

# 1UV MONTHLY - ISSUE 6

## APRIL 2024



Image: Creepy Babies - Pearl Knotted Babies  
(2023)  
A 1UV a kind original series of jewelry

**AN INDEPENDENT SLOW ART & CULTURE MAGAZINE**



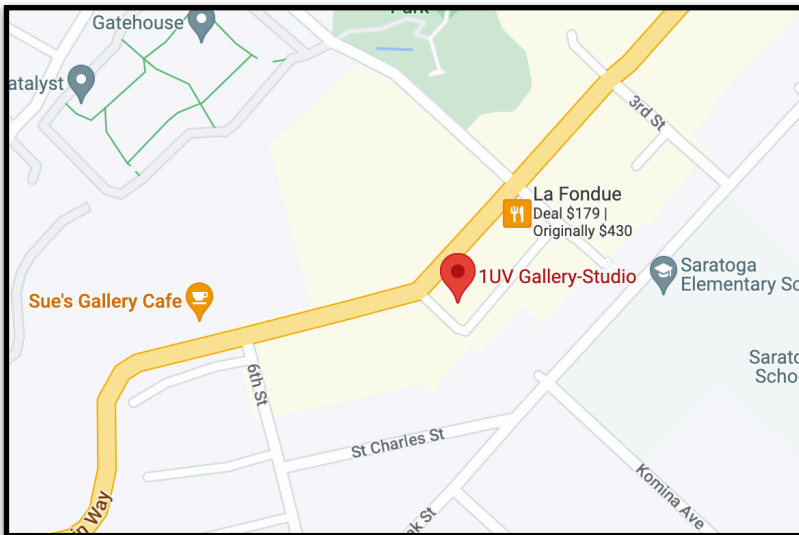
**BY 1UV GALLERY STUDIO  
IN SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA**

Unless otherwise noted, all photography and content is by Larissa, a real human being.  
1UV MONTHLY includes absolutely NO AI generated content or material.



**1UV MONTHLY is written, edited, & published by the multidisciplinary conceptual Fine Artist, Craftsperson and Reiki Master/Teacher, Larissa. Larissa owns 1UV Gallery Studio located at 14572 Big Basin Way, Unit 2, Saratoga, CA 95070, where, in addition to writing and publishing 1UV MONTHLY, she designs, fabricates and exhibits her Art, offers creative services, & hosts creative social events.**

**1UV Gallery Studio is open to the public Friday & Saturday 10AM - 6PM and Sunday 11AM - 4PM. 1UV is open by appointment Tuesday to Thursday, as well as on Social Mondays and/or for scheduled special events (fees may apply).**



1UV MONTHLY is published for the main purpose of informing community of the products, services and events offered at 1UV Gallery Studio in historic Saratoga, California. Paid advertising and recurring columns relevant to Saratoga, CA are also included. No business or individual can purchase feature or mention in a column. Column subject matter is the prerogative of Larissa. If you are interested in contributing a guest article, poem, piece of short fiction, comic strip, or political cartoon, email see page 23 for details. Request to contribute does not guarantee inclusion for publication. Guest contributions may not include advertising. For advertising pricing see pg. 23 for more information. 1UV MONTHLY is a free periodical paid for and distributed by 1UV Gallery Studio, and supported by paid advertising.

**ISSUE 5 CORRECTIONS & REDACTIONS:**

**See "Letter to/from the Editor right.**

**LETTERS TO/FROM THE EDITOR:**

Dear Valued Reader,

Once again my address has been "updated". This time, however, supposedly the US post office, PG&E and the property owner agrees on it. 1UV Gallery Studio is once again located at: 14572 Big Basin Way **Unit 2**, Saratoga, CA 95070.

I hope this is the final time I will need to make such a statement about the address of my place of business. I have never heard of a property owner not being willing to confirm (legally) the physical address of a property they rent out, and I suspect someone has been intercepting my business mail this entire time as well, which is a Federal offense. **If you have something you really want to mail to me at 1UV, please send it requiring signature for delivery.**

Always,  
Larissa

**Have a comment, question, or complaint?**

**Submit your Letter to the Editor at:**  
<https://forms.wix.com/f/7154538731884511574>

**Depending on the nature of your letter I may or may not publish a response. Only submissions that can be verified with contact information will be printed.**

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# 1UV MONTHLY

OF NOTE APRIL 2024

## NO FOOLIN'

### Slow Art Day Comes Around Every April

This month 1UV will celebrate Slow Art Day on April 13th with people all across the globe. I've worked (since Slow Art Day 2023) to try to organize a larger Village-wide event in Saratoga. After distributing flyers, making phone calls, sending emails and speaking to people in person, two Saratoga venues agreed to participate, Hong's and ManyFriends. To these two establishments I offer my most sincere and enthusiastic thanks. I hope you find your Slow Art experience enjoyable and relatively hassle-free. I also hope you have enjoyed the many months of free advertising for your business in 1UV MONTHLY. And most of all, I hope that advertising has brought you some paying business.

My original intent was to pair local Artists and Art organizations with local eateries/tasting rooms to create a destination event for Art enthusiasts, introduce the Saratoga Community to something new (non-Faith specific) that *everyone* can enjoy and participate in, and possibly attract new visitors to town that are unfamiliar and may wish to return. It seemed to me like it would be a pretty easy sell to businesses that have lamented time to time about numbers being down. Boy, was I a fool. After having little to no engagement by fellow businesses and Artists, I decided to put my efforts into the business neighbors who *were* genuinely supportive as well as my own work. So I offer you two Saratoga Slow Art Day opportunities: one at ManyFriends and one at 1UV/Hong's combined! Ta-Dah! The ticket for each event is a very affordable \$35 each, with the event being appropriate for all ages. (See page 6.)

So, what is Slow Art Day? Officially it is an international event founded by Phyl Terry. ([slowartday.com](http://slowartday.com)) I don't know Phyl Terry. I've never met them. I know little to nothing about them. I just know I agree with the model, spirit and focus of the event. On Slow Art Day you set aside two hours of your time. You observe an exhibition of Art, **SLOWLY (and quietly)** with others for the first hour and for the second hour you talk with each other about the Art you just observed...over a meal or drinks or snacks or coffee or whatever. The conversation is usually facilitated by someone who has previous knowledge of the Art exhibit you just observed. Some venues charge a cover, others don't. Some people celebrate in private homes, others in public spaces. The rules aren't strict. There are just two:

(cont. next pg.)



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1.) Look at Art SLOWLY and quietly for 1 hour.

2.) Talk about it together for an hour.

**Why “slowly and quietly”?** Well... we are bombarded with media at a fast pace constantly. It is so integrated into our daily lives that much of the time we don't even have awareness that it's happening. Our brains make snap judgments and are influenced by flashing lights, moving shapes, sounds, and messaging through our personal electronic devices and/or the devices that are everywhere in public spaces, constantly. Platforms like TikTok, Instagram, YouTube, and X/Twitter, have given us access to more people than ever, but in a very superficial and artificial way. The formats of the platforms and the way our brains respond to the stimuli (both physically and psychologically) have eaten away at our attention spans and have even cut into literacy rates across the globe. I recently read an article somewhere (I wish I could remember where so I could tell you) that said something about how studies have shown correlation between literacy rates dropping across the globe and the introduction of social media platforms. The same article also mentioned a correlation between the rise of the tech industry and autism rates. I mention these things as a preface to why you should look at Art slowly. Art, in most cases, is stationary in comparison to tech generated/dependent media. Even if you are watching a piece of live Performance Art, it is something that exists in a specific time and space and is consumed and processed by the mind in a different way. When was the last time you looked at something and truly considered it in an intellectual manner? How does it make you feel? What does it remind you of? How is it made? Who made it? Do you like it? Do you not like it? And most importantly: WHY? Once you engage yourself in this way it can be a deeply moving experience. Looking at Art slowly and quietly promotes Critical Thought in an organic way. Critical Thought is an endangered species that has never harmed anyone. Critical Thought is a skill that can be cultivated. Critical Thought is something we desperately need across the World.

**Why talk about it?** I understand the thought of public speaking is anxiety causing to many. The conversation that happens on Slow Art Day isn't really like “public speaking”. It's just a conversation between some people, and there are no right or wrong answers. I've hosted a total of three Slow Art Day events in my life. It has ALWAYS, without exception, been an enjoyable conversation. At my events I pose three questions to visiting participants. 1.) Which piece of Art is your favorite? 2.) Which piece of Art is your least favorite? 3.) Why? No one needs any special skill or education to answer those three questions. There's no wrong or right answer. Art doesn't get jealous. Art doesn't compete. Art doesn't judge. You can like a painting or not and the painting isn't hurt. *(cont. next pg.)*



The view entering 1UV Gallery Studio.

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Fish Eye View of the CZU: Devil Fish Watched, 16' x 4', oil on board, 9/18/21, \$25,000 USD + tax

And a secure Artist doesn't get hurt either. I'm *always* interested to hear why anyone does or doesn't like something I've made. It's *always* interesting and I *always* learn something either about myself, the other person, or the World around me. Those are all good things. There is no down side.

Slow Art Day is an intellectual event that people of all walks of life, ability, age, bank roll, can come together around and enjoy. I have planned my events this year at staggered times so you can attend both of them if you so wish. If you purchase the Hong's ticket you will begin your event at 1UV Gallery Studio at 11:30. You will observe the Art exhibited at 1UV slowly and quietly for an hour. Then you will go to Hong's, just a short walk down a block, and order whatever you want with a \$25 credit to your order, and share your answers to the three questions over a delicious meal. Hong's offers vegan, vegetarian and meat options.

If you purchase the ManyFriends ticket your event begins and ends at ManyFriends. Art will be on exhibit at ManyFriends. You will arrive at ManyFriends at 1PM. For the first hour you

will slowly and quietly observe the Art on exhibit. For the second hour you will share your answers to the three questions. Your ticket includes four 5oz. tasters of hand crafted small batch beer by Ted Oliverio and \$2 off any further purchases of beverages. In addition to beer, ManyFriends also serves Italian sodas, hot tea, root beer, house made ginger ale and hot pretzels. Peanuts in the shell are gratis.

Slow Art Day is the holiday you never knew you needed. Slow Art Day is a celebration of everything good about humanity. It doesn't glorify war. It doesn't discriminate in any way. It only serves to create connection, community, and Critical Thought. And guess what else...it makes you feel good too.

Provided that 1UV is still in business in Saratoga in 2025, I will attempt to organize another event. For 2025 I will have a more streamlined participation format with an online registration form. I hope to celebrate Slow Art Day with you and yours. And P.S. you can celebrate Slow Art year round. No one's stopping you but you. No foolin'. ■



# SLOW ART DAY 4/13/24 1PM to 3PM @ ManyFriends FEATURING ARTIST: Larissa

ManyFriends Brewing Company is a safe, fun, respectful, playful place to meet new friends with interesting backgrounds, each with a different story to share.

Come, enjoy each other!

Located smack in the middle of the Historic Village of Saratoga California, ManyFriends Brewing Company makes small-batch, premium craft beer to share with your quality friends.

Your ManyFriends Slow Art Experience includes slow Art viewing and conversation with featured Artist: Larissa, (4) 5oz tasters of the beers of your choice, plus \$2 off any additional pint purchases. Please arrive 5-10 minutes early to select your tasters.

Ticket Price: \$35

Tickets available online at: [www.eventbrite.com](http://www.eventbrite.com) Search "Slow Art Day 2024 @ ManyFriends".



