



add | mix | fold

EXHIBITION PROPOSAL

This is a body of work about memory and the stories we tell ourselves. Photographs, thread, and collage weave together a visual memoir about growing up in the South in the 60s.

NANCY RICHARDS FARESE

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ABOUT THE WORK

This work is about memory, and the stories we tell ourselves. Using photography, collage, and thread I create a visual memoir of growing up in the South in the Sixties, to re-examine the culture of historical segregation, expectations of womanhood, and a complicated relationship to place and home.

Add|Mix|Fold is inspired by a family pound cake recipe, and a metaphor for how stories are mixed and folded into memory to make sense of our current lives. As a Southerner, we also 'sift' through the legacy that we inherit, paradoxical in both beauty and violence, to decide what to hold onto, and what to let go. Like these art objects, memory itself is constantly being assembled and collaged, a quilt of fact and fiction that we wrap ourselves in.

The work is intentionally tactile, handcrafted, undeniably human, pushing back on the ephemeral nature of today's digital and synthetic imagery. These pieces are one of a kind.

Nancy Richards Farese

WORKS

26 handcrafted pieces
18 photographs of varying size

PROGRAMMING

Nancy Richards Farese is available for artist talks, workshops, panel discussions, and presentations about the history of the interrupted image.

In the digital and AI imagery age, creating tangible and handmade objects that push back the fluid, synthetic image of current media changes how we think about the photographic collage.

PRESS

[Lenscratch](#)

[Dodho Magazine](#)

INQUIRIES

Contact: Nancy Richards Farese
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EXHIBITION SCHEDULE

Studio 162

Rockport, Maine
(May 2023)

Garvey | Simon Gallery

San Anselmo, California
(September 2023)

Frame Crafters Gallery

Greenbrae, California
(October - December, 2023)

The Light Factory

Charlotte, North Carolina
(January 20 - March 16, 2024)

Southeast Center for Photography

Greenville, South Carolina
(opening Spring 2025)

The Morris Museum of Art

Augusta, Georgia
(opening Fall 2025)

Available for booking 2024-2026

Part One

CHAPTER I

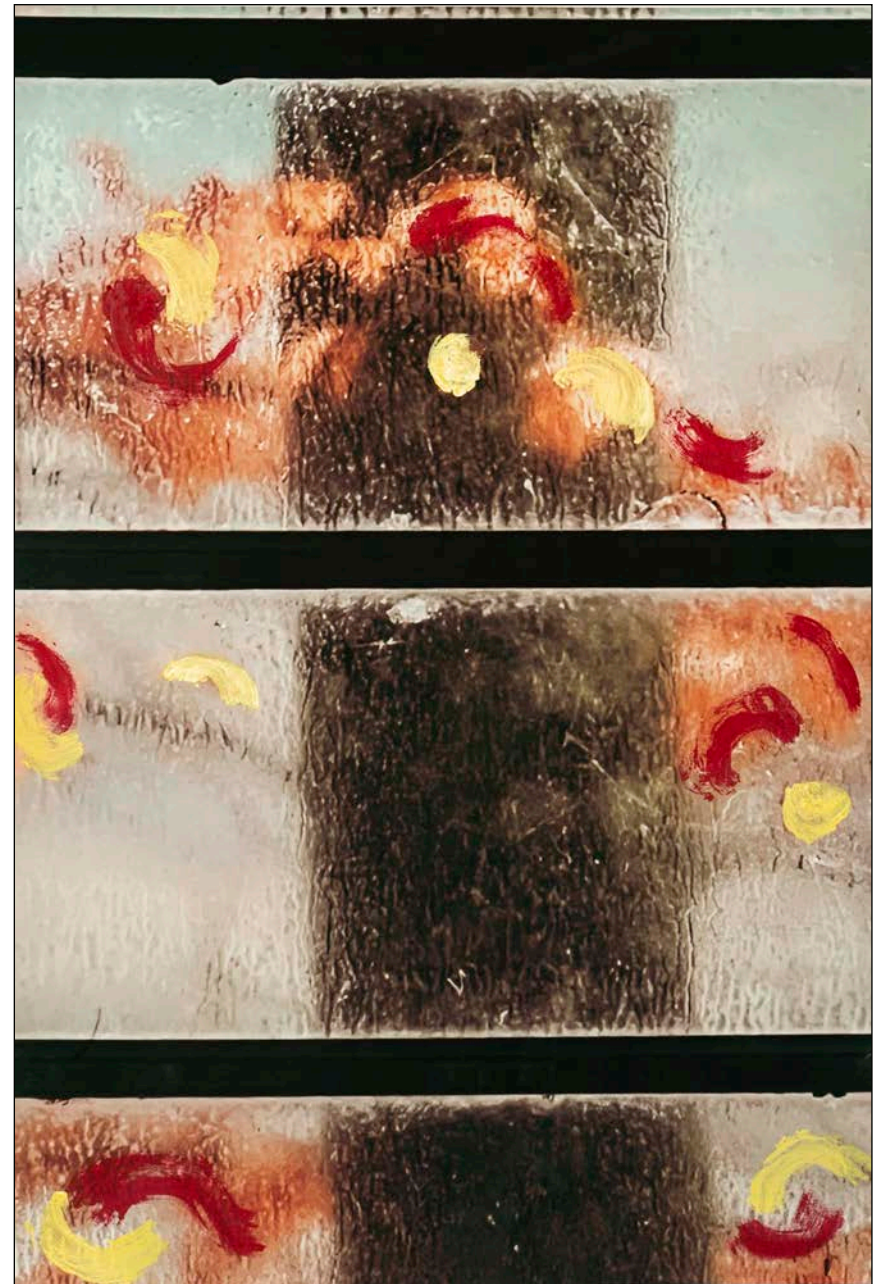
Scarlett O'Hara was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it when caught by her charm as the Tarleton twins were. In her face were too sharply blended the delicate features of her mother, a Coast aristocrat of French descent, and the heavy ones of her florid Irish father. But it was an arresting face, pointed of chin, square of jaw. Her eyes were pale green without touch of hazel, starred with bright black lashes and slightly tilted at the ends. Above them, her thick black brows started upward, cutting a stark oblique line in her magnolia-white skin—that skin so prized by Southern women and so carefully guarded with bonnets, veils and mittens against hot Georgia suns.

