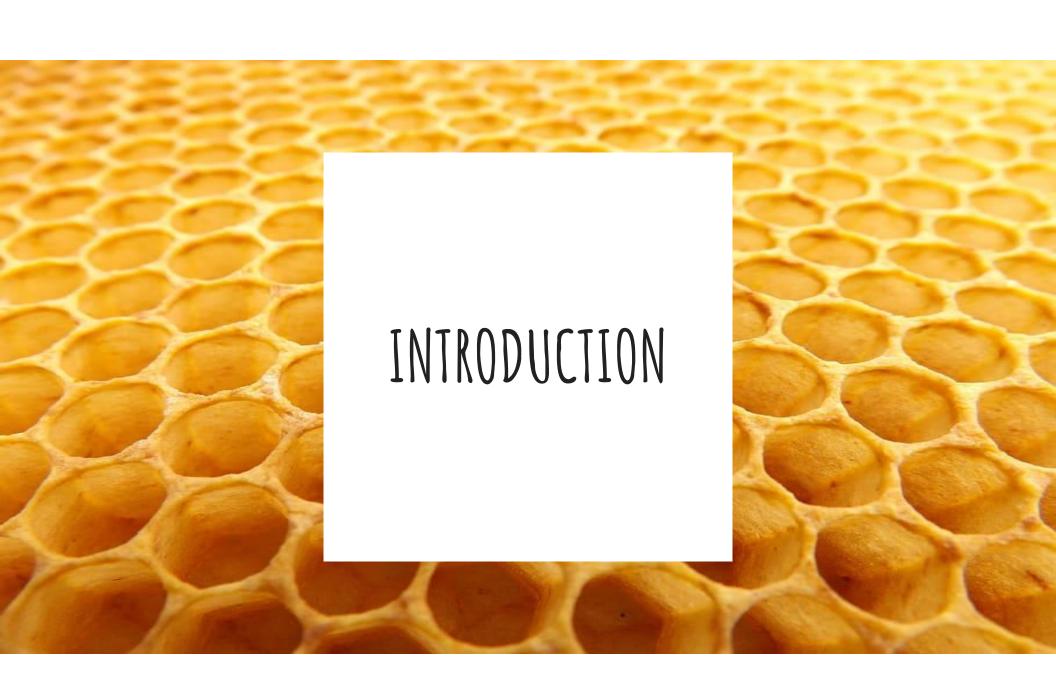
THE BUZZ

In the HiVe 2020/2021

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INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S DAY, MARCH 2020



WHO WE ARE

Everyone is welcome. So far, we are mostly women, all ages and orientations, and a spattering of animals who walk across our zoom keyboards.

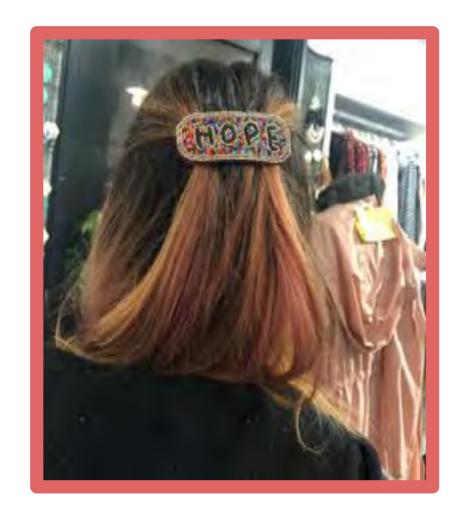
We come from many walks of life and a variety of circumstances. Some joined for one meeting, some have come to nearly every bi-weekly session for over a year.

We have: published poets, novelists and acclaimed artists who facilitate growth.

We have shared challenges, opportunities and laughter.

We have created, both individually and collectively.

This is the pillow hood of "sisterhood.



ALL WE WANNA DO IS A ZOOM ZOOM ZOOM.....















IT WAS ONE SMALL SUGGESTION

As we struggled to find our voices, Twila Newey joined our group to share her experiences as a poet, novelist and friend. She suggested each week we select a poem, and using the first line from the poem, we then create our own new poem.

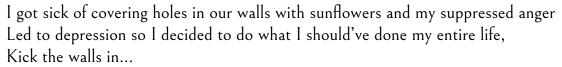
The Collaborative Poem Activity was born.

Since then each of us has taken up the challenge of finding and using our voices to share *our* experience of the world through language.

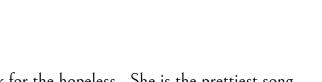


POETIC INSPIRATIONS FOR OUR COLLABORATION

Out of the earth, and out of the tree, Strength comes flowing into me;
Out of the brook comes quietude, Down from the sky comes wisdom's food...
Mary Carolyn Davies, POETRY: A Magazine of Verse



Keys of Philadelphia Collection, 2019



She is made up of words that not anyone can understand...and her heart is a poetry book for the hopeless...She is the prettiest song... The perfect sonnet...it takes a while to read her...

A.A Untitled

With all of us laying around...nothing to do, nothing to be found...with a world falling apart...Starting to fade..; "what did I do today?"

Bryan, FADING COLORS



CONT.

Look, the trees are turning their own bodies into pillars of light...
Mary Oliver

On the birthday of the world I begin to contemplate what I have done and left undone... Marge Piercy, *The Late Year*



I choose to risk my significance: to live so that which came to me as seed, go the next as blossom...I will not die an unlived life Dawna Markova, *Untitled*

the breeze at dawn has secrets to tell you. Don't go back to sleep... Rumi, *Don't Go Back to Sleep*

Stay together. learn the flowers...go light... Gary Snyder, For the Children

the crown adorns...she who keeps going... Rachel Kann, *Pome #8*





WE ARE ALL THE ARTISTS OF OUR OWN LIVES

It doesn't matter if you write, paint, draw, capture life in photographs, or sew.

It doesn't matter if anyone other than you knows. It matters that you do what you love, as long as you love it, and know it brings light and joy into the world.

What follows are our personal shafts of light to lead, inspire and deepen our understanding of each other.





