

# 1UV MONTHLY - ISSUE 11

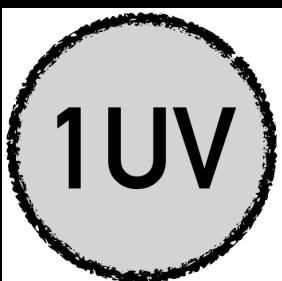
## SEPTEMBER 2024



What's Bugging You, Yellow Spotted Cyanide Millipede?  
May 2024 in the Santa Cruz Mountains  
Unedited digital image

AN INDEPENDENT SLOW ART & CULTURE MAGAZINE

BY THE ARTIST, LARISSA  
1UV GALLERY STUDIO  
IN SANTA CRUZ, 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 was formerly 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.**

## **LETTERS TO/FROM THE EDITOR:**

Dear Valued Reader,

I dedicate this issue to all Art educators, past, present and future. No. Teaching isn't worth the trouble. It pays shit, and you rarely if ever get any of your work recognized or compensated. A portion of my Art education I've paid through the nose for and the other portion I've learned on my own. At this point in my life I feel that others can do the same. I've received more negative than positive in my teaching experience and have come to the conclusion that a woman who gestates and gives birth to a child should be responsible for teaching that child herself. It's not my fault/problem if she's not that smart or talented. It stands to reason that genetics will provide her with a child that in most cases is close to her intellect and a smart mother will seek out enrichment for a child who needs it whether that enrichment is for a gifted or challenged child. You made them, so you teach them.

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.**

**1UV GALLERY STUDIO**  
**New location soon to be announced**  
**[1uvgallerystudio.com](http://1uvgallerystudio.com) (925)320-1000**  
**[larissa@1uvgallerystudio.com](mailto:larissa@1uvgallerystudio.com)**

**Due to an unfortunate landlord dispute 1UV is currently closed while in the process of moving to a new yet to be disclosed location.**

**New location, hours, events and date of Grand Re-Opening will be announced as soon as possible.**

1UV MONTHLY is published for the main purpose of informing community of the products, services and events offered at 1UV Gallery Studio in, California. Paid advertising and recurring columns relevant to readership 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 17 for details. Request to contribute does not guarantee inclusion for publication. Guest contributions may not include advertising. For advertising pricing see pg. 17 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.**



# 1UV MONTHLY

OF NOTE SEPTEMBER 2024

## AN “EDUCATED” ISSUE

### Practice Patience Perseverance

Of all the mediums I have ever studied or worked in, metalsmithing is by far the most challenging. Cutting tiny pieces to fit together and work in mechanisms, forging and other hammer forming techniques, granulation, soldering and filing, all of these things and more require acute eye sight, forethought/planning, and skill. None of these things by themselves gets you from design to finished piece. All of them are required. And, if you want your finished work to be utilitarian as well, everything must be done perfectly...or nearly so. It becomes a muscle memory to know when a metal is work-hardened as much as it can be before shattering under the hammer, or just the point where the solder is going to flow. But no one knows this by accident or by nature. This knowledge, this muscle memory, is built and developed with what my college professor, Thomas Scott Madden, called “The Three Ps: practice, patience and perseverance”. The Three Ps became my mantra in college, not just in the studio, but at work, at home, and on the rare occasion I had the chance to do something other than work or school.

When my mother informed me that if I were going to be living at home while in college (the only option I was permitted by her or my father) that I would have to “chip in” by preparing dinner three days a week for our family of five I repeated the words over and over in my head to keep myself from screaming and demanding she try to understand I had work AND homework. Instead, my mantra in mind, I stayed centered and somehow found a way to rearrange my work schedule to accommodate her unreasonable demand.

When the table of men at Alfoccino’s (when it was still located in Rochester Hills, MI) dumped my tray of shots down my chest and told me they would only pay for them if I let them lick them off of me I repeated my mantra to myself as I turned toward the bar to find the manager. When the manager then informed me they were valued regulars and that I was expected to pay for the tray of shots I again repeated the mantra as I took off my apron and calmly told him he could shove his job and buddies up his ass.

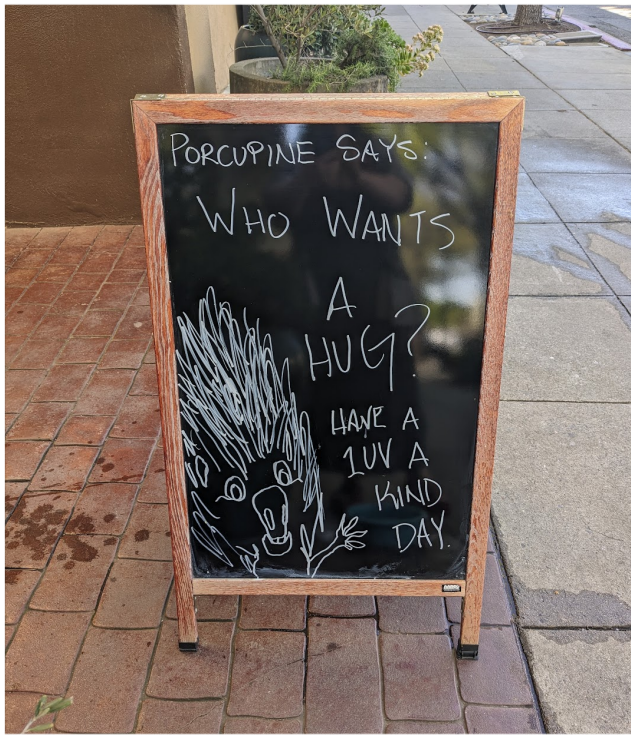
Then in my senior year (after the summer Omar and I married) when I discovered I was pregnant I cried in horrified (cont. next pg.)



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disappointment. Then I dried my eyes and repeated the mantra. I smoked one last cigarette then threw the pack away. I cried once more over the disappointment I had in myself for not being more careful as I explained to Tom my disgust at “getting knocked up after how hard I had worked”. He sighed and patted my shoulder at a loss for words. After a couple months I was resigned to the human animal(s) growing inside me...just in time to miscarry one. The doctor refused to believe me when I said I knew there were two, and when he went in to remove the unviable fetus was forced to take the second one that was still viable as well. It was a strange insult to accept when he apologized to me upon waking from what was supposed to be a routine D and C. But my mantra got me through the month of horrendous bleeding and the final months of my senior year.

I still whisper the words to myself when endeavoring on something challenging or dealing with a less than pleasant person. The three Ps fit pretty much ANY situation. The first thing you need to do is identify the “practice”. Practice can be anything: housework, yoga, driving, sewing, painting, meditating, etc. Then comes the patience, which in and of itself can also be a kind of practice. Breath. Accept what is, what you can change and what is not in your control. Then persevere. Keep going. There’s no point in stopping. Time doesn’t stop. The Earth doesn’t stop spinning. Keep the momentum up otherwise no one is hurt more than yourself. Sometimes perseverance simply means accepting that you’re still alive.

The three Ps have gotten me through a lot, not just forging identical S-hooks or perfectly aligned rivets. The three Ps just might be the most valuable lesson I learned in college. And it’s wonderful because in the process of applying the three Ps I never quit learning. Patience, in particular, creates space for in-depth observation. I might add one more P to Tom’s three Ps, however. I might add that “Perfect Practice” is important, because if you practice something the wrong way it only leads to a lifetime of making mistakes...mistakes that can cause myriad injury. Hammer the wrong way and get carpal tunnel at a very early age. Cut corners in yoga and you just might



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



cause serious injury. So, perfect practice is ideal. But we're all human and life is a learning process from beginning to end. So getting too hung up on perfection, or the perception of what perfection is, isn't really productive. Ah...yet more Ps!

Over the years I have always, above all else, been seeking to remain productive. The opposite is destructive and while there is a time and place for things to be toppled to start anew, a constant cycle of destruction is tiresome and in most cases unhealthy. In the face of destruction the productive soul must practice patient perseverance. Slow and steady wins the race. I guess that's what has drawn me to the Slow Movement. Living in an intentional way makes sense to me at a primal level. And there hasn't been a time when practicing patient perseverance has not been in my own best interest OR the best interest of others. But that can be a very hard lesson to learn. And the state of our Country, in particular the state of our schools and younger generations bears that hard truth.

The introduction of Social Media platforms and Artificial Intelligence has taken their toll on the psyche of all, but in particular the younger generations. Attention spans are next to nil, traditional skills are at an all time low, literacy rates continue to drop, violence surges, and the rate of youth suicide is off the charts. The need to practice patient perseverance is at an all time high with an all time low of people having the ability to do so. And the backlash is being seen all over the place; perhaps most notably in the field of education. Teachers have borne the brunt of the hit and it has caused many a good teacher to walk away. I did, and I have no intention of ever going back. Instead I focus on that in which I can be most productive...my own work on my own terms. ■



## Reiki I Training & Certification

Find the healing comfort of Reiki  
in the palms of your own hands

### Time & Location

Schedule your Private or Group Reiki I training and certification with Larissa at 1UV's soon to be revealed new location.

### About the event

If you spend much time at 1UV you've either heard about or seen first hand the way the dogs and other animals respond to Larissa. It's not magic. It's Reiki. Larissa has been a certified Reiki Master/Teacher since 2006. Now for the first time in over a decade Larissa is offering Reiki Level 1 training & certification to registered students. (See page 37 For more information on Reiki)

Learn the history of Reiki, how to give yourself a full Reiki treatment, and share the healing love and comfort of Reiki with your loved ones...even your pets.

This class uses the Reiki Manual by William Lee Rand. A copy of the text is included in your ticket price.

Class size is limited to 6 students. Registration will be closed once class size maximum is reached. **\$350 per student**

Register online at: [1uvgallerystudio.com/event-details-registration/reiki-i-training-and-certification](https://1uvgallerystudio.com/event-details-registration/reiki-i-training-and-certification)





**All T-shirts @ 1UV are 1UV a kind graphics printed 1 at a time on PACT 100% organic cotton Ts and signed by the artist. PACT is a carbon neutral company. Each graphic is created & printed one at a time, so no two are alike.**

**1UV a kind T-shirts**

**\$125 USD + tax**



**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 41 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 [1uvgallerystudio.com](http://1uvgallerystudio.com)  
or add your email to the sign in book

**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. Some content requires a paid membership to access. (See page 38)**



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

Larissa

## DREAMSCAPES: a lucid exploration in creativity



**DREAMSCAPES: a lucid exploration in creativity** is an 86 page, self-published, full color, soft-cover catalog of my recent series, **DREAMSCAPES**. The book includes introduction by the artist, images of the twelve 10"x10" media studies on paper, twelve 40" x40" oil paintings on canvas, twelve jewelry sets (based on the color palettes), 24 original poems describing the dreams from which the images originate and a short artist biography.

