

WARWUYUN GURRA WANGA'WU

PATRINA MUNUNGURR

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Sorrow For Home

In early 2021, for reasons beyond her control, Yolgu artist Patrina Munungurr was forced into exile from her ancestral homelands.

She still has no knowledge of when it will be safe enough for her to return.

The following writing is a transcipt of the recording she made on her last phone call home.

It has been translated from her native tongue Dhuwaya into English.

All images appear courtesy of the artist.



My Name is Patrina Munungurr

My Homeland is Wandawuy

I grew up at Wandawuy and lived there with my family

I watched the elders and all my family

While they were painting and working on their artworks

I lived there until i grew up

Then I moved to Yirrkala

I started working at the art centre

I was working on film at the art centre

I was a film maker

I went around all the homelands filming Dhapi (initiation) Ceremonies

And funerals

I worked around the Yirrkala community as well

Working with my elders and the young people

The school kids

We would go hunting

Down to the beach we would go hunting for oysters

Going through the mangroves to get mud mussels

Just like the old people had done

We copied what they had taught us

And we are doing the same today

Taking the kids hunting

Fishing and collecting oysters

Today we are still doing it

Just like our elders did.



I was also working from home

Painting with my elder brother Barayuwa Munungurr

On our mother's sacred Munyuku designs.

And teaching our children at the same time

Because we saw our elders

That's how they taught us.

We are continuing this knowledge for our children

For all the children

For all the family

So they know how to go hunting for oysters and fish

How to weave with pandanus

How to dance in ceremonies.

I have filmed three Dhapi (initiation) ceremonies

Two Dhuwa

Djapu Clan

One Yirritja

Maŋgalili Clan

Young Boy's Dhapi at Wandawuy

I film all of my families ceremonies

Dhapi ceremonies

Families dancing.



There are lots of my films at that place

At the art centre

I was working as a filmmaker there

I would record with the old ladies

We would work together and help each other

And I'm missing those days

When we would work together

And now I am far away from where I used to work

The art centre

I'm missing it all

My home

Mulka

And my friends and family who work there

While I sit here thinking about it all

My homeland Wandawuy

and the Yolnu there

Thinking as I sit here

Missing all the things that I used to do

With the kids and the elders in my homeland

Taking them hunting

All my family and friends in Yirrkala

It's finished.



Now I am speaking

And recording myself

And my words

Through the telephone

Because I have been gone a long time

From my home

My work

My people

I'm missing it all

My work

My people.



Now I'm sitting here in Darwin

And it doesn't feel the same

It is different living in Darwin

Without law, without culture

Without my work

Without seeing family nearby

Living far away

My family is back where I used to live

Wandawuy

And Yirrkala

And I am living here

As I watch and hear the sounds of the winds and the birds

I am thinking

My mind returns to the place from which I fled

My home is there

It's name is Wandawuy.

And now I am in a foreign land

My life has changed here

I'm forgetting about my law and all my peoples culture

I don't go hunting

I don't see dancing

Missing seeing Dhapi ceremonies.

and dancing at funerals

and hunting or fishing

Eating oysters.

Eating fish and turtle

It's different here.

Not like the place i left behind

Which holds so many stories and power

Which holds great strength and feelings for my people.

Here it feels different

But if i could return home

I could feel strong and connected to the land.

I am living far far away in Darwin

But my heart aches for my land.

And my mind goes back to my home

My people,

My heart,

My feelings.

