

“The Flavor of Charleston & Mount Pleasant”

South Carolina, USA

A Review of the sights by way of

photography, poetic stories & funny commentary

BOOK 2

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by

Grace Divine



An Educational Book

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DEDICATION

For everyone who loves traveling.

PREFACE



I like images that spark my curiosity, that are whimsical, beautiful or fun. I also enjoy images that have unexpected things inside them. I enjoy it when orbs, or the like -unexpected lights- show on the image because typically these are not obvious to the photographer at the time the image was taken. Although fogs, mists and alternative feelings sometimes are evident to myself and other photographers.

One reason I enjoy photoshopping images is because I heard that the human eye can only pick up 1% of the electromagnetic light spectrum. And that makes me wonder. What if we, human beings, could experience more of this light? What would the world look like? Certainly, colors would be more vivid and more varied! Hence, I photoshop my work. This photography is artistic work because it delves into potentialities of human sight, perception and experience. As such, it engages the imagination and becomes a creative endeavor.

I also enjoy approaching photography from unlikely, and unexpected non-traditional focus points. I enjoy focusing on shadows, strange reflections,

and odd angles. Also, I like to photograph images in terms of their impact on memory and experience. I ask, how will this experience be imprinted on my mind? How will this be remembered? How will I experience this moment, from the past, henceforth in the future?

Ultimately, there is much more to this photography. I thank you.

AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY

I am a survivor who believes in the inexorable power of the human spirit. I am a believer who has seen through tragedy into the eye of the setting sun knowing that the morrow can bring a new and brighter day. I am a compassionate human being who empathizes with the suffering of others and wants to be there for them. And I do this by writing transformational stories and creating art filled with characters and images that are imbued with passion and love.

I was born in California. When I was five, my parents divorced. Shortly after, my father abducted me. He put me in the trunk of a car where I held on to a plastic cane filled with candy as I lay spread eagle on my stomach. From Tijuana Mexico, I was flown to Torremolinos Spain where I was left in a dreary and secluded all girl catholic boarding school for several years. I remember this like a prison to which we were confined even during the holidays. Christmas, for instance, I and another child were the only children left. And throughout this time, I never saw my mother.

Some time later, when I became deadly ill from pneumonia, my paternal grandmother took pity on me and took me to Mexico City. There, I was exposed to the mysticism and magic of the native American Indian cultures. After, my father returned me to Spain. I finally came back to the United States. I was an American teenager who couldn't speak English. Happily, I saw my mother again. Sadly, several months after my return, she disappeared in a flood. 13 people disappeared in this flood in La Cañada Flintridge California. Her body was never found.

I went to ten schools in three countries for the first twelve years including four high schools. During this time, I had to contend with a father whose mental illness and drug and alcohol addictions caused him to be a dangerous sadist. I was barely eighteen years old when I ran away from home because he threatened to kill me with a 38 revolver.

As providence would have it, within a month, I found a job and bought a car. I moved into the dorms at the University of California at Irvine. From there, I graduated with a Bachelor's Degree in Linguistics and the ability to speak several languages.

While at UCI, I met and married a medical student. My first pregnancy ended in stillbirth. Notwithstanding this and other hardships I enrolled

and graduated from UCLA Law School in 1992.

We moved to Texas and while I was raising my children, I graduated from the University of Texas Dallas where I received a Masters Degree in Arts and Humanities. There I took several writing courses. At this time, I began a career as a visual/writing artist. My artwork, mostly surrealist, includes extensive writings, short stories and poetry. I've had shows at womens' centers and several commercial establishments. I also taught art in public access television. One of my paintings "The Kiss of Death," is featured adjacent to a Picasso in the acclaimed documentary by the BBC: THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A MASTERPIECE: THE KISS BY GUSTAV KLIMT ICON OF THE 20TH CENTURY.

Then, after many years my husband and I grew apart and I filed for divorce. The next day I began to write. The writing was spontaneous and a year later I had a fully finished science fiction novel, APPLE TOWN, CALIFORNIA. I also drew and painted over eighty illustrations of the characters and story. When the movie agent asked me how I wrote it, I told him that I saw the images and "painted them on paper" with words.

Today, I engage my writing, photography and art in an effort to understand the nature of the human experience, the processes of the mind, the experience of memory, visual and mental perception and life in general. My art and writing also include queries into the nature of the universe as multidimensional and the existence of life after death.

Overall, my art constitutes a form of auto-biography. Historically, it could be seen to represent a glimpse into an American woman artists experience at the turn of the 20th century. And basically, I am glad to be able to share my artistic experience. And I figure, everyone is in some kind of quest to understand who and what they are. Perhaps, they will find my work useful.

Wishing the best to all,

Grace Divine

INTRODUCTION

I like to go places and to take photographs. In Spring of 2014, Steve and I traveled to Charleston, South Carolina, USA.

This is considered "THE SOUTH" in the United States. It is a place filled with history and is the location where the US civil war commenced! It is also filled with churches, cemeteries and near old slave plantations.

I like to take photographs that offer unique views of the world. In my photography, I like to inquire about the 'mysterious' in the everyday. I am interested in the LIGHT and the SHADOWS and the effects these have on human perception and memory. And I am attracted to images of things that intrigue me. I love it as well, when I am surprised afterward, to find things that I hadn't seen in the images before.

After the photography is done, I further work on the images, allowing them to inspire me as I creatively digitize them. And when this is completed, I journal. I write down whatever insights, ideas, concepts and emotions, I gained from the entire experience. And the writings, you will find, are the writings that accompany each image. Please note, since these writings constitute a personal journal, I have taken the liberty to express them via a wide variety of literary genres. Some including poetry. Others include basic narrative and fact opinion. And still others making a serious attempt at comedic fare.

In the end, I thoroughly enjoy this process, as throughout, I experience what I would refer to as a kind of awakening. Also, the process helps me to get in touch with feelings related to deep shadow parts within myself. This is awesome, since as I become more aware of them, I am able to release them. And this release, I have found, typically brings me inner healing and ultimately, more enjoyment of life.

I earnestly hope that the images and writings here do the same for you. I hope these ideas awaken something inside you and that you will feel something new, and perhaps something even wondrous.

Thank youes and to take photographs. In Spring of 2014, Steve and I traveled to Charleston, South Carolina, USA. This is considered "THE SOUTH" in the United States. It is a place filled with history and is the location where the US civil war commenced! It is also filled with churches, cemeteries and near old slave plantations.