Seated with Stuart and Brent Tarleton in the cool shade of the porch of Tara, her father's plantation, that bright April afternoon of 1861, she made a pretty picture. Her new green flowered-muslin dress spread its twelve yards of billowing material over her hoops and exactly matched the flat-heeled green morocco slippers her father had recently brought her from Atlanta. The dress set off to perfection the seventeen-inch waist, the smallest in three counties, and the tightly fitting basque showed breasts well matured for her sixteen years. But for all the modesty of her spreading skirts, the demureness of hair netted smoothly into a chignon and the

quietness of small white hands folded in her lap, her true self was poorly concealed. The green eyes in the carefully sweet face were turbulent, willful, lusty with life, distinctly at variance with her decorous demeanor. Her manners had been imposed upon her by her mother's gentle admonitions and the sterner discipline of her mammy; her eyes were her own.

On either side of her, the twins lounged easily in their chairs, squinting at the sunlight through tall mint-garnished glasses as they laughed and talked, their long legs, booted to the knee and thick with saddle muscles, crossed negligently. Nineteen years old, six feet two inches tall, long of bone and hard of muscle, with sun-burned faces and deep auburn hair, their eyes merry and arrogant, their bodies clothed in identical blue coats and mustard-colored breeches, they were as much alike as two bolls of cotton.

Outside, the late afternoon sun slanted down in the yard, throwing into gleaming brightness the dogwood trees that were solid masses of white blossoms against the background of new green. The twins' horses were hitched in the driveway, big animals, red as their masters' hair; and around the horses' legs quarreled the pack of lean, nervous possum hounds that accompanied Stuart and Brent wherever they went. A little aloof, as became an