# SLOW ART DAY 4/13/24 10:30AM to 11:30AM @ 1UV & 11:30AM to 12:30PM @ Hong's Gourmet

Hong's Gourmet is a popular Saratoga staple and example of some of the BEST fresh, home cooked Chinese food for both meat eaters AND vegetarians the Bay Area has to offer.

Located at 14510 Big Basin Way in the Saratoga Village Square, Hong's is open seven days a week for lunch and dinner.

Your Hong's Gourmet Slow Art Day ticket includes slow Art viewing at 1UV Gallery Studio (14572 Big Basin Way Unit C) and (\$25 towards your) lunch and conversation "with the artist at Hong's."

Ticket Price: \$35

Tickets available online at: [www.eventbrite.com](http://www.eventbrite.com)

Search: "Slow Art Day 2024 @ 1UV Gallery Studio & Hong's Gourmet".



Necklace and earring set from CREEPY BABIES series 2023. Recycled sparkling wine caps, antique lamp worked beads, creepy plastic babies, waxed linen, sterling silver on a collaged keepsake card made of antique photos, and Milton Bradley BINGO card. \$125 USD + tax.



**MOTHER'S DAY IS SUNDAY, MAY 12, 2024. STOP BY 1UV AND GET YOUR 1 UV A KIND MUMMY SOMETHING SHE DESERVES.**



**1 UV a kind WOMEN'S AND MEN'S garments by Larissa ONLY at 1UV starting at \$125 USD (+ tax)**

Shop existing men's & women's Black Friday Jackets & pajamas, women's Clown Suits and dresses, and men's T-shirts Friday through Sunday from 10AM to 6PM, or schedule a Creative Consultation to have your own custom garment made. See page 37 for info on scheduling a Creative Consultation and/or Private Shopping experience.



## ENJOYING 1UV MONTHLY?

Sign up for the 1UV bi-monthly e-newsletter.

To sign up, visit:

<https://forms.wix.com/f/7160417888979911455>

or add your email to the sign in book next time you visit in person.

## CHECK OUT THE 1UV BLOG: CRITICAL THOUGHT [www.luvgallerystudio.com/blog](http://www.luvgallerystudio.com/blog)

On Critical Thought I explore the motivations behind the work I create. It is a 1UV a kind intellectual pursuit. I invite you to peek behind the curtain at the inner workings of the concepts that inform the work at 1UV.

Do you live in Santa Clara or Santa Cruz County and have a **FREE independent** blog or podcast? Submit your blog or podcast for a **FREE** listing in 1UV MONTHLY at:

<https://forms.wix.com/f/7160424330591994493>



# MOTHER'S DAY IS SUNDAY, MAY 12, 2024. STOP BY 1UV AND GET YOUR 1 UV A KIND MUMMY WHAT SHE HAS COMING TO HER.



Earrings from Creepy Babies series 2023. Up-cycled scrabble pieces, waxed linen and sterling silver on a collage keepsake card featuring antique photos and Milton Bradley BINGO card. \$50 USD + tax



# 1UV COLUMNS & CLASSIFIEDS

Columns are the perspective of the author | Classifieds are paid/for sale

**The views of Contributing Columnists, Guest Authors, Advertisers and Larissa are not necessarily shared.**

**1UV MONTHLY supports, practices, and advocates The First Amendment of the US Constitution.**

## THE SARATOGA POOP SCOOP

A column for the Dogs of Saratoga & their People

### Ode to Duchamp's Dog...

Photo right: Roses in bloom in front of 1UV Gallery Studio Summer 2023

When I opened 1UV in February 2023 the tree that is planted in front of my space was struggling to survive. After years of drought it was beginning to show signs of succumbing to the frequent urine and feces deposits left by Saratoga's Fur Babes. I love dogs AND I want to be able to leave my door open on warm days when I'm open to the public. This was difficult because when the door was open I could smell the doggie-potty. First I asked that people take their dogs else where to do their business in the interest of the health of the tree. I didn't want my tree to meet the fate of the tree in front of Flowers restaurant just across the street. Most folks obliged and the tree began to perk up, but there was still the problem of the smell. I get it. Dogs need to go sometimes and I wasn't upset with that biological fact. So, I got permission to install a hose to spray away the dogie doo. The tree continued to improve. Then, looking down the street I saw how nice everyone's flowers tended by the Village Gardners looked. At a Chamber event I approached Marylin from the Gardners and requested some flowers. The Gardners ignored my request. So I planted some marigold seeds and they began to grow. Then someone pulled the sprouting plants out and lined them up next to the small earthen square for me to see. So I spent nearly \$500 and

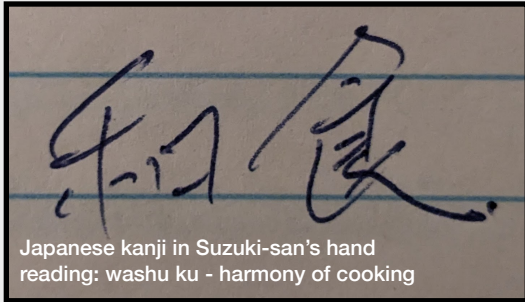


landscaped the area with stone, two terra-cotta pots and I potted roses. It looked lovely. The roses began to bud. Then someone cut off nearly all the buds. The roses budded once more and the flowers bloomed. They were a lovely addition.

Then, for reasons I still don't understand, a small group of residents took to bullying my business, threatening me, leaving trash and such things. I observed, for a couple weeks, a few individuals actually bring their babes to my roses to pee and defecate. Even if you pick up the poops all the dogs can smell the "mark" left. Dogs passing by are inclined to answer with their own contribution. So, I put up signs asking for no pee or poops. Again I observed a couple women specifically bring their dogs to go on/near my roses. Finally I confronted one of them and she flipped out. I explained to her that I paid and cared for the roses.

After that the bullying of my business with trash and excrement

*(cont. pg. 21)*



Japanese kanji in Suzuki-san's hand  
reading: washu ku - harmony of cooking

## LIMITED PALLET

A lacto-ovo vegetarian centered column

Washu Ku at Hachi Ju Hachi with Chef Jin Suzuki & Staff

14480 Big Basin Way, Saratoga, CA 95070

Open: Tues. - Sun. 5PM to 9PM

Over thirty years ago Jin Suzuki arrived in the US from Sai Tama, Japan to work as Menu Designer for North West Airlines. It was a job that, according to Suzuki, “was not very interesting at all”, certainly a far cry from his true passion: washu ku (Japanese for “harmony of cooking”). Culinary training and culture are a little different in Japan. Suzuki did not attend any formal culinary school, though they do exist in Japan. When it comes to cultural preservation and respect in the Japanese culinary world, formal education is frowned upon. It is the tradition of apprenticeship that is held on a pedestal. Those who have formal education exist in the realm of traditional cuisine, but entrance into the industry is more challenging. A period of “hazing” is to be expected for those with formal degrees. After apprenticing with over ten traditional Master Chefs in Japan, each with a different specialty, Suzuki was eager to carve out his own spot in the global culinary world. After years of work in the US in many culinary capacities he was hired by a designer from Apple to help him open a Japanese restaurant in San Carlos, CA. In our interview, Suzuki reflected on the “mind and body draining” work of the culinary industry that those who have never worked in the industry don’t understand. I nodded in agreement. I get it after years of working as wait staff myself. Suzuki explained the Apple designer invested millions designing and building an immaculate monument of an eatery, but after only eight months of being open, closed the doors forever leaving Suzuki free and motivated to finally open his own place on his own terms. In 2009, Hachi Ju Hachi opened in downtown Saratoga, CA.



Suzuki-san measures out rice to prepare for rinsing to make the night's sushi orders.



Suzuki-san stands at his sushi prep-board with his favorite sushi knife.

Hachi Ju Hachi is certified by the Country of Japan as offering authentic

Traditional Japanese cuisine, as opposed to modern Japanese cuisine. One is not better than the other. They are simply different. There is a little more leeway for substitution and fusion in modern cuisine. Tradition dictates specific ingredients, recipes, methods of preparation, pairings and way of serving. Some ingredients he has imported directly from Japan. I asked him about his favorite apprenticeship experience. He said his sushi training was his favorite and preparing Ni-giri sushi is this favorite thing to do in the kitchen. Ni-giri means “two fingers”. This term speaks to the technique of preparation as well as size of the sushi. Ni-giri sushi consists of a small bite of rice topped with wasabi and raw fish or other seafood. It is very popular and requires skill. Blue-fin tuna is among the most popular fish and has also become the most difficult and expensive to source for a variety of reasons.

Tradition also dictates that specific dishes be used to plate (Cont. pg. 20)

## NATURAL BEAUTY

### A column on body aesthetics

#### My Laseraway Experience - Working With the Body's Natural Process for Cosmetic Repairs Concluded...

I should have known better. That's really all I can say at this point. After my initial experience with this company for laser hair removal in preparation for my photo essay, *Susanna's Revenge*, I should have known better.

So, last time I shared the letter I sent to Laseraway CEO, Scott Heckmann after being treated disrespectfully by nearly all the staff I spoke with. I requested the photos taken by staff to track the "progress" of my Coolsculpting treatments. I signed and submitted a medical release form. I have not received either my files or the photos. They refused to email them to me saying they could not do so by law. I do not know that this is true or not. I have received copies of medical files via email from both my insurance company AND Dominican Hospital in recent years. To date I have not heard directly from Mr. Heckmann. After sending my letter I had another round of both phone and email communications with a number of people employed by Laseraway. A person named Katrina requested I sign some other document of acknowledgement, which I refused. After the unprofessional behavior of staff, lack of accountability, duplicity, and reluctance to release my files to me, I was no longer interested in any of their services, nor was I willing to sign ANYTHING else for them.

Finally I reached back out via email to Heather Costa, the Laseraway sales rep that sold me the package to begin with, and told her I was very unhappy with my service and wanted to confirm that I would not be charged for the final Coolsculpting and Thermage treatments that I wasn't going to have. Ms. Costa did promptly adjust my financing to reflect this. But this was only after I had multiple text solicitations offering me the final Coolsculpting treatment at 50% off. I said no, thank you. The bottom line is I have seen absolutely zero change in the shape or size of my body, and this is what was promised by the company as a result of their treatments. AND, the discomfort in my back that was somewhat relieved after the first treatment has returned after the second treatment. So, that is also unfortunately a bust as well.

When applying to see if I was considered eligible by Laseraway standards and policy for the Coolsculpting and Thermage treatments I was required *(Continued next page)*



Media Study for DREAMSCAPE # 11 (c. 2023), 10" x 10",  
oil crayon on Strathmore drawing paper

## LIVING POETIC

### A column for original poetry

The following poem is featured (with the media study in the image above) in *DREAMSCAPES VOL. I: from pillow to drawing board, a poetic pictorial exploration of my dreamworld* (2023). Signed limited edition prints of the book are available at IUV. \$100 USD + tax.

#### Dreamscape # 11

Funny how after all these years the entrance is still  
the same

It took millions of years for the quartz points to  
form

Just beyond the mouth they await

So many times I've visited

But only once were you there

Acting as if you belonged

As if you had always been there

Your mother in her denim shirtwaist dress

Seated at my family's table

Insulting me with her bag of pennies



Image taken by me 10/12/23 and submitted via text to Laseraway



Image taken by me 10/12/23 and submitted via text to Laseraway



Image taken by me 10/12/23 and submitted via text to Laseraway



Image taken by me 2/5/24 slightly different lighting due to time of day, different shirt and hair pulled up.



Image taken by me 2/5/24 slightly different lighting due to time of day, different shirt and hair pulled up.