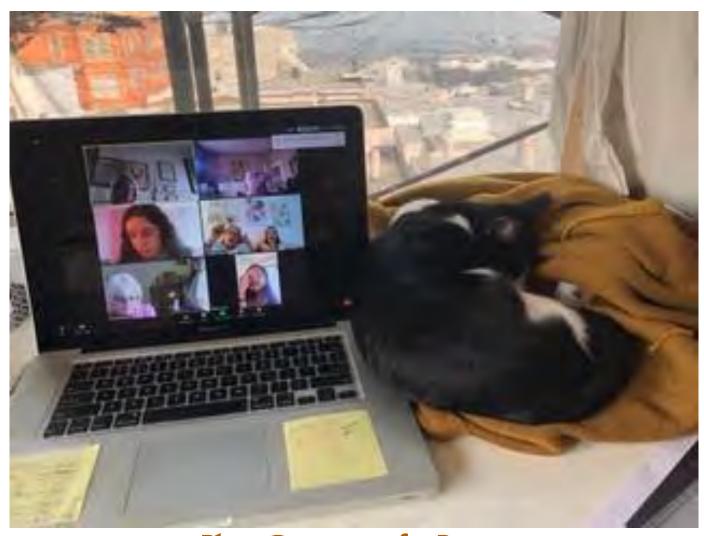


Photo Inspiration for Painting



Victoria Zitrin **HiVe 2021**Watercolor, 18 x 24"



MARISSA PHO



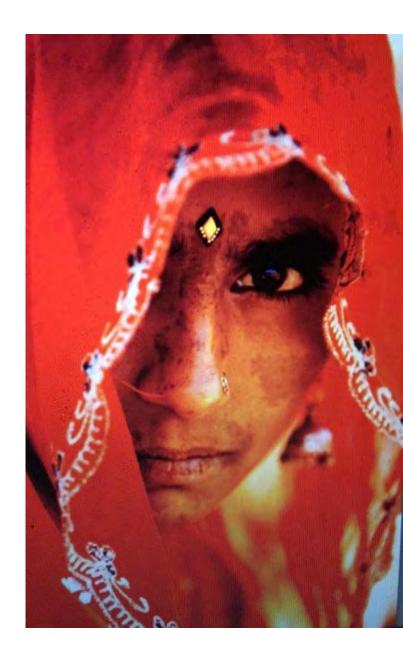


I am secretly glamorous.

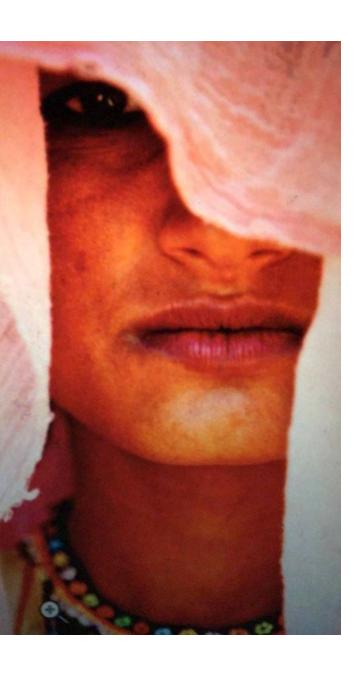


YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL

You are beautiful
Your soft, bare face
The way you look at me
Your voice sings a million melodies;
It's like you want me to fall in love
With you
I cannot comprehend
The destruction you have done
To my poor and weary heart
But that is okay
Because you are beautiful
And I love you anyway.



Marissa Pho, 2020



PRETTY

How can you look at me And say that I am pretty? No, I am not pretty I am not your little pet And I am not a player in your game No, in fact I am ambitious and unapologetic I am the creator of my own world In which you are not welcome I am much more than My luscious hair and plump lips My tits and tiny hips I will leave you in awe. You don't know a single thing about me So do not dare Set your ogling eyes upon me And say that I am pretty Because I am far more Than that.

Marissa Pho, 2020

AFTER DEATH

With all of us laying around Hibernating in our shell Are any of us free, unbound? It's quite difficult to tell.

There is money to be made, Deadlines to be met, And bills to be paid, Along with a sinful debt.

And that sinful debt is life That you must pay off with debt And after death comes...

Well, what comes after death?



Marissa Pho, 2020





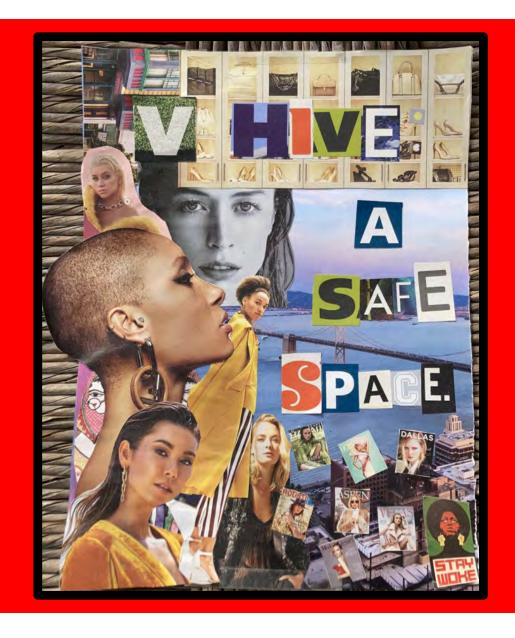




SEWING LESSONS WITH CHERYL MUSACCHIA

V-HIVE COLLAGE: A SAFE SPACE

BY MARISSA PHO



CHERYL MUSACCHIA

Enjoy the little things in your life...for one day you will look back and realize they were the big things after all.



Masks by Cheryl Musacchia (V Boutique employee & resident mask-artiste)

I have been lucky enough to be involved with V Boutique since Victoria opened her shop on Sutter Street in San Francisco's Union Square in Spring 2016. I was very attracted to Victoria's mission of "Fashion, Compassion & Community" and wanted to be included! I followed her when she moved to San Francisco's Cannery at the wharf in 2018.

The last time our community was together was March 8th 2020 for International Women's Mentoring Walk Event at V Boutique. After the shop closed due to the Covid pandemic, I tried to find things to do. I reorganized every room in my home, experimented with cooking and gardening. Once I started organizing my closets, I found that I had a lot of clothing and scarves that I didn't wear any more. Instead of storing them away or donating, I decided to make masks to help with the mask shortage.

Not too long into our Shelter-In-Place, I was feeling lonely and missed the interactions with women and the staff at V Boutique. V Boutique Without-Walls emerged which gave an outlet for masks and Covid loungewear to be sold. Mask making gave me the perfect creative outlet and I found a new purpose in supporting customers of VenturaVie/V Boutique.







VENTURA VIE HANDMADE MASKS BY CHERYL







TREASURE TROUVE - FABRICS FROM LYNNE PETERS



MUSACCHIA 2021

The Mandala is a collection of fabrics that come from amazing women. Approximately 450 face masks have been created since March 2020. The vintage masks are made from fabrics donated by the quilter - Lynne Peters in Idaho.

Each mask made from Lynne's treasure trove is a one-of-a-kind. Additional fabrics were selected from unique suppliers and international artists. I also used cotton clothing and scarves from my personal well curated closet that were transformed into beautiful masks.

During Covid-19 lock-downs we stayed connected, engaged and active; our focus remains on diversity and women in community. Themes we explored include women in scarves, women wearing Parisian dresses, and evocative sketches of women's faces. We also chose fabrics representing bees and hives which denote V Boutique's signature theme.

