

Copyright Notice:

Dahut Creations by Waterwench©1978 to Date & DMC ©1978 to Date

The Artist, designer, creator and writer (Dahut Creations by Waterwench©1978 to Date & DMC ©1978 to date (and All Associated Works), rights are protected by the Australian Copyright Act - 2017 and International Copyright laws. Purchase of a copyright artwork, design, writing or creation does not transfer the copyright. The copyright to produce the works in copies, to produce derivative work based on the copy written image, design and or writing and distribute copies is retained by the Artist, designer, creator and writer. Any transfer of this copyright must be in writing expressly identifying what rights are being sold and for what purpose.

Works of art, designs, creations or writings cannot be modified without the permission of the artist. Works of art, designs, creations or writings cannot be distributed, mutilated or modified in any way that would prejudice the reputation of the Artist, designer, creator and writer, Dahut Creations by Waterwench©1978 to Date & DMC ©1978 to date (and All Associated Works)

Artist's Statement - The First Dawn - DMC©2019

My earliest memory of dawn dates back to 1967. I was a small child, drowsy in the back seat of my father's car, when I opened my eyes to see the sky utterly transformed. The horizon blazed with reds, deep purples, golds, and streaks of fading night, a brilliant array of colours I had never seen before. That first dawn etched itself into my heart, a moment of awe and stillness before the day began.

Throughout my life, I have sought out those quiet hours before sunrise: the inky blue night, the faint glow of the moon, and the peace that comes just before the chaos of the world awakens. I had opened one of my journals where I had written about this first dawn memory, from back in 2001, to help me bring my image to fruition. Countless mornings watching the colours of dawn dance across the sky inspired the creation of this artwork.

When I set out to make *The First Dawn*, I began with a large hardwood panel, my hot plate, trays of melted beeswax, encaustic medium, oil paints, mica powders, and my trusty heat gun. I poured and layered the reds, purples, and blues I remembered from that first morning, then gently waved the heat gun over the surface to let the colours melt, swirl, and flow into one another. I left it to rest, and by the afternoon, the vision of my first dawn had taken shape before me.

As I worked, I felt the grounding presence of ancient Gaia, the heartbeat of the earth that has always called to me. My Irish and Swedish roots live softly in this work: the mystic spirit of the Celtic dawns, where dragons stir in the imagination of green hills and misted lochs, and the Nordic light of long horizons where the sun climbs slowly across frozen seas. Both heritages whisper their song in the layering of wax and stone, in the shimmer of mica that gleams like frost and faerie fire.

Equally, I felt my connection to Country here in Australia, guided by the deep wisdom of ancient Elders. Their stories of land, sky, and spirit have taught me to listen to the whisper of the gum leaves, to the stillness of pre-dawn, and to the pulse of the earth beneath my feet. In this work, I bring together my ancestral threads and the profound teachings of Country, honouring the custodians who have walked and cared for this land since time immemorial.

The image of a dragon came to me later, inspired by an old tale of the first dragons. With a white watercolour pencil, I sketched her wings outstretched, embracing the light of her first dawn. I outlined her form in oil paint mixed with mica powders, then gently warmed the wax so that the dragon became part of the encaustic surface. Once dry, I polished the painting by hand, then added details with acrylics, oil enamel, and a touch of mica to make her wings shimmer.

One of the most playful and memorable steps came while working with Western Australian black granite. I experimented with an old microwave, heating the stones until they split apart with a sharp, thrilling pop, much to the delight of my two-year-old daughter, who laughed and clapped at the sound. She even drew on one of the split stones with a white wax crayon, adding her own small mark to the piece.

I embedded the split granite into the dragon's chest, using Gorilla glue and a gentle wave of heat to set it into the wax. After the encaustic surface cured once more, I polished it again by hand and finished the work with a coat of crystal-clear two-part epoxy resin, sealing it under a luminous, protective gloss.