Each copy is signed.

\$95 USD + tax

Available **ONLY** at 1UV Gallery Studio.

**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.**

**If you have or know of a venue interested in exhibiting the series in its entirety please contact Larissa.**

# 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.**



Pet stylists groom 20 to 25 dogs a day at Quality Pet Spot Willow Glen

as well and I attribute all of them to probable traumas that he experienced before coming to live with us. The first groomer I took him to was amazing and he loved her. It was a huge relief. But during the pandemic that groomer closed and I was forced to look elsewhere. It has been a real challenge as he showed signs of serious anxiety with both the second and the third places I tried. When I called around everyone said they were booked out for months and the ones who weren't were staffed by infantile sounding women who insisted on calling me "honey" or some such trash. I require to

be addressed by my name and refuse to do business with anyone who can not do at least that. Then, on the suggestion of an acquaintance I called Quality Pet Spot. Brody was anxious going but by the time I picked him up he was relaxed and acting as if he were among old friends.

While there are no legally regulated standards in the US for groomers there are definitely international standards for breed appearances for show. The International Pet Groomers Association offers testing and certificates at three levels. A number of the groomers that work for Marcus and Mita are certified Master Groomers and Marcus has a grooming school program in addition to the grooming business. Mita is an instructor at the school as well as a co-owner of the pet salons. She is proud to train her staff and acknowledges that it takes some amount of natural skill and talent as well. Some of the groomers even come from a human salon background and have beauty school certification. At Quality Pet Spot the staff of groomers serve 600 dogs a month with 80% of their

## THE SARATOGA POOP SCOOP

A column for the Dogs of Saratoga & their People

**Quality Pooch Pampering at  
Quality Pet Spot Willow Glen**

1120 Bird Ave. Suite G, San Jose, CA 95125  
(408)982-5656

Yoshi Mita has been grooming dogs for nearly 13 years. Eight years ago she started working for Jose Marcus at Quality Pet Spot Hillsdale. Then 4 years ago he asked Mita to become co-owners with him in his multi location grooming business.

There are no legally regulated standards in the pet grooming industry as there are in the human salon industry. Learning this surprised me but made sense in the larger scope of my experience with groomers and my own Fur Babe, Brody. Brody is a special case. He has always shown inordinate anxiety when faced with a brush by either me or his Fur Dad. He has a couple other anxieties



business being regulars/return clients.

Mita says her personal specialty is the Schnauzer, and she has won prizes for grooming with her own Miniature Schnauzer. The most challenging breeds are, in her opinion, the Poodle and the Doodle. Poodles are challenging because of the wide variety of accepted and requested styles and notoriously particular Fur-Parents. Doodles are challenging because the fur/hair can be varied making each dog a unique grooming experience. Some have a straighter coat like the Labrador and some have a curlier coat like the Poodle, but almost all have an undercoat that is different from the texture of the top coat of fur. No matter the breed, all Fur-Babes are loved at Quality Pet Spot.

Special thanks to Yoshi Mita and Quality Pet Spot Willow Glen for offering 2025 Fur Babes Calendar participants a \$20 add-on upgrade when they schedule an appointment in their birthday month. ■



## LIVING POETIC

### A column for original poetry

*The following poem titled: Viable, is an original piece I wrote this past June about the assault on women's reproductive rights in the United States.*

#### VIABLE

Isn't it strange

How

You like to sweep away that which is in bloom

Eager to make room for something

You don't even know

Not even taking the time to relish

The fragrance of the flower

You spent so long nurturing

Always favoring tomorrow's seed

That may or may not be

Viable



Yoshi Mita co-owns Quality Pet Spot with Jose Marcus





with mashed potatoes and gravy and a bowl of cabbage soup at 4 AM.

The closest thing I have found to my East Coast diner definition is Santa Cruz Diner on Ocean Street in Santa Cruz. They aren't open 24 hours but they open pretty early and close at 10 on the weekends. Not exactly a place where you can go to grab a bite and cup of coffee after a concert with your buddies, but an option for greasy breakfast lunch or dinner during regular business hours. On the menu there's something for everyone, omnivore, vegetarian and vegans alike.

Rebranded as the Santa Cruz Diner in 1998 by former owners Chip and Kim Kirchner, the longtime local landmark was sold to Charles Maier in 2018. The menu includes the regular fare of burgers and fries, omelets, Benedicts, soups, salads and desserts as well as some local favorites like Pho and spring rolls. The place has even been featured on the Food Network in the past.

## LIMITED PALLET

A lacto-ovo vegetarian centered column

### AN OLD SCHOOL CLASSIC:

**Santa Cruz Diner**

**909 Ocean Ave., Santa Cruz, CA 95060**

**Sun.-Thurs. 7AM-9PM, Fri.-Sat. 7AM-10PM**

Growing up on the East Coast and in the Mid-West, when you say the word "diner" I have a very specific image in my mind. I have worked in diners. To me a diner is 24 hours, serves breakfast lunch and dinner any time, has good hot coffee, a long bar (not alcohol), a regular dedicated staff and patrons. It usually has a juke box and some kind of vending machine...often one of those claw machines and/or a bubblegum dispenser. Oh, and the staff wears uniforms. Since moving to California over two decades ago I've yet to find exactly what I think of when I think of a true diner. The closest thing used to be Denny's but those aren't the same anymore. A diner is a community refuge...a place to sober up after the bar, get a cup of coffee and piece of pie in the middle of the night when you need a break from sitting in the emergency room with a loved one or need some time to cool off after a heated argument with your significant other. They are a place where they remember your name and your favorite order, a place where if you get out of line you get kicked out. They are a place of equality where no questions are asked when you order a hot meatloaf sandwich





For some local snark and flavor there's a juke box and the walls are adorned with signs with funny sayings, surfer paraphernalia, a shark's head and a series of murals of other local attractions like the nearby Boardwalk. The murals are by William Northcutt, but Mr. Northcutt could not be reached for comment and the numbers listed for him have been disconnected. The food is average and reasonably priced, though service can be hit or miss. It's a "come as you are" kind of place. The bathrooms are clean enough and the coffee is decent. So, if you are in the area and looking for a budget option for a family pit stop it fits the bill. However, I suggest you not leave any valuables in the car in this neighborhood. ■





A banana slug “speeds” along in my Santa Cruz mountain driveway in early June.



## NATURAL BEAUTY

### A column on body aesthetics

#### The Banana Slug, an unconventional beauty

Since I was attacked by the unknown trans-person with a needle I can only assume was filled with a male hormone cocktail, the premature drop of my neck has been difficult for me to look at. I often look at myself and see a slug like face and neck. While aging in and of itself does not bother me, the attack and it's effects do...especially since I was never taken seriously, law enforcement has done nothing and the \$7K I spent at Laseraway was useless. Then I see these guys (left) in my yard and I smile. Banana slugs are such interesting critters. The one in the photo was about 6 inches long, though it's hard to tell by the photo. Their bright color and tell-tale slime trails are somehow comforting. An important indicator species in our specific ecosystem, I've noticed their numbers have greatly declined since the fires of 2020. The thick line of mucus they leave behind always fascinates me and I am left wondering if anyone has tried harvesting banana slug slime for beauty products the way they do snail mucus. Banana slugs eat decaying debris and fecal matter. Their mucus is so thick to protect their bellies from the very rough and jagged surface of redwood bark and forest floor. AND it expands when it comes in contact with water! It's amazing. It grows to over four times it's volume when added to water. One time when Brody was just a puppy he learned this the hard way when he tried to eat one of these little guys. He got the slug and some dirt in his mouth and when his saliva met the mucus he began to froth a muddy slimy froth. He dropped the slug

and shook his head and wagged his tongue until the foaming stopped. It was a funny sight and I was glad neither he or the slug were harmed. Since banana slug mucus has such response to moisture I imagine it might be good for skincare products for hydration, plumping and firming the way snail mucus is used. I don't know enough about the process of mucus extraction they use in Korea for the snail slime skin masks they make. But I do know there is some sort of purging process the animals need to go through. It is the same when you collect wild snails to eat. You need to purge their digestive tracts of any toxins they may have ingested that while aren't harmful to the mollusk, may be harmful to humans. Basically it is a process of feeding them “clean” food sources for a period of time and waiting for anything they ate previously to be pooped out. Snails eat a largely vegetarian diet as anyone with a vegetable garden knows, but as I said before, banana slugs eat poop and decaying vegetation and even carrion. Like their aquatic cousins like oysters, muscles, and clams, snails and slugs are mollusks and their function in the ecosystem is to be a filter for environmental wastes. Now, some toxins can kill even a mollusk, but even in an ideally pristine environment there are dirt and toxins that need to be processed down for the health and well being of the ecosystem. It all works together beautifully, really. Biodynamics of the natural world are amazing in all their diversity of size, shape, color and abilities. If a banana slug can be this beautiful and amazing I guess I can come to some peace with the deformation I'm left with from the ugliness of the attack I endured. But I can't help but wonder, if I just let this banana slug crawl around on my neck, would it help firm up the skin like Korean snail products claim to be able to do? I don't know. Maybe someday I'll try it...or maybe I'll just try to find one of those Korean snail slime products to try. It's an unconventional but interesting thought. And I don't care what anyone else thinks, I think that banana slug is beautiful. ■





# THE EDUCATION STAIRWAY

**It doesn't always lead closer to your goals...  
especially when you're the teacher.**

I come from a family filled with professional teachers and education administrators. I too have worked as an Art educator and administrator. But the profession isn't rewarding. In fact, in most instances it's abusive, and it was NEVER what I wanted to do. It became what I had to do, what was expected, what was "acceptable" for me as a woman. It fostered a stone of resentment in me, and I'm not alone with that stone. I think many an x-teacher will agree. *(Continued next page)*

“Do you teach classes here?” It’s a question I have often been asked by visitors. I’m not exactly sure why. Is it the carts full of my supplies? Or is there something about me that makes people think no one would ever want to *buy my Art*? Or is it because I’m a woman and women are supposed to want to teach and otherwise mother the children of others, particularly if you don’t have any children of your own? I’m not sure. But it’s a question I get a lot, and people always look confused when I state simply, “No.” Sometimes people are offended and go on to tell me why they think I *should* teach. As if what they think of what I *should* do matters to me in the least. They rattle off suggestions to me as if their ideas are gold and I should be a grateful pauper lapping up their table scraps. Oh. OK. When you open your business sounds like you have a plan! But usually I just smile and nod patiently while they pontificate with an air of self aggrandized profundity. Then I smile and say, “I’ve taught. It’s not worth it and besides, I only have one small sink and I don’t want to clean up after anyone.” All of these things are true, even if not the whole story. They usually look at me in disbelief that I am not interested in teaching either them or their oh-so-talented-young-one-prodigy. Another common comment is, “Oh, my grand/daughter/son is so talented and into Art. I will bring them here for *inspiration*.” Some have even come in telling their children or grandchildren they should copy my work. It blows my mind. While I welcome children to visit 1UV Gallery Studio and am more than happy to answer their questions, such encouragement or insinuation that they too can have or do what I have or do is not only insulting to me but an overt pressure and most certainly probably not a reality for the child they are pushing the idea on. It’s all very curious to me, but in all fairness, my

position appears to be just as curious to the other side as well.