We are grateful for all those that purchased masks from us during 2020 which enabled VenturaVie to continue its mission of empowering women.

Cheryl Musacchia, Mask & Collage artist

This lovely mask was made from a swatch of linen upholstery fabric. It was especially requested by longtime V Boutique volunteer, Cheryl Murray.





AUGUST 2020 POEM

So many faceless people with only eyes and hair showing as they walk in pairs on our lonely San Francisco streets these days.

I am home alone. Luscious fabrics neatly folded upon my sewing table beg to be beautiful face coverings keeping mouths and noses from exchanging air with one another.

Each fabric square measured to fit precisely across cheekbones, jaws, and noses of all sizes and shapes. Combinations of prints, stripes, polka-dots, flowers and bees; the fabrics must match, even if erratically.

We tell our story of diversity, as we connect by the trauma of masking.

We unify, speaking compassionately with only our eyes peering above a fabric mask.

Cheryl Musacchia, 2020

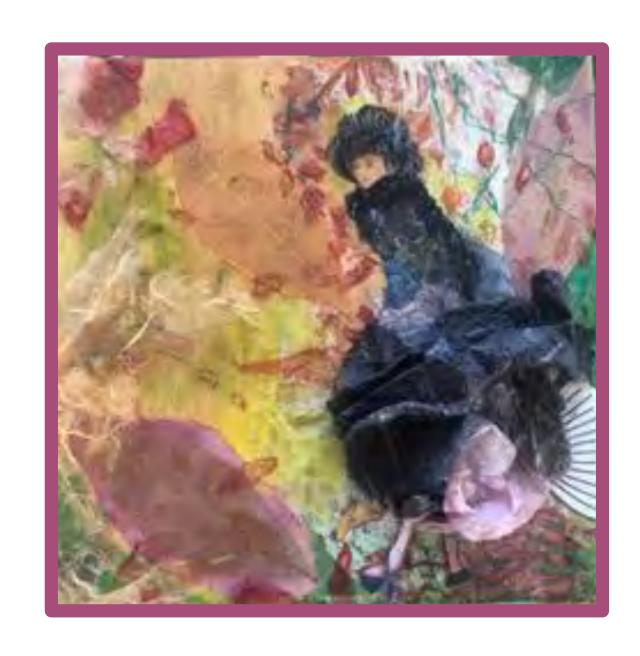


VICTORIA ZITRIN

I choose Beauty.



FASHION AND FAITH WATERCOLOR MIXED MEDIA 2020



ON THE BIRTHDAY OF THE WORLD

On the birthday of the world All the noise. All the voices. All the chaos All the confusion All the uncertainty All the sadness

> STOP Reset Breathe

A tiny bud emerges, Hopeful from the soil, Dew glistening From the gaze of the sun

> With newness With hope With rebirth

Begin Again



SUPPORTED BY SHADOWS

Out of the earth, Beyond the waters' depths, A deep silence.

 $A \ knowing \\$

Free of words Free of spinning.

Here I'm still.

Inhale: unknown Exhale: goodbye 8 million empty vases Rain at the ready. Garden of infinity.

Inhale: possibility Exhale: death

Dancing with the sun's diamonds Sparkling thru leaves

Supported by shadows.



UNMASKING

SHE is made up of words
That not anyone
Can understand

Jumbled thoughts
Relentless critiques
Simplistic syntax
Empty conveyances

Masking
"truth"
"beauty"
"reality"

But if you look
Without eyes
And hear
Without ears
And touch
Without hands

Under the layers of masking

You will discover HER





SELF PORTRAIT, 2020, WATERCOLOR



VICTORIA & MIMI, "BOUNTY OF THE EARTH" HAND-DELIVERED BY BRANDON, ZINC HOUSE FARM

THE PEN IS MESSIER THAN THE SWORD

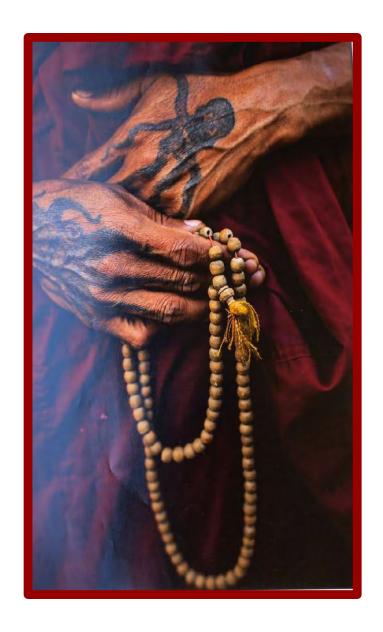
The pen is messier than the sword

So much more guts,
So much more blood
Arguably reckless,
But never unintentional,
Fight or flight,
But this is not a feather.

Words can kill.
Words can incite violence.
Words can turn lies into confusion,
Confusion into fear,
Fear into senseless action.

Or liberation, Or truth Or wisdom

Who decides?



FASHION AND FAITH, SERIES WATERCOLOR MIXED MEDIA 2021







CIERRA HAMMOND



I daydream too much.



black out

sitting in a dark room with a white light

that's blinding bright as the northstar but don't let the star fool you

my own light stutters light and dark as mannequins stand around me not moving

> but when I blink they move

and when I try to look they laugh Close, closer now you're too close

too close to me but oh well maybe they're friendly

> Or maybe I'm too afraid

the light
that's shining
but slowly giving
up

still staring at the light in darkness mannequins are still here standing and laughing

everytime I blink my eyes something's not right i feel it getting darker

every time I shut my eyes then I open them

The light it's moving away but,

then I see
the mannequin standing
through my light
smiling

and laughing with tears in its eyes then all goes dark. everyone is wearing a mask except for you

Teeny Me

I wish I was a teen again Even Though I'm 17. I feel like I died Before I got to discover What a girl is And what it means. I wish I went to parties, School dances. But Instead I confined myself From the real world. Is there extra credit left for me? No? That's fine. I hope one day I can go back In time.

To tell little me It's okay to scream, Laugh, Cry, And smile. I would tell her That she's beautiful, And I love you, But I'm sorry For killing me, And her When all she wanted Was to live, To feel happy. I wish I fought for the title. Sometime I wish I wasn't So pure... After writing all of this I'm still wishing I was

someone else Someone that's more Confident. Beautiful, Someone who experienced The Jungle Gym Phase. I wish I was in front of the line. Maybe I could have cut the line, But that's cheating. I pray reincarnation is real So I can get a second chance At life Would the man above Even let me?