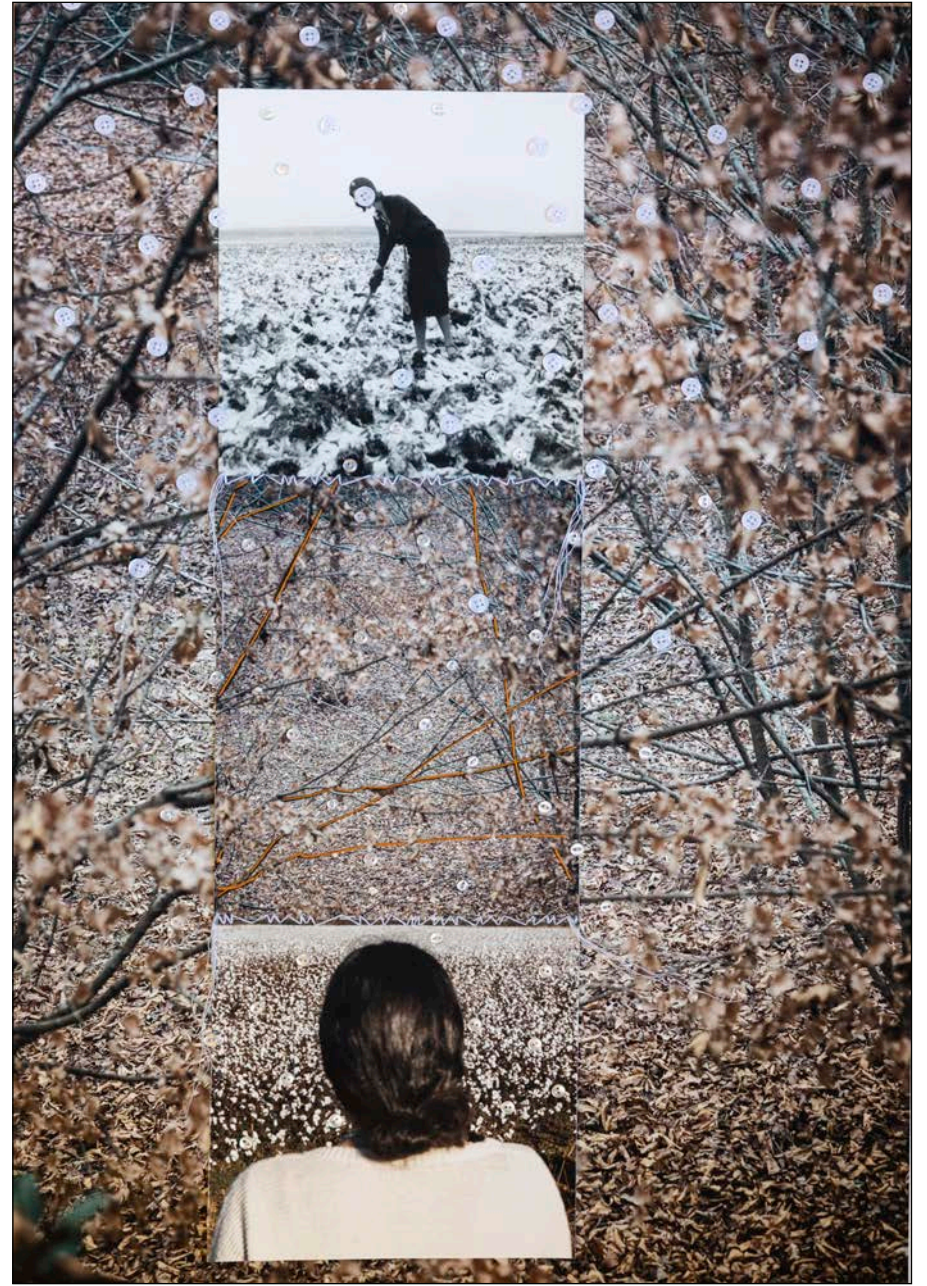
Chapter 1

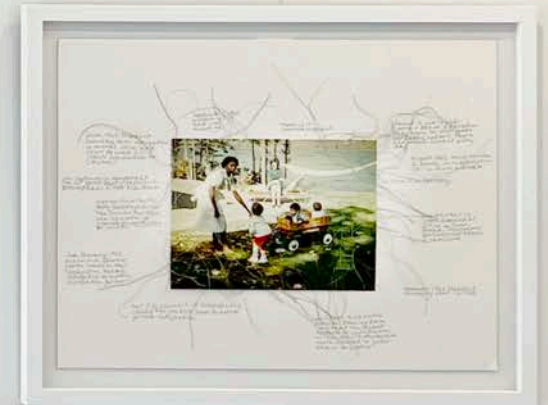
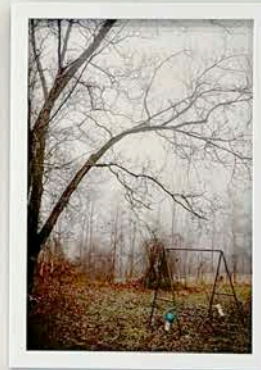
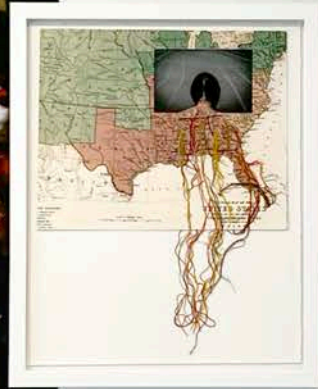
Nancy's Rage to Explain

*Tell about the South. What's it like there.
Why do they live there. Why do they live at all.*
— William Faulkner, *Absalom! Absalom!*

Southern angst is designed precisely and differently for each person, and some of us still agonize over it. Growing up Southern involves sifting the inherited history to decide what you want to claim as your own, and how to justify it to the outside world. This moral quandary is sometimes referred to as “The Southern Rage to Explain.” In Faulkner’s novel *Absalom! Absalom!* a young man from Mississippi travels north to Harvard College and is challenged by his roommate to “tell about the South.” The story plays out along the familiar themes of Northern contempt versus the Southern anguish to justify and explain. And so, it continues still. To be from the South is to be continually called upon to either defiantly explain or morally wrestle with the weight of history and its contradictions.

My own quandary is being raised in a white family, firmly grounded in principles of kindness and morality, yet swimming in the waters of structural racism and blind to its benefits. My “rage to explain” is a self-conscious need to confront the assumptions I grew up with.





STONE MOUNTAIN, WHERE THE CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL IS BEING CHISELED IN SOLID GRANITE, ATLANTA, GA.



June, 1963, President Kennedy calls Segregation 'a moral issue' and vows to send civil rights legislation to Congress.

In September a bombing of the 16th Street Baptist Church in Birmingham killed 4 children

Women have the Pill; Betty Friedan publishes 'The Feminine Mystique'; New legislation is proposed for equal pay for women.

In January, 1963 Alabama Governor George Wallace says "Segregation today; Segregation tomorrow; Segregation forever".

our City Council is considering closing the public pool to avoid forced integration.

September 1963
Martin is 19
and just married.

Mom is 4
months pregnant



At most 10 years after Brown v Board of Education they begin to integrate our public schools. There are protests almost every day.

August 1963, MLK makes a speech in Washington DC - 'I have a dream'

He turns 2 in February.

March, 1963, 12 people arrested at Sit-ins in Rome, Georgia. Newspapers are surprised there's a 'race issue'.

November 1963, President Kennedy shot - killed.

April, 1963 MLK writes from a Birmingham jail that the biggest obstacle to integration is "the white moderate more devoted to 'order' than to justice".



Chapter 2

Nancy Polishes a Beautiful Lie

Memory is a tool for allowing the mind to polish its own beautiful lie.
— Sally Mann

Both memory and photography are imperfect versions of the truth.