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Thank you

AWAKEN TO BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS



Fig. # 1



Fig. #2

IN QUIET MOMENTS

WE CAN PONDER

AND EXPERIENCE

PEACE

AN ORB IN A TREE

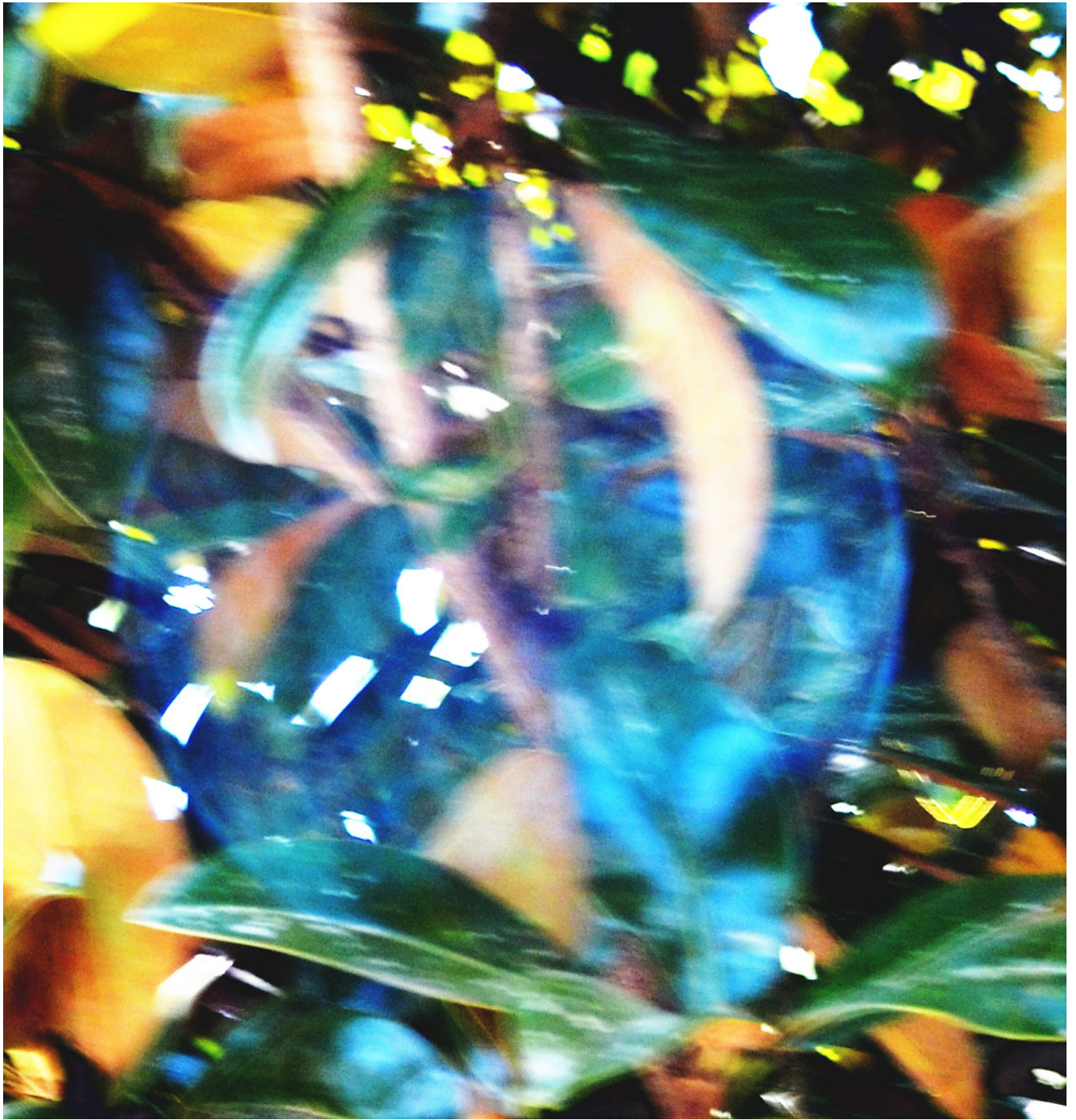


Fig. #3

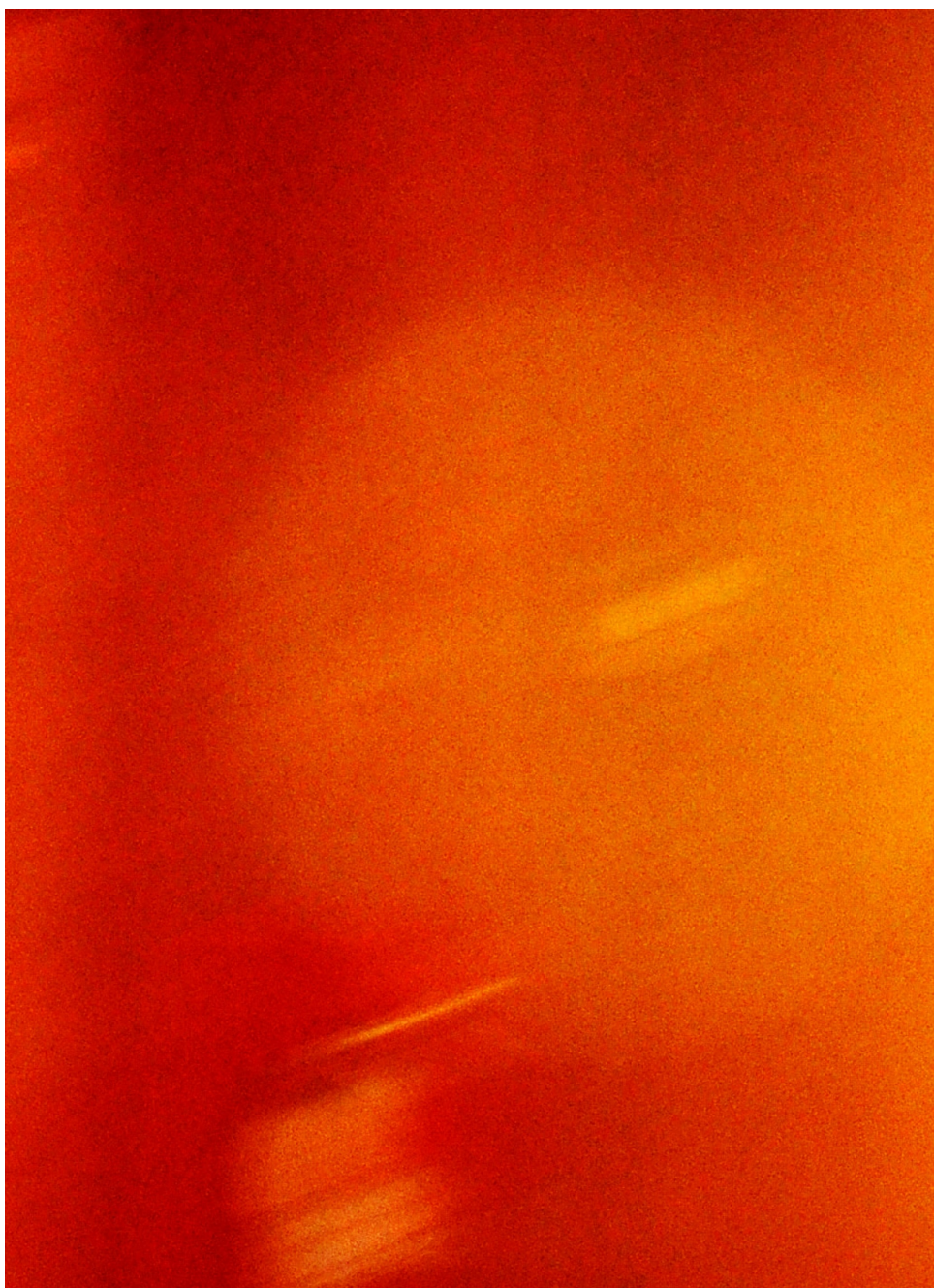


Fig. #4

AN ORB IN A IMAGE...

ORANGE

POWERFUL

MOVING

A walkway by a church.

So many have walked this way before.

The energy of the place is dredged.

The power of feelings,

memory

and remembrance.