After I spread lies about him? Is It to late To be free? Even when my is body decaying And My bitter heart is still trying to pump. Life is the rarest thing In the world Before the diamonds and the pearls So why didn't I take it When I was offered one? Little me? Can you ever forgive me? After what I did to you. Maybe that's why I'm bad luck

You're punishing me
And
I deserve every bit of
it.
Or maybe I should
move on
Because it's the past
And
I shouldn't trap
myself In it again

Goodbye Little Me I hope I'll See You One day.

<u>Time out</u> A Poem About freedom

I like being alone

Do you?

I can finally breathe

And

Put my mind at ease

My favorite part is the tingles I feel

Then after

The cool breeze hits

And I get goosebumps

I start feeling light

Like I'm floating

And sinking

Then dissolving

Now I'm numb,

But a good type of numb

I feel myself drifting away from my body

Drifting into the sky

But,

The sky is on the ground

I fervor this feeling

No bad people

That are slowly killing us

No social media

Just us

Sometimes being alive is a good thing

Because of times like this

When you can escape everything

Feeling happy

Now I'm smiling

And that's a good thing

I'm on the run now

Running away from time

Running away from my cage

Leaving traces of my bad thoughts

The negativity that was getting cozy

in my mind,

But now

I'm free

And so are you

By reading this poem

That's made for you



MAYA WILDER

KEEP MOVING FORWARD



With all of us laying around Stunned and confused Wondering if there's an end or if this Is just a new beginning What if it changes it all? People keep saying they want to go back to the past Was the past really all that great? What if a new dream can be found? With all of us laying around We begin to Think, Dream, Conspire and Admire all that is great within us ALL

Maya Wilder & Joanna Bressel-Wilder Winter 2020





VISION BOARDING INTO THE NEW YEAR



Connected
Collage, Multimedia
Maya Wilder, January 2021



Maya's Floor Studio

COZY CREATIONS



Point White Sunset Pressed Wool, Felting Design



Nova Kitty Needle Felted with Wool



Felting Tools & Materials



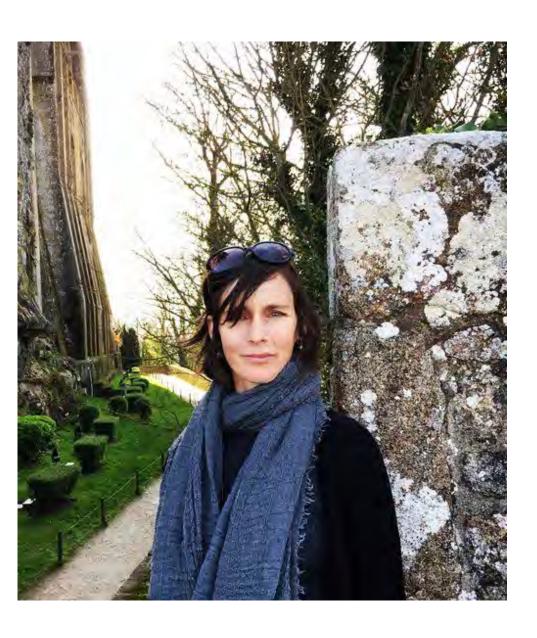
Llama Drama Needle Felted with Wool

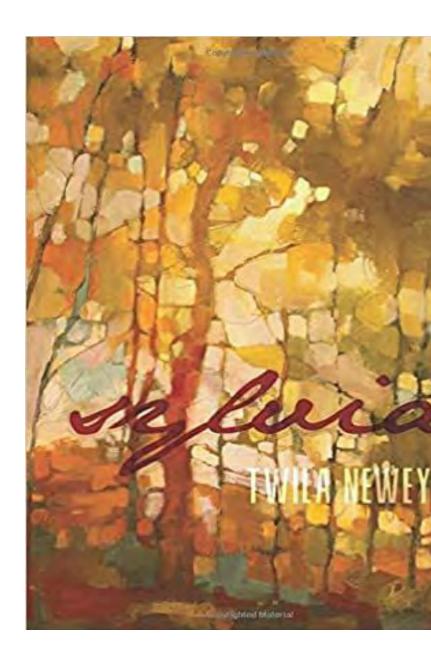
Maya Wilder December 2020 & January 2021

TWILA NEWEY

I'm not interested in performing online perfection. I'm sorry if I have.

Another morning stumble down the stairs, online school, one kid helping another with math. Last night there was also amazing soup. Our house is never clean.





EXCERPT FROM THE NOVEL SYLVIA

...The four of them were on the path without her now. They looked back and forth between the two trails: one that followed the stream and one that crossed it...

It was late in the season, but they wanted to feel whether or not the wildflower meadows were where they should scatter her ashes next summer when the snow melted...

HONEYCOMB

this is how they work together in her mind at a proper distance from each other

one concerned with space one with structure

perfectly true parts of a sphere this round earth their hive

carefully constructed realities colour most delicately diffused

one carves equal spherical hollows never allowing the spheres to break into each other

one unites the points of intersection between dead and living things

their words crawl over comb without injuring the delicate hexagonal prisms of her mind—one four-hundredth of an inch in thickness

one all wing & air one all body & mouth

lay a table with linen & little plates of vermillion wax

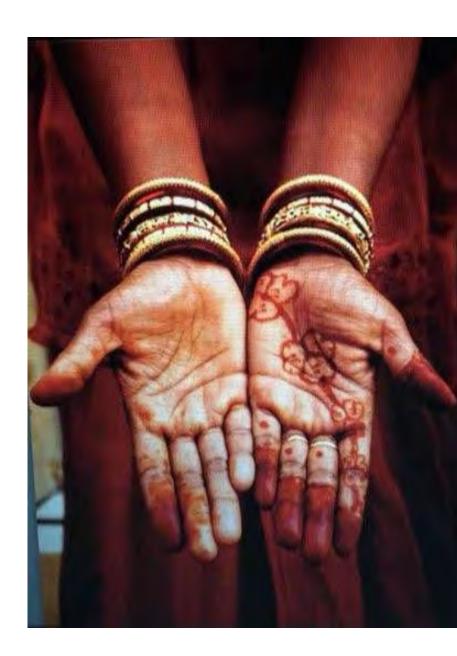
golden enough for the humble & exalted

invite everyone you find to the banquet



Π

And what if The kingdom Of heaven Is not $A \ kingdom \\$ But a web of complex relations insects caught in the mouth of a bear becoming monstrous as a whale swimming across more and more aquatic time suspended I can imagine a gazillion such possibilities.





CHERYL MURRAY

I live to complete what I began.

INVESTIGATIONS #213 WHICH WOULD PREFER

"I'd prefer a happy, secure predictable life..."

I have discovered change is uncomfortable but, inevitable and necessary for growth.

Beginning again and again has brought me to where I am now beginning again.

Following an interest or passion until it is exhausted, starting on something else, somewhere else.

A wild turbulent life filled with joy and sorrow, passion and adventure is what I actually live.