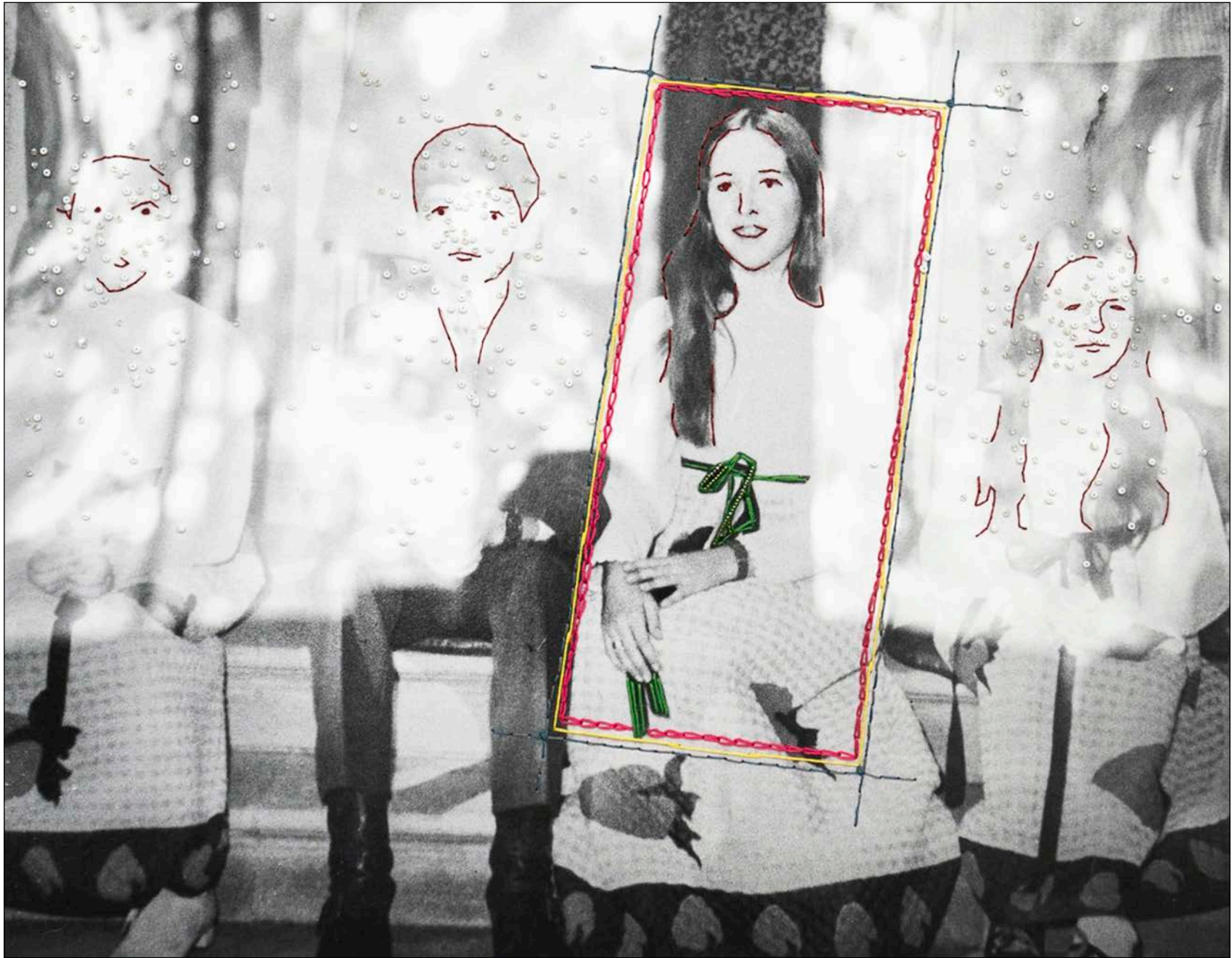
Even though our house had only two bedrooms, over the next eight years my parents would have six kids. I remember being locked in our room for nap times with a firm “it’s not time to be awake now,” and I remember banging on the patio window for the bathroom, with an equally firm “it’s not time to be inside now.” I remember that the year my youngest sister was born I got my first Kodak camera. I remember waiting for my mother on the curb outside school while she drove her carpool loops around town, humiliated to be there for over an hour, but I don’t ever remember being afraid.

What we remember, it turns out, is only loosely related to what happened. Memories hold a complicated mix of fact and fiction, even the ones we hold most vivid, most certain of their truth. Memory is not a retrieval process, with an original set of facts waiting to be pulled up. Remembering is an act of emotional creation, a reassembling or collaging of partially remembered facts that we color in and make relevant to our lives, today.

"How

a woman should be.









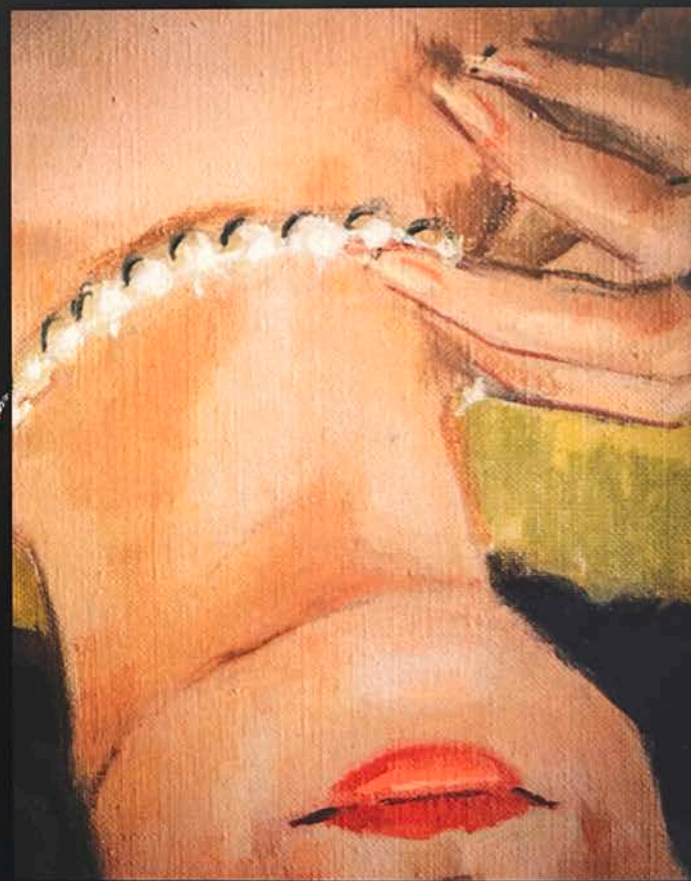
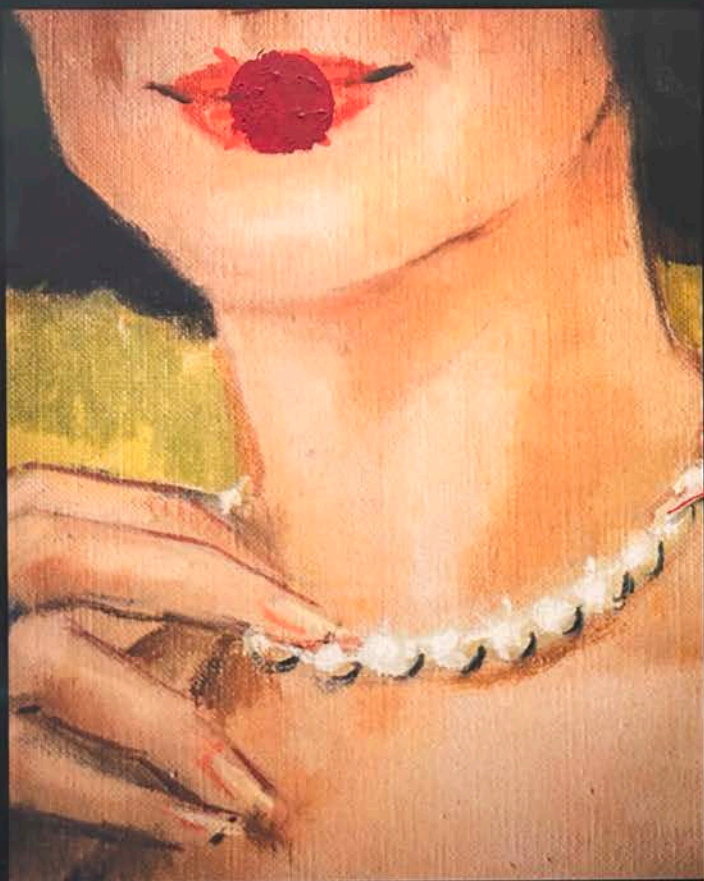
Chapter 3