Image taken by me 2/5/24 slightly different lighting due to time of day, different shirt and hair pulled up.

to submit photos of my body. I share these photos with you as well as photos of my body taken as of the date I am writing this article and you can decide for yourself if there have been any significant changes. Company representatives shared that some clients report weight loss as a result of the treatments. I was never expecting this result at any significant level, and it did not occur for me. But I was expecting a change in shape and contour of my figure to correct the drastic changes

that happened in the weeks following the needle attack in public by the unknown transgender person. The attack happened on a Friday evening at the Santa Cruz Roller Palladium. It is not the only time I have been physically attacked while skating at this establishment. But that's a whole other story. I only mention it to remind you that this is the reason I was seeking services from Laseraway to begin with, to cosmetically correct some of the physical consequences of the attack



Image taken by me 10/12/23 and submitted via text to Laseraway



Image taken by me 10/12/23 and submitted via text to Laseraway

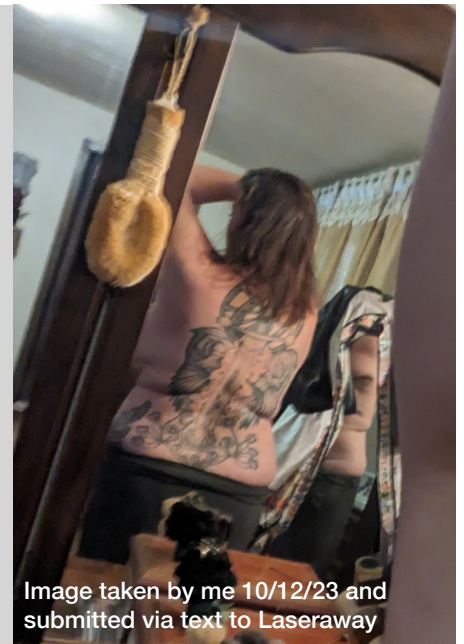


Image taken by me 10/12/23 and submitted via text to Laseraway



Image taken by me 2/5/24 slightly different lighting due to time of day, different mirror and pants, same bra and hair pulled up.



Image taken by me 2/5/24 slightly different lighting due to time of day, different mirror and pants, same bra and hair pulled up.

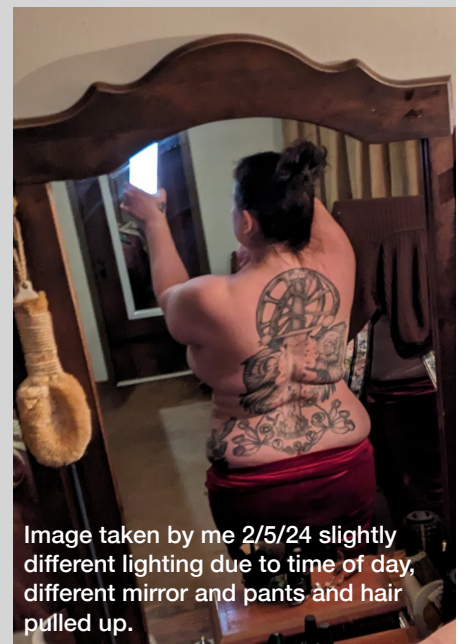


Image taken by me 2/5/24 slightly different lighting due to time of day, different mirror and pants and hair pulled up.

on my person. (Dropped neck and change of torso shape.)

The original quote for the suggested three Coolsculpting treatments on my abdomen and flanks and two Thermage treatments on my neck and lower face was: \$10,494 USD. The final charge for the two Coolsculpting treatments and one Thermage treatment I actually received ended up being: \$7,497 USD. Side effects of the treatment(s)

I experienced include: particularly bad smelling sweat/body odor, abnormal stools and urine, headaches, prolonged numbness, and a marked change in the texture/feel to the touch of my flesh. I did not change my eating or exercising habits while receiving the treatment(s) or to date of the most recent photos. You look at them and decide for yourself if you think Laseraway's products are worth it or not. I certainly feel it has been a huge waste of my money. ■



We are burying ourselves alive in textiles and other materials. Shopping is still fun and “new” items are still needed. Let’s re-think shopping. Bring (up to) 5 items of clothing, shoes, accessories from your or your loved one(s) wardrobe that are clean and still in great shape, AND/OR interesting Arts/Crafts supplies you’d like to pass on and trade with others. Find new treasure for yourself or your loved one(s), save some money and consume ethically.

Items for sale in 1UV will not be eligible for trade.

Let people know you are going and tell your friends. Visit: <https://www.1uvgallerystudio.com/events/monthlyclothingswap> and click on the date.

**Mothers Day is Sunday, May 12, 2024.**  
**Get Mom a gift certificate for a 1UV a kind Spiritual Consultation, regularly \$300 an hour.**  
**It's all in the cards.**  
**Now through May 11, 2024, stop in 1UV in person and mention this ad to receive 50% off a gift certificate.**  
 Gift certificates are non-refundable and must be used within 12 months of purchase.

GOOD FOR ALL \$20 EVENTS @ 1UV FOR THE YEAR OF 2024

**1UV 2024 EVENT PASS CARD**

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

1UV 1UV 1UV 1UV

1UV Gallery Studio  
 14572 Big Basin Way Unit # Saratoga, CA 95070  
 (408) 647-2518  
[1uvgallerystudio.com](http://1uvgallerystudio.com)  
[larissa@1uvgallerystudio.com](mailto:larissa@1uvgallerystudio.com)

1UV 1UV 1UV 1UV

**ON SALE NOW @ 1UV**

# WHAT IS REIKI?

**Reiki is a Martial Art/Healing Modality with an ancient history. It is a practice accredited to Usui Mikao of Japan and brought to the United States via his only female student, Hawayo Takata.**

**Reiki is NOT a religion, nor does it require any specific religious belief system. The term Reiki is made of two Japanese kanji: Rei and Ki. These kanji loosely translate to: Universal Life Force Energy. The kanji featured in the image behind this text is the Dai-ku-myō. The Dai-ku-myō is a master kanji in ALL Martial Arts practices and is found on the Master Scroll in every Dojo. Dai-ku-myō loosely translates to: righteous man standing on the mountain top with the light.**

**Reiki is an energetic healing modality. It works in a similar manner to acupuncture and acupressure to promote and maintain balance in the body's natural energetic systems via the chakra centers and meridians. The Reiki practitioner acts as conduit for Reiki (Universal Life Force Energy) and directs this energy to a specific subject/client. Reiki is taught as an elective in many massage school programs and many nurses are also certified practitioners. Reiki may be administered through touch and/or by other directional meditative methods. Therapeutic Touch (TM) is another similar practice. Reiki is frequently used in hospice situations and is also very popular among those with show and race horses. Reiki is a holistic and complimentary practice that promotes relaxation and/or expedited healing.**

**Larissa is a certified Reiki Master/Teacher. She offers private Reiki treatments for both humans and pets. Animals are drawn to Larissa because they can feel the presence of Reiki. If you are unfamiliar with Reiki and would like to try it for a minimal fee in a group setting before committing to a private appointment, Larissa offers Reiki Drop-In on Social Mondays. See page 38 for a schedule of up-coming Social Mondays. See page 37 to learn more about scheduling a private Reiki appointment.**

**In Japan Reiki is traditionally/historically taught and practiced by men. Hawayo Takata is the only historical exception to this rule. Hawayo brought the practice to the United States (first on Hawaii) pre-WWII and made it available to women to learn. It is practiced most frequently by women in the United States. Reiki is banned in Catholic hospitals. A council of Bishops convened by Pope Benedict ruled Reiki forbidden for women to practice and is only permitted to be practiced by (male) clergy. Up until that point, Reiki was popular among Nuns and was taught at retreats at many Convents to both fellow Sisters and lay-women. Many still practice in spite of the sexist edict.**

**On the occasions Larissa has taught Reiki, she uses the Reiki Manual written and published by William Lee Rand. Mr. Rand teaches on the island of Maui and also runs the International Center for Reiki Training in Southfield, Michigan. Visit [reiki.org](http://reiki.org) for more information. Larissa has studied with and received two Attunements from Mr. Rand personally. She came to Reiki on her journey to better living through pain management for the chronic physical pain she lives with due to assault, accident and injury.**

**Larissa is honored to share Reiki with you and offers appointments at a reasonable rate. Because she is also a licensed non-denominational minister through Rose Ministries, your appointments are also legally confidential.**

## FABRICATION TECHNIQUE & METHOD

### All Mixed Up In The Paint

As a high school student in the Detroit suburbs in the 90's I worked very hard preparing my portfolio for Art school application. I wasn't exactly sure what I wanted to major in but I knew I wanted to go to Art school. My portfolio consisted of various works on paper, paintings, photography and jewelry/metalwork. I applied to a number of schools including: Parsons, University of Michigan, Kendall, and College for Creative Studies (known at the time as Center for Creative Studies). My parents didn't want me to go to Art school. They wanted me to be an English teacher or some such thing. I even applied to Michigan State and Boston College's English departments just to make my mother happy. Of all the schools I applied to the only one they were really encouraging was University of Michigan. They called it a "good school". They hoped I would go there then switch majors to something they weren't embarrassed by and/or could understand. Art school was a joke to them.

I was accepted to Parsons, U of M and CCS. Parsons offered no scholarship and was super expensive including the room and board. U of M stipulated acceptance so long as my last semester high school grades were a little higher. CCS accepted me as I was and offered me a merit scholarship (based on my portfolio) for a quarter of the tuition. My parents

weren't thrilled about me spending time in Detroit and were even less excited that the school was a private Art school that didn't have an Art education program at the time. But I was over joyed. If I couldn't go to New York for Parsons I wanted CCS. A representative had come to my high school Art class to advertise the small historical institution and I was smitten with the studio-style program. My parents finally agreed but said I had to live at home and hold a job. It was hard. The commute into the city was brutal and transporting my supplies and work was limiting in a lot of ways and I had zero time for friends or extra curricular activities. But I did it.

Upon enrollment I wasn't required to choose a department right away. The first quarter was all fundamentals classes and then after that you chose your concentration. The only thing I knew for sure at first was I was getting a Fine Art degree. After taking all the fundamentals and talking things over with a counselor I settled on painting. I had been leaning that way from the start, though I had never done any oil painting at that point, only water-based and acrylic mediums. One of my father's brothers was a painter and had gone to a two year Art school

for painting...and growing up I loved watching Bob Ross and his "happy trees". When I thought of artists everyone that came to mind were painters, so I declared painting as my major.