The Joy of Words

The lure of words.

Drawing us ineffably from the thing itself to

Our sense of that thing.

Going from the feeling to something that can be understood, Tangible.

The desire to raise and frame the vibration of sound to thought. The transmutation of thought to feeling again. Joy! The persistent quality of wellbeing. Home! The place where joy is found. Found!

Where something lost is finally located. Located where we left it And then forgot. Forgot! The quality of curated memories What we wish to remember.

Words the map to those lost feelings.



When a Friend Calls to Me from the Road

Or from the city sidewalk, I am always startled.
Frozen in the moment before recognition or worse,
Too far away to recognize who it is.
Who is it coming toward me?

Turning to a sound familiar in a foreign place.

Moving cautiously toward a hazy not yet known figure.

A clarion call amid the deafening white noise of the city.

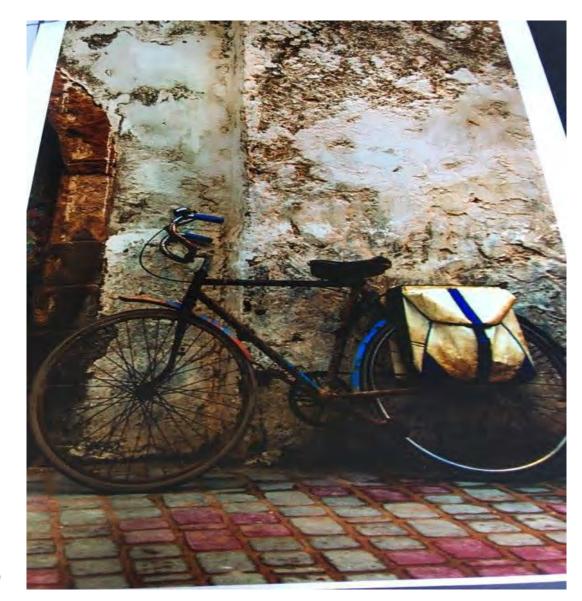
Walking cautiously, removing earbuds, closer to recognition.

When a friend calls to me from the road, Or from across a crowded airport lobby I spin wildly looking for the source. Wondering who, here?

Pulling baggage, dropping magazines, Gathering myself to greet the unknown. Getting closer, everything becoming clearer, I can see you now.

When a friend calls to me from the road,
Or from behind me in a line where we are all waiting.
I understand that I am known.
I can be recognized at a distance.

I can be seen, I am perceived, We can embrace.



With All of Us Laying Around

With all of us laying around.

The floors have become carpeted in the stillness of indolent bodies.

The streets are paved with languor and sighing.

Bodies posed indoors and outside in the posture of fetal repose.

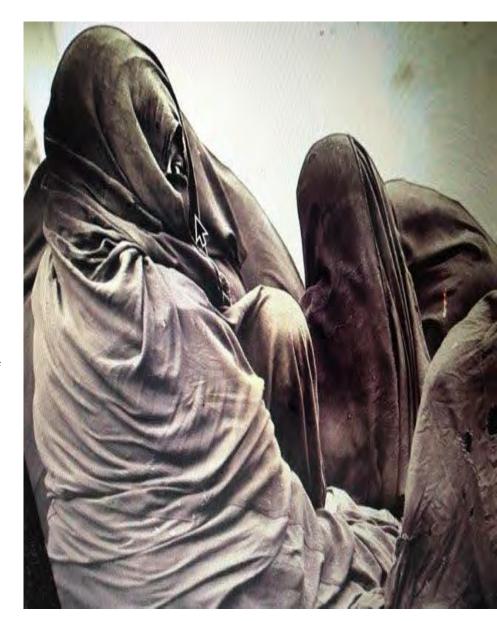
With all this lying around the soft rush of gently whistling wind is obscured, Ignored in favor of constant chants, "I can't do this, I can't do that!

The rushing of waves to reach the shore and embrace the lands taken by time and tide

Are abandoned in favor of laying around.

Those suns and moons and stars dancing in an eternal spin of change and creation

Are for now forgotten...



She is made up of words that not anyone can understand

She is made up of words that not anyone can understand. No one.

The syllables sometimes sliding wildly past one another. Words gathering into sentences that trail off into silence.

Everything is there to understand, The sounds become words become sentences. Become thoughts... Become silence.

Pauses become longer and longer. Thoughts accumulating into feelings. Feelings lodging in the throat. In the heart trying to become words that can be heard.

Words that can be understood. Perhaps words that can be felt. Words that can touch or move. Words.

She read that music expresses what cannot be said with words. She hums quietly. She hums to herself. She hums for understanding.



I Don't Know What Living A Balanced Life feels Like

The weight of obligation pulling the scales toward the earth.

The weightlessness of joy, of freedom soaring towards the heavens.

Me in the center holding the scales aloft blindly like some forgotten Lady Justice.

Add a pound of desire to this side.

A pound of need to that side.

Always measuring the joy against the cost.

The freedom paid for with solitude.

Dreams and Hope jumping from one side to the other.

Scales tipping wildly never balanced.

The ever constant need to add here and take there...

To measure everything, every little thing.

This tiresome grim, accounting,

This fear of too much wanting or too much having.

The fear of too much giving, too much taking.

The fear of being and not being enough.

I don't know how to live a balanced life.
I am learning how to live.



Song for Autumn, Amid change an adagio

In another age being different people, we might have noticed sooner.

Walking among the changing colors of almost Fall we might have seen the drying, the dying.

The old men and women who sat staring at a too clear sky might have warned us.

In another age we might have cared. We might have listened.

Now we long for "good" weather.

We praise the warm, sunny skies of Winter.

We shed sweaters for swimsuits and do not wonder why.

Why now? Why not?

We count ourselves lucky to have escaped!

Escaped the encampments of urban living for nature.

We rearrange nature to suit our desires.

We believe it does not matter.

This Autumn, the song of Autumn has become a dirge.

The lilting laughter of children beneath trees becomes a choking cough.

The meter of choosing what to keep, what to leave,

An Allegro of panic and confusion and finally loss.



ROBERT SIU

The whole world as we experience it visually comes to us through the mystic realm of color.

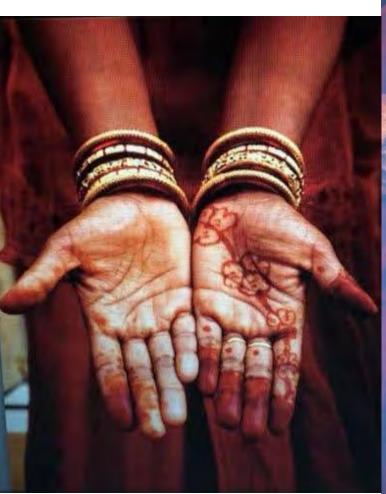
INVESTIGATION #069

If you could devote yourself to an all consuming occupation which would you choose?