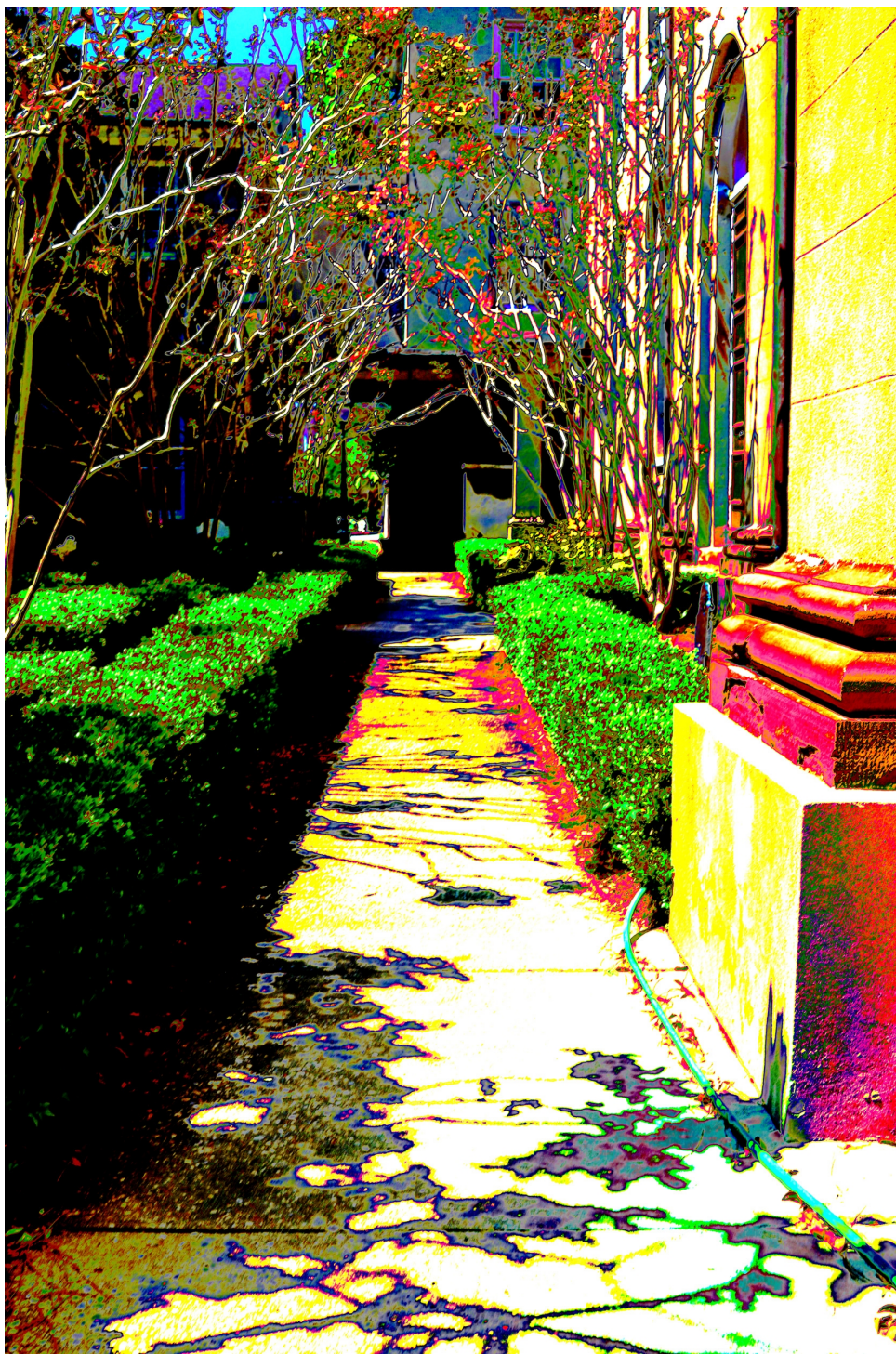


Fig. #5



Fig. #6

A slave quarter.

Sad history of civil rights abuse.

At nights, the trees swirl in the breezes.

And they sing.



Fig. #7

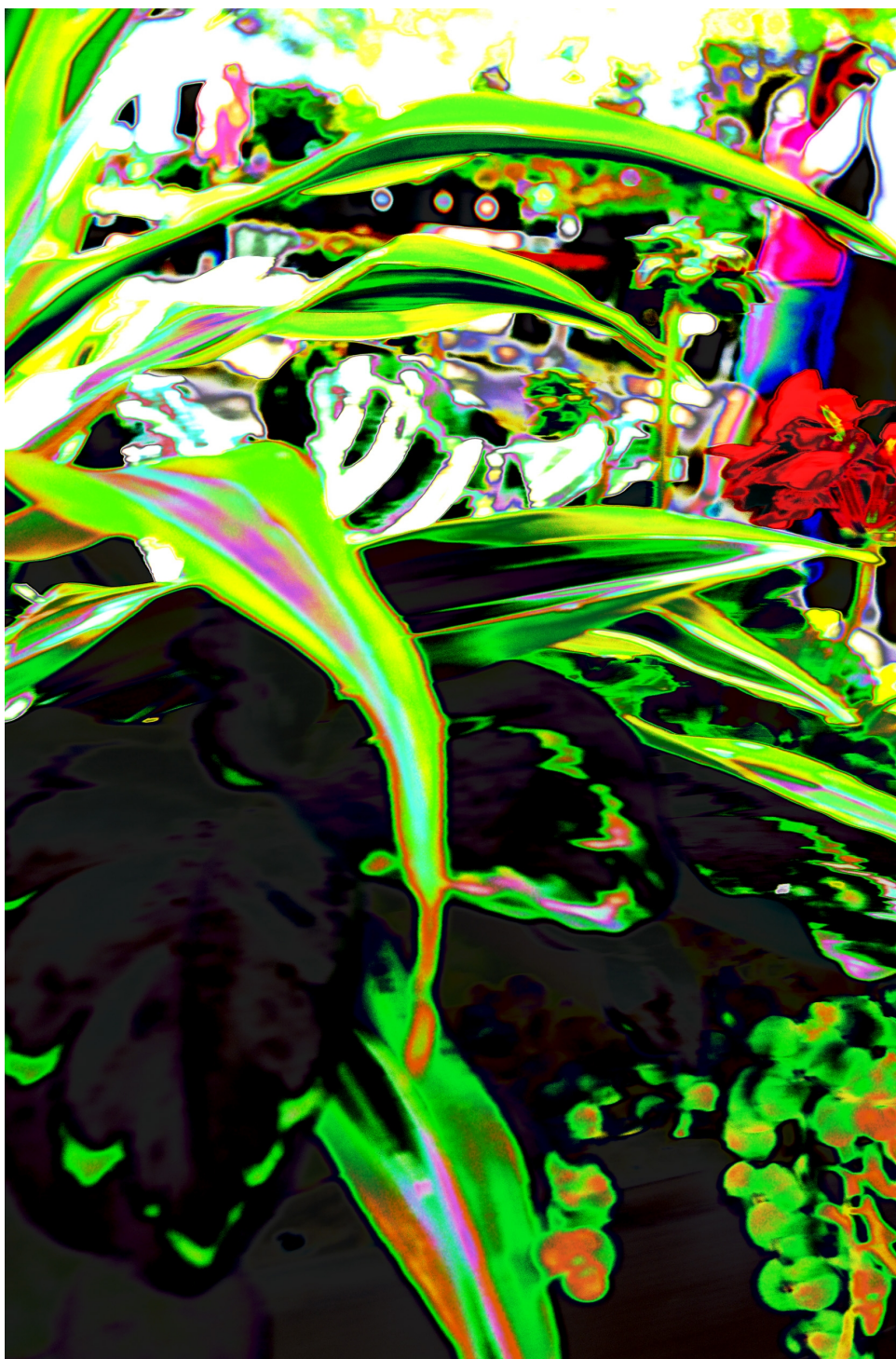


Fig. #8

Tranquility is priceless.

**And then,
there was a time people gathered here.**

**And then,
many things happened.**



Fig. #9



Fig. #10

This is the cotton mill at the slave plantation.