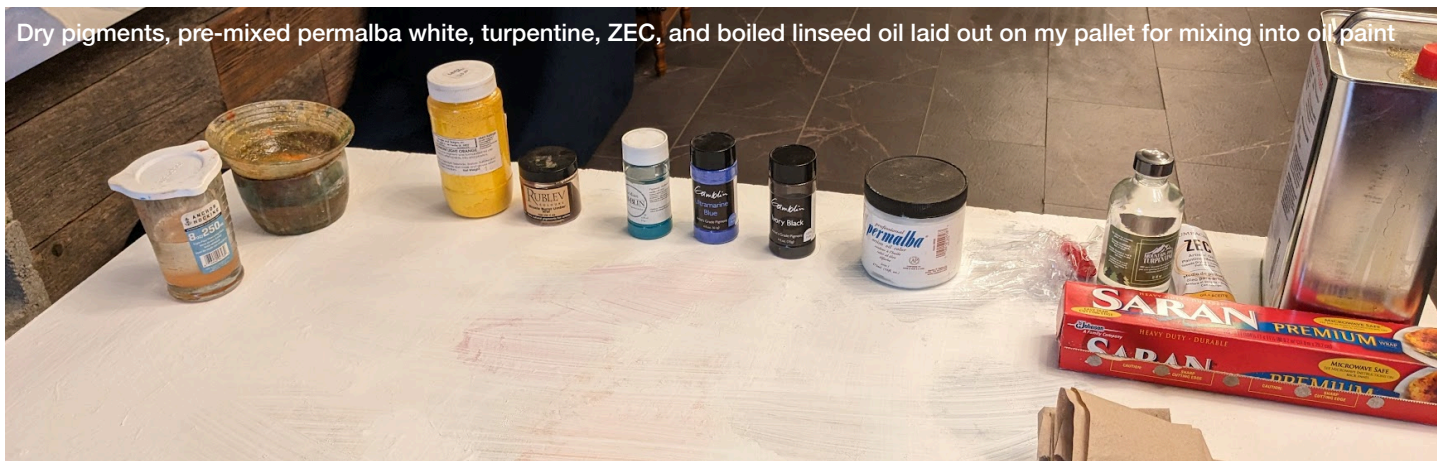
It was a torrid love affair from the beginning. The materials were lush and sensual. The classes were esoteric and I along with my classmates were tragically hip. The campus with it's history and Detroit backdrop were romantic and I felt like I



Assorted Art supplies arranged on rolling carts next to my easel.



Dry pigments, pre-mixed permalba white, turpentine, ZEC, and boiled linseed oil laid out on my pallet for mixing into oil paint



was part of something special. I was, but not in the egocentric way 17 year old me felt special. But that's a story for another day.

Painting wasn't easy and my family thought it was a waste of tuition dollars. The pressure they put on me trying to get me to fail was enormous, and a professor who took a particular disliking to me made matters even harder. Me and painting were kind of like Romeo and Juliet. The affair was hot, but it was also painful. When we got through water media and started to really get into oil - history, method, and technique - I felt like an idiot child. All of my classmates were already familiar with working in oil. I was all thumbs. The medium was as foreign to me as the Swahili language or growing a beard. I fought with it. Struggled. Wrestled. And cried. My professor, Lester Johnson, was sweet, kind and patient. He gave us an initial assignment to see where everyone stood with skill. No one knew anything about mixing paint. I had never

used oil at all. But everyone else had only ever squeezed color from a tube. Lester taught us about pigment, the history of these pigments, and the political influence and implications of color pallet and materials.

I was dating a guy I worked with, but paint became my true boyfriend, my secret boyfriend, and the relationship was getting toxic. Between work and homework, the demands of my parents to help out around the house, and the other professor who didn't like me, my fights with the paint became meaner. My love affair was tearing me apart. If I wasn't a painter how could I be the artist I knew I was? The pressure became more than I could bear. I cried myself to sleep at night. Then the guy I was dating revealed to me he was sleeping with a man and didn't want to be with me anymore. I was devastated across the board. The school informed me my grades were dangerously close to a D average and that I was on academic probation, at risk of losing my

scholarship. My parents were pleased to see me failing.

Finally, after talking things over with supportive professors (Lester and the late Gilda Snowden) I made the decision to switch departments to Crafts concentrating in textiles and fiber. I liked to sew. My mom sews. Gilda thought my mom might be more accepting of me studying something she knew something about. In all honesty it turned out to be worse to her, but at least I was done with painting and making a fresh start.

My human boyfriend behind me and my paint box locked up and stuffed in the back of my closet, I vowed to never paint again. It was a little dramatic, but I was serious. The paint had done me wrong and I wasn't going to forgive.

I spent a year in the fiber department doing things that were interesting but not lighting any passion. Plus work was grueling and I had a new

boyfriend who was living with us in a room in the basement. He was the apple of my parent's eye, helping my dad out from time to time, working for a local parks and rec and studying to be a teacher like my mom...and when no one else was around he was abusing me. He abused me verbally and emotionally and even threatened me with his fist a couple times. But I was the bad one in everyone's eyes. He was fit and good looking and studying to be a school teacher. I was the deadbeat Artist weaving baskets and sewing. My mom sewed lovely things and she never studied at a crazy expensive private Art school. I was the bum.

After a brutal end of the year studio review by my instructors and peers I left the Fiber Department. I switched to Jewelry/Metals. Maybe my family would respect such a skill. I threw myself into the studio and my job(s)...all four of my jobs. My abusive boyfriend fooled around with my little sister and finally told me he was disgusted by how fat and smelly I was. At the worst of it I was showering 4 times a day. I begged my parents to ask him to leave. They refused saying, "Where will he go?" Finally he left by his own choice after my parents found he had stolen my sister's cell phone. He left out of embarrassment. He got some sort of satisfaction out of the fact that my parents still wanted him in the house even though he had dumped me. In the studio at school I pounded all my emotions into silver tapers and bowls, and smoked cigarette after cigarette. At some point I dropped down to the lowest number of credit hours I could take and still be considered full time to hold on to my scholarship so I could manage my class schedule and 60 hours a week working. That was a hard choice. It meant it was going to take me five years instead of four to get my degree, and my father never let me forget the disparity in value/cost of my education because of it. But it was worth it. The things I learned students from other schools don't and I look back at my time in Art school as a kind of badge of honor, not just a degree.

The summer before my final year at CCS Omar and

I married and I moved out of my parent's controlling house. It was a huge relief. And the day after my graduation we got on a plane and moved to California. After everything it was like another fresh start. The miscarriage and subsequent non-concensual abortion I was given in the middle of my final year had been particularly challenging. But as we packed boxes to move from Michigan to California it was my paint box that hurt the most to touch. I packed it away, not even able to open it and see my ex laid bare before me once more.

Once settled in California, as a newly married young person, my Art was my air and water. It kept me alive, torn from everything I had ever known. Whether I was teaching or making, it was all a new experience. Before I found my first studio space, one appropriate for my metal work, I was starting to get fidgety. Teaching beading and pottery to kids wasn't cutting it. I bought a few canvasses, brushes and some acrylic paints. I couldn't bring myself to touch my old paint box and brushes. They stayed packed away and I didn't want to smell the oil and turps. It was still too raw. But I thought I might, just might try painting again. I only tried it once. It was terrible and I hated the acrylic. Even more I hated myself for breaking no contact with my ex, the paint. I covered the mess of a painting with a collage then collaged all the other canvasses as well.

Years and new challenges and tragedy came and went. Then one day I was standing in my Oakland studio after having tools, materials, sketchbooks, journals and personal items stolen, and my eyes settled on my old paint box. I opened it and the smell of the paint washed over me. We made up. I forgave the paint and decided to give him another chance. I took out each item from the tightly packed box. It had been almost 15 years since I had opened that box. About half the tubes were unusable but a number of them, as well as the dried pigments were still like new. I found my brush roll and opened it as well. They were there waiting for me like we had never parted.

The first works I did became my deconstructed encaustics, a technique I developed out of mixed media works I had been doing on paper. The affair was on once again only this time we met as equals, older and wiser.

I enjoy working in the traditional method Lester taught us back in the day at CCS. It's interesting to me. In school I learned how to use dry pigment to mix my own paint, but when it came to assignments, other than the ones where we were required to do so, I never used them. Now mixing my paint from pigment is the only way I want to do things, but it's getting harder with restrictions on materials. Many companies that once sold dry artist pigments no longer do so. I find my self stalking old Art supply store shelves looking for old back stock that the kids today have no idea what they

even are. I buy them up. I search on line for materials no longer manufactured and I settle for products that are not of the quality of the materials I took for granted when I was young. I still prefer them to tube paint, though. The saturation and texture control is what I relish in my work. This preciousness of material has greatly influenced my process. The time I take laying out the composition of my works through media study, as opposed to quick sketches on the canvass off the cuff, have become an important focus. In the DREAMSCAPES series the studies are almost a series unto themselves. And all of this is just about the mere medium of paint! The concept of the series and the compositions are a deeper story all together. But at the end of the day, all of it is mixed up in the paint. ■

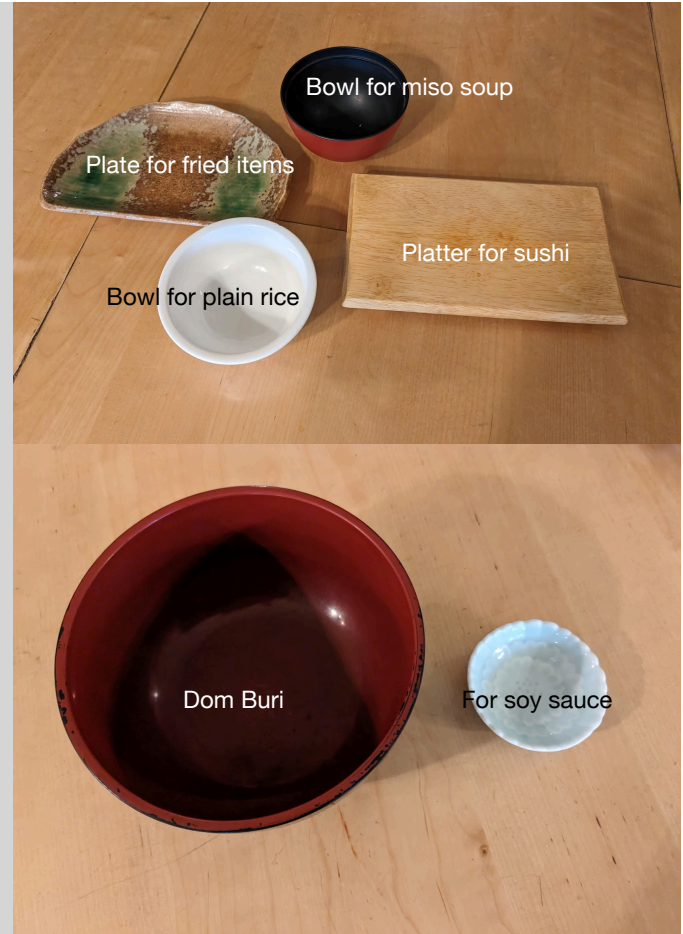


DREAMSCAPE # 11, 40" x 40", oil on canvas, drying on the easel with the unframed media study off to the side

*Washu Ku at Hachi Ju Hachi with Chef Jin Suzuki & Staff  
continued from page 10...*

specific recipes. In the images to the right the bowl for miso soup is ONLY for miso soup. Serving miso in any other bowl or serving any other soup in the bowl for miso soup is considered an insult. The larger bowl in the bottom right image is called Dom-Buri. It is used to serve udon, other noodle soups and rice plated with another item on top, such as fish, meat, tofu, egg, or vegetables. It is required of staff to know the uses and differences.

Server, Christine, has been with Suzuki since the beginning in 2009. Born in Osaka, Japan, she came to the US in 2005 seeking a new life separate from her family of origin. She is one of the loyal staff working with Suzuki to maintain his unique and authentic oasis of Japanese tradition on Big Basin Way. Her personal favorite dish is the braised greens, a kind of vegetable (vegetarian) stew. She loves meeting the good people who come to enjoy Suzuki-san's washu-ku experience. Her biggest challenge on the job is dealing with the occasional guest who tries her patience trying to get free food or being overtly disrespectful. I can attest, any server can relate to that. There is a very big difference between the word "server" and "servant" that some people don't seem to understand. Server, Hiro has been with Suzuki since 2018. Born in Tokyo, she came to the US in the late 80's to study at UC Berkley. During the day she works as a



project manager and in the evenings, with Christine, works with Suzuki. Her favorite dish is any sushi prepared by Suzuki. Her favorite part of the job is seeing guests enjoy and appreciate Suzuki's work. Her biggest challenge is shared with Christine.