I have a relationship with teaching already. It has been an abusive relationship with me being on the receiving end of the abuse. When people tell me I should teach it’s not really any different than telling a battered woman to go home to the person who beats her. Only when it comes to teaching, Art in particular, there is an attitude that you should be grateful for the beating. It’s part of what is broken, not just in Art and Arts education but, in all of the education system in the US. I can’t speak for education abroad. I’ve never studied or taught abroad...and I don’t particularly wish to.

When I was in college my family was disgusted that my school did not offer an Art education degree. It somehow made my studies worthless to them. This pressure is what, in part, made me sign up eagerly when my college started an Art education program my senior year. I never finished it, however, because I married and my husband took a job in California and I wasn’t going to stay back in Michigan with him moving out west. I go back and forth about how I feel about this. Had I completed the masters program I would be eligible to teach at college level as well as primary and secondary. But in all honesty, at this point in my life I have ZERO interest in teaching, so the masters degree would only serve a sense of vanity.



Upon arrival in California I set out looking for work. I even entertained enrolling for teaching certification. I started by taking the C-BEST, the standardized test required of all persons interested in entering teaching programs in the State of California. I received a high score with “permanent passing status” on my first try without studying. I was told my high score was unusual. This was my first red flag about California schools. The C-BEST was beyond easy. I had no doubt I would have had no problem passing it as a high school freshman, let alone a college graduate. If my score was high and most people taking it took it an average of twice I had little faith in California schools. I told Omar if we ever had kids they were definitely going to private schools based solely on this information. I decided I wasn’t interested in teaching in schools, though at the time many California schools would hire me as a teacher without the degree based on my C-BEST as long as I started taking ECE credits. I opted to keep looking. Their desperation made me cautious. I ended up taking a job at (now defunct) The Bead Shoppe in Palo Alto. The owner was in the process of starting a metalsmithing program as part of her class offerings and I was hired to write metals curriculum and teach classes for adults. I was super excited...only that’s not what happened. Oh, I wrote curriculum alright, for three classes. I wrote these and made class samples on my own time and dime. Evidently I wrote them really well, because they took my work and gave them to another employee to teach. It was beyond insulting, particularly because Ms. Lange Pepper had never done ANY metal

I don’t live in a  
glass house.



work, let alone held a degree in it as I do. Ms. Pepper, was just cuter than me and the store manager assigning classes was openly pursuing women outside of her marriage to her husband. She was also jealous of my work. At the time I had no idea why she did this to me. I went to the owner requesting she at least pay me for the curriculum and samples but she denied me saying Ms. Pepper was a better choice for the classes. I quit. It wasn't worth \$15.25 an hour to be treated that way. It was only a year ago that it came back to me through the grapevine the reason why I was not given the classes to teach. I was told by a woman who was closing her Willow Glen beading supply store of over 25 years that after I quit people from The Bead Shoppe had bad-mouthed me all over the Bay Area in the close-knit bead and jewelry making community. It explained a whole lot of other stuff for me as well. After The Bead Shoppe I took a job as administrative assistant to the Arts Recreation Coordinator at the City of Sunnyvale. I also was hired to teach the majority of youth and teen Art classes. I taught pottery for ages 6 to 10, parent and child pottery for various ages, drawing, painting, and collage for teens, summer youth theater set design and construction, costume theater for ages 3 to 6, and half day pre-school. I made \$16 an hour for my time in the classroom, but nothing for prep time or lesson planning. As admin assistant I made \$17.25 an hour. It was physically taxing work that left me little energy for my own Art work and did not pay well. On top of that many of the kids I was working with in the classes had special needs. When you have a classroom full of twenty-eight 6 to 10 year olds working in clay and a good third of them have special needs it can get pretty dicey. I asked to have the size of the class reduced to accommodate the needs of the students and was denied. I felt it was ultimately

a safety issue since I was the only teacher/adult in the room with these kids and some of them were severely impaired. Many of them were homeschooled because of their impairments and the Art class fulfilled their California homeschool requirements. Many of the parents were very well off tech industry folks. The parents were the worst to deal with. They would often get angry with me when their child was not able to make their project look like my teacher sample and in the parent child class many of them just did the projects for their children instead of allowing them to have the experience themselves. What the project looked like was more important to them than bonding with their child. It got under my skin. Remember, I was only making \$16 an hour. A City of Sunnyvale owned artist studio opened up for rent. I applied for it and was awarded the space. I quit the City job(s) to take a position as studio arts educator for The San Jose Museum of Art. The position required me to teach up to three classes of 28 students at up to three schools a day in the San Jose Unified School district three days a week, one workshop at the museum one Saturday a month, write and submit for approval all my lesson plans that were required to meet California Curriculum Standards, prep and transport all my materials to and from each school, plus keep records and submit reports on all the students I worked with. The job was salaried with benefits. I was hired at \$18K a year. Yes. You read that right, \$18K a YEAR. I took the job for the affiliation and experience working for a museum, and with the hope that it would lead to good references for future work and opportunities. None of that happened. In fact, most of what they told me about the job was a lie to begin with. The classrooms I entered often had 30 to 35 students when I was only prepped for 28. The classrooms were over

stuffed by State legal standards. And on top of that I was lucky if a third of the students were fluent in English at most schools. This bothered me because I had asked in the interview process if it would be a problem that I was not bi-lingual and was assured that was not a problem. Trust me when I say it was a problem. Then, I was told I was required to work three Saturdays a month. This was not acceptable to me, especially after the third time the museum had my car towed for parking in the museum lot. I was expected to pay for street parking which often required me to park over half a mile from the museum carrying supplies. It was ridiculous. I quit that job after a year and was hired back at my old job at The City of Sunnyvale. At that point the Arts Coordinator that I was assistant to was having her job split into two because she and our manager had convinced the Superintendent and Council that the job was too much work for one person. The reality was the woman only came to work 2 or 3 days a week and called in sick the rest of the time, but that's a whole other story. After some deliberation I was provisionally appointed to the second coordinators position, but for the first 6 months of the appointment I did both jobs because the other Coordinator went out on maternity leave. In the time that I was in the position I had no trouble doing both jobs because I came to work 5 days a week. Once the other coordinator came back from maternity leave there was an uncomfortable elephant in the room. Everyone under the Superintendent had seen that I had no problem shouldering the work load of both positions and some people in other departments were upset about moneys that had been moved from their budgets to accommodate the second position. I began experiencing strange events at work. Emails disappeared from my account. So I started forwarding emails to my home

account. Orders I placed were tampered with, often being placed for more than what I had stipulated using up money out of my budget. I was told late about group meetings with higher ups, sometimes causing me to be late or miss the meetings all together. And there were other things as well. At the end of 12 months, since I was appointed provisionally, they needed to go out for recruitment for the position. Twenty six of the twenty-eight teachers that reported to me wrote letters asking the City to keep me on. I knew nothing of the letter writing campaign until after. But they hired someone else, a friend of a friend. Just before the decision was made I found out that another person who had been appointed provisionally to a lateral position at the same time as me was making \$10K more than me and he didn't have a 4 year degree, let alone a degree in his field. He *did have* a brother who worked for the City as well, however. I was making \$46K a year provisionally. I brought all of this to the attention of my superiors when they told me the news that I wasn't being hired. They offered me the assistant position back at \$17 an hour with the understanding that I would be training the new hire to do the job I had been doing for the past year. Obviously I told them no thank you, and asked why I wasn't being offered the job. They said they were concerned because I had been given a doctors recommendation for a week off for job stress related anxiety attacks and that I was "just going to want to have a baby anyway". Because of my provisional status I was not permitted to approach the Union, though I had been required to pay dues the entire time. I got two weeks unemployment and that was it. I had worked for the City of Sunnyvale for over three years and couldn't even use them as a reference. For the next three years I sent out over 500 resumes and never even received a phone call

let alone an interview. I finally gave up and decided I was going to throw myself into my own Art and work on my own terms. By this time we were living in Santa Rosa. We had left the South Bay to get away from the bad experience hoping that moving to the North Bay would be far enough. But about half of those 500+ resumes were sent out from the North Bay. Even the three years I was on the board of The Metal Arts Guild of San Francisco as Guildletter Editor did nothing to help me get any interviews. And that had been an elected position that I was not paid for in any way shape or form. I threw myself into community by volunteering. I raised some money with a show and sale of some of my Artwork at the time. People only bought the work because none of the money was going to me. It was going to a cause of their choice through a group vote. I'm not sure why it has always been distasteful to others that I be paid for my work. I'm at a loss as to why I'm supposed to work for free, but that is what I'm told everywhere I go. I've been told that here in Saratoga as well. But back to the money from the show in Santa Rosa...the money was voted to be used for a program at Los Guillicos Juvenile Detention Center, the children's prison in Sonoma County. I financed and completed an Art program with 23 incarcerated young women over 9 months. Eventually we left Santa Rosa and moved to Oakland. While there I volunteered with BAWAR, ProArts, the City of Oakland, The Cotton Mill Studios, The Cathedral of Christ the Light, Truevine Ministries, the UNA East Bay and Cursillo. I worked teaching Art to homeless, teens, and adults and performed at many a fundraiser for free. I was always told how great this all was for my resume, always having a carrot dangled in front of me that I'd get paid someday. It was all a lie and in the process I spent