Nancy Works out the Code

Every style is a means of insisting on something.
— Susan Sontag

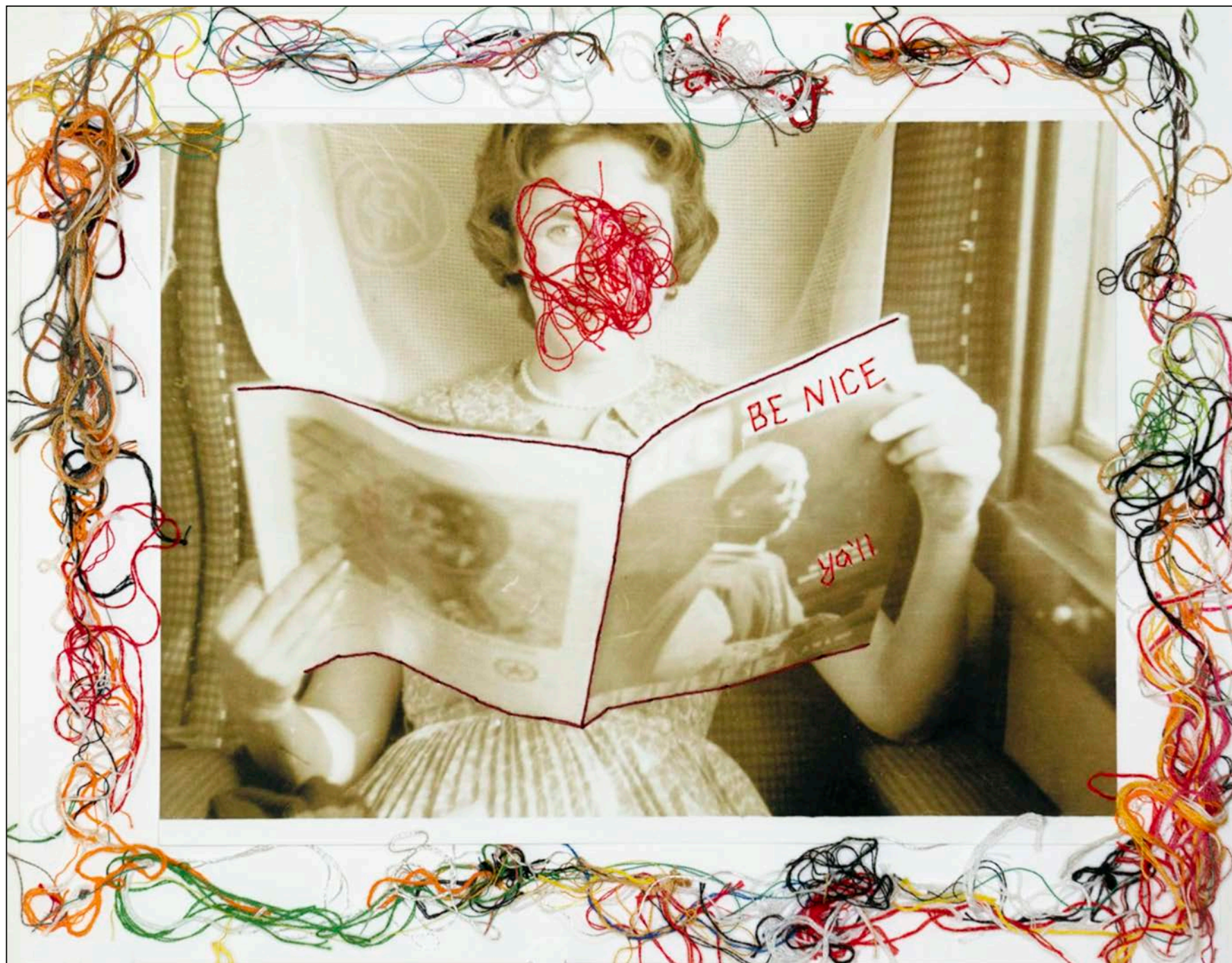
The Sixties were a confusing time to be a girl. I was straddling *Gone with the Wind*, *Father Knows Best*, and *The Feminine Mystique*. I was wearing Peter Pan collars, arguing to wear pants to school, and consumed with living up to my role model, Nancy Drew. Meanwhile, American women were taking the pill, challenging the rigid idealization of the happy housewife, and arguing for equal pay. This played out as visual media came alive in glossy magazines, electric billboards, and televisions in most American homes. The 'Male Gaze' became an economic and commercial force. Even as we examine the impact of social media on children today, it's hard to overstate the media revolution of the Sixties and its influence on our lives. When media theorist Marshall McLuhan coined the phrase "the medium is the message," he was referring to the explosive power of visuals, seductive and manipulative, which shaped at massive scale what we were buying, how we were voting, who we were to each other, and how we saw ourselves.

