“The Flavor of Charleston & Mount Pleasant”

South Carolina, USA

A Review of the sights by way of

photography, poetic stories & funny commentary

BOOK 6

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A Review of the sights by way of

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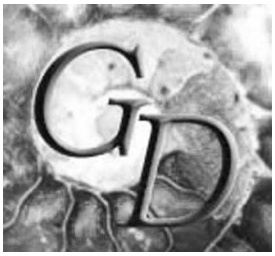
by

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 an 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 women's 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 you

STRANGE MISTS...

Fig. # 1

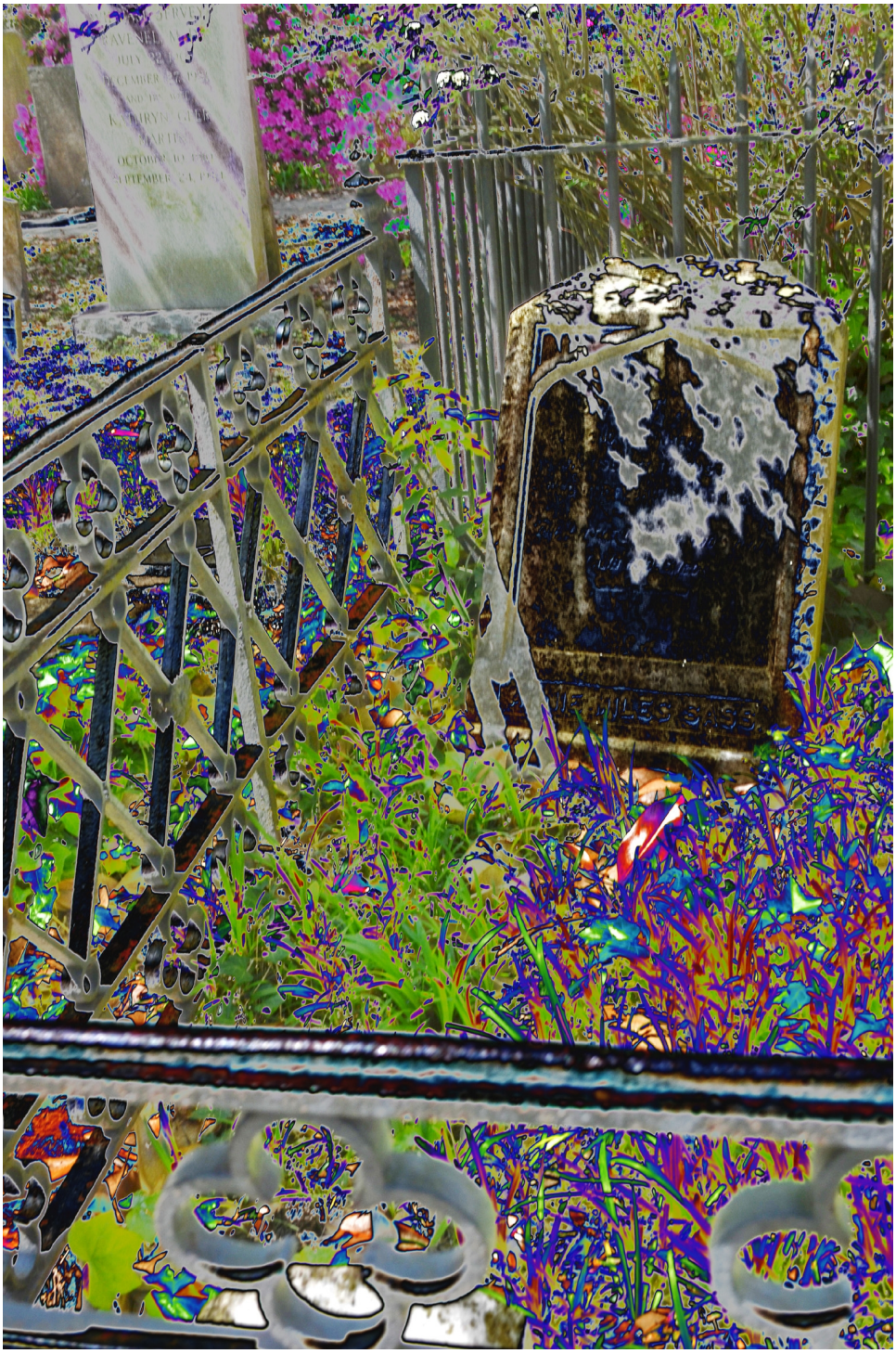

Fig. #2

A FENCE SETS A MARKER APART FROM THE OTHERS.

A ROAD IN CHARLESTON.

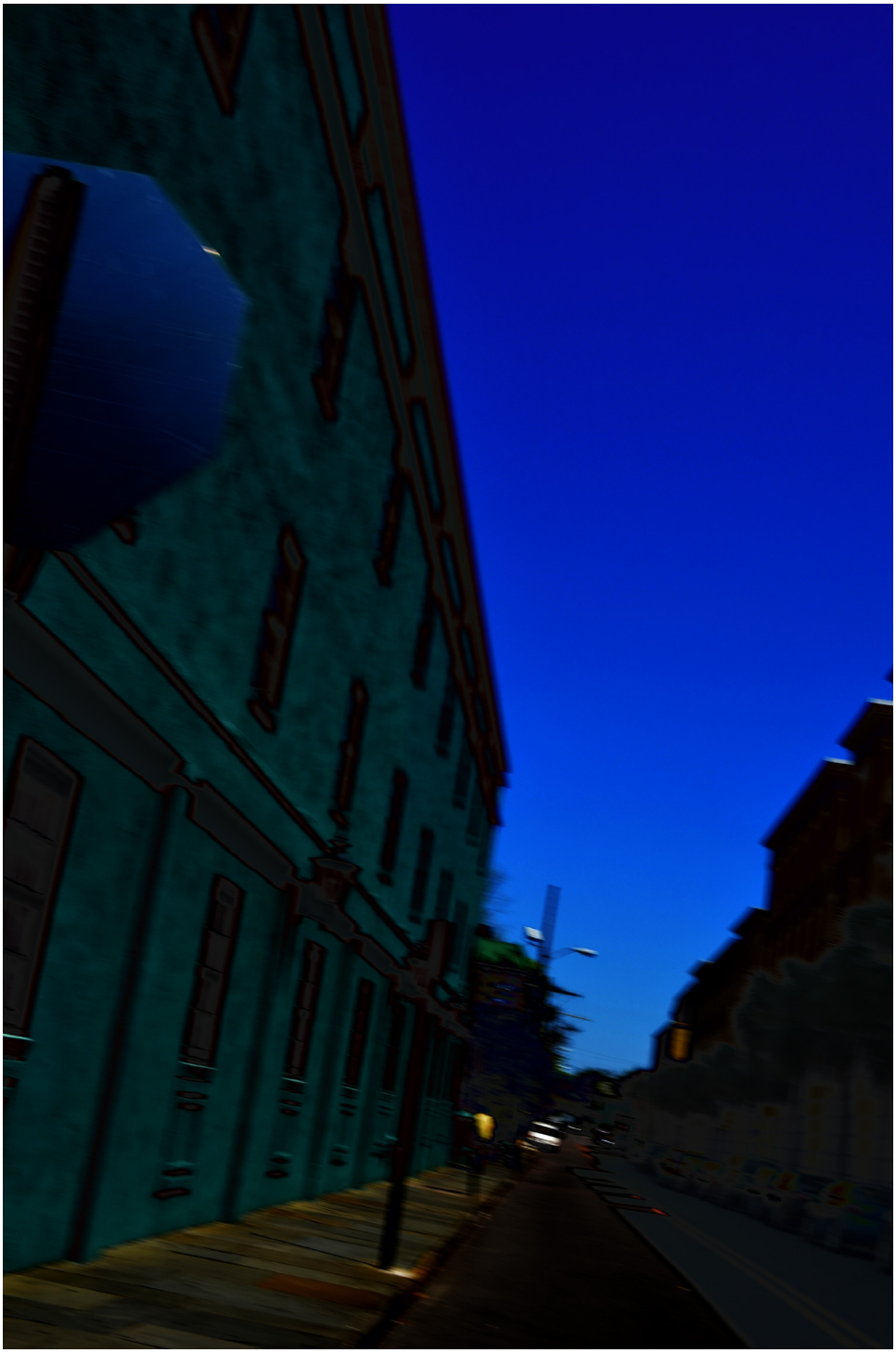

Fig. #3

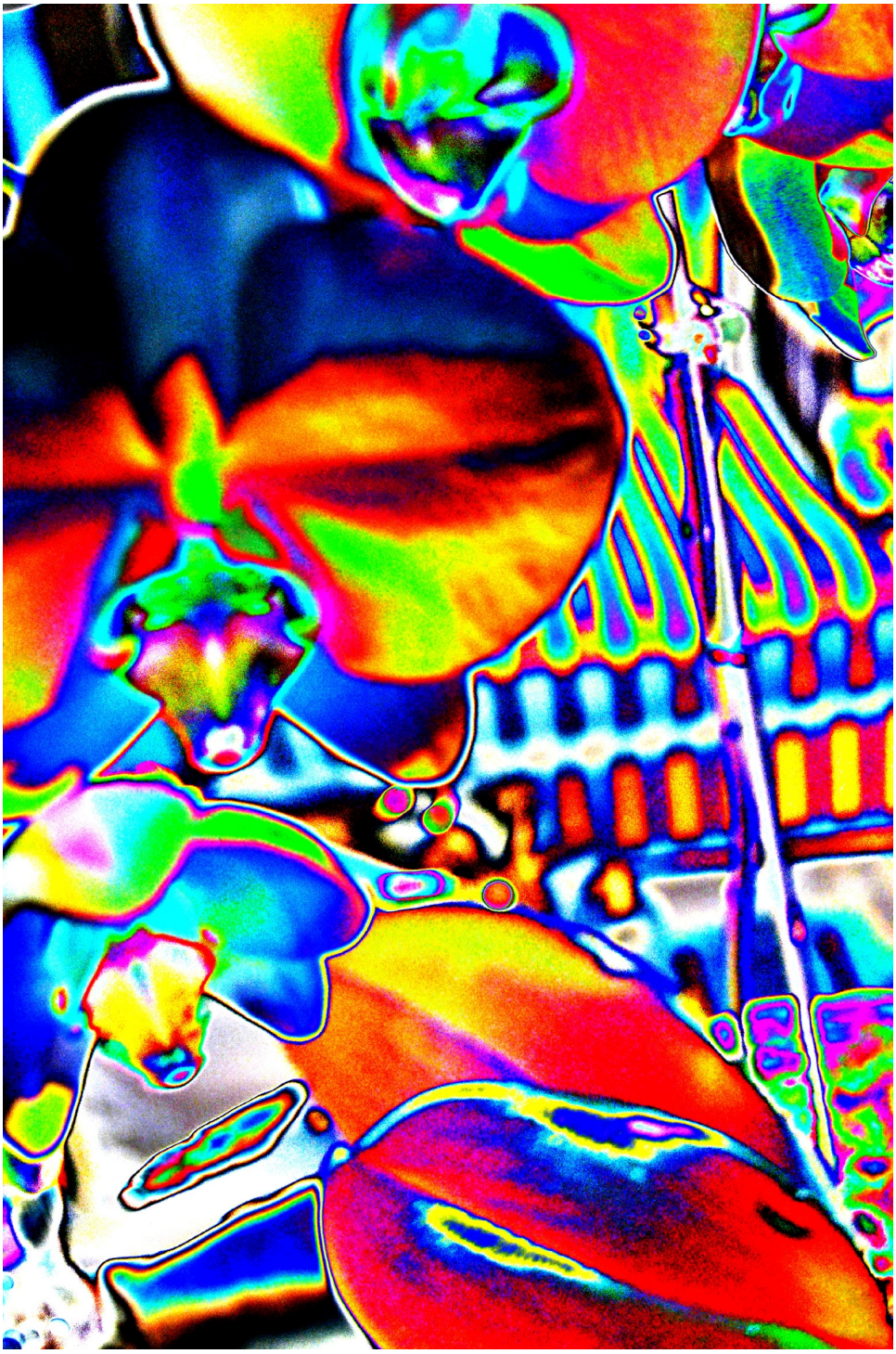

Fig. #4

HAPPY!