**Now quiet, it stands as a historical reminder
of something that happened in the past.**

A WINDOW
AND IN THE WINDOW
A DOOR
IN AND OUT



Fig. #11

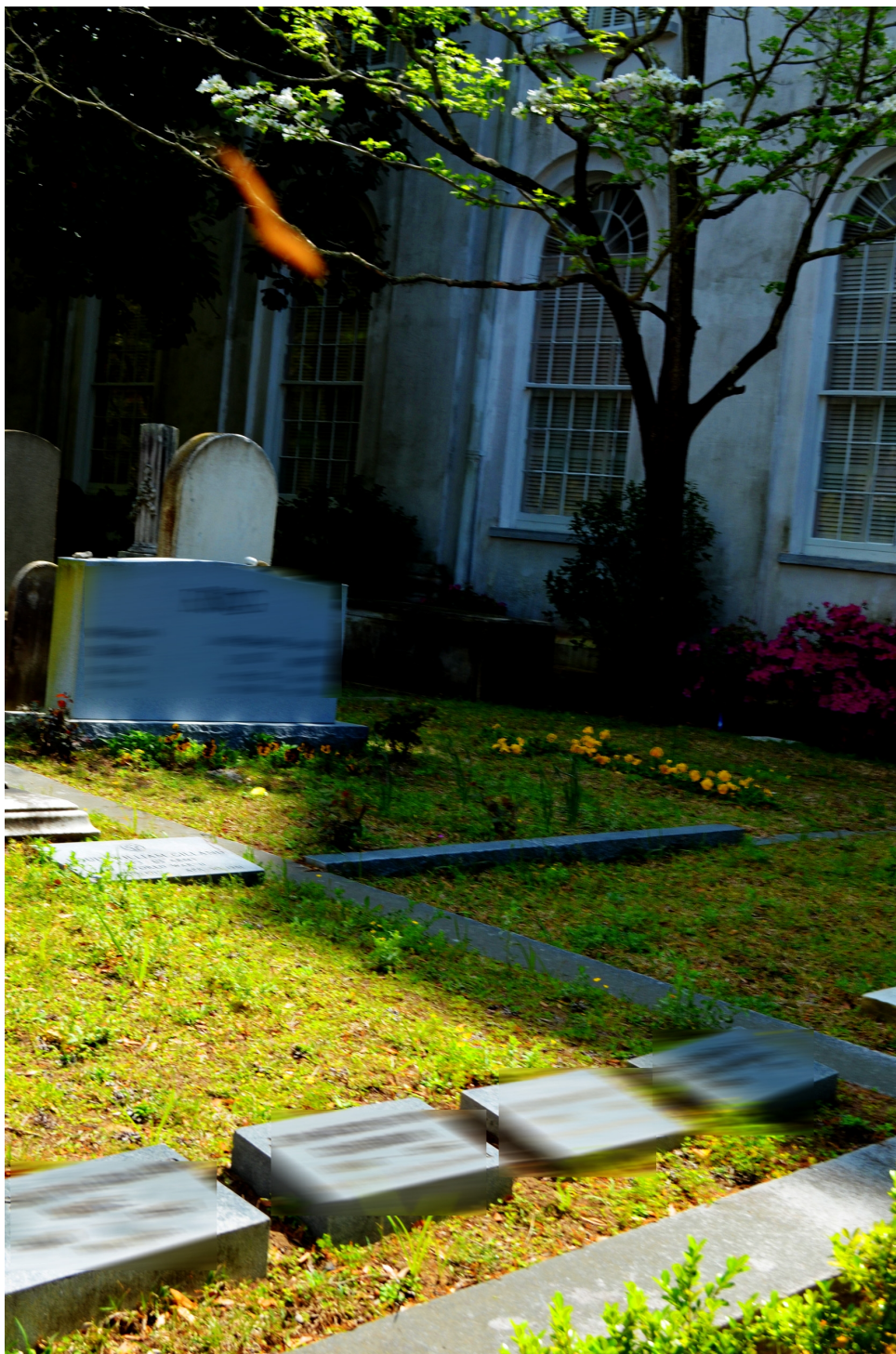


Fig. #12

And I asked the question,

“Where are the orbs?”

And this is what happened.

**One, two, three flowers...
Maybe more and more and more flowers.**

**A steaming cafe Latte for breakfast.
And a hallelujah brake while you zip it, for one moment.
And then, you are off to work.
Busy and worried, your mind rambling with demands, cares and
insinuations.**

**Where are you going this day?
Where? Really... WHERE?
Where will you be today that it will impact your life for every tomorrow?
And where will you be tomorrow, that you're so sure, is impacting everyone
of your today?**

**Wait and smell the flowers for one moment. Take a coffee brake.
Sit down and think... WHERE! And where, I wonder. Where is your heart
today?
For me... my heart is with my mother. For tomorrow will be the designated
day for "MOTHER'S DAY."
And I will take a brake today. As my heart will brake for just one moment
thinking of my mother tomorrow as every tomorrow, for me, is every today.
One flower, two flowers, three... A cup of coffee, a moment's brake. And off
you go to go to work. Where?**

In memory of all mothers... xoxo Because I care. Grace Divine



Fig. #13



Fig. #14

I look at you.

You look at me.

**Is it morning? I ask. As my eyes awake to see. No! Is the reply. As my mind
aware now thinks.**

**It is evening. Or more correctly that time, when the opening of EVE is alike
a flowering bud erupting orgasmically unto the land.**

**And as the last light shimmers through, speaking through gossamer pinks
and oranges, it blends into the blues of the in-coming night sky, hinting to
stain it with purples.**

Ah! The beauty of nature. And I feel astonished.

**And as I peer through a window, I see yonder into the landscape. Thank
you...**

A wonderful beautiful window it is indeed.

But, what if there were no window here?

And who in their wisdom put it in?

And who created windows to begin with?

Don't you wonder, whose idea was it in the end?

And I just have to say, I THANK YOU!

**I hope, no matter where I am, within or outside myself, there will always be
a window there so I can see.**

**And I pray, the Master architect, includes that. For I believe that to look into
a window is to see far far away, as one's mind travels through an eternity.**