The First Dawn is the story of that first remembered sunrise, of a dragon awakening to the light, and of the joy and wonder passed from parent to child in the act of creation. It is also a gentle offering to Gaia, to Country, and to the Elders who hold its stories. It weaves my Irish and Swedish ancestral threads into the land and sky of Australia, a celebration of the eternal dialogue between earth, heritage, and spirit.

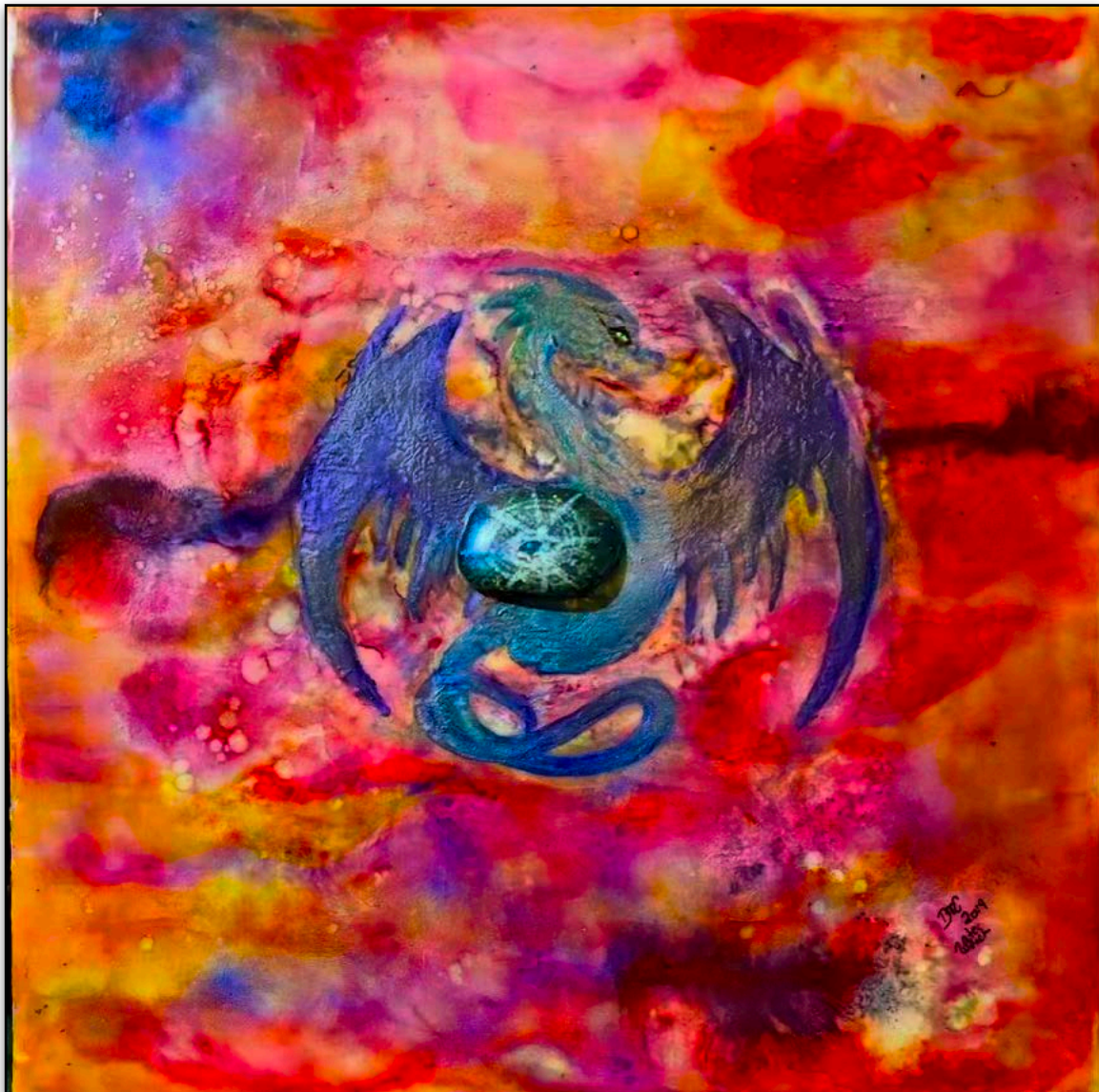
Medium: Encaustic, mica, oil enamels & ink on hardboard panel, with embedded Western Australian black granite.