We see through and around shadows,

but seldom we look into them.

WHY?

It might be because we

believe we can't see into them.

But why not try?

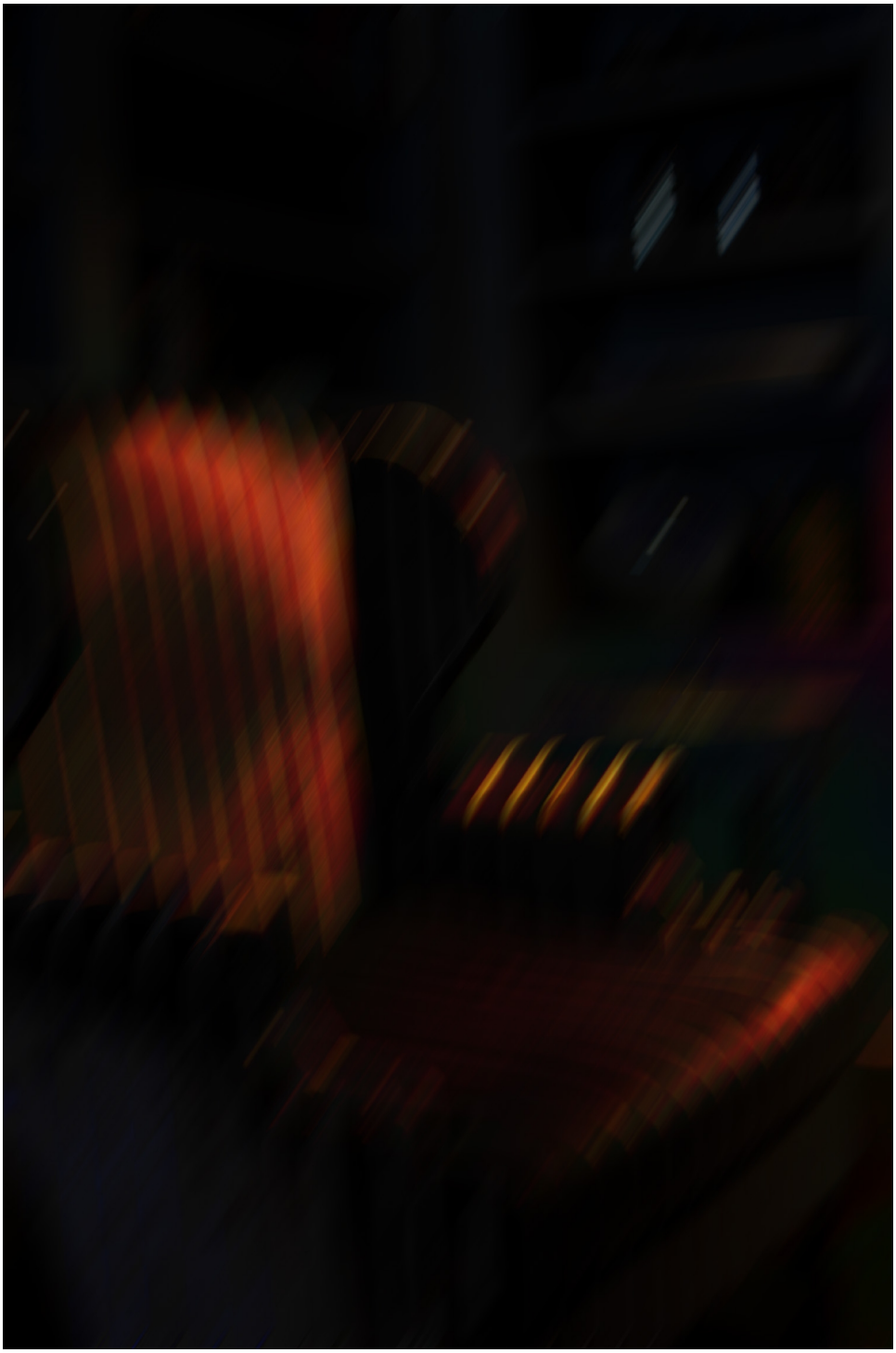

Fig. #5

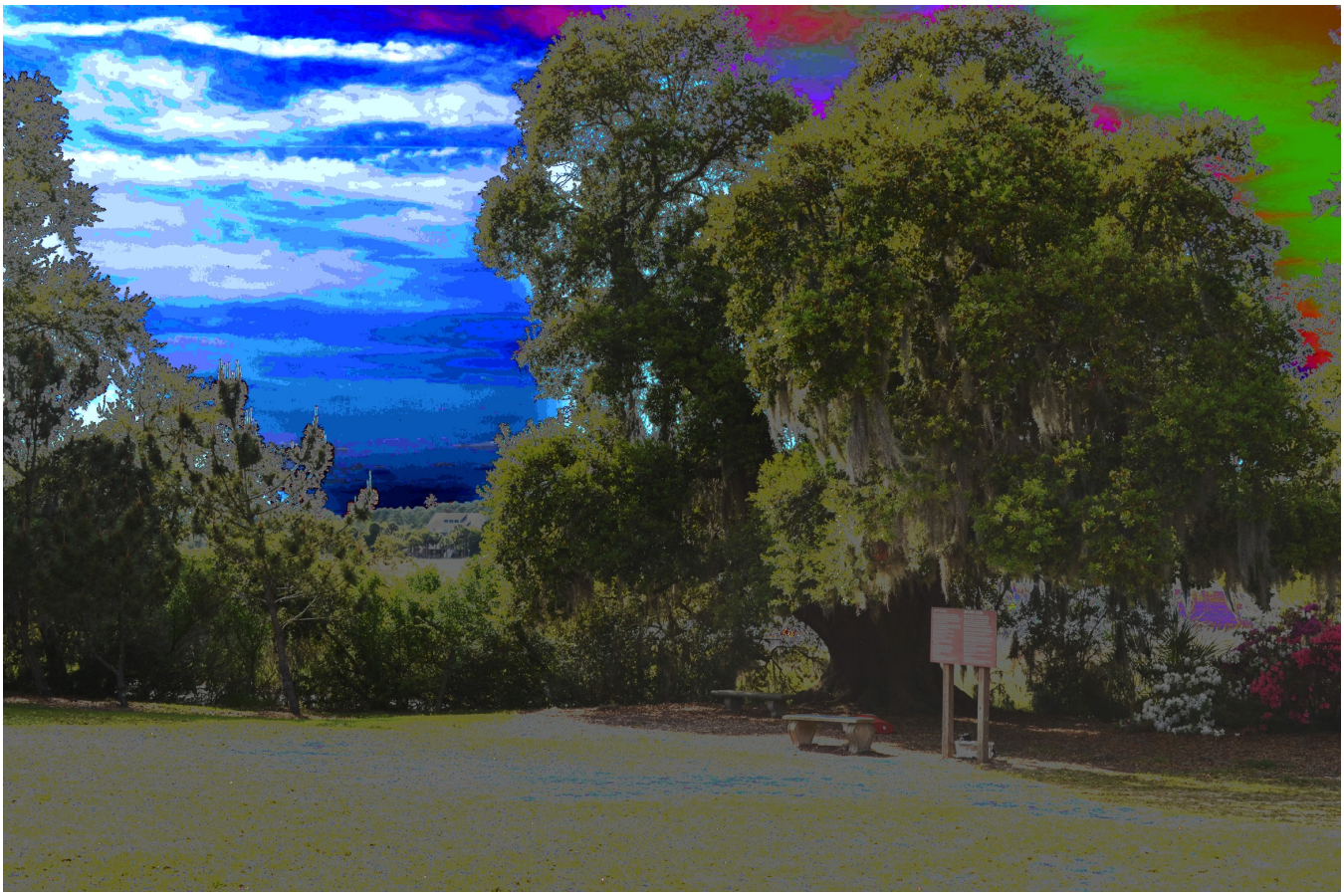

Fig. #6

Here, the landscapes are beautiful.

AN ORB

A REFLECTION OF AN ORB…

Fig. #7

Fig. #8

TRANQUILITY AT NIGHT

A wonderful tree by the lake,

at a slave plantation.

Fig. #9

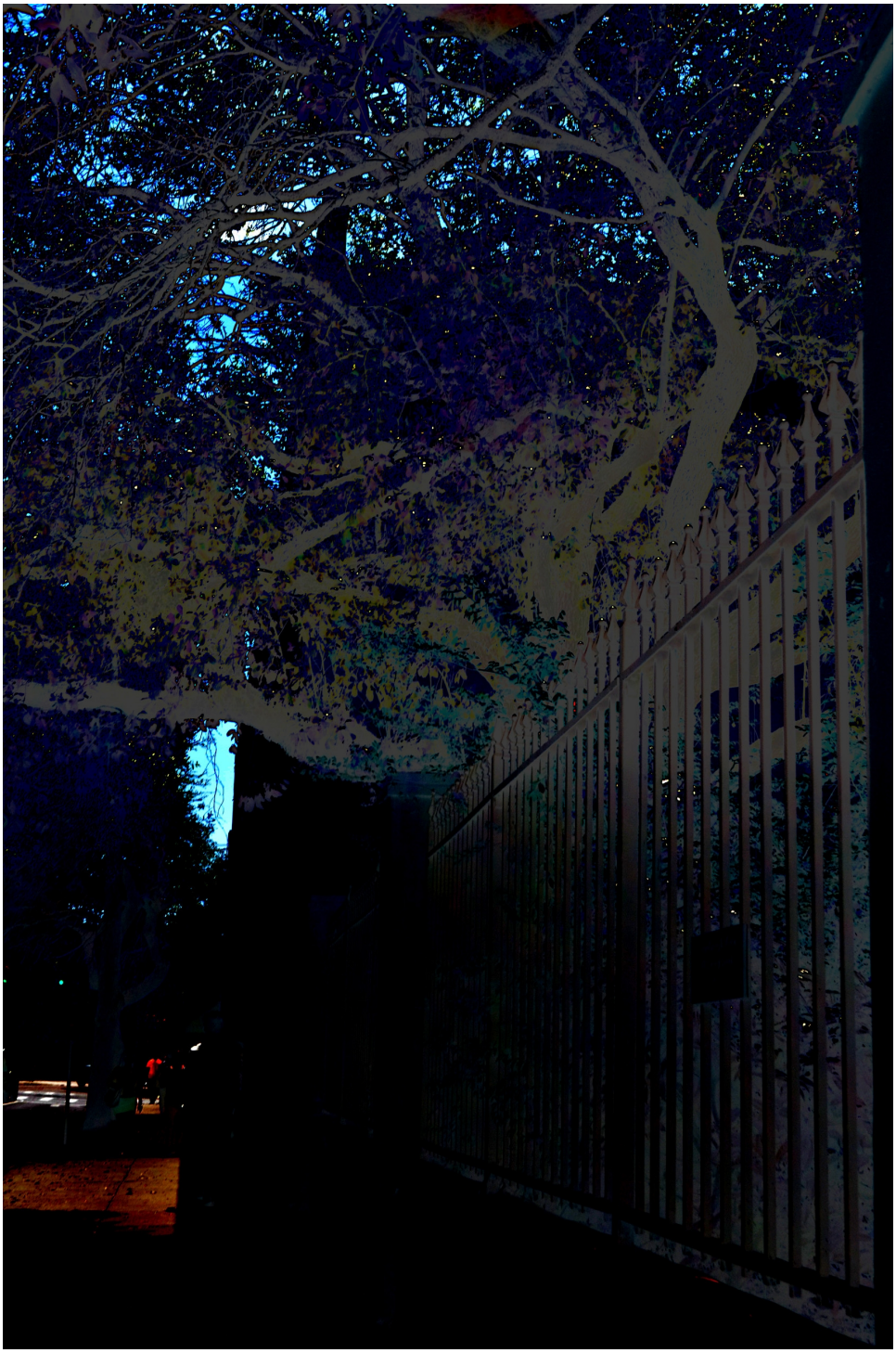

Fig. #10

A strange mist by a fence.