Visual media taps a basic human behavior — to contrast and compare ourselves to others; the medium itself was transforming everything about American culture, especially it's women.



Bless your
heart







Chapter 4

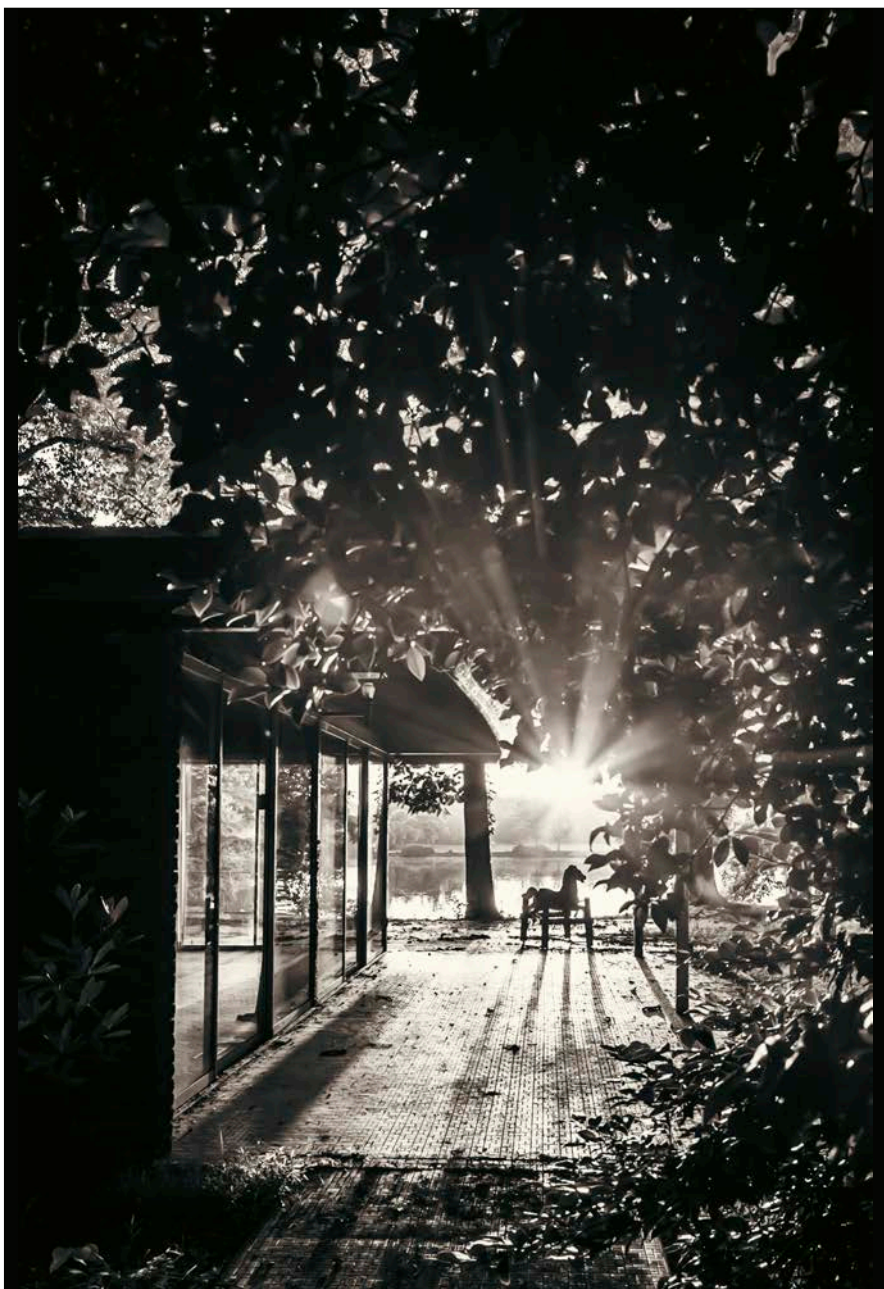
Nancy Finds an Unexpected Place

Like other Americans uncertain of who they are, I take a firm hold on the certainties of where I am from. I can say that a good part of my character, the kinds of scenery and weather and people and humor I respond to, the virtues I respect and the weaknesses I condemn, the code I live by, the models and heroes I follow, the way I adjudicate between personal desire and personal responsibility, have been in good part scored into me by that little womb-village. — Wallace Stegner

This work has prompted me to return again and again to the place I am from, though it is, of course, not the same place at all. Neither is the South.

My parents built a midcentury modern house in 1957 with clean, sleek lines against a stretch of rolling land in rural Georgia, fed by Buffalo Creek. I knew the comings and goings of lightning bugs, and I knew to shout over the roar of crickets on summer nights. I knew not to walk barefoot in the morning dew of the 'dog days' of summer, and which snakes to avoid. I knew how to tell hardwood from softwood, and that my father had planted a hundred pines for a penny a piece. I knew when the camellias came out and when the daffodils would appear. I knew how to build a fort inside a magnolia tree and how to make peach ice cream. I knew then that I belonged to that place, and I know that I've never again had such belonging, though I keep searching for it.







