Homebody

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Homebody

Margaret M. Bayard
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Homebody
by Peggy Bayard

The room is lit with incandescent candelabra bulbs that glow with warmth. Refractions of light stream down the sconces, onto the cream colored walls, and around a weathered portrait that cannot be seen. Leaning against an oak side table, a man stands in front of the painting, creating an illusion of a life-like portrait. Shadows fill out the ripples in his crisp oxford shirt and the rugged folds of his face. His eyes cast a look of sweet seriousness down to me. His tilted smile leans toward his right side, and a single dimple forms around the corner of his mouth. A glowing halo rests behind his head unveiling a resonate appearance that is both rigid and kind. A look of stern beauty, a man who represents himself and the demure conservative appearance of the house he resides in. This man is my father.

I replay this memory to myself often when I think of him and home. When I think of the house I think of him. They have become synonymous and hopelessly devoted to each other. The house emanates a certain elegant appeal that I feel my father shares. The interior of the house is covered in a thematic, monochromatic palette that creates a stage on which my childhood played out. Coming back to the house and my father now as an adult has made me reflect on shared memories, photographs of time passed, and the aging physicality of the home and my father.

In my project, I captured the memories I once had in the house with my father through photography. Growing up, I spent the most time with my dad because he works from home. He has always been there when I needed him, speaking with austere wisdom and making sure I am taken care of. Despite his serious facade, he has never left me doubting how much he cares for me. The quiet, demure, and serious nature of both the house and my father have served as a reflection for my work as a photographer. The photographs capture the silently peaceful moments that replay in my memory, as seen through pictures of pictures, details of the house
and portraits of my father. I share a deep appreciation for both the house and my father. I documented how I perceive them in my memory through photography.