Grace Divine

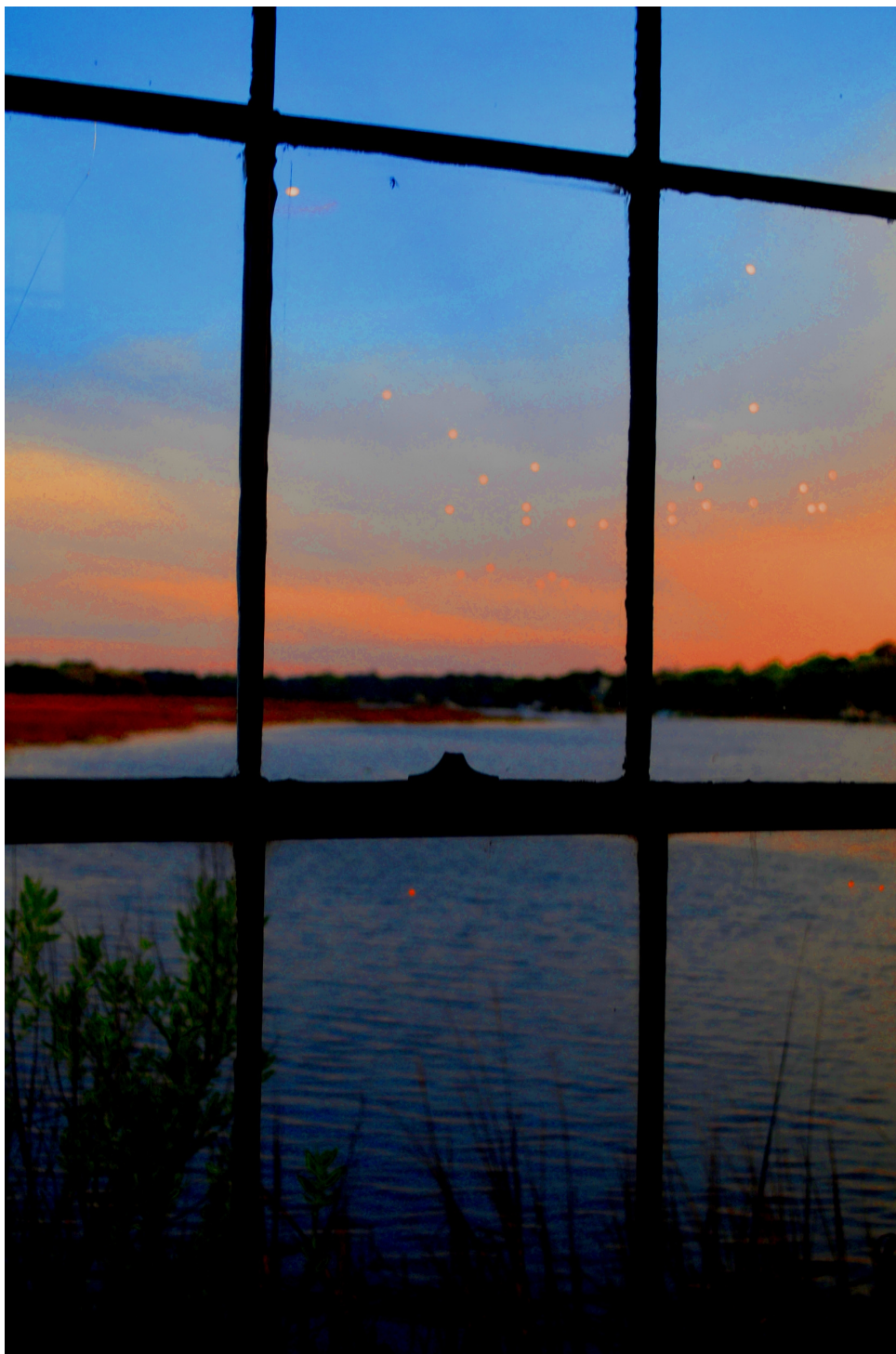


Fig. #15

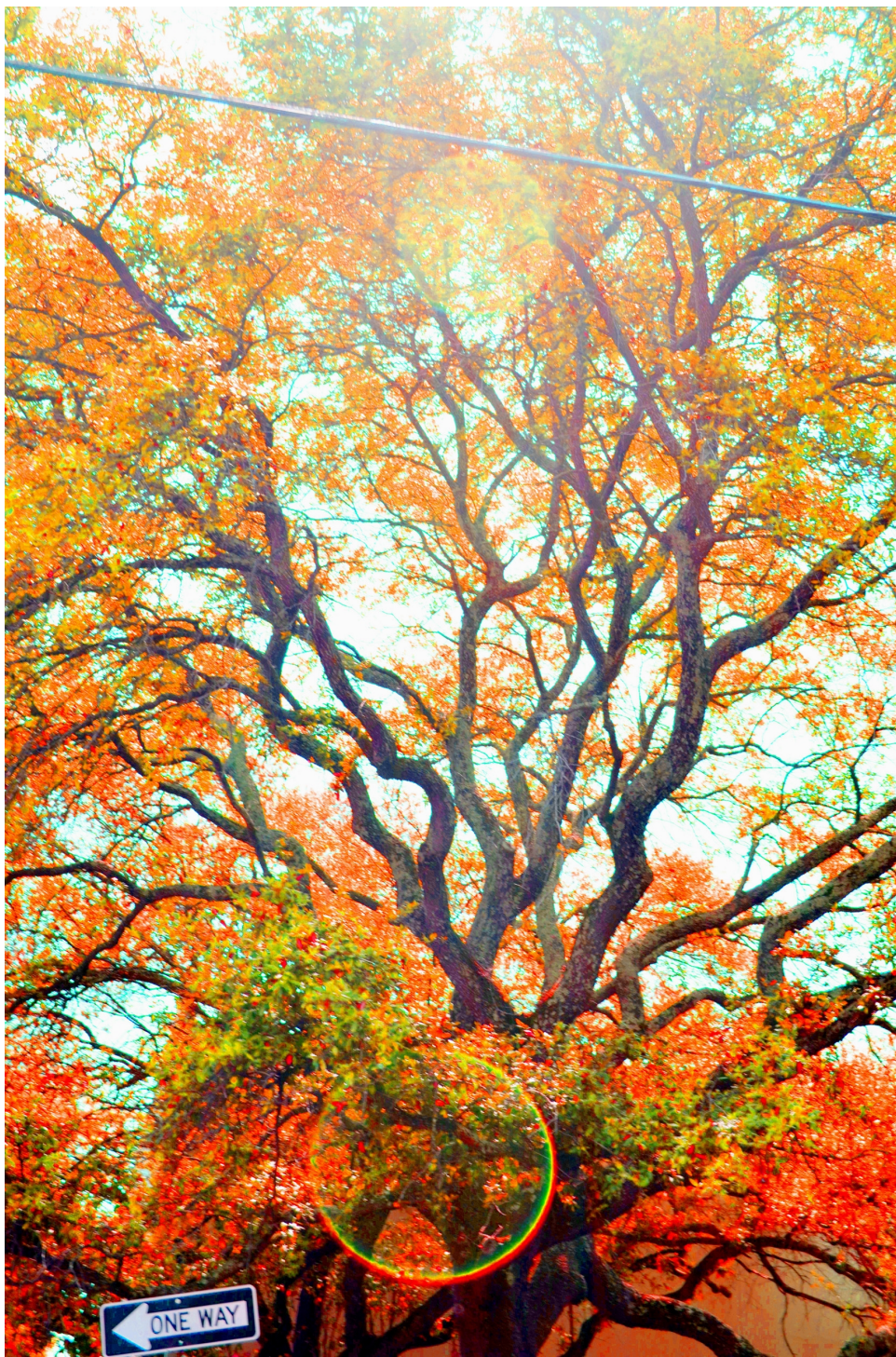


Fig. #16

Majestic trees whose branches climb on into the skies.

MAJESTIC.

Pink flowering bushes
and then there is peace.



Fig. #17



Fig. #18

A chair and a table at a coffee place.

Sometimes, we all look for something like this,

to sit and drink...

SIT AND DRINK.

The world we live in is only limited by the boundaries we create.

LOOK BEYOND THE TREE

LOOK BEYOND THE HOUSE

LOOK BEYOND EVEN STILL



Fig. #19

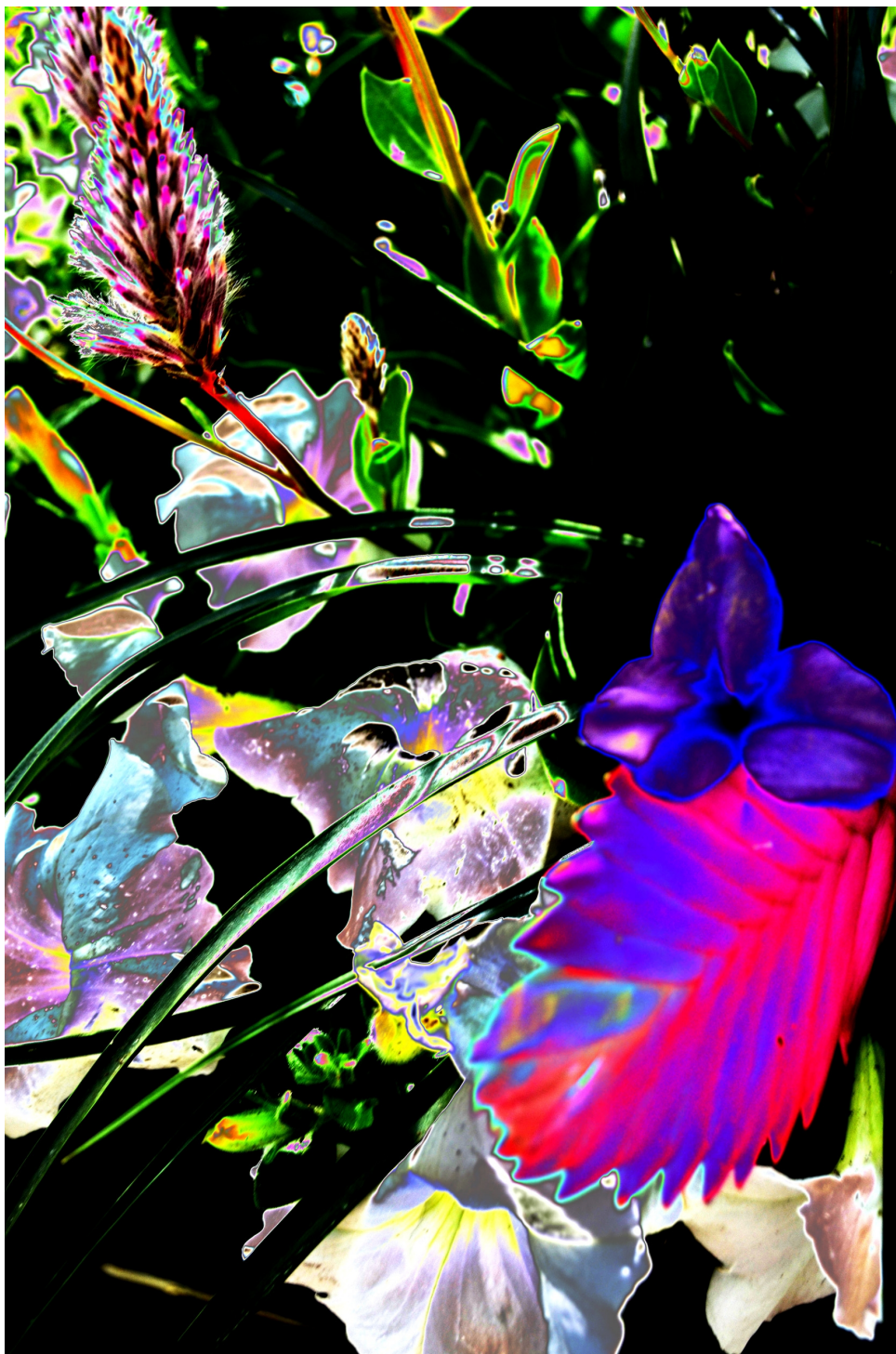


Fig. #20

Romantic fragrances permeation our vision.

IF SUCH A THING IS POSSIBLE.

In our imagination, it probably is.

The dead can speak.

THEY CAN.

They speak with silence.

SILENCE IS VERY POWERFUL SPEECH.

For all we say during the time we live,

and then,

there will be silence.

Is anyone of us ever ready for that?



Fig. #21



Fig. #22

Steve strolling...

And big white flowers collecting at his feet.