**Hiro and Christine work together providing seamless service to guests in true Japanese style.**



Hachi Ju Hachi's menu features vegetarian, vegan, gluten free, fish and meat offerings on a seasonal menu. All dishes are clearly marked for those with dietary restrictions. They also serve sen-cha tea, a lightly nutty, hot, green tea blended with loose tea leaves and toasted rice. It is mild, lightly earthy and very very traditional. Those who are matcha enthusiasts may not recognize the flavor profile. I highly recommend a pot after your meal. It is gentle, soothing and deliciously different. Suzuki hosts a special invitational sushi night from time to time. He began offering the event in 2013. To get on the list you must visit Hachi Ju Hachi for dinner some time and ask to be added to the list.■

*Saratoga Poop Scoop continued from page 9...*

continued. The cause seemed futile and so, I took my roses home and decided an Art Installation was a better choice. The image right shows the first iteration of the piece I titled: *Ode to Duchamp's Dog*. It included bricks, white landscaping sand, two miniature toilets, a small rake, fake fern and roses.

An Art Installation is similar to a sculpture but not quite the same. An installation is usually made up of multiple components and these components combine to create an environment or define a space. A sculpture is a single component that has a single footprint that exists within an already defined space. Art Installations are frequently interactive in some way or imply interactiveness. Duchamp is a famous artist from the early 1900's. He was a member of the Dada movement and was famous for his "ready mades". A "ready made" was an everyday object lifted to the level of Art by placing the item in the context of the Gallery or Museum, often on a pedestal. His most famous "ready made" is titled *Fountain* (c.1917). The piece is a urinal he signed "R. Mutt". No one knows what R. Mutt really means. There have been many theories over the years, but the truth of its meaning died with the artist. *Fountain* is part of the collection of The Philadelphia Museum of Art in Eastern Pennsylvania.

*Ode to Duchamp's Dog* was vandalized three times. The first time the toilets and roses were stolen. I replaced the toilets but not the roses. The second time the toilets and the rake were stolen. I replaced the toilets and added a small shovel and measuring sticks.

The original iteration of *Ode to Duchamp's Dog*.



The third time the toilets and measuring sticks were stolen. I replaced the toilets once again and this time added paint stir-sticks. On Monday, January 22nd I received a visit from Tony Gonzalez, code violation enforcer for the City of Saratoga. He threatened to charge me money to remove the Art. Some resident complained the installation was a tripping hazard. However, the electrical plug that is installed by the City that stands over six inches out of the ground on the other side of the tree next to the passenger side exit/entrance to a parking spot is not a tripping hazard? This whole thing is made only more ridiculous by the fact that just the night before I tripped on actual uneven pavement in the driveway of Thomas Davies, Esq, getting into my vehicle that was parked on the street in front of his offices on Big Basin, just a block up the street. My



My knee one week after tripping on uneven pavement in front of Thomas Davies, Esq.'s office on Big Basin Way

knee was cut open, swollen and deeply bruised by the fall I took.

In *Ode to Duchamp's Dog* the sand is like a Zen garden. The toilets represent this is a place where passers by would prefer dog pee and poop over roses. The roses in the toilets pose the question, "Do you think shit smells like roses?" The second iteration with nothing in the toilets poses the question, "Do you think shit doesn't stink?" The third iteration poses the question, "How big is this shit?" And the fourth iteration comments on "stirring shit" and references paint, as I was working on a series of paintings while this was all going on.

I love the dogs. I have treats for them and a water dish. I enjoyed putting the Fur Babes calendar together. My problem isn't with the dogs. Nor is it with the majority of dog owners, many of whom were very kind and supportive and expressed enjoyment of the Art Installation. My problem is with this small group of people who for reasons I don't know or understand have decided to attack me and my business as some sort of sport. It makes no sense to me. Nor does it make sense to me that the City of Saratoga feels it more appropriate to harass me than deal with the problem of some residents being abusive and out of control. At the end of the day I enjoyed the opportunity to venture back into the realm of Art Installation. I've done a few over the years and truly enjoy the complexities of the format. I enjoyed much less the need to educate people on Art, History, and Art History in the process. I've yet to talk to anyone who knew about Duchamp, and that's shitty. ■



## RECYCLE YOUR WORN-OUT YOGA PANTS

You know you can't wear them anymore and still respect yourself. No one wants them and throwing them in the trash creates a huge hazard in landfills.  
**What are you gonna do?**

WASH THEM in hot hot hot water and bring them to 1UV on Saturdays between 10AM and 6PM. Larissa recycles worn out yoga pants and maxi skirts.

**Lokah samastah sukhino bhavantu.**

**Om shanti shanti shanti.**

**Om nimah shivaya.**

**Namaste.**

1UV Gallery Studio is seeking:

- Regularly Contributing Columnists/Writers
- Professional Figure Model(s)
- Independent acoustic musicians
- Sales associate(s)

Visit <https://forms.wix.com/f/7152056041482486552> to request an in-person interview. Compensation discussed at the interview. These positions are part-time contract positions.



# PICTURE YOUR ADVERTISEMENT HERE!

## Size A - full page

Advertise your business, event, milestone, or other announcement in the 1UV MONTHLY. 1UV MONTHLY is a FREE, NEW, old-fashioned (aka SLOW) print independent Art & Culture publication – written, edited by 1UV in Saratoga, distributed locally and in surrounding communities on a monthly basis.

### PRICING:

SIZE A (full page) - \$200/\$175 patron

SIZE B (1/2 page) - \$100/\$90 patron

SIZE C (1/4 page) - \$75/\$65 patron

SIZE D (1/8 page) - \$50/\$40 patron

SIZE E (1/16 page) - \$30/\$20 patron

BACK COVER - \$550/\$400 patron

### DEADLINES:

Jan. Issue - Nov. 1

Feb. Issue - Dec. 1

March Issue - Jan. 2

Apr. Issue - Feb. 1

May Issue - March 1

June Issue - Apr. 1

July Issue - May 1

Aug. Issue - June 1

Sept. Issue - July 1

Oct. Issue - Aug. 1

Nov. Issue - Sept. 1

Dec. Issue - Oct. 1

To submit an advertising request visit <https://forms.wix.com/f/7152072522190553709> . Ads for real estate listings are not accepted. Real estate services are OK. 1UV will design the ad for you. A copy of the ad will be provided to you for approval before the issue goes to print. You just provide a photo, text, and payment and let us know what size you want. Enjoy a 1UV a kind advertising experience. Payment accepted via credit card.

SUBMISSIONS FOR POETRY, LETTER TO THE EDITOR, SHORT FICTION, CARTOONS & GUEST ARTICLES FOLLOW THE SAME SUBMISSION SCHEDULE AS ADVERTISEMENT. IT IS FREE TO SUBMIT YOUR (ORIGINAL) WORK. PLAGIARISM WILL BE REDACTED. PUBLICATION IS AT THE PREROGATIVE OF 1UV. IF YOUR SUBMISSION IS ACCEPTED YOU WILL BE NOTIFIED. TO SUBMIT VISIT: <https://forms.wix.com/f/7152068084830831112>.

# FEATURED ART & ART OBJECT

Images of work exhibited @ 1UV | designed & fabricated by Larissa



## CREEPY BABIES: Knotted Wisdom

Natural pink baroque pearls, plastic babies, onyx, sterling silver, silk  
2023

Necklace and earring set

***\$850 USD + tax***





### BLACK FRIDAY JACKET #6 (front)

1UV a kind Kimono-style shrug with side-tie and pockets

One size fits many

Blue, goldenrod and white, vintage licensed Waverly print toile, denim, vintage silk trim, vintage Royal piping

Designed and fabricated 2022

**\$375 USD + tax**

### BLACK FRIDAY JACKET #6 (back)

Same details as image above.

Machine wash cold. Line dry. Warm iron.  
Or professionally dry clean.

*Black Friday Jackets are named such because when you order a custom jacket, as long as I receive the order before Black Friday (the Friday after US Thanksgiving), I will guarantee the jacket ready in time for Christmas. See page 37 for information on booking a Creative Consultation to order a custom jacket. Shop existing work for a Mother's Day gift.*

*An appointment for a Creative Consultation is required for **all** custom work.*





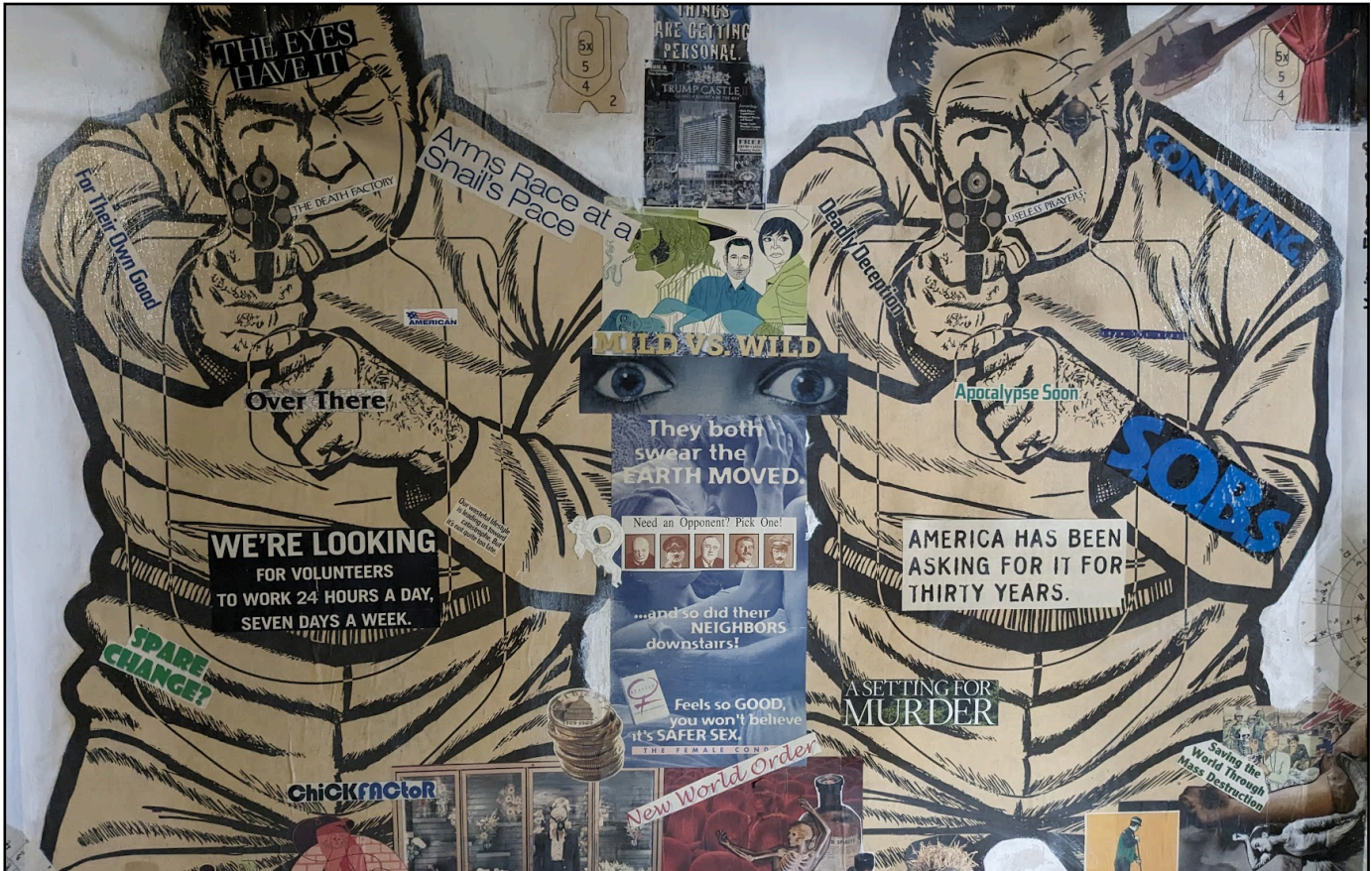
**Assorted works from DREAMSCAPES Series Jewelry (2024)  
& CREEPY BABIES Series Jewelry (2023-4)**

