



Endellion Lycett Green, 44, has been painting plants with intensity, skill and emotion for twenty years. Her shows, at Browse and Darby on Cork Street, sell hard and fast. For ten years she has also been teaching at East London's prestigious Prince's Drawing School. She is married with two teenage children. 'I drive here after dropping the children at the bus for school. My best experience is to kick off with painting, but if I can't, I'll draw. If I get stuck, I'll go and draw what I'm stuck on. The studio is everything I need, and if I'm not working, I meditate. I am easily distracted, and I've found that in London I can't concentrate to paint. It's about teaching, going to exhibitions, seeing people. Here is so peaceful, it's conducive to concentration. It's a wrench to leave at the end of the day.'

Lycett Green doesn't paint what she sees out of the window, she doesn't walk every day on the Downs; rather she creates her paintings from within, using the photographs on the studio walls as a point from which to explore the form and texture of the plants that are her usual subject. 'The photographs are a reference, I don't adhere to them, I am not creating photorealism, they simply draw me in.'

Her time here is precious, and the space has a serenity that feels luxurious. There is no internet connection; she uses the art-book collection she has built up with charity-shop finds. The large painting on the chair is impressive. Intensely detailed, beautifully executed, it depicts tall sedum and dancing waves of sea holly. It has been six months' work to reach the point of completion, and the final touch is the delicate application of gold leaf, which sits like dappled sunlight. She finds a quote from Frank Lloyd Wright: 'I believe in God, but I spell it NATURE.'

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Endellion Lycett Green shows with Browse and Darby, Cork Street, W1S 3LP.

In a fold of the beautiful Wiltshire Downs, a former farmyard is alive with the working day of several small businesses. In one corner is a wooden construction: an old door, a corrugated-iron roof and a sign that says 'Studio'. Inside, the space opens up, white, on a scale that dwarfs the vast red sofa and armchair, but in no way overpowers the stunning painting propped on a chair at the other end of the room. One wall is lined with shelves of music and books, teetering towers of art books. A poem by Emily Dickinson, hand-written, is pinned on the wall next to some lyrics from Bob Dylan's 'I dreamed I saw St Augustine'. A window looks out to a chestnut tree. The walls are bright with trails of photographs, on one a group of rock-pool pictures, on another the hot pinks and yellows, reds and oranges of a summer border.