**Steve climbing the courthouse steps,
as so many have done before.**

PREOCCUPATION



Fig. #23

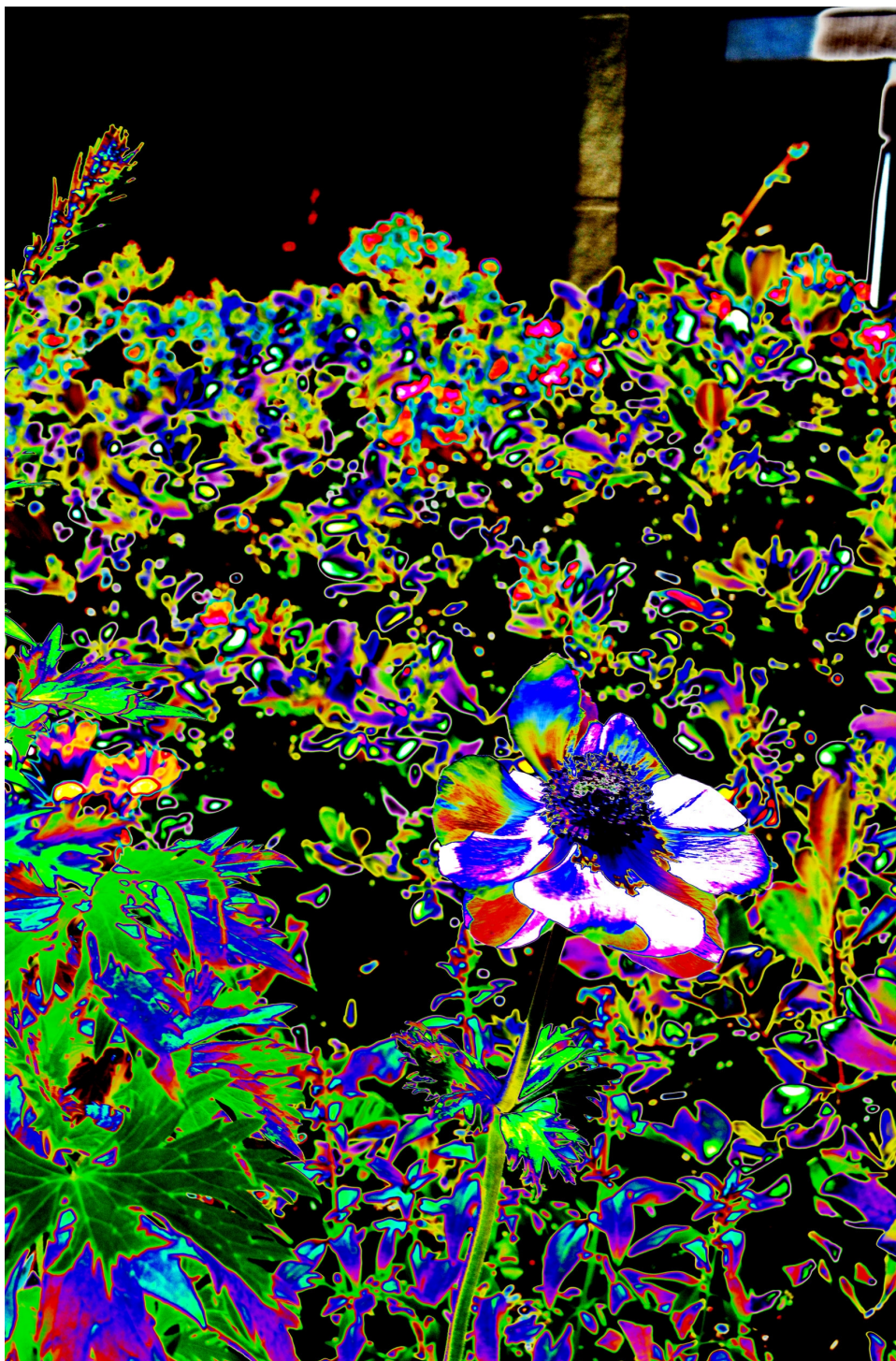


Fig. #24

Once, I would like a bouquet of flowers.

ONCE

But this bouquet would be special.

**The flowers would never age and in fact,
would be reborn on a regular cycle.**

LIVE

What are the things that surround us?

Are we ever fully aware?

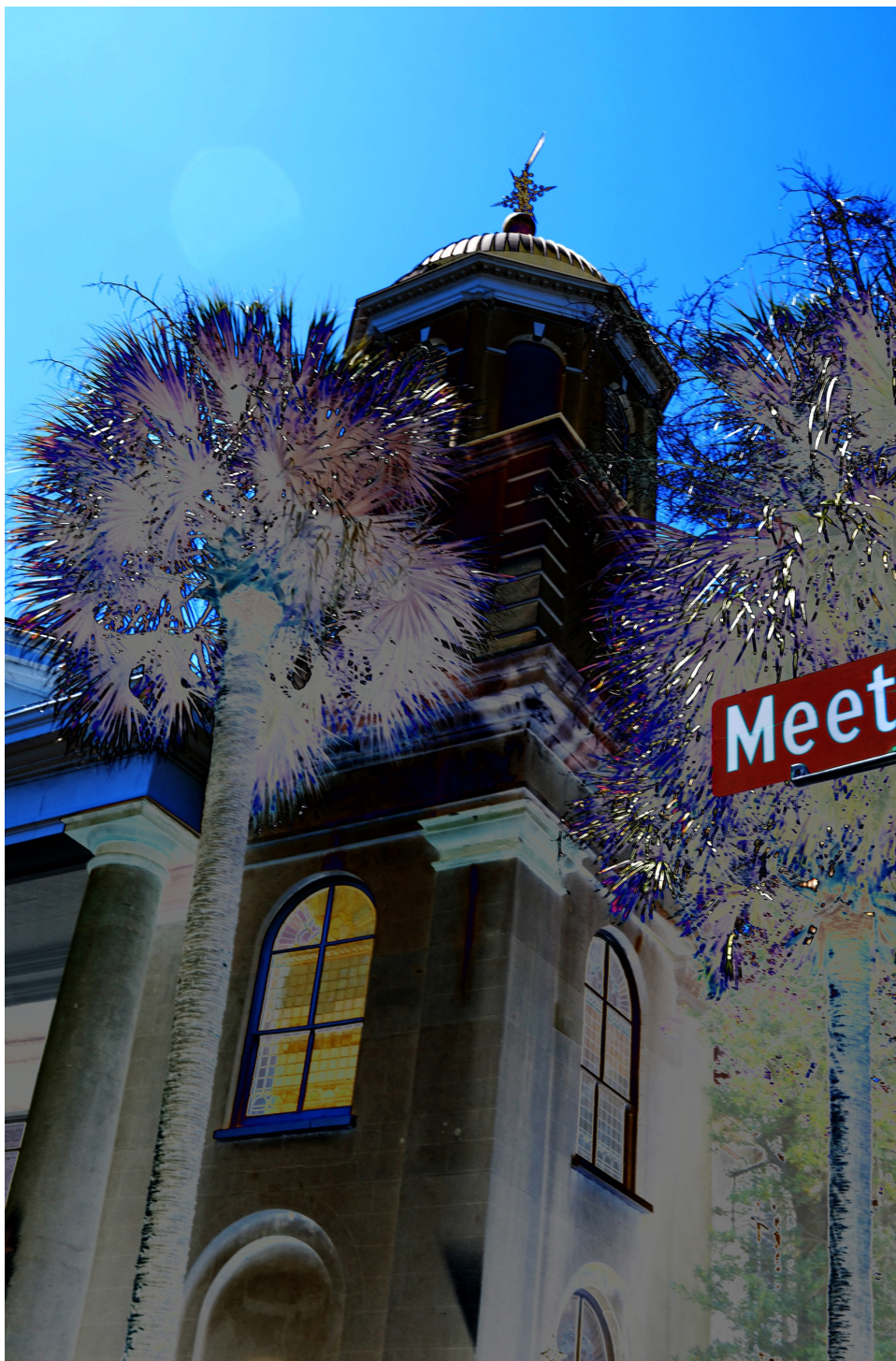


Fig. #25



Fig. #26

One after the other

One after the other

the church

the park

the grave

the path

the window

this place

One after the other

**And a reflection falls upon a reflection
and what is everything at the end?**

**A REFLECTION
IN THE MINDS OF THOSE WHO PERCEIVE IT.
EVERYTHING IS A REFLECTION.**



Fig. #27



Fig. #28

The doll sits and waits.

Who will come and play?

WHO?

Her mates are long lost gone away.

Certainly buried or cremated.

And the doll still sits and waits.

Shadows matter
SHADOWS MATTER
LOOK INTO THEM
AND SEE



Fig. #29



Fig. #30

Human beings have a history of beautiful design.

And this is a human gift.

REJOICE

At the courthouse,

one lonely chair.

And that is how someone there must have felt.