Up-cycled, recycled, vintage, and antique materials, assorted semi-precious and precious gemstones, copper, sterling silver, silk, linen, leather, nylon coated steel cable

*DREAMSCAPE Series Jewelry* is inspired by the color pallet of the oil paintings of, and media studies for the greater *DREAMSCAPES Series*

***CREEPY BABIES Starting at \$50 USD + tax***

***DREAMSCAPE Series Jewelry Starting at \$1,000 USD + tax***



## Theater of Modern American Civil War

Collage/mixed media (image cropped, does not show entire work)  
2018

NFS

*The collage work in this photo measures 3.5' x 2'. It is made of a recycled composite material picture frame, particle board, two ICE agent practice targets, adhesive, paint and clippings from 40 (plus) years of periodicals. There are also two bronze tubes that have white flags with the word "BANG" embroidered on them that stick out of the guns of the target images making this piece somewhat three dimensional. The flags are not installed in the work in this image. I worked on this piece for forty days the last Lenten Season I lived in Oakland, California. It is also the last piece of Art I made while living in Oakland, California. This piece hangs in my home in the shop where we play darts and watch basketball while BBQing out front on The Kitty Pants Ranch. It is definitely Not For Sale and remains part of my personal collection. I sourced the ICE targets at the Alameda Point Antiques Faire: [alamedapointantiquesfaire.com](http://alamedapointantiquesfaire.com).*

# DREAMSCAPES

is a series of twelve 10" x 10" media studies on paper, twelve 40" x 40" oil paintings on canvas, twelve jewelry sets, twenty-four original poems, and two limited edition print hard cover coffee table books by Larissa.

The series, begun in May 2023, completed February 2024, is now priced for sale. Stop in 1UV Gallery Studio during regular business hours or make a private appointment to see the works in person.

# PUT IT THERE PARTNER

1UV Gallery Studio is seeking like-minded local California businesses to partner with and grow in the coming year(s).

Are you a local California: winery, food vendor, Art framer, Art materials supplier, publisher, Spanish translator, hotel or exhibition space?

Visit [www.1uvgallerystudio.com/about/becomeapartnerbusiness](http://www.1uvgallerystudio.com/about/becomeapartnerbusiness) to learn more about how we can help each other.

# FEATURED SHORT FICTION

THE SHIFTING LIGHT | an original work of FICTION by Larissa

Dedicated to ManyFriends (Saratoga, CA), Florentine (Saratoga, CA), and the old Dorsey's Locker crew (Oakland, CA).

## A POEM OF INTRODUCTION

Illuminated corners in a round room have their dirt  
washed clean under crystalline skies  
Must be a woman that's eating you or maybe you're  
starving  
But the right one can be a cool drink for the soul  
Get a hold of yourself  
No need to embellish the facts  
Sometimes a night's rest makes all the difference  
So what do you want  
We're way past hand shaking  
So what do you feel like  
I got a little money on a couple horses  
It's not like we owe each other anything, you know  
I can't believe there isn't something bigger, smarter and  
more powerful than anything here on Earth  
Are you kidding  
Fast moving clouds will always make the light and the  
shadows dance



## CHAPTER 4

# HIM

Get a hold of yourself...

Alex sat up in bed Sunday morning feeling alert and a little bewildered. On his nightstand was the twenty dollar bill and the business card with his appointment with Emily for the coming Tuesday. He knew exactly what he was going to do with that twenty. Emily was getting it back on top of whatever he gave her as a tip on Tuesday. He was paying for that beer and pizza and he was going to take her out again and pay for that too. And when he saw Evan again he was going to rub it in his face. What was all that stomping around about last night anyway?

The light shifted and a beam shone through the glass door from the pool courtyard across the bottom right

corner of Alex's bed. There was a photo (he had burned) of Lana sitting on the bottom right corner of the bed in their honeymoon suite in the nightgown that was now tucked below him between the mattress and boxspring. For a second the image flashed in his mind but this time, instead of all the memories playing like slideshow, the image dissolved and was replaced with a vision of Emily in a bra and panties sitting on the corner of the bed he now lay in. Her hair fell around her shoulders and her full breasts hung over flesh-covered ribs — so unlike Lana's tiny breasts and always visible ribs. The vision aroused him.

Since Lana's death he had a number of wet dreams, always about Lana; memories of all the places she sat across his waist and ran her fingers with manicured nails up his back and through his hair and down his chest, kissing him and taking him in. He hadn't looked at another woman with any type of desire since, not even the strippers at the club his brother-in-law had taken him to after Alex had confided to him about the experience at the widowers retreat. He had nothing against strippers. He had even gone to such clubs with semi regularity before he and Lana had gotten serious. The time with Tim, he just wasn't into it. He never even got a tingle let alone hard. They had left early after a girl working really hard at giving Alex a lap dance stood up offended and asked if he was gay or something.

Now, with the vision of Emily in mind, he was hard. It was a relief. He hadn't realized it was bothering him that he hadn't had an erection other than in his sleep for the past five years. He picked up the card with Emily's handwriting on it and looked at it briefly before putting it back on the night stand. The salon wasn't open until Tuesday. The only number was the number for the salon. So, she hadn't really given him her number, but it was something. He lay back in bed and relieved himself of the erection, imagining the weight of the woman pressed against him. It was unlike anything he had ever imagined, a woman like *that*. Women like Lana had always been his type.

When he finished, the pool sparkled outside of his glass door entreating him for a swim. Alex didn't need it. He pulled a couple tissues from the box on the nightstand and wiped up then got up and closed the curtains on the courtyard. Emily mentioned she lived near the salon. Who knew? Maybe she'd be around town today. It was supposed to be a nice day and there were a bunch of places downtown that did a decent brunch. He knew making breakfast for one was a waste of time. Emily might feel the same. He decided he'd shower then drive downtown and walk around and see if he ran into her. Then they could have brunch together or something.

Alex scrubbed himself vigorously and dressed. His jeans from yesterday were hanging on the back of the bathroom door. He pulled them over his boxers and lashed his belt. He pulled a ribbed tank undershirt out of a drawer. In his closet he found the heavy weight blue linen button down he bought to wear to his Uncle Ralph's funeral last fall. It still had a dry cleaner's tag on the top button hole. His flip flops were by the front door. Barefoot he examined himself in the mirror. He needed a shave, but if he did run into Emily he didn't want to seem like he dressed up for her. He'd leave the scruff. Besides, it hid some of the gauntness in Alex's face. The shirt fit him in such a way that he didn't look as thin and that pleased Alex. He didn't wear cologne, but he did have some aftershave. Who said you had to actually shave to use it. He splashed a little around his Adams apple.

Alex took one last look at himself in the mirror and was satisfied he looked presentable and not over dressed. It was Sunday anyway. He grabbed his wallet, keys, and sunglasses and headed for the front door. His Volvo XC40 sat in the driveway. It needed a wash. Maybe he'd go to one of the drive-throughs. There was one on the way to town on the corner where he saw the funny kid and the screaming Mom in the station wagon yesterday. Plus, he needed gas anyway. That way if he ran into Emily and things went well maybe she'd like to go with him to the park where he liked to watch the guys fly kites. The car would be clean and already have gas. If

there was one thing he had learned as a boy scout, it was to always be prepared. He even had an old bedspread in the trunk that he kept with his emergency kit in case he ever got stuck and had to sleep on the side of the road. They could take that to sit on in the park. He usually just sat on the grass, but he'd want something to put between Emily and the dirt.

Sitting in the carwash Alex's mind wandered. He thought about high school football and his broken arm. He thought about the time his father caught him and his girlfriend, Debbie, making out with her shirt open in the back seat of his father's Lincoln. He thought about his grandmother's Christmas cake. He thought about the time his mother drove from the house in El Cerrito to Stanford to bring him one of her cold meat loaf sandwiches after he bombed his Literature final freshman year. He thought of all kinds of things, but Lana wasn't one of them. Finally, as the light blinked green telling him to drive forward, the car wash was done, he thought of Emily and hoped beyond all hope that he would run into her downtown this bright crisp fall Sunday.

There was a public lot behind Pete's. Alex pulled in a spot under the shade of a sweet gum tree. The leaves were changing and the prickly seed pods were starting to brown and fall. Alex liked the changing color of the leaves. One time he and Lana had taken a long weekend Autumn trip to western Pennsylvania to visit Lana's best friend from college after she had a baby. The foliage was breath taking and the smell in the air was a magical perfume. He and Lana had bought matching cable knit sweaters made by a local woman in the small town where Erica, Steve and their new baby lived because they didn't bring the right clothes for the Pennsylvania weather. Their California wind breakers hadn't cut it. He had given the sweaters to his sister and brother in law with the understanding that they would never wear them if they knew they were going to see Alex. As quickly as the memory came it passed and Alex hopped out of the car locking the doors behind him. He looked back and saw a few beads of water from the car wash still sparkling on the rear window.

Around the corner the street had a number of couples, families and individuals walking about. Some had their dogs. A woman was pushing a stroller towards him. Alex was expecting to see a baby in the stroller but when he got close enough he saw it was a tiny dog with ribbons on it ears. The woman was all dressed in pink to match the ribbons on the dogs ears. She was as thin as Lana ever had been but her skin was tough looking and the lines around her mouth were hard. This was the kind of woman who probably carried pepper spray in her purse and had friends on every board and council in town. Alex chuckled to himself and gave them plenty of room to pass him on the sidewalk. The dog stared at him as if judging him which made Alex laugh out loud — as if a dog wearing ribbons and being pushed in a stroller had any room to be judging anyone or anything. It was ridiculous. On the corner past Pete's going in the direction of the salon where Emily worked there was a crepe place with sidewalk seating. All the tables were full. Alex had eaten there a few times. They did savory crepes as well as sweet crepes. He took his mother there once for Mother's Day just after he bought his house. Then they had ice cream and he drove her out to Redwood City to see his sister, her husband and his nephew, Ben. Tim's Mom and sister had been there too and it was an odd day. It was the first time all of them had gotten together since Ben was born and there was a strange kind of competition that took place over who Ben liked more, Tim's Mom or Allison and Alex's Mom. Ben called Alex's Mom Nanna, and Tim's Mom Maw-maw. When Alex drove his Mom home she had cried the whole way saying Ben's Maw-maw had won because Ben was dark like Tim and his family. Alex didn't understand. Ben had spent most of the time sitting on Alex's lap laughing and playing with his sunglasses. Ben hardly had paid *any* attention to *either* of the Grandmothers. When Alex got home after dropping his Mother off at home he had called Allison and told her about it. She said Tim said his Mother said something similar and had also cried all the way home. Allison, Tim and Alex were all at a loss. The difference in family background hadn't been an issue until that moment. Alex never talked to his sister about it again and his

Mother had never brought it up again either.

