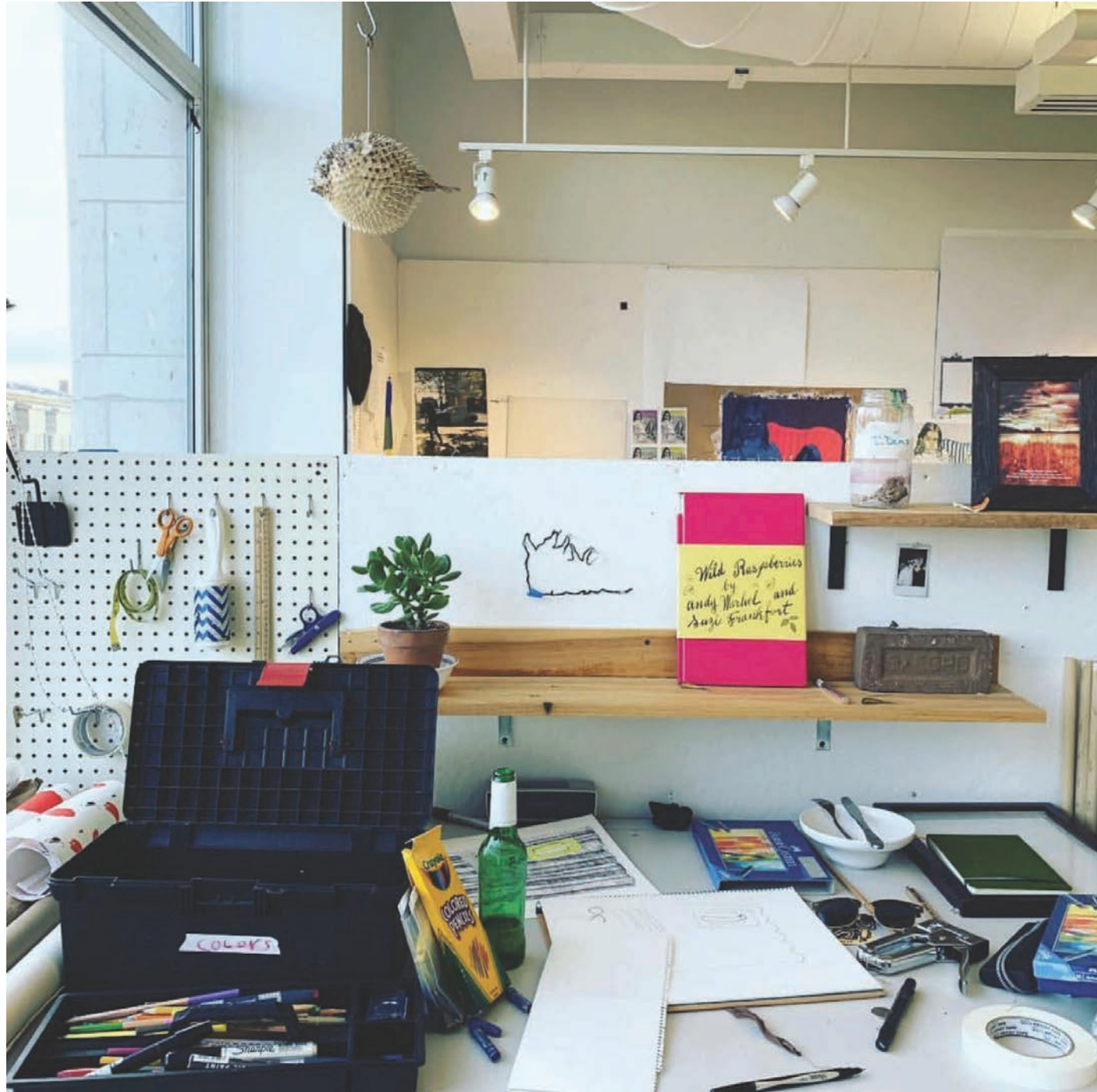


Maistrica







MAIS FICA MORE FOR ME

A thesis presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements of the degree Master of Fine Arts in Textiles in the
Department of Textiles of the Rhode Island School of Design, Providence, Rhode Island

by

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2019

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This book is as much a part of my thesis as the fabrics and patterns themselves, stitched together from moments and memories. You may take these stories with you, but those hidden moments between my words will always remain for me and me alone. No matter how many people take these stories with them, still *mais fica*.



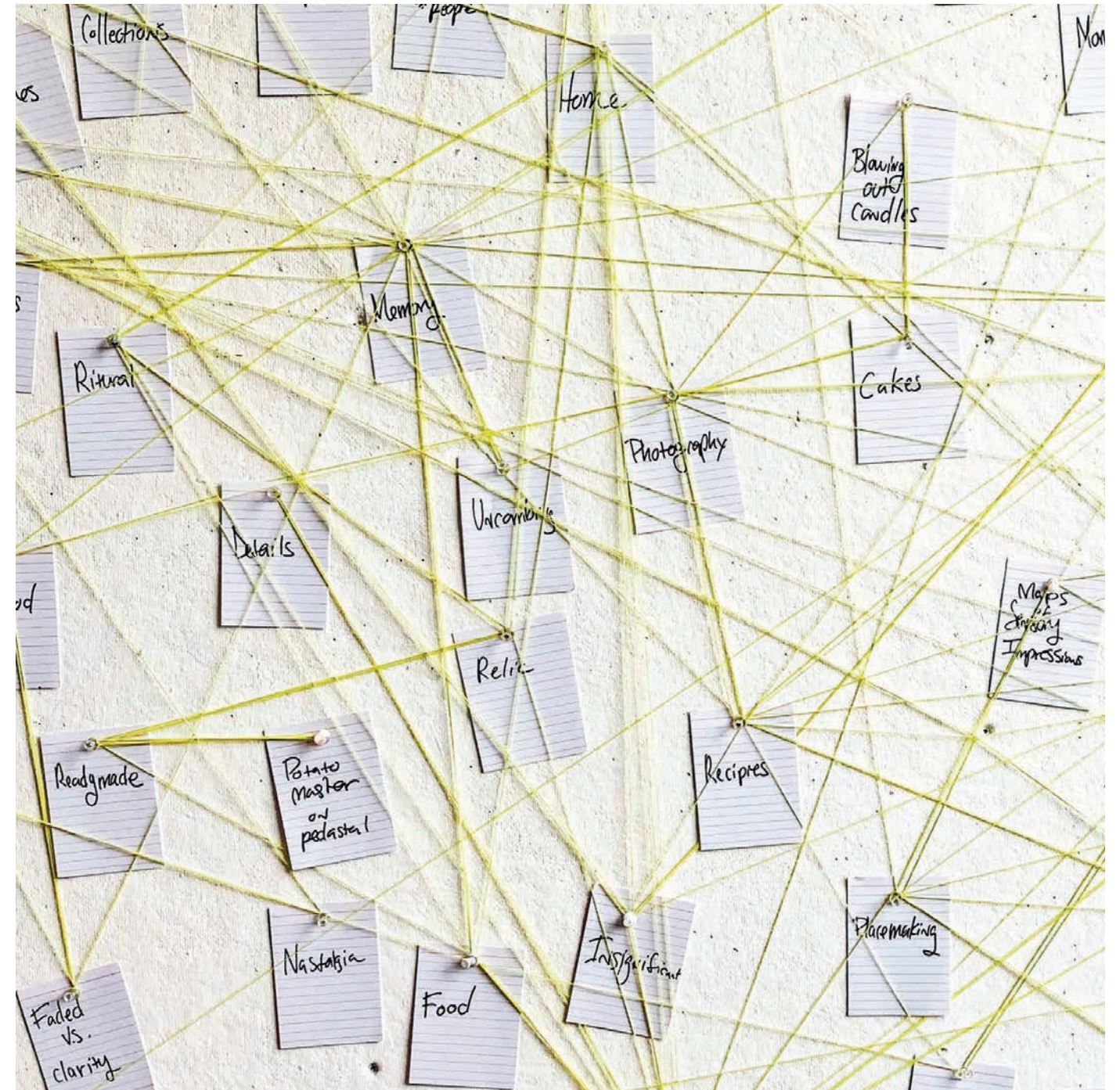
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Abstract

The stories you will read are based on memories lived in shared spaces, homes, trucks, bathrooms, kitchens, and backyards. Every story shapes the work I make. Over the past year, I have sketched, drawn, painted, woven, designed screenprints, murals and wall hangings centered around these stories. The textured lines and forms of my work trace the stories that have been told a hundred times, waiting to be told again. Mostly, this book is meant to help me remember the secret details I haven't written down. The rest is for you.



Statement

One

You know, that feeling, a craving that can't be satiated, a hunger that sits deep in the pit of your stomach, but nothing will do? I looked in the kitchen cabinets, drawers, shelves, and ultimately, settled on Kraft Mac and Cheese. While I searched, my dad stood stirring something soup-like on the stove. It might have been *soupas*, a Portuguese stew with mint leaves and large hunks of bread soaking up the broth; it looked too green and mushy for me. Regardless of what he was cooking, he always asked if I wanted some. Whenever I turned my nose up at his offer, he would shrug off my rejection and say, *mais fica*—more for me. The direct translation means “more stays behind.” Before this project, I hadn't thought of it in a long time, but now I say it almost every day.

Two

My life is consumed by noise. I can't concentrate without it. It's not just the sound of the wind or the distant humming of a car horn. No, it's a loud constant droning that sharpens my mind and tempers all the other senses in my body. My brothers, Adrian and Henry trained me to be this way. Whenever we came home from school and I was settled into the large wingback chair in our living room to work out my geometry problems, Adrian would turn on the TV and crank the volume on Cowboy Bebop. After weeks of arguing and complaining, I realized it was a fight I couldn't win and got used to the noise that filled the room. Once I settled into it, I realized it was quite comfortable. The noise became a cocoon that allowed me to focus more intently than I ever had before.

It wasn't just white noise though, at least not to Adrian. Each episode was a story about—well to be honest, I have no idea what Cowboy Bebop is about. Maybe a robot cowboy? It doesn't matter, because in that one living room existed two completely different worlds created from the same source material. Both were equally as beautiful and utilitarian in their own way to their experiencer. Now, I create my own version of Cowboy Bebop but with textile. I fill space with texture and color instead of sound. I fill it with story. Stories that may not mean anything to most, but that mean everything to me. My work is a time capsule hidden in plain sight.

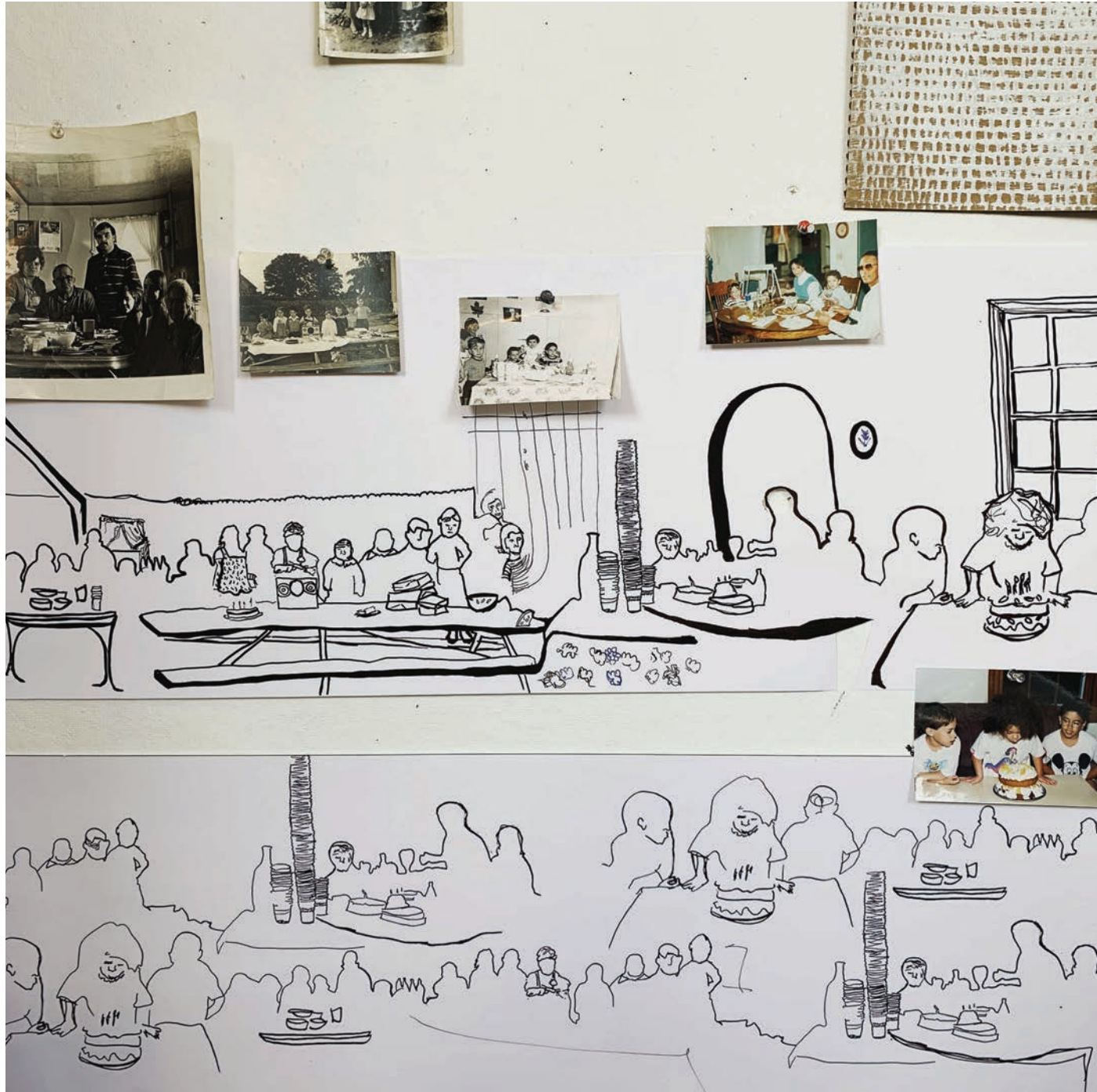
Three

I say I'm not a "material woman," but I probably am. My mother used to tease me when I was growing up, impersonating Dustin Hoffman's Hook as he mocked Peter Pan's daughter, Moira, for missing her parents, "I waaaant, I waaaaaant, I waaaaaaaant, I neeeeed I neeeeed I neeeeeeed." I have gotten my need for things under control, but it's true, my mom was right: I am so completely attached to each of my possessions. For me, they are moments in time, memories made material. Losing the object is like losing all memory tied to it. Maybe it has something to do with the ephemeral quality of my own past. The stories of my family—who we were, how we got here—have been obscured by time. Sometimes it feels as if I was born into a vacuum.

I lose objects so frequently that I've convinced myself that they will find me eventually. A couple years ago, I lost a necklace my friend Miś designed for me centered around a black and white speckled Cape Verdean bead which is meant to ward off evil. My Auntie Janice gave me the bead before she passed away. I thought I lost the necklace when I packed up my apartment to move to Rhode Island. I searched in boxes, old backpacks, gym bags. I was convinced I had put it in a bag marked for good will. Sure, maybe I would see it again, but it would be around someone else's neck. I felt like I had lost another piece of myself, of my family. I lived with the disappointment for so long that I had resigned myself to never seeing it again. No bead could ever replace it, even though I can buy one for a \$1.99 on Etsy. A month ago, my mom took everything off of her bookcase for a thorough spring cleaning and found the necklace, dusty, but safe.

Four

My most recent work is set in my current apartment, a modest three-family walk-up. When I moved in, I painted all the rooms. I changed all the light fixtures. I took down the mezuzah left behind by previous tenants and put up the art pieces I have collected throughout my life from family and friends. I have made this space my own, but I know it has lived many lives before me. It is mine, but it cannot be mine. Everything I do has been done before, repeated in timelines stretching back invisibly through history as far as humanity has been. Like me, what you see in front of you does not truly exist in a vacuum, although sometimes it may feel that way. There are invisible threads connecting us to everything. Though we may not always be able to see them, every once and awhile, we can feel the pull of something distant and familiar. Like hearing the opening theme song of a 90s anime. Or a surprise gasp of discovery during a daily phone call. Or even two simple words, passed out of the darkness, like a plea to do better than they did: *mais fica*.

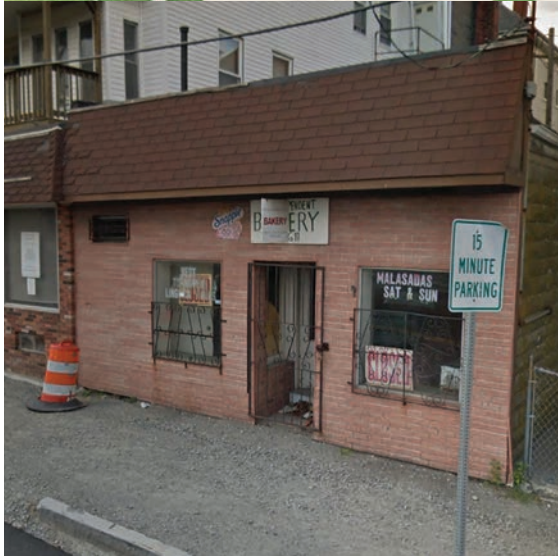


There

The following is a history of where I am from, a place I call home. I leave these stories behind for those I don't yet know. The works that follow are prints, drawings, knits, and weavings reminiscent of that place.

There

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When I was growing up, until the age of about ten or eleven, I always wanted to be a painter. There was so much I could imagine doing on a blank page or the cream-colored walls in my parents' laundry room. I drew with crayons, rubbing them against the frame of the window, drawing as I sharpened my pencil against the wall. It was absolute freedom at its best. My father still has one of the drawings I made in elementary school hanging in his studio. A vase full of strange flowers, full of vivid colors that move your eye through the plane; at points you can see the pencil line used to draw out the form. It traveled with him from office to office, studio to studio. For a long time, I thought he kept it because I was his daughter and it was his obligation. Now reflecting back on it, I think it's one of the best things I have ever made.

I try to get to the same place I was when I made that drawing. I am at my best when I don't think, not really searching for answers but slowly guiding myself toward them, like a journey without a plan. I believe creativity is derived from a state of subconsciousness, originality, and having enough knowledge and strength to take advantage of that state. When you're a child, there is no second guessing, there is no context to put yourself or your work in. When you are a child, you just are.

A Vase Full of
Strange Flowers



Every week, my father and I would pick up our loaves on Coggeshall Street in New Bedford, Massachusetts at an old Portuguese bakery. The baker behind the counter look exactly like my *vovó*, or grandmother. She wore a long apron over a floral-printed dress with cuffs rolled back and a pair of loafers. Every time she would tease my dad. "Bread for you?!? You didn't order any. I'll have to look in the back, but I'm not sure there's any left." She'd yell to him, "this is someone else's but I like you so you can take it." I could barely see over the counter but as she would shuffle out of the back room a cloud of flour followed her. Then turning to me, "and hello, this must be your daughter. Wait I have something for you." She always gave me a piece of bread, that or a dollar bill.

Coggeshall Street



I only make hermits for my Uncle Paul. Once when I was young, I went with my dad to his house in Carver, Massachusetts. It was a cold fall morning, and the trees were crisp, the leaves ready to be collected into a pile and jumped into. We took the back roads. We passed ruby red cranberry bogs and still motionless marshes that reflected the homes along the shore. As we got closer, we passed through forests of cedar trees. I imagined the cedar trees were little thorns sticking out of the earth's back. If you touched the world in one place, it would be a wet, ice-cold puddle, the other, a prickly thorn.

When we arrived at my uncle's home, I was greeted with a giant embrace. I gave him the hermits that my mom and I had baked the night before. He smiled and led me into the kitchen to have some hot chocolate. I watched it swirl round and round and round in the microwave. When my mug came out, steaming hot, I held it carefully and slowly blew on the surface. I was mid-exhale when the handle broke off and the scorching hot liquid slapped my thigh. The sting was unbearable, made worse by the fact that I also lost my hot chocolate.

My uncle ran into his office to get me something for the pain. My dad consoled me and dried off my pants. Neither of them knew what to do; I probably had a second degree burn. My uncle returned with a gift, five two-dollar bills. They distracted me long enough to quiet me down. On the way back home, my dad found a festival and bought me a clown suspended on swing. It was perfect; I love swings.