LONELY

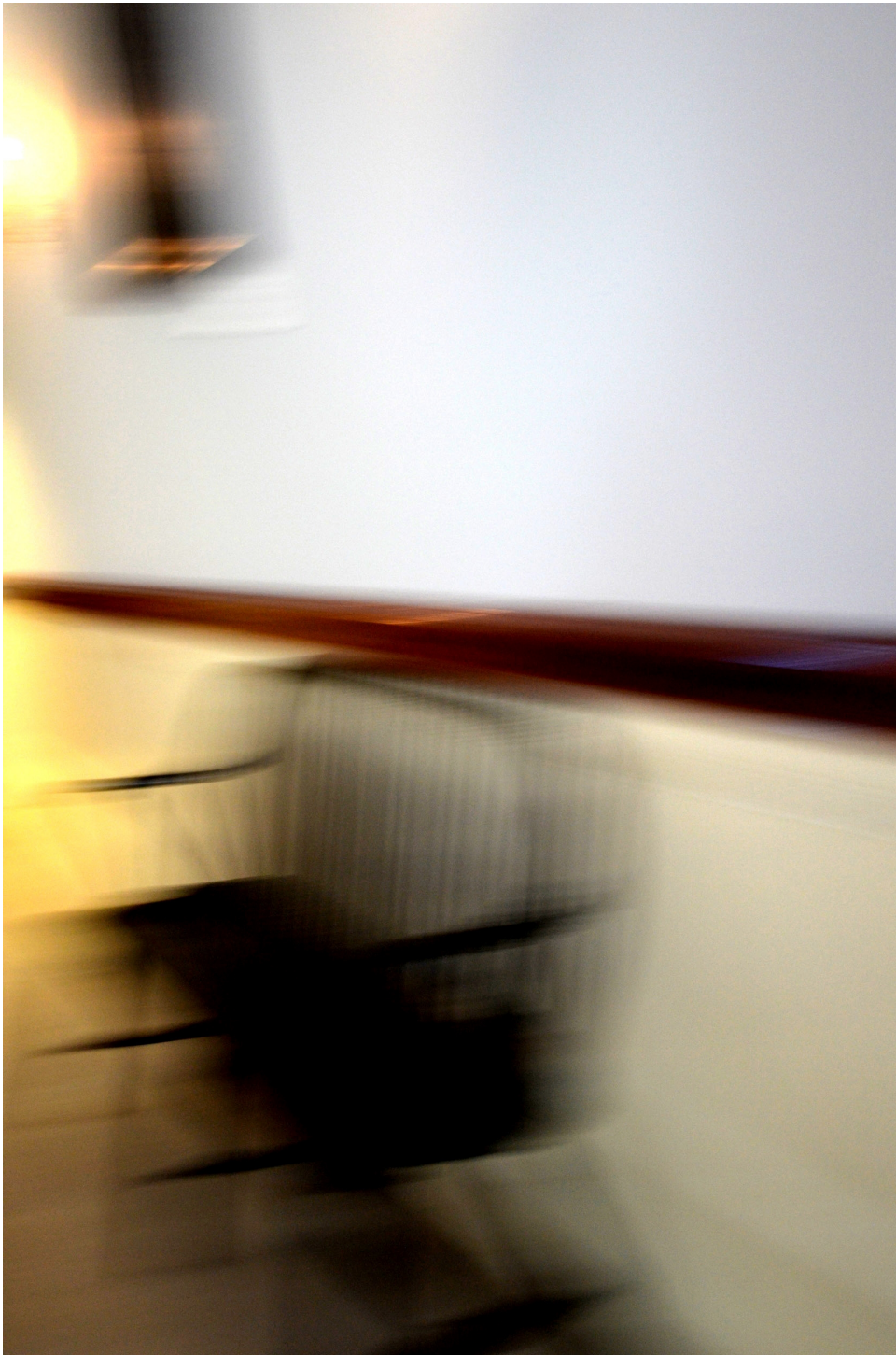


Fig. #31



Fig. #32

“HEEEEEE”

The horse cries out...

**And after a while,
the house sounds tired.**

“HEEEEEE”

Looking into windows.
Looking out of windows.
It just seems that in life,
we are either looking in or out,
but never in between.



Fig. #33



Fig. #34

AN ORB SURPRISE... SO PRETTY

People gather by the park.

FOOD FOOD FOOD



Fig. #35

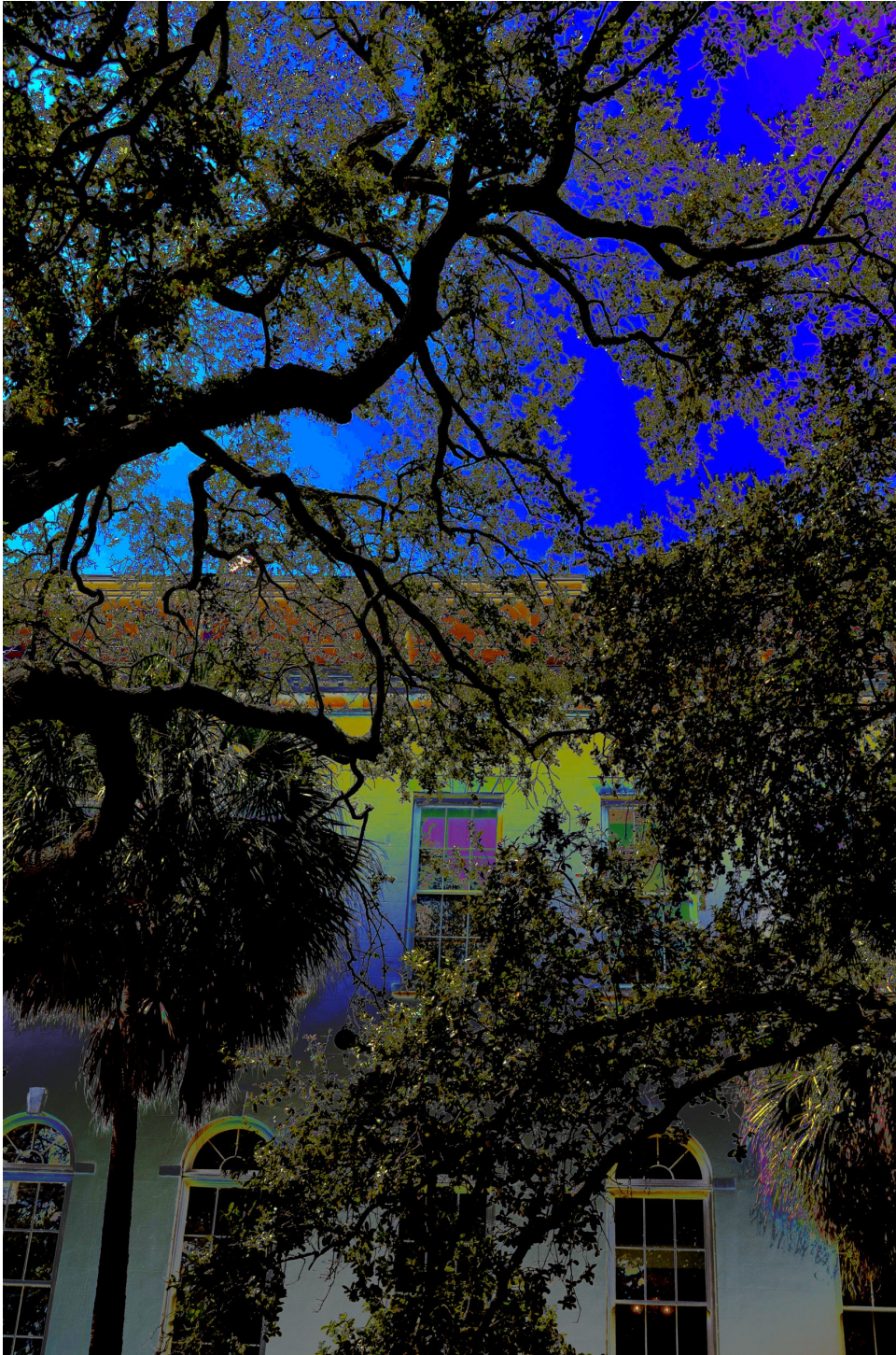


Fig. #36

**And looking up at the sky
while standing on hallowed ground
one has to ponder.
IS THERE MORE TO LIFE THAN THIS?**

Lots of people ride bikes.

And apparently do not fear having them stolen.



