

DREAM ABOUT HOME

*A zine of photography and writing
by Charlie Parrott*



*Dedicated to my mother, as well as to home,
both yours and mine*



It's the way that home should be,
The way the windows frame the trees
-Duster, Reed to Hillsborough

-intro-

This zine is intended to capture the relation between a particular time and physical space that might never exist again in my life. The time is my youth and adolescence, while the space is my home. I will soon leave home to attend college, and am reckoning with the realization that when I return, it is very possible that the way I experience my home will be changed forever. This impending sense of loss drives a feeling of profound nostalgia that I hope to imbue this body of work with. By creating this, I hope to capture the way I perceive the concept of home in this moment of time for myself, family, and anyone who wishes to read this.

For better or for worse, the vast majority of my remembered childhood and teenaged years were spent bathed in an LCD glow, and as such this zine will be accompanied by a sister work, detailing the digital homes that I created for myself over my time on the internet.

If you are reading this, I can't thank you enough for supporting me in my endeavours. If you have any thoughts, reactions, or your own rose-tinted thoughts of home, I would love to carry a conversation via email at odie0818@gmail.com

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ALERT

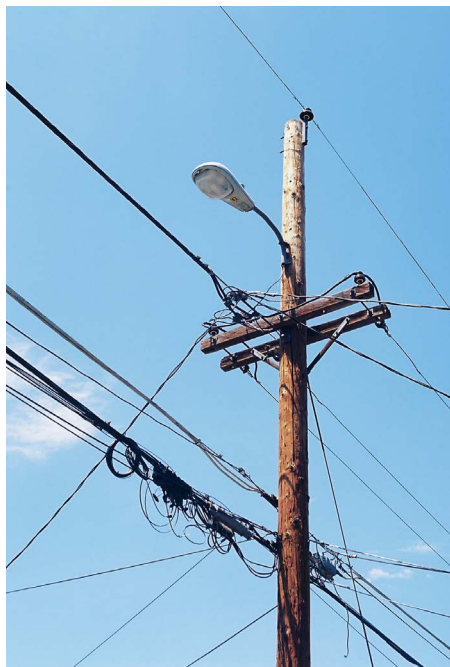
Light

The warm light of home, pouring in
through curtained windows

I wade through slowly, casting muted
shadows.

Crossing flooded pastel rooms and empty
bays

Taking in the soft light of long summer
days.



Blessing

Before dawn has broken, sitting up in the cold, dark room.
One foot, then two, strike the wooden floor
padding forwards onto the cool tile of the bathroom.
An attack by the clinical white CFL lights
prevented by the streetlight on the alley-side corner of the property.
A perfect rectangle of warm, analog light diffused through the
frosted window pane
illuminating the shelf of shampoos, conditioners and exfoliating
face washes.
The saving grace of my vision in the dark as the handle turns and
blistering water surges forth.

After the shower with a cup of tea
bathed in the refraction of dawns light off the neighbors house
a quiet moment dedicated to watching the squirrels and birds argue
over territory and food.

A peaceful winters morning.



EYE



NIGHT

Night

Like a jungle cat on padded paws
Tracing familiar paths without cause

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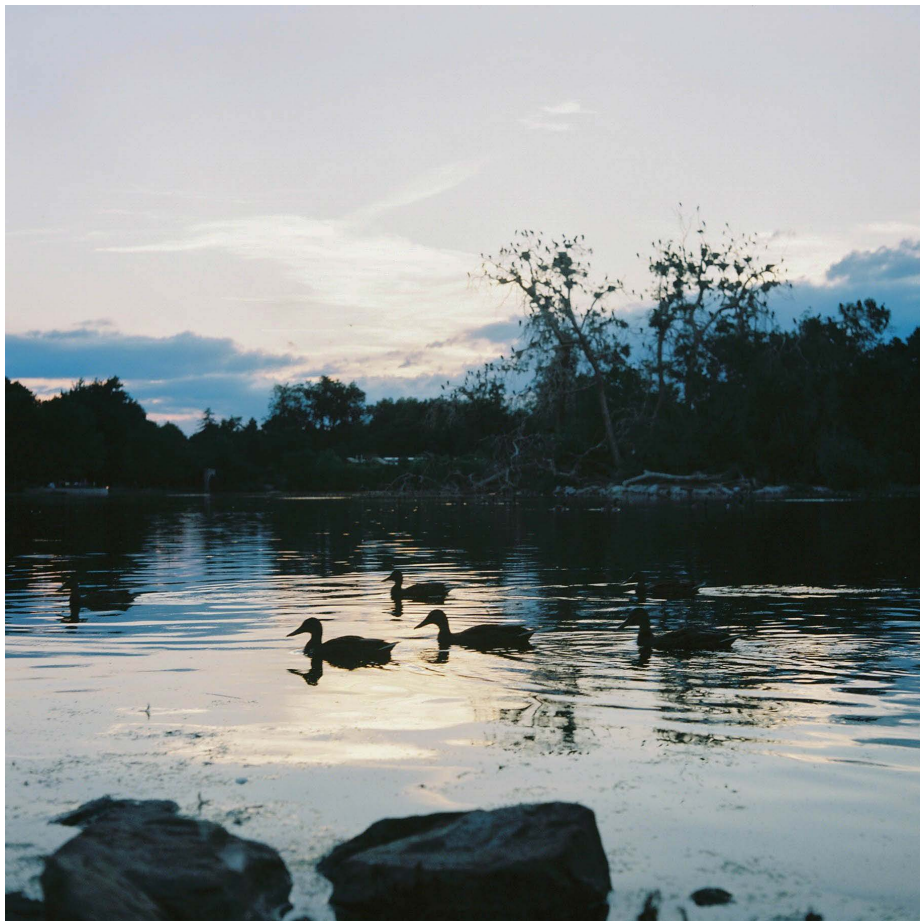
A darkened house, a midnight forest floor
Passing quietly through dimly moonlit
doors

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The clock wound down, a moment stuck in
time
This perfectly tranquil midnight of mine









Polaroids of the two of us scattered on the passenger's seat
I drive slowly
And evenly
And I dream about home

-The Mountain Goats, Jeff Davis County Blues

Thanks & attributions

Fonts: Vulf Mono, Akzidenz-Grotesk, Georgia

Thanks firstly to my mother for making my home what it really was, for conversations in the kitchen, for watching my weird movies with me, for sitting out in the backyard quietly talking, and for making the smell of cigarettes nostalgic. You, Sam, and Baby are everything I could possibly want out of family and the idea of home

other thanks to all of my internet friends, to Declan for getting me into film photography, to SOFT CARTEL for helping me with inspiration, and to anybody who actually reads this, it makes all the times I stopped and restarted this worthwhile.



STOP