

1UV MONTHLY - ISSUE 12

OCTOBER 2024



Detail image of the 2012 Art Installation: Graveyard
Dead bees collected from Oakland, CA's Jingtowntown neighborhood and varieties of corn in specimen bottles
Exhibited in 2012 at The Clock Tower Studio Gallery in Oakland, CA

AN INDEPENDENT SLOW ART & CULTURE MAGAZINE



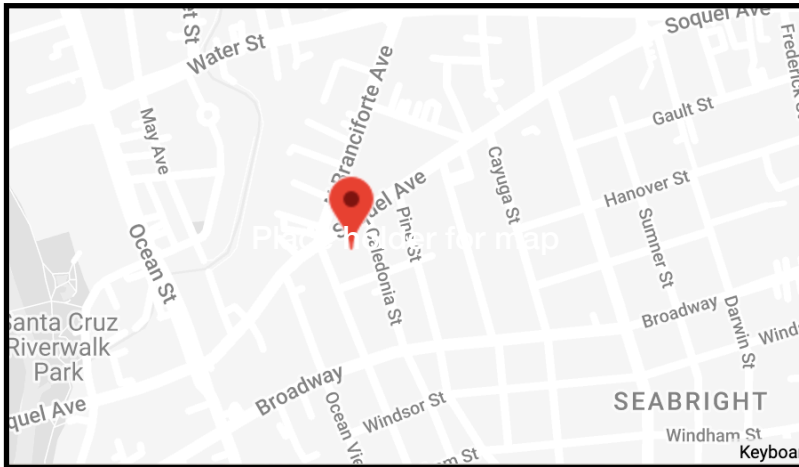
**BY 1UV GALLERY STUDIO
NOW IN MIDTOWN SANTA CRUZ, CA**

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



1UV MONTHLY is written, edited, & published by the multidisciplinary conceptual Fine Artist, Craftsperson and Reiki Master/Teacher, Larissa. Larissa owns 1UV Gallery Studio located at 716 Soquel Avenue, Santa Cruz, CA 95062, where, in addition to writing and publishing 1UV MONTHLY, she designs, fabricates and exhibits her Art, offers creative services, & hosts creative social events.

1UV Gallery Studio is open to the public Thurs.- Sat. 11AM - 6PM, or by private appointment, as well as for scheduled special events (admission fee may apply).



1UV MONTHLY is published for the main purpose of informing community of the products, services and events offered at 1UV Gallery Studio in Midtown Santa Cruz, 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, see page 36 for details. Request to contribute does not guarantee inclusion for publication. Guest contributions may not include advertising. For advertising pricing see pg. 36 for more information. 1UV MONTHLY is a free periodical paid for and distributed by 1UV Gallery Studio, and supported by paid advertising.

ISSUE 5 CORRECTIONS & REDACTIONS:

See “Letter to/from the Editor right.

LETTERS TO/FROM THE EDITOR:

Dear Valued Reader,

I dedicate this issue to the highest good of all humanity and those brave enough to study anthropology, lest we forget that we are all human.

Always,
Larissa

Have a comment, question, or complaint?

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

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

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1UV MONTHLY

OF NOTE OCTOBER 2024

A “CORNY” ISSUE

Grains Of Truth

I share these grains of truth from 1UV’s new Midtown Santa Cruz location. Let me begin by expressing my pleasure and reserved excitement about my new location to my new Midtown Neighbors, both business and residential. I live in Santa Cruz County and Santa Cruz is home. My property taxes support Santa Cruz schools. I shop at Santa Cruz markets. I frequent Santa Cruz attractions like the Boardwalk, among others. So, it makes sense that I would have my storefront business in Santa Cruz as well. I’m happy to be here, even if the journey to the space has been less than pleasant. My new space is twice as big as the old one and requires much less time in the car. I hope Midtown appreciates what I have to offer as much as I appreciate the space in which I have to work.

To the community of Saratoga, I’m sorry things didn’t work out differently. I’m sorry I wasted my time and money in your community, and I hope the County of Santa Clara will see fit to award me with recompense for the money wasted on my efforts to build a thriving business there. No one I have spoken to anywhere has ever heard of a property manager or owner not being able to provide a renter with an accurate address. Folks also have trouble understanding how any property manager could question the validity of my request/demand to be provided with an accurate address. But none of that is either here or there. It is what it is and I am just grateful to have found not only appropriate accommodations, but better ones at that. In a future issue I will report on what the Santa Clara County Court finds on the whole situation on October 11th. So...on with this corny issue of 1UV MONTHLY.

Corn is interesting. Really. It is. It’s painstaking cultivation by human hands over thousands and thousands of years are what have allowed our species to become what we are. And that cultivation will dictate the future of our species as well. Many of the effects of corn propagation have been positive, but as the pendulum of cause and effect continues to swing *(cont. next pg.)*



In This Issue...

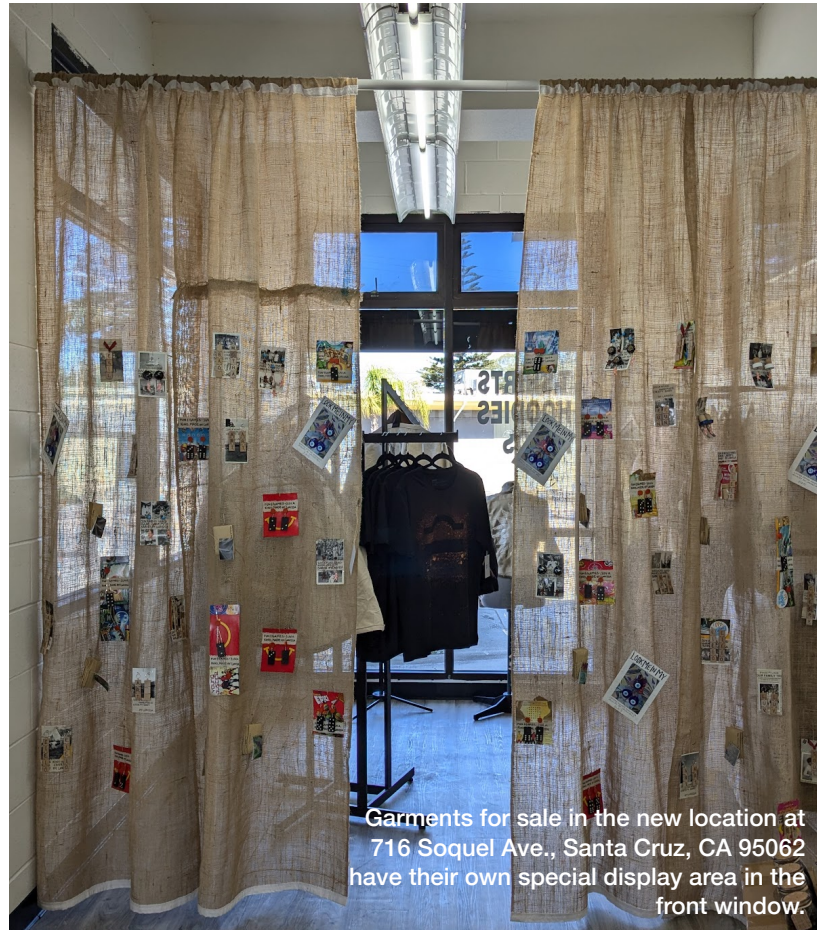
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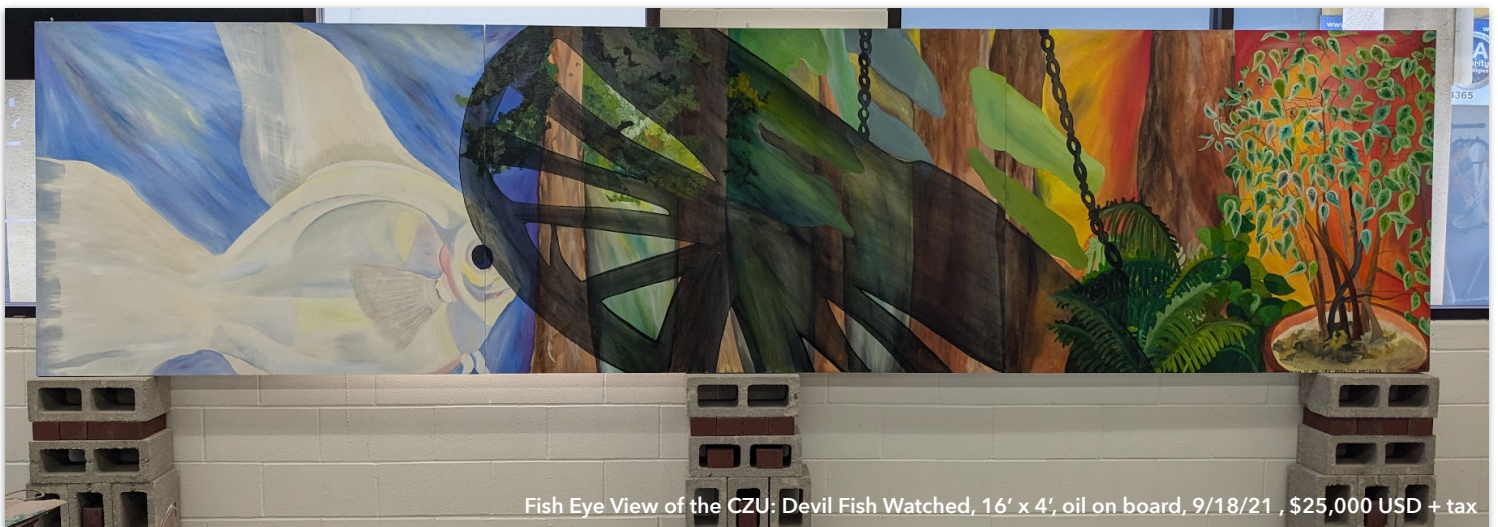
we will see just what corn has in store for us and our planet. In the following pages I explore history, techniques of farming, techniques of preparation, consumption, as well as spiritual uses and applications of the tiny but mighty grain we know as corn. Love it or hate it, allergic or not, corn feeds the soul of humanity. None of us would be here today without it. All jokes aside, I invite you to consider the huge influence of corn on your day to day life. You'll be amazed the places you find corn's power and force. ■

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Garments for sale in the new location at 716 Soquel Ave., Santa Cruz, CA 95062 have their own special display area in the front window.



