

# *Untitled*

Hagere Selam “shimby” Zegeye-Gebrehiwot  
A response to Audie Murray’s *Weaving the Threads*

Neutral Ground Artist-Run Centre  
February 6 - March 27, 2021

*Untitled*

braid us to the tall grass  
i'll dream of you  
when you're not here

an old way as research  
coming of age  
and ceremony

kids grows up, sis  
us too  
(we know)

our relationalities  
stitching together  
dreamer and dream keeper

audio levels  
the breeze peaks  
witness remembering

choose but present choices  
beaded meat  
or flowers

the sky braids you to us  
maybe place  
or place

hugs in portraits  
alters inferred  
but not named

blue to be witnessed  
with beadwork  
with your mother

we've ensnared blue  
labour woven  
interstitial

millennial beading  
work  
doing that care

Hagere Selam "shimby" Zegeye-Gebrehiwot  
March 2021

03/25/21

Dear Audie,

When I started the writing process, I was thinking about when we finally met in person and joked about how hard the universe worked to put us in touch. Our mutual friend Kay suggested I reach out to you because of your cool grrl vibes, so I knew it eventually would be a done deal in friendship-land <3333

Visiting your show felt like an invitation to engage with themes of family, dream research, the colour blue... your work disrupts time by engaging materials and scale in ways that enable a different kind of ambience. Your work made me want to stay a while, to sit and think about tapestry sized portraits of a coded embrace or the last celestial moments in a coming of age transition.

I want to gift you a poem about Weaving the Threads. I want to offer you and your publics something that feels true. Jennifer Smith once wrote a curatorial essay that consisted of letters to the artists she curated in a group show, an inspiring approach to publicly expressing gratitude.

A few weeks ago, I realized that we had actually met before! I was visiting my friend Jane while you were both participating in Bush Gallery. I think we ate lasagna together. I was visiting to see what you all were up to but also so I could get a tattoo from her. We were too tired in the end but a few summers later I got that tattoo :-P.

I love that you shared working with your mother + commissioning another beader to help with projects. The intention of naming artistic labour and naming that process to folks like me who are on the outside is really spesh. It also makes me wonder about all the relational moving parts that inspire your work, the poetics behind them and the relationship between story and materiality.

This makes me imagine your show in the physical space of the gallery. It's not nothing to come of age in those spaces and I love those little artist run enclaves in a familial way. At the same time, I'm a Black body in art spaces as a newcomer to this province. I feel it in ways that are familiar and at times disappointing. I feel differently aware of caring mediators working at

artist run centres but then again, the issue isn't with individuals so much as it's with ambience. How about for you? I wonder if you're tired of the ambient witness of artist run centre culture.

David Garneau writes about settler apologetics and excuses for past harms using words and actions with opposite meanings. An apology, an acknowledgement, an incorporation that doubles as a gestural welcoming.

I'm looking forward to when we can have a fire and eat some snacks together. I believe in interiority so I hope you like the email I'll send. All of the images in the shared google photos folder were picked specially for you.

With love and affection,

shimby

