

Not needed



**What lies within**

**Niki South**

Copyright etc

Text

## WHAT LIES WITHIN

This work is a personal response to a dynamic landscape, both internally and externally. It positions the an ancient woodlands as a visual metaphor for community. The motivation for this concept are my experience of the local community who are often disharmonious, and driven by difference; this as a contrast to woodland societies. The concept is stimulated by humans, though they are not evident in my work.

Ancient woodlands are complex communities, with trees at their heart; they envelop your senses, encouraging you to slowly absorb what you see and feel, wake your subconscious, and inspire reflection. I am drawn to aspects of their community which could apply to human communities; such as communication, cooperation, support, diversity, resilience, inclusion, networking, mutual exchange and adaptation.

This approach runs parallel to my contextual studies work on affect (expressing what is in a photographer's mind) and effect (realism) in landscape photography. In essence this is the difference between photographing a subject realistically, and photographing a subject to represent something else, including abstract ideas. Photographers such as Minor White, Alfred Steiglitz, and John Blakemore created images as metaphors for something beyond the subject being photographed. I am also influenced by contemporary landscape photographers such as those of The Inside the Outside Collective, particularly Rob Hudson and Guy Dickenson, who talk of combining in photography the world within us, and the world outside us, and suggest that that going out, is really going in.

This work explores the possibilities of transforming abstract ideas, in my subconscious to something concrete via a visual representation of another subject. Through this work I have learnt that combining the world within my head with the one in front of me, can be cathartic. Developing this body of work by an internal and external passage through landscape, has helped me to accept and heal some of the wounds that inspired it's beginning. I have given some signposting of my intentions, though ultimately viewers must decide for themselves what meaning they find in the work.