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



Reiki I Training & Certification

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

Time & Location:

Date and time to be scheduled upon registration request.
716 Soquel Avenue, Santa Cruz, CA 95062.

About the event:

If you have spent much time near or 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**



All yoga props, meditation seats, pet cushions, and keepsake quilts at 1UV are made with up-cycled, recycled, vintage and/or antique materials. Shop existing inventory or schedule an appointment to have a custom piece made with YOUR textiles that are ready to be recycled.

1UV a kind recycled textiles

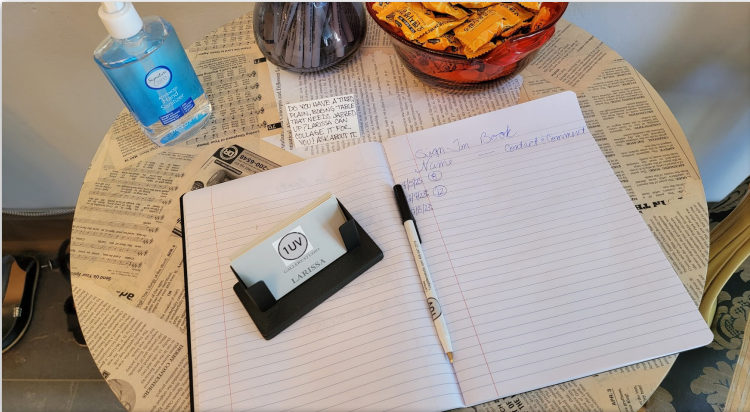
Starting at \$200 USD + tax



1 UV a kind WOMEN'S, MEN'S & GENDER NEUTRAL garments by Larissa ONLY at 1UV

Assorted items starting at \$125 USD (+ tax)

Shop existing garments Thursday through Saturday from 11AM 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 luvgallerystudio.com or add your email to the sign in book next time you visit in person.

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.luvgallerystudio.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.



My Border Collie, Brody, loves the new space in Midtown and looks forward to meeting you and your pooch when you visit.

THE POOP SCOOP

A column for Dogs & their People

DOGS ARE WELCOME AT 1UV

One of the best things about Saratoga was all of the doggies I met and got to know. Yes, dogs are welcome at 1UV, so long as they are socialized and are not destructive. When 1UV was in Saratoga my Fur Babe, Brody didn't like coming with me. The drive down 17 was more than he wanted to deal with, so he opted to stay home. Now that 1UV is closer to home he has been much more open to accompanying me. He's a very friendly dude. He's laid back and silly and loves meeting new people and dogs. So, on the days he's with me at 1UV

don't be shy. Come on in and say hi and bring your Fur Babe along to say hi as well. Brody is very gentle...a lover not a fighter. Though he is possessive of his Mummy and his stuffed babies. And, he's Border Collie, so he'll probably try to herd you and your Fur Family. He can't help it. That's just the way a Border Collie rolls. ■

Are you interested in writing an article for The Poop Scoop? See pg. 36 for submission details.

Does your Fur Babe live with a chronic condition? Make an appointment for a Reiki session to support your Babe's pain management and/or recovery. See pages 37 and 41 for more information on Reiki and appointments.



LIVING POETIC

A column for original poetry

The following poem titled: *For No Other Reason (Boots On The Floor)* is inspired by the story of my ancestors immigration to the United States. It appears on pages 17 and 18 in the short collection of poetry: *Sophia Was Pushed - but the moon broke her fall*, that I self-published in 2011.

FOR NO OTHER REASON (Boots on the Floor)

Arriving on boats
Packed tight below
Blood mixed in the streets
Still crust on their feet
With mud made by tears the Mothers had shed
Watching as the children bled

For no other reason than fear of a lie
So many battle and too many die
Where was the Light when the shout came at the door
The rock through the window
Boots on the floor

Huddled in masses at the hem of her skirt
Wrapped up in babushkas ready to work
The torch looming high above all of their heads
Shone through the darkness revealing shadows of the dead
Carried in hearts and locked with a key
Names never again whispered haunt me daily

For no other reason than fear of a lie
So many battle and too many die
Where was the Light when the shout came at the door
The rock through the window
Boots on the floor

The stories they whisper
Fall soft on my ear

I'll share them with you if you can bear to hear
Of all those left nameless
Cold in the mud
Eyes turned to God
Hands covered in blood

For no other reason than fear of a lie
So many battle and too many die

But at the hem of her skirt they found a glimmer of hope

A new name
A new country
The option to vote
As feet touched the slick wood of the dock
A pact was made never to talk
Of the darkness they fled for the life they desired
To work eat and pray and sleep when tired

The home left behind was smashed to the ground
Since they weren't there to hear
It fell without sound

For no other reason than fear of a lie
So many battle and too many die
Where was the Light when the shout came at the door
The rock through the window
Boots on the floor



Chicha Morada is made with Peruvian purple corn.

LIMITED PALLET

A lacto-ovo vegetarian centered column

A SIP OF HUMANITY: Chicha Morada at PISCO
14486 Big Basin Way, Saratoga, CA 95070
 Mon.-Thurs. 11:30AM-2PM & 4PM-9PM,
 Fri.-Sat. 11AM-10PM, Sun. 11AM-9PM

Eduardo Torres, manager of PISCO, loves serving Chicha Morada, the most celebrated beverage of his native country, Peru. PISCO, owned by Humberto Vasquez, opened in downtown Saratoga in 2015 and specializes in ceviche dishes, one of the most popular foods served in modern day Peru.

At 496,200 square miles, Peru is the third largest country in South America, boasts nearly 2000 miles of Pacific Ocean coast line, is bordered by Ecuador and Columbia to the north, Brazil and Bolivia to the East, and Chile to the south. Francisco Pizarro, accompanied by Diego de Almagro and Hernando de Luque, in their quest for gold, conquered the Inca in 1524, claiming the country for

Spain and the Catholic Church. But the Spanish weren't the first to conquer the Peruvian peoples. The Inca, master metalsmiths and farmers, only arrived in Peru in 1100 AD. By the early 1400's they began to conquer the native Andean and Coastal villages, assimilating and unifying the peoples, cultures and traditions largely through their agricultural technique of terrace farming. Terrace farming in the Andes Mountains allowed the civilization to produce higher quantities of maize, quinoa, mayocoba beans, winter squash, aji amarillo, potatoes, cotton, peanuts and yuca. Early Peruvian peoples were master textile and garment makers with a diet that was largely vegetarian. Consumption of meats such as: camelid, duck, guinea pig or wild game like deer and vizcacha were reserved for special occasions only. Seafood was something that was mostly reserved for those living at the immediate coast as it did not travel well up the mountainside. Seafood and meat became more popular in Peruvian cuisine because of Spanish Colonial influence with dishes like paella. Rice was not native to Peru but was brought by the Spanish. With the labor of African and Chinese slaves brought along to do such work, it was cultivated near the coast.

Quinoa, a grain that once cooked provides a complete protein, and different varieties of corn paired with beans were the protein source of choice in indigenous Peruvian society. The marked influence of Spanish dietary sensibilities can be observed at many a Peruvian eatery, including PISCO. The Spanish colonizers of Peru viewed the Inca practices of eating potato and corn as animalistic. In Europe these crops were known but reserved mostly for animal feed or the poor. These dietary characteristics, particularly when observed along side the Inca's spiritual celebration of the natural world in their religious practices, were considered signs of mental inferiority and spiritual corruption. The Spanish wanted the Incan gold as well as conversion and obedience to Christian doctrine. In the first hour of declared war more than 7000 Inca soldiers were slaughtered. Peoples of the Americas did not have weapons such as muskets and were no match for the zeal of the Spanish demanding submission and conversion at any cost. As a woman raised in the Catholic Faith, the violent zeal of the Spanish influence is still prevalent in modern day Catholic culture and manifests itself in the practice of gossip, demonization of the "other", shaming and social coercion in religious community. As a Christian I find this behavior by anyone offensive to my own personal understanding of and

relationship with Christ. I have on a few occasions had the opportunity to experience traditional vegetarian Peruvian cuisine and it is quite delicious. I am also in awe of the skill of Peruvian textile makers. The traditional alpaca sweaters, cotton blouses and skirts and woven hats of Peru are most impressive and lovely. In 1968, Juan Velasco Alvarado overthrew Fernando Belaunde Terry and in a Socialist push to “redistribute wealth” handed over privately owned farms and oil fields to worker collectives. Unfortunately, the workers had no idea how to run the farms or the oil fields and as is the case in all historic bids of Socialism and Communism to Nationalize such commodities, Peru’s economy and position as a global player crumbled leaving the majority of Peruvians nearly destitute while the very small elite military class lived well. With few viable options of sustenance for common Peruvians, the cocaine industry boomed as a result.