Hermits



I love peaches. I forgot that for a long time. I mixed or mashed my fondness for peaches with my intense desire for strawberries. Or was I told I loved strawberries, so I did? I'm not sure. But peaches, they are perfection. So sweet, tangy, tart, complex. When I was young, peach melba was the quintessential dessert experience; sour cream cake, emulsified peaches, bits of raspberry, and whipped cream. Only my mother can make this cake, her very specific directions recorded via phone are below:

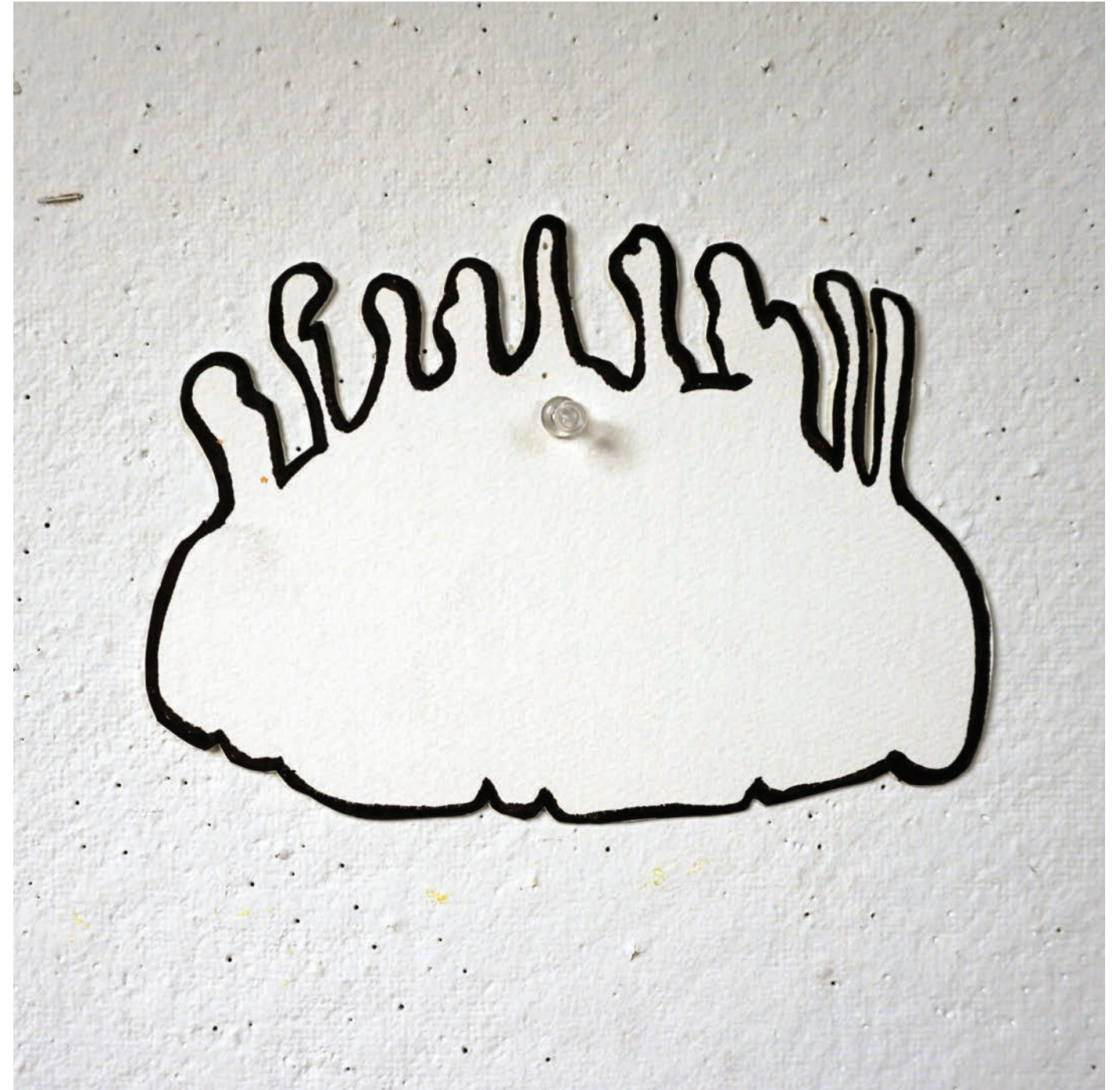
Buy a house in the south coast of Massachusetts, that needs to be moved through the woodlands and marsh. While waiting in line for a permit, meet your new neighbor who has a similar passion for canning. Through experimentation with peaches, meet another acquaintance who resides in a nearby town and has an abundance of peach trees in her yard. Buy one bushel of peaches, halve them and can them. In June, give birth to a daughter who has an exuberant love, an obsession for all things peach. Discover a peach melba recipe with said neighborhood friend. When daughter turns four, celebrate with said cake. The cake itself is plain, made from sour cream for a thick chewy moist texture and topped with a mixture of raspberries, peach slices and whip cream. Place four candles on top of the cake then place brothers around daughter. Sing, blow out candles and celebrate.

Peach Melba



It is quite hard to make any baked good with a single egg, and it is very hard for that baked good to taste moist, sweet, and delicious. My mom bakes what my family calls *one-egg cake* all the time, especially for birthdays. She learned the recipe from her best friend, Janette. Whenever it is created, so much love and care (and butter) has to go into it. You must coat the entire bundt pan in butter and then flour. Coating the entire surface ensures that the cake will fall away smoothly, but too much butter will mean that the cake does not cook enough and the surface of the pastry will look mottled. It took me years to realize that, to perfect it. My crusts would crumble away time and time again. When my mother, on the other hand bakes it, the cake rises encased in a toasted crust with a tender moist center every single time. As she mixes the batter and coats the pan, a change seems to come over her. She's still here physical, but her spirit seems to have slipped away to somewhere else. While baking this cake, it's as if she gets a chance to bridge the gap between this world and the next, and spend a little bit more time with her best friend.

One Egg Cake



I know it is about to snow when the sky gets a little gray and the sun begins to get covered and blurred. An ashy blue rides along the clouds. The cold is coming and the wind will soon arrive. Everything slows down. This is when I enjoy going for a walk. There, I become a part of a larger something. And then, as the wind swells, that something overpowers me with all of its cold energy. The blue begins to fade into gray, a light gray that calms the sky. Then, it's time to go inside or rather, sit. Lay down in the cold, frozen grass and just be there, being. There is no better place or feeling, submerged by the smell, the frost near my ears, the sounds of shallow city rumbles. I am subsumed in everything. My toes are there, but can I feel them? My legs are there, but do I notice?

Fall



I was dressed in white with an embroidered crown in my braided hair. I was dressed in white with tights that covered my legs. I was dressed in white with a short chiffon veil flowing behind me to the ground. My shoes were a shiny leather, the ones with buckles, sort of like the leprechaun that's at the end of a rainbow but more dignified because they were white. The sun was bright that morning, which made my white sateen dress shimmer so iridescently. I was surrounded by my family. They were all smiling and complimenting me, asking if there was anything I needed. I was an angel, meant to carry something very holy to the main altar. I'm not sure what it was exactly; I never made it to the rehearsal that morning.

A block of chocolate stood on the kitchen table. Adrian couldn't resist it. He got dressed quickly in the clothes my mother laid out for him, a navy blue sports jacket and tie with matching pants. As my family was making sure I was ready, he got a knife from the drawer to cut a piece. There is a particular way to cut a block of chocolate. If you have a serrated knife, you cut slow and steady along the short end of the chocolate block. Or if you have a normal chef's knife, you keep your hand clear and chip little chunks away with the tip. My brother was eight, and his technique was flawed.

Just as we were about to leave, my brother calmly came into the entry room and asked my mom for a band-aid. I wasn't really paying attention, but my mother fixed that with a scream of horror. I turned to see his hand covered in blood. Instead of cutting chocolate, he cut most of his finger tip off. Instead of walking into the church like an angel, I walked into my vovó's house and played rummy.



First Communion

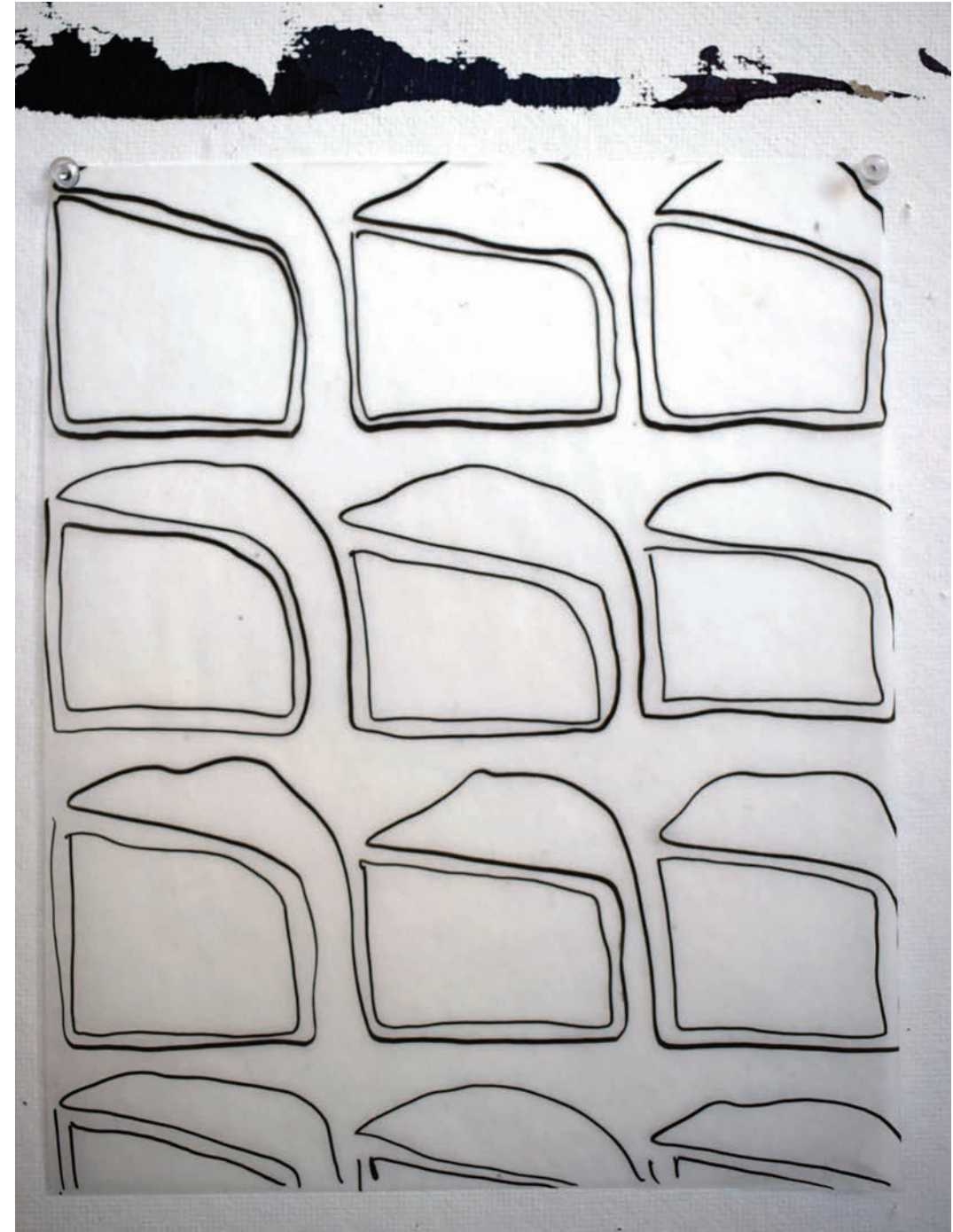
December isn't complete without eggnog. My dad makes it every year when our extended family comes over. That, and stuffed quahogs. The first year he made spiked eggnog I was 19 or 20. It was at a large party with some of my closest friends. He had already had a few glasses when I asked him to help me plug an extension cord into the wall to watch something on my laptop. It was a weird shape for an electric plug. It had a plastic knob in the top that, when plugged into the bottom of an electric outlet, partially covered the top one. I asked my dad where I could find another extension cord, but instead he brought the strange one to the cellar and sawed off the little nub, along with a bit of his left thumb. He brought it to me, holding it in his hand wrapped in a bloody cloth. He said it would work, and it did. When I told him he might need stitches, he said all he needed was more eggnog.



Extension Cord

Icy cold and translucent. Morrell Snow Cap lard. It was always in my fridge growing up. I'm not really sure what my parents sneaked it into during the summer. I only remember it as the not-so secret-ingredient to our pie crust. Lard and butter made the pie crust flaky, toasted, and salty; a perfect match to the sweet tangy insides, no matter the filling. I always lied to my friends when I told them what was in it; the idea of lard makes most people quiver. Lying just seemed like the easiest option. Recently, I convinced a pescatarian to eat a piece of my parents' pie. First, I told her of the crisp warm apples covered in cinnamon-sugar. Their juices slowly seeped out of the pie and mixed with the vanilla ice cream on top. The color of the pie was irresistible, creamy yellow complimented by the crisp golden brown of the crust. We were sitting by a fire on a cold night, so it was an easy sell. I saved the lard for last, and by then, it was as if she wasn't listening.

Lard and Butter



Savory stuffing, a little bit toasted. On a cold fall night, there is nothing better to eat. The cholesterol will leave you feeling full in the best way possible. The recipe has been passed down on my mother's side, all the way from my great-great-grandmother. My mom said she made this savory stuffing for my father's family one night for dinner. They were sitting around the table when they asked her how she made it, serving themselves second helpings of the stuffing. She said it was filled with sage, thyme, oregano, onions, celery, butter crackers, Italian sausage, and boiled gizzards. After the word gizzards they stopped, almost choking on their food. They never ate it again.



Gizzards

A couple years ago I learned the cardinal rule to making dill pickles. You must have flowering dill weed. You can do without, but why would you want to waste your time making subpar pickles?

"The larger and wider the bloom, the better, but the flowers can't be too big," my mom told me as we drove in the July heat through South Dartmouth. We were on a mission, and if we came up empty-handed, it would mean no crunchy green tart pickles for a year. Sure there would be relish and Bread and Butter pickles, but no dill. The first couple farms we visited didn't even have dill. It was the end of the season and they were all sold out. Most farms and markets don't even sell the flower.

Our last hope was George's Farm. It has since closed because the owner was charged with embezzlement. Regardless, after we pulled into the dirt driveway, my mom strained her eyes hunting for the dill weed flower. She spotted it behind some bolted-lettuce. We ran into the market and got someone to help. My mom had to explain what flowering dill was. At first, the assistant said that they didn't sell that. She obviously had no idea what my mom was talking about. In a last ditch effort, my mom walked right past the counter through the back of the store and straight into the garden, pointing to what she needed. She said she would pay double for the flower which was completely useless to the farmers. Now we grow our own dill, letting some flower just for pickles.

Dill Weed



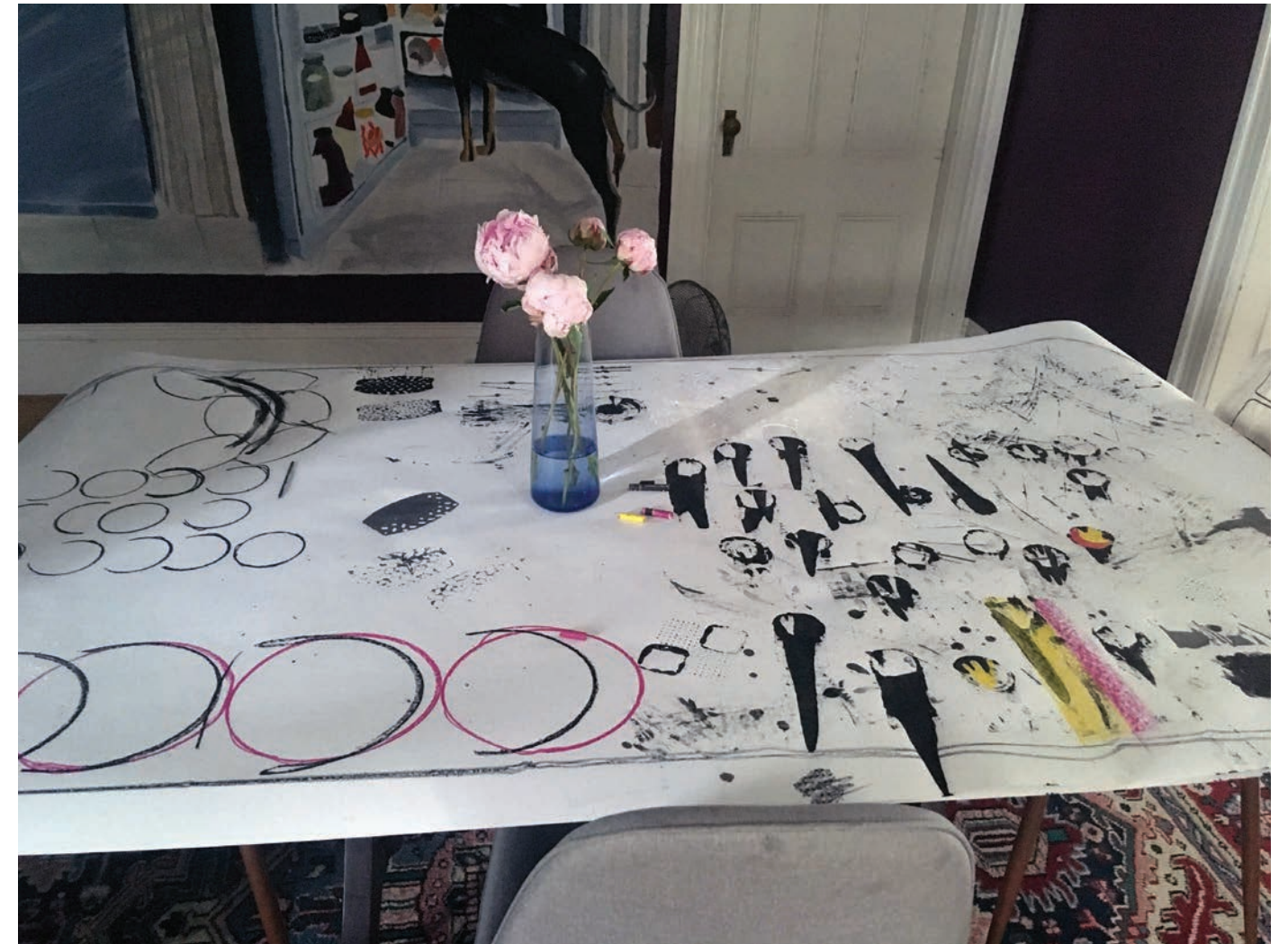
In the summer I have a tide chart on my fridge. I'm a little obsessed; I update it every week or so with the specific locations I want to visit. I try to go quahogging as much as I can. My favorite spot is less than a mile from my parent's house on the north coast of West Island in Fairhaven, Massachusetts. There aren't too many rocks or people, the mud is cool and smooth, and the quahogs are plentiful. Once, I went with my dad and my friend Jane. It was her first time quahogging, and she kept digging up dead quahogs or ones too small to keep. Legally, in Massachusetts, you are suppose to throw the small ones back into the ocean to grow a bit larger and spawn to make more seedlings, but we felt so bad for her, we put a few of them in our pockets and hoped the harbor patrol didn't catch us. The tiny ones can't be stuffed, but they are delicious topped with breadcrumbs and bacon and broiled for a few minutes in the oven.

Tide Chart



Longer, flatter Russet potatoes are best. They ensure the most French-Fries per-potato possible. After gathering the potatoes, you must fill a large bowl with cold water and then begin peeling. After each potato has been peeled toss them into the bowl and watch as their milky white juice and the brown dirt floats slowly to the bottom.

There is only one right way to cut a potato. My father taught me when I was nine. I'll only write this once. You lay the potato down on a cutting board on its most level position. Then, you cut about a quarter inch off its right side. You place that piece aside and rotate the potato onto this newly cut side and slice a piece off to make it square. Place that piece you just cut aside. Then you cut quarter inch slices to the end of the potato. Rotate these slices to their original side and again cut quarter inch slices. Toss these slices, now French-Fries, into a new cold water bath. Then cut the pieces you put aside in the same quarter inch fashion. How to fry a potato is an entirely different process altogether.



How to Cut a Potato

There is this orange peel decomposing on my shelf. It reminds me of my great-great-grandmother. I never met her, but she lives in my studio. The color of the peel has changed from a vivid orange, glossy with life, to a brittle tan board that could be chipped away if I let it. The peel is dried and petrified. Its surface has an ashy white coating with little dots that were once the small pores that let the orange breathe. My great-great-grandmother candied orange peels for my mother, her brothers, sister, and cousins. After picking them outside of her house, she transformed oranges into candy like alchemy. She made something out of thin air. The peel sits on my shelf and I cannot throw it away.

Orange Peel



I don't remember where we went specifically, but once we got there, instead of going inside, we went straight to the roof. It was sweltering hot—one of those August heat waves—and so Henry's friends decided to cook on the roof. The view was stunning, looking over all the houses on the East Side of Providence filling in the space between treetops. It was late in the afternoon, almost early evening. I remember the sun was at such an angle that the light it cast was a warm orange-yellow and contrasted with the dark browns, blacks, and blues of the gritty rooftop speckled with chips of white paint. We grilled a chicken over charcoal. The chicken had been spatchcocked, marinated in olive oil, lemon juice, salt and pepper but not too much. It's best to marinate the chicken overnight to ensure the tangy flavors marry it. It can only be done overnight; it's always best to leave things overnight.

