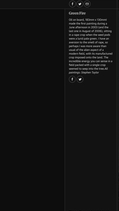

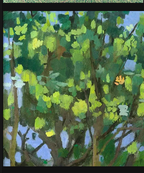

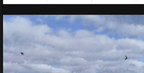

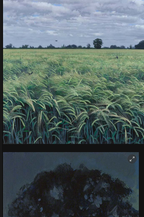

After the death of his mother, a close friend and his
father, the artist Stephen Taylor began a series of
paintings in a field close to his childhood home. After
four years painting in the field he found one oak which
became the focus of his work. Here he presents some of
the 50 paintings of that particular tree he made during
three years, and the journey of light and colour on which
it sent him

Thu 15 Dec 2011 13.33 GMT

Topics

Green Fire

Oil on board, 183mm x 130mmI
made the first painting during a
June afternoon in 2003 (and the
last one in August of 2006), sitting
in a rape crop when the seed pods
were a lurid pale green. I have an
aversion to the smell of rape, so
perhaps I was more aware than
usual of the alien aspect of a
modern field, with its manufactured
crop imposed onto the land. The
incredible energy you can sense in a
field packed with a single crop
seemed to seep into the tree.All
paintings: Stephen Taylor

Wood Pigeon Flying over
Oilseed Rape

Oil on canvas, 1550 mm x 1150
mmAs you move toward a tree,
more and more subtleties of colour
become visible until every shade of
green seems different. The colours
for this painting were taken from oil
studies made close to the tree. The
overall shape of the tree is based on
a view from a distance, where it is
easier to appreciate the general
form. The result is an image with a
simple initial effect, like a sign, but
with a very wide range of colours. I
wanted to make an oak tree that
felt both observed and imagined:
an emblem embedded in vision.

Study for Blue Tit Foraging
on Pollard Branch

Oil on board, 360 mm x 300
mmThe approach was Cezanne
inspired. I painted several studies
without glasses (I’m nearsighted) to
help me to attend to the colours.
This one is the colour world of the
leaves of the outer canopy.

Blue Tit Foraging on
Pollard Branch

Oil on canvas, 910 mm x
660mmThe paler branches are
pollard branches. Oak branches
have a zigzag growth pattern that
evolved to fit leaves into light-
catching spaces in canopies of
competing trees. But if an oak loses
a low branch, it conserves energy
by shooting out a pollard branch,
leaves appear only at the tips,
where the sunlight is.

Swallows at 11am, First
Version

Oil on canvas, 1020 mm x 1020
mmWhen I was painting this, at the
back of my mind was Burnt Norton,
a poem from Four Quartets (1944)
by TS Eliot that associates a tree
with ‘the still point of the turning
world’.

Moonrise

Oil on board, 183 mm x 130
mmWalking through wheat at
night, I was surrounded by what
looked like a coral reef spreading
into darkness. There is so much
green in the early night sky, it
reminds me of an aquarium.Settling
in, I put a fresh board inside the
open lid of the painting box on my
lap. The oak now has sharp, black,
lacy edges with little holes of sky
inside. The sky changes to yellow-
green closer to the moon and fades
to darker and redder colour away
from it. Oak sits between these two
colour fields with the blackest
shade in the centre at its base
where I can see nothing.

Flock of Pigeons

Oil on canvas, 910 mm x 660
mmLeaf fall reveals an architecture
only seen in fragments in the
summer. The deepest blue is at the
zenith. Towards the sun light
bleaches the sky contrasting near
black zig-zag branches against a
whitening sheet. The scarified
hedge reflects the same bright
light, creating a screen of beauty
and damage.

Oak After Snow

Oil on canvas, 300mm x
300mmDuring the three winters I
worked with the oak tree, barely an
inch or two of snow fell, and it
quickly melted. When it did snow, I
got to the site as quickly as
possible. I need at least three days
of similar weather to finish a small
painting like this. If not, I might
have to jump in the car months
later at the slightest sign of snow in
the hope of finishing the painting.
Setting up in snow on a clear winter
day is blissful. There’s an endless
white carpet that is full of
interesting unevenness.

Author Walking to Work

This photograph is by Ken Adlard,
who turned out day and night to
record my labours. Altogether I
painted in this field for seven years;
it gave me two shows and became a
kind of home. I’ve moved on now
and am painting water in the
Rheidol valley in Wales. But the
tree is still there.

Photograph: Ken Adlard/New Moon
Photography, Diss

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Art

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The photographer took these
images in 1991 while visiting the
Acropolis in Athens, Greece.
Years later he realised they’d
been beautifully altered by damp

Martin Parr’s

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with added water

damage H in pictures

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photos

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Heart of oak H a gallery of Stephen Taylor's tree
paintings

Detail: Blue Tit Foraging on Pollard
Branch. Oil on canvas, 910 mm x
660mm. Illustration: Stephen Taylor

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