Size: 35cm x 35cm x 1cm (wall-hanging)

Weight: 0.45kg

Finish: Sealed under UVA/UVB-protectant resin

The First Dawn - DMC©2019



Encaustic, mica, oil enamels & ink on hardboard panel, with embedded Western Australian black granite

Journal - DMC©2001 - The Dreaming of the First Dawn and the Dragon

In the time before time, when the land was silent, wrapped in the grey breath of the void, there was no sun, no warmth, no colour. Only the sleeping pulse of Country, waiting for its story to be sung. From the swirling void of Chaos rose Gaia, The Matriarch, the great Mother Earth, the mother of all life. She was the womb from which the universe itself unfurled, the Earth herself breathing in the darkness, cradling the potential of all being.

Her dreaming heart pulsed beneath endless waters, the secret veins of Gaia: lakes still as mirrors, streams whispering through the ancient gullies, and the vast oceans rolling their eternal song. I have swum in these sacred waters, feeling her breath in the currents, her memory in the cool embrace of each wave. From these waters, as much as from soil and stone, life waited to awaken.

From her dreaming heart, the pulse of the land and waters whispered for light. And in that sacred stillness, Gurrandal, the First Dragon, coiled into existence. Born from Gaia's deep dreaming, an echo of the Earth Mother's eternal song. Her scales shimmered faintly like sunlight caught on still water, her eyes closed, holding the deep wisdom of ancient silence. She lay across the tallest peaks and drank from the rivers and seas of Gaia, her breath rippling through the streams and lakes, feeling the heartbeat of the great mother herself.

Gurrandal knew her purpose: to awaken the land and the flowing waters, to stitch light into the living fabric of Country, so that the voice of Gaia, Mother Earth, might rise into the world.

When the sacred moment arrived, Gurrandal exhaled. Not fire, but a golden mist carrying the songs of the Ancestors and the blessings of the Generational Matriarch. The mist drifted over the rivers, danced above the lakes, and kissed the rolling oceans. As this breath of Earth Mother met the cool, waiting world, it birthed the first sun, rising with fierce reds, glowing ochres, and soft purples. The sacred palette of Gaia's spirit unfolded.

The ancient jarrah trees stirred in the newborn light, their roots deep in the red earth of Gaia, and their toes drinking from hidden pools and streams, feeling her warmth awaken. Their branches reached skyward, etched with the stories of generations, whispers of stone, soil, water, and spirit. In the rustle of their leaves, the jarrah spoke to Gurrandal, carrying the voice of Mother Earth herself.

The ghost gums, pale as the bones of the Ancestors, stood vigil like guardians of Gaia. Their white bark gleamed under the rising sun, reflecting Gurrandal's light and the great mother's spirit. Their quiet strength spoke of the memory of the land and its flowing waters, of the Dreaming within every fibre, of the resilience and continuity of life running from the void of Chaos through Gaia and into the world.

Gurrandal's wings caught the first rays, her scales transforming into mosaics of fire, emerald, and shadow, weaving the light across the sky to ensure the sun would never be lost to darkness. Beneath her, the rivers laughed, and the oceans sang, joined by the call of goo goo gar, the kookaburra. A sacred song to the Mother of All, a proclamation of Gaia's dawn.

From that first morning, the sun rises from the breath of Gurrandal and the will of Gaia. The colours of dawn, deep reds, golden streaks, purples, and glimmering silvers, are the living echoes of the Earth Mother's spirit. They are carried in the dragon's scales, whispered by the jarrah and ghost gums, and reflected in every stream, lake, and ocean I have ever swum.

The trees and waters hold her story. In the creak of ancient bark, the murmur of rivers, the cool embrace of a lake, the rhythm of waves, and the dance of dappled light and shadow, Gaia speaks. Through Gurrandal, the Keeper of the Day, the great mother of all life roots herself in the earth, soars in the sky, and flows in every breath of water through Country.