This make me wonder.

SERENE

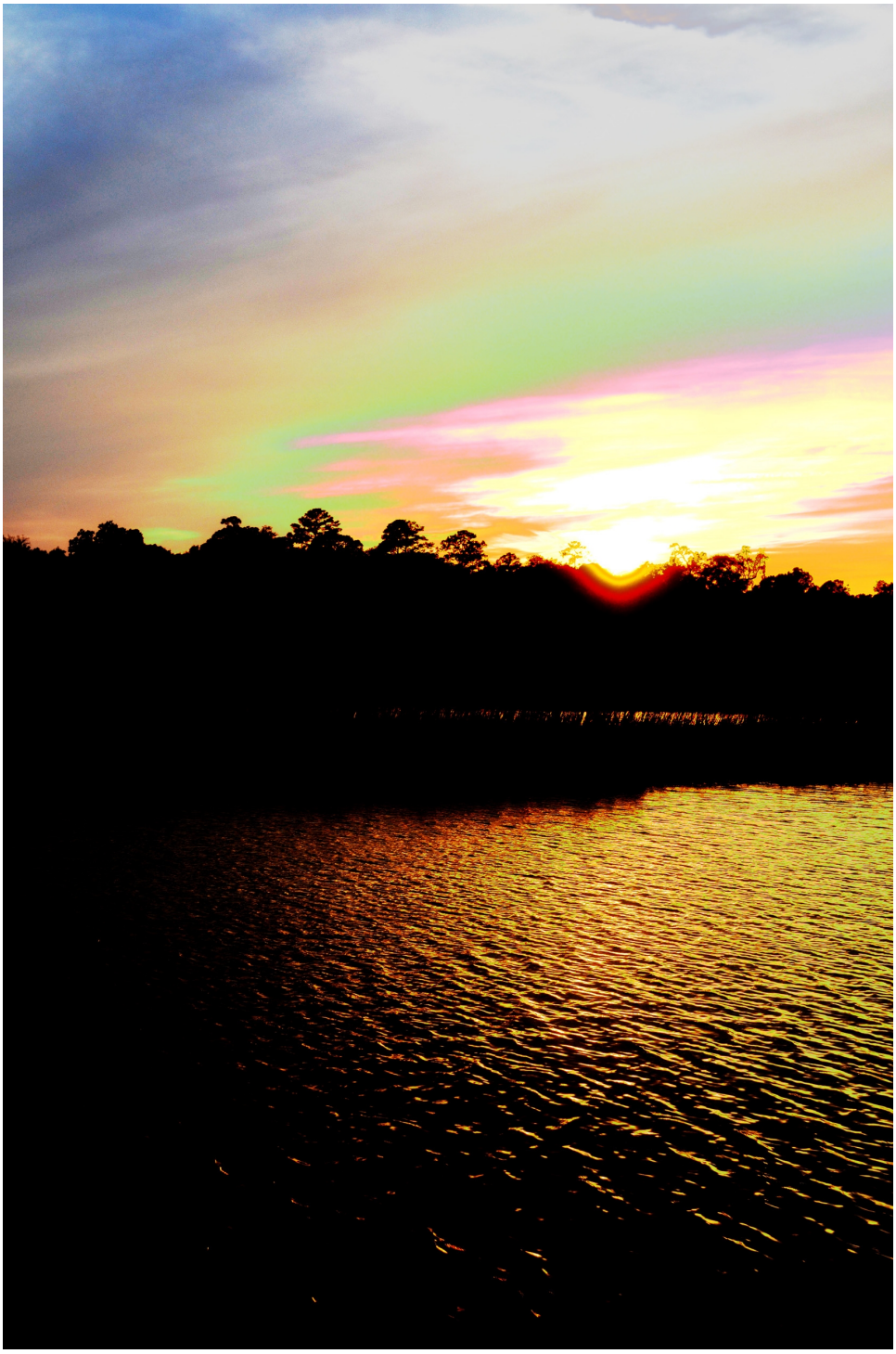

Fig. #11

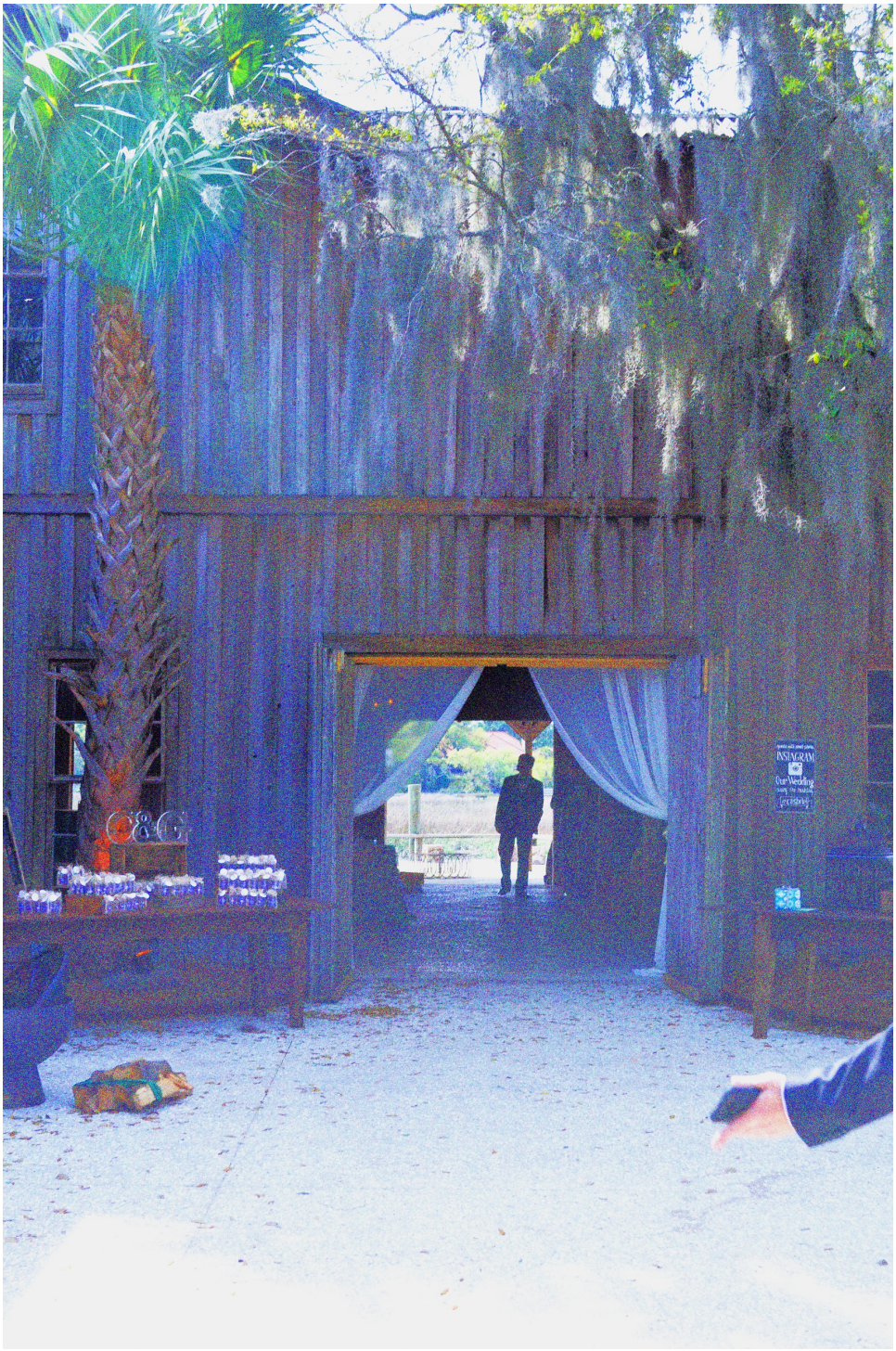

Fig. #12

We are walking to the dock,

at the slave plantation.

SPEECHLESS…

Fig. #13

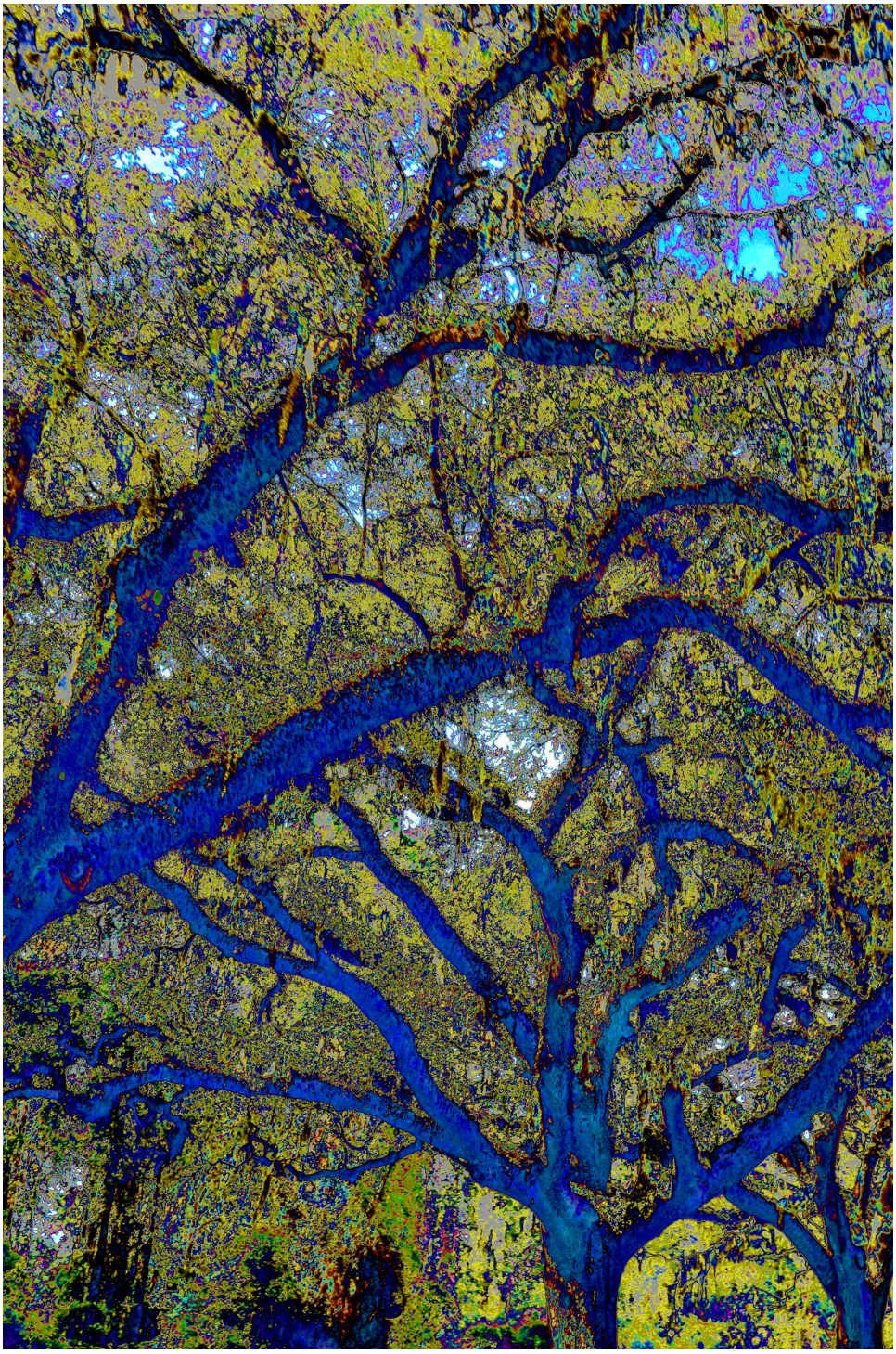

Fig. #14

"Of my feelings about the civil war while in a southern plantation"

Trees in a Southern plantation with branches reaching up into the skies.