Something that has survived the onslaught of Christian purity standards in modern Peruvian culture is Chicha Morada and/or Chicha de Jora, corn beverages. Chicha Morada is (most frequently) non-alcoholic and made with morada, a sweet purple variety of corn. The deep colored

juice is mixed with lime juice and spices like cinnamon and clove and enjoyed cold. Chicha de Jora is made with a yellow variety of corn and is fermented. Traditionally it is prepared by women chewing fresh corn and rolling the masticated matter into balls then allowing it to ferment and draining off the liquid. The fermented beverage was used in traditional religious ceremonies unifying the participants with the spiritual realms and dates back to pre-Incan tribes. Perhaps the making and celebration of Chicha beverages survived because of the similarity in the consumption of wine made from grapes in Catholic ritual. Whatever the reason, it is delicious and in modern day culture only ever rarely prepared with the use of human saliva. While the beverage is consumed year round it is most popularly served in October and at celebrations of All Saints and/or All Souls Day and the annual celebration of Dia de Cancion de Criolla, a musical tradition derived from the black roots of the slaves brought to Peru by the Spanish. Artists like Chabuca Granda and Arturo Cavero are Peruvian favorites and the parallel in sounds to American Creol Zydeco and Portuguese Fado are evident. Why and whenever you try Chicha, it’s a delicious sip of humanity that can be found at PISCO year round. ■



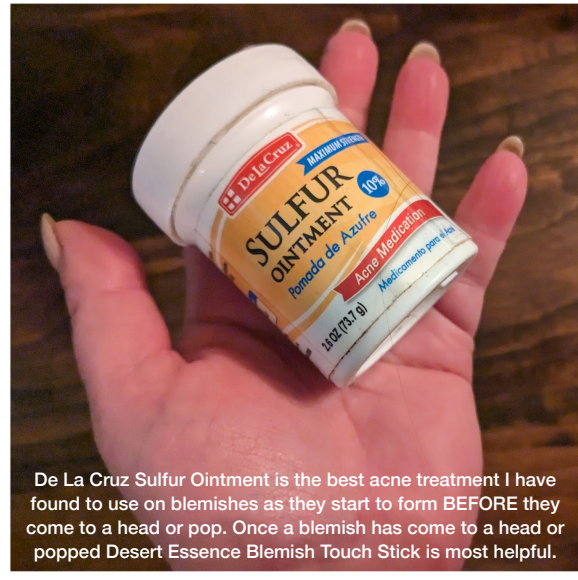
Murals by Ivan C Lopez adorn the walls of the PISCO dining room. In Incan culture birds carry significant spiritual meaning.

NATURAL BEAUTY

A column on body aesthetics

SULFUR: Clear Skin & the Scent of Evil

Sulfur may not be the first thing that comes to mind when you think of clean clear skin. It smells like rotten eggs at best, brimstone at worst. Sulfur is plentiful in the Santa Cruz Mountains. It occurs naturally in the earth and if you happen to have a well in Santa Cruz, you can probably smell it in your water. In it's purist form alone, sulfur is odorless. The notorious odor comes from the reaction of sulfur with other elements.



De La Cruz Sulfur Ointment is the best acne treatment I have found to use on blemishes as they start to form BEFORE they come to a head or pop. Once a blemish has come to a head or popped Desert Essence Blemish Touch Stick is most helpful.



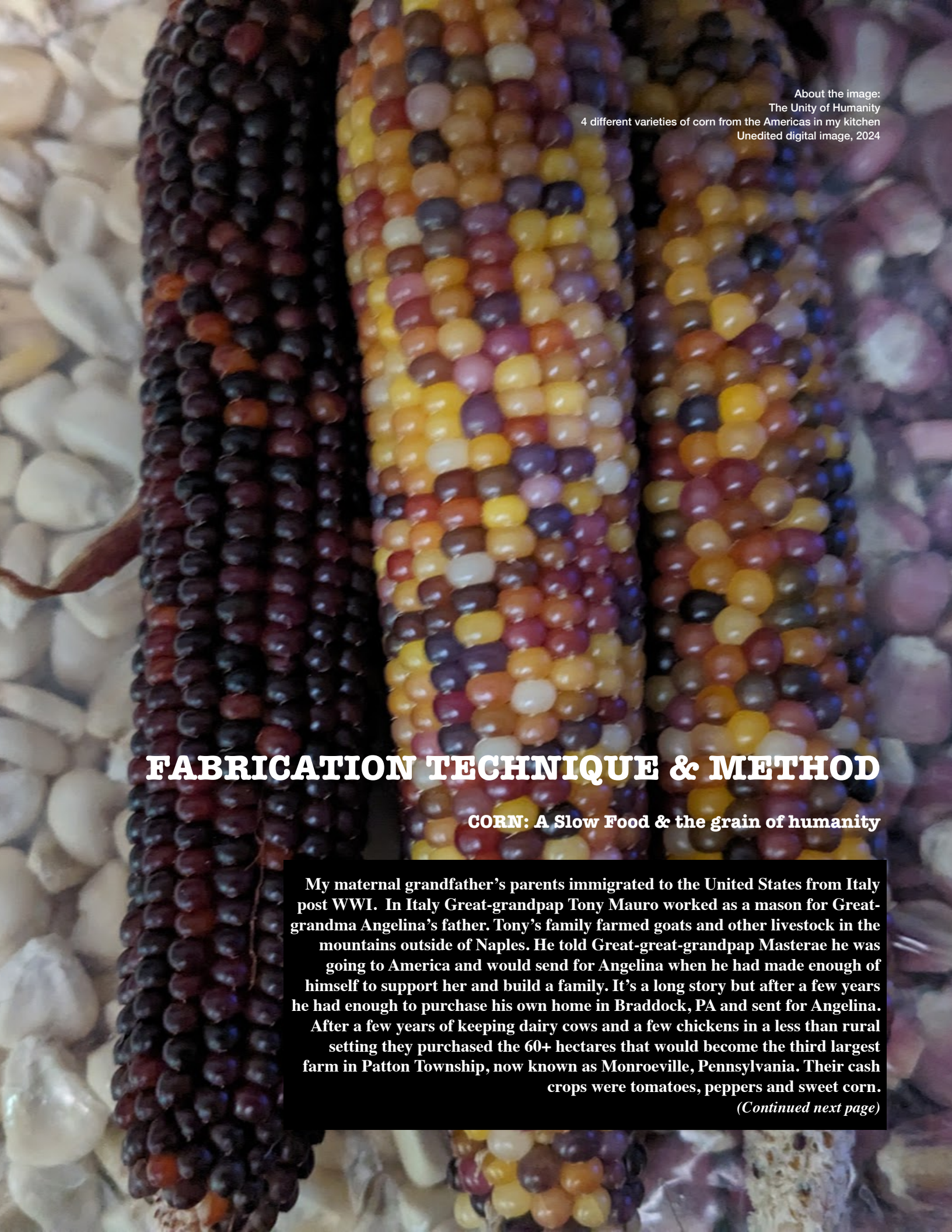
Sulfur ointment is smelly but effective.

Sulfur is the third most abundant element in the human body and is important for maintaining health. Sulfur springs have long been sought after for healing skin and other ailments. Bathing in sulfur rich water will help detoxify the skin, heal cystic acne and other blemishes. But be sure to take off your silver jewelry. Sulfur reacts with silver, particularly sterling silver, by oxidizing the surface. The jar of ointment in the photos (top) can be found at most drug stores and is very reasonably priced (under \$10). A little goes a long way. I've had this particular bottle for four years and it is just now getting low. After cleaning your skin before bed at night, dab a small amount of the ointment on each blemish. It's not the best smelling stuff, but it's not the worst either. I jokingly call it my "fart-face sauce". But who cares what it smells like when I know by the morning I will see a huge improvement in any blemish. I use this at the first signs that something may erupt on my skin and often it is remedied in only one dose over night. Sulfur aides the body in detoxifying and repair processes and is also used as a preservative in the food industry. Dried fruits are frequently treated with sulfur dioxide (one sulfur atom for every two oxygen atoms) to maintain flavor and color in the drying process. Sulfites are also part of the wine making process. So you see, sulfur is quite important.

Esalen in Big Sur is well known for it's sulfur rich hot springs. We've been there a couple times. The grounds were lovely, the massage services were fantastic and the views from the cliff-side springs are breath taking. It's an experience I highly recommend. ■



A specimen of sandstone with large sulfur deposits at a Santa Cruz County rock shop.



About the image:
The Unity of Humanity
4 different varieties of corn from the Americas in my kitchen
Unedited digital image, 2024

FABRICATION TECHNIQUE & METHOD

CORN: A Slow Food & the grain of humanity

My maternal grandfather's parents immigrated to the United States from Italy post WWI. In Italy Great-grandpapa Tony Mauro worked as a mason for Great-grandma Angelina's father. Tony's family farmed goats and other livestock in the mountains outside of Naples. He told Great-great-grandpapa Masterae he was going to America and would send for Angelina when he had made enough of himself to support her and build a family. It's a long story but after a few years he had enough to purchase his own home in Braddock, PA and sent for Angelina. After a few years of keeping dairy cows and a few chickens in a less than rural setting they purchased the 60+ hectares that would become the third largest farm in Patton Township, now known as Monroeville, Pennsylvania. Their cash crops were tomatoes, peppers and sweet corn.