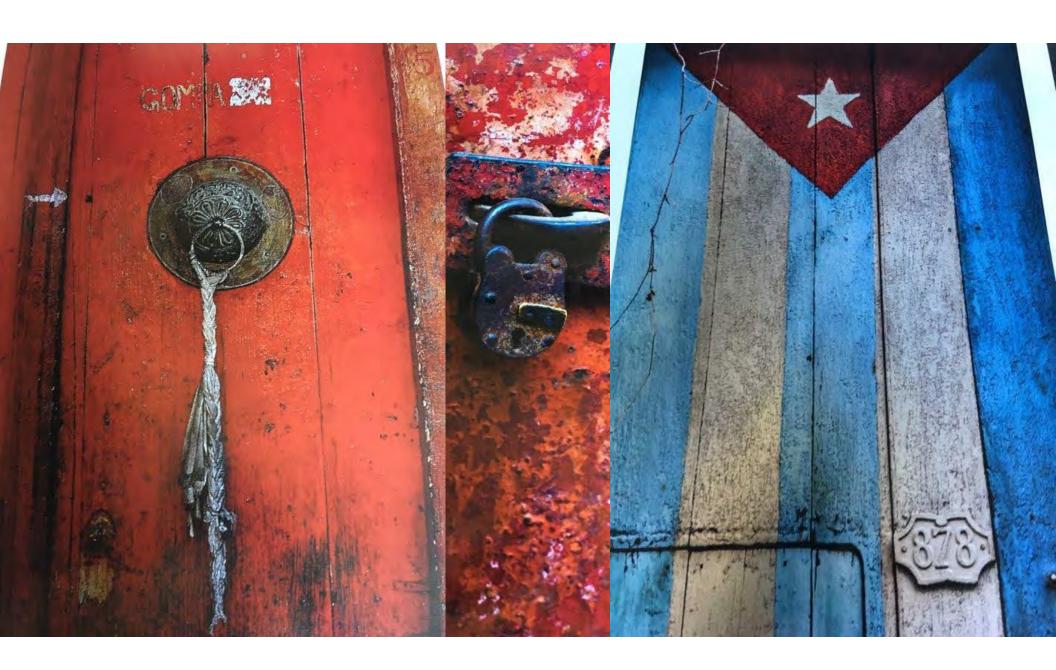
In Nicaragua, Robert watched his father the towns photographer work in black and white film. His dad wanted to apprentice him to the craft and Robert couldn't abide the chemicals used for developing film.

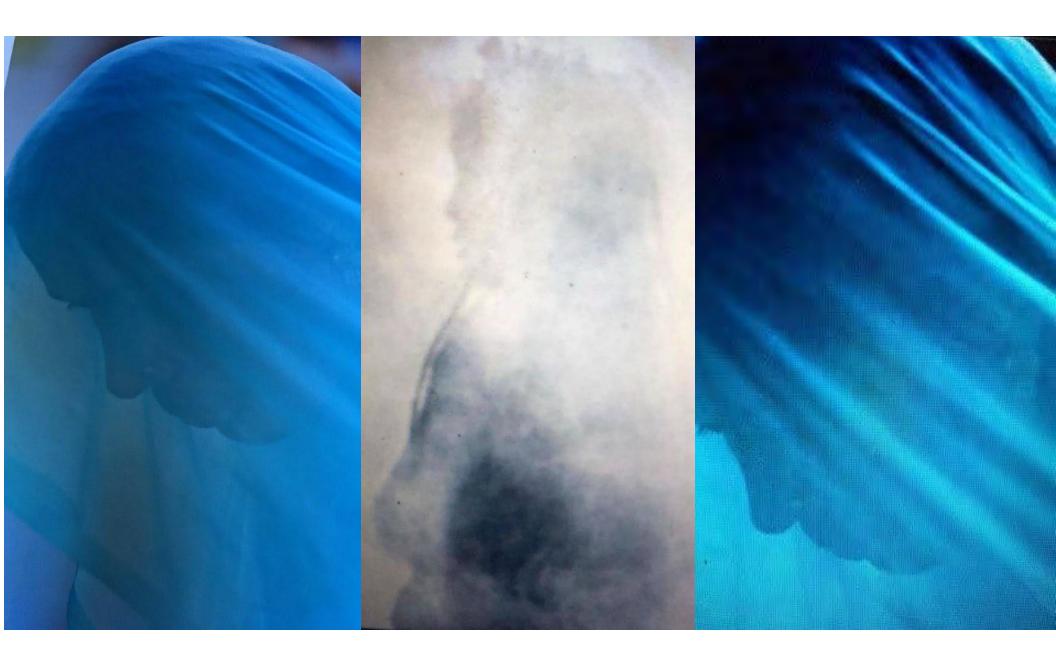
Turning to watercolors, Robert found a way to see and reproduce his vision. Necessity is the mother of invention and the development of digital photography allowed Robert to return to photography. A camera and love of travel created a trove of images that capture people, places and all and each in glorious colors.