thousands of dollars, had millions of dollars of physical and intellectual property stolen from me and had multiple attempts made on my life. It's not that I did all the work just for the promise of a payment later, but there comes a point when enough is enough. My knowledge, experience and labor is valuable and deserves to be well compensated. I'm not a monarch financed by tax dollars or a bored housewife just looking for something to make me feel relevant. I'm a professional with skills and experience few have. So, when people come in 1UV and want to know if I teach classes my answer is no. I'm done teaching. I've earned my space and I don't owe you or your kids anything. When people contact me asking for donations and volunteer hours "for the kids" I tell them no. The youth I worked with at Los Guillicos and the populations in Oakland had *real* need. My work is valuable and deserves to be supported and anyone who wants what I have can go through what I've been through. If you want to take a class with me, sign up for Reiki training (pg. 5). Or, if you would like to have a discussion with me about your Art work or your child's Art work you are welcome to schedule a Private Creative Critique (pg 41) but teaching has brought me nothing good and I neither like or want to do it anymore. I'm not interested in being a step on (you or) your kid's way up. It's all too heavy and my back hurts. ■





# 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

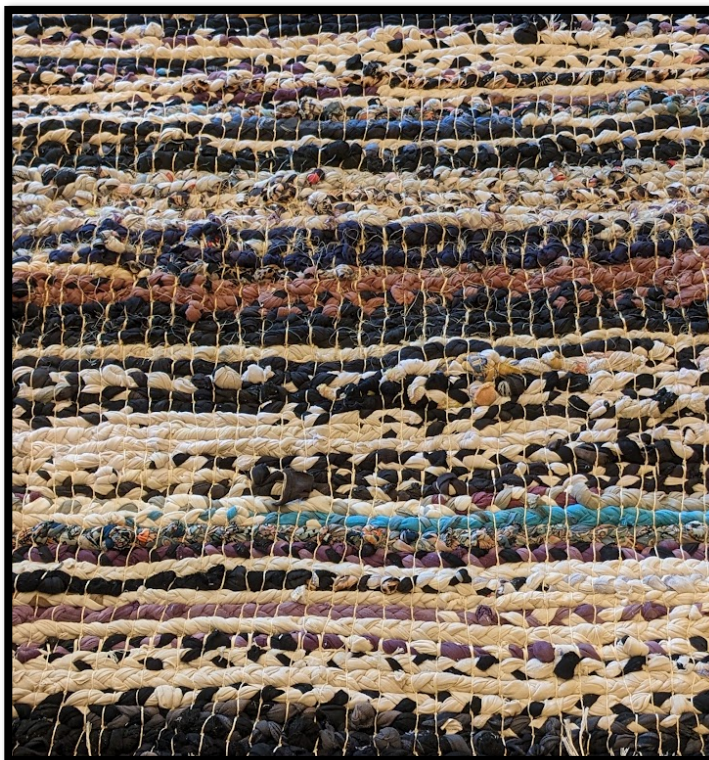
Oct. Issue - Aug. 1

Nov. Issue - Sept. 1

Dec. Issue - Oct. 1

**To submit an advertising request visit [1uvgallerystudio.com/1uvmonthly](http://1uvgallerystudio.com/1uvmonthly) . 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: [1uvgallerystudio.com/1uvmonthly](http://1uvgallerystudio.com/1uvmonthly)**



## 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.

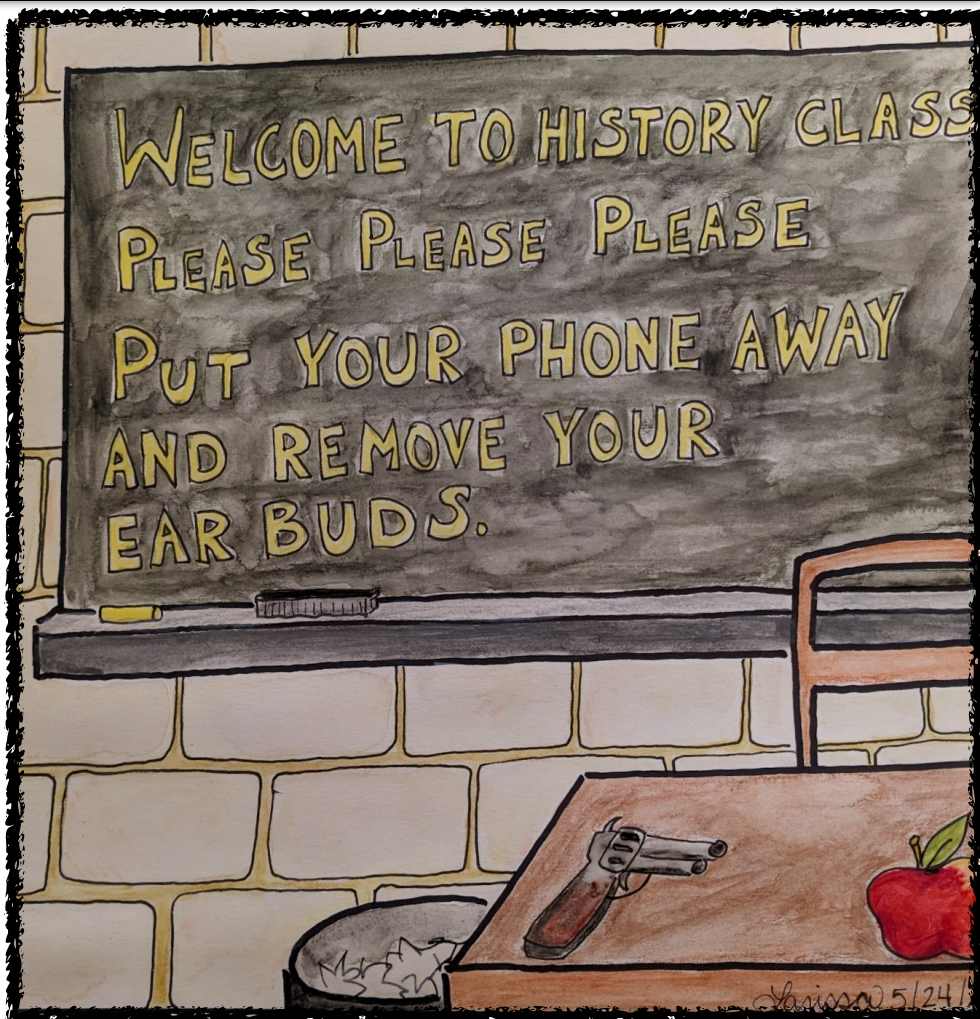
1UV Gallery Studio  
is seeking:

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

Visit

[1uvgallerystudio.com/jobs](http://1uvgallerystudio.com/jobs) to request an in-person interview.

Compensation discussed at the interview. These positions are part-time contract positions.





## FABRICATION TECHNIQUE & METHOD

### LEARNING TO STUDY: Why Art as Serious Academic and Intellectual Pursuit is Relevant and Necessary

What does it mean to study? Study is process of observation and practice with the goal of perfecting skill and/or knowledge for a future application. Believe it or not, Art requires a lot of study, particularly when the artist seeks to create something that is of transcendent value to humanity as opposed to simply making something pretty to match a couch or calm their nerves. In academic environment the goal of studying is to gain proficiency and knowledge, whether you are talking about Arts, Maths, or Sciences. But as an artist matures past the stage of student enrolled in university the need to study doesn't stop, nor does it's function remain the same.

My process of making always includes study and a portion of the work are called "studies". A study is a practice or a test of materials, composition, ideas. It's creative research and it sometimes also involves reading and/or writing. When it comes to my finished visual work there are always a number of studies that are completed first. These works are usually smaller than the finished work, but not always. Sometimes the finished work is nearly identical or identical compositionally to the studies, as was the case in DREAMSCAPES. In DREAMSCAPES the twelve 10"x10" drawings are almost identical to the twelve 40"x40" finished oil paintings and the pallet of the works are mirrored in the twelve accompanying jewelry sets. Other times my studies are completely different as in the case of ZODIACKETS. The studies for ZODIACKETS are a set of charcoal drawings from a

live male figure model with the finished pieces being a set of twelve men's jackets. In DREAMSCAPES poetry is also included in both the studies and the finished works. In ZODIACKETS the process included the reading of a related academic text.

Working in this way ensures a continuity, relevance and informed pursuit and execution of the finished works so they may be as compelling and dynamic as possible. The other important piece in this is that the materials and tools used to create Art are in most cases expensive and precious. Completing studies before hand helps to remain respectful of the nature of the materials, their history and the people who have sacrificed along the way for their existence and manufacture. I don't have endless

amounts of cash to throw away on wasted materials when a single sheet of paper can cost upwards of \$200 or more in some cases and tools are an "investment". And even if I did, that type of waste is egregious to my personal sensibilities, ethics, and values. Some of the materials require respect because they are toxic in some way...but necessary. I think of some specific pigments in particular like flake white or lead white ground. Both items are lead based paints and have very specific qualities and uses in painting that can not be replicated with other white

pigments that may be less toxic in nature. Use of these items must be done in a respectful manner for the artist, manufacturer and consumer alike. And sometimes materials respond to each other in unexpected ways. So, addressing use of materials that may be new to the artist or are being used in ways that are different from conventional uses through *studies* is very helpful. Sometimes I do color studies, placing specific pigments suspended in different medium on different grounds just to see the visual vibration and/or variations before choosing which method to use in a larger finished piece. Material/media studies can save a lot of time, headache and money and sometimes yield exciting and unexpected results. Studies also allow me to (cont. next pg.)



A tape measure still labeled with my maiden name from when I was in college almost 30 years ago.



