



DOMESTIC FORMS

P. L. RICCIUTI



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# P R O L O G U E

We were supposed to be well off, but my home had holes in the wall; that is my second home. My third I lived in with only my mother, and eventually I found myself alone, just like the first. Soon I'll be searching for another.

Beauty is always present, no matter where you go, even in the ugly spaces once left behind. It is not reserved for that which is whole.

To see beauty can be an act of kindness. Perhaps home is not a place at all, but simply what we carry with us everywhere. This is what I carry.

*What do you choose to carry?*

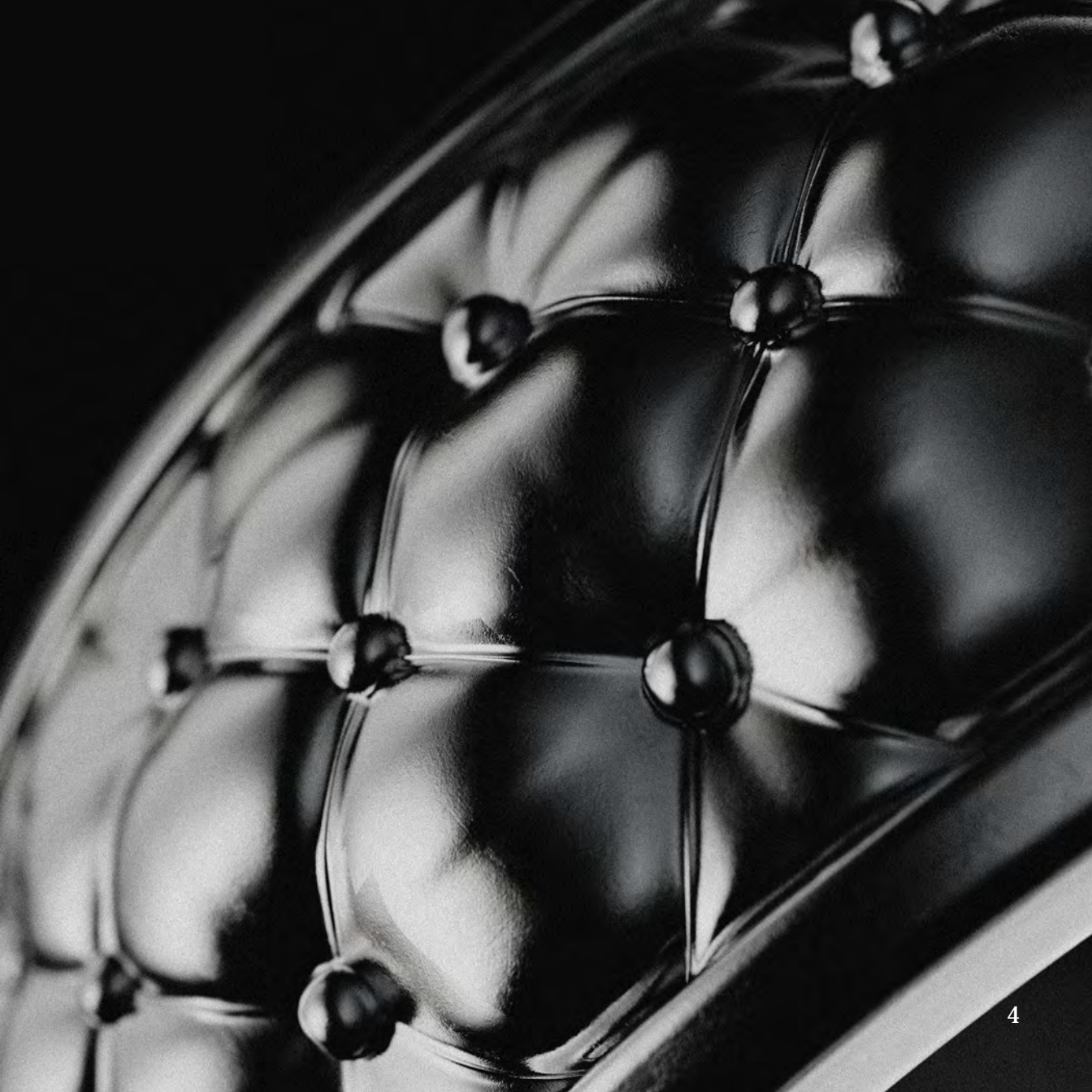


















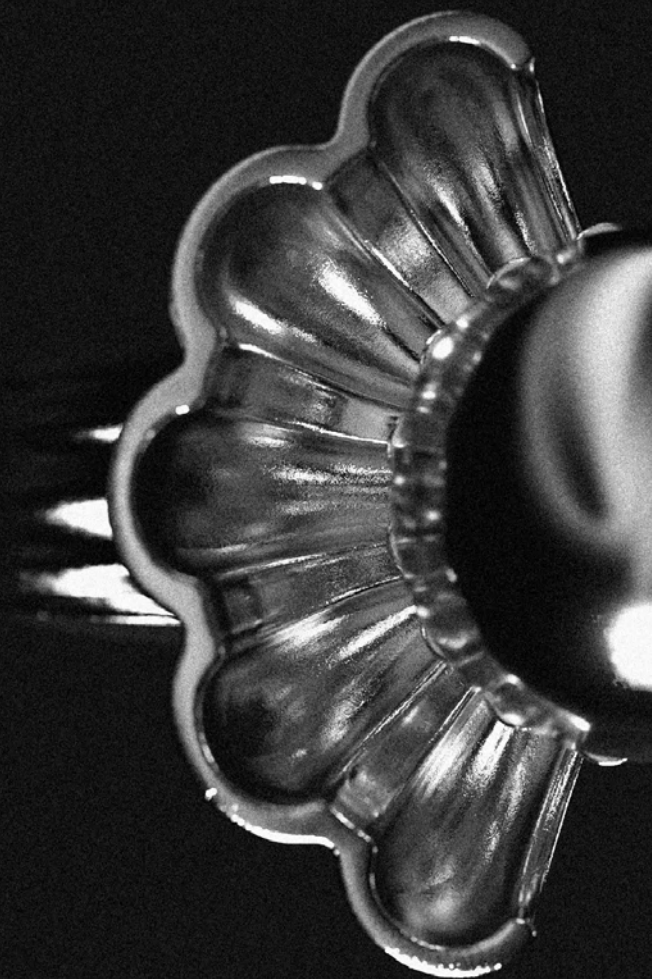


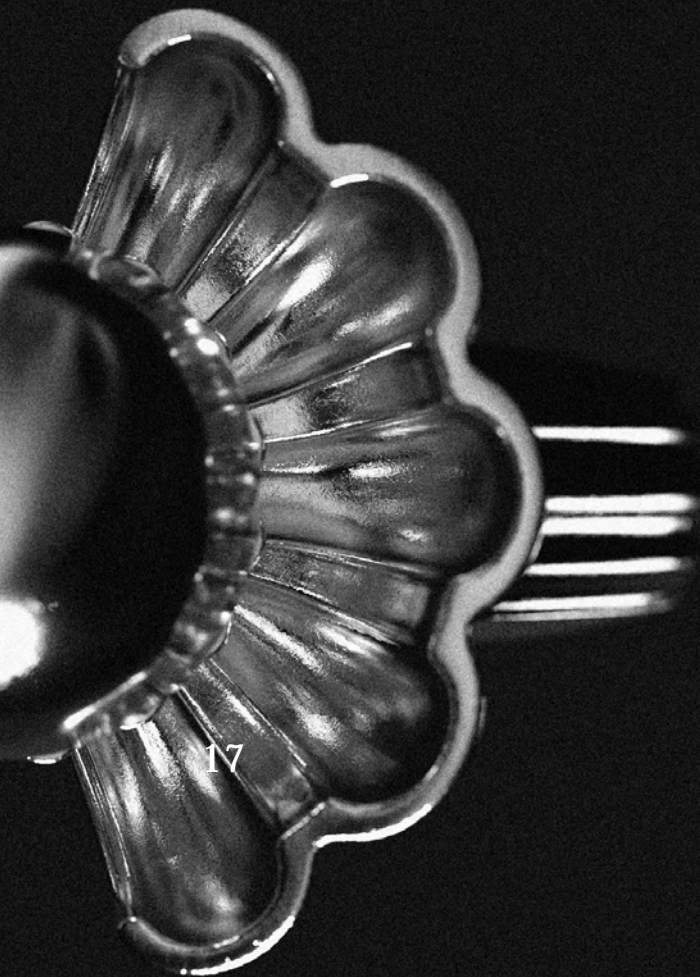




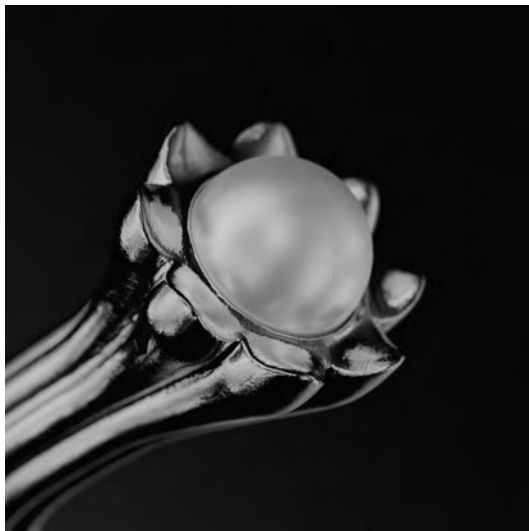








































































## AUTHOR'S NOTE

I had been fantasizing about this project in my head for months prior to starting, but coming into this semester I didn't have a clue what I was doing. I had a huge dream about making jewelry on a larger scale, yet didn't know how to get there.

Things were raw at the start of the semester. I was recommended to take a break and rest after a tough period of my life and put school on pause; Yet, I found myself back in a classroom presenting my project.