Sassy Chicken

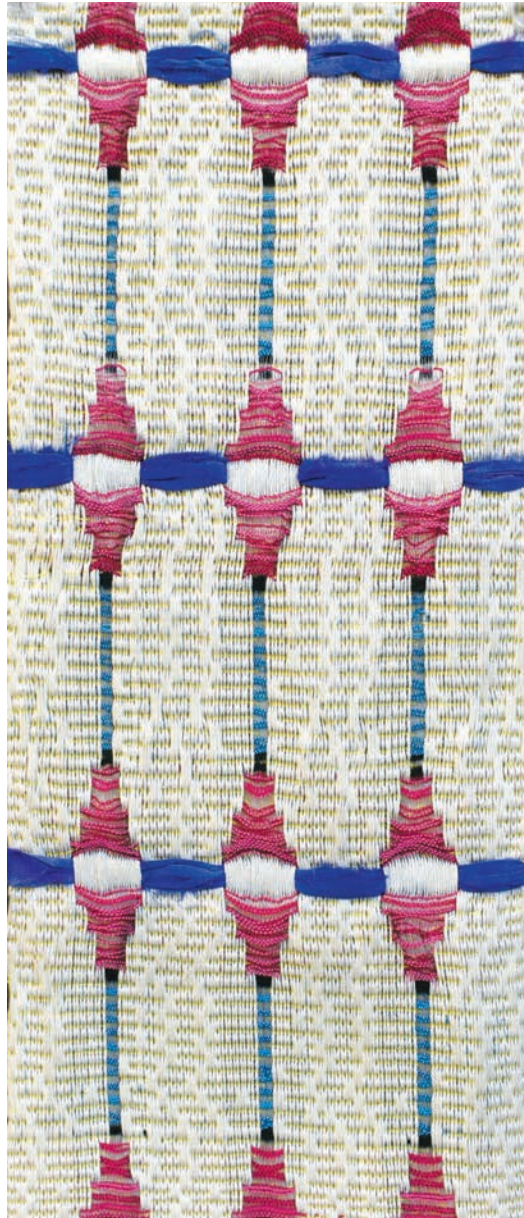




Dollop Sway, 2018
Wool, cotton, polyester
Handwoven with 16-harness dobby loom
7" x 10"



Stack III, 2018
Cotton, polyester
Handwoven with 16-harness dobby loom
8" x 10"



Blue Ribbon, 2018
Cotton, polyester
Handwoven with 16-harness dobby loom
8" x 17"



Time Stamp, 2018
Wool, cotton, polyester
Handwoven with 16-harness dobby loom
8" x 17"



Floats, 2017
Cotton and linen
Handwoven with 8-harness floor loom
13" x 15"



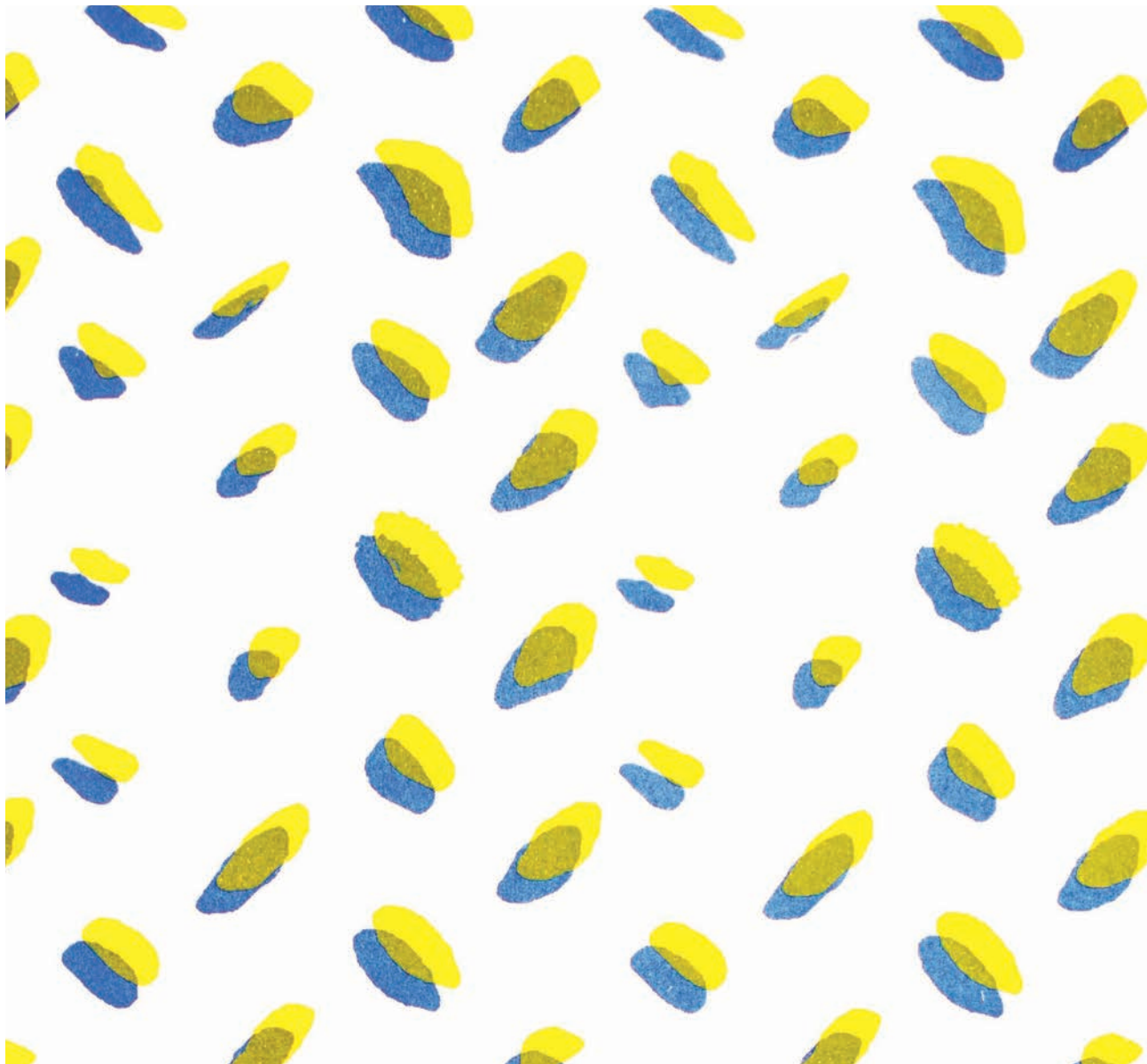
Potato, Potato, 2018
Digital print
24" x 27"



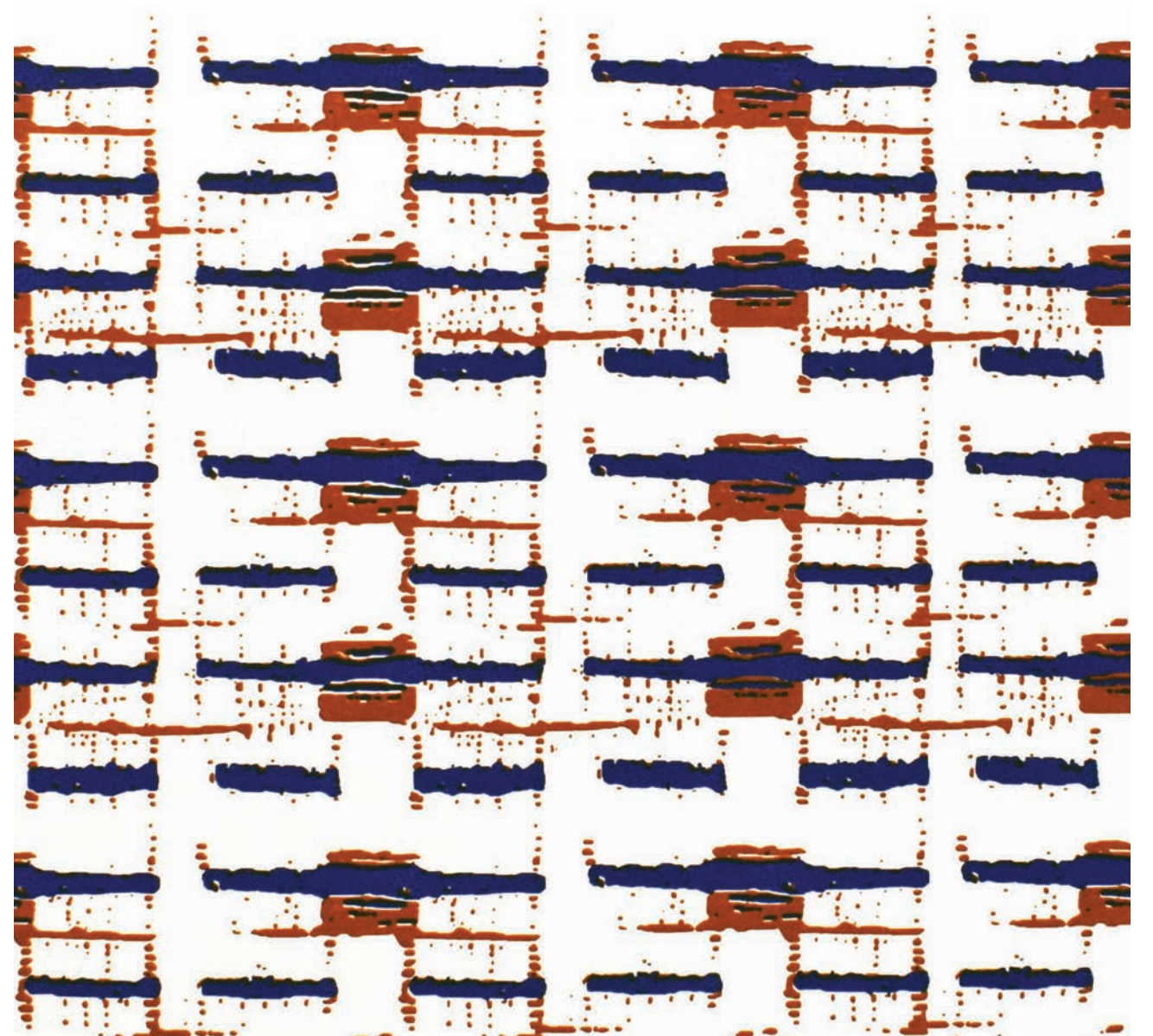
Red Flare, 2018
Acrylic on canvas
15" x 11"



Burrow, 2018
Acrylic on canvas
13" x 11"



Potato Masher (detail), 2018
Screenprint on paper
60" x 32"



Stacked Blocks (detail), 2018
Screenprint on paper
48" x 26"



Jars, 2018
Acrylic on canvas, 15" x 15"



Melba (detail), 2018
Acrylic on canvas
15" x 15"



Fridge Closed, 2018
Acrylic on canvas
48" x 60"



Fridge Open, 2018
Acrylic on canvas
48" x 60"



Wednesday Night, 2018
Acrylic on canvas
48" x 60"



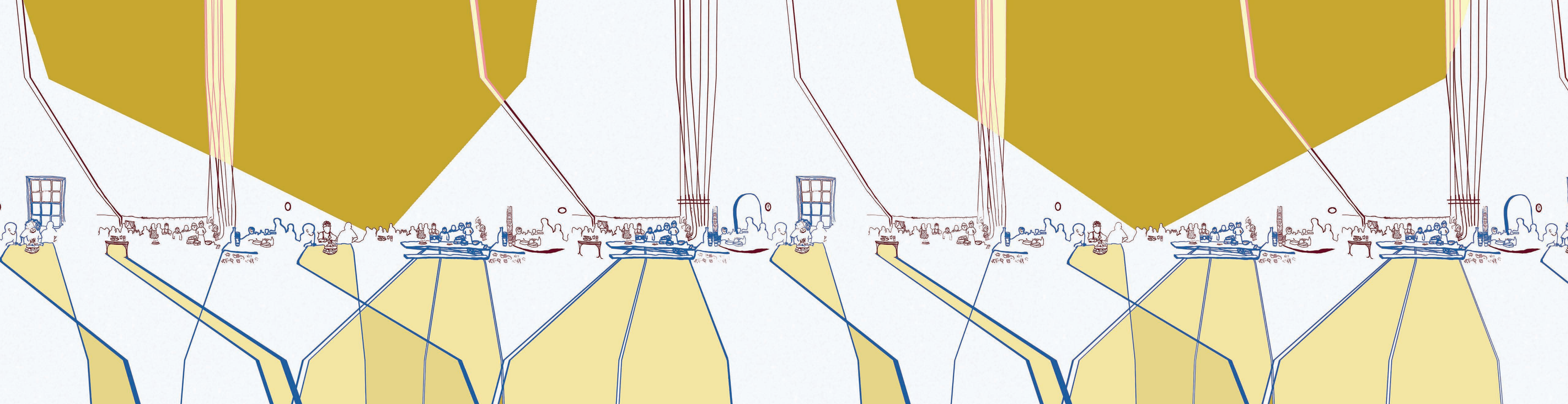
Cherry Bowl, 2018
Wool, cotton, synthetic fibers
Single bed knit
16" x 13"



More for me, 2018
Work on paper
13" x 17"

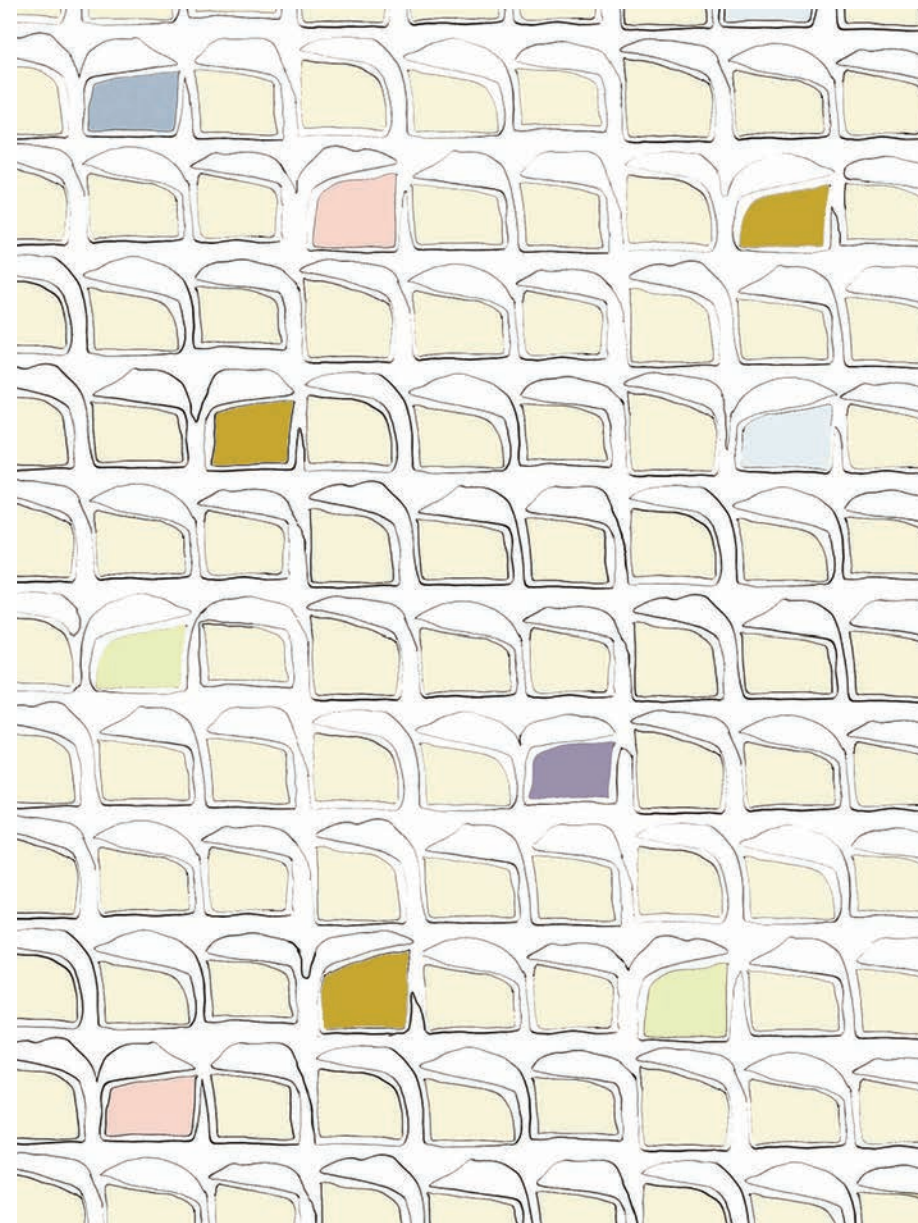


Decades, 2018
Digital print
24" x 17"





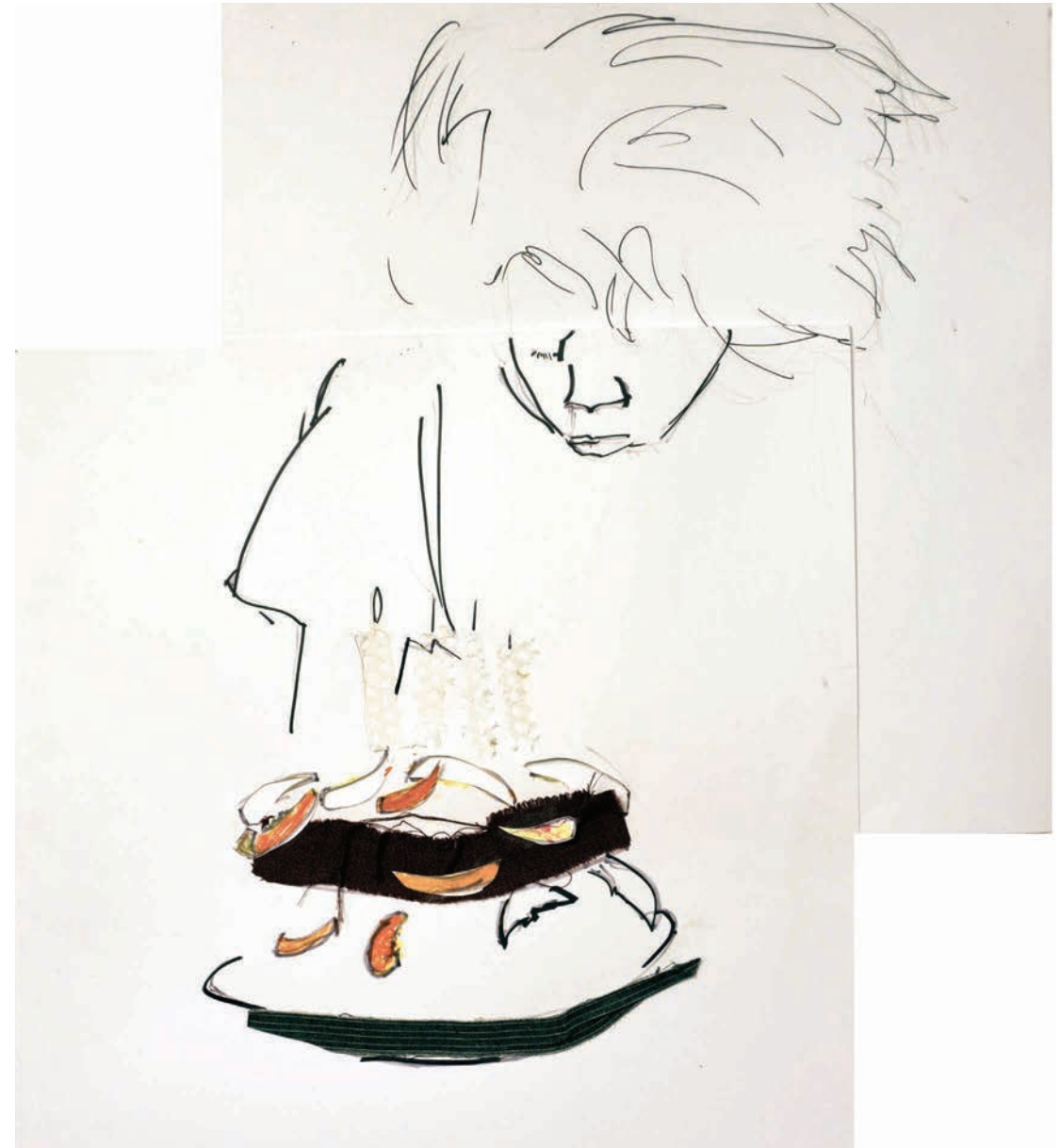
One Egg Cake (detail), 2018
Digital print
24" x 48"



Cake Slice, 2018
Digital print
24" x 52"



Eat Cake, 2018
Acrylic on canvas
15" x 15"



Four, 2018
Mixed media on paper
24" x 32"



