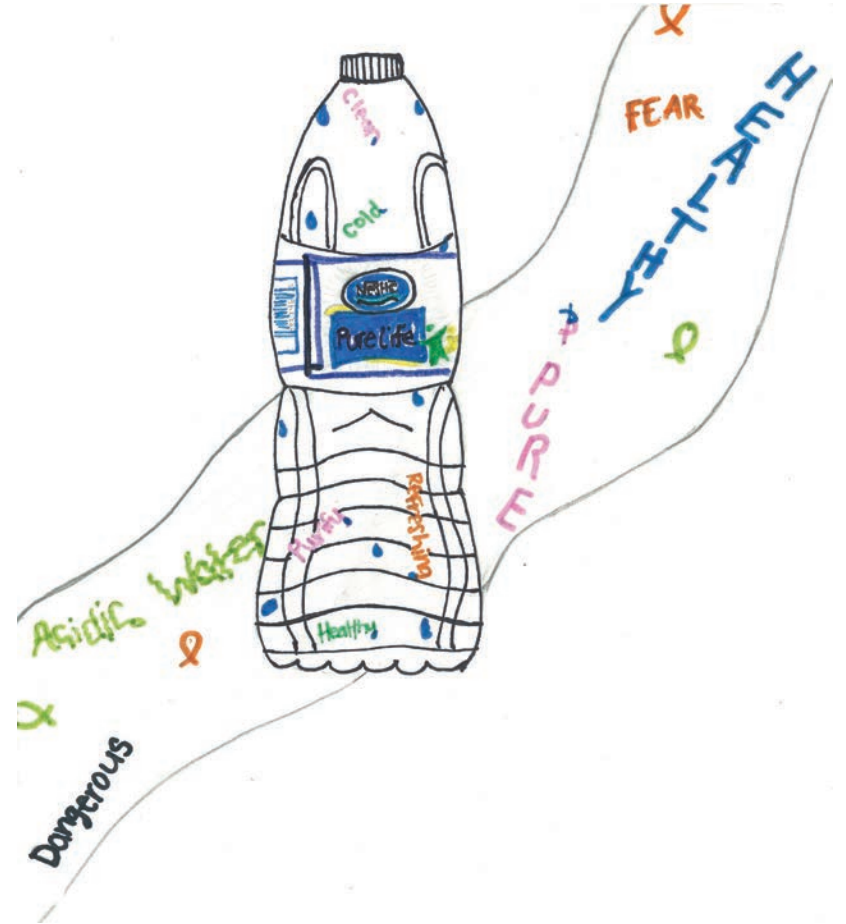
Who wishes for it to be like our river was before.

Instead fear lives with eating and drinking come to play.

Children being used in suing commercials instead of going out to play.

In hope that the Flint River will be the way it's supposed to be today.

Healthy and pure.



TEXT BY

Cashae Harris

ARTWORK BY

Ali Abdulrasool

Children of Flint

Lovable, Goofy, loud, dependent

Lover of toys, their family, and having fun

Who needs support, good health, and a clean place to bathe

Who gives their parents love, the world hope, and reason
to keep the community clean

Who fears losing their parents, being sick, and being unsafe

Who would like to enjoy life, enjoy playtime with friends,
and have no worries

Who will someday have to deal with the problems from others,
fix problems from the past, and lead others for the future



TEXT BY

Tadaiha Nelson

ARTWORK BY

Issy Densley

My City

My city

My city is more than what you hear

My city is beautiful in its own ways

What you see on the news may be true

"High levels of lead in children"

"Go get tested for lead"

My city is harmed by a man made creation that could've been prevented.

They switched the water

From Detroit, to the Flint River

Flint river which is known to be dirty, smelly, brown, scary.

They switched the water and it cause the same scene that's in the Flint

River came out of our faucets and into our sinks

We became sentenced to drink from a dead river.

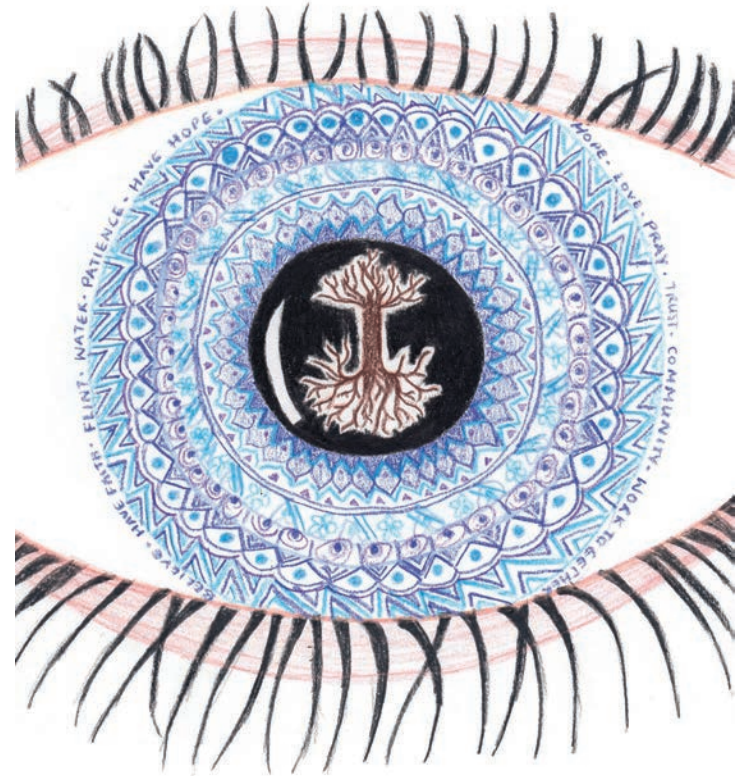
In the blink of an eye life as we know it became confusing.

If they waited any longer to say anything it would've a whole population could've been wiped out

My city

My city expects us to pay for water we can't drink.

My city



This archive is published by the Eli and Edythe Broad Art Museum at Michigan State University on the occasion of the artist residency and exhibition *Beyond Streaming: A Sound Mural for Flint*, on view January 21–April 23, 2017. The project is part of the MSU Federal Credit Union Artist Studio Series, which invites artists to interact with the community through site-specific installations presented alongside educational encounters that offer insight into the artists' creative processes.

This iteration of the MSU Federal Credit Union Artist Studio Series is organized by Steven L. Bridges, Assistant Curator at the Broad MSU, with assistance from Meghan Zanskas, Manager of Education. Support is provided by MSU Federal Credit Union and MSU Infrastructure, Planning, and Facilities.

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