Tens of thousands of dollars worth of tools and supplies collected and purchased over 30 years.

work out visual ideas, take risks and try different compositional combinations. Many of the studies are appealing in and of themselves and frequently I frame them as well. But my studies are always labeled as studies for both my and the viewer's reference. Studying Art History it was not lost on me that many a great master's intentions or process were left undocumented. These ambiguities leave a lot for Art historians to assume and while sometimes things seem pretty obvious, often I am left feeling badly for an artist I suspect highly of being misunderstood. So, I try to leave as much clear documentation as possible in case my work is deemed as worthy of preservation for the good of humanity and history. Whenever I hear the stories about Van Gogh I cringe because I have also read lesser known interpretations of the events most famously remembered like the "ear incident". But no one really wants to hear the alternatives,

as plausible and even possible as they maybe. It's far more exciting to gossip and call the man "crazy"...when in all reality it is very possible that he was simply misunderstood, or those who had beef with him held more influence over documentation and preservation of his life and works. The widely accepted version of the ear incident is that he went crazy obsessing over a woman and cut off his own ear to send to her as some deranged attempt at garnering affection. The less widely known account is that he and his best buddy Paul Gauguin, while imbibing at a local pub, were arguing over the fact that Vincent's girlfriend had somewhat replaced Paul in Vincent's discussions of his works in progress and that the girlfriend's influence was changing his work in ways Paul thought were poor choices. It was fashionable for men to carry a fencing sword at the time and as they left the bar they were drunkenly sparring...and Paul

inadvertently sliced off Vincent's ear. Vincent sent the ear to his girlfriend because it was cut off in an argument with Paul about her "having his ear" over Paul on critique of his works. I know from personal experience that the relationship between artists who actively engage in critique together and respect or even are jealous of each other's works is a very intimate relationship and in many ways can be compared to the intimacies of thought shared between deeply romantic lovers even though sex is not part of the equation. But the story of Vincent being crazy is so much more compelling to the masses. What would it mean if a creative genius were, in fact, not crazy? Once given the label of mentally ill it is so much easier to try to control an artist...and steal any fortune that may come of their works. These bits of alternate histories are what comes from academic study of Art and Art history, and for a



contemporary artist such as myself these types of knowledge are invaluable when approaching my own work and process. They inform my thoughts and logistics. Simply saying Van Gogh was a genius because of illness cheapens his journey, skill, knowledge and drive in a way that would insult me if I stood in his shoes. I'm

not saying the man wasn't eccentric or without personal struggles. There must have been something going on, but whisper down the lane isn't really that reliable and I also know from personal experience that family members and friends can be some of the least helpful when it comes to the creative process of an artist. Things or ideas that seem strange or different are scary to those who live within the boundaries of convention and perpetual safety. It can be a hard pill to swallow to have to admit to stifling creativity out of narrow-mindedness or lack of academic knowledge or understanding. Innovation in all fields of study often bloom under the hand of an artist who is



Wood purchased for a series in progress cost almost \$200.

marginalized and told they have no way of knowing or understanding what they so obviously know and understand. And science doesn't like to give any credit to the creative who may have surpassed their own level of knowledge. But this doesn't make the work any less important or relevant. In fact it makes Artistic endeavor even

more important and relevant. So, I study. I studied in school and I continue to study with every process and endeavor with the hopes that my labors and sacrifices may some day benefit the whole of humanity in some compassionate way. I brave the chance that I may be considered arrogant or infantile by creative and/or non-creative peers. Because it's worth it. At the end of the day I care enough about our species that it's worth all the study and effort. ■

*The following 4 pages feature 4 of the studies from my currently in progress series: **UNDervalUED ABUSED DISRESPECTED RAPED.***

A banana slug studies it's surroundings in my mountain redwood forest driveway this past June.





# FEATURED ART & ART OBJECT

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



## UNDervalued ABUSED DISRESPECTED RAPED - MEDIA STUDY #1

2024

Oil crayon on bogus sketch, matted 22"x28"

Point Lobos, California State Nature Conserve, drawn on site

Not yet priced





## **UNDervalUED ABUSED DISRESPECTED RAPED - MEDIA STUDY #2**

2024

Oil crayon on bogus sketch, matted 22"x28"

Muir Beach Overlook, Mt. Tamalpais State Park, drawn on site

Not yet priced



### **UNDERVALUED ABUSED DISRESPECTED RAPED - MEDIA STUDY #3**

2024

Oil crayon on bogus sketch, matted 22"x28"

Schoolhouse Beach, Sonoma Coast State Park, drawn on site

Not yet priced





**UNDervalued Abused Disrespected RAPed - MEDIA STUDY #4**

2024

Oil crayon on bogus sketch, matted 22"x28"

Drawn at Sandspit Beach, Montana de Oro State Park, drawn on site

Not yet priced

## CREATIVE POLITICS

### ALL ART IS POLITICAL

#### Why Creativity is Controversial

In his 1928 treatise, *Propaganda*, Edward Bernays outlines a manual for the mass manipulation and direction of the human psyche for the benefit of government and business. Upon the eve of the Great Depression, Bernays saw the need for the propagation of culture, American culture in particular, for the health, security and prosperity of the Nation. Drawing from his studied observation of master propagandist machines, such as the Vatican, Bernays laid out a detailed argument for and directions how to persuade and influence the mass public with minimal detection for maximum effect. Even at this early stage of modern American economy, Bernays recognized the power of Art and the need to promote Art and culture to strengthen national identity and maintain a secure national financial base. Bernays, however, exhibits his lack of understanding of Art and Art history by solely addressing Art and artist as a product to be sold to the public and not as the vehicle for ideas, critical thought, and change - ultimately as the innate propaganda that it has the potential for by mere existence.

Coming from an academic Art perspective (meaning one that required study, tuition, and standard grading) the process of critique mandates the artist, if does not know *why* they make, at least considers the origins of their motivations seriously. Whatever those motivations may be, no matter how seemingly innocuous, they are in fact dictated by politics whether the artist is aware or not. When reading *Propaganda*, by substituting a few words it becomes evident that Bernays was writing as much about Art critique as he was governmental mass control without even knowing. Consider the following excerpt from *Chapter IV: The Psychology of Public Relations*:

*..Propaganda, like economics and sociology, can never be an exact science for the reason that its subject matter, [like theirs], deals with human beings.*

*If you can influence the leaders, either with or without their conscious cooperation, you automatically influence the group with which they sway. But men do not need to be actually*

*gathered together in a public meeting or in a street riot, to be subject to the influences of mass psychology. Because man is by nature gregarious he feels himself to be member of a herd, even when he is alone in his room with the curtains drawn. His mind retains the patterns which have been stamped on it by the group influences.*

*A man sits in his office deciding what stocks to buy. He imagines, no doubt, that he is planning his purchases according to his own judgement. In actual fact his judgement is a melange of impressions stamped on his mind by outside influences which unconsciously control his thought. He buys a certain railroad stock because it was in the headlines yesterday and hence it is the one which comes most prominently to his mind; because he has a pleasant recollection of a good dinner on one of its fast trains; because it has a liberal labor policy, a reputation for honesty; because he has been told J.P. Morgan owns some of its shares.*

Now, let's look at that excerpt again, but this time let's substitute out a few select words highlighted in **red**:

*..**Art**, like economics and sociology, can never be an exact science for the reason that its subject matter deals with human beings.*

*If you can influence the **viewers**, either with or without their conscious cooperation, you automatically influence the group with which they sway. But **viewers** do not need to be actually gathered together in a **gallery** or in a **museum**, to be subject to the influences of **Art**. Because **people are** by nature gregarious **they** feel **themselves** to be members of a herd, even when **they are** alone in **their** room with the curtains drawn. **The** mind retains the patterns which have been stamped on it by the **artist**.*

*A **viewer** sits in a **gallery** deciding what **painting** to **buy**. **They** imagine, no doubt, that **they are** planning **their** purchase according to **their** own judgement. In actual fact **their** judgement is a melange of impressions stamped on **their** mind by **previous works** which unconsciously control **their** thought. **They** buy a certain **painting** because it was in a **magazine** yesterday and*



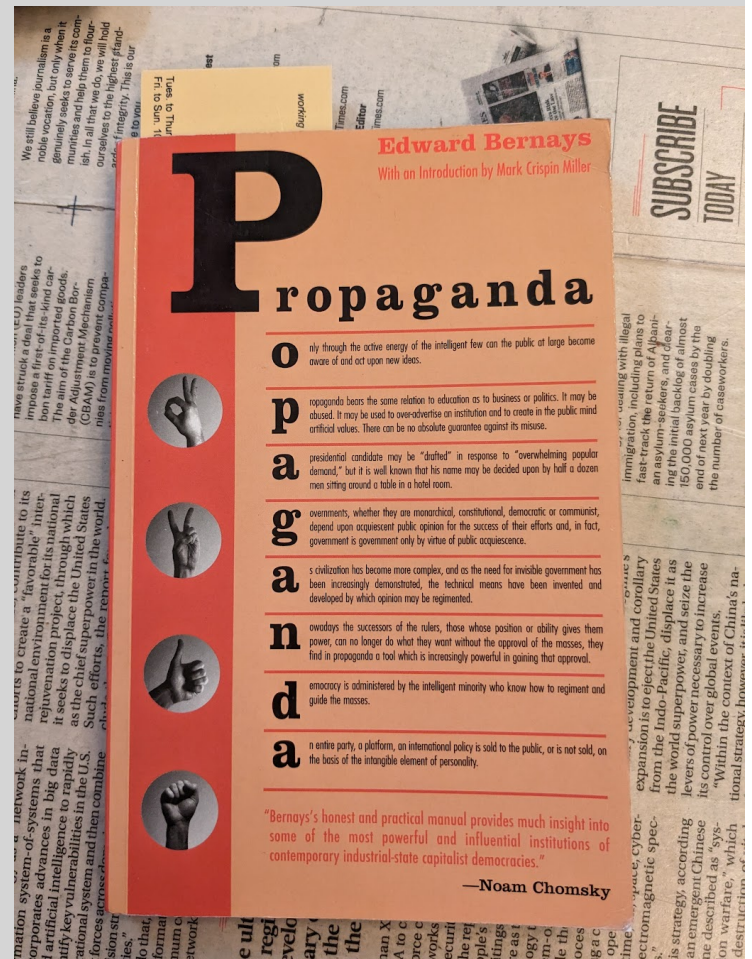
hence it is the one which comes most prominently to **their** mind; because **they** had a pleasant recollection of a good **friend who showed it to them**; because it **reminds them of a special experience**, has a reputation for **being well made**; because **they** have been told **a particular museum or celebrity has some of the artist's other works in their collection**.