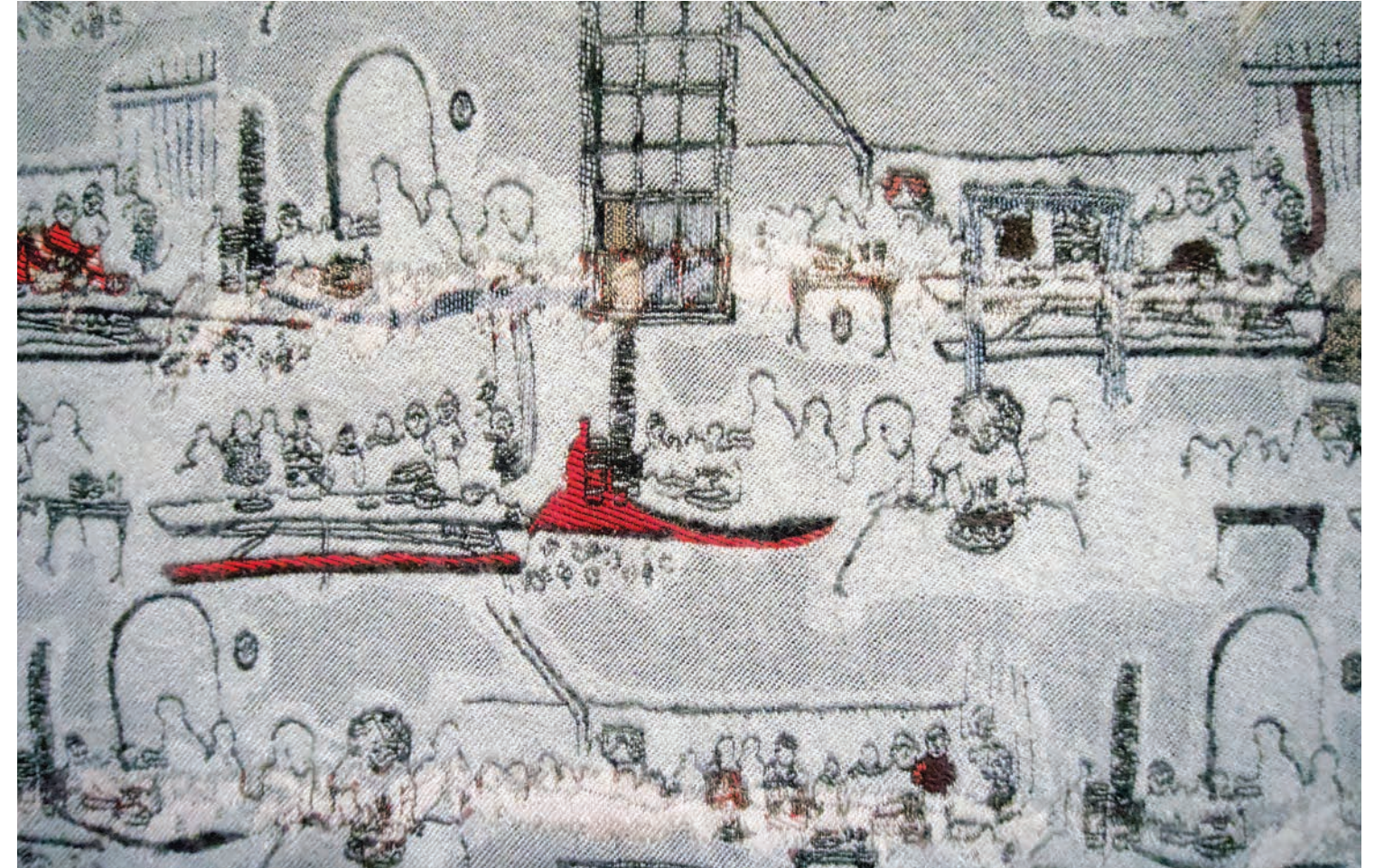
Remember When, 2018
Cotton, mohair, rayon, merino wool
Jacquard woven, 46" x 58"



Remember When (detail), 2018
Cotton, mohair, rayon, merino wool
Jacquard woven



Time and Time Again, 2019
Mohair, merino wool, cotton, rayon
Jacquard woven
54" x 72"



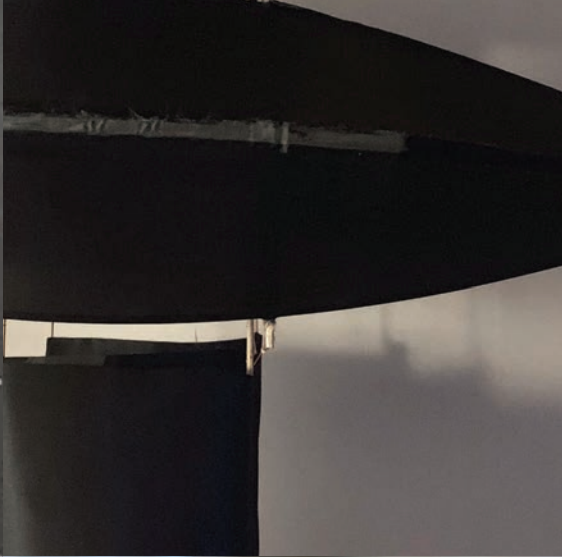
Time and Time Again, 2019
Mohair, merino wool, cotton, rayon
Jacquard woven



Here

The following is a history of where I am now, a place I call home. I leave these stories behind for those I don't yet know. The works that follow are paintings, drawings, prints, and weavings reminiscent of that place.

Here



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- 90 Card Night
- 92 Candles
- 94 Tea Pot
- 96 Blinds
- 98 Puffer Fish
- 100 Blue Boat
- 102 Hornet
- 104 Drive Home

Whenever I am in the car driving on I-195 with my father during the fall he always says, “Do you see that? The pinkish, brown, green colors in the trees? Isn’t it amazing how everything changes this time of year? How the dark brown works with the yellow tint of the edges of the leaves.” Time and time again, his words become cliché, I notice, but I don’t care. The colors of the trees always change. There’s one maple tree in my yard that changes differently every year. Sometimes the middle of it bursts with orange-peach and sometimes it’s a rusted red. Other times, the tree is eaten by moths and hardly any leaves survive.

Driving on I-195, alone at the age of 28, I find myself looking at all of the trees. Quite possibly the eye-catching hues could kill me if I stare to long. As I look I often drift off thinking about all those years, and all those months when my father spoke to me about the trees.

I-195



All of my possessions are inside, protected by my dog and a door that not even I can open. I can hear her waiting for me on the other side. I openly fantasize about axes splintering the hard wood, carving through decades of paint. *If I could only catch itttttttttt..... almostttttt..... nope. If I cat--, no..... If I catch it and pull out a bit and turnnnnnnn just here..... no.* I try again, and again, and again, and again. Finally it catches and my door opens to my dog Trudy staring at me, wondering why I had been scratching at the door for so long. Locks are supposed to just work. It's only when a lock doesn't work do you realize that locks are more than what they seem. It takes an average of three minutes to unlock my front door. It's a pretty long time. Just count to 180 and think about how many times you could unlock and lock your own door. I bet you it's at least 70 times. Lock. Unlock. Lock.....

Lock



The base of my shower door came apart last June. So much water got in it, that it corroded the metal frame on the bottom and then just came off. When I tried to open and close the shower door, the tempered glass would come out of line with the frame and drag across the ceramic tile. It was very precarious. Everyday for seven months, when I was about to take a shower, I thought, *is it this time that the glass with break and slice me open?* I have a missing clotting factor. The blood combined with the water would be messy.

Shower Door



When I look in my bathroom mirror, I feel like a religious icon. I'm not a religious person, but with its high arch and modest rectangular frame, anyone who looks into it sees themselves in their purest form. It reminds me of the icons I've collected over the years, some from my travels, others from distant relatives I hardly know. I look at all of these icons, some triptychs, some gilded in gold, some cast from tin, and others housed in just simple wooden frames. As I brush my teeth, imagining my hair as a halo, I wonder if the people in the icons I have collected ever had icons of their own. What faces would have looked out at them piously from gilded gold and wooden frames? I spit. Did they ever spit?



Mirror

It started with my Buttonwood Park mug, which has a bear on one side and a map of Massachusetts with a star for New Bedford on the other. It was a souvenir from a city trolley tour I went on as a office bonding event where I met a life long best friend. It didn't know I needed it until my mom almost sold it in one of her infamous yard sales. I snatched it out of my neighbor's hand, telling him I hadn't had any coffee that day and immediately went inside.

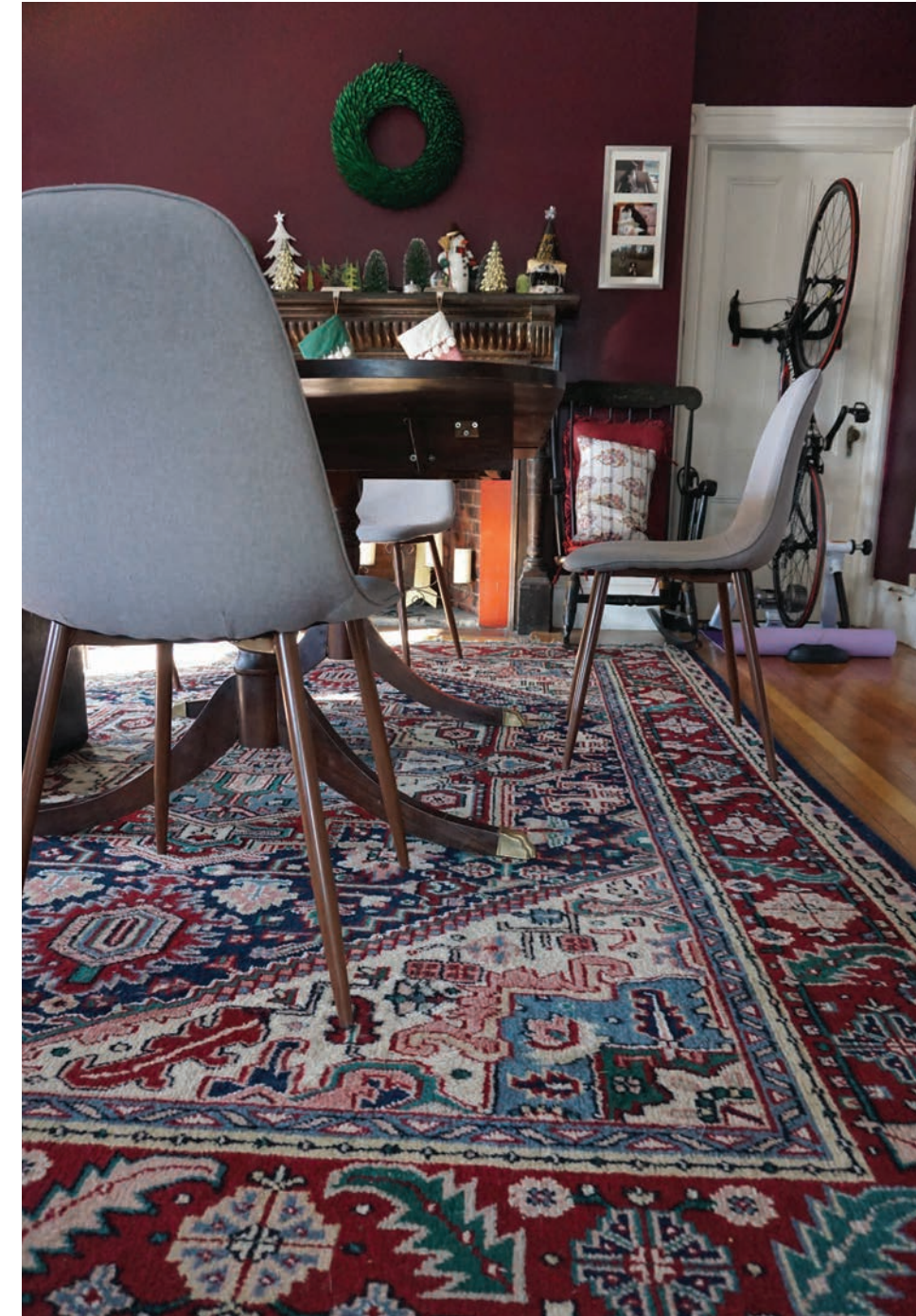
Now I have a full blown collection. On days that I need a little more magic I go for the indigo mystic cat. On days that I need more coffee I got for the MFA Art of Service mug. On days that I want to see through my drink I go for the glass one, though I would never put soup in that, who would want to see into their soup?



Mug Shelf

It was so heavy carrying it up the winding stairs of my apartment. The rug was rolled up in a long tube, waiting to be unfurled into my large dining room. My mom had cleaned the rug up before giving it to me. It had been in my parents' dining room for as long as I could remember. Surprisingly, my mom decided to replace it after seeing a beautiful rug at Salvation Army that she couldn't pass up. That's how it wound up here. Taylor and I cleared everything from the room and gave it a quick cleaning before grabbing another box from the car. It was then that Trudy had her chance to check it out. Her coonhound nose picked up on the scent of my parents' dogs Penelope and Finn. She went round and round until she found her spot and claimed the rug as her own.

Oriental Rug



My mother collects ghostly dolls, the ones dressed up in colonial clothes or nutcracker themed costumes. Their mouths gape open like they are about to let out a horrific scream or go caroling. They were housed in a cabinet outlined in mahogany, orange and brown striped like a tiger. Large panes of glass made up the sides and front doors. On sunny days, everything gleams from the inside out.

I walked by that cabinet many times in my life, getting used to these strange figures, finding a normalcy in them, only to be reminded how eerie they were when friends came to visit.

Two summers ago, my mom refinished a corner cabinet she had stored away in the attic. It was perfect for her carolers; each shelf was tall enough for their long slender bodies. She gave the old mahogany cabinet to me. I replaced each of the dolls with a bottle of liquor.

Liquor Cabinet



Liv, she out-does us all. She has her own guy that sells smoked trout out of the back of his van. It sounds like you would get food poisoning, but trust me, it's worth the risk. The first time I hosted, I made lamb kebabs and bruschetta. Jodi curates *the best* cheeses and salamis. Miś knows a store where they sell polish pickles and sausage. And Hannah's husband grilled shrimp and vegetables last time she hosted.

Every other Thursday night is card night. The cards are dealt around 7:00 pm with hors d'oeuvres and wine, or cocktails during the summer, served at 6:30 pm. I have learned many things on those Thursday nights, least among them how to play hearts. I wouldn't give that night up for anything. Unfortunately, it's invitation only. Sorry, but you can't come.

Card Night



I am watching a candle burn in my bathroom, transfixed by it shimmering through the tempered glass door as I shower. I'm drawn to its slow burn and possessed by the scent it emits. Their smell can be intoxicating, each one so specific, some even giving a false sense of my dad's apple pie during the dead of winter. Sometimes, I'm shocked by how many I have burning at once. Just the other day, my boyfriend, Taylor and I forgot to blow a candle out before leaving the house for sushi. Luckily he was able to run back and blow it out. Growing up, candles were taboo. There is only one place for fire in any house, and that's obviously the fireplace. After all, candles are often forgotten. If they are left alone, they could consume an entire home. No one knows this better than my father.

Candles

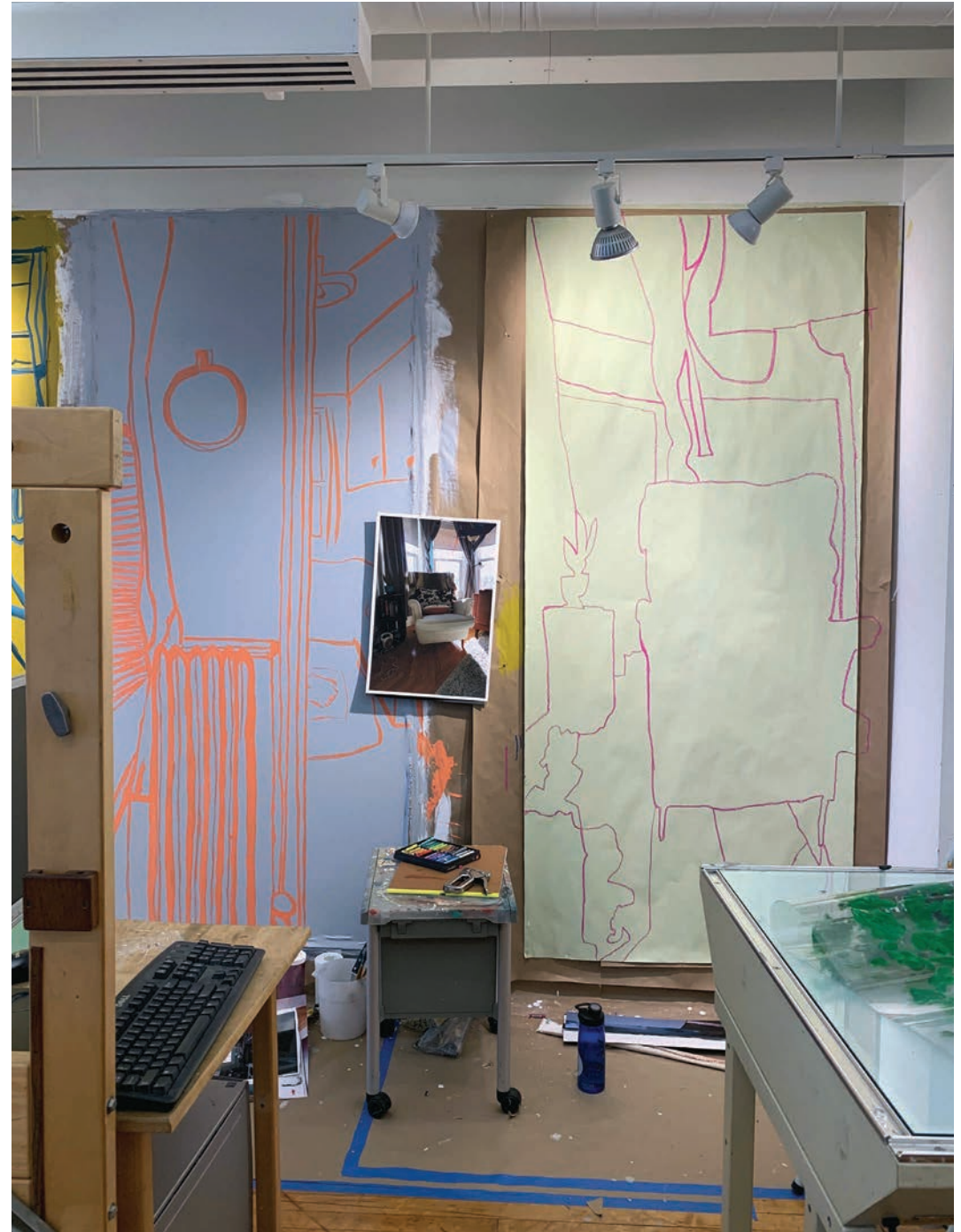


Shh quiet, I think the tea's ready. No, it doesn't whistle. It percolates and then goes silent. It's easy to forget, and then it boils off and the whole process starts again. At times it goes unnoticed for so long that the paint peels away from its aluminum body.

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Shhhhhhhhhh quiet, yah it's ready.

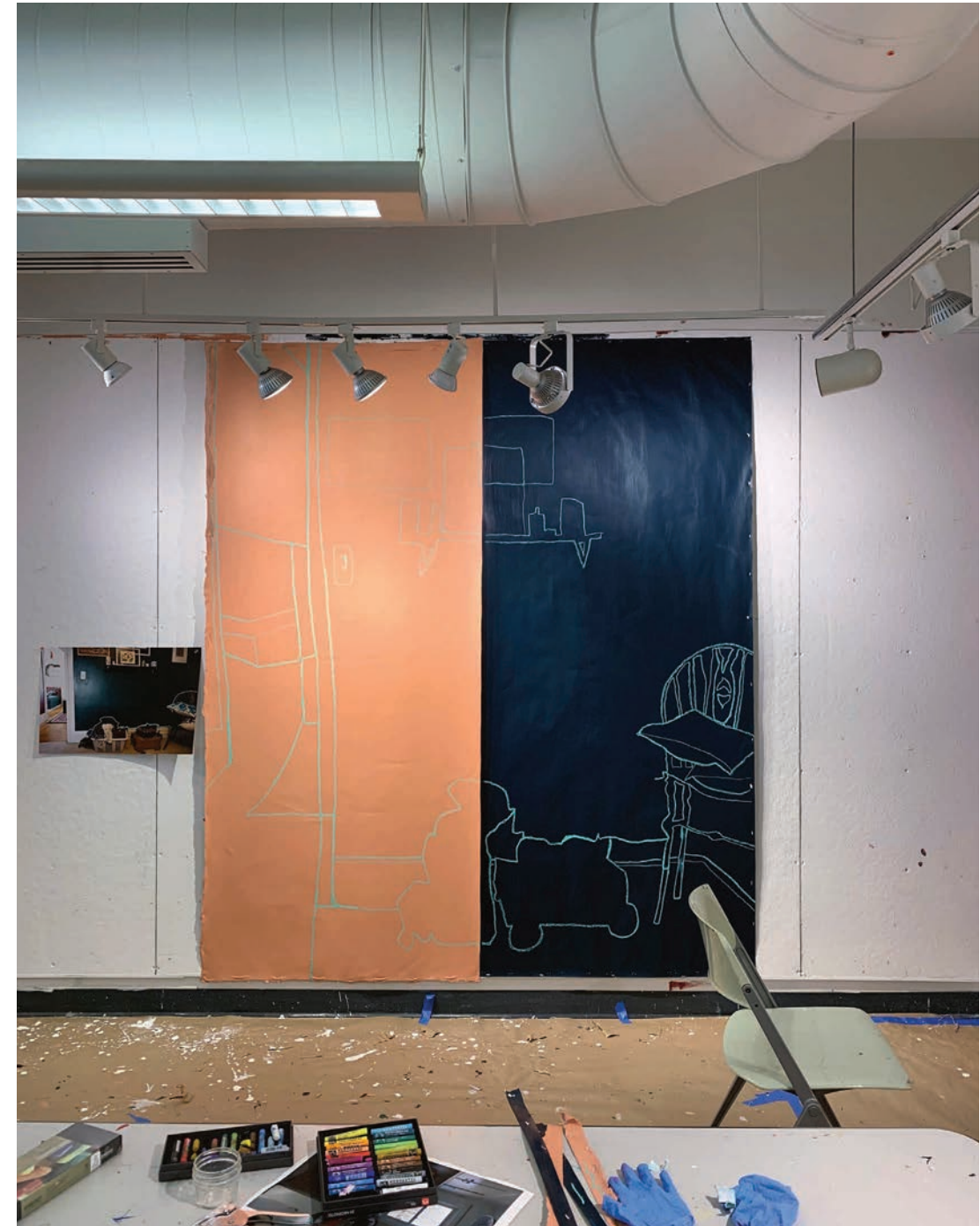
Tea Pot



Before I leave everyday I make sure the blinds are closed, drawn all the way down so no sunlight can get through. It's not so much the sunlight as the view. On especially nice days, outside, there are dogs, squirrels, birds, toddlers on bicycles, women running, and fathers pulling their children behind them on their Campagnolo bikes. Trudy sees them all as threats, ready to sniff them out and tackle them to the ground if ever she had a chance.

