

I'm perfectly fine without you

I grew up without a father. As far as I was concerned, he did not exist. There were no photographs, no name on the birth certificate, no meaningful objects that could hint what he could be like. My childhood was spent oblivious to the peculiarity of this absence; in my mind, it was entirely normal to be fatherless.

Those surrounding me reinforced this distinctive inclination. Many friends and acquaintances had been gifted with a missing or disinterested dad and were searching for answers and relationships, often resulting in disappointment. I heard varied stories with the same outcome, an indefinite absence and nebulous presence. My inattention ended recently, as I began to question details regarding my father. What did a father actually do? What was having one like?

The project is a collection of tenuous yet pointed memories shared by people who possess this common trait. The only criterion was that their father was missing during childhood, their formative years, with the only exception being death. The voices of the participants form a kind of confessional, with you the listener as the recipient of their personal divulgements. Instead of disclosing wrongs they have committed, the reverse unfolds.

Located in two places, both in the gallery and online, you as listener can choose how to hear these memories recounted.

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