See what I mean? Reading through the entire book, by substituting just a few terms the case is made for Art as a powerful force of influence in culture whether the artist means for it to be or not.

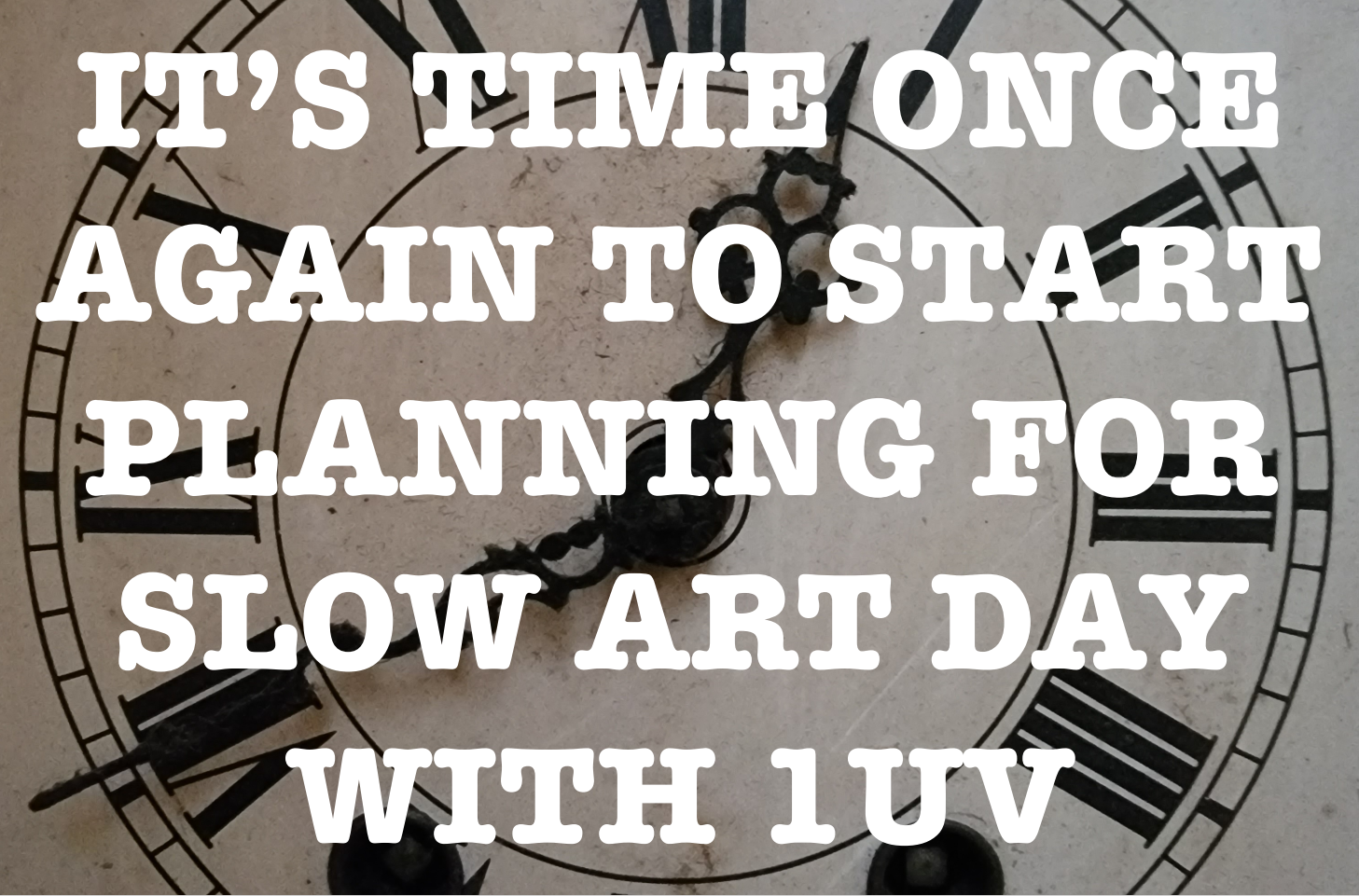
The artist's family, faith and country of origin are things that can not be changed. They are constant facts that build and inform the artist and their creative vocabulary no matter what medium in which they work; no matter what their relationship to those things may be, have been, or may become. The invention of a material that the artist may use is an historical time stamp that can not be changed. Even if the choice to use a material comes from the simplest reasons of affordability or ease of access, the use of that material becomes political in the context of history and time.

The act of making Art is by nature political and that can not be changed. Because of this, creativity and the act of making Art will always be controversial because no matter what form your finished work takes there will be others who are or have been adversely effected by the events that brought that work into existence. To exercise creativity is to be brave and accept that as fact. No one exists in a vacuum and no matter how peaceful, good and/or well meaning the artist themselves may be there will

never be consensus among all peoples about all that is good, right, just, fair, or beautiful. Governments know this and that is why in many countries, even the US, Art and artists become targets of control or other harms, even targets for murder. All Art is political and as such creativity will always be controversial. It must be. ■



# ART BUILDS CULTURE



# IT'S TIME ONCE AGAIN TO START PLANNING FOR SLOW ART DAY WITH 1UV

**Slow Art Day 2025 is  
Saturday, April 12th**

## **What is Slow Art Day?**

Officially it is an international event founded by Phil Terry. I don't know Phil 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:

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

2) Talk about it together for an hour.

Slow Art Day is an intellectual event that people of all walks of life, ability, age, bank roll, can come together around and enjoy. 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.

## **How Can I Participate in Slow Art Day 2025 with 1UV?**

There are 5 ways to participate in Slow Art Day:

- 1) As an exhibiting Artist
- 2) As a docent
- 3) As an Art exhibition Venue
- 4) As a food and/or beverage vendor
- 5) As a viewer



You may be able to participate in more than one way. For example: perhaps you are a restaurant or beverage venue that already exhibits the Art of local artists. You register to participate and the Organizer will pair you with the appropriate partner(s). Restaurants will set the price of their menu/offering for the event. Exhibiting venue will receive \$10 per ticket sold. Individual Artists exhibiting will receive \$10 per each ticket sold. Docent, if not the exhibiting Artist, will receive \$5 per ticket sold. The organizer of the event (1UV Gallery Studio) receives \$10 per ticket sold for organizing and marketing. The viewer pays for the ticket to enjoy the experience. So, here are a couple hypothetical ticket situations for an event:

1) Sally Jean is a local artist. She gets partnered with Jim Bob's Burger Barn. Jim Bob hangs Sally's paintings to exhibit on Slow Art Day and offers a \$20 menu. Sally Jean acts as docent and facilitates the discussion portion of her ticket. The Organizer collects the registration and ticket fees and pairs Sally Jean with Jim Bob's, prints marketing materials and helps promote the event. The event happens at Jim Bob's Burger Barn. The total ticket cost for Sally Jean/Jim Bob's Slow Art Day Event is: \$50. Sally Jean receives \$10 per ticket sold. Jim Bob's receives \$30 per ticket sold (\$20 for menu and \$10 for being exhibiting venue). The Organizer receives \$10 per ticket sold. The viewer buys the ticket for \$50 and has a great experience! And who knows? Maybe Sally Jean sells a painting.

2) Gupta owns a gallery and exhibits the work of three artists. He partners

with Jerry's Wine Bar just a block away. Jerry's Wine Bar offers a \$25 tasting menu. Gupta hosts the exhibit/viewing portion of the event then acts as docent and facilitates the discussion portion of the event at Jerry's Wine Bar. The Organizer collects the registration and ticket fees and pairs Gupta with Jerry, prints marketing materials and helps promote the event. The event starts at Gupta's Gallery and finishes at Jerry's Wine Bar walking distance away from Guptas. The total ticket cost for Gupta/Jerry's Slow Art Day Event is: \$80. Gupta receives \$15 per ticket sold (\$10 for exhibiting and \$5 for acting as docent). Each exhibiting Artist receives \$10 per ticket sold. Jerry's receives \$25 per ticket sold. The Organizer receives \$10 per ticket sold. The viewer purchases the ticket for \$80 and has a great time. And who knows? Maybe Gupta sells some Artworks.

3) Vu is a property manager with a vacant store front. Vu registers to participate as an exhibition venue. Daniella is a sculptor and registers to participate as an artist but will be out of town on the day of the event so her sister, Gloria registers to participate as a docent. Gustavo has a food service business that doesn't have seating. He registers to participate as a food vendor. The Organizer collects the registration and ticket fees and pairs Vu,

Daniella, Gloria and Gustavo, prints marketing materials and helps promote the event. Gustavo makes finger food/snacks and agua frescas. He sets his menu price at \$30. The total cost of the ticket is \$55. Vu receives \$10 per ticket sold AND can advertise the availability of his vacant store front. Daniella receives \$10 per ticket sold. Gloria receives \$5 per ticket sold. Gustavo receives \$30 per ticket sold. The Organizer receives \$10 per ticket sold. The viewer pays \$55 and has a great time. And who knows? Maybe Daniella sells a sculpture.

4) Happytown High School Art Class registers to exhibit the work of three graduating Seniors. The school's Rotary Club registers to make ice cream Sundays and sets the menu at \$15. The Art Teacher acts as docent. The Organizer collects the registration and ticket fees for the group, prints marketing materials and helps promote the event. The total cost of the ticket is \$70. Happytown High School receives \$10 per ticket sold. Each Senior receives \$10 per ticket sold. The Rotary Club receives \$15 per ticket sold. The Art teacher receives \$5 per ticket sold. The Organizer receives \$10 per ticket sold. The viewer pays \$70 for the ticket and has a great time! And who knows?

Maybe the Seniors sell Artwork. ■







1UV a kind Libertarian themed burn-out graphic T's size large printed on 100% organic cotton carbon neutral PACT shirts signed by the Artist are available for purchase now at 1UV Gallery Studio. \$125 USD + tax

# PUT IT THERE PARTNER

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

**Are you a: winery, food vendor, Art framer, Art materials supplier, publisher, Spanish translator, hotel or other appropriate 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 all those who have ever worked in the restaurant business or have been a “regular”.

