

peter gouldthorpe —
the wild heart



The days of real snow. It took all day to walk to Dove Lake on my 21st birthday!

I fell under the spell of the Tasmanian mountains from the moment I saw them in my nineteenth year. I love their pristine wildness, their mosaic of plant communities, one minute darkly dense rainforest, the next, open, alpine moorland. It's a landscape that speaks of deep time, once shaped by ice and now the weather of our latitude.

These paintings and prints depict scenes along the Overland Track. The track allows access to an exemplary cross section of peaks and valleys. Running north, west and east, the Forth, Mersey, Pieman, Murchison, Franklin and Derwent rivers all begin there. The mythical nomenclature along the way, I find very evocative, Narcissus, Olympus, The Acropolis. The tarn that sits atop our highest mountain is called the Pool of Icarus. The highly variable weather plays sfumato mysteries in mist, clear, calm, sunny benevolence, light-shows of golden amber or throws force ten sleet in your face. Mostly though it's just coolly wet. It's a place where I live in the moment, where I feel how good it is to be alive and allow my senses to drink in the beauty of nature.

new
works

30.10.20 —
23.11.20