Fig. #37

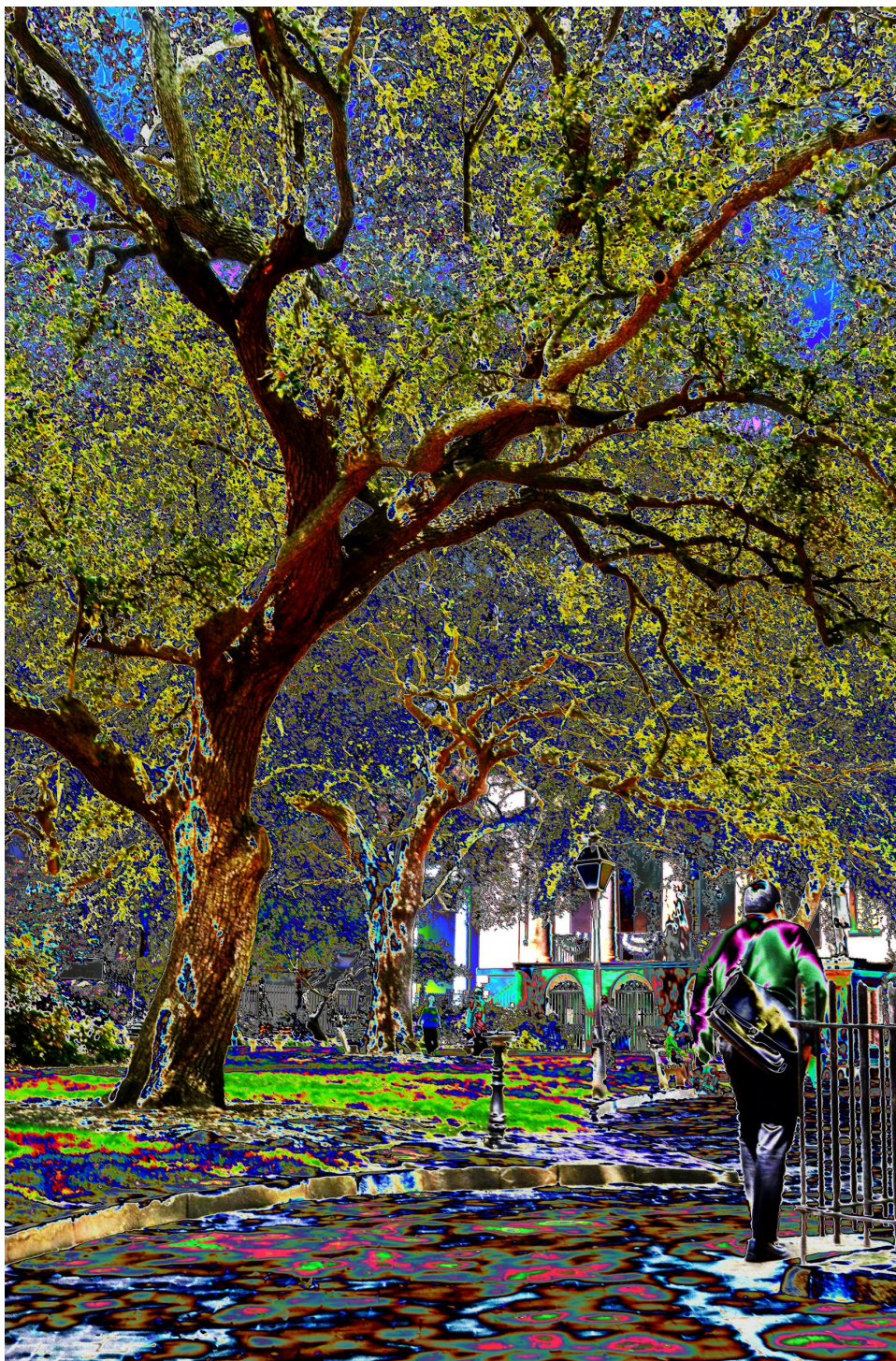


Fig. #38

People walk a lot in Charleston.

And there are horse pulled carriages.

It is amusing and slightly sad.



Fig. #39

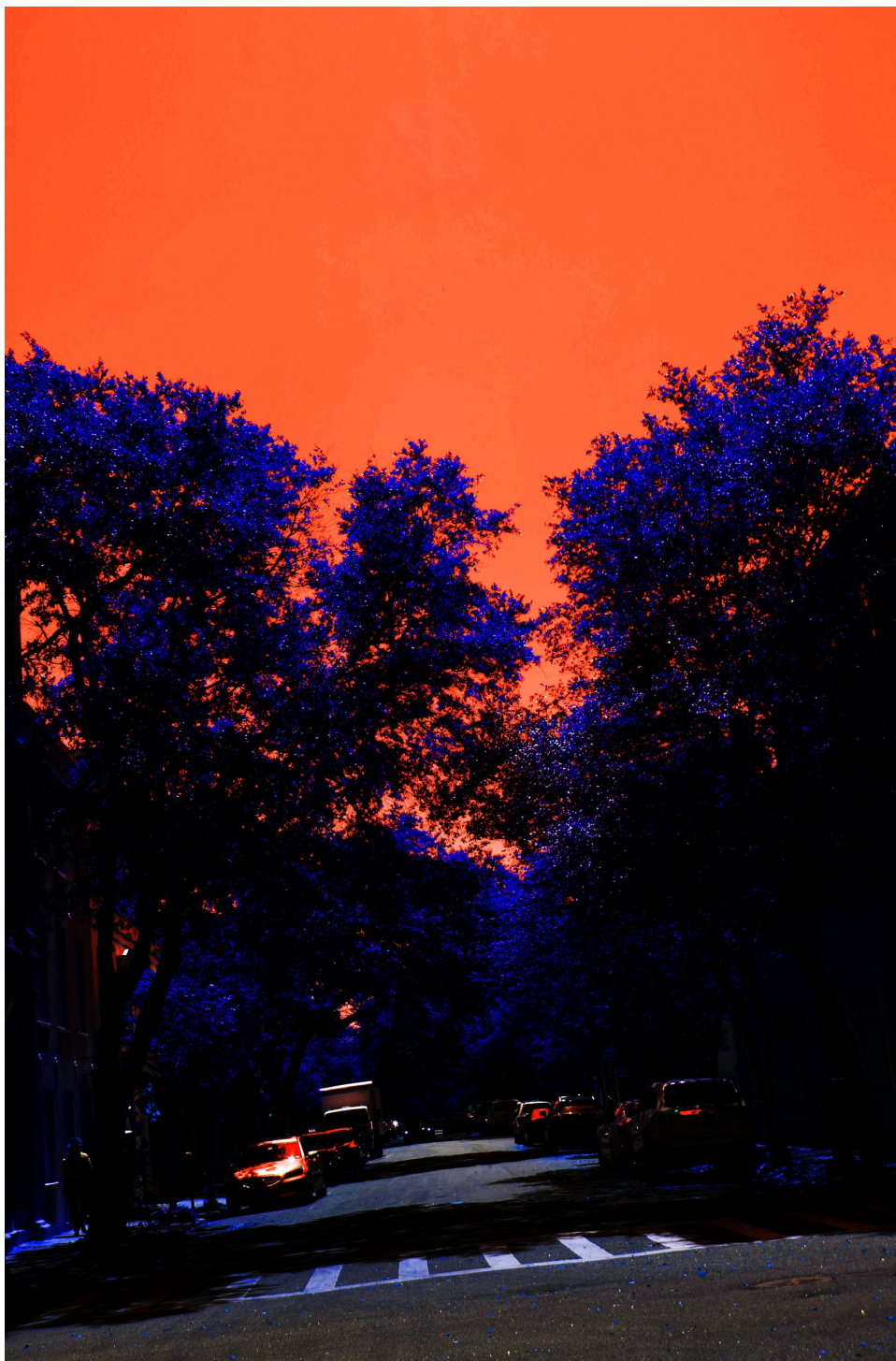


Fig. #40

There are lots of crossing sections for pedestrians in Charleston.

But one must still carefully watch for the cars.

Slave quarters in the back...



Fig. #41



Fig. #42

At a cemetery, the tree spreads its branches far and wide.

Perhaps it is saying “I WANT OUT.”

THE ORB SURPRISE

Fig. #43



Fig. #44

At night, one can walk the streets and it appears to be alright.

Or at least, I hoped so.

The weather is humid.

Foliage grows wild.



Fig. #45

Fig. #46

A door next to a grave.

A marker forgotten by time.

Or is it the other way around?

Did the marker forget about time?

Fig. #47

Fig. #48

Flowers greet us at one of the many parks

And no matter what, flowers will continue to bloom!

Fig. #49

Fig. #50

A nice bar tender let me take his picture.