## 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



Dreamscape #6  
40" x 40" oil on canvas from in-progress series  
DREAMSCAPES  
2023

## CHAPTER 9

So what do you feel like...

Emily let Alex hold the door open for her at Anthony's. When they left the salon he suggested they go to Anthony's because he didn't want to make her feel uncomfortable in her efficiency. She appreciated that. The truth was, Alex wasn't ready to see Emily's private space. He thought he might be tempted to be prematurely forward and didn't want to deal with the temptation. It had been five years since he had kissed a woman let alone been fully intimate.

The hostess seated them at the same table where she had sat with Evan on Sunday. Alex sat where Evan had been seated.

"So what do you feel like? Everything I've ever had here is good." Alex said.

“Yeah. I know. I don’t know...they do a nice steamed clam appetizer with a white wine broth.” Emily smiled. Alex remember his dream from earlier in the day and considered telling Emily about it. Emily saw on his face he was struggling with something.

“What is it?” She asked, concerned.

“Oh, nothing.” Alex shook his head. Emily squinted her eyes in a scrutinizing way. Alex looked at her with soft eyes. “Really. It’s nothing. The clams are perfect.” Emily smiled and looked back at her menu.

“Hmm. Did you see the special? The clams, house baked focaccia, Caesar salad, antipasto tray with house marinated olives and house cured meats, sautéed asparagus and spaghetti agile e olio with imported spumoni for dessert for two. That sounds amazing.” Emily said looking up at Alex who was staring at her with a dreamy look in his eyes, head slightly cocked to the right. Emily reached across the table and touched his hand stirring him from his daydream.

“Um, yes. That sounds perfect.” Alex said picking up the wine list. “I get to pick the wine.” He said scanning the whites section. “How about a bottle of Prosecco?” He asked. Emily nodded.

“Sounds good to me.” Emily nodded at the waiter who was watching from near the bar. He came over and Emily ordered the meal. Alex ordered the wine. As the waiter walked away he reached for Emily’s hand to hold. He wrapped his long fingers around her soft pink hand and lightly rubbed the inside of her palm with his finger tips. Emily blushed but didn’t pull her hand away.

“I’m sorry. I haven’t done this in a while. Tell me if I’m doing it all wrong.” Alex said to his date. Emily was looking at the table still. Other than a tea light and small bottle of olive oil their hands were the only thing on the table.

“You’re just fine. I don’t date a whole lot myself.” Her last boyfriend, Fred, was a stunt driver in the industry. She met him when she did hair once on a set with the last salon where she worked. Fred was working as a body double on a Vin Diesel film and got a closed head injury. After the injury he was still functional but his entire personality had changed. He became mean and sullen and after six months he had broken things off with her and she was relieved. She was sticking it out trying to be compassionate for the sweet guy she had fallen in love with, hoping his brain would allow him to return. That was four years ago now. She still got Christmas cards from Fred’s mom and sister and hadn’t ever really gotten back into dating. She had her work and friends and the annual trips to Atlantic City, or Reno, or Vegas.

“Really? I can’t believe that.” Alex said genuinely surprised. He thought of hairdressers as kind of a party crowd, but what did he know.

“Really. I don’t know. After my last boyfriend I just kind of didn’t want to be bothered anymore. You know? You get to an age when it’s just easier to stick to your own routine and devices.” Emily stated matter of factly. Alex knew what she meant. Alex was still holding her hand as the waiter returned with two glasses of water, the Prosecco, and two sparkling wine flutes. He released her finger tips to allow the waiter to arrange the items on the table between them. Alex and Emily watched as he poured the sparkling wine into the flutes then set the bottle in the middle of the table and walked away silently. Alex raised his glass in a gesture to cheers and Emily did the same.

“To sticking to your own routine and devices.” He said.

“Amen.” Emily said as she bumped her glass to his and took a sip. Alex took a sip and sat the glass on the table between them.

“When Lana died it was just so unexpected. I didn’t know who I was for a while. We were still in the newly wed honeymoon stage, you know?” Alex’s



brow furrowed. Emily didn't know about that. She had never been married. The closest was Fred, but they had never really talked about it. He made a joke about it after the accident, but it was more of a cruel jibe at her age not a joke to test the waters.

"No. I can't say I know about that." Emily offered apologetically.

"Ah well, when you first get married it's kind of like being a two headed monster. Your lives and identities merge and the boundaries of your own self become hard to distinguish from being separate from the other. At least that's how it was for us. We were very happy." Alex explained. Emily nodded in understanding.

"How did she die?" Emily asked bravely. Alex didn't even flinch.

"It was dumb. She was trying to parallel park in front of her girlfriend's house and an old woman who could barely see or hear came speeding down the street and ran right into the drivers side of the car as she was backing in to the spot. She died at the site of the accident from internal bleeding before the paramedics could even arrive." He reported without pain for the first time ever.

"Oh. That's terrible. Did she go to jail?" Emily asked. Alex huffed slightly. The waiter brought place settings, bread plates and a basket of warm bread. The couple watched silently as he arranged the items on the table and moved the wine bottle towards the wall out of the way of the basket. When he walked away Alex continued.

"Oh, goodness no. I had to fight in court to have her license revoked. Her son was some high power attorney and her late husband had been a circuit judge. She acted as if my Lana had been an inconvenient hoodlum. The whole thing was horrendous. I finally told my attorney to pull the trump card." Alex stopped to take a sip of his wine. Emily was appalled at the story.

"And what was the trump card?" She asked incredulously.

"That Lana was pregnant." Alex sighed and slumped in his chair slightly. Emily's nostrils flared as she swallowed the wine in her mouth.

"Are you serious?" She asked rhetorically.

"Most definitely." Alex nodded. "And I only learned about the pregnancy when they let me see her body at the hospital. She was not quite three months and she hadn't told anyone yet. Her mother had five miscarriages in the first trimester. That's probably what made her keep it to herself." Alex added as the waiter returned once again with two bowls. One filled with clams and the other empty for the shells. He placed them on the table, again rearranging plates and glasses so both Alex and Emily could reach easily. Then he placed a large spoon in the bowl of clams and produced two small seafood forks wrapped in a napkin from a pocket in his cafe apron. It smelled delicious, Alex thought. The waiter asked if they needed any bread.

"No. We haven't even touched what's here yet." Emily smiled. The waiter nodded and walked away once again. Emily turned back toward Alex.

"Well I can understand that." Emily had never been pregnant, but she could put herself in another woman's shoes. Her period had been late a few times with Fred. Emily spooned a few clams onto her plate and offered the handle of the spoon to Alex.

"I just love shellfish." Emily said pulling a clam from its shell and popping it in her mouth.

"Me too." Alex said. He almost added that Lana made it for him but stopped himself. Lana wasn't the woman at the table with him. It was Emily. Alex pulled a piece of bread from the basket and dipped it in the broth in the bowl in the center of the table. It was delicious. "Do you cook?" Alex asked Emily between bites. Emily laughed.

“Hardly. Like I said, my apartment is an efficiency. I have two electric burners and a toaster oven. It doesn’t really allow for elaborate cooking. I mean, I manage. Simple things, you know? Eggs, a pot of soup, baked potatoes. Nothing fancy. It’s not that I can’t cook. I can. I used to cook when I lived on the farm but that was years ago and I don’t really miss it. I’m a simple kind of gal. How about you?” Emily pushed a piece of broth soaked bread in her mouth and chewed waiting for Alex’s reply.

“Me? Cook? Now that’s a funny joke. I have a freezer full of hot pockets and Amy’s Kitchen dinners. And I eat out a few times a week. Oh...but I guess I do make a mean slice of toast for breakfast.” He joked. Really this was all only a half truth. While he wasn’t the cook Lana had been he did know how to make a lot of things because he helped Lana in the kitchen. They cooked together a lot of the time. He had just stopped enjoying food after Lana died and the hot pockets and frozen dinners were enough to fill his nutritional requirements. But he didn’t think any of this was important for Emily to know and he never wanted to cook with another woman the way he had with Lana. Somehow it was too intimate. He liked that Emily wasn’t big on cooking. He wanted to change the subject. “I remember you mentioned the farm before. What was that all about?” Alex asked surprised. Emily swallowed her last clam and took a sip of wine.

“Yeah. I wasn’t there long. Only a year. It wasn’t what it was supposed to be.” She winced a bit at the memory.

“What do you mean?” Alex pushed the bowl with all the empty clam shells to the edge of the table for the waiter to pick up and poured both of them another glass of Prosecco.

“Well, it was supposed to be a co-operative kind of thing. We all had our own room and shared the living space and had assigned jobs on the property. It was pretty big. Like thirty acres I think. I cooked four days a week and mucked cows two days a week. There were fifteen of us that lived there full

time and there were a few part time help. I had to interview for the spot and everything. It was like a job interview. So, once I was accepted, I had to pay in on the property tax. Two of the others, a couple, owned the property together. Once you paid in on the property tax, then you also were entitled to a share of the profits from the farm. We made artisan cheeses. We had cows, sheep and goats. Anyway, most of the others had known each other a long time. They had grown up together. Just me and a couple others had been brought in through the interviews and after a couple months or so they stopped hiding the fact that they all kind of shared each other. You know? They were all having sex with each other. It was nothing to walk into the common living space in the main house and find five or six of them naked and going at it. I’m no prude, but I wasn’t expecting that and wasn’t interested. I stayed on for a year but decided to move on with my life. It just wasn’t my scene.” Emily explained. Alex was fascinated. He didn’t know such places existed.

“Really? Wow. That’s wild. You still keep in touch with any of them?” He asked.

“Yeah. One of the other women that they brought in through the interview process left around the same time as me for similar reasons. She lives in Boston now. Went to law school when I went to beauty school. We exchange Christmas cards and last time she was in town we got together for drinks.” Ann was a successful patent attorney in Boston. She and Emily had little in common other than their time on the farm, but they liked and respected each other enough to keep in touch. “How about you? Do you keep in touch with Lana’s family?” Emily ventured asking. She wasn’t sure how she was going to feel about any of the potential ways he might answer. Alex wasn’t expecting this question. His eyes went dark for a moment. “Oh, I’m sorry. If that’s too personal you really don’t have to answer.” Emily said quickly as the waiter came and cleared the used plates and place settings and replaced them with fresh place settings. Before he walked away he said he would be right back with the salad and antipasto tray. Alex waited until the waiter was back in the



in the kitchen to answer.