Glimpses of blue skies sneaking through solitary and random, like pockets of simmering screaming whispers reminding us of where we are.

Confusion, delusion, corruption, pollution, but the trees still grow notwithstanding what.

And the voices of judgment are heard in the distance like dancing petals of dying camellias praying for a moment's end to a dreadful life.

Nothing comes and nothing goes without the notice of the Almighty GOD as the mighty God's horses pull each carriage to its end.

And so called Ladies and gentlemen get off of the carriage as whimpering slaves bend over in pain.

And here it is where ideas of grandeur crucify goodness and suffocate compassion under cover of silence as lies are bred to grow.

It is said corrupt men can not win should good men stand up and stop them. And yet there is always too few good men it seems until there are finally enough.

And then the civil war was fought.

And then the civil war was won...

And thank God good men from the North triumphed!

And that is good for all! Good for all.

One finds strange things while traveling.

The mist by the fence…

So interesting.

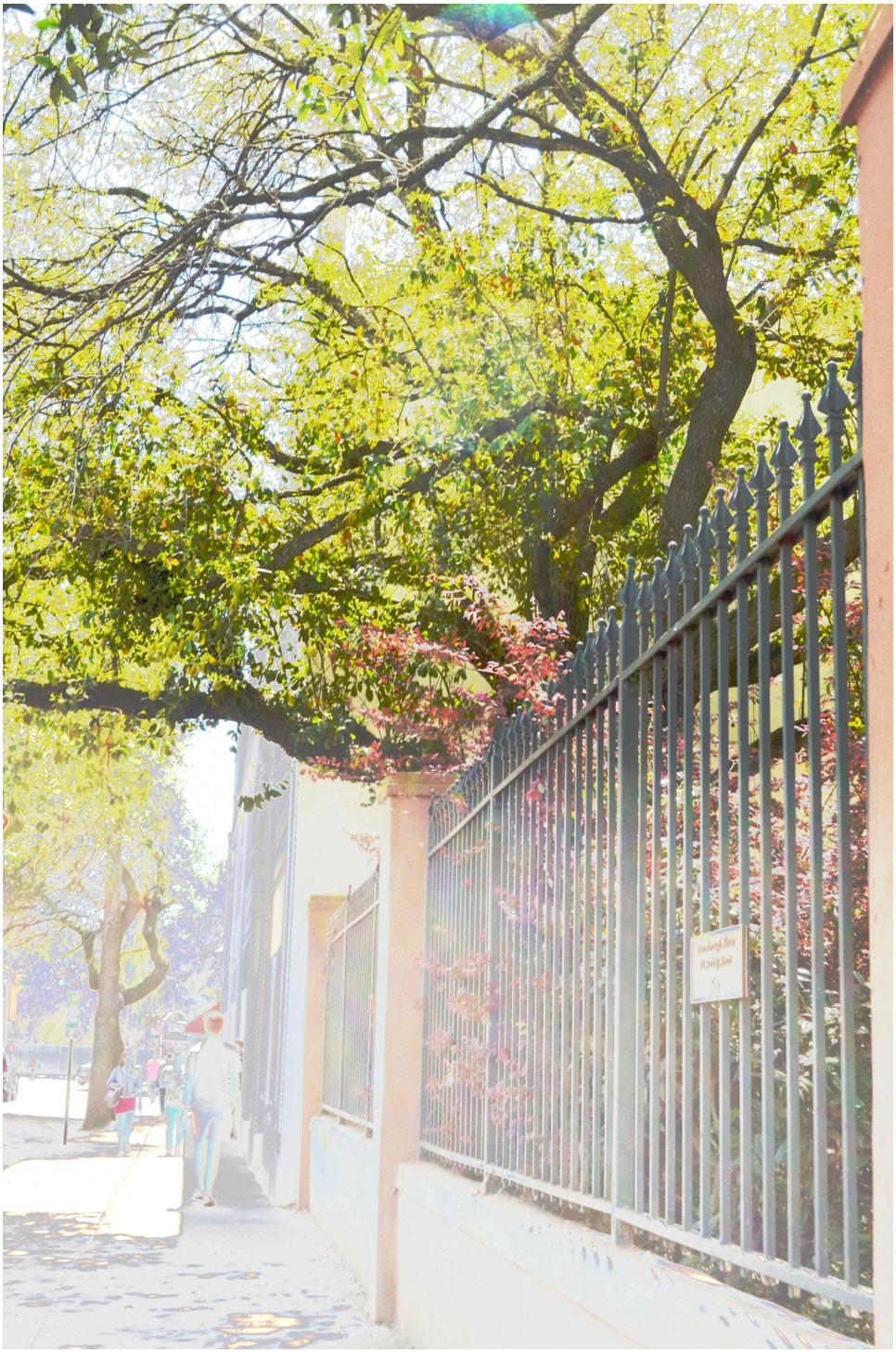

Fig. #15

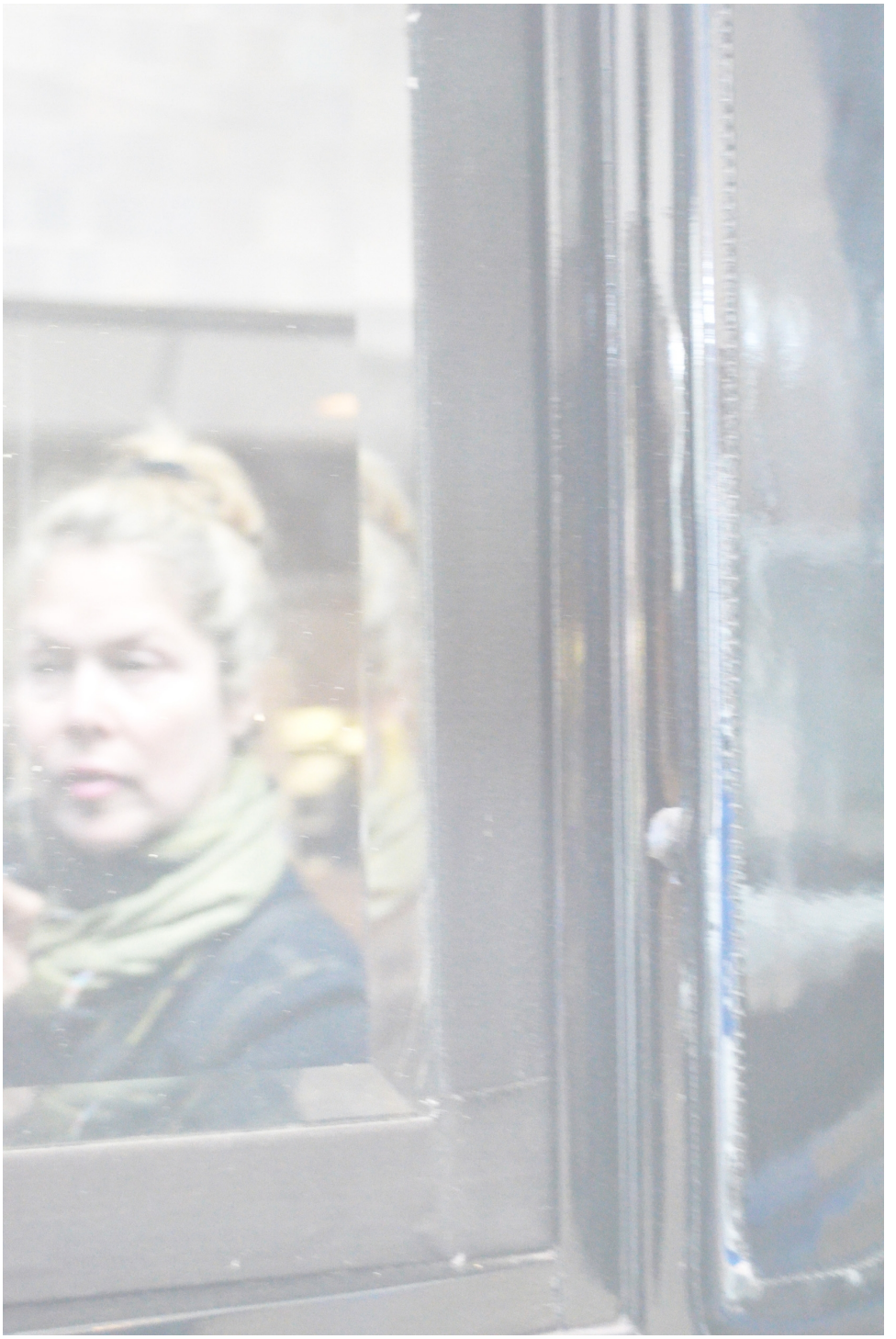

Fig. #16

My image on a carriage.

A flower bouquet at the garden fair.