(Continued next page)

As compelling and sordid as the story of the Mauro farm is, this isn't an article about my family. I only wished to establish that corn is in my blood. My Grandfather explained this and everything he knew about corn farming to me as a child. And you know what? Actually, corn is in everyone's blood both literally and figuratively. Corn and corn-based products are in products we consume daily from foods to plastics to fuel. And, like the story of my family coming to the United States, the story of humanity can not be told without talking about corn. Corn as we know it today isn't what it started out as. Corn is part of the grass family and only because of human intervention, selective breeding and cross breeding did it become the crop we now recognize as corn. It's been a long road from grass to ear and that road may be stopping short in the near future. The domestication and propagation of corn by ancient civilizations allowed for the domestication of livestock and less need for nomadism. Being able to cultivate and store food stockpiles for humans and animals alike allowed communities to come into existence, commerce to thrive and technological innovation to flourish. The irony now lays in the reality that cultivation of crops for industrial exploit is destroying biodiversity, threatening extinction of cultures and possibly humanity itself if we aren't careful. While living at The Cotton Mill Studios in Oakland, CA, I could see a giant grain silo located on the train tracks just a short distance from my loft apartment. Once a week train cars would deliver corn to the silo and once a week train cars would take the grain away from the silo. When the dried corn was being poured in and out of the silo a sweet smell similar to the aroma you encounter while waiting for the cotton candy vendor at an amusement park to whip sugar into a pastel colored cone for you. The smell was frequently nauseating. At the same time I noticed something else. There were piles of dead bees all over the place. I did a little investigating, asking around the neighborhood about the silo, the sweet smell, and the bees. I learned the silo was owned at the time by a subsidiary of Monsanto and that farms from all over the country shipped their dried crop to the silo to be redistributed to the ethanol and ranching industries. On any given day large black ethanol tankers lined the train tracks right outside my loft apartment windows in an apropos juxtaposition to the silo. I learned the bees had started to die in piles shortly after the silo became a corn depot. After speaking to some local scientists I learned that the corn smelled the way it smelled because of it's engineering. Monsanto is nearly synonymous with the genetic engineering of crops. The corn being grown and sold by Monsanto was altered to grow a special insecticide coating to create higher yields by preventing loss to insects.

This coating that grew on the kernels was what I was smelling on the transfer days from the friction of the kernels rubbing against each other. In addition to it giving me a headache and upsetting my stomach it was also killing the local bees. It is/was, after all, an insecticide. I did an installation piece at the time about the dead bees. I collected some of the bee carcasses I found around our building and neighborhood and placed them in clear sanitized specimen bottles and sealed them. In some other specimen bottles I placed different types of dried corn kernels I purchased at the grocery store. I suspended these bottles from the ceiling in a grid pattern (like a graveyard) at eye level, literally placing the issue of the relationship between the bees and corn in the viewer's face. I left the installation up for three months and observed as the bees decomposed. Some of the bees simply decomposed leaving a sparse husk, but many of them were visibly being consumed from the inside out by parasites. It turns out the corn insecticide attacks the bees nervous system making them susceptible to these lice like parasites that consume the bee alive and after death until there is no more bee flesh to consume. As the parasite eats the bee it grows larger and larger until it is actually visible to the human eye. It was a strange morbidity to live with for those three months and those who visited The Clock Tower Studio Gallery where I had the installation on exhibit were usually visibly disturbed by the piece. This pleased me. I wanted people to be disturbed. The issue is very disturbing. This genetically engineered corn that is/was being hailed as an alternative fuel savior kills bees. Without bees and other pollinators vegetation on our planet is largely sterile. Well, even with pollinators, so long as companies like Monsanto plant their crops, vegetation is becoming increasingly sterile. One of the genes most frequently altered in the lab in engineered crops controls viability. This is being done to prevent farmers from being able to seed bank, forcing them to purchase patented GE seeds from companies at prices set by the companies. This in effect makes it impossible for humanity to feed itself without paying a company for a product that used to occur naturally. When these crops are planted in the open air pollinators like bees inadvertently cross pollinate heirloom crops with GE crops. This often renders the heirloom farmers subsequent seed bank unviable AND even if it doesn't, companies can sue farmers for growing crops with their patented genetics if they have not purchased seeds with those genetics directly from the company. It is an example of the greed, moral and ethical corruption of governments and corporations. A population that can't feed itself is enslaved to those who hold the patents to the genetics. This, in addition to the implications of slavery in

the patenting of the genetics of animals (including humans) is why I believe the patenting of ANY genetic material is wrong and should be criminal. Genetics are not ideas or machines. Genetics are the fundamental building blocks of life. To own genetics is by definition slavery and I don't understand why it's permitted by culture and society. As I discuss in the article featured in this month's Limited Pallet column (pgs. 10&11), corn became a hot point of interest and driving force behind the colonization of North, Central and South Americas. Europeans were familiar with corn (and potatoes) as animal feed and a staple for the poor. General human consumption of corn (and potatoes) was frowned upon as backward and an indicator of low intellect. Consumption of corn was used by the Spanish and Portuguese as proof of the mental inferiority of the peoples of the Americas and offered as justification to European governments and the Vatican as reason to use lethal force when colonizing the New World. Ironically, these same European settlers were eventually forced to add corn and potatoes as staples in their New World diets so as to not face starvation and death. Eventually these dietary staples became celebrated commonplace additions to European plates as well. In Italy polenta gained popularity. In the UK corn became a more popular veggie to be added to soups and stews. As a grain, when paired with a legume, corn makes a complete protein.



Corn and closely related hominy, depending on the specific variety, can be dried and kept in bulk for anywhere from 2 to 25 years. When processing dried Central and South American varieties into masa harina, the "flour" used to make tortillas, papusas, tamales, and sopas, the grain goes through nixtamalization. Nixtamalization involves boiling and soaking the dried kernels in alkaline lime water. The lime, called cal, changes the color and texture of the kernels as well as increases the levels of vitamin B3 and calcium. Recently I made tamales in preparation for writing this article. My tamale recipe and the near fatal story of

how and why I learned to make the very involved classic Central and South American dish is outlined in my anthropological culinary text: *In My Kitchen On My Table* available for purchase at 1UV for \$100. In the past each time I have made tamales I have used store bought masa harina and the tamales were always good. But this time I decided to try nixtamalizing corn and grinding my own masa. The process of making the tamales, including making the sauce, masa and final product took me three days. Online research yielded a number of different takes on how much cal to use and how long to soak the kernels. Different varieties of corn respond in varying ways. The corn I had purchased came from Mercado Santa Cruz on Ocean Street, but were unlabeled. I didn't know exactly what varietal I had. I just knew it was big kernels of corn. Mercado Santa Cruz also had banana leaves. The recipe I



Tamales are packed into a steamer pot to finish cooking the masa. The filling is already cooked. Finished tamales that aren't eaten right away can be frozen and reheated at a later date.

make is a variation of a Oaxacan tamale recipe. Traditionally, in Oaxaca tamales are prepared wrapped and steamed in banana leaves instead of corn husks. I learned how to make tamales from a woman who was born in Oaxaca, but she did not teach me to make them with banana leaves because banana leaves are often difficult to come by and the audience/clients she prepared tamales for were not accustomed to the banana leaf version. I chose to stick to using corn husks when making my tamales, as is most common, because I had never used the banana leaves before and they have a markedly different character from the husks. I assume the banana leaves also offer a slightly different flavor profile in comparison to the corn husks. After reading several articles on nixtamalization I settled on 2 teaspoons of cal per three cups of dried corn, boiling for three hours then soaking over night before I rinsed and ground the grain. In total I used 9 cups of dried kernels. In all, the 9 cups of dried corn yielded approximately 75 tamales. The dough was spongier than the dough I have made in the past and the resulting tamales did not get quite as firm as they have in the past. When I do this again I will use less water when mixing my dough. I am also interested in purchasing a grain grinder. This time I used a food processor and it just didn't have quite enough power

to mash the nixtamalized corn as fine as I would like. I think the coarseness of the masa also contributed to the less than perfect texture of my finished tamales. My tamales might not have been perfect but I promise you they were far from bad. The flavor of the masa was the best I have ever had and while the masa was softer than tamales I've made in the past they were not undercooked or mushy. They held their shape when unwrapped from the corn husk as they are supposed to do. I've been served tamales made by persons native to Mexico on more than one occasion that were most certainly bad. On one occasion at a restaurant the tamales I was served were dry and tasted like cardboard. At a friend's house I nearly choked trying to swallow her dry, though flavorful, tamale. She served them proudly explaining she had worked all day on them. I have no doubt she did work long and hard on them. I smiled as I choked my tamale down between gulps of water. While I received no complaints on this most recent batch and Omar raved about them as he stuffed his face, next time I make tamales and grind my masa I will use a little more cal AND soak the corn longer, grind the corn finer, then use less water when I mix the dough. Living on a second growth redwood property in the Sant Cruz Mountains grounds maintenance is very important.



The grounds maintenance crew from Mia Bella (miabellaexpertstreeservice.com/) enjoyed the homemade tamales I served them for lunch when they were working at my Santa Cruz Mountain home, The Kitty Pants Ranch, this past June.

We hire a crew of fellas on a near quarterly basis to establish and maintain fire safety and grounds aesthetics. The work they do is difficult and dangerous and our property is far and out of the way. When they come to work I always make lunch for them. This last time they came out to work was when I made the tamales for this article. You don't ever make just a couple tamales and they are quite filling. So, timing worked out well for making tamales because I had some mouths to eat them besides mine and Omar's. Most of the guys that work for Mia Bella Expert Tree Service owned by Manuel Chavez were born in Central America. The fellas enjoy the lunch I serve. This time, when I served the tamales I also offered them the following letter of explanation:

June 24, 2024

Hello Gentlemen.

Thank you for being here to work today. This message is translated from English to Spanish using Google Translate.

