



HOLD

Photographs by Kasey Wallace

Kasey Wallace is a self-portrait photographer, abstract painter, and writer. Her work focuses on the concepts of identity, motherhood, mental health awareness, and grief. She is a University of Saint Francis graduate, receiving her Master of Arts in Studio Art in 2017, and Bachelor of Arts in Studio Art, in 2012. Wallace has exhibited work in Rome, Italy, and Athens, Greece this year.

She currently has work on display at the Garrett Public Library in Garrett, Ind., and has three additional solo shows planned for 2018. Recently, Wallace was accepted into a publication for *F-Stop Magazine* as well as *OURS Photo Mag*. Along with being at home with her two young boys, Kasey is a wedding photographer in the greater Fort Wayne area, as well as the Marketing and Outreach Coordinator at the Garrett Museum of Art.

Hold is a two-part self-portrait documentary series about my experience with motherhood, how this new journey has shaped my identity, and how anxiety has manifested itself in my everyday life. I am a very nostalgic person and have always had a hard time letting go. I explore the way my home became a refuge and a prison, as well as the idea of time escaping us. I hunt for the haunting and ethereal in my images, often



using long exposure or intentional blur as a personal portrayal of the effects of depression and anxiety as they sink their teeth deeper into the marrow of my life. The blurred effect is representative of how I

feel like I am standing still while the world keeps moving around me. The children are growing older and life is changing, yet I feel trapped by my anxiety of time moving too quickly.

“If I could just hold on a little while longer.”

The second part of the series revisits the same theme two years later. In this ongoing project, I examine how my identity has changed since becoming a mother, the shaping personalities of my children, and how my quiet battles with depression and anxiety have changed, for better or for worse. I find myself more painfully nostalgic with every passing moment. The days are long but the years are short and the more I try to hold on, the more they slip away.