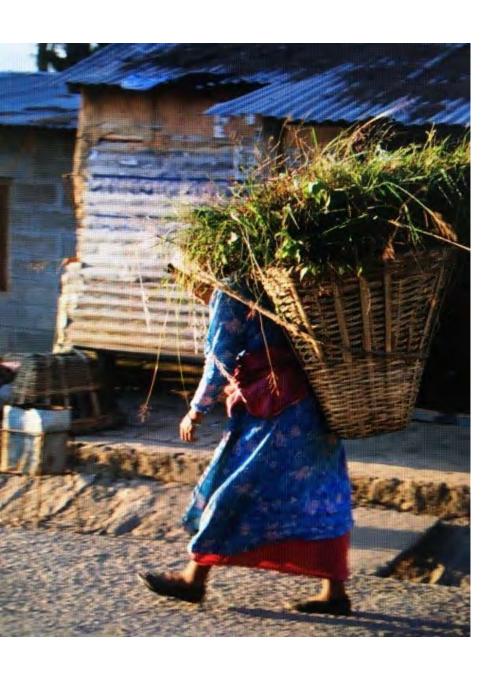


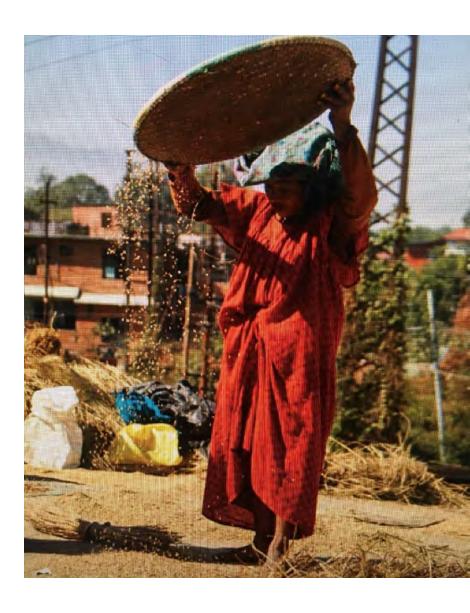


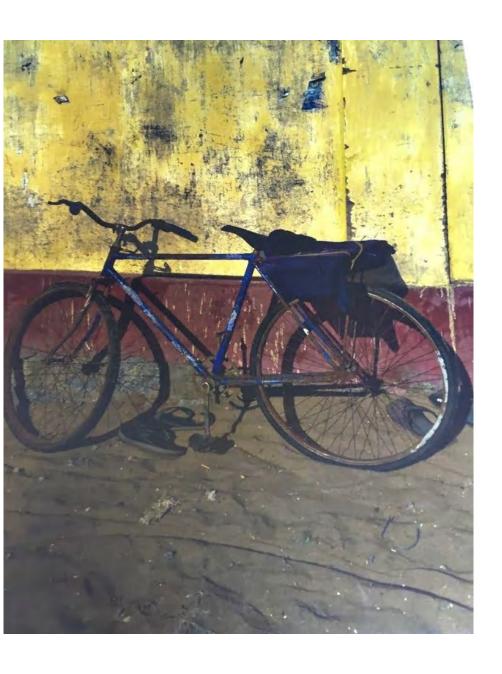








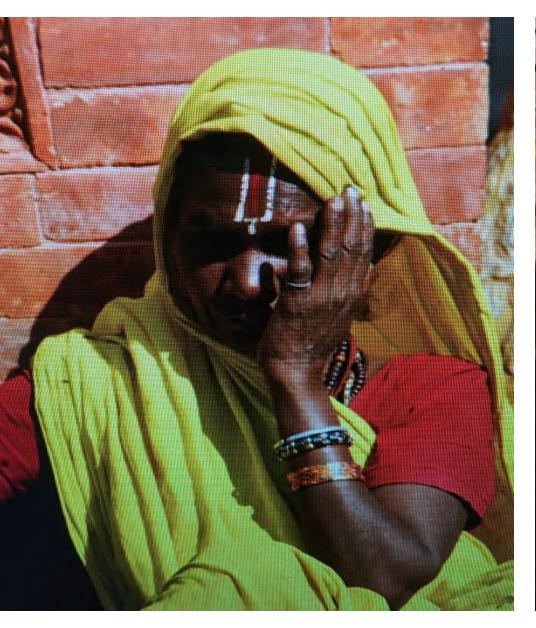


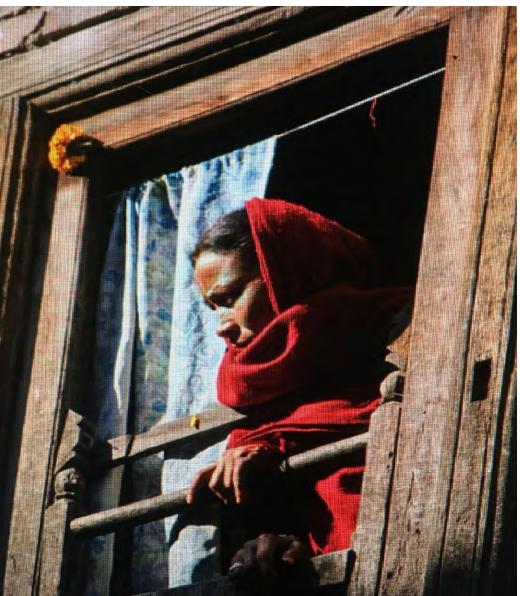




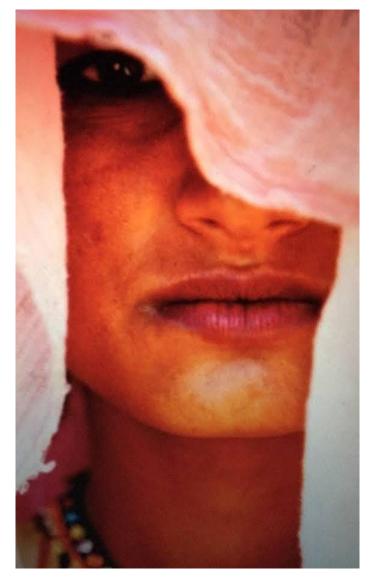




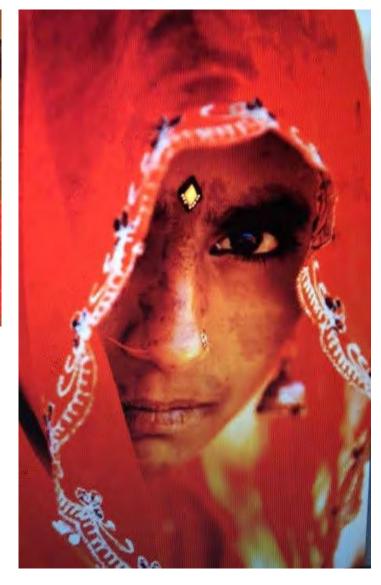
















Marissa asked Toanna:

What is your greatest accomplishment?

Has it meant as much to you as you thought it would?

Is there anything you hope to do that would be even better?



JOANNA'S RESPONSE

Being a working mother to my two amazing daughters, Maya and Ayla, is the greatest accomplishment of my life. It has certainly been challenging to juggle a busy family and career; it has taken me on an unexpected journey which surprised, educated, challenged and confused me. It brought out the best and worst of me and my daughters accept and love me exactly for who I am, a hard working, fun yet tough Mama. Their accepting love motivated me to dig deep, and has taught me the importance of self-love; and this is the most precious gift bestowed to me by my daughters. When you love yourself and learn how to accept all of your gifts and faults you show up at ready to be a successful professional woman, a better friend and a more present Mother. My working mother journey has opened my heart and soul and empowered me to have amazing experiences at work while providing for and raising two amazing girls. I pray I can continue to learn from them, and show them how to build lives filled with options which enable them to use their gifts to become amazing self-sufficient, generous and kind Women. The World is a better place when Women know their true value and fully love themselves first.

The only thing that could top this accomplishment would be to take what I and so many other amazing Women have learned and pass it onto others. I've always dreamed of running a retreat center that provides a safe place for healing and growth. It would also be absolutely divine to be healthy and strong enough to pass some of my life recipes onto my Grand-babies – keep the legacy of HOPE growing, that

would be another amazing accomplishment.









Joanna asked Marissa:

If by sacrificing your life you could contribute so much to humanity that you'd be honored everywhere, would you give your life?