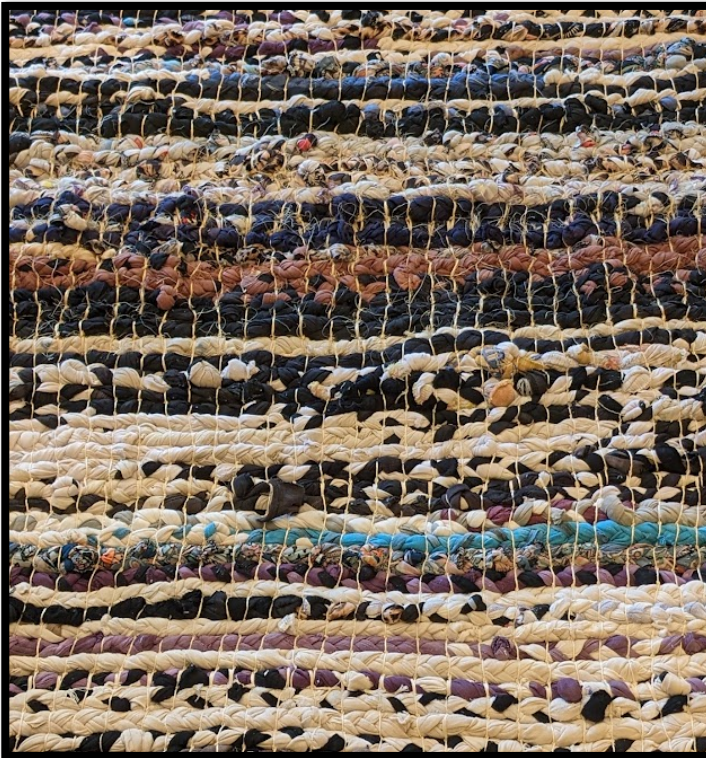
I hope you like tamales because you will be eating them for a couple days. I publish a magazine called 1UV MONTHLY. I am writing an article about corn and corn processing for the October issue. That is why you are having tamales. I needed to process the corn to take photos for the article. I have been working on the tamales for almost three days. You have three varieties of tamale today: carnitas de arbol, cactus with cheese, and sesame with dates,

raisins and nectarine. The fruit variety is sweet. The other two are spicy. You will not need hot sauce.

I learned to make tamales when I was living in Santa Rosa, California. I was taught to make them by a woman from Oaxaca. She made them for many restaurants and food truck vendors. She taught me to make them to sell for a fundraiser for a community group I no longer wish to be associated with for many reasons. She doesn't either. When I made them for the fundraiser I was exposed to infected pork from a poorly managed farm in Oaxaca and people who had worked on the farm. My husband and I and many of the people working on the fundraiser project became ill with H1N1 virus. My husband and I almost died. This happened a little more than 15 years ago. Many people did die. Most of them were undocumented persons who never went to the doctor. Doctors could do little for those who got the H1N1 virus anyway. Some people in the community burned the bodies of persons who died because the virus was so vicious. This story is factual. It really happened. I nearly died from the sickness but recovered by the grace of God. This story is one more example of why it is important to properly care for our shared planet Earth.

Thank you again for coming to do this work. I hope you enjoy the tamales, and if you don't mind, may I please take a photo of you eating the tamales for my magazine? -Larissa

Everyone seemed pleased and in the process I was left feeling closer to the Earth and connected to my own humanity. And I don't care if that sounds corny. ■



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 during posted business hours. 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 to request an in-person interview.

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



CREATIVE SPIRITUALITY

A column about the spirituality of creativity

MAKING & USING TOOLS OF RITUAL

People come in 1UV all the time and comment how making things must be so “meditative” and/or “relaxing”. I understand they think they are establishing common ground with me, but no. I do not relate to their comments. Making for me is not meditative or relaxing, though some of my work involves use of meditation techniques. When people make the comment that making things for them is meditative it is an indicator that for them Art is therapy. My Art is not my therapy. Art therapy is a field unto itself, as it should be, and is respectable. But the works created out of therapy are not for the viewer. They are for the maker. The Artist makes Art for the good of humanity. The patient does art therapy for themselves.

Other times I think people make the comment that making relaxes them or is meditative to sound intellectual. But I have worked with children and adults who were non-verbal or otherwise greatly impaired using creative tools as a way to gain access to their closed off world. While the materials used resemble those used in an artist’s studio and a drawing or painting may result from the process, it is not Art in the same way artistic pursuit is intellectual. AND, not all artists are abled in the same way. It’s important to note that persons of differing abilities are more than capable of Art for intellectual

pursuit. But what else can I expect to hear from people who do not put high value on the creative pursuit of knowledge or who devalue and minimize those who do not allot the same value to the material world as they do? Not much. Getting into a repetitive process, like the hammering required to complete the silver bowl in the photo, can get you in a zone that can induce brain

wave patterns like in meditation as a means to execute the fabrication, but that is not a goal, merely a function. While that “zone” can be satisfying or even enjoyable, it is not the goal of the work for the artist, and if it is, then the physical sensation of the meditative state is an addiction. Remaining in meditative state can be dangerous. The detachment from one’s bodily sensations can provide temporary respite from discomfort, but the discomfort still exists and in order to be a contributing member of community one must be present. This is not an argument against meditation. Meditation can be a great tool for centering the self and finding equanimity, but to do something like create painting after painting just to detach from the reality of the physical world is a self-centered pursuit and not one to be held up as desirable. While a particular outcome may be aesthetically pleasing the work lacks deeper meaning or relevance. Why make things if not to serve a greater purpose to humanity? What is the functional use of the object you have created beyond merely to make yourself comfortable for a temporary amount of time? These thoughts are some of the basis for the argument between Art and Craft. But even among Fine Art, to make something that takes up space and uses up resources simply to satisfy your boredom or relieve your anxiety is a selfish act. Real inquiry into spacial reasoning, color theory, composition, emotion, relationship...these do not require meditation, though they may benefit from it. Do you see the differentiation I am making here? To simply make to be meditative or relaxed is self serving. To use meditation as a tool in process for intellectual and creative pursuit is humanitarian. But let’s come back to

the idea of functionality and utility when making objects...this is another layer of making all together. Now we are talking about Craft, and humans have been doing it for a long long time. Making items for special use in ritual or ceremonial use goes back just as far. There is something innately human about finding personal meaning in actions performed for specific reasons and a respect *(cont. next pg.)*



This solid silver sunk, raised, and planished spouted vessel I fabricated in college was originally designed as a gravy boat. It now serves as a vessel for burning incense during spiritual cleansing ritual in my studio.



The planished surface of this sterling silver vessel took thousands of precise hammer strikes and multiple rounds of annealing over the course of at least 100 hours.

offered to those who make the items used for ritual. This is shared among all cultures across the globe. It is only the best artists and craftspeople who are asked to make items for use in spiritual or religious ritual or ceremony. The Catholic Church has a long history of commissioning original works. But the Catholic Church is not the only patron of such items. They have just historically been a big buyer. These days it is not uncommon to find highly crafted items that were originally commissioned and purchased by the Catholic Church for use by priests or works that were produced to assist in worship to turn up in antique shops or estate jewelry stores. Just this past April I was in such a jewelry store in Carmel, CA. There are many jewelry stores in Carmel. A number of them specialize in both new and estate pieces. This particular store ONLY carries high end estate pieces. A very large gold Cross was featured

in one of the cases. It hung on a thick black velvet choker with a gold capped clasp. I could tell the gold capped velvet choker was not original to the Cross. The styles of fabrication were not the same. Design-wise they were complimentary, but the Cross was obviously older. I asked to see the piece. The proprietor of the store excitedly explained to me the origins of the Cross. It had belonged to a prominent bishop from a near-by diocese. The diocese had sold the piece to raise money for something...who knows what. Perhaps it was to pay legal bills or awards to survivors of abuse...or maybe it was to pay property taxes on a property that no longer collects large sums in the basket on Sundays...or medical bills for aging clergy. Who knows? But he told me he had papers of authentication to go with the Cross. Many people might have found the information enticing, and wearing the Cross something of a victory.

For me it was a repulsion - not a repulsion of the Cross itself, but of the cheapening of an item that was designed and fabricated to invoke spiritual presence for ritual and worship by Christians. Not to even mention the complex bag of emotions that comes when thinking about the origins of the gold itself for many of the items so precious and meticulously crafted by master artisans for the Vatican. It's all so very heavy.

The silver I used to fabricate the bowl in the image above was a 10" by 10" sheet of 12 gauge sterling silver that I purchased from a smelter in the Mid-west. At the time I purchased it in the late 90's it cost me nearly \$400. When it arrived in the mail it was heavy and wrapped in layers of thin smooth cardboard. I brought it in to the studio at school and unwrapped it with my classmates. The gleaming smooth blank sheet was awe inspiring and holy feeling in and of itself. No one, other than my professor had

ever held such a piece of metal. We passed it around our classroom meeting table quietly, reverently, sliding our fingers over the smooth slick surface. It was handed back to me finally and I joked that maybe I would bezel set it and make a pendant. The design for the fabrication had been long in the works and when I finally cut the initial shape to be formed it pained everyone a little. The piece represents well over 100 hours of hand fabrication work. Originally it was designed to be a gravy boat. I had also designed a carved black walnut handle and feet but the piece was never completed. I was newly married and pregnant and miscarried while working on the piece and missed a couple very important weeks of working time in the studio. The piece remained as a bowl and because of the events that surrounded it's creation I have used it in my personal spiritual practices ever since. The ritualistic techniques required in the making of the piece, the other personal circumstances (watching the bowl swell under the strikes of my hammer as my own womb was swelling with two embryos that would ultimately not be viable) and the culmination of my college education have rendered the piece as sacred to me. It is a piece worthy of ritual. I still feel the weight of it's origins when I pick it up for use.

