







"And in a way you could say that my father's end was my beginning, or more precisely that the end of his lie coincided with the beginning of my truth." (Bechdel, 117)

This quote from Alison's Bechdel's 2006 New York Times bestselling graphic memoir, Fun Home, resonated with me from the moment I read it. Alison's father took his own life only four months after Alison came out as gay in college. Now at the same age her father was when he died, Alison becomes an investigative journalist of her own memory – combing through the pieces of memory that are easy to touch and then delving into the ones that are harder to bring into focus. As she repeats, "I want to know what's true, to dig deep into who and what and why and when until now gives way to then," she is trying to uncover whether these two events were connected. And her journey unearths a universal question a child has for their parent: Did you see me, really see me and love me for who I am?

As an adult, it takes work to bring that truth into focus to clarify what has made us into who we are today. Especially when you look back on your biased and fickle memory in order to find it. Told in a nonlinear narrative, the musical and graphic novel present these specific, vivid imprints of a life that is tethered by the gravity of Bruce's choices. But also afloat in the joyfully, awkward moments of self discovery. What I find so beautiful is that all of Alison's searching leads her to an image of her father lifting her up to fly in a childhood game. It is a pure and sweet memory, but also a powerful metaphor, highlighting that Alison can now live in her truth in a way that her father never could. And there is a freedom in that for her and for all the young people who can now soar as their authentic selves.

Welcome to the Fun Home!









