Blank

Or

Mayhem...or cooperation



Blank

Or

Confusion ...or harmony



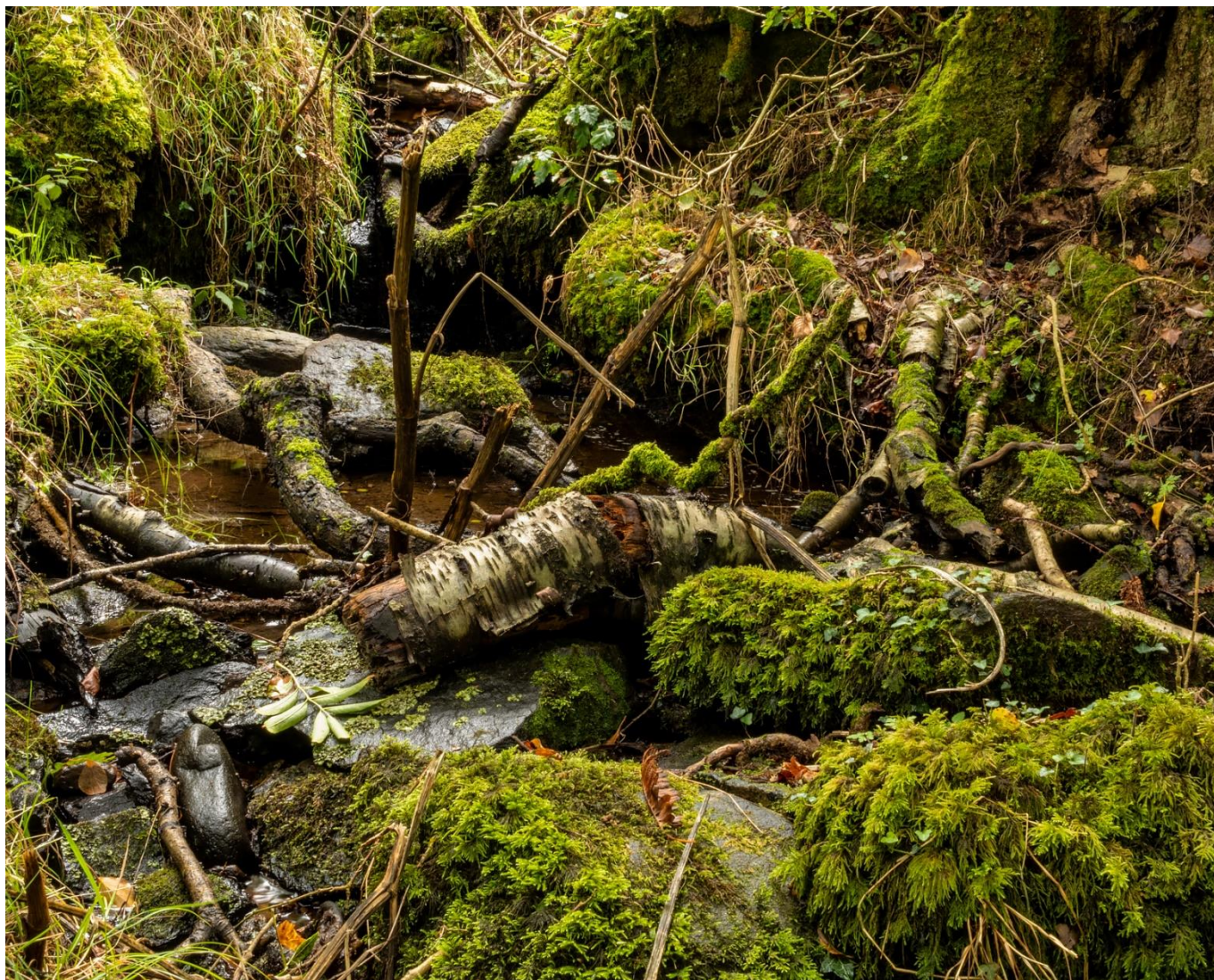


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Or

Muddle...or balance



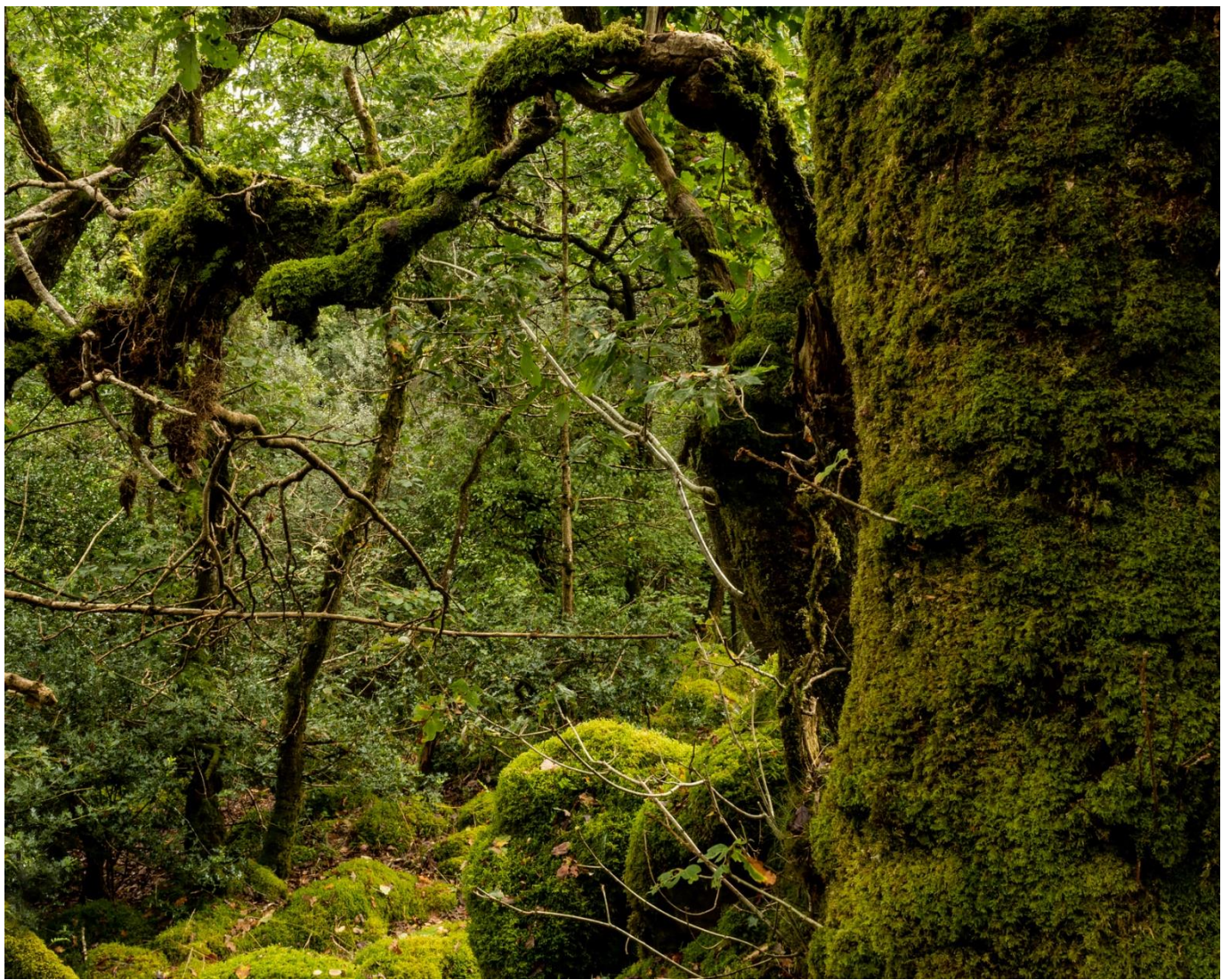


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Or

Collaboration... or disarray









**Interdependent:** related to one another in such a close way that each one needs the others in order to exist



**Diversity:** the fact that very different people or things exist within a group or place



**Nourish:** to give a person, animal, or plant the food and care that they need to live, grow, and be healthy



the things that nature or which we people grow around us are something, and nature something, and it is something that we can't see.





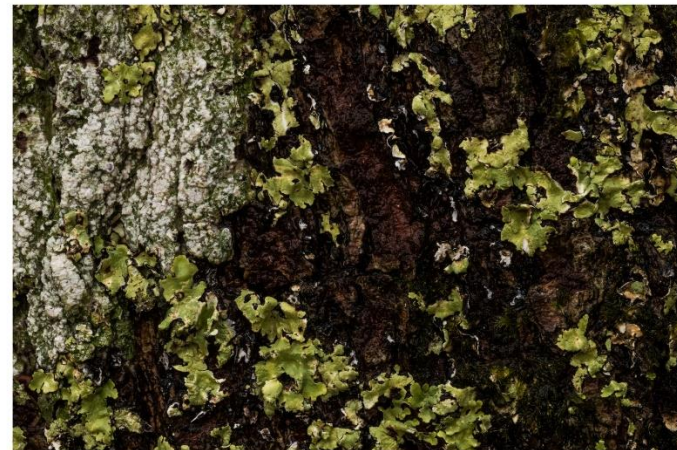
**Network:** a group of people, organizations, or places that are connected or that work together



**Harmony:** a situation in which people live and work well with other people, or in a way that does not damage things around them



**Reciprocal:** done according to an arrangement by which you do something for someone who does the same thing for you



**Cooperation:** a situation in which people or organisations work together to achieve a result that will benefit all of them



What lies here beneath the abundant enveloping eiderdown, slumbering peacefully together?

What lies elsewhere beneath structural facades, sheltering but murmuring malice?



What lies here beneath the luminescent selfless sheath, accepting the mutual benefit?

What lies elsewhere beneath shared need, acknowledged but resented?





What lies here beneath the verdant creeping coverlet, collectively sharing comfort?

What lies elsewhere beneath community spirit, concealed but festering?





What lies here beneath the softest downy dress, sharing nourishment contentedly?