Sometimes I come across such items when I am collecting materials for my other works, like my Black Friday Jackets. The jacket in the photo is made of vintage binding, vintage Hungarian appliqué panels and an antique altar cloth made of fine intricately hand woven white linen. The cloth's details feature Eucharistic images of crosses, chalices and hosts. In the same vendor stall near the cloth were also other religious items that looked to have most likely belonged to a priest. I purchased the cloth for \$75. Cutting it I was reminded of the way I felt cutting into the thick sheet of virgin silver for my bowl. I was careful to not waste any amount of the cloth and cut and stitch carefully. A couple small bits of the cloth remained after the fabrication of the jacket and I still have them. Perhaps they will find their way into the details of a future work. I went back and forth about using the cloth at all. Part of me

thought maybe I should use it on my own table at home on holidays like Easter or Christmas. But then I decided I was going to make a woman's garment of the cloth. Most likely the piece was originally woven by nuns. If they were paid anything it was some stipend for their convent, not for them personally, and this bothers me. Then there are all the women who have been abused by anti-women's reproductive rights policies pushed by the Vatican, and worse yet, women who so dearly wish to be priests but are denied. I decided that the use of the cloth for such a garment was vindicating. There are women in clandestine Catholic groups who do celebrate the Sacraments and of course there are other denominations where women are welcomed. Perhaps someone like that one day will see my jacket and wish to purchase it. Or maybe a young woman celebrating a spiritual right of passage will wish to purchase it for her special occasion. Whatever the case my be, these things have meaning as do the processes and methods of fabrication and I feel honored and satisfied to be able to contribute to the story of humanity making and using the tools of ritual. ■



This Black Friday Jacket I made lists for ???? at 1UV.

FEATURED ART & ART OBJECT

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



Still in-progress PRODUCE PICKING BASKET

This in progress basket I began in 2020 is made of yarn I made from plastic produce bags from the market, cotton twine, and sisal twine. The bags used to make the plastic yarn core of this coiled basket were collected over a three year period from shopping at the market. Coiling is a common basket weaving technique of the Americas. It involves wrapping a core material connecting each “coil” with a figure eight stitch. The stitch used in this basket is called “lazy squaw” because it only uses the figure eight every three or more wraps of the core. A woman who isn’t lazy would use a figure eight stitch with each wrap. Historically, tightly wrapped baskets could be finished on the inside with bees wax making them water-tight enough to carry water to a cooking site or to catch crayfish or small fish in freshwater sources. I work on this basket when I just need something to keep my hands busy.

NFS

TRES CHIC

2022

Sterling silver,
copper, feathers
from our chickens:

Steve Holt,
Camilla, Baby
Cakes (deceased),
Tootie-Bird,
Snootie-Bird
(deceased), &
Fluffer-Nutter
(murdered)

Tibetan hook
earrings

\$175 USD + tax





UNDERVALUED ABUSED DISRESPECTED RAPED - MEDIA STUDY #5

2024

Oil crayon on bogus sketch, matted 22"x28"

Davenport Landing Beach, Santa Cruz County, CA, drawn on site

Not yet priced



UNDERVALUED ABUSED DISRESPECTED RAPED - MEDIA STUDY #6

2024

Oil crayon on bogus sketch, matted 22"x28"

Nepenthe, Highway 1 looking south at Partington Grove, drawn on site

Not yet priced

CREATIVE POLITICS

A column about the politics of Art

ART AS POLITICAL MEMORY

Cultural Symbolism Holds Society Accountable

It's no secret that history books can be written, rewritten and manipulated. It all depends on who is doing the writing and editing and what their agendas or bias are. We all have them. It's part of the human condition. There's no getting around it. Oh, and money has a lot to do with it too. Most people can be bought for a high enough price and most people view a job as a job, leaving scruples at home when it comes time to punch in for the day. So, what keeps folks honest and how is the truth of a matter uncovered when years or decades, or even centuries pass? Art leaves clues

that are often overlooked or outright ignored when in the present. These clues come in the form of materials, methodology and symbols. Materials and methodology in fabrication can point to timeline and frame. Symbols point to and reveal spirituality, morals, ethics and a greater story. Symbols are the most basic of written communication and transcend oral language and phonetics. Through study of symbols continuity in human expression and experience can be surmised even if



individuals do not speak the same modern language. While a simple letter represents a sound, a picture is worth a nearly unlimited trove of ideas. The jacket in the image center is the eleventh jacket from my Zodiackets series. The symbol repeated in the cross pattern represents the House of Aquarius (my personal zodiac sign). For persons all over the globe from myriad of cultural backgrounds those two wavy lines connote the sign of The Water Bearer, Aquarius. Aquarians have a set of

things in common both in concrete fact and in proposed philosophical model according to the allocation of the Western Zodiac system. The symbol is an agreed upon Universal. Before March 11, 2011 Aquarians were born between the dates of January 21 to February 19. Post March 11, 2011 the dates for new Aquarians became January 20 to February 18. The date change was spurred by the shift in the Earth's axis due to the Fukushima disaster. All of

these facts and ideas come with the simple presentation of this symbol. Symbols appear in paintings/images from all eras. They tease the viewer drawing you in to ask more questions, to seek more knowledge, to discern the truth of a matter you may not have been told everything about or been around to witness first hand. In this manner, humans leave a proverbial trail of breadcrumbs for others who come across their stories in the future long after they are gone. (Cont. nxt pg.)

The unsigned modern painting in the image center hangs in the bar area of PISCO Peruvian restaurant on Big Basin in Saratoga, CA. The image includes a number of historical symbols from Peruvian culture in a modern context making them available to modern humanity. Traditionally these types of images and symbols were found in pottery. They share a spiritual history of both some modern Peruvians and ancient Peruvians pre-Spanish and Portuguese colonialism and the introduction and coercion of Christianity. Animals, particularly winged animals, are sacred,

representing the transition of the human spirit/soul between worlds. It's a kin to concepts of reincarnation in Eastern traditions. Ancient Peruvians made pottery shaped like different animals as well as vessels adorned with images like the one in the painting. Pre-Columbian pottery is rare and highly prized by museums. It is one of the most frequently "faked" antiquities in ceramics. This is because Christian Missionaries/Conquistadors destroyed the

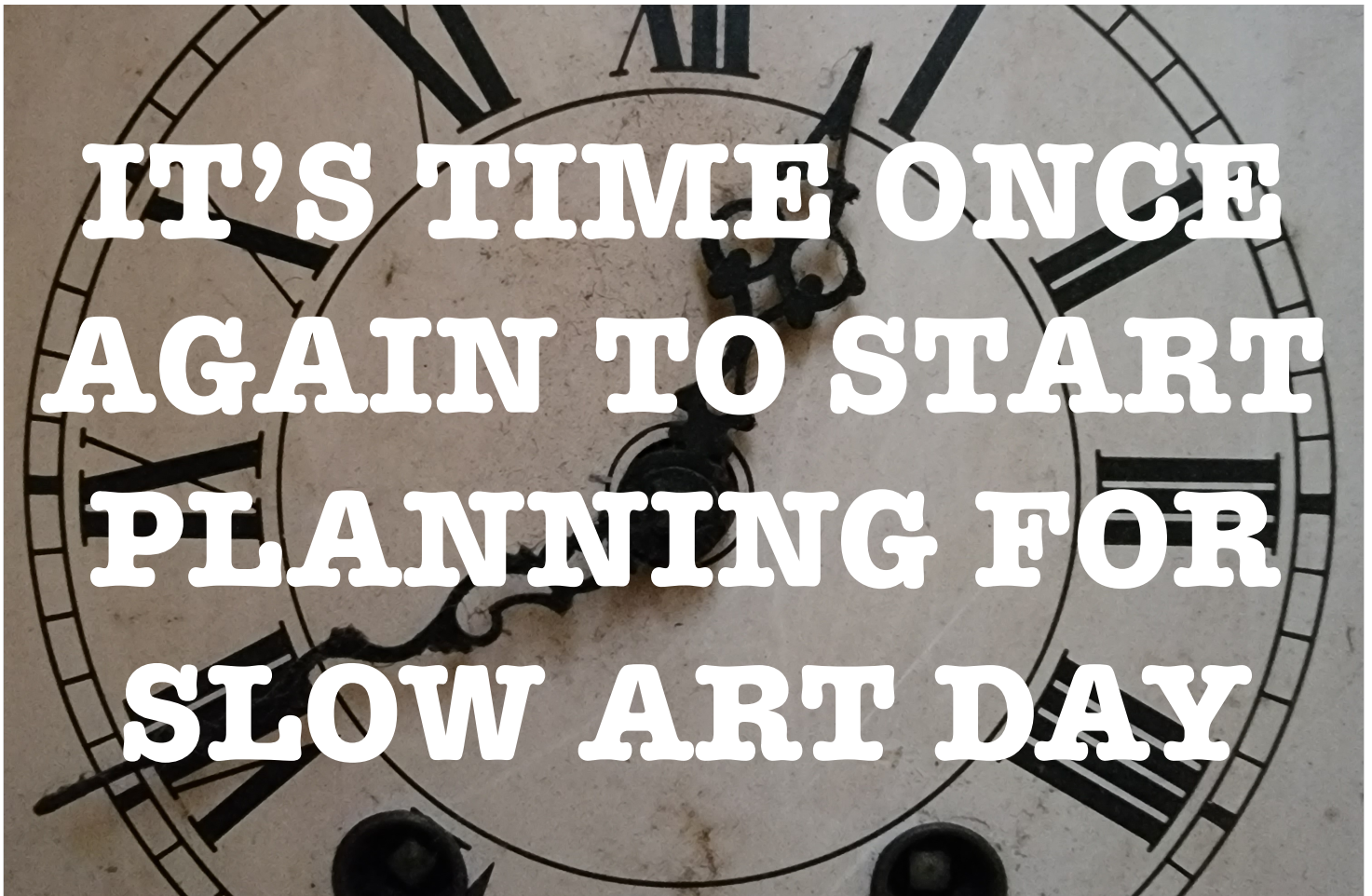
pottery in addition to melting down gold Art and jewelry made by ancient Peruvians. The belief of holding animals sacred in this way (animism) was seen as an affront to Christianity and the Vatican. Incidentally, this coercion and cruelty still exists through organizations like Cursillo who use gossip and social manipulation to control those who show any variation in the narrow view of acceptable expression of spirituality, belief or practice. Pottery shaped like animals are known widely in English as "whistle pots" because of the sounds they make due to