If so, what if you knew your sacrifice would go unrecognized, or the credit would go to someone you detested?



MARISSA'S RESPONSE

It's hard to fathom that the loss of my life would benefit humanity, but honestly, I would do it. However, it would greatly depend on how I sacrifice my life. I don't fear death, but I fear dying. I fear pain and agony. I'll just assume it'll happen in the blink of an eye, so that's fine. The thing is, humanity is in deep shit right now. There are people suffering, people who don't even want to live, people who live day to day not knowing what happiness is. Even I have my days. Everyone does. The crazy thing is it has to do a lot with how our world is governed/controlled and human behaviors. Greed, deceit, corruption. Humanity's quality of life as a whole hasn't really been great for our ancestors, or for us right now, so if I can guarantee that I can greatly contribute to humanity right now and for the future with my death, I'd do it. I don't really care about the honoring part, because I'd literally be dead. Once I'm dead, what people think of me is none of my concern. I'm content with knowing that I contributed to humanity greatly.

Now, if the credit goes to someone I detested, it would be cool to have the opportunity to haunt that person. But a part of me would feel bad for that person, whose entire existence would be a lie. That doesn't sound like a pleasant life at all. If I don't get to haunt that person, then my spirit would either be living in paradise, or it would simply cease to exist. Either is fine. As long as humanity benefits, I can't be mad about a thing.

MAYA & VICTORIA

Victoria asked Maya: "When you do something ridiculous, how much does it bother you to have other people notice and maybe laugh? What is the funniest thing about you?"

Victoria paraphrased Maya's answer: Maya doesn't like to be laughed at. She is goofy and a little harsh on herself.

The funniest thing about her is how she checks her mom and dad. She is kind, nuanced, artistic, and sensitive. She sees the world with a clean Japanese ascetic, and prefers warm colors in her room of pink, orange, and red. She is not obvious. She is quietly soulful. From the first time I looked into her beautiful brown eyes I knew we would share adventures and that she had picked me as her godmother. She has a sweet, light touch.





VICTORIA & MAYA





Maya asked Victoria: What's a recent conflict you've had that you've seen yourself grow from? What is this growth? How do you measure your personal growth

Victoria's response: I recently had a conflict with someone I respected who asked me to do something I knew was wrong. This was painful and difficult for me to deal with, because this was someone who I believed cared about me and my well-being. He is also in a position of power and it required me to voice Truth to Power. Even though it was an unjust experience, I have realized growth by reclaiming and rediscovering my own agency. And knowing that kindness does not mean weakness.

By searching within myself without listening to external pressures, I am better able to trust myself and my instincts. Moving from a place of my own agency allows me to be calm and respond rather than react — even when there is a lot of pressure to be silent and not rock the boat. And I realize I have wasted too much time and energy worrying about being liked and appreciated by others. My personal growth stems from how I see myself, how it feels inside when I am aligned with my own personal integrity, not by others' standards.

In a way it is like creating a painting that no one else sees. Beauty, and truth, for its own sake has value whether the world knows about it or not.

CHERYL ASKS CIERRA

Cheryl asked Cierra "What is your greatest accomplishment?"

Cheryl paraphrases Cierras' answer.

She believes her greatest accomplishment is being optimistic and friendly. When she was younger, she says that her friends were tough and bold except for her! Being a positive person was always something she strived for no matter how hard it could be. Though many of her peers saw being friendly and nice as a sign of weakness, Cierra did not stop being herself. She didn't care if she looked fragile or puny to her tough friends. She tells herself regularly that it's okay to be her nicer self and to ignore negative thoughts. The most beautiful part about Cierra is that she's happy for what she has and who she is! She's strong, and gentle...what a wonderful combination.

It's been a real pleasure to have Cierra in the VV HiVe and I always look forward to hearing what's on her mind and in her heart.



CIERRA ASKS CHERYL MUSACCHIA

Cierra asked Chery Musacchia:

"Do you think many people would want to switch lives with you if they knew your whole story"?

Cierra paraphrases Cheryl's answer:

Cheryl is an independent mother that grew up in San Francisco, traveled in Europe and came back as a new person. A stronger one that experienced what tragedy really is. Cheryl has an unique aura around her that makes her approachable. She's like a siren, but instead of killing she's blessing you with her presence. She is a creative women that's using her knowledge and skills to help the world. She continues to be a unique, creative, and passionate friend.



WITCHES BREWING OF FIRE CIDER









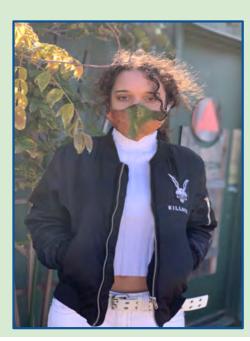




NEW MOON INTENTION SETTING IN THE GARDEN



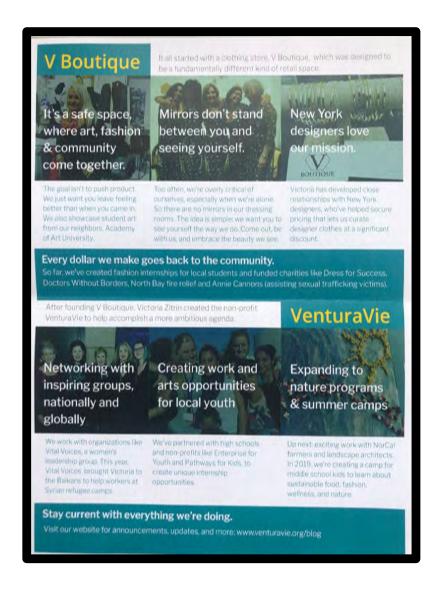




MODELS AND MASKS



VENTURAVIE'S MISSION, 501c3 NON PROFIT

































V BOUTIQUE HOLIDAYS







V BOUTIQUE IN THE CANNERY











FASHION SHOWS IN V BOUTIQUE



NOV 2020 ANGST, VICTORIA ZITRIN, MIXED MEDIA COLLAGE











VENTURA VIE AT ZINC HOUSE FARM







2020 has required everyone to self-reflect and demanded we pivot our lives in some way.

The gift is that each of us has been able to dig deeper, curate some of our lives experiences, and share it within the virtual HiVe. It also has given us a platform that everyone gets a little spotlight revealing something that we can grow from and relate to individually and collectively.

And from this, sweet nectar has emerged.



WE ARE GRATEFUL....

Thank you to Ventura Vie and V Boutique supporters and to all HiVe members - past, present and future.

We also thank Vital Voices for their support and solidarity.

100% of donations from this book will benefit Dolls Clan, a women's collective in South America who use graffiti art to communicate creatively regarding issues of domestic violence and sex trafficking.



www.VenturaVie.org