

*Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.*

“For me this seems to be the theatre that I’m now practicing.”

— Patrick Murphy

This personal journey, *Home Safety*, began as a project I felt would result in a fun and funny exploration of my home and the relationship I have with it. Over the course of my life there have been many places I have called “home.” It is hard for me to remember all of them; over thirty perhaps. Currently, in *this* home, I feel that I have landed and as much as I struggle with the feeling, roots are being cultivated.

As *Home Safety* developed, a shift occurred and I discovered that I was drawn to exploring my feelings of alienation, addiction, and shame as they pertain to the world I inhabit. Along these lines, I began to grapple with the idea of “home” and the meaning of “safe” and how they play with and against one another. I layered my own fantasies and psychology to come up with images that tell a story and evoke a response and a connection in/with the viewer.

In these thirteen archival digital prints home is depicted as a clean organized space, but also harboring a potential for destruction. Home becomes a “safe” place to explore and hide “unsafe” practices from outside eyes. Two types of home safety are operating: making the home safe from danger while also making it a place to explore danger—safely.

I think of my home as a place for nurturing, for solace, and for growth. But that is not all of it. Home can also be a place for hiding. Whether it is locking the bathroom door, pulling down the

shades, or the shoebox hidden on the top shelf, I believe in this priority. I choose how I share it with my audience and the joy and fun that a view of one's dark side provides.