We have a deal though. When I stay in for the day, if she's quiet, I leave them open, letting all the glorious south-facing sunlight in. The sunshine warms Trudy's black fur just enough for her to pass out on the dining room rug and forget about all the threats looming around the corner.

Blinds



Above everything I create in my studio hangs a puffer fish with googly eyes. It's perfectly strange, looming in mid air, constantly staring at people who are crossing the street, sipping coffee, typing, drawing, weaving. It was the first thing I imagined putting in my studio space if ever I had one. My father got it for me on one of his trips to New York. I remember staying up past my bedtime waiting for him to return, wondering what he would bring back. I heard the door creak open and ran over greeting him with sleepy eyes and a big hug. Out of his back pocket he pulled out a large white box. I quickly removed the tissue paper, unveiling the puffer fish. Its spiny rotund body looked so unnatural; its gray peakish green skin blends in with the scum it swims through. I wonder what the puffer fish would have thought if it knew where it was going to end up floating above me as I make.



Puffer Fish

A sailboat is suspended in my living room. Actually it's a kite resembling a sailboat, but I refuse to let it fly. If it did it would come crashing down splintering into all of its thin, poorly manufactured balsam wood beams that give it its form. Its blue, transparent gauze body and long, neon yellow, pumpkin, and turquoise tail watch over my home. It was the first Christmas gift I ever gave Taylor. I was a good listener and remembered he sailed. He made me a candle out of honeysuckle picked from a walking path near my home for Christmas. I only burned it once. As soon as I lit it, the wick began to sizzle, spitting sparks at random intervals; I think he bought the type of wick for trick candles. It didn't matter, it was perfect.

Blue Boat



I'm allergic to bees. I didn't know that until I grabbed one accidentally when blueberry picking with my parents. The bee left its stinger in my left pinkie finger and then flew away. The pain was unbearable, and when my entire arm started to swell, I knew I could never walk barefoot through fields of wildflowers again. Now, I just stay away from bees as a general rule, but I do have a mummified hornet in my studio. Taylor found it on a shelf in Target among a display of fake plants. Every time I see it, it looks like it's going to fly away in the wind.



Hornet

Last night it poured on my way home from the studio. It was 8:42 pm so the overcast sky was a deep violet black, slightly illuminated by the muted crimson tint of the city lights. I have a rule when I drive: I can only look at the sky when my vehicle is stopped. It seems very basic. Focus on driving when you are driving, but sometimes the sky is just too irresistible to look away. Due to the high elevation of some bridges in Rhode Island, at sundown or sunrise you can witness a larger spectrum of colors in the sky than you can almost anywhere else. It's quite something during an evening commute.

I digress.

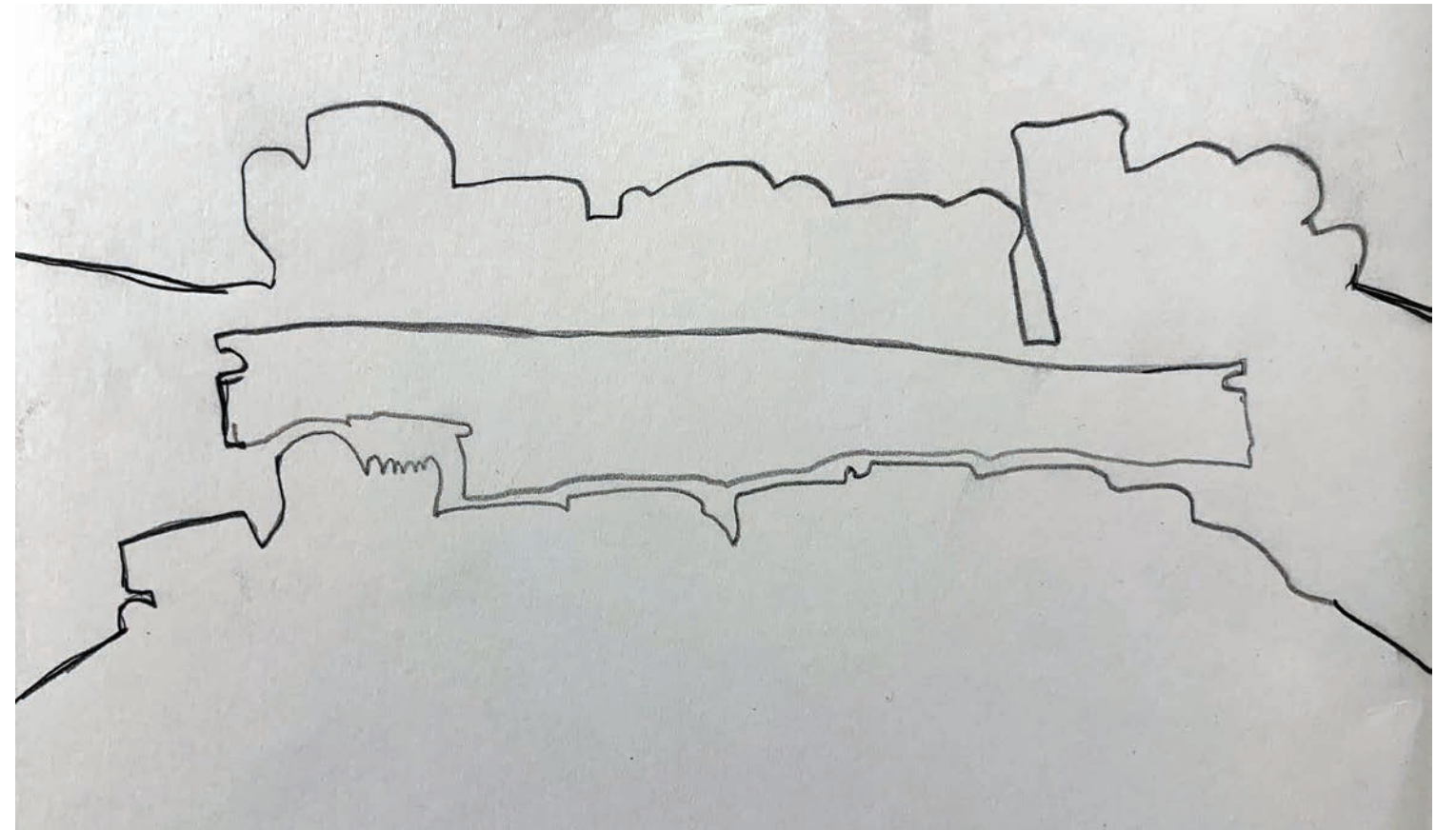
Last night, while I was driving home from the studio, it poured. The clouds just opened up and gallons of buckets of water rained all over the cityscape. I took the back roads home for fear of hydroplaning on the highway. At first, it was a knuckle-biting drive, but as the rain let up, every surface gleamed with perpetual bliss. The green traffic lights reflected iridescently onto the dark burnt black tar roads and newly painted mustard yellow divider lines. The headlights of a Dunkin' Donuts' 18-wheeler illuminated the streets in front of it for miles. The entire city looked as though it belonged to a parallel universe created by rain drops. But just when I parked my car and got close enough, it was gone, leaving me completely drenched in the large puddle I walked into.

Drive Home

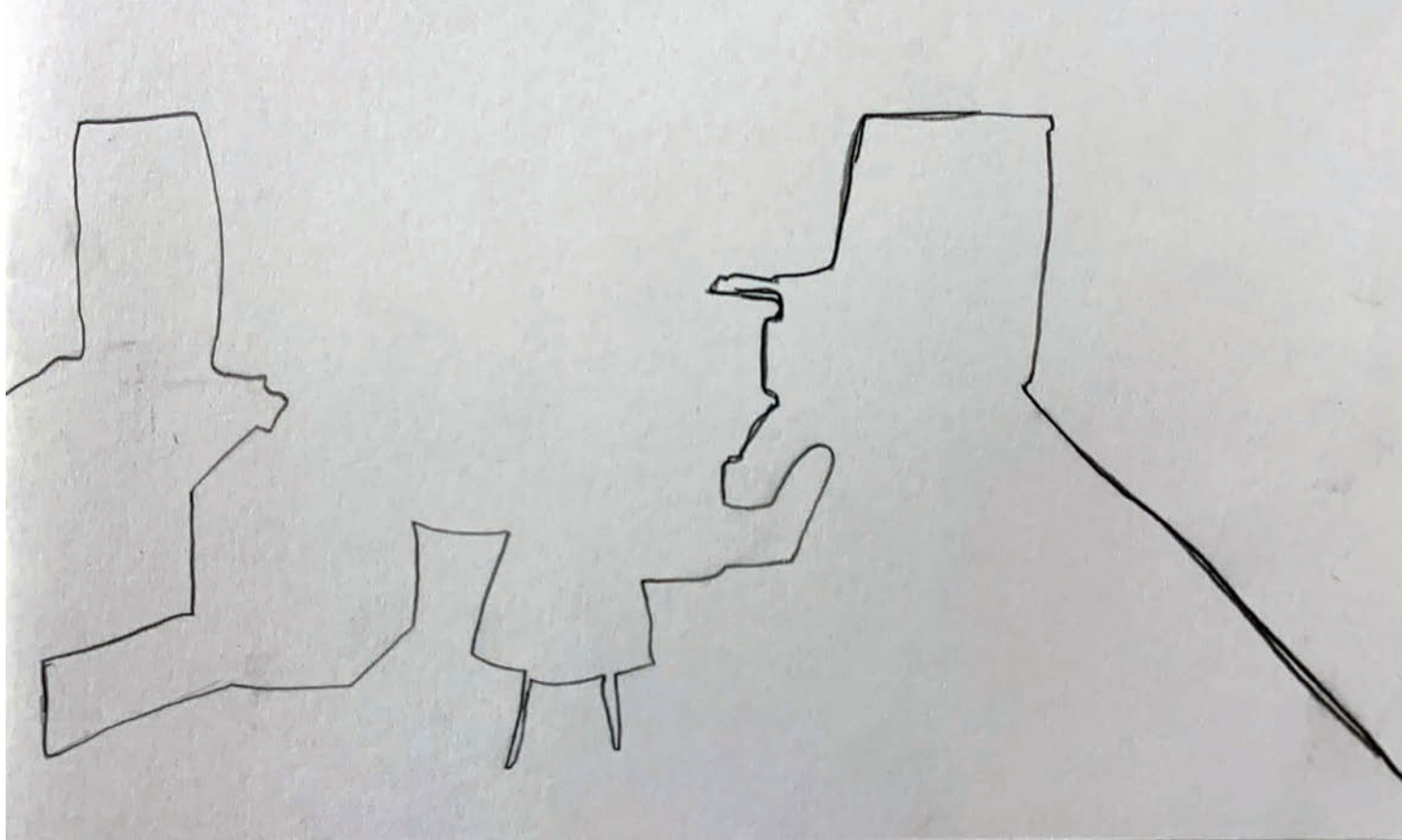




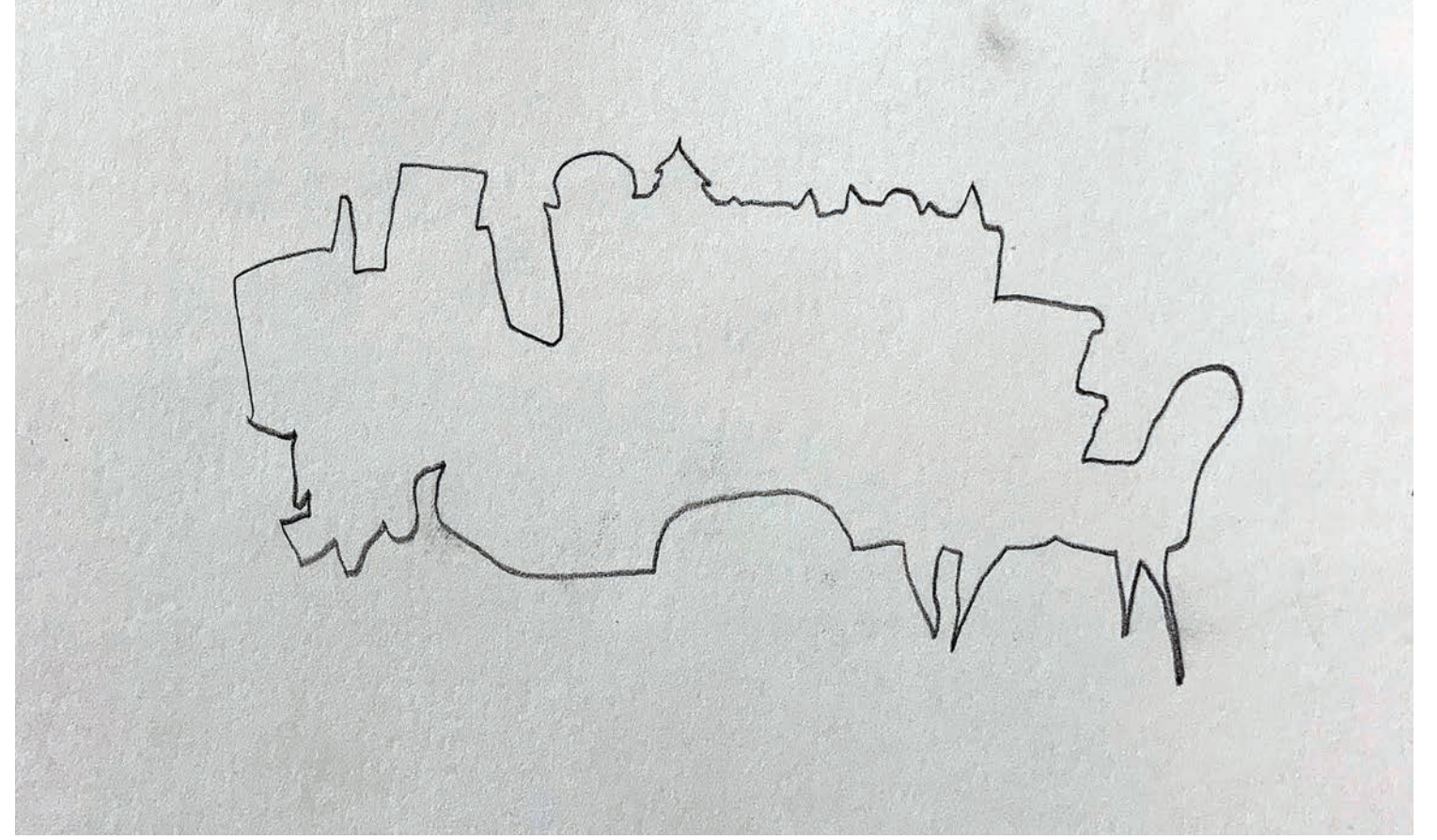
Laundry Basket, 2019
Pencil on paper
7" x 5"



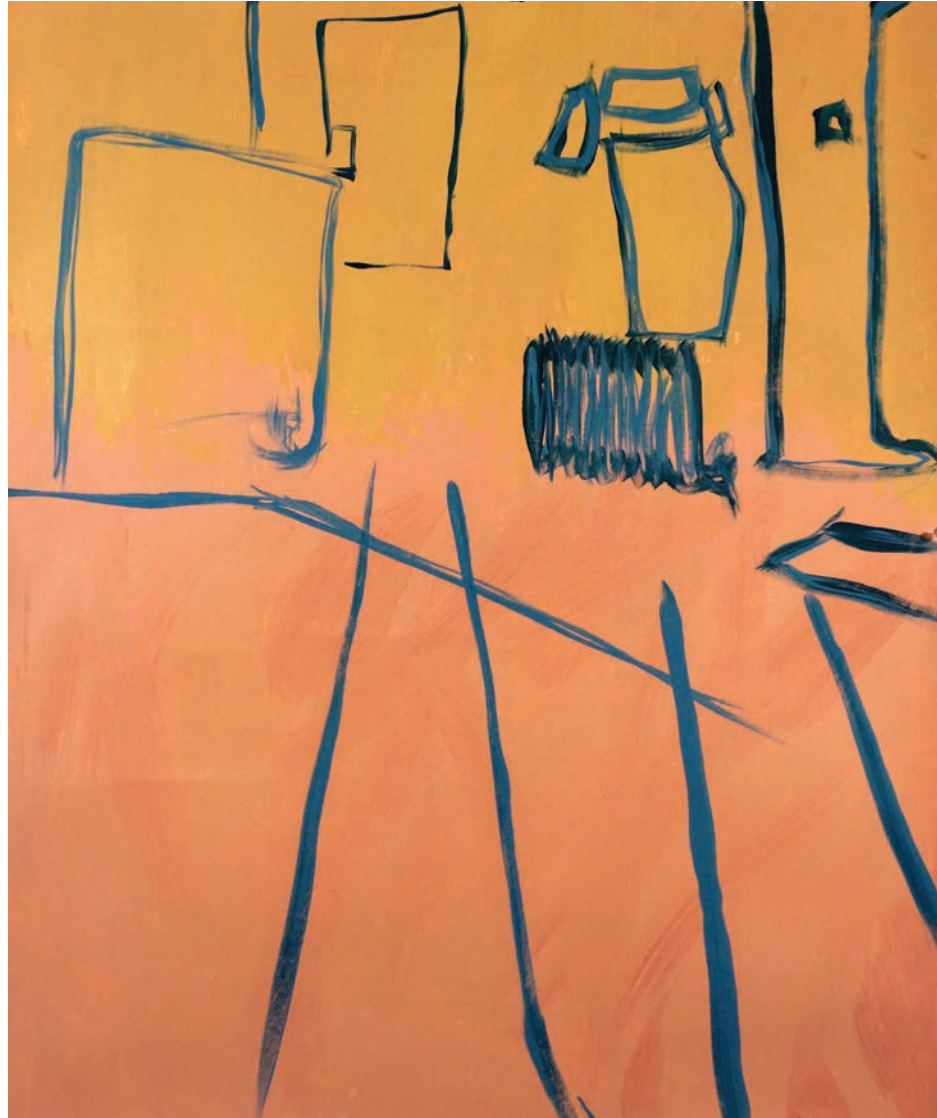
Mugs, 2019
Pencil on paper
7" x 5"



Door on the left, 2019
Pencil on paper
7" x 5"



Mess, 2019
Pencil on paper
7" x 5"



Cabinet View, 2019
Acrylic on paper
28" x 36"