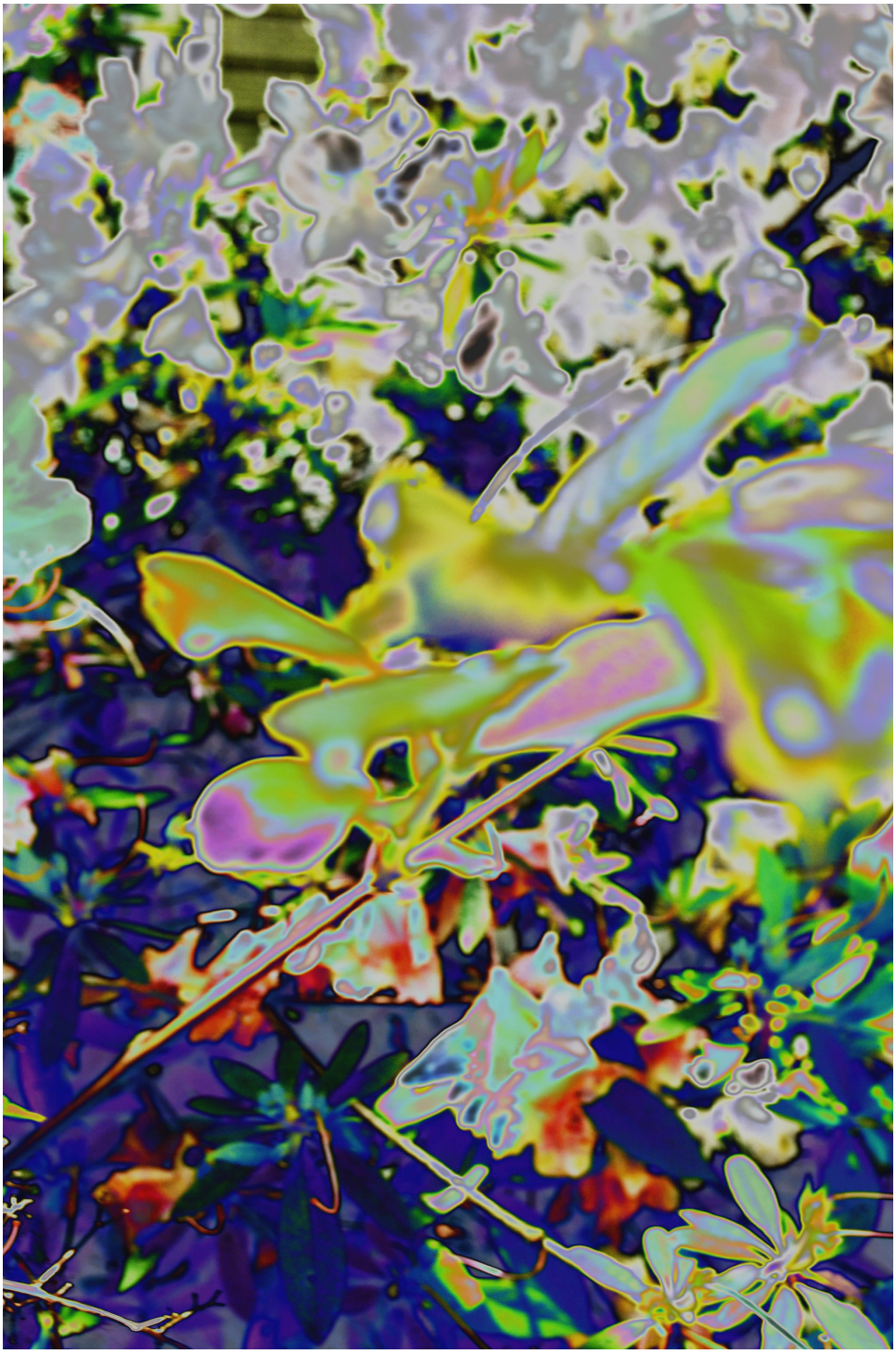

Fig. #17

Fig. #18

SOLEMN

I found lots of mists in Charleston.

Here is one.

Fig. #19

Fig. #20

MOUNT PLEASANT

IS

PLEASANT

Looking at the graves,

one must ponder once own fate.

AND WHAT WILL BE OF ME?

Fig. #21

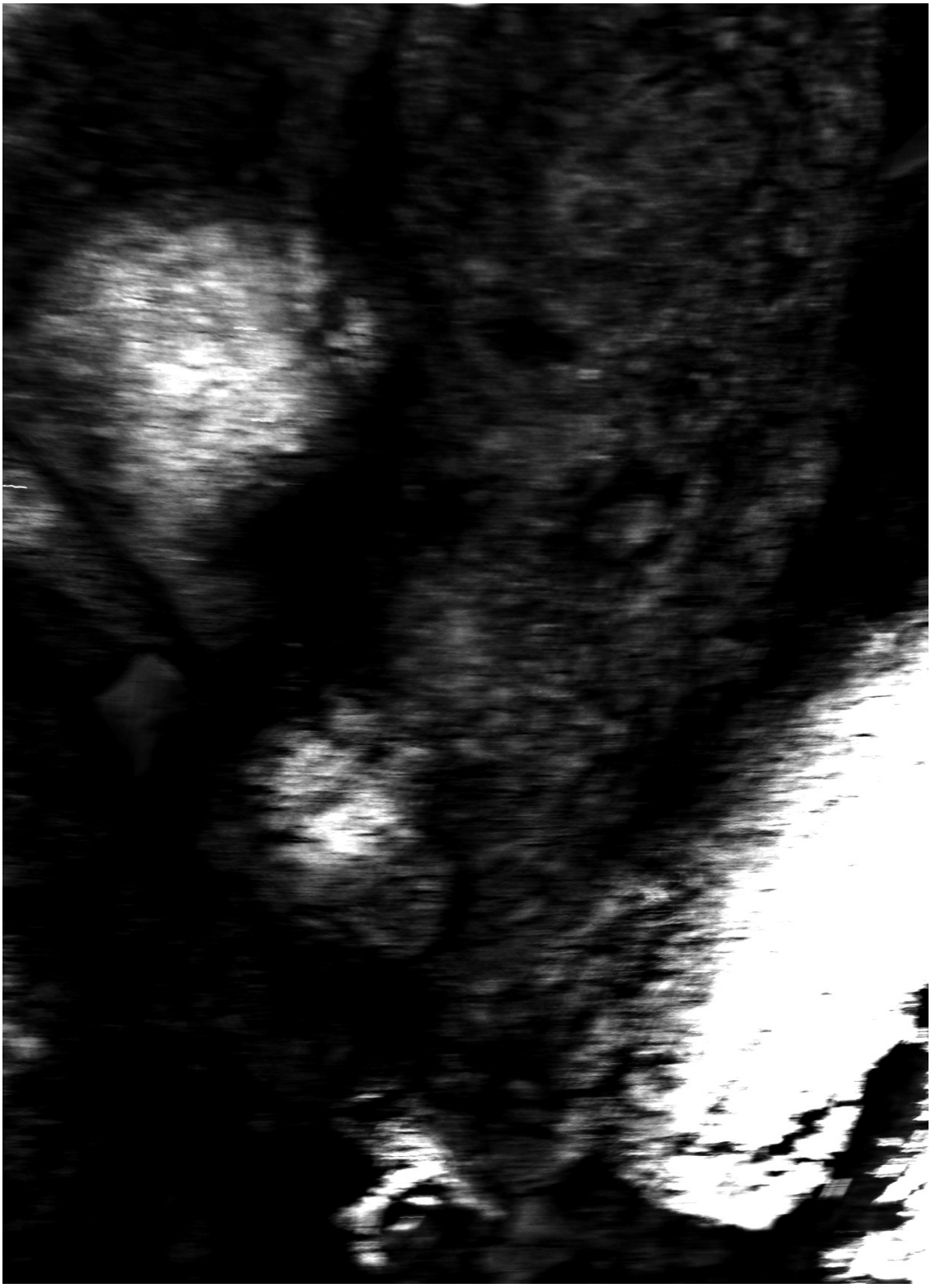

Fig. #22

And the roots of the tree grew out of the ground.

It almost looked human;

at the cemetery.

SOMETIMES TO SIT

AND REST FOR THE WEARY TRAVELER.

MARVELOUS.

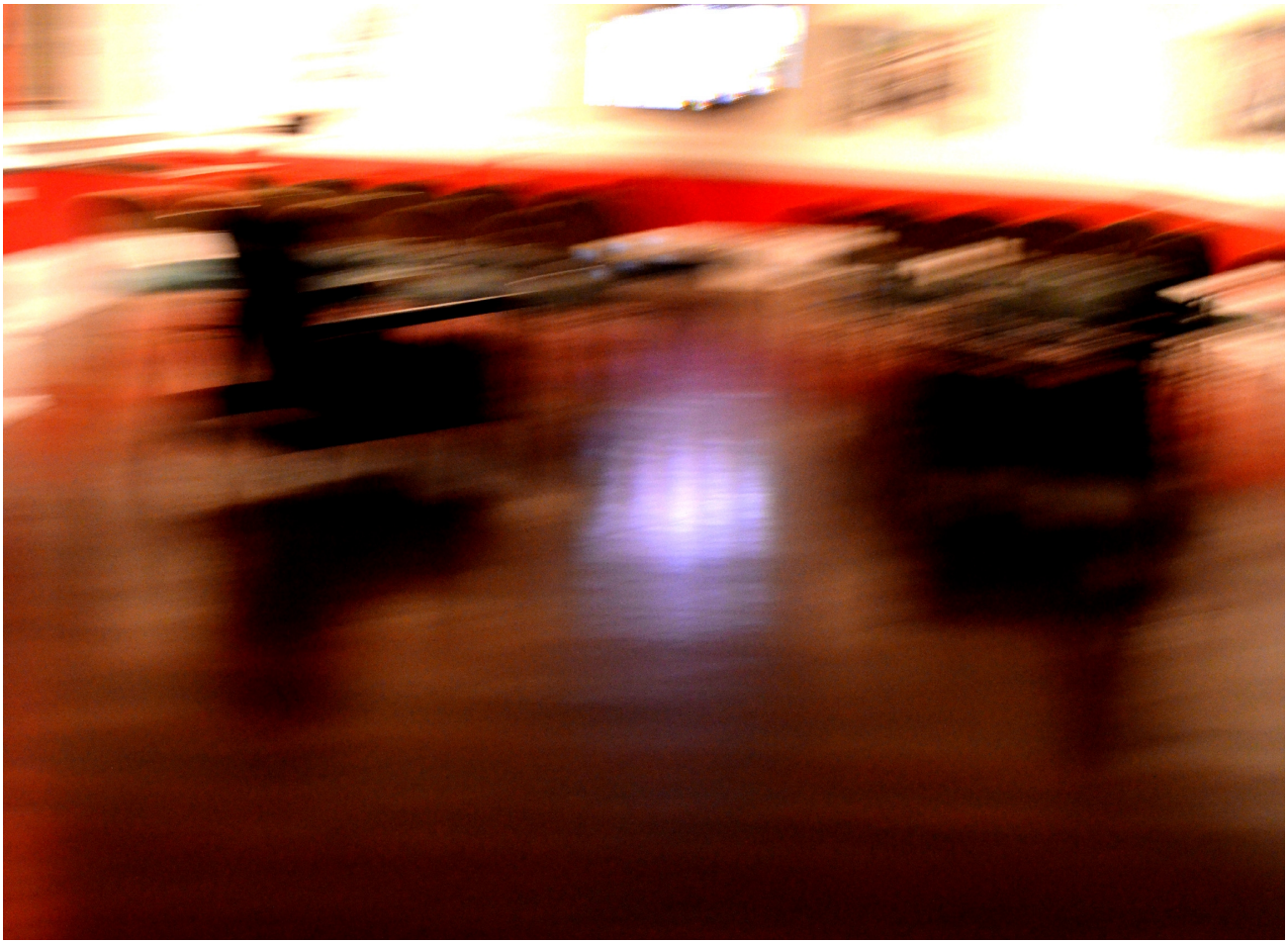

Fig. #23

Fig. #24

Churches abound.

It almost seems there is one on every corner.

Or maybe I heard that?

In Charleston.

The artist sees through things.

I see through the lens,

through the fence,

through the branches,

through the bushes

through the windows,

through the doors,

into the sky...

And then there are the shadows.