“No. It’s fine to ask. I don’t talk to them. They asked me to not keep in touch.” Alex hadn’t thought about Sandy and Dick for some time now. They had all been so close and it had hurt when they asked him not to call anymore, but he had understood. It was after that he decided to get rid of everything and sell the house. Many of Lana’s things he had mailed to her sister. He never heard a thing back from any of them. “It was hard for everyone when Lana died.” He answered as the waiter returned with the salad and meat tray. Emily asked for more bread to go with the meats and cheeses. The waiter took the basket and disappeared. Alex and Emily were silent for a few moments as they served themselves salad and chewed.

Alex finally broke the silence telling Emily about a French film he had recently watched on Netflix. The rest of the meal went on pleasantly with light conversation about movies they had both seen and liked or hated. As they finished up their spumoni Emily was telling Alex about how her mother liked to watch The Ten Commandments every Easter when she was a kid.

“My mother has seen that movie so many times she must be getting into heaven for sure.” Emily laughed. Alex looked serious. “What?” She asked him. Alex shook his head.

“I don’t believe in heaven.” He said flatly. Emily was shocked and thought maybe he was joking.

“What? You don’t think there’s a lovely place where Lana is waiting for you and you’ll see her again?” She asked. Alex wasn’t joking. She could see from his eyes.

“I dream about her sometimes. So I get to see her, but no. I don’t believe in heaven, or hell, or God or the devil or any of that. I believe in Math.” Alex said putting his spoon down. Emily didn’t know what to say. She was going to have to sleep on it. The date

had been so nice so far, but she wasn’t sure she could be with someone who didn’t believe in God.

***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 10 in the October issue of 1UV MONTHLY.*

**Did you enjoy Chapter 9 of *The Shifting Light* but missed out on one or more previous chapters? Not to worry. You can catch up in digital editions of previous issues of 1UV MONTHLY online at [1uvgallerystudio.com/1UVMONTHLY](http://1uvgallerystudio.com/1UVMONTHLY).**


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## CREATIVE SPIRITUALITY

A column about the spirituality of this Creative

### LEARNING REIKI

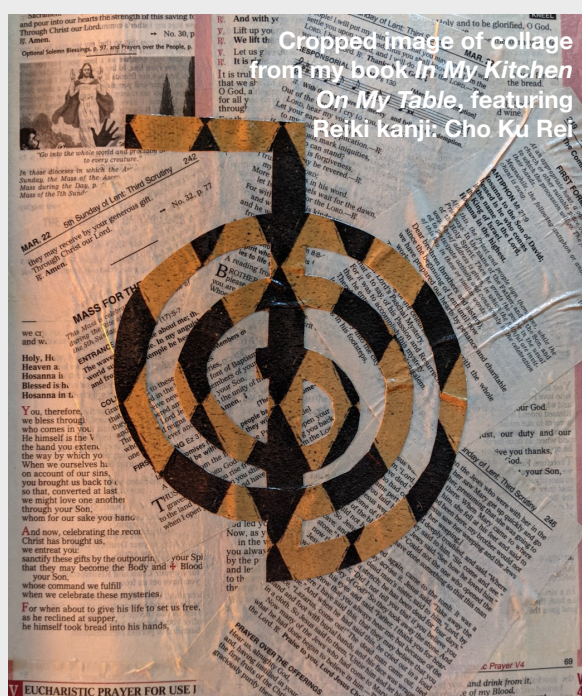
About 18 years ago my chronic pain was so bad my primary care physician prescribed Vicodin for me to take daily. I hated it and resisted taking the medication until the pain was so bad that I couldn't move and was in tears. I was in my 20's and I wasn't happy about being prescribed an opiate. Sure it took the edge off the pain, but it didn't kill the pain entirely AND it made me feel high so I didn't feel comfortable driving, gave me grotesque dreams and made my skin break out. So, I rarely took it and just lived with the pain that makes it hard for me to move around at times. Yoga and remaining active help, but I knew it was going to be a hard road. Then, when my husband's brother was getting married we planned a trip to fly to Australia to attend the wedding and have a (rare for us) vacation. I knew the flight was going to be hard. Flying always makes my pain worse. So, I took my Vicodin with me. The adrenaline of going through customs and the excitement of being in a country so far from my own for the first time blunted the pain until we settled in for the night and were getting ready for bed. The pain hit me like a ton of bricks when I lay my head on the pillow. Reluctantly I reached for the prescription and took a single pill. The dreams I had that night were gruesome and it was also the first time it caused me to itch. After a restless night of nightmares and itching I woke up unrefreshed and decided that I wasn't interested in taking opiates ever again. We enjoyed our trip but I still had the pain to deal with. I was resigned to that fact.

Then, the day after we returned State Side I was walking down Castro Street and came to the East/West Bookshop. A sign was out in the sidewalk that said: "Today! Reiki with Reta Coolin. Inquire Within." Just the night before I was talking on the phone with my mother and she mentioned learning about Reiki from a friend while I

was in Australia. It sounded interesting and I was hurting. I wandered in the store and inquired. I had to wait for Reta to finish with a client, but after 45 minutes of browsing the store she was ready to see me. It was a leap of Faith and it was one of the best choices I've ever made in my life. My first Reiki session was profound and I indeed had a significant level of pain relief after. It wasn't gone, but it was much more bearable. I cried with joy and asked Reta where she had learned the technique. She showed me a couple books at the store and told me about a friend of hers that had a couple classes coming up in the next couple months. I made an appointment to see Reta again and purchased the books she recommended. Two months later I did my Reiki Level 1 and 2 training and certification with Ashanna Solaris in Pacifica, CA. A few years later I did my Level 3 and Teacher training and certification with Brenda Siemering-Wahl in Bodega, CA and a few years after that I repeated the Level 1 and 2 as a refresher and also as a bonding experience with my husband when we visited Maui. That training was with Mr. William Lee Rand, the author of the text book I and most other teachers in the US use when offering Reiki training.

The experience of the classes as well as every opportunity I have had to work with a client has been moving and deeply personal. My experience with the technique and the routes it has lead me on to new and interesting topics of study and interest have been life

changing and catalyst for personal growth. And on top of it all, Reiki has helped me with my pain management and kept me, thus far, from requiring further use of prescription drugs. On more than one occasion I honestly believe Reiki has saved both my life and the lives of loved ones. It's not a religion and requires no specific religious belief. It does require a belief in the human spirit and the resiliency thereof. People ask all the time if I offer classes at 1UV and I usually say no. But this October I am offering Reiki Level 1 training and certification (see page 5) and invite you begin your own journey of deep personal exploration and growth. ■





# 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. See page 41 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 teaches 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.



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#### **LEVELS OF PATRONAGE & BENEFITS:**

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

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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](https://1uvgallerystudio.com/plans-pricing) to register for and purchase your plan today.



## 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

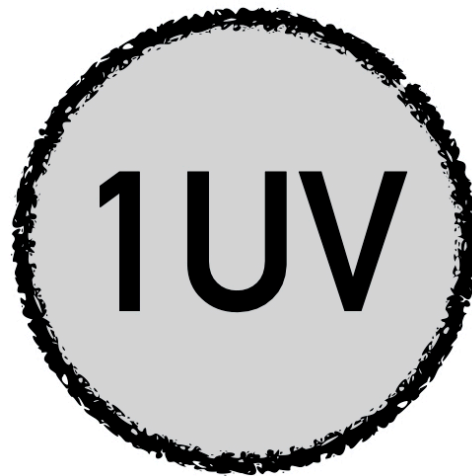
to the movies, ReiKi services, creative and spiritual consultation, bulletin board, community seating, space for taking a break from technology, organizing of Slow Art Day events, publishing 1UV MONTHLY, the annual Calendar, and a point of interest for those visiting the community from out of town. An 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.



## 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 [1uvgallerystudio.com/becomeamembergallery](http://1uvgallerystudio.com/becomeamembergallery)

**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 @ 1UV

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.

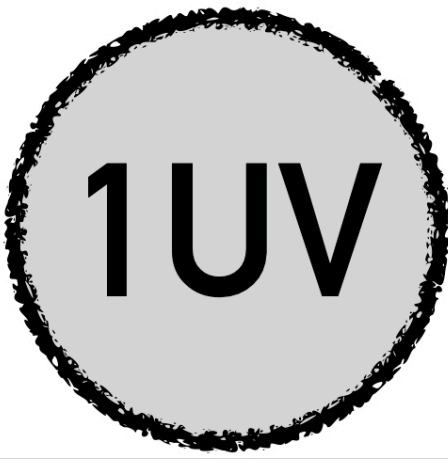
**PRIVATE CREATIVE CRITIQUES** are one hour. Actual work must be present.

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

## **SEPTEMBER & OCTOBER EVENTS SCHEDULED @ 1UV**

**All events and services are currently on hold while 1UV relocates. 1UV apologizes for the temporary interruption in services at this time and looks forward to serving you at our new soon to be announced new location.**





### **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.

## **1UV PARTNER BUSINESSES**



**14510 Big Basin Way #11, Saratoga, CA  
(408)741-1784**

## **1UV PATRONS:**

- Anonymous 1UV a Kind Art Lover
- Your name or anonymous title here!  
See page 38 to learn about the benefits and information on how you can become a 1UV A Kind Patron of Slow Art and Culture.

**1uvgallerystudio.com**

**THE BACK COVER IS AVAILABLE FOR FULL PAGE ADVERTISING OF YOUR BUSINESS, PRODUCT, MILESTONE OR EVENT. SEE PAGE 17 FOR DETAILS. THANK YOU FOR READING 1UV MONTHLY.**

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

**AS I ALWAYS AM,  
LARISSA**

# HIGH TIDE

## PROPERTY MANAGEMENT

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**Santa Cruz County's Premier Property Management & Leasing Experts**

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- **Expert Marketing:** We showcase your property to attract the perfect tenants, with a focus on luxury and lifestyle.
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*Email:* [kaicie@hightideresantacruz.com](mailto:kaicie@hightideresantacruz.com)

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**High Tide Property Management - Sherman and Boone-Kaicie McMurray - LIC: 01827412**

