

Lisa Waup *muddy edges*

Gertrude Glasshouse

Saturday 31 August – Saturday 28 September 2024

muddy edges is an exhibition of new work by First Nations artist Lisa Waup. Conjuring memories of the squelching mud between your toes and children's cries of glee, the banks of our rivers have always been places to gather, rest, and connect.

Revealed as gestures of Country, this new selection of works underscores Waup's intuitive printing process and the sustainable techniques that are central to her practice. Waup incorporates unusual pigments and ochres, not limiting herself to conventional printing materials. Further developing her works through the instinctive layering of her hand drawn patterns, Waup creates complex and narrative driven work.

Water is a direct link between the spiritual and physical realms and is central to First Nations cultural identities. *muddy edges* emphasises the preciousness and fragility of our waterways, reminding us of our responsibilities as we experience the immediacy of the climate crisis.

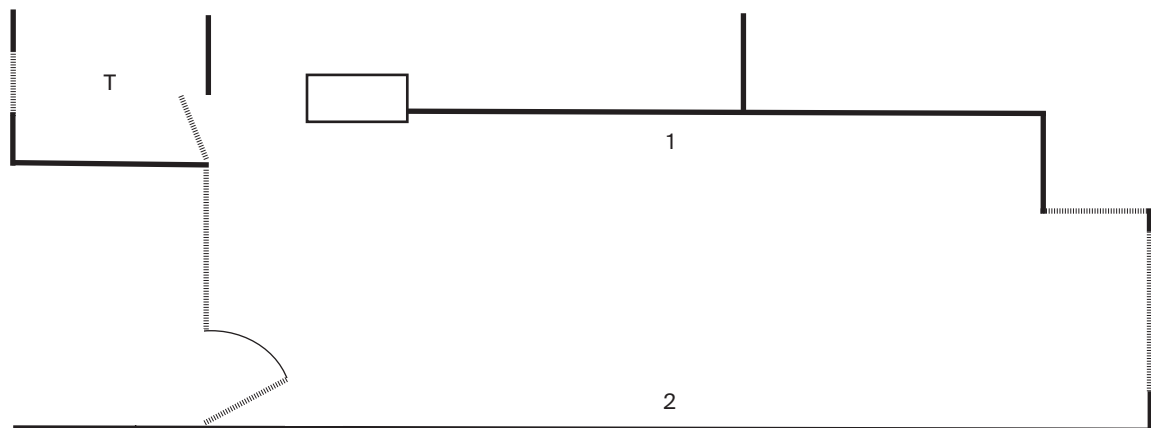
Acknowledgements

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muddy edges has been assisted by funds from the Paul Selzer Fellowship and supported by the Victorian College of the Arts at the University of Melbourne.

1. Lisa Waup
Mother/Country, 2023
Ochre, ink, reflective ink, cotton thread on
Fabriano paper 300gsm
140 x 1000 cm
2. Lisa Waup
Impressions of Country, 2024
Ink, reflective ink, glue on Cotton rag
(somerset) paper 300gsm
7 sheets, 76 x 112 cm each



Gertrude acknowledges the Wurundjeri people as the traditional owners and custodians of this land and waters and pay our respect to their Elders past, present and emerging.

**Poetic response to Lisa Waup's *muddy edges*
– Maya Hodge**

As the water ripples and the birds chatter and sing
She collects slippery shells, kelp and tendrils of rope
These fragments of Country humming deep in her bag

Mud and shell and seaweed stuck to cold fingertips

Weaving and threading pieces of time together
Breath and paper and the sound of home – all around
Mixing piment, brushing ink and smearing ochre

Peeling back layers of paint to get to the unknown
Collecting the forgotten and giving it back its name
Country never forgets never forgets never

Mud and shell and seaweed stuck to cold fingertips

At the centre are the waterways and how we hold them
How we represent them and let them lead us home
Mixing together pigment and the waterways

Melting together into an old song made anew
Into lines on paper which bloom and spread;
A reflection of Ancestral knowledge and memory

Mud and shell and seaweed stuck to cold fingertips

Bare feet upon swift-moving sand and inland to the wetlands
Bare feet upon soft mushy muddy landscapes
Drawing new landscapes with bare feet upon Country

What is it to print storytelling into paper?
What is it to press hands into ink?
Into the surface of what is unseen?

Mud and shell and seaweed stuck to cold fingertips

Carrying into the world your Old Peoples language
Within your body the knowings lay resting
Lay waiting to trace into the bare tapa

Patterns of cultural memory unfurl like new shoots
The paper looped above us shifts in the breeze
Intricately weaving our inheritances over and over

We don't create for arts sake
We have stories we must tell
Stories of this place – of our bloodlines and spirit

Mud and shell and seaweed stuck to cold fingertips

How do we adorn ourselves?
Thread the rope, the feathers and material
Dipped into the body of Country we radiate

To be a mother, to be a daughter, to be an aunty
Is like a deep-dusky-dirt-red-sunset love
We adorn to love, to remember, to honour

Twisting shapes with the hands of your mother
Passed down through long generations
Hear the way the material shifts against itself

Mud and shell and seaweed stuck to cold fingertips

Hard drought gives way to devastating flood
Gumtrees would bend in the hot wind
Blowing in sand from the car window

Country bows in the pressure of new water
Colossal colonial structures have done this
What if we were to pick the weirs up like –

Mud and shell and seaweed stuck to cold fingertips

We press our designs of these stories into the present
So they don't forget and we don't forget
The shape of Country and the lines that connect us

The hundreds of thousands of years of story
Embossed into the tapestry of our existence
The kin, language, culture, ceremony, lore, law, knowing, being

The ways our mob trace into the fabric of our people
The impressions of the reflections of the beating heart of Country
The way our making is a means of survival

We continue to storytell, to paint, to dance, to draw and sing out
to Country and our waterways with –

mud and shell and seaweed stuck to cold fingertips.