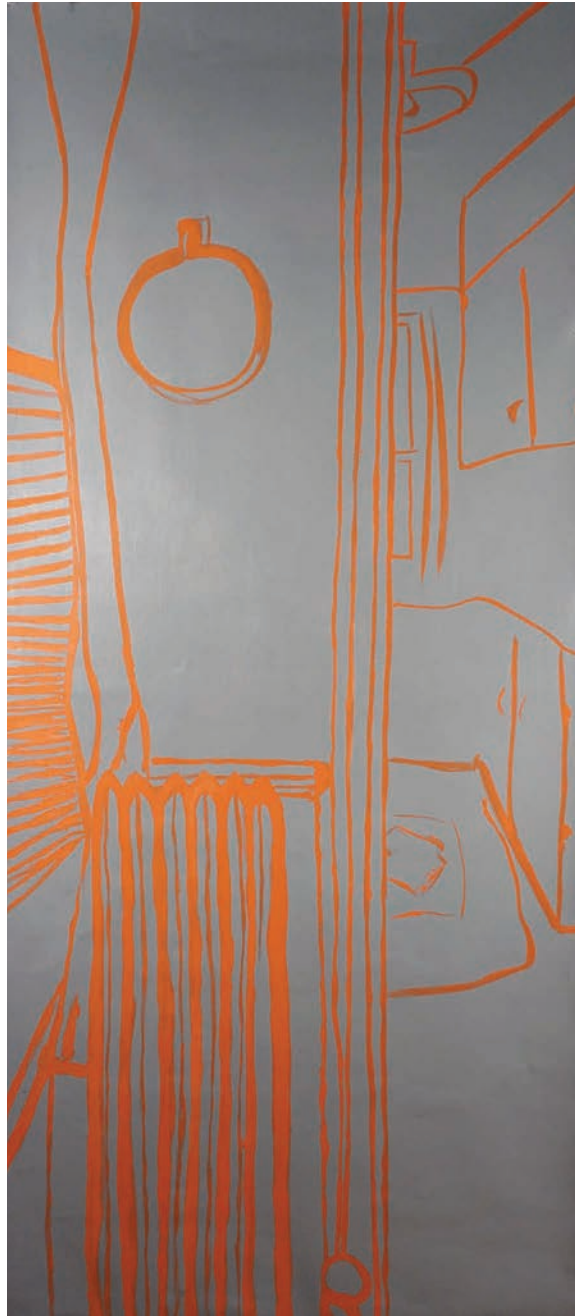
Windows, 2019
Acrylic on paper
32" x 48"



Bedroom, 2019
Acrylic and oil crayon on paper
48"x 36"



Dining Table, 2019
Acrylic and oil crayon on paper
32"x 48"



Blinds, 2019
Acrylic on canvas
92"x 40"



Shades Closed, 2019
Acrylic and oil crayon on paper
24"x 36"



Nightstand, 2019
Acrylic and oil crayon on paper
24"x 36"



Shades Open, 2019
Acrylic on canvas
92"x 40"



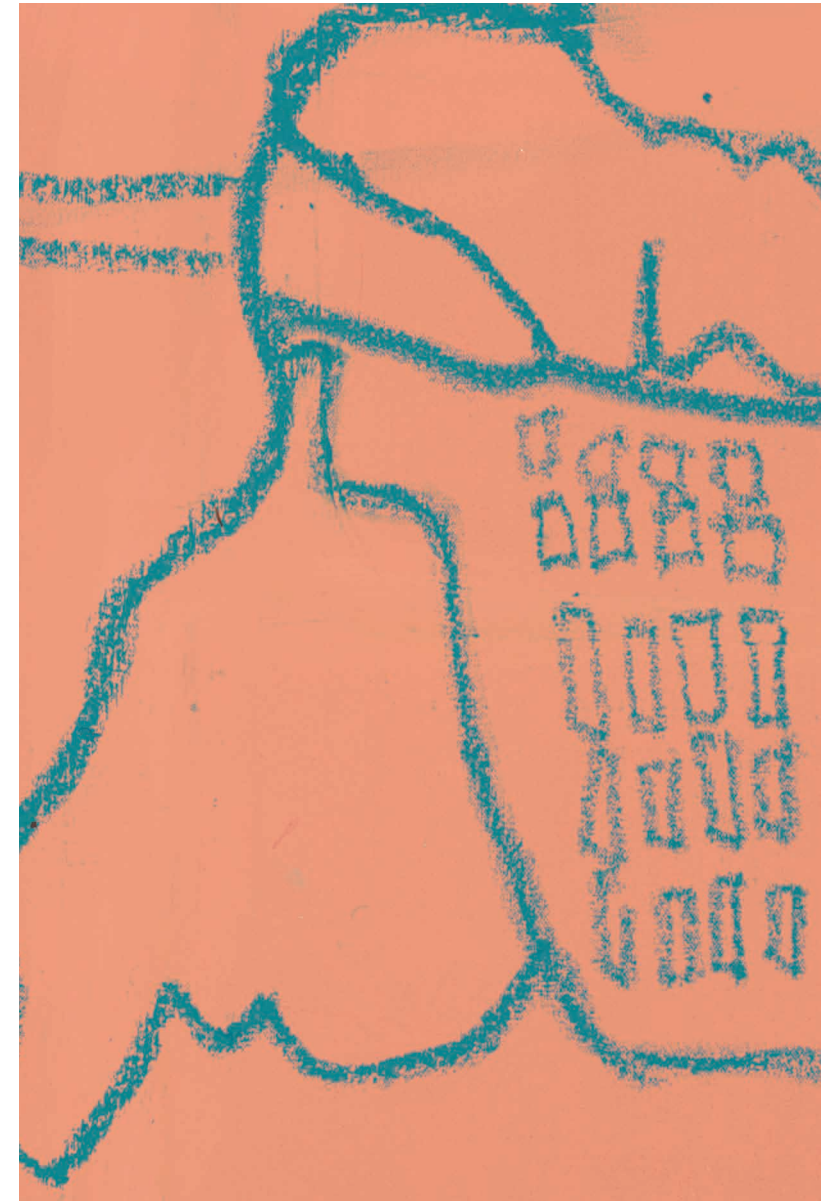
Radiator, 2019
Acrylic, oil crayon, and chalk on paper
24"x 36"



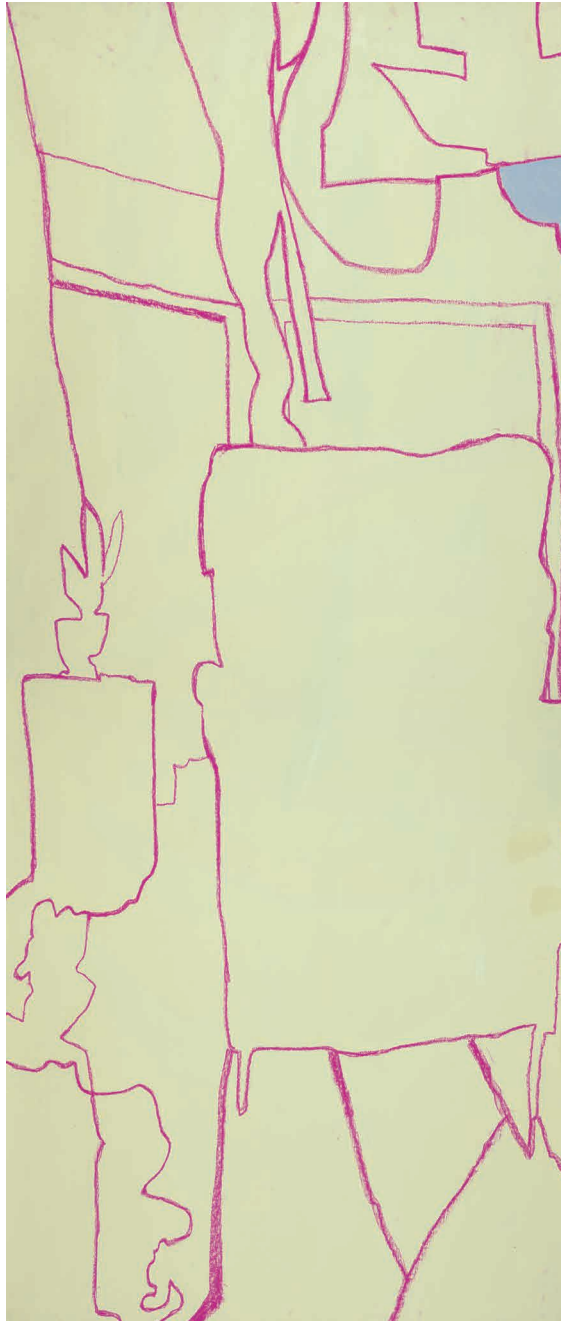
Radiator (detail), 2019
Acrylic, oil crayon, and chalk on paper



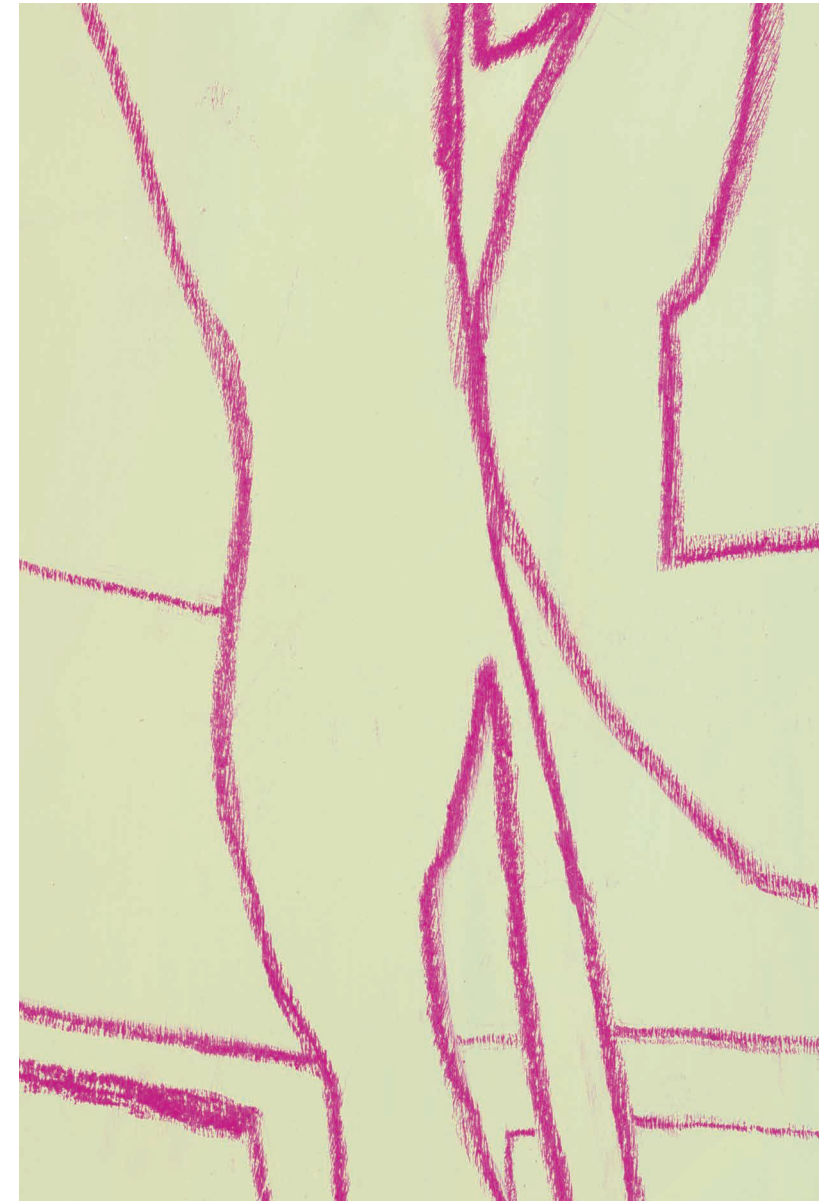
Morning, 2019
Acrylic and oil pastel on canvas
92"x 40"



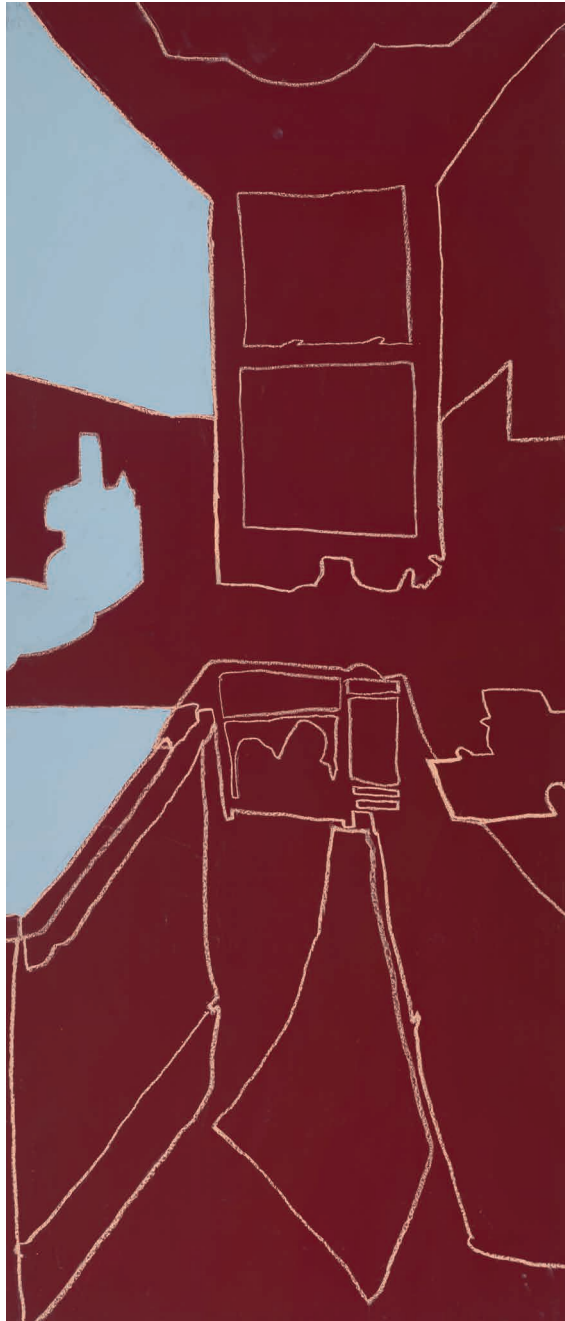
Morning (detail), 2019
Acrylic and oil pastel on canvas



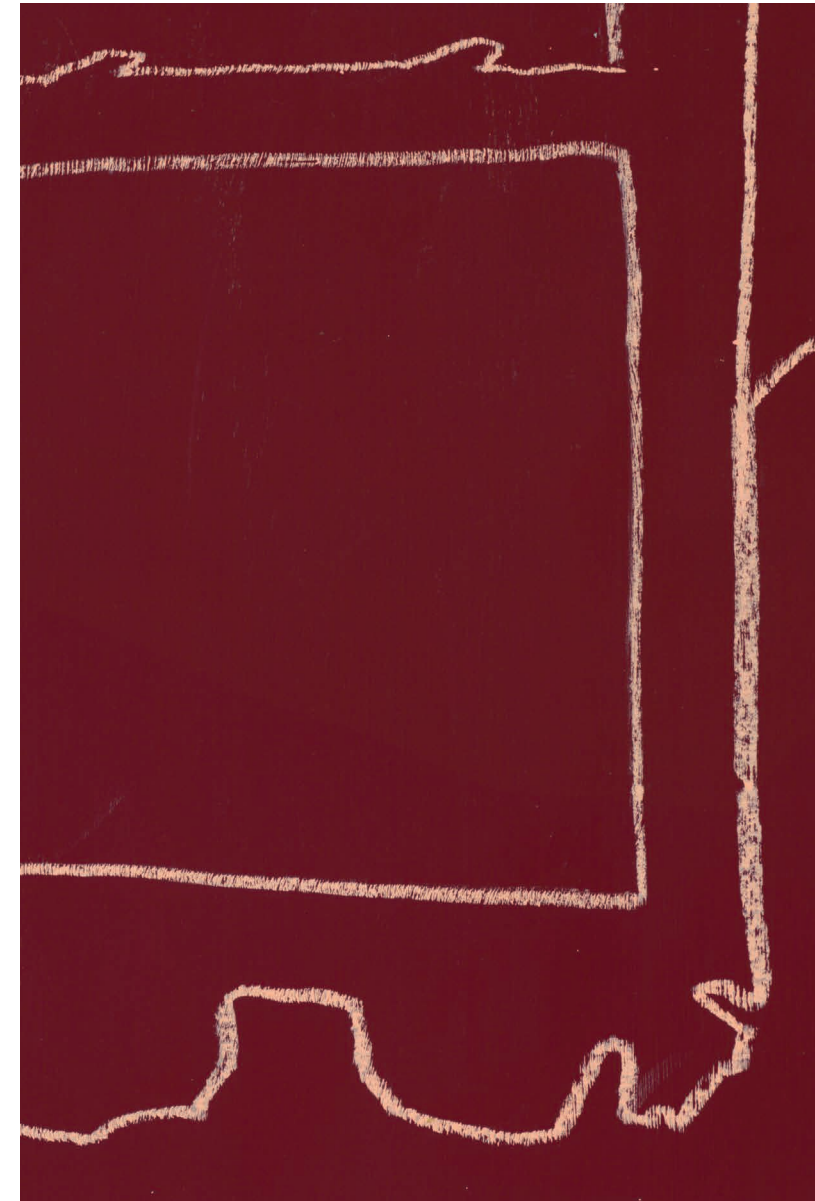
Living Room, 2019
Acrylic and oil pastel on paper
92"x 40"



Living Room (detail), 2019
Acrylic and oil pastel on paper



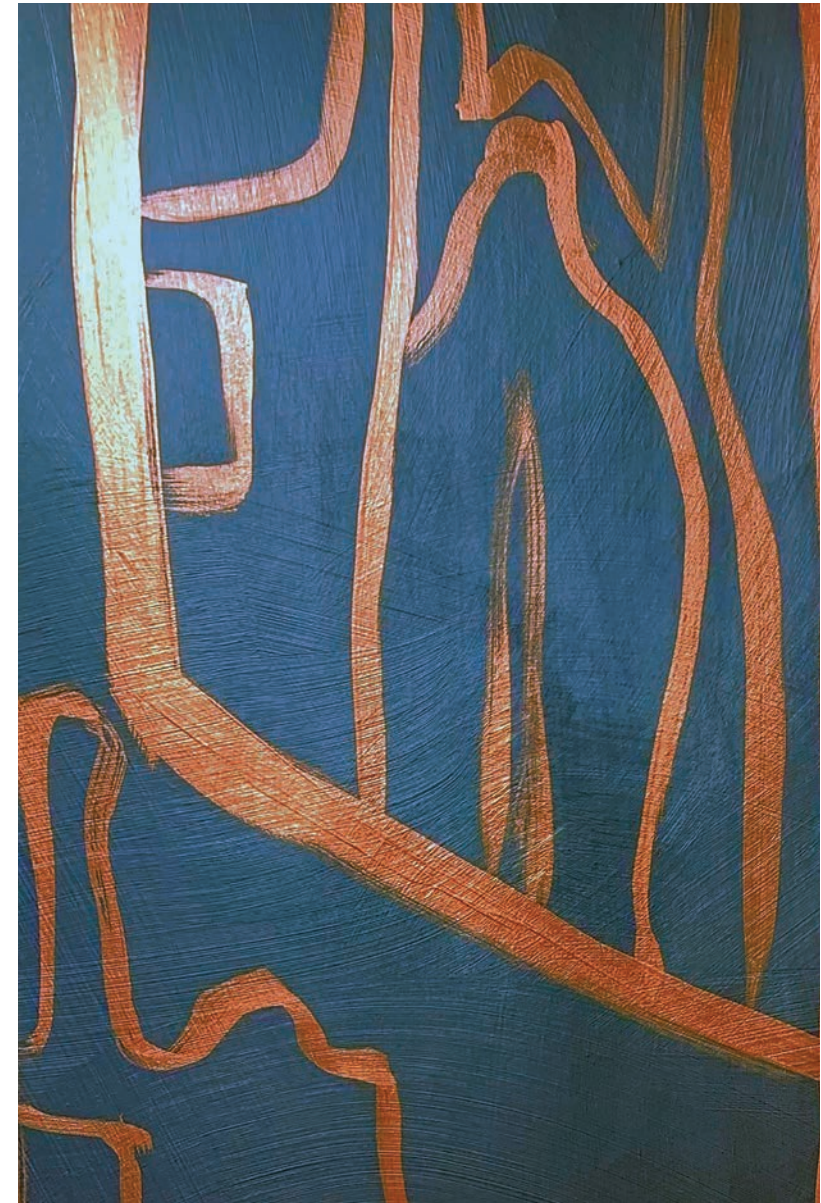
Kitchen, 2019
Acrylic and oil pastel on paper
92"x 40"



Kitchen (detail), 2019
Acrylic and oil pastel on paper



Shower, 2019
Acrylic on paper
92"x 40"