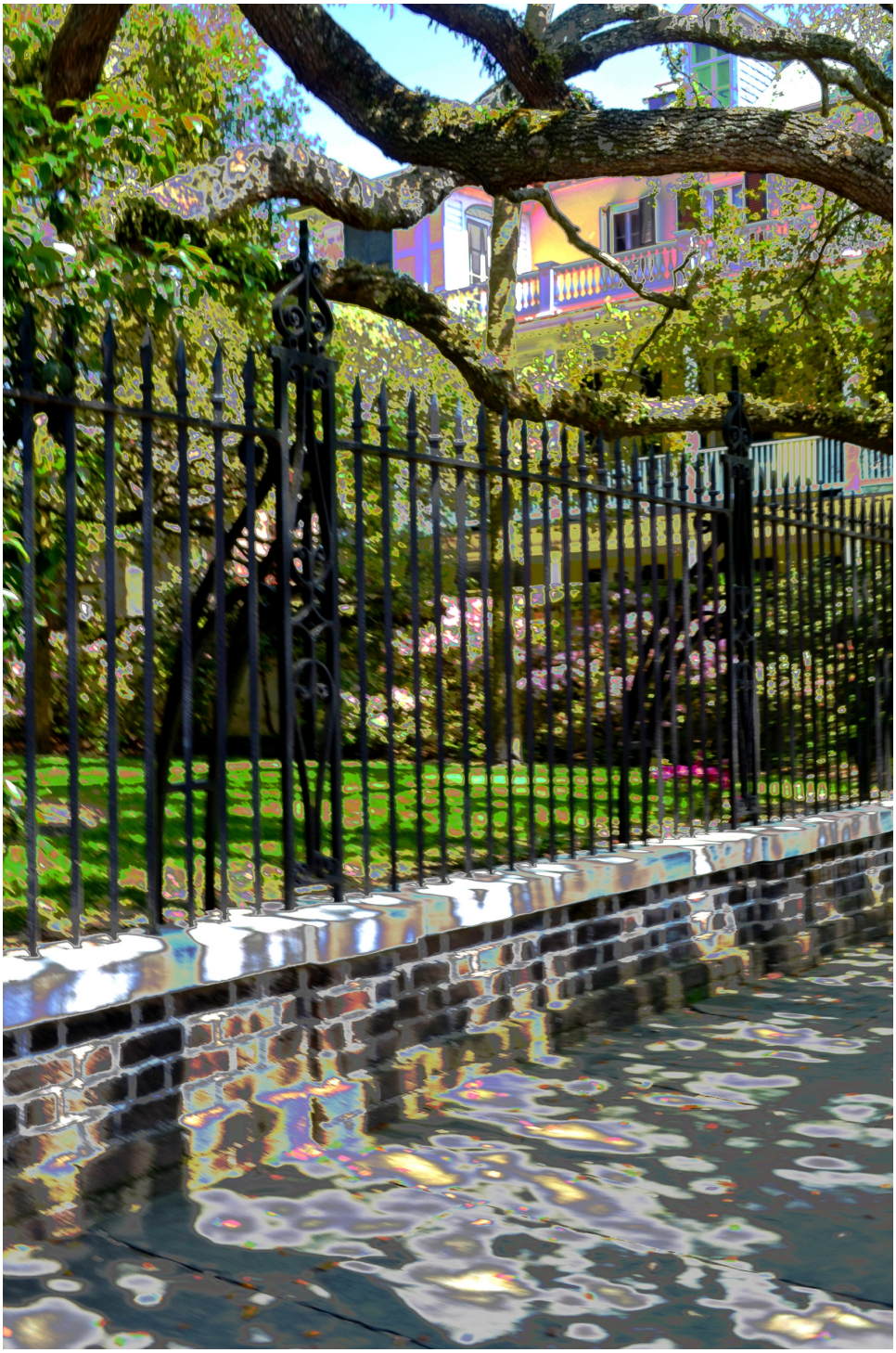

Fig. #25

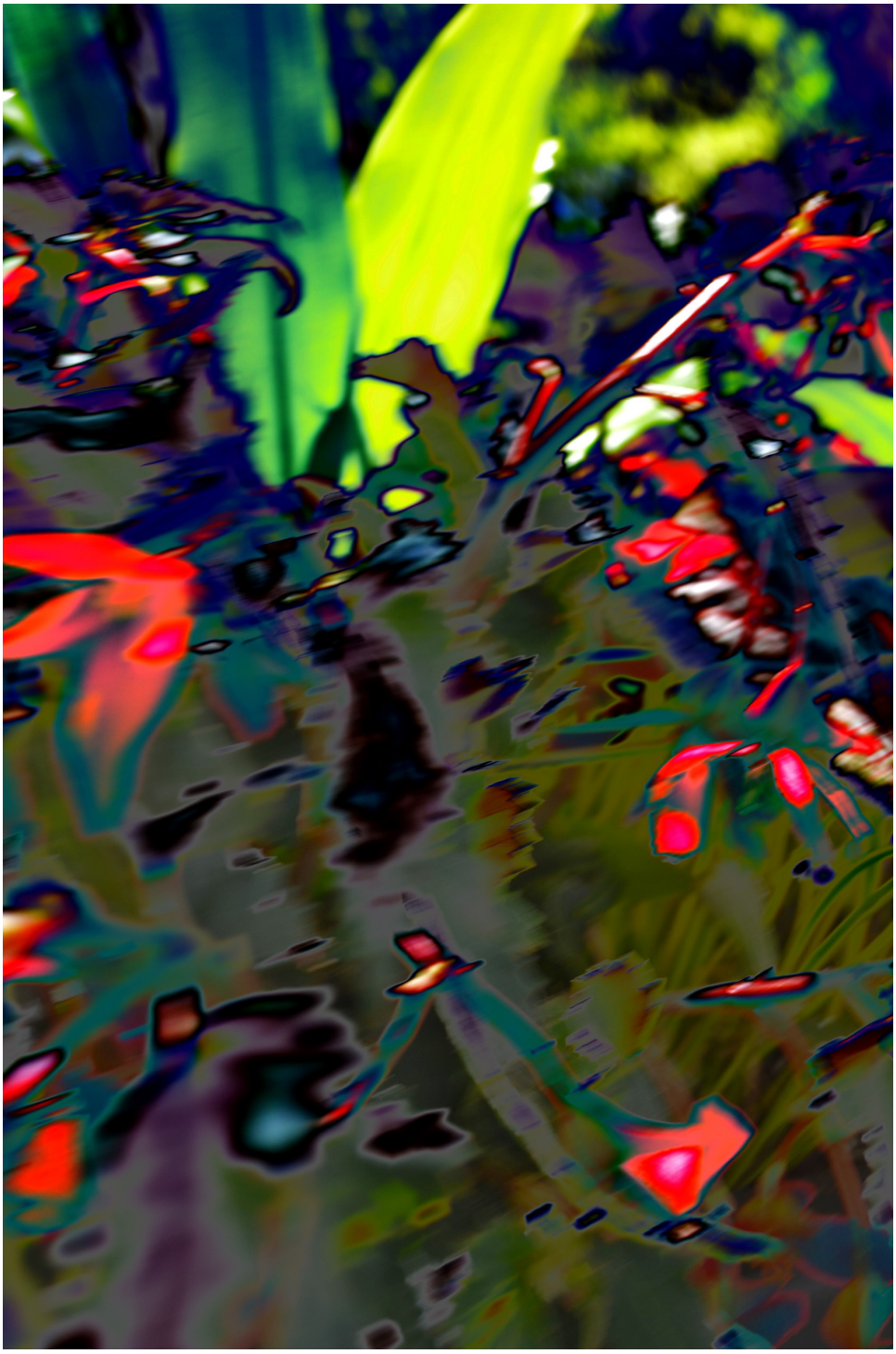

Fig. #26

Red surprises...

NATURE COMES IN MANY COLORS.

At the dock of the slave plantation,

people sit and wait.

Fig. #27

Fig. #28

Much of the architecture in Charleston is old

and beautiful.

Landscapes at Mount Pleasant.

Some are very nice to see.

Fig. #29

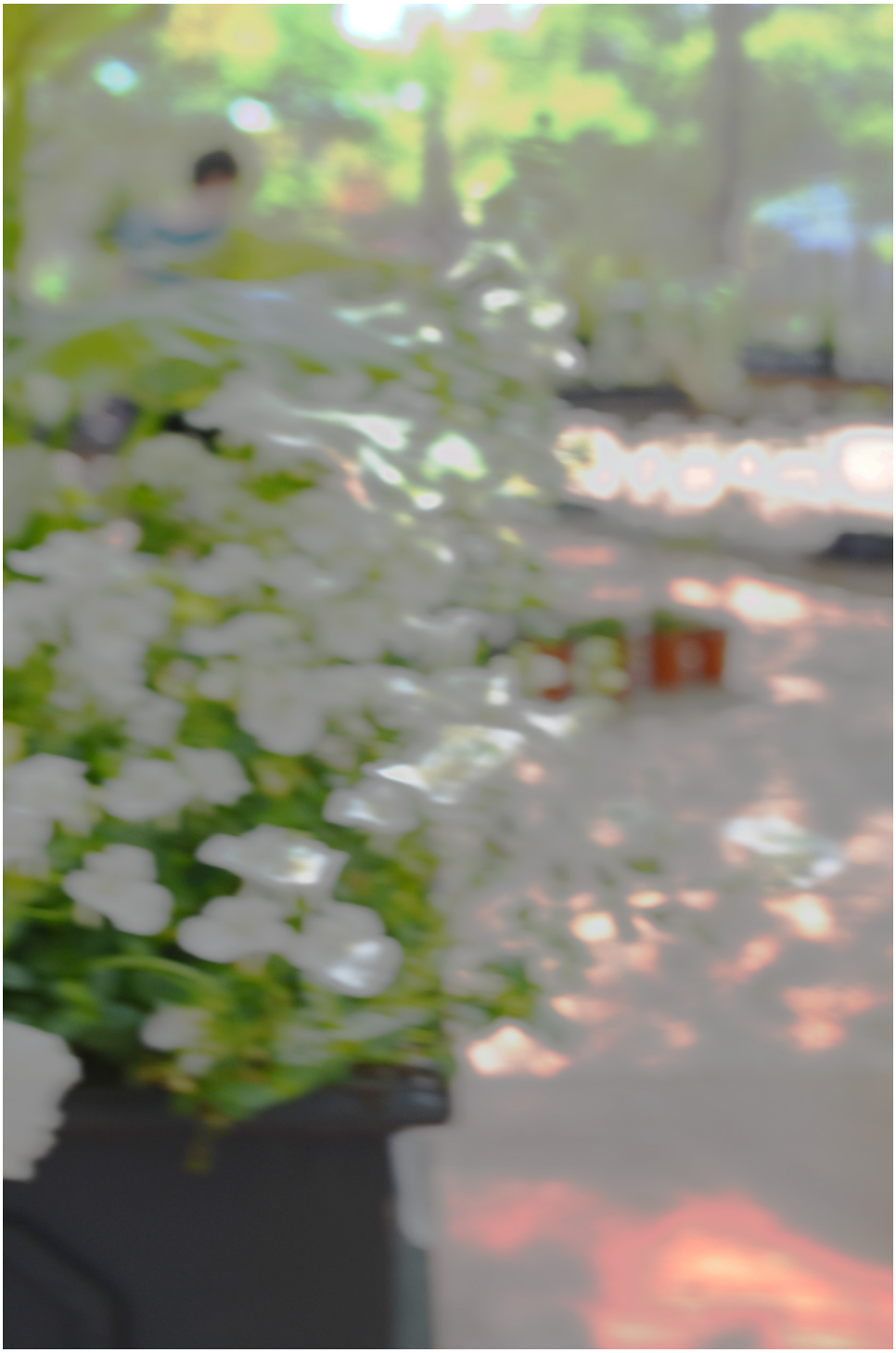

Fig. #30

Another bouquet.

ADMIRABLE.

And yet another mist.

CHARLESTON AND MOUNT PLEASANT

SURPRISED US

WITH MANY MISTS,

IN MANY LOCATIONS.