The background of the page is a photograph of a garden. In the foreground, there are lush green bushes with numerous bright pink flowers. In the background, there are several bare, thin tree branches reaching upwards against a pale, overcast sky. The overall scene is a soft-focus outdoor setting.

ABOUT THE ARTIST

Nancy Richards Farese is a photographer, writer and entrepreneur whose work promotes visual storytelling as an essential tool for social good. An award-winning social documentary photographer, she has worked extensively for international development organizations including the UN High Commission on Refugees, CARE USA, and the Carter Center.

She holds a master's degree in Public Administration from the Harvard Kennedy School and was a Fellow at the Shorenstein Center on Media, Politics, and Public Policy, particularly focused on the use of visuals to translate policy and academic concepts. Originally from Georgia, Farese now lives in California.

Farese's work has been featured on *CNN*, *The Daily Telegraph*, *Nieman Storyboard*, *PetaPixel*, *Italian Vogue*, *The San Francisco Chronicle* and *British Journal of Photography*. In addition, she is published in periodicals on behalf of CARE International, The Carter Center and in her recent book, *Potential Space; A Serious Look at Child's Play*. Her exhibitions include *Slow Exposures*, The Leica Gallery, Boston, and LA Center for Photography. She has been honored by the London International Creative Competition, the Julia Cameron Award, and The Budapest International Festival, and has served as a juror for Photolucida's Critical Mass Award for the past 6 years. She is founder and board chair of CatchLight.io. For more information, go [here](#).



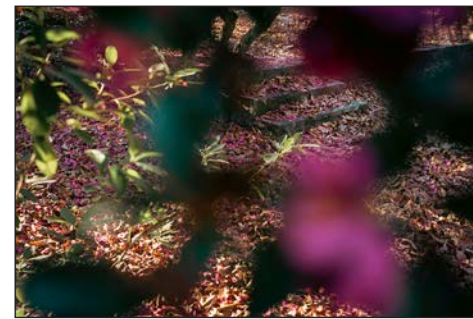
Bird
Archival pigment print
Varying size



Blue Dress
Archival pigment print
Varying size



Language of Trees
Archival pigment print collage with thread
19 x 13 in. framed



Front Steps, Camellias
Archival pigment print
Varying size



Georgia, Winter
Archival pigment print
Varying size



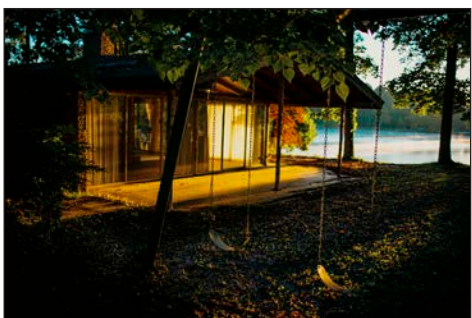
Glass Doors
Archival pigment print
Varying size



Rage to Explain
Archival pigment print with thread
19 x 15 in. framed



Georgia, Winter 4
Archival pigment print
Varying size



The Old House
Archival pigment print
Varying size



At the Dock
Archival pigment print
Varying size



Georgia Winter
Archival pigment print on rice paper
19 x 13 in. framed



Georgia, Winter 2
Archival pigment print
Varying size



At Home in Georgia, Sutured
Archival pigment print with thread
15 x 12 in. framed



White Oak
Archival pigment print with paint
19 x 13 in. framed



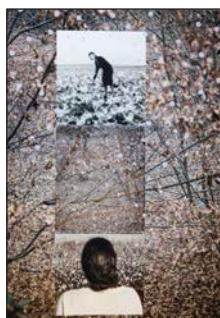
Sutured
Archival pigment print with thread
15 x 12 in. framed



My Mother's Coat
Archival pigment print collage
13 x 16 in. framed



Toy Collection: Dress
Archival pigment print
13 x 19 in. framed



Cotton Fields
Archival pigment print with
thread and buttons
30 x 20 in. framed



Toy Collection: Ballet
Archival pigment print
19 x 13 in. framed



Ya'll Be Nice
Archival pigment print with thread
11 x 14 in. framed



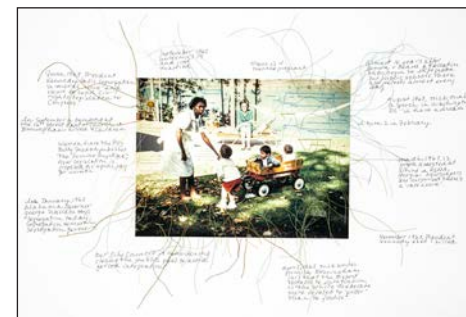
Georgia Winter 3
Archival pigment print
Varying size



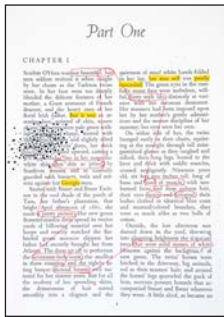
*Nancy In Ink; Chapter 1, Page 1,
The Secret of the Old Clock*
Archival pigment print with pen
19 x 13 in. framed



My Mother's Camellias
Archival pigment print
Varying size



1963
Archival pigment print with ink and thread
18 x 24 in. framed



Part One, Chapter One
Archival pigment print with thread and ink
24 x 18 in. framed



How a Woman Should Be
Archival pigment print with thread
16 x 20 in. framed



The Magnolias
Archival pigment print with thread
15 x 12 in. framed



How a Woman Should Be, v2
Archival pigment print collage with fabric
13 x 20 in. framed



Stone Mountain, Georgia
Archival pigment print collage with thread
13 x 19 in. framed