Shower (detail), 2019
Acrylic on paper



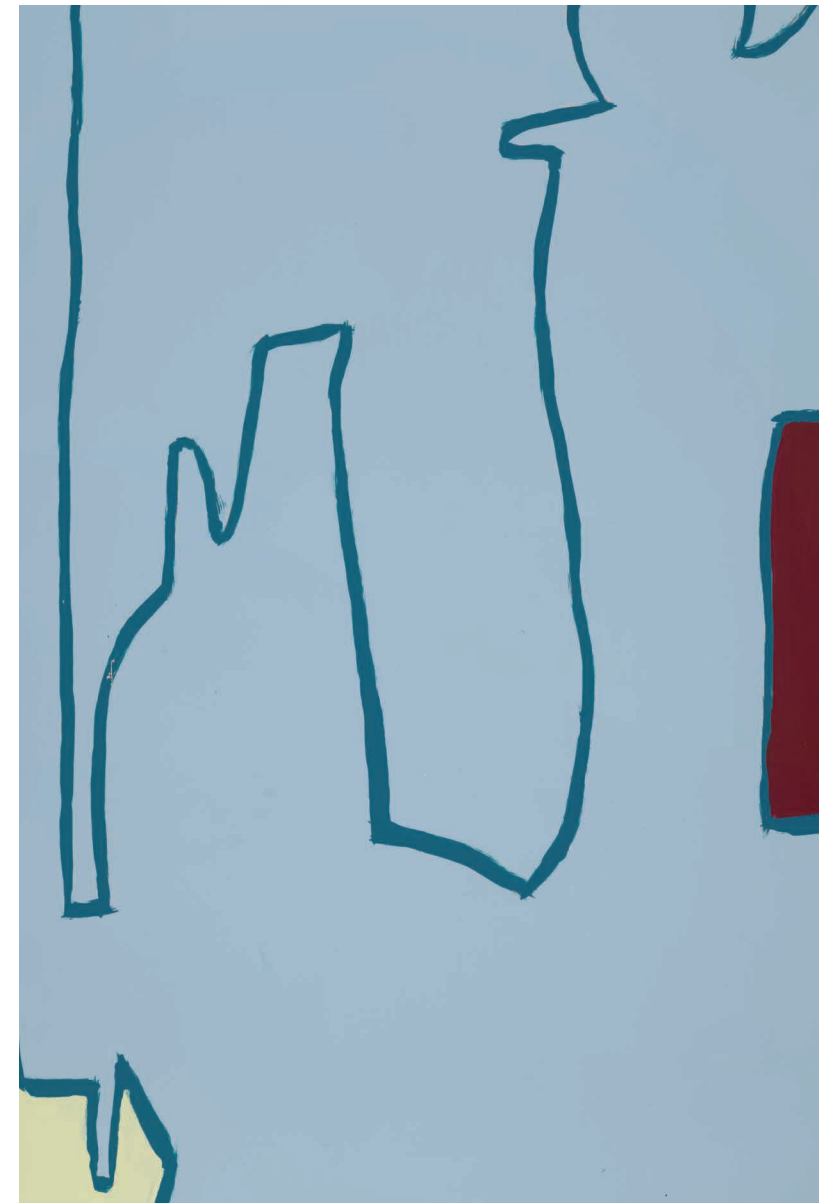
Entry Way, 2019
Acrylic and oil pastel on paper
92"x 40"



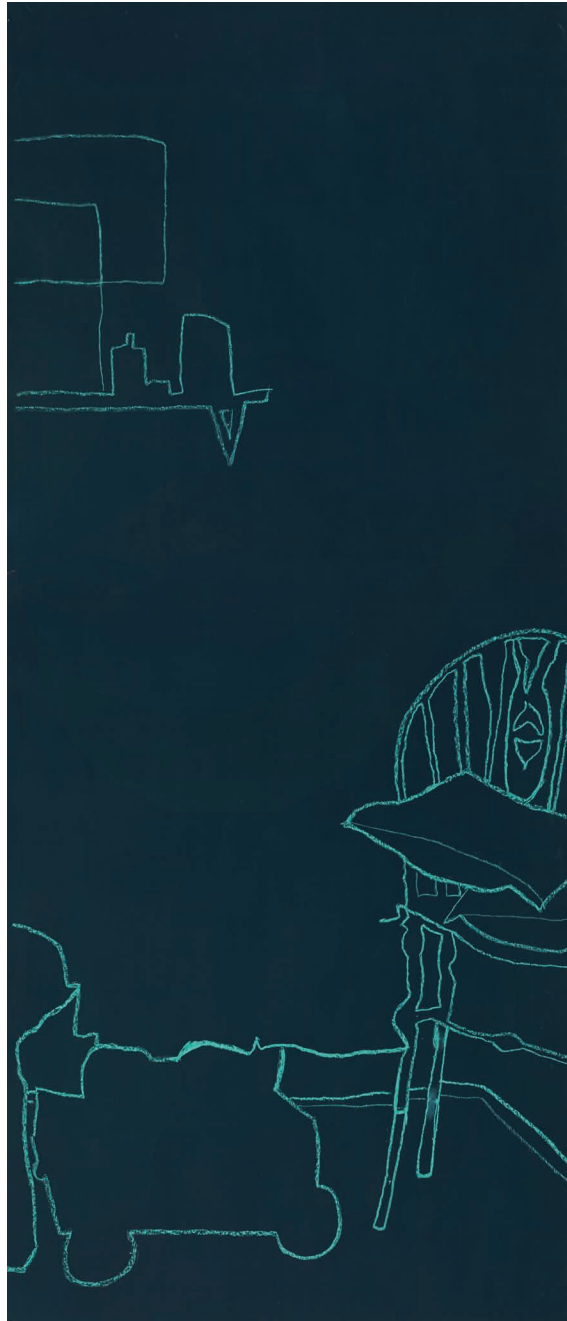
Entry Way (detail), 2019
Acrylic and oil pastel on paper



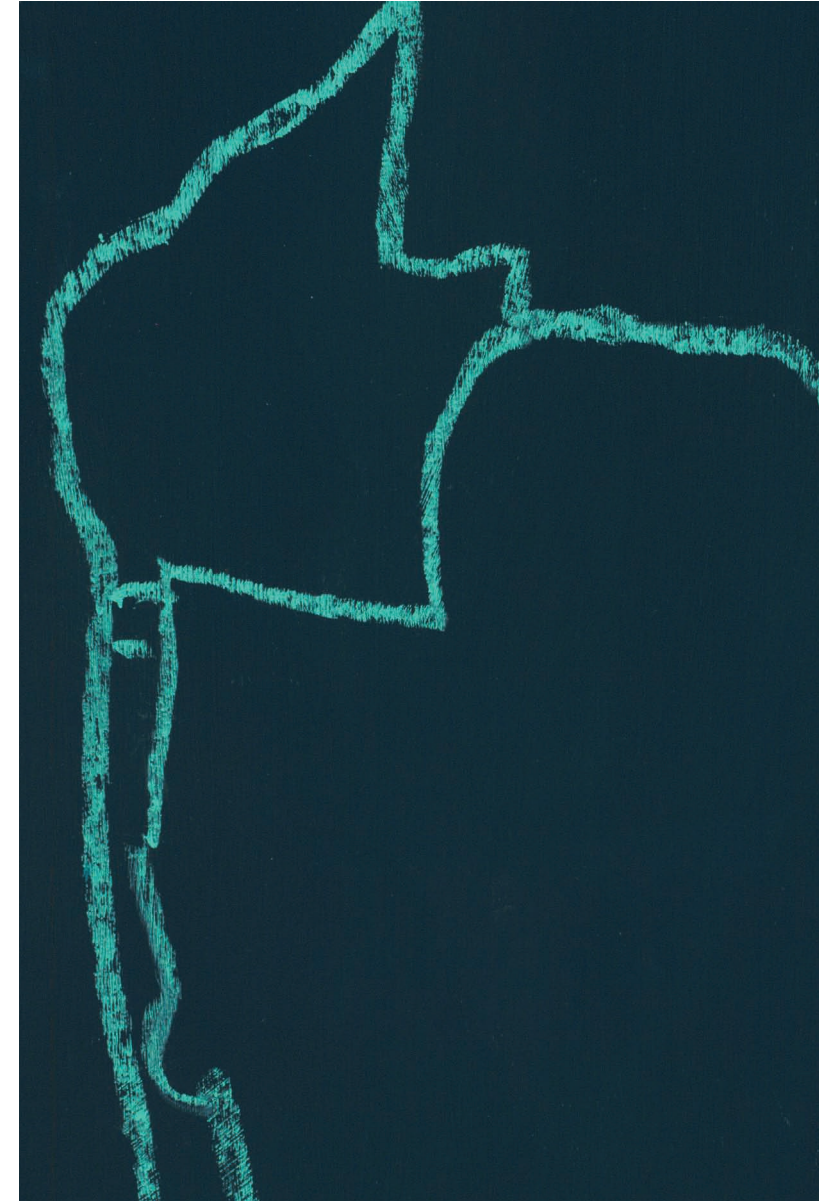
Dining Room, 2019
Acrylic on paper
92"x 40"



Dining Room (detail), 2019
Acrylic on paper



Night, 2019
Acrylic and oil pastel on paper
92"x 40"

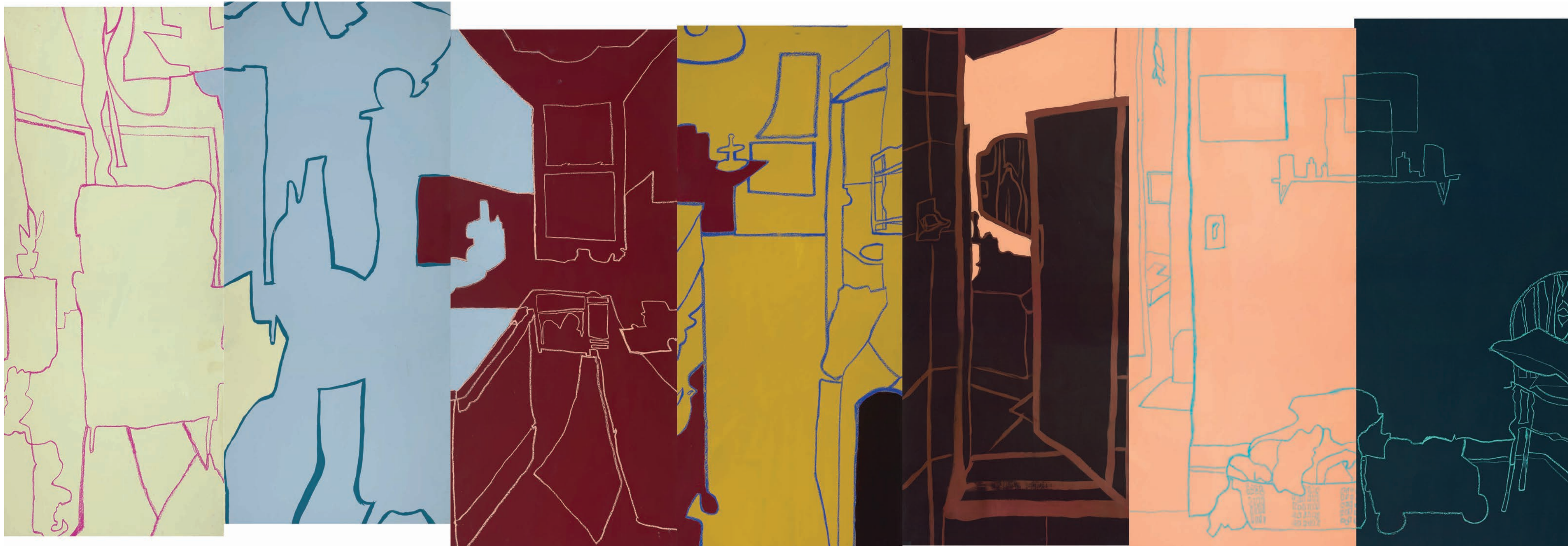


Night (detail), 2019
Acrylic and oil pastel on paper



This piece is a sketch of the main work proposed for the RISD Graduate Thesis Exhibition in May 2019.

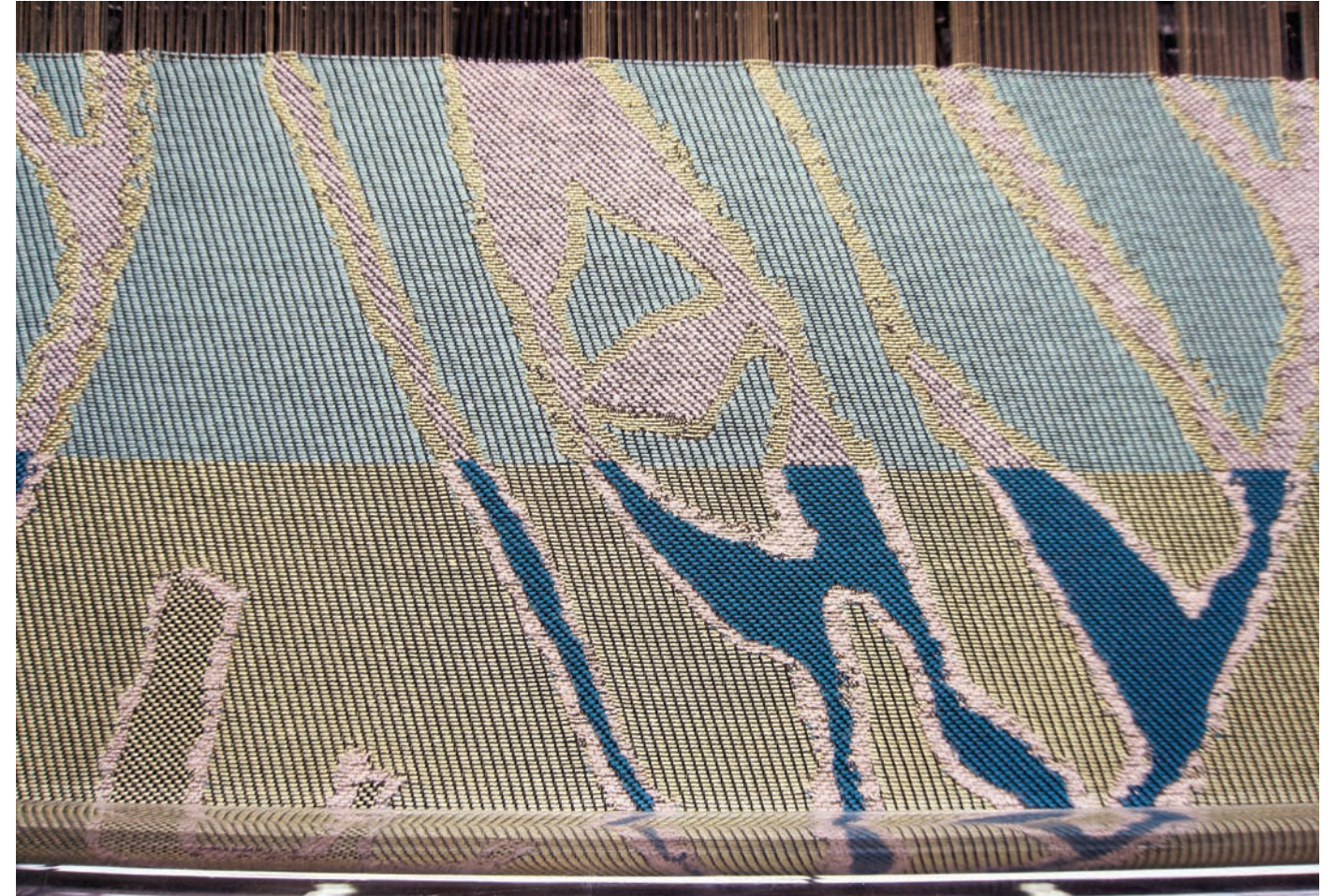
Proposal for Wall Covering, 2019
Material: Acrylic and oil pastel on paper
Size: Projected Size, 120"x 180"
Date:



Home, 2019
Acrylic and
oil pastel on paper
92"x 280"



Stay A While, 2019
Mohair, bamboo, rayon
Jacquard woven
54"x 144"



Stay A While (detail), 2019
Mohair, bamboo, rayon
Jacquard woven

Appendix

148 My Bookshelf
150-165 Recipes
166 Acknowledgments



VITAMIN C
CLAY + CERAMIC
Interwoven
SOPHIE CALLE
True Stories
ACTRESS/D
NK 3940 .V58 2017
NK 8898 .K84 A4 2013

Henri Matisse
Paper Cut-Outs
THE ST. LOUIS ART MUSEUM
THE DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS
N 6853 .M33 A4 1977

STERLING RUBY
focus to direction de
édité par
Michel Gouhlier
N 6537 .R76 A4 2016

SKOIH VIEHHS
LIGNES DE VIE
ANDREA ZITTEL
NK 3012 .A3 H52 2018

MARK ROTHKO
AN ESSENTIAL READER
GREENE
ANDREA ZITTEL
N 6537 .R63 M37 2015

DEGAS
form and space
Centre Culturel du Marais
J. et M.G.
N 6853 .D33 F6 1984

MAKING
TIM INGOLD
GN 345 .I3 201

Patrick Caulfield
Paintings
Marco Livingstone
OVERSIZE
ND 497 .C39 L58 2003
H

PATERSON
William Cullen
WILLIAM PATERSON
PS3545 .I544 P3 1992

THE PEOPLE WHO DIDN'T SAY GOODBYE
MERIT MALLORY
DOUBLEDAY/DORLAND
N 72 .P45 W66 2017

WOMEN HOUSE
MONNAIE DE PARIS
OF WOMEN IN THE ARTS
N 72 .P45 W66 2017

Ellsworth Kelly
OVERSIZE
N 6537 .K38 A4 2015

Andy Warhol — From A to B and Back Again
WHITNEY
Yale
OVERSIZE
N 6537 .W28 A4 2018

Louise Schouwenberg & Hella Jongerius
DWELLING PLACE & ENVIRONMENT
David Seaman and Robert Magerauer Editors
COLLEMAN
GF 21 .D83 1989

Gene Davis
A Memorial Exhibition
Serwer
N 6537 .D344 A4 1987

Hélio Oiticica
IRENE V. SMALL
N6659 .O35 563 2016 ROCK

The Poetry of Pablo Neruda
FSG
N6659 .O35 563 2016 ROCK

Do Ho Suh
Drawings
STEINER
N6659 .S55 .6 584 A4 2014 ROCK

BRITISH ARTISTS
CLARRIE WALLIS
TATE
N6659 .S55 .6 584 A4 2014 ROCK

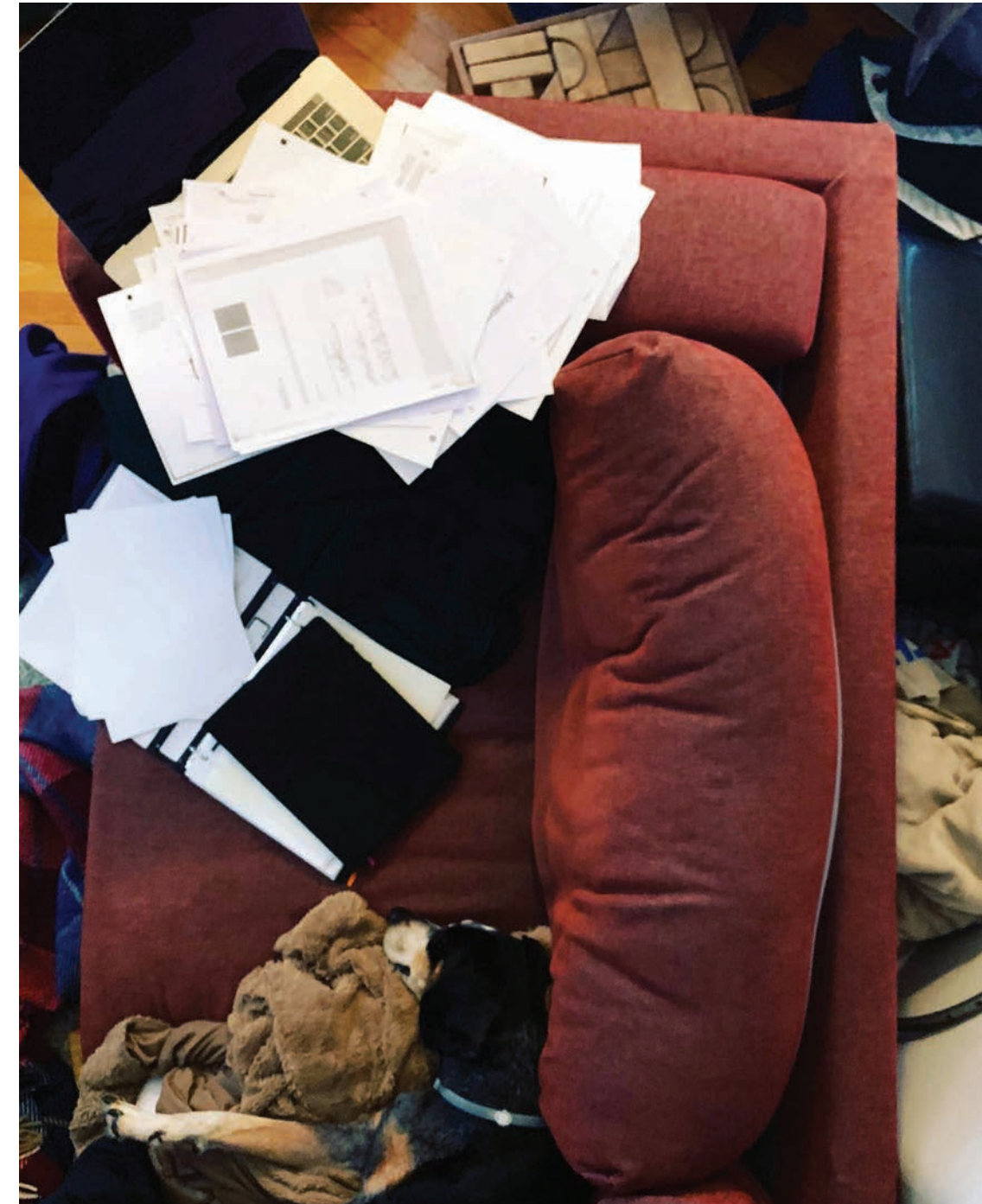
Wild Raspberries
OVERSIZE
N 6537 .W28 M55 199

My Bookshelf

Perhaps it's the fact that I have a degree in art history that I seldom reflect on artists anymore and how they have influenced my work. Are there far too many artists in my mind, all of them crowding me in my studio? So many that I don't want to think about them? Or do I think of none at all when I make because I've looked over so many of them for so long? And instead of thinking about them, have I chosen to focus on myself, my own work?

