

Netta Loogatha



Bilmee, Dog Story Place

Exhibition Catalogue
8 February – 2 March 2019



#20-19 *My Country* 2019
Acrylic on canvas, 121 x 136 cm



#300-18 *My Country* 2018
Acrylic on canvas, 91 x 91 cm



#16-19 *My Country* 2019
Acrylic on canvas, 91 x 91 cm



#18-19 *My Country* 2019
Acrylic on canvas, 91 x 121 cm



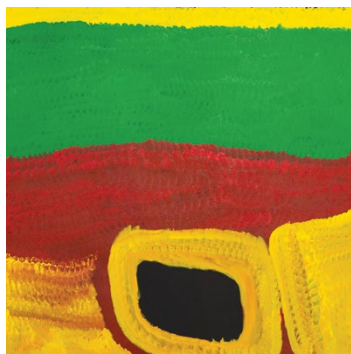
#396-18 *My Country* 2018
Acrylic on canvas, 101 x 101 cm



#4-19 *My Country* 2019
Acrylic on canvas, 90 x 120 cm



#14-19 *My Country* 2019
Acrylic on canvas, 90 x 90 cm



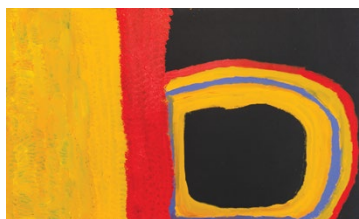
#484-18 *My Country* 2018
Acrylic on canvas, 91 x 91 cm



#10774-17 *Stone Fishtraps* 2017
Acrylic on canvas, 61 x 91 cm



#19-19 *My Country* 2019
Acrylic on canvas, 60.5 x 90 cm



#5-19 *My Country* 2019
Acrylic on canvas, 60 x 100 cm



#10486-17 *Thundi* 2017
Acrylic on canvas, 61 x 91 cm

Bilmee, Dog Story Place

It's good to make artworks, learn from each other. We learned all about our country and story places from our old people. Now we are painting and drawing them so our grandchildren will learn all about them.

Our Aunty Sally Gabori showed us the way, to learn from her and follow in her footsteps. We have our own paintings and drawings now of our homelands and sacred places, where we were born, oyster reefs and waterholes or camping spots. I am happy to show other people my country and culture through my art. It brings a smile to my face when I finish an artwork and see a part of me on it.



#301-18 *My Country* 2018
Acrylic on canvas, 91 x 91 cm

I was born on Bentinck Island at a place on the Northern side called *Bilmee, Dog Story Place*. This is my country on Bentinck Island at Oak Tree Point. We call it *Lookati* in our Kayardild language. We lived in humpies then - no clothes nothing at all. Tribal way. Only grass strings around our waist. We used leaves tied to our bodies when Europeans came. I learnt to hunt from an early age, how to fish and collect shellfish, how to gather foods from the bush. I was young when the Europeans came in 1946 to take us away from our home and forced us to live on Mornington Island in the dormitory in the mission there.

My Father was King Alfred, he had six wives. When he died, his brother Percy took over the family and took care of us. He shared his family. We often go and visit his grave site on Oak Tree Point on Bentinck Island and on Father's Day we take flowers to him.

Our families came together through initiation. They taught us to hunt for oysters and how to roll grass for string into dilly bags. We used to sit on the floating logs like a raft.



#710-18 *My Country* 2018
Acrylic on canvas, 75.5 x 102 cm

We went straight into the dormitory on Mornington Island. They gave us names and boys went separate ways to us girls in the dormitory. They also dressed us in clothes.

We were homesick at first. Then we met some girls who were friendly to us. We made good friends with Lardil girls from Mornington Island who were already in the Mission.

When I grew up I went to the mainland and worked as a housemaid like a lot of the young girls from the island. I enjoyed this time being young and having fun.

We had lots of boyfriends – white, black and brown. I was a housemaid on a cattle station with good looking ringers, Canobe Station.

I worked on five different stations, cooking, cleaning and looking after the kids.

I came back to Mornington Island pregnant and I had twins. I also have two (adopted, now grown up) children from a girl from here named Grace who died. I looked after them from childhood. Amy is the last girl.

I returned to Mornington and became strongly involved in Land Rights and my people's wish to return to our homeland. I was a grandmother by the time we returned to our homeland and I use to live there most of the year, only returning to Mornington for the wet season. Now I am getting too old to live there. I cry for an opportunity to set my foot on my homeland again. My artworks have become even more important to me to keep my memories of my home and culture ever strong.

I paint the story places, all different places, true story places. We learned these from the old people. We learned what's not for touching. They tell us what it means. We do this so we can pass these stories down to our grandchildren while we're still alive. They love to hear our stories because of the olden time Dreamtime stories and dancing. There are lots of things that I remember to tell in stories.

I am happy to show other people My Country and Culture.

Birmuyingathi Maali Netta Loogatha



#11-19 *My Country* 2019
Acrylic on canvas, 59 x 79 cm



#10-19 *My Country* 2019
Acrylic on canvas, 60 x 90 cm



#714-18 *My Country* 2018
Acrylic on canvas, 60 x 90 cm



#15-19 *My Country* 2019
Acrylic on canvas, 60 x 90 cm



#463-18 *My Country* 2018
Acrylic on canvas, 135 x 60 cm



#206-18 *My Father's Country* 2018
Acrylic on canvas, 137 x 61 cm



#45-18 *My Country* 2018
Acrylic on canvas, 134 x 59 cm



#141-18 *My Country* 2018, Acrylic on canvas, 60 x 100 cm



#588-18 *Morning Glory* 2018, Acrylic on canvas, 61 x 137 cm



#10766-17 *Oaktree Point* 2017, Acrylic on canvas, 60 x 134 cm



#299-18 *My Father's Country* 2018, Acrylic on canvas, 60 x 137 cm



Birmuyingathi Maali Netta Loogatha. Photograph by Mornington Island Arts

front image:
#680-18 *My Country* 2018
Acrylic on canvas, 101.5 x 122 cm

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