paul gundry —
did you catch the weather?



The idiomatic question, "did you catch the weather?" typifies the informal, colloquial nature of our day-to-day conversational speech. In daily use it is a sincere question but one that is uttered incidentally and in passing – almost involuntarily. In one sense this familiar cry lightly references my paintings that capture the weather and its atmospheric effects; but it also calls to mind the routine and the familiar and all else that goes without saying. The habits and customs of the everyday offer psychological shortcuts that helpfully put our car in automatic and spare us the effort of manually driving our thoughts; the opposite, it would seem, of poetry.

One of the ironies of living in Hobart is that our regular, day-to-day environment can be quite extraordinary, in its own quiet way. And yet, we can become so accustomed to the presence of the Mountain and its surrounds that we risk taking them for granted. Habituated as we are, we may often overlook the poetry that daily floods across the landscape of home. When we do chance to notice, the moment is often so fleeting that we hardly have time to think upon that which our eyes briefly beheld. Nevertheless, these chance glimpses stay with us, lying dormant – bookmarked - until, at some undisclosed time in the future we might make time and turn our attention to the rigors of translation.

With my paintings I invite the viewer to dwell a little longer in the quiet presence of the landscape, and to reflect upon the poetic sense of place that speaks to us in those chance moments when the noise and movement of the day-to-day subsides. It is then that the time of poetry takes its place and gives voice to the quiet call echoing from out of the vast stillness of our backyard.

Paul Gundry

October 2026