When I walk beneath the jarrah's shade, swim in the sacred waters, or watch the ghost gums stand aglow in dawn's light, I know that I am standing in the heart of Gaia, within the story first sung by my Matriarch and guarded by the dragon in the sky. The Dreaming lives on, carried by the land, sung by the trees, and forever cradled in the embrace of the great Mother Earth. ©2001 DMC

The First Dawn - ©DMC©2019

Night softens to blue
Moon and stars fade into gold
First breath of the day

Dragon spreads her wings
White pencil sketch, mica gleams
Fused in heat and light

I stand in the stillness, listening.

She rises slowly from the canvas.

Child in father's car
1967 skies
Reds, purples ablaze

Granite shard of black
Child's white crayon marks the heart
Stone sealed into dawn

Memory drifts forward, warm and tender.

The heart remembers, even when I forget.

Morning air whispers
Earth and eucalyptus scent
Hope in quiet light

Polished resin shines
Guardian of first sunrise
Watches over me

I inhale the moment, unspoken and whole.

I bow to her quiet gaze.

Board waits, wax is warm
Colours flow like molten skies
Memory takes shape

Wonder never fades
Every glance returns me to
The sky being born

DMC©2019

Each layer holds a fragment of dawn.

The First Dawn: Diary ©DMC2019

I step into the hour before dawn, when the world is holding its breath. The air is cool and damp, carrying the scent of earth and eucalyptus. Above me, the sky stretches wide and heavy with shadow, deep blue softening to violet. The Moon lingers like a quiet thought, and the last stars tremble before they fade. Slowly, colour rises from the horizon: first a whisper of rose, then molten gold and purple bleeding into the retreating black. I watch the night loosen its hold, and for a moment, I am a child again, drifting awake in the back of my father's car in 1967. Through foggy glass, I see my first sunrise alive with fire, and a lifetime later, that memory still burns.

In my studio, I chase that memory. A 35cm square of hardwood waits beneath my fingertips, cool and expectant. I heat the beeswax, mix in oil pigments and mica powders, and the air fills with the faint sweetness of warm wax. I pour the colours I remember: reds, purples, molten golds, and watch them flow and merge like the early sky. Hours later, I return to find the board transformed, carrying the stillness and glow of that first dawn.

A dragon arrives, unbidden. I trace her wings in white watercolour pencil, wide and open to the morning. I mix oil paint with linseed and mica, drawing her into being. The heat fuses her to the surface, and shimmer drifts across her wings like the first light catching clouds. I polish, I paint, I breathe her into life.

A piece of black Western Australian granite waits nearby, a shard split in an old microwave, marked by my two-year-old's white wax crayon. Her scrawl becomes the dragon's heart. I press it into the centre, glue and heat sealing memory into form. A final coat of crystal-clear resin gathers it all: the sky, the dragon, the stone, into a single, shining moment.

Now, when I look up from my workbench, she is there. The dragon watches over me, a guardian of quiet mornings and endless beginnings. And every time I meet her gaze, I step back into that first day, into the stillness, the colour, and the wonder of a new sky being born.

Copyright Notice:

Dahut Creations by Waterwench©1978 to Date & DMC ©1978 to Date

The Artist, designer, creator and writer (Dahut Creations by Waterwench©1978 to Date & DMC ©1978 to date (and All Associated Works), rights are protected by the Australian Copyright Act - 2017 and International Copyright laws. Purchase of a copyright artwork, design, writing or creation does not transfer the copyright. The copyright to produce the works in copies, to produce derivative work based on the copy written image, design and or writing and distribute copies is retained by the Artist, designer, creator and writer. Any transfer of this copyright must be in writing expressly identifying what rights are being sold and for what purpose.

Works of art, designs, creations or writings cannot be modified without the permission of the artist. Works of art, designs, creations or writings cannot be distributed, mutilated or modified in any way that would prejudice the reputation of the Artist, designer, creator and writer, Dahut Creations by Waterwench©1978 to Date & DMC ©1978 to date (and All Associated Works)