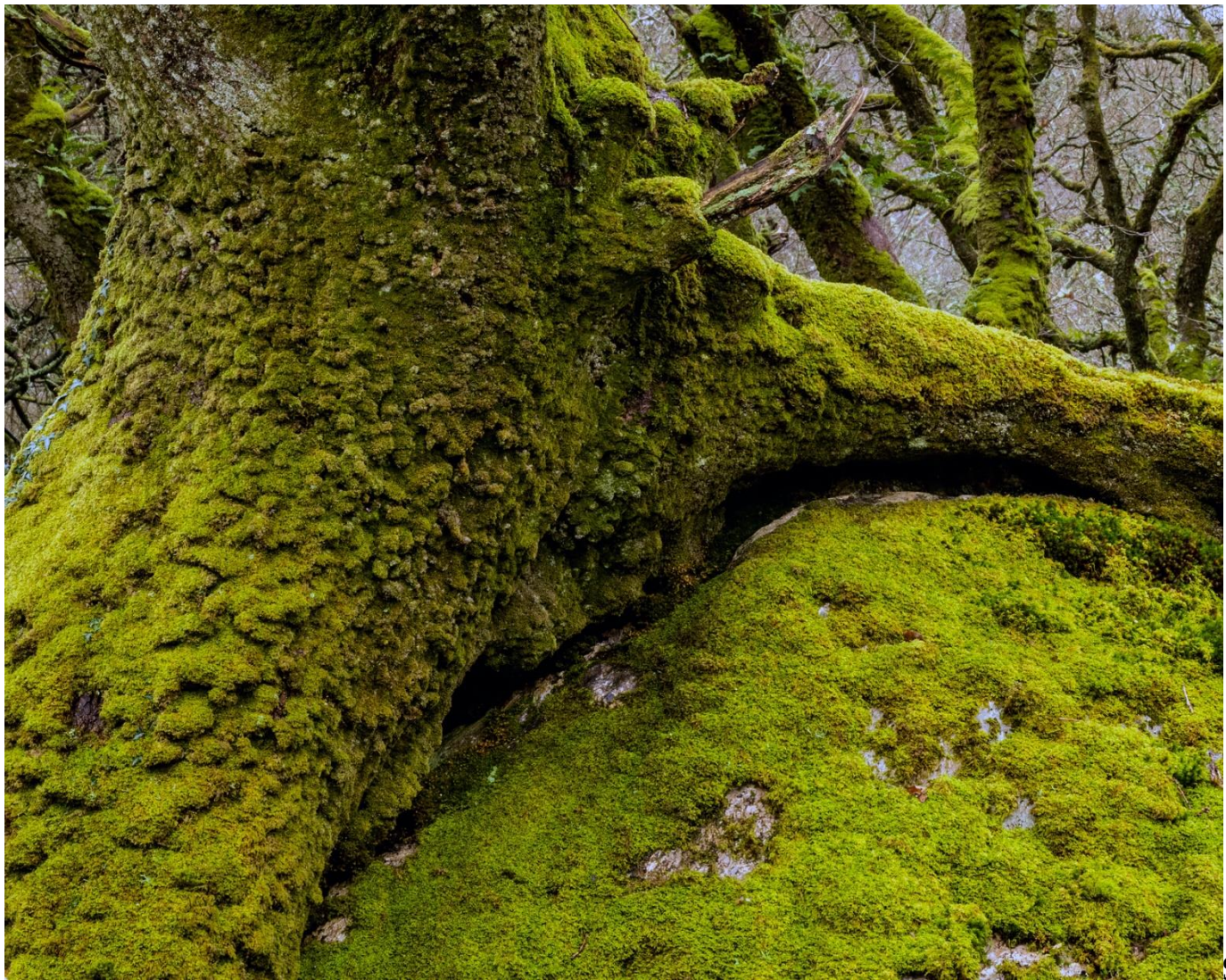
What lies elsewhere beneath man's disguised demeanour, civil but deliberately divisive?





What lies here beneath the willing emerald wrapping, acknowledging their collective realm?  
What lies elsewhere beneath acceptable appearances, charming but prejudiced?







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Or

Bathe, heal and recover



Blank





Blank







Blank





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