their ingenious methods of fabrication and construction. These unique sounds that come from such pots differ and mimic the sounds the animals (they depict) make in real life. The wind flowing through the pot and the resulting sound also represent the spirit of a passed ancestor. In this way, these Pre-Columbian vessels are reliquaries. Christian culture and tradition also include reliquary works. A reliquary is any vessel that is made to house an object or piece of a holy person, place or thing. All Catholic Cathedrals are by definition a reliquary. Pieces

of Saints bodies or belongings are placed most frequently in the Altar of a Cathedral. Sometimes they are hidden in walls or placed on display. The structure that houses the item, is a reliquary, a vessel that houses a relic. In the case of the Pre-Columbian pots, the sound that is/was believed to be a direct expression of the spirit/soul of the animals and/or ancestor is the relic. The pot is the reliquary. Symbols like the ones in the painting in the image center serve to remember these difficult histories



and facts, the ones that many books exclude and humans don't like to talk about because of shame or disgust or anger. But just because a history is uncomfortable does not mean it should be forgotten. In fact, the more uncomfortable a history is the more important it is to remember in most cases. For this reason and in these ways symbols hold Society accountable. In this way the function of the Artist is rendered as memory keeper and truth teller, historian, and often pariah of their own time. Symbols and the Artists that leave them are powerful. ■



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 organized by 1UV?

Choose 1UV 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 (ticket fee applies)

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. ■



BECOME AN OFFICIAL 1UV PARTNER BUSINESS
Like-minded local businesses partnered to grow together

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

Visit www.1uvgallerystudio.com/about/becomeapartnerbusiness to learn more.

THIS IS A COUPON!

50% OFF ADVERTISING SERVICES IN 1UV MONTHLY FOR ALL BUSINESSES OWNED AND OPERATED IN THE SANTA CRUZ MIDTOWN NEIGHBORHOOD.

SPACE IS FIRST COME FIRST SERVE.

OFFER IS ONLY GOOD IF YOU COME IN TO SPEAK WITH ME FACE TO FACE.

OFFER EXPIRES 12/31/24.

THIS IS ALSO A COUPON!

50% OFF FIRST TIME PRIVATE REIKI APPOINTMENT WITH LARISSA FOR YOU OR YOUR PET.

OFFER IS ONLY GOOD IF YOU COME IN TO SCHEDULE FACE TO FACE.

OFFER EXPIRES 12/31/24.

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



CHAPTER 10

I got a little money on a couple horses...

Pete pulled the string turning on his neon open sign. Aunt Maria was in the back prepping dough balls for pizza crusts for the day. The fresh batch of sauce she made last night was portioned into bins for the line. Pete also portioned out the pesto. They were low on saran wrap. He'd have to add it to the list for when he made his weekly trip to the restaurant supply store. The new server he hired last month, Desiree, was supposed to be there already. She was late, again. In the five weeks she had worked for Pete she had already called in three times and been late almost every day. If she wasn't there in the next ten minutes he was going to put the help wanted sign in the window and send her home if she did show up.

Pete's shoulder had been aching for three days now. It had been months since he had been able to get in to get a massage. Ellen and the baby were keeping him up at night and he felt bad. Two weeks ago he started sleeping in the guest room just so he could get some sleep. He knew Ellen was tired too but if he didn't go to work there wasn't going to be money for formula or diapers. Aunt Maria helped as much as she could but he didn't like

putting extra stress on the old woman either. He really needed Desiree to work out or he needed to find another server, preferably someone who spoke or at least understood some Italian so Pete could leave them with Aunt Maria while he ran errands. Maria understood English and spoke some too, but her accent was so thick most English speakers couldn't understand her and it was just easier to speak Italian.

When Uncle Dominic was still living things had been easier. But the second heart attack took him over fifteen years ago now. They weren't sure why he had developed heart disease. He didn't smoke and he didn't drink all that much. Maybe it was the stress from taking on raising two boys in his forties when he hadn't had any of his own and then years later getting the news one died somewhere in the desert. All that was sent back of Lenny were his dog tags. Pete didn't know what it was. All he knew is he missed Uncle Dom and his brother Lenny. He had no memory of his parents. He was only three and Lenny one when they died in the plane crash. All Pete knew for sure was he was tired as hell at the moment and his shoulder was killing him. He must have strained it moving the big pot of sauce for Aunt Maria the other day.

Pete was wiping water spots off pint glasses when Desiree finally walked in, one minute before he was going to put the sign in the window.

"Sorry I'm late, Pete." She said tucking her purse next to the small safe under the cash register.

"Sorry, my foot, Des. This can't keep happening. You either get here on time tomorrow or don't bother coming back to work at all. I had to portion all the sauces myself back there. I didn't prep the salad line though. Go back and get the bins out of the dishwasher and fill 'em and get 'em on the chill. And make sure they are cool this time before you put the lettuce and stuff in 'em." He said to Desiree's back as she slipped into the kitchen. Last week she had put the lettuce in the bins right after she took it out of the hot dishwasher. He had to throw out three

trays of slimy wilted lettuce. He could hear Maria saying something to Desiree behind the door. Maria was annoyed too.

Desiree only worked three days a week, Wednesday afternoon, Thursday afternoon, and Friday evening. Friday was the busy night; lots of high school kids on dates. Saturdays was an older sports crowd that sat longer and was less demanding and messy. Friday night tables turned over. Pete couldn't handle the floor and the bar by himself. Desiree only lived a couple blocks away. He didn't understand why she couldn't get there on time. It's not like she had to find parking or anything. She was in her mid twenties and he wasn't really sure what she did with the rest of her time. She wasn't in any school as far as he knew. If she were a better worker he would have offered her more hours just so he could run errands during the week sometimes instead of having to pack them all into the days the restaurant was closed. Hell, if she had been really good he'd open on Sundays too. But unless she straightened up he wouldn't be offering her anything but her last paycheck.

The light filtered through the front window casting shadows across the tables. Wednesday lunch crowd was usually slow but steady. Pete rubbed at his shoulder and checked all the beer taps and the soda gun. Nothing needed filled at the moment. He had done that yesterday when he got in and Tuesday had been pretty quiet. Pete saw Evan walking up the street towards the restaurant. He looked pretty happy for a change. Pete fluctuated between feeling bad for Evan and wanting to smack him silly. He was an over grown kid who never had to really take care of himself. But when he would complain about it Aunt Maria would remind him of Evan's mom and her epilepsy and he went back to felling bad for the guy.

Pete was four years older than Evan. Pete and Lenny had gone to Saint Theresa's. Evan had gone to La Jolla Prep. Uncle Dom and Aunt Maria used to own Pete's. Back then it was called Rosalia's Kitchen, after Uncle Dom's mother, but they changed the name to Pete's Pizzeria after Aunt Maria handed the

business over to him on his wedding day. Rosalia's served pastas and sandwiches in addition to pizzas. With the name change Pete changed the menu to pizza, salad and wings and business had actually increased. Anyone looking for pasta dishes went to Anthony's, and they deserved the business. It was good. Pete stuck to pizza and Anthony's did the finer dining. Aunt Maria liked the idea and was always supportive. But, while Aunt Maria and Uncle Dom were more than comfortable, Evan's family had serious money.

Evan's father had come from a family of successful gold prospectors and been a founding member of the local Free Masons. His mother, until the epilepsy got so bad, was on the board of the local Women's Association. Evan Sr. died a few years before Uncle Dom, Aunt Maria told Pete once, and his mother, Doris, stopped leaving the house not long after. She had a live-in nurse and Evan did all her shopping for her. The house he lived in technically belonged to his mother's estate. He sold some real estate here and there, but the majority of his income came from deep old family pockets. He was an only child. When his mother died he was going to be a very very wealthy man. Pete knew all this about Evan without his knowledge and to his credit, Evan rarely acted entitled and he certainly wasn't flashy. He was just childish and it was the childishness that irritated Pete sometimes.

Evan pushed the door open and a brisk fall breeze flowed in behind him. Pete was behind the bar cracking a roll of quarters in the register.

"Hey there, Pete." Evan chirped. "You could have told me Jenny worked at the drug store, ya know." Pete grinned at his friend.

"Sounds like you figured it out on your own. So did you find out? Were you a huge dick to her too?" Pete grimaced and rubbed his shoulder. Evan pulled out a bar stool.

"According to her, no. But who knows? I don't think she'd tell me unless it was something she needed to

call the cops over, and thank God I wasn't that horrible. You got the remote back there?" Evan asked. Pete hadn't turned on any of the TVs yet. Pete found the remote and handed it to Evan who pulled up the game show channel on the two small TVs and some horse races on the big one.

"No FIFA today?" Pete asked.

"Naw. I got a little money on a couple horses though." Evan said as Desiree came out from the kitchen with a bucket of bleach-smelling water with rags and tucked it under the bar. "Hi Desiree. What's new?" Evan asked. The young woman looked like she didn't know how to speak. This irritated Pete.

"Ah. Nothing?" She replied. "Pete, Maria said we're low on mushrooms." Pete raised an eyebrow.