Fig. #31

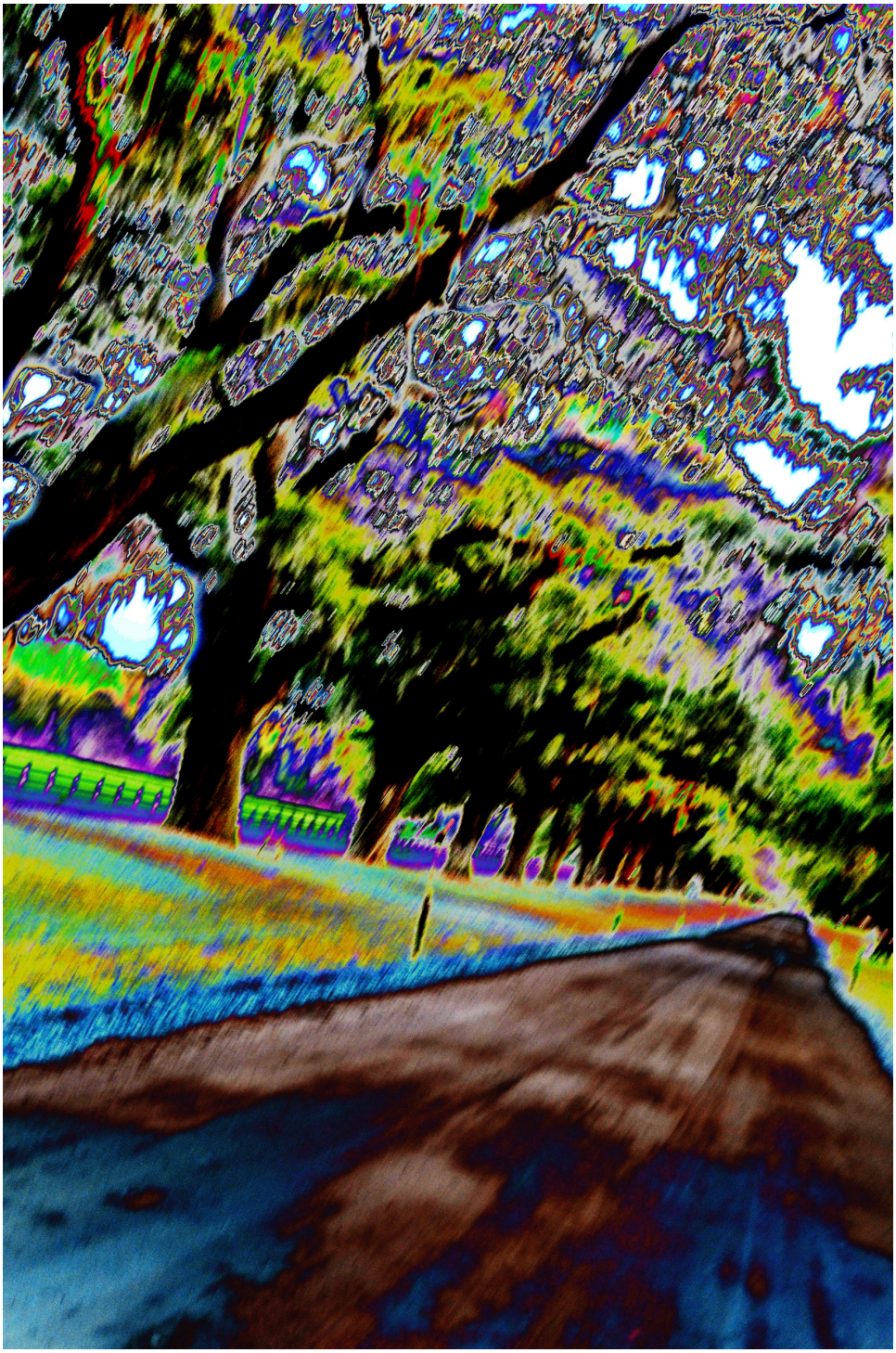

Fig. #32

We visited a slave plantation.

And we stepped into the past.

And everywhere one turns a grave.

IT CAUSES PAUSE.

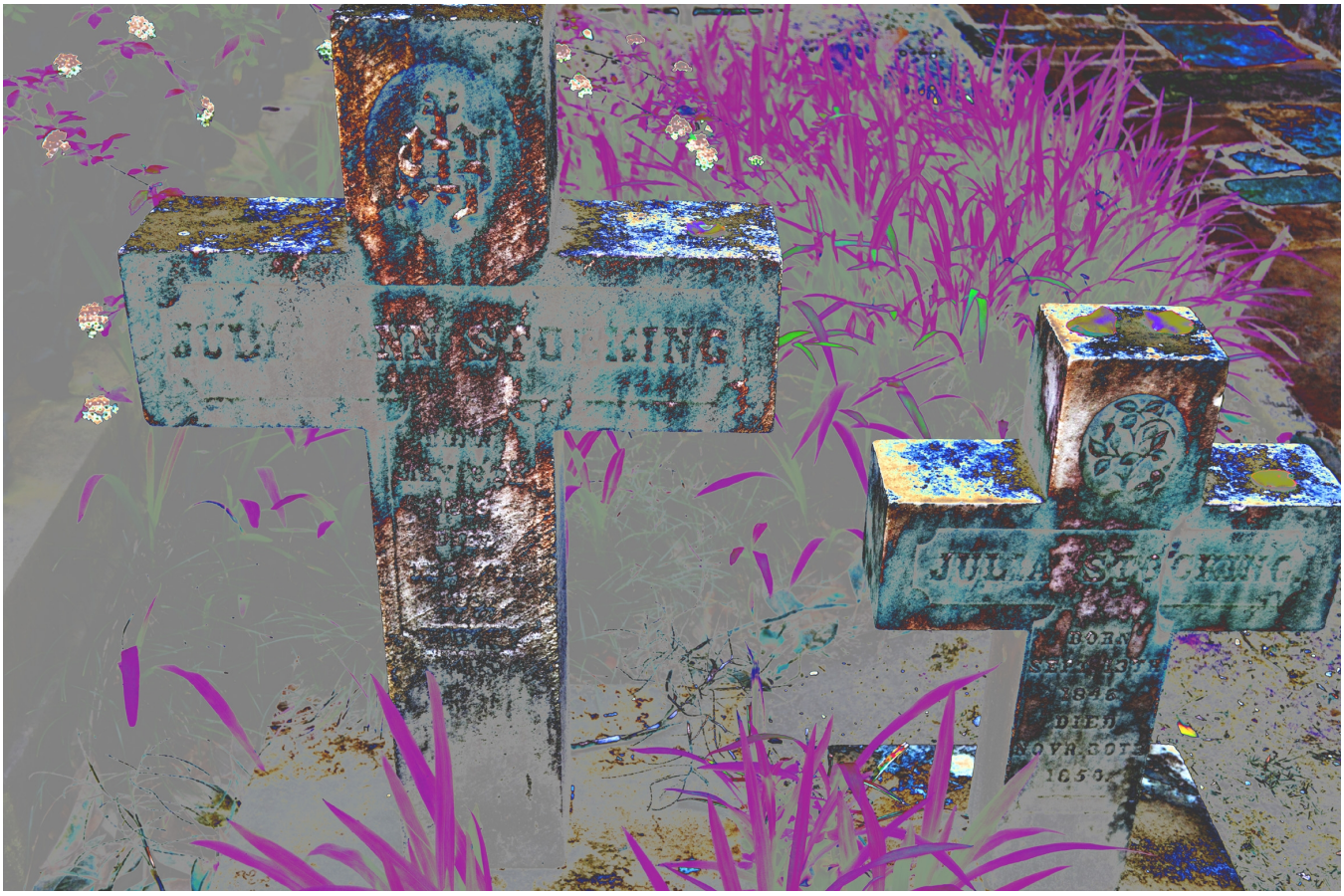

Fig. #33

Fig. #34

Branches and flowers come together beautifully.

At the dock…

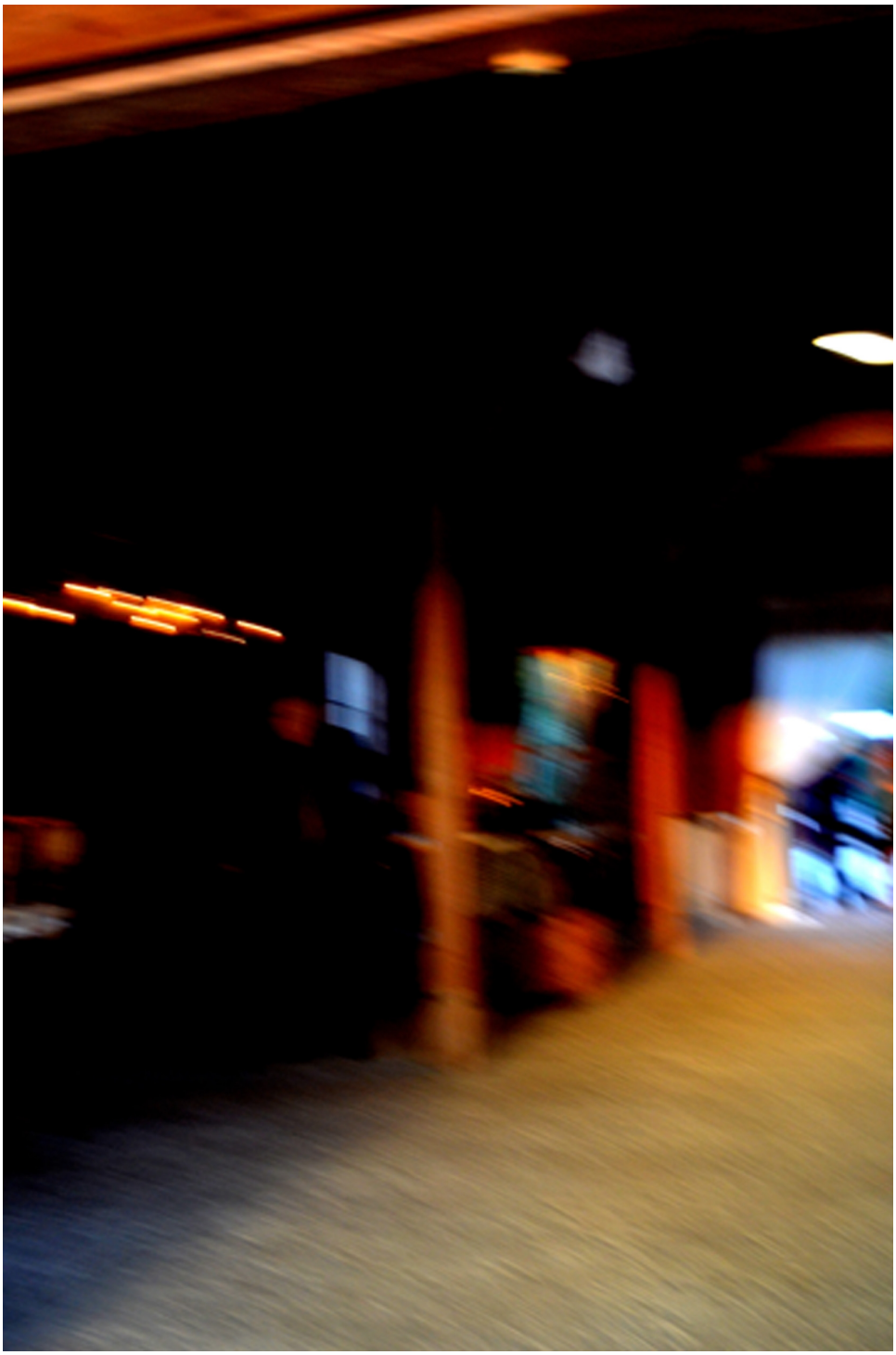

Fig. #35

Fig. #36

A walkway at the cemetery.

I realize, at least for now,

I can walk away.

But others can't.

A slave quarters in the distance.

HISTORY.