Alex passed the busy crepe place and kept walking, hands in his pockets. In the middle of the next block there was a Mexican place that did fruit smoothies, breakfast burritos, chili relleno, papusas, and chilaquiles. They also had a tequila bar and were open for dinner. One time, about a year ago, a co-worker had coerced Alex into letting her set him up with her sister. Alex had agreed mostly just so she would stop bothering him about it. It went horribly. The woman worked as a medical transcriber, so she had a normal kind of job. But when she opened the door when Alex went to pick her up he knew things weren't going to go well. The woman, Esperanza, had six inch long fake nails, strange overly dramatic cartoonish drawn on eye brows, a long black ponytail pulled so tight the corners of her eyes were pulled back and diamonds imbedded in her front teeth. Definitely not Alex's type, but he gave her the benefit of the doubt. At the restaurant she drank almost an entire bottle of tequila and almost got Alex in a fight with a man a good foot shorter than Alex but a good two feet wider with a tattoo on his neck and wearing a gold watch. The food was great, but Alex wasn't interested in ever going back. The following Monday he requested a transfer to a different desk and was granted his wish. He was still working out of the office at the time.

Alex walked a couple more blocks then crossed the street. There was a woman dressed as a clown on a corner making balloon animals for tips for kids out with their parents. He stopped and watched the woman honk her nose, pantomime jokes and tricks while twisting the long balloons into flowers, swords, hats, giraffes and bunnies. The kids squealed with delight. Parents dropped five dollar bills in her jar. Alex took out a ten and dropped it in the jar and tried to walk away. This made the clown follow him and do a joke sequence where she tried to shake his hand but he pulled a fake gloved hand off instead and she pretended to be in pain at the loss of her hand. The kids laughed as Alex handed the false hand back to the clown and she stuck a red foam nose on his face then ran back to her corner spot.

Alex kept walking. About a block and a half farther down the street, almost directly across the street from La Maniere des Cheveux, there was an Italian bistro that did a Sunday brunch. Normally they were only open for dinner, but on Sundays they did a brunch, and it was good. They even had a write up recently in a local foodie magazine. Alex hadn't seen any evidence of Emily anywhere yet and he thought he might walk one more lap around the street, but the bistro was where he planned on eating either way.

Alex stopped on the sidewalk when he was directly across from the salon and looked at the store front over the roofs of the cars going up and down the street. The black awning was simple. On it was the big pair of gold scissors and the words La Maniere des Cheveux, in a metallic gold cursive script. The window had red drapes pulled back at either side and on the window was vinyl lettering that said: pour hommes et femmes. Emily's friend, Belinda, must be French, he thought. It looked tasteful. It had been a long time since he had his hair cut. Usually, once or twice a year his Mom did it for him when he'd visit. She lived in Redwood City close to his sister now. She and his father had divorced when Allison and Alex were in high school and his father died a couple years later of a heart attack. Alex never understood what the problem was and he never asked his mother. Everything seemed fine, just one day he and Allison came home from school and his parents were waiting for them. His father had a suitcase, which wasn't strange because he travelled often for work. But this time instead of saying he'd see them in a week or so his mother said, "Your father and I are getting a divorce. He's moving out this weekend." And that was all they were ever told. There was no argument between his parents, no long drawn out law suit. His Dad just moved into an apartment fifteen minutes away and they stayed in the house. Neither parent remarried or dated and his Dad was there on birthdays and holidays. The kids visited him every other weekend at his apartment. Then he died and left his mother everything. As far as Alex knew he had continued to pay all the bills after the divorce. The only difference was he didn't



live in the house with them anymore. The therapist Alex saw after Lana's death tried to get him to talk to his mother about the divorce, but Alex didn't see what the big deal was. He still didn't, but he did sometimes wonder why they split like that if neither wanted to be with anyone else. Why not just stick it out? But the point was moot when Alex Sr. died, anyway.

Alex took out his phone and checked the time. It was almost eleven thirty. He stuck the phone back in his pocket and looked up toward Anthony's Bistro. They had no outdoor seating. The black and white striped awning had no lettering or logos. The window had simple clear white lettering that said: Anthony's Bistro. Under that it said in smaller letters: Benvenuto! Alex pushed open the door and was washed in the scent of delicious food. For the first time since that last bowl of Lana's vegetable soup he was looking forward to enjoying a meal, whether Emily was with him or not. Then he saw it. He saw something that made his blood run cold. At a table in the back corner of the small restaurant Emily was sitting with Evan. His eyes narrowed as he assessed the scene. Evan was laughing, but what was the look on Emily's face? She wasn't laughing. Not at all. In fact, she looked kind of angry. Well, at least she wasn't enjoying herself, and it *was* a free country. She could have brunch with whomever she wanted. When she and Alex had shared his pizza and beer she never looked unhappily about anything, and that satisfied Alex. Then just as the hostess was approaching Alex with a menu Emily pushed her chair away from the table, got up, tucked her purse under her arm and started walking hastily toward Alex and the front door that was behind him. The hostess heard some kind of scuffling sound behind her as Emily pushed past filled chairs and turned. Emily saw Alex only once she was right in front of him. Her eyes flashed with a kind of fire as she pushed past him and out the front door. Alex turned to follow her but she was walking fast and disappeared down the street behind other Sunday strollers and out of view. Standing in front of Anthony's, Alex looked back in through the window and could see Evan was still laughing. Alex put his

sunglasses back on. The sun was high and the light was bright. He pulled the keys from his pocket and headed back to his car. He had some Hot Pockets in the freezer. He'd have a couple of those and take a swim and maybe call his sister and talk to his nephew. Emily could tell him all about what happened on Tuesday.

*THE SHIFTING LIGHT* is the novel I wrote in the Fall of 2023. *THE POEM OF INTRODUCTION* is an overview of the novel and not one of the original poems that accompany the painting featured in the title image: *Dreamscape #6*. Look for Chapter 5 in the May issue of 1UV MONTHLY. Missed previous chapters? Find digital copies of back-issues at [www.1uvgallerystudio.com/1uvmonthly](http://www.1uvgallerystudio.com/1uvmonthly).





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 1UV Gallery Studio, Larissa Dahroug, 2024

## Why Should You Become A 1UV a kind Patron/Matron?

### Art History, Tradition, & Culture

The word “Patron” comes from the Latin “pater” meaning father and “Matron” comes from the Latin “mater” meaning mother. In English, the word “Patron” means a sponsor or financial backer of an individual, business, or organization. To be a Patron of the Arts is a long tradition with Global roots. For example, the Medici are a family very famous for their patronage of the Arts. Patronage has long been recognized as necessary for the support and propagation of Culture. Here in the United States it has never been more important than right now.

As a melting pot of individuals from varied ethnicities and Cultures of origin, it is important to find and build a common American Culture informed and enriched by the places we have come from to create the place we are together. One way this can be achieved is through support of Art and Artists and making conscious choices about how and why we spend. A specific work of Art may not be the kind of thing you desire or require in your day to day living space but the environment created by and long-term function of that work of Art still serves humanity. Supporting Art and Artists in your local community is humanitarian. It is intellectual. It is noble. It is necessary for the preservation of the history of the times we live in.

I recognize you may not like the aesthetic of my work. That doesn't bother me in the least. This is why I offer the community other services and opportunities to support the existence of my business, 1UV. After all, creative endeavor and exploration is ultimately the record keeper of truth and beauty, the foundation of the Culture we build together for the good of All.

Services and enrichments I have added to this community I pay to have my business include: chronic pain peer group (free of charge), various (sober) intellectual social events for less than the cost of going

to the movies, ReiKi services, creative and spiritual consultation, bulletin board, community seating, space for taking a break from technology, organizing of Slow Art Day events, publishing 1UV MONTHLY, the Fur Babes of Saratoga Calendar, and a point of interest for those visiting the community from out of town. An Art Gallery is an attraction for people to come visit and play and ultimately contribute to the economy of the community. Purchasing a piece of Art is the best and most welcome way to support an Artist, such as myself, but Patronage/Matronage is a close second. A facelift can make you feel younger. A restaurant may feed your belly and a bar may wet your whistle, but Art feeds your mind and soul while enriching the community in which you live, work and play. That's pretty cool if you ask me.

1UV is not a non-profit, so Patronage/Matronage is not tax deductible. Non-profit status requires an elected board. 1UV is a one woman owned sole proprietorship. I am Larissa. I am that woman. 1UV is a California small business. We are an endangered species in California. See pg. 36 for information on the 1UV business model. 1UV embraces Slow Philosophy. See pg. 39 for information on the Slow Philosophy. There are a lot of reasons to become a 1UV a kind Patron/Matron. I offer you this 1UV a kind invitation to support my efforts and build Culture in your community.



**I SUPPORT SLOW  
ART & CULTURE  
IN SARATOGA.**

**I WANT TO BE A  
1UV A KIND ART  
PATRON.**

**BY BECOMING A  
1UV A KIND ART  
PATRON I AM  
ENSURING THOSE  
WHO VISIT, LIVE,  
WORK AND/OR  
PLAY IN  
SARATOGA HAVE  
A 1UV A KIND ART  
& CULTURAL  
EXPERIENCE BY  
HELPING TO KEEP  
THE 1UV MONTHLY  
IN PRINT AND THE  
DOORS OF 1UV  
GALLERY STUDIO  
OPEN TO THE  
PUBLIC.**

**LEVELS OF PATRONAGE & BENEFITS:**

**1UV a Kind Art Neighbor - \$300**

Includes: access to **ALL** 1UV website media, invitation to the annual P/Matrons **ONLY** party, listing as a M/Patron in 1UV MONTHLY, special advertising rates in 1UV MONTHLY, and annual birthday card

**1UV a Kind Art Friend - \$600**

Includes: access to **ALL** 1UV website media, invitation to the annual P/Matrons **ONLY** party, listing as a M/Patron in 1UV MONTHLY, special advertising rates in 1UV MONTHLY, and annual birthday card, and copy of the (next) annual Fur Babes Calendar

**1UV a Kind Art Family - \$1,200**

Includes: access to **ALL** 1UV website media, invitation to the annual P/Matrons **ONLY** party, listing as a M/Patron in 1UV MONTHLY, special advertising rates in 1UV MONTHLY, and annual birthday card, and copy of the (next) annual Fur Babes Calendar, and two Event Pass Cards

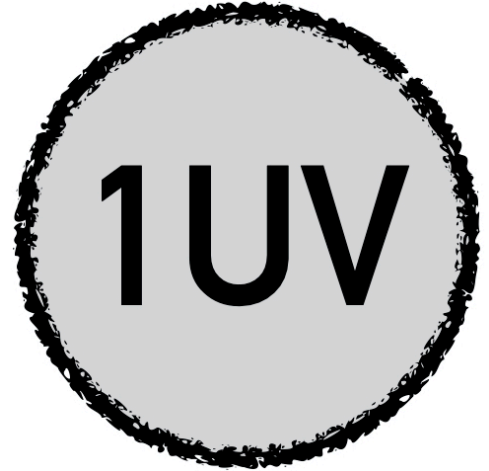
**1UV a Kind Art Lover - \$2,400**

Includes: access to **ALL** 1UV website media, invitation to the annual P/Matrons **ONLY** party, listing as a M/Patron in 1UV MONTHLY, special advertising rates in 1UV MONTHLY, and annual birthday card, and copy of the (next) annual Fur Babes Calendar, two Event Pass Cards, two tickets to the NYE card reading, & one free half page advertisement (for your business, event, or milestone announcement) per year in the 1UV MONTHLY

All fees are annual and renew every 12 months. 1UV is a sole proprietorship so your membership is not tax deductible. Your reward is being part of something historic, building community. Other unique options also available online. Visit [1uvgallerystudio.com/plans-pricing](http://1uvgallerystudio.com/plans-pricing) to register for and purchase your plan today.