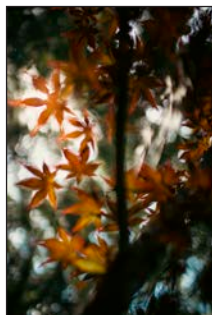
I'm on the Pill
Wool sweater with added thread
24 x 24 in. framed



Toy Collection: Rocking Horse
Archival pigment print
19 x 13 in. framed



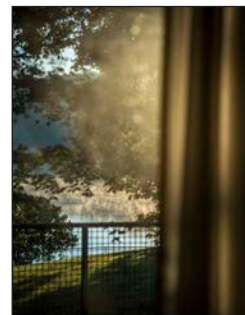
Pearl Clutch
Archival pigment print with thread and paint
13 x 19 in. framed



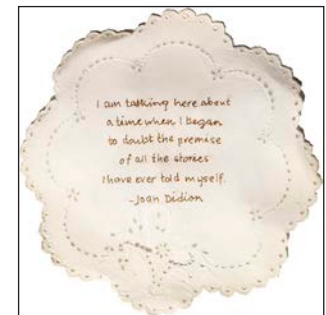
Georgia Fall
Archival pigment print
Varying size



How's Yo Momma
Archival pigment print
13 x 19 in. framed



The House in Georgia
Archival pigment print
Varying size



I'm Talking Here
Archival pigment print
Varying size



Nancy as Nancy
Archival pigment print with thread and pen
15 x 11 in. framed



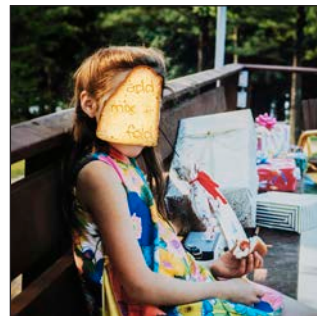
Why Not
Archival pigment print with stamp
14 x 11 in. framed



A Room of My Own
Archival pigment print with thread
16 x 20 in. framed



Hush Now
Archival pigment print with thread
17 x 13 in. framed



Add, Mix, Fold
Archival pigment print
Varying size



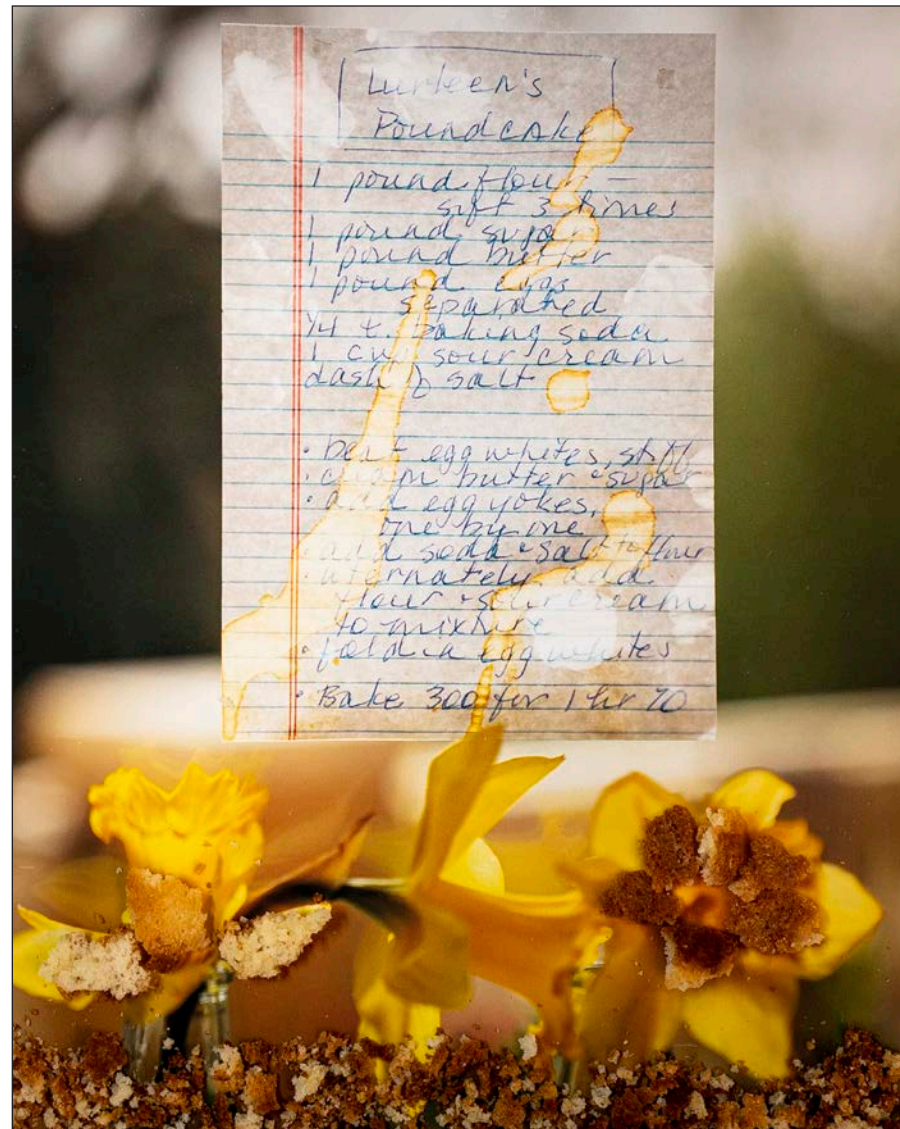
Family Picnic
Gelatin silver prints with thread
16 x 30 in. framed



Any Story at All
Archival pigment prints with thread
Each 16 x 11 in. framed together



Delighted
Gelatin silver print with thread
13 x 19 in. framed



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