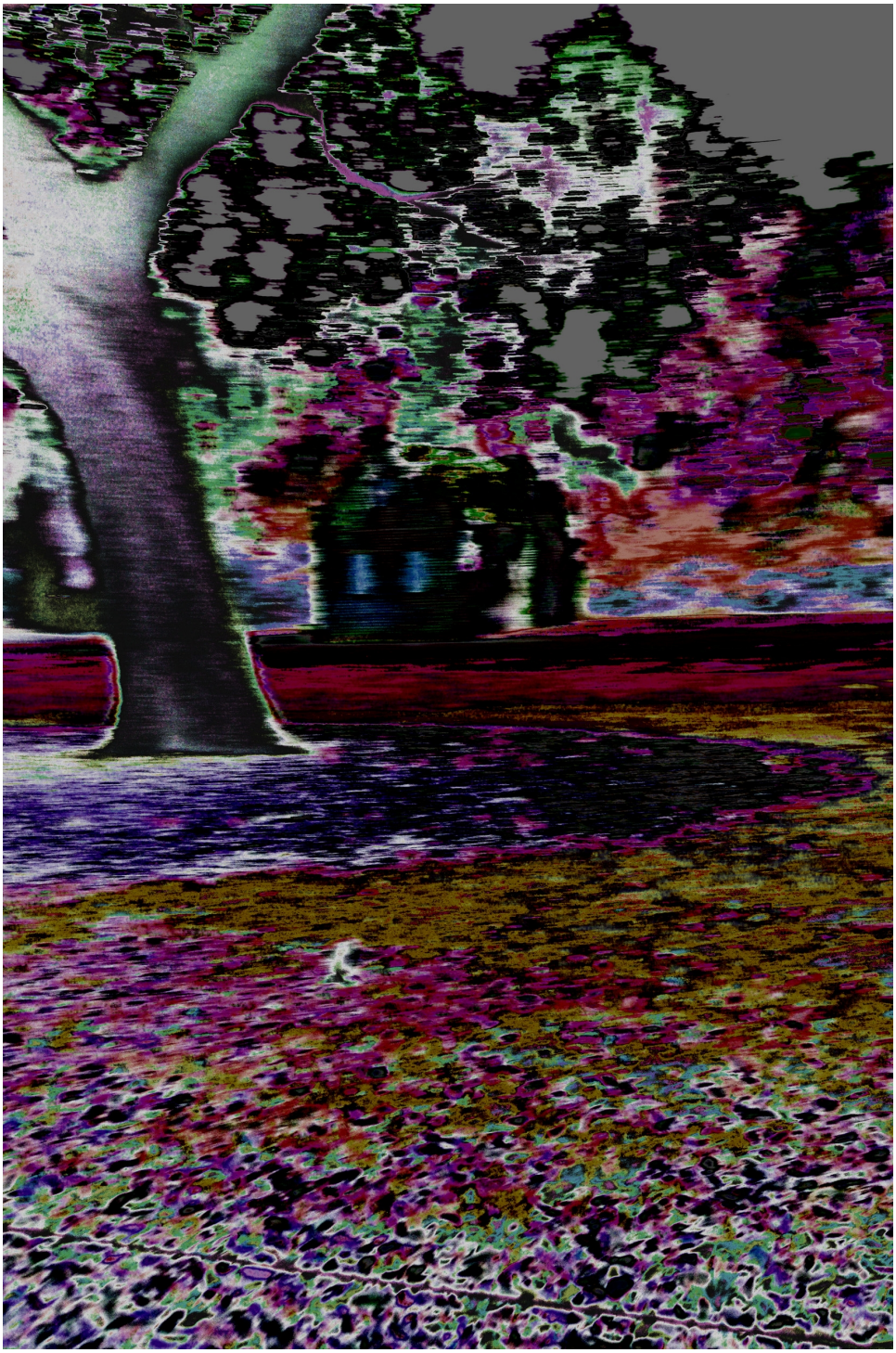

Fig. #37

Fig. #38

An orb by the tree.

The windows and door to the slave quarters are open.

Two families lived in these small homes.

Two families.

Fig. #39

Fig. #40

A beautiful orb by a tree.

A bench at the slave plantation.

Fig. #41

Fig. #42

A church entrance.

INTERESTING…

And what happened here?

Fig. #43

Fig. #44

Do you think in the end...

there is ultimately rest for all?

PAUSE AND SEE

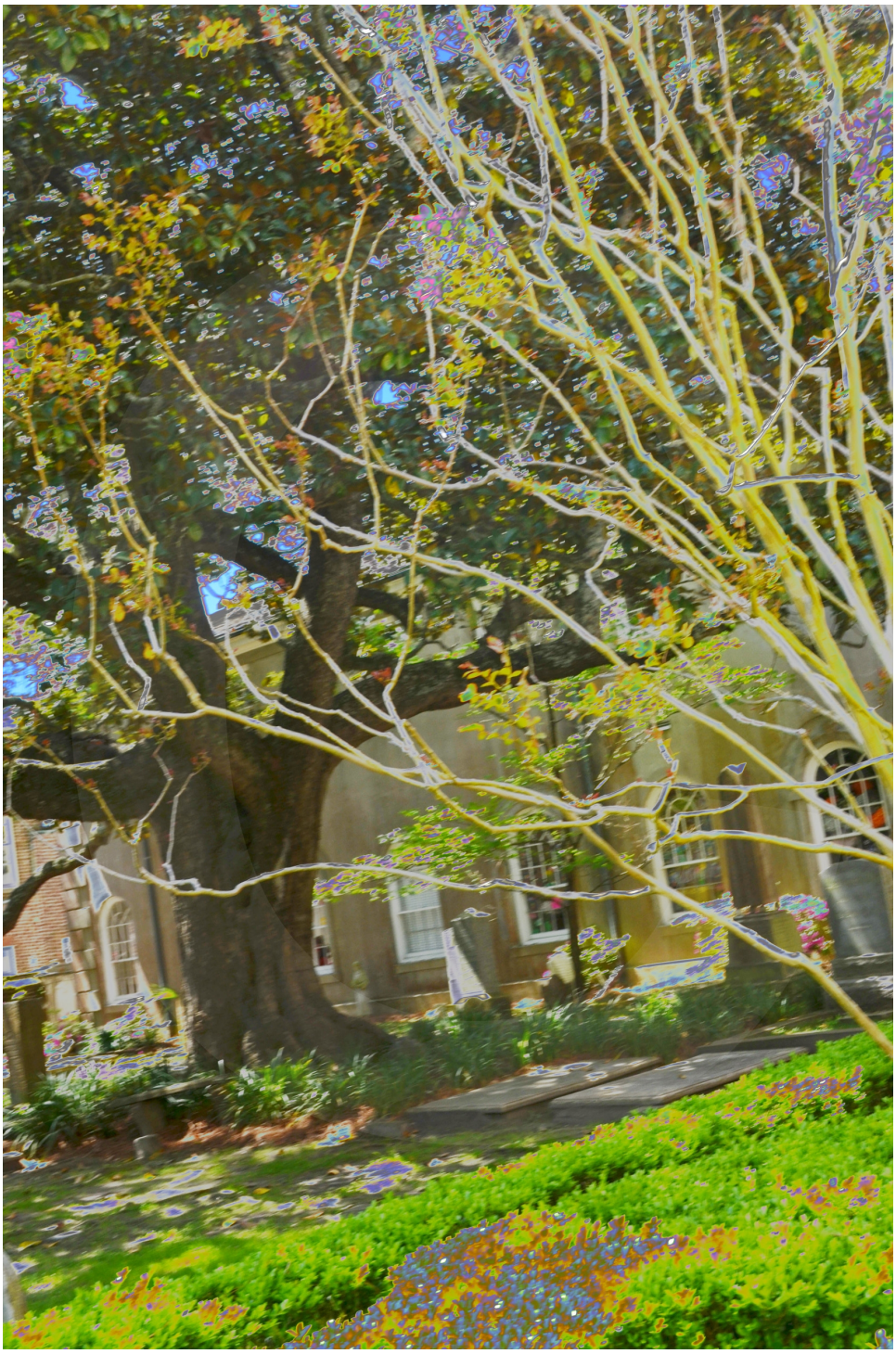

Fig. #45

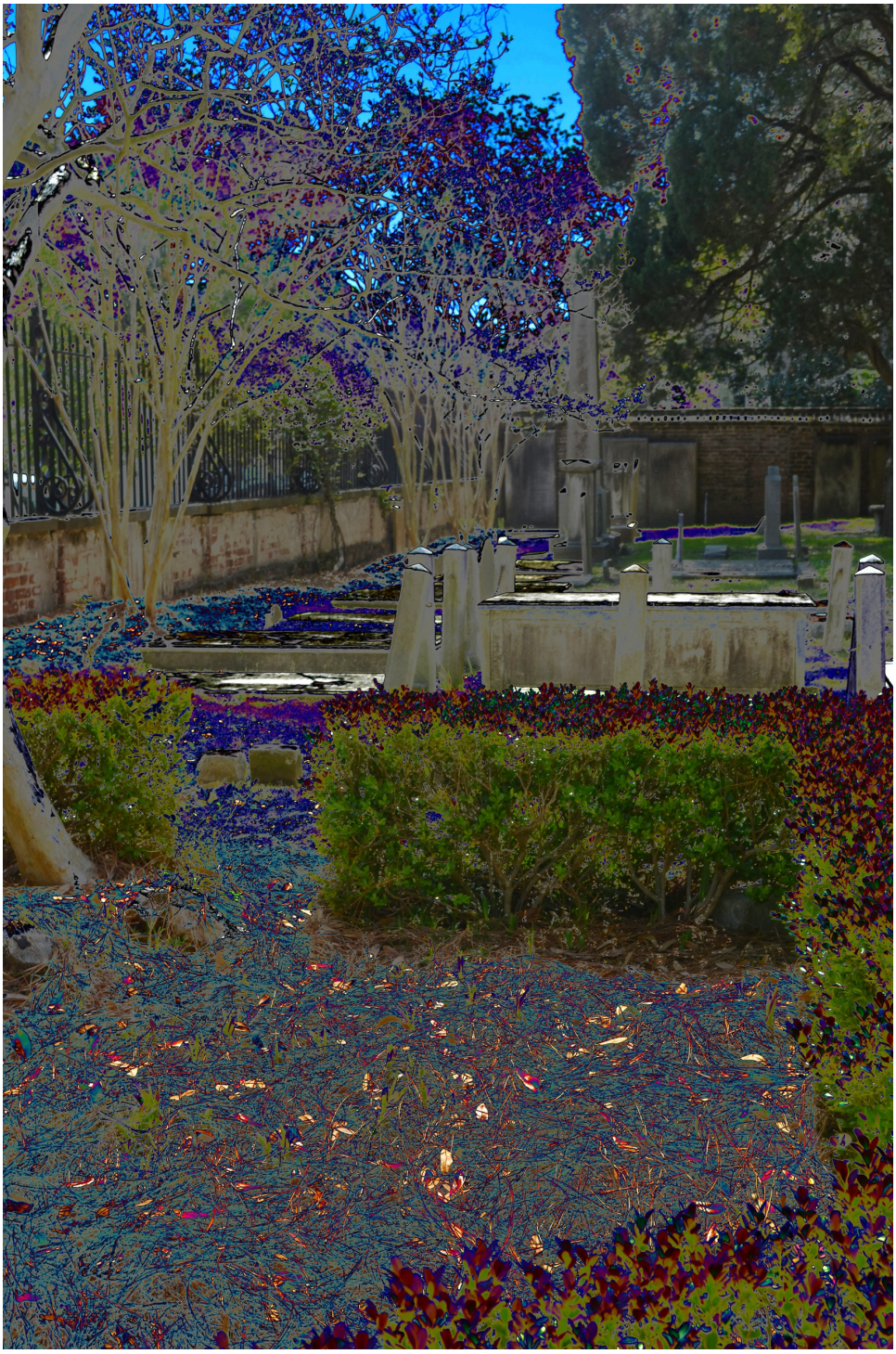

Fig. #46

Memorial parks are organized.

The dock at the slave plantation.

You can see the sunset on the window glass.

Fig. #47