"How low?" He asked.

"Low enough that she said we should 86 them on the menu today." What Desiree lacked in punctuality and common sense she made up for in her ability to understand Maria's thick accent. Pete sighed.

"OK. I'll add them to the produce list." He told the young woman. Desiree slipped back in the kitchen to continue the prep work that should have already been done.

"You want a beer?" Pete asked Evan. It was just after eleven thirty.

"Yeah. Why not. Make it a pitcher. Gimme the lager." Evan said putting his cell phone on the bar where he could see it. Pete filled the pitcher and reached for one of the pint glasses he was just polishing. He sat them on the bar in front of Evan who was scrolling through a stock ticker on his phone.

"You hungry?" Pete asked, wiping his hands on his apron.

“Yeah. Gimme a basket of wings and two slices of cheese.” Evan said without looking up. Pete kept a couple cheese and pepperoni pizzas ready for slices at all times. All the other pizzas you had to order whole. Pete opened the door into the kitchen and hollered the order back at Desiree and Maria then came back out to the bar to chat with Evan.

“So, you spent some time with Jenny then?” He asked hesitantly. If Evan hurt Jenny he’d have to hit him. Jenny was like family. She ate for free when she came in. Maria loved her like a daughter. She and Lenny had broken up before he left for boot camp, but they had cried together on Maria’s couch when the news came he had died at the hand of an enemy placed IED. Evan looked up at Pete now.

“Yeah. I did and...” Pete interrupted Evan.

“And what? She’s pretty special, huh?” Pete said with authority. Evan was a little taken off guard.

“Yeah. She is.” he said as convincingly as he could. Evan did think she was special, but there was something intimidating about the way Pete was behaving that made him a little scared. “Hey, I didn’t know you had a brother, man. Sorry to hear about all that.” Pete softened a bit now.

“Yeah. He was a bit of a dick, but he loved this Country and I miss him every day. So Jenny told you everything?” Pete asked.

“Well I don’t know about everything. She told me she dated him and he was rough and he hit her and Maria had you hit him and then he went to Iraq and died there. That’s all. Is that everything?” Evan asked hesitantly. Pete thought for a moment before he answered.

“Yeah, I guess that’s all.” It wasn’t everything, but it was sufficient. “So are you gonna see her again?”

“Probably.” Evan said.

“What do you mean, probably?” Pete asked sounding a little offended.

“I mean probably. We went out for dinner the other night and we exchanged numbers. I called her last night and she didn’t answer so I left a message. If she calls me back and wants to, I’ll see her again. Geez. What’s your problem?” Evan answered defensively. Pete looked satisfied.

“Nothing. Jenny’s just a special gal and you’re a dick.” Pete said. Now Evan was a little offended.

“And so what if I am a dick sometimes? You are too. You’re being one right now.” Evan answered pouring his beer and taking a drink. Pete winced again and grabbed at his shoulder. Evan squinted at him. “What’s wrong man, you look a little funny. You OK?” Pete was still wincing he spoke to Evan between clenched teeth.

“My shoulder’s just bothering me. I don’t know what I did to it. I think I sprained it or something in the kitchen helping Aunt Maria.” He said.

“Yeah, well you better get that looked at. You’re not a small dude and that’s the left one not the right one.” Evan said curtly. Pete nodded. The thought had occurred to him too.

“Yeah, if it doesn’t ease up I’ll go to the ER after we close up.” He said rubbing at his shoulder and relaxing some. Desiree came out of the back with the wings in one hand and the the slices on a plate in the other. If you ordered a whole pizza they were deep dish, but the slices were big thin New York style. “Hey Desiree.” Pete said to the young woman.

“What’s that Pete?” Desiree asked.

“Tuck your shirt in and get your apron on. I’m running a business here.” Pete propped himself up on the bar. Evan laughed. It was stupid. Pete was being picky with Desiree. Pete never tucked his shirt in but Evan kept his mouth shut other than to fill it

with pizza. Desiree just shook her head and disappeared back in the kitchen.

“So Pete, I got a question for ya.” Evan said with his mouth full.

“Yeah? What’s that?” Pete asked skeptically.

“What do you think I should say to Emily?” Evan asked. Pete’s nostrils flared.

“What do you mean what should you say to Emily? I thought you were gonna see Jenny again? Why you gotta keep on Emily too? Isn’t one enough for ya?” Pete was angry now. Evan was shaking his head annoyed.

“That’s not what I mean, you asshole. I’m not going after Emily. That’s a lost cause and besides I kinda like Jenny. I just mean, I was a dick and feel like I should apologize or something so it’s not awkward if I see her around or something. You know, like if she comes in here. She comes in here sometimes.” Evan said. Pete nodded in understanding.

“Oh, yeah. She does.” Now Pete felt bad. Evan was trying to be a grown-up. “Next time she comes in here and you’re here, just tell her you’re sorry and hope there’s no hard feelings. I’m sure she’s fine. I heard she and Alex had a pricey date the other day over at Anthony’s. I’m sure you’re the farthest thing from her mind.”

“Oh. OK.” Evan said, a little disappointed, then went back to watching the horses. He had more than “a little” money riding.

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 11 in the November issue of *1UV MONTHLY*.

Did you enjoy Chapter 10 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.

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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

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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

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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

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 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 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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GALLERY STUDIO OPEN
TO THE PUBLIC.**

LEVELS OF P/MATRONAGE & BENEFITS:

Slow Art Culturalist - \$5 a month
Benefits: The satisfaction of supporting an independent artist, the satisfaction of supporting Slow Business, the satisfaction of supporting a California-based small business, the satisfaction of supporting a woman owned business, my sincere gratitude, 10% off in-store purchase of existing work

1UV A Kind Online Visitor - \$40 a year
Benefits: access to all 1UV website content

1UV a Kind Art Family - \$600 a year
Benefits: access to all 1UV website content, invitation to the annual P/Matrons ONLY party, listing as a M/Patron in 1UV MONTHLY, special advertising rates in 1UV MONTHLY, a copy of the upcoming annual 1UV Calendar, and two Event Pass Cards

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 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 add to the community where 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,

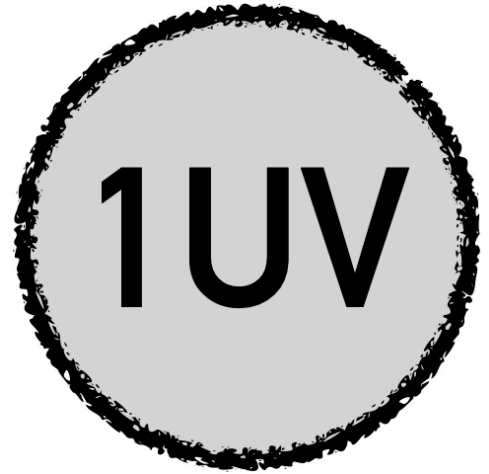
ReiKi services, creative and spiritual consultation, space for taking a break from technology, organizing of Slow Art Day events, publishing 1UV MONTHLY, the annual 1UV Calendar, and a point of interest for those visiting the community from out of town. An Art Gallery is an attraction for people to come 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. 40 for information on the 1UV business model. 1UV embraces Slow Philosophy. See pg. 43 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**
- **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 environmental sustainability**
- **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

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.

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.

OCTOBER & NOVEMBER EVENTS SCHEDULED @ 1UV

October 5th 11AM to 6PM

Free of charge.

1UV's PUBLIC GRAND RE-OPENING!

Stop in, say hi and enjoy lite refreshment.

October 26th Noon to 2PM

Free of charge.

1UV's First Clothing Swap at the new Midtown Santa Cruz location! Bring in up to 5 items of clothing, shoes, and or accessories and swap with others attendees. Items can be for any age, size or gender. They just must be clean and in very good condition. Items for sale by 1UV are not offered for swap.

November 1 by 3PM

Deadline for submissions for the January 2025 issue of 1UV MONTHLY. See pg. 36 for more info.

...November is time to get your NYE tickets...

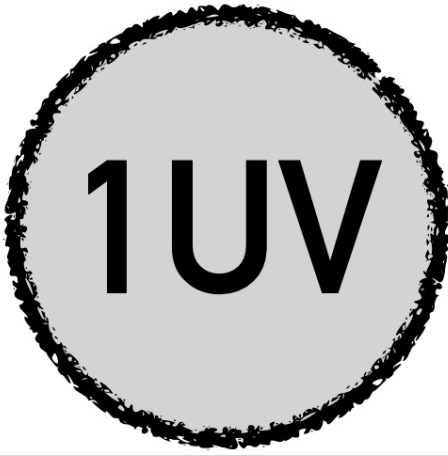
Visit 1uvgallerystudio.com to sign up for the e-newsletter list to be the first to know more about the event.

November 28

1UV CLOSED in observance of Thanksgiving.

November 29 11AM to 6PM

Stop in 1UV for a special holiday treat and see the 1UV tree all trimmed for the holidays. Annual 1UV 2025 Calendars released for sale.



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

1UV is seeking Partner Businesses in and near Midtown Santa Cruz for events, services, and promotion. The possibilities are enormous. Call 831-226-2586 or email larissa@1uvgallerystudio.com for more info.

Very special thanks to Florentine Trattoria of Saratoga and Kategna of San Jose for your partnership when 1UV was located in Saratoga.

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 36 FOR DETAILS. THANK YOU FOR READING 1UV MONTHLY.

HAVE A 1UV A KIND DAY.

**AS I ALWAYS AM,
LARISSA**

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Whether you're leasing out a beachfront haven or a cozy inland escape, we've got the know-how to make every property a standout success. Dive into a seamless property management experience with High Tide – where your satisfaction is always our top priority.

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