## BECOME A 1UV AFFILIATED MEMBER GALLERY

1UV Gallery-Studio Membership Affiliation will entitle the the Member Gallery to a listing in a published Member Directory with link to your website, 1/4 page ad in 1UV MONTHLY, use of the 1UV logo and Gallery Name. The original 1UV Gallery-Studio will be promoted as 1UV Gallery-Studio. Member Galleries will be: 1UV Gallery-Studio: *name of artist here*. As Membership grows benefits will expand (annual networking retreat, etc...).



### Why join now?

Because there's strength in numbers and independent Artists have the power to change the World.

**To be eligible to become a 1UV Member Gallery you must meet the following requirements:**

- be a working Art studio *and* exhibition space for one (person) Fine Artist/Fine Craftsperson
- maintain a physical bulletin board for use of the community in which you are located
- your work must be hand fabricated/made, one of a kind or limited series, no mass production, feature use of up-cycled, recycled, vintage, and/or antique materials and/or in some way conceptually and/or physically address issues related to Climate Change
- offer creative social events at least once a quarter for youth and/or adults
- operate within the legal constructs of the community in which you are located
- not be closer than 50 miles from another 1UV Gallery-Studio Member Gallery
- incur all liability, and operating licenses/costs of your business
- not engage in the sale of pornography (nude work OK, we as artists know the difference here), alcohol, cannabis, or any controlled substance
- pay an initial Membership fee of \$500 to 1UV Gallery Studio (for the first year) then 3% of annual gross sales every year after
- maintain a (reciprocating) web link to the 1UV Gallery-Studio Membership Directory page on your website as well as on any materials for print, publication and promotion
- Commit to practicing Slow Business and participate in Slow Art Day annually

### Read all this? Interested?

To apply visit <https://forms.wix.com/f/7150297996570132745>

**Submission of application does not guarantee Membership. You will receive an email confirming your application submission and then a registered letter of acceptance or rejection in the mail. If your Membership is approved, you will be invoiced for the initial (one time, non-refundable) membership fee of \$500. Further instructions will be sent with your invoice.**

## CREATIVE SERVICES

In addition to the creation and sale of her original Artwork and social events, at 1UV, Larissa offers a variety of creative services at varying rates including: consultation services, private shopping, and Reiki. Book your Tuesday through Thursday appointment online at : [www.1uvgallerystudio.com/book-online](http://www.1uvgallerystudio.com/book-online).

### CREATIVE CONSULTATION -

schedule a Creative Consultation when ordering custom made work. Bring your sentimental textile(s) to Larissa to be up-cycled into a new item. Examples: T-shirts or infant clothing can become quilts or rugs. Heavier textiles can become yoga bolsters and bricks. Other loved one's items can be worked into a Black Friday Jacket or other garment.

### CREATIVE CONSULTATIONS

generally last one hour. In that time choose the type of item you would like Larissa to make and share the story of your textile with her. Knowing the history of your textile(s) will help Larissa utilize and design your custom work for you. This time will also be used to project a timeline for the completion of your piece.

### CREATIVE CONSULTATIONS cost

\$100. This cost is non-refundable and will be applied to the total cost of your custom piece. Quilts start at \$200. Yoga props start at \$100. Black Friday Jackets and other garments start at \$300.

### SPIRITUAL CONSULTATION -

schedule a Spiritual Consultation when you have a spiritual/super-natural experience you don't feel comfortable sharing with just anyone, when you have dis-ease in your spirit and have nagging questions you would like to discuss in a judgement free space. Larissa is a licensed non-denominational minister. Consultations are confidential.

### SPIRITUAL CONSULTATIONS

generally last between one hour and an hour and forty five minutes. That time may include tarot readings (Larissa reads three decks), chakra clearing, and/or intuitive reading. Larissa has been reading for two decades. Spiritual Consultations are an opportunity to look at difficult situations from a different perspective. Consultation is NOT therapy.

### SPIRITUAL CONSULTATIONS are

\$300.

**PRIVATE REIKI SESSION -** Reiki is an ancient energy healing modality/martial Art, accredited to Usui Sensei from Japan. It works to bring balance and relaxation to mind, body and spirit. Reiki translates to: Universal Life-force Energy. Larissa has been a certified Reiki Master/Teacher since 2006. Reiki Sessions are confidential.

### PRIVATE REIKI SESSIONS

generally last between one hour and an hour and a half. Reiki does not require the removal of clothing. You will be asked to remove your shoes. Reiki treatment may include laying on of hands depending on the comfort of the client. Larissa is not a medical doctor. She does not make diagnosis or prescribe substance.

### REIKI SESSIONS are \$150.

Minors may be treated if a parent is present. Pets may be treated as well. Pet Sessions are fifteen minutes to half an hour and cost \$75.

### PRIVATE SHOPPING EXPERIENCE

- schedule a private appointment for you and up to two friends to view and shop for existing work on exhibit at 1UV. Private Shopping Experience includes (an optional) tea and/or wine service. Specify your preference when making your appointment.

### PRIVATE SHOPPING

**EXPERIENCES** are for one hour. A separate appointment must be made for a Creative Consultation if you decide you would like a custom piece made.

### PRIVATE SHOPPING

**EXPERIENCES** cost \$150. This cost is non-refundable and will be applied to the total cost of any purchase made during the appointment.

### PRIVATE CREATIVE CRITIQUE -

schedule a Private Creative Critique from Larissa on you own creative project. Bring your finished or in progress project with you to your appointment and receive personal feedback. Critiques are confidential.

### PRIVATE CREATIVE CRITIQUES are

one hour. Actual work must be present.

### PRIVATE CREATIVE CRITIQUES

cost \$200. Minors may schedule an appointment if a parent is present for the critique.

# APRIL & MAY EVENTS SCHEDULED @ 1UV

## ...APRIL SOCIAL MONDAYS 4/1 & 4/15...

**8AM - 9:30AM Chronic Pain Peer Circle:** FREE EVENT for those who living with chronic pain.

**10AM - 11:30 AM Reiki Drop-in:** doors close at 1:15, socialized dogs welcome, ages 16 to 18 welcome with participating parent, limit 5 participants, \$20 at the door (or 1 Event Pass Card session)

**3PM - 5:30PM Writers Circle:** doors close at 3:15, open to writers of all formats and genre, ages 16 to 18 welcome with participating parent, share your work and receive and offer feedback from peers, limit 4 participants, \$20 at the door (or 1 Event Pass Card session)

## ...Saturday April 13...

**SLOW ART DAY:** See page 6 for details.

## ...Saturday April 27...

**1PM - 4PM Clothing & Art Supply Swap:** Bring up to 5 clean and in good condition items (clothing, accessories, shoes, and/or Art supplies), FREE EVENT

## ...MAY SOCIAL MONDAYS 5/6 & 5/20...

**8AM - 9:30AM Chronic Pain Peer Circle:** FREE EVENT for those who living with chronic pain.

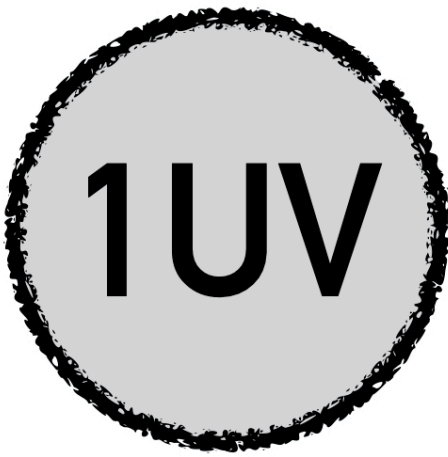
**10AM - 11:30 AM Reiki Drop-in:** doors close at 1:15, socialized dogs welcome, ages 16 to 18 welcome with participating parent, limit 5 participants, \$20 at the door (or 1 Event Pass Card session)

**3PM - 5:30PM Writers Circle:** doors close at 3:15, open to writers of all formats and genre, ages 16 to 18 welcome with participating parent, share your work and receive and offer feedback from peers, limit 4 participants, \$20 at the door (or 1 Event Pass Card session)

## ...Saturday May 25...

**1PM - 4PM Clothing & Art Supply Swap:** Bring up to 5 clean and in good condition items (clothing, accessories, shoes, and/or Art supplies), FREE EVENT

**2024 8 Session Event Passes are available for sale at 1UV at a discounted price. Event Passes are good for the entire year for all events (with a \$20 cover charge). Event Passes are not required for free events. Cover charge includes bottled water and/or soft drink and popcorn.**



### **Yes, kids can make Art, but Art is NOT child's play...**

The role of Art, Artist and Art exhibition space is a serious and essential part of all healthy cultures and economies. Often Art is considered something children do for fun, but Art has a much more serious role in society and history. Yes, kids make Art in school or at home for fun, but the Artist creates to reflect upon and document humanity within the time the Artist lives. The Artist's record (Art) remains as a challenge to those who would alter written history. The role of Art Collector is to help preserve this record for future generations. While a child's drawing on your refrigerator may brighten your day, a work of professional Art could very well save lives some day.

### **Slow Food...**

...seeks to bring balance, flavor and sustainability to our relationship with food. Slow Food focuses on local in-season ingredients prepared fresh and whole and shared in an intentionally respectful way - respectful of the soil, farmer, livestock, crops, and consumer.

### **Slow Fashion...**

...seeks to bring awareness to the way we create, consume, and dispose of our garments. Unless you buy second hand or directly from the individual who designs AND fabricates the garment ... you participate in Fast Fashion.

### **Slow Business...**

...seeks to focus on inter-personal relationship, bringing those who make products or offer services in direct relationship to the consumer, focusing on quality over quantity. Slow Business asks us to be conscious of how, when, and why we consume.

### **Slow Art...**

...invites the viewer to view and purchase Art in a slow and thoughtful manner - to consider the long term effects, value of the culture and history of Art and Art objects on humanity.

**Do you live with chronic physical pain? You are not alone.**

**8AM-9:30AM  
Social Mondays (see pg. 34)  
Chronic Pain Peer Circle.**

Doors close at 8:15AM.

No RSVP required. You don't need to share your name or anything about how you came to live with chronic pain. All ages welcome. Minors must be accompanied by a parent or guardian. Service animals and personal aids welcome too.

**Agreement to mutual confidentiality is required.**

This is not a gripe session, advice group, therapy, or a place to gather gossip. This is time in an anonymous judgment free zone to give voice to the ways living with chronic pain affects your daily life that persons without chronic pain may never think about. This is not a place to offer feedback or suggestions. Each attendee will write on a piece of paper a specific way chronic pain has altered their life in the last month in a way that has been heavy to carry. The papers will be folded and put in a bowl. Each attendee will pull a paper from the bowl and read what is written out loud. In this way we will maintain anonymity.

This is a time to both hear and make a statement of personal truth.

**This is a free event.**

**THE BACK COVER IS AVAILABLE FOR FULL PAGE ADVERTISING OF YOUR BUSINESS, PRODUCT, MILESTONE OR EVENT. SEE PAGE 23 FOR DETAILS. THANK YOU FOR READING 1UV MONTHLY.**

**HAVE A 1UV A KIND DAY.**

**AS I ALWAYS AM,  
LARISSA**

## 1UV A KIND PATRONS:

- Anonymous 1UV a Kind Art Lover

- Your name or anonymous title here! See page 35 to learn about the benefits and information on how you can become a 1UV A Kind Patron of Slow Art and Culture.

# 1UVV

[www.1uvgallerystudio.com](http://www.1uvgallerystudio.com)