I didn't have a clue as to what my deliverables would actually be or how to do it. All I knew was that I wanted a book of designs, and a unique identity to stand out from the crowd.

Typically with a project of some significant magnitude, you make the big picture first, then dedicate yourself to making all of the small pieces to fit into that. I took a significantly different approach. My idea behind the project was to dedicate myself to making many smaller isolated pieces, and let the big picture write itself.

I didn't know what I was doing. I didn't know what the end product would look like, but at the end, I found an honest portrait of who I was as a person.

When I made the first few designs and renders, I knew what types of images and imagery I liked to create, but I didn't exactly know how it would accumulate. Over time, I made more and more until eventually there was enough material to see the full picture.

I saw a consistent pattern of home settings, dramatic lighting, depictions of daily life, and disfigurement of the familiar. I was attracted to black and white, the grittiness of film grain, and striking almost absurdist imagery.

Throughout this whole process, I was amidst understanding why I was the way I was, because of how I grew up. I wanted to draw a line between what I liked visually, and who I was as a person while I was exploring it. It was then that I realized,

*Home can be something that you carry with you everywhere.*

I named the project “Domestic Forms”. I decided that my jewelry that I design was going to be a metaphor for my old homes, but I wanted to reclaim them as something beautiful despite the troubles that occurred inside of them. I took plenty of inspiration from things found around homes anyways. Naturally it made sense to title it as such.

I rendered over 170 images, made 20 designs, and sifted through thousands of images over the course of a semester and a half. I cut the overwhelming majority out of the project. I still honestly wish I made more. I intend on continuing to create beyond capstone.

Now though, as the semester closes and there are new places to be explored, the narrative is shifting again. It isn’t about reclaiming old homes anymore, but also finding myself new ones.

That’s what I intend to do. As I go out into the world, I move towards a future, and it looks so welcoming. Almost like a home.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "T. J. Zientek", with a long, sweeping horizontal line extending to the right.