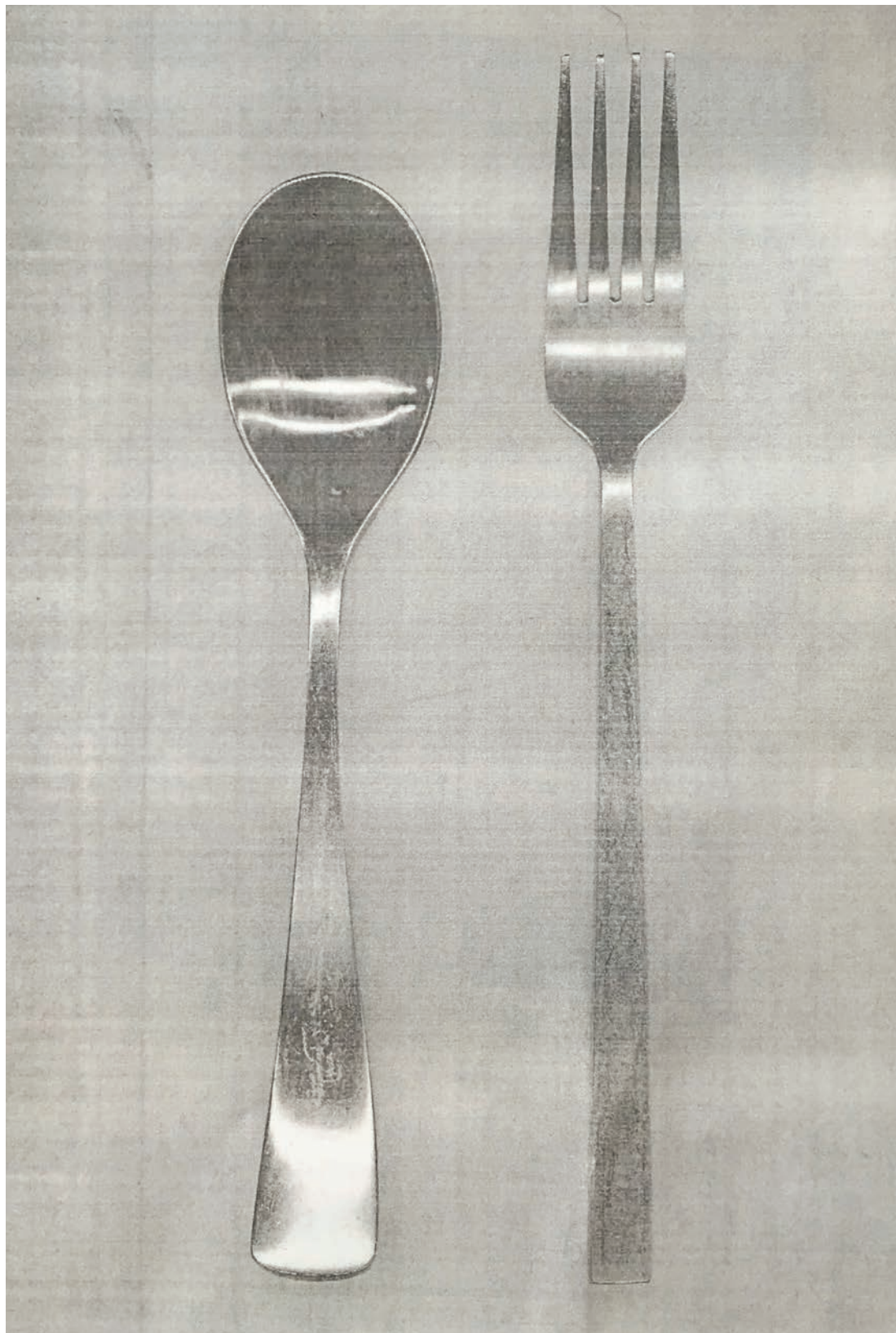
I don't think of artists as I make; it confusing me. If I look too much, I get an uncomfortable feeling that my work is no longer mine. It's been contaminated by someone else.

The artists I look at, I choose to look at because I admire them. Everything they make is authentic to who they are. I admire their work because I could never replicate it. The ideas and influences that brought Degas to his masterful strokes, or the massive structures that Sterling Ruby realized in the desert, are theirs because of all of the experiences they had throughout life that brought them to create their work. Maybe physically it could be replicated, but it would be devoid of meaning, widowed from reason, and absent all purpose. So I look at their work, marveling in the mystery of what could have driven them to create such wonder. When I close the books of their collected work, it is not color theory or structural technique that I take with me into my making. It is that wonder and mystery I attempt to weave into my own work, so that one day, someone may look back at a collection of what I have created and feel that same wonder and mystery that I feel.



Recipes

151	Dill Pickles
152	Stuffed Quahogs
153	Gizzard Stuffing
154	Pie Crust
155	Hermits
156	Eggnog
157	One Egg Cake
158	Candied Orange Peel
159	Sweet Potato Poached Eggs
160	Charcuterie Board
161	Deviled Eggs
162	Wings
163	Paint Water
164	Summertime Pasta
165	Stuffed Delicata



DILL PICKLES

Ingredients

- 25-30 pickling cucumbers
- 1 quart white vinegar
- 2 quarts water
- 1 1/2 cups sugar
- 3 tablespoons of pickling spice tied in cheesecloth
- 1/2 cup canning salt
- 5 dill weed flowers
- 5 cloves garlic
- 5 red hot peppers

Yield: 5 quart-sized jars

Method

Boil vinegar, water, sugar, pickling spices, and canning salt for five minutes.

Sterilize 5 quart sized jars and their lids in boiling water for at least 5 minutes.

Pack pickling cucumbers with one dill weed flower, one clove of garlic, and one small hot red pepper (either whole or cut in half) in each of the hot sterilized jars.

Fill jars with hot vinegar mixture leaving a half inch space at the top and seal jar. Process the pickles in simmering (almost boiling) water for seven minutes. Make sure the water covers the jar and that the jars do not touch.

Remove from water and let cool.

Store jars in a cool dark place for at least one month.

STUFFED QUAHOGS

Ingredients

1 bushel 40 lbs. quahogs (about 8 to 9 cups meat)	1/2 cup dry or 1 bunch fresh parsley, chopped
2 cups quahog water	2 tablespoons hot pepper flakes
2 medium onions, minced	1/2 cup chili sauce
3 and 1/2 boxes of Ritz crackers, 18 stacks	2 sticks plus 4 tablespoons melted butter
3 tablespoons Bell's Seasoning	2 eggs
1/2 cup dry or 1 bunch fresh dill, chopped	2 tablespoons Worcestershire Sauce

Yield: 30 Stuffed Quahogs

Method

Scrub quahogs individually to remove sand before cooking, be vigorous as some seaweed could still be stuck on.

Steam quahogs until open, remove the meat, reserve quahog water and save shells. Measure two cups of quahog water and set aside.

Using the unmeasured quahog water wash quahog meat to remove sand. Dry the meat until it's slightly damp.

You can stop here: store the quahog meat and two cups of quahog water in the fridge for up to 3 days and continue later.

Mince quahog meat two cups at a time, remove and set aside.

Mince onions in a food processor, remove and set aside.

Grind Ritz Crackers in food processor two stacks at a time, remove and set aside.

Mix dill, parsley, and dry ingredients with cracker crumbs. And then once everything is distributed evenly add the wet ingredients and stir.

Combine all ingredients well with hands, if the mixture seems wet add more cracker crumbs, if too dry add more quahog water

Brush the inside of the shells with four tablespoons melted butter and stuff with quahog mixture. Allow some of the stuffing to seep through the crack of the shell. These bits will get crispy and buttery when cooked. When finished stuffing wrap shells tightly with thread.

Bake at 400° F for 30 to 35 minutes.

Resist the temptation to eat it straight out of the oven and let cool for 10 minutes.

GIZZARD STUFFING

Ingredients

Broth:
1/4 cup peppercorns
2 carrots, broken
1/2 onion, cut in half
2 stalks celery, broken
1 bay leaf
Chicken or turkey gizzards
Water

Stuffing:

2 boxes of Royal Lunch milk crackers
1 1/2 pounds of Italian sausage
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 1/2 sticks of butter
1 large sweet onion (chopped finely)
3 stalks celery, peeled (chopped finely)
2 tablespoons of Bell's Seasoning
1/4 cup fresh dill
1/2 cup fresh parsley
1 egg
3 cups broth (from above)

Yield: 10-15 servings

Method

Place peppercorns, carrots, onions, celery, bay leaf, and gizzards in sauce pan. Cover completely with water and allow to simmer for 1 hour. Once making sure that the meat is fully cooked, remove from heat, let cool and set aside.

Place crackers in food processor and pulse until fine.

Sauté sausage in frying pan with two tablespoons of olive oil. Once cooked drain oil from sausage using colander and pat dry with paper towel.

Remove gizzards from broth and finely chop.

In a clean sauté pan, melt one stick of butter. Add chopped onion and celery and sauté for 10 minutes at low to medium heat. Remove from heat and let cool.

Once onion mixture is cool add Bell's seasoning, dill and parsley and stir. Then add cooled gizzards, Italian sausage, egg, and pulsed crackers by hand. Pour in half stick of melted butter and just enough chicken broth to make it moist not wet, about three cups.

Stuff the stuffing into the cavity of the turkey or chicken, or simply place in roasting plan for 20 minutes at 425° F.

PIE CRUST

Ingredients

2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 stick butter
4 tablespoons lard
2/3 cup ice water

Yield: 1 pie crust (top and bottom or two bottoms)

Method

In a large bowl measure flour and salt and mix with fork.

Cut the butter and lard by hand in using your fingers.

Then switch to a pastry cutter to break the butter and lard into smaller bean-sized pieces.

Add about 2/3 cup ice water to the mixture with a fork until it all sticks together like a ball, add more water if necessary but not too much.

Wrap it up with plastic wrap and put it in fridge for at least 20 minutes.

Very important: Don't over mix. As soon as it sticks together stop! Too much mixing will make it tough.

HERMITS

Ingredients

1/2 cup of brown sugar
1/2 cup white sugar
1/2 cup shortening
1/4 cup of cold coffee
1 egg
2 tablespoons of molasses
2 cups of flour
1 teaspoon of baking soda
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 teaspoon ground cloves
1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
2 tablespoons white sugar

optional: 1 cup raisins

Yield: 18 cookies

Method

Mix all ingredients together except raisins in stand mixer.

Once combined add raisins (if using) by hand with spoon.

Spread dough onto a 9" x 13" cookie sheet using an offset spatula that has been warmed with hot water.

Sprinkle sugar all across the top of the dough.

Bake for ten minutes at 350° F.

Remove from oven and gently press down with spatula. The dough is will come through the holes of the spatula, creating a textured cookie surface.

Let cool for 5 minutes then slice.

The hot water makes it easier to spread the dough across the cookie sheet.

EGGNOG

Ingredients

12 eggs, separated
1 cup of sugar
1 1/2 cups bourbon
1/2 cup brandy
6 cups milk
1 cup heavy cream
1 1/4 teaspoons ground nutmeg plus more for garnish

Yield: 20 8oz cups

Method

In a large bowl with mixer at low speed, beat egg yolks with sugar. Then at high speed, beat until thick and lemon-colored, about 15 minutes, frequently scraping bowl.

Carefully beat in bourbon and brandy, one tablespoon at a time to prevent curdling mixture. Cover and chill.

About 20 minutes before serving, in a chilled five to six quart punch bowl, stir yolk mixture, milk, and nutmeg.

In a large bowl with mixture at high speed, beat egg whites until soft peaks form.

In a small bowl, using same beaters with mixture at medium speed, beat cream until stiff peaks form.

With wire whisk, gently fold egg whites and cream into yolk mixture just until blended.

Add more bourbon to taste.

To serve sprinkle some nutmeg over the top of the eggnog.

Eggnog can keep in the fridge up to five days in a tightly sealed container.

ONE EGG CAKE

Ingredients

2 cups all purpose flour
1 1/2 cups plus 1/4 cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
1/3 cups shortening
1 cup whole milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 egg
3 grapefruits
3 oranges
1/4 cup of powdered sugar
1 container of whip-cream

Yield: 24 slices

Method

Coat bundt pan in butter and flour.

Mix flour, one and one half cups sugar, salt, baking powder, shortening, whole milk, vanilla extract, and egg in a bowl.

Be sure to beat for four minutes. Pour the batter into a bundt pan and bake at 350° F for 35 minutes or until done.

As the cake bakes peel and cut the grapefruit and orange segments so that there is no skin or pith. Put oranges in a bowl and stir in the remaining sugar and let sit until you're ready to serve the cake.

Let the cake cool completely before removing from the pan.

Sprinkle with powdered sugar add a few orange and grapefruit segments as well as their sweet and tangy juices. Finish with a bit of whip cream.

CANDIED ORANGE PEEL

Ingredients

2 oranges with thick skin
3 cups granulated sugar
3 cups water
1/4 cup corn syrup
1 cinnamon stick

Yield: About 50 orange segments

Method

Using a serrated knife, cut off the very top and bottom of the oranges, just exposing the flesh inside the pith. Then, cut wide strips of the peel from the orange. Scrape any flesh from the inside of the peels using a melon ball scooper.

Using a knife, trim the edges of the peel pieces so they are even and rectangular.

Cut the rectangles into narrow strips.

Set up a bowl of ice water and set aside.

Combine 3 cups water, the sugar, corn syrup, and cinnamon stick in a 4 quart saucepan and stir.

Place 2 quarts of water into another 4 quart (or larger) saucepan.

Set both pots over medium heat.

Bring the sugar solution to a simmer and stir until all of the sugar has dissolved. Remove from heat and set aside.

Once the pot of water has reached a boil, add the orange peels and simmer for one minute.

Strain out the orange peel and place in the ice water bath. Discard the hot water, rinse the pot, and add fresh water. Bring the fresh pot of water to a boil and blanch the peels a second time, for one minute.

Strain out the peels, stir to add them to the pot with the syrup, and bring them to a low simmer, over low heat.

Simmer the peels for one hour, stirring frequently. Remove the peels from the syrup, and spread them so they are not touching over a cooling rack. Allow them to dry overnight, turning halfway through.

SWEET POTATO POACHED EGGS

Ingredients

1 large sweet potato
2 extra large eggs
1 tablespoon olive oil (plus more for garnish)
1 cup arugula
red pepper flakes

Yield: 2 servings

Method

Slice sweet potato into 1/4" rounds and cook in the microwave.

Heat water to a boil then turn down to a simmer and add two eggs to poach.

While eggs are poaching removed potato from microwave and saute with olive oil, salt and pepper over medium high heat on stove until browned.

Plate browned potato discs with a handful of arugula and top with poached egg. Garnish with a splash of olive oil and a few red pepper flakes.

CHARCUTERIE BOARD

Ingredients

Brie
Aged Goat Gouda, half sliced and half reserved
Goat Cheese
Mortadella, half sliced and half reserved
Burrata
Aged Cheddar, half sliced and half reserved
Parmesan, half sliced and half reserved
Paté
Sopressata, sliced
Speck, sliced
Purchioutto, sliced
Fennel Salami, sliced
Mixed Olives
Cornichons
French Baguette
Grapes
Currants
Apricots
Honey

Yield: Enough for 10 guests

Method

Artfully place all ingredients on a large cheese board.

*Drizzle honey over fruit
for a special occasions.*

DEVILED EGGS

Ingredients

12 large eggs
2 tablespoons of 0% plain yogurt
1 tablespoon Dijon mustard
Up to 1 tablespoon white wine vinegar
1/2 teaspoon sriracha sauce
1/4 cup extra-virgin olive oil
Kosher salt and freshly ground black pepper
3 tablespoons thinly chopped dill
Crushed red pepper or hot paprika
Maldon sea salt

Yield: 16 deviled eggs

Method

Add 1 tray of ice cubes to a large bowl and fill with water. Fill a large pot with 1 inch of water. Place steamer insert inside, cover, and bring to a boil over high heat.

Add eggs to steamer basket, cover, and continue cooking over high heat for 12 minutes. Immediately place eggs in bowl of ice water and allow to cool for at least 15 minutes before peeling under cool running water.

Slice each egg in half lengthwise.

Place all yolks in the bowl of a food processor. Set 16 egg white halves aside. Add yogurt, mustard, 1/2 tablespoon vinegar, and sriracha sauce to food processor and process until smooth, scraping down sides of bowl as necessary.

With machine running, slowly drizzle in 2 tablespoons of olive oil. Season mixture to taste with salt and remaining vinegar if you'd like more of a vinegar taste. Transfer to a zip-lock bag.

Cut off a corner of zip-lock bag and pipe filling mixture into egg whites. Drizzle with remaining olive oil and sprinkle with black pepper, dill, crushed red pepper or paprika, and sea salt. Serve immediately.

*Filling and egg white
halves can be stored in
the refrigerator up to
overnight before eggs are
filled and served.*

WINGS

Ingredients

2 oz silver tequila
1 oz simple syrup
3/4 oz lime juice

Optional: splash Grand Marnier or triple Sec

Yield: 1 serving

Method

Mix all ingredients in a shaker. Pour over a glass of ice and drink.

Order wings over the phone and wait 40-50 minutes for delivery.

PAINT WATER

Ingredients

1 oz vodka
1/4 oz amaretto
1/4 oz blue coração
1/2 oz grenadine
1 oz almond milk

Yield: 1 serving

Method

Mix all ingredients in a shaker. Pour over a glass of ice.

Garnish with paint brush stirrer.

*Do not confuse with
actual paint water.*

SUMMERTIME PASTA

Ingredients

3 zucchini
3 summer squash
8 plum tomatoes
1 garlic head
1 bunch of parsley
1/2 cup olive oil
1 bag of Pastene fusilli bucati lunghi
1 cup shredded Parmesan cheese

Yield: 8 servings

Method

Preheat oven to 375° F.

Chop zucchini and summer squash into 1/4” pieces along their long side. Toss in a bowl with salt, pepper and enough olive oil to coat.

Quarter tomatoes and toss with zucchini and squash and roast in the oven for 20 minutes.

Cut the head of garlic so that garlic pieces are exposed along the top. Put in the oven with roasted vegetables for 15 minutes or until garlic is softened.

At the same time, put a large pot of water onto boil and cook pasta until al dente. Once cooked rinse in hot water and set aside.

While waiting for water to boil clean and finely chop parsley.

Once vegetables are browned remove them from the oven and toss with cooked pasta and Parmesan in a large serving bowl.

Mix in parsley and garnish with more Parmesan cheese just before serving.

Do not hand the finished pasta dish to anyone named John. They have weak hands and they'll drop it.

STUFFED DELICATA

Ingredients

3 delicata squash
1 cup wild rice
3 cups vegetable stock
1 14 oz package of extra firm Tofu
¼ cup of apple cider vinegar
1/4 cup olive oil
4 tablespoons chopped thyme
4 tablespoons chopped rosemary
4 tablespoons chopped sage
2 tablespoons lemon zest
6 shallots
Salt
Pepper

Yield: 6 servings

Method

Thinly slice shallots in saucepan, once softened about 5 minutes, deglaze pan with vegetable stock. Add rice, bring to a boil, then simmer covered until al dente. Drain excess liquid if necessary and let the rice cool.

Press tofu for 3 hours and then chop into bite sized pieces.

Finely chop thyme, rosemary, sage, and lemon zest. Place herb and lemon mix into plastic Zip Lock bag with tofu, olive oil and vinegar. Let sit overnight.

Slice delicata squash in half the long way and scoop out all of the seeds.

Season squash with olive oil, salt, and pepper. Place squash in roasting pan and set aside.

Mix tofu and rice in large bowl, adding salt and pepper to taste.

Stuff delicata squash and bake at 375° F until squash is tender about 20-25 minutes.

I remember looking out a window in Benson Hall to an ivy covered wall. I remember sitting down on a stool far to tall for my small legs, engraving a still life. I remember the Pit across the street had delicious mozzarella sticks. I'm a bit disappointed that it got replaced by the Carr Haus by the time I got here, but here I am, finally. I've made my way round.

I could only have accomplished what I have with all of the people who have helped me along the way. My mother, Linda, father, Henry, and brothers, Adrian and Henry. All of my work has been based on our family, what we have, and how I can share it with the world. Mommy and Papa you've always pushed me to do my best wherever I was. I am who I am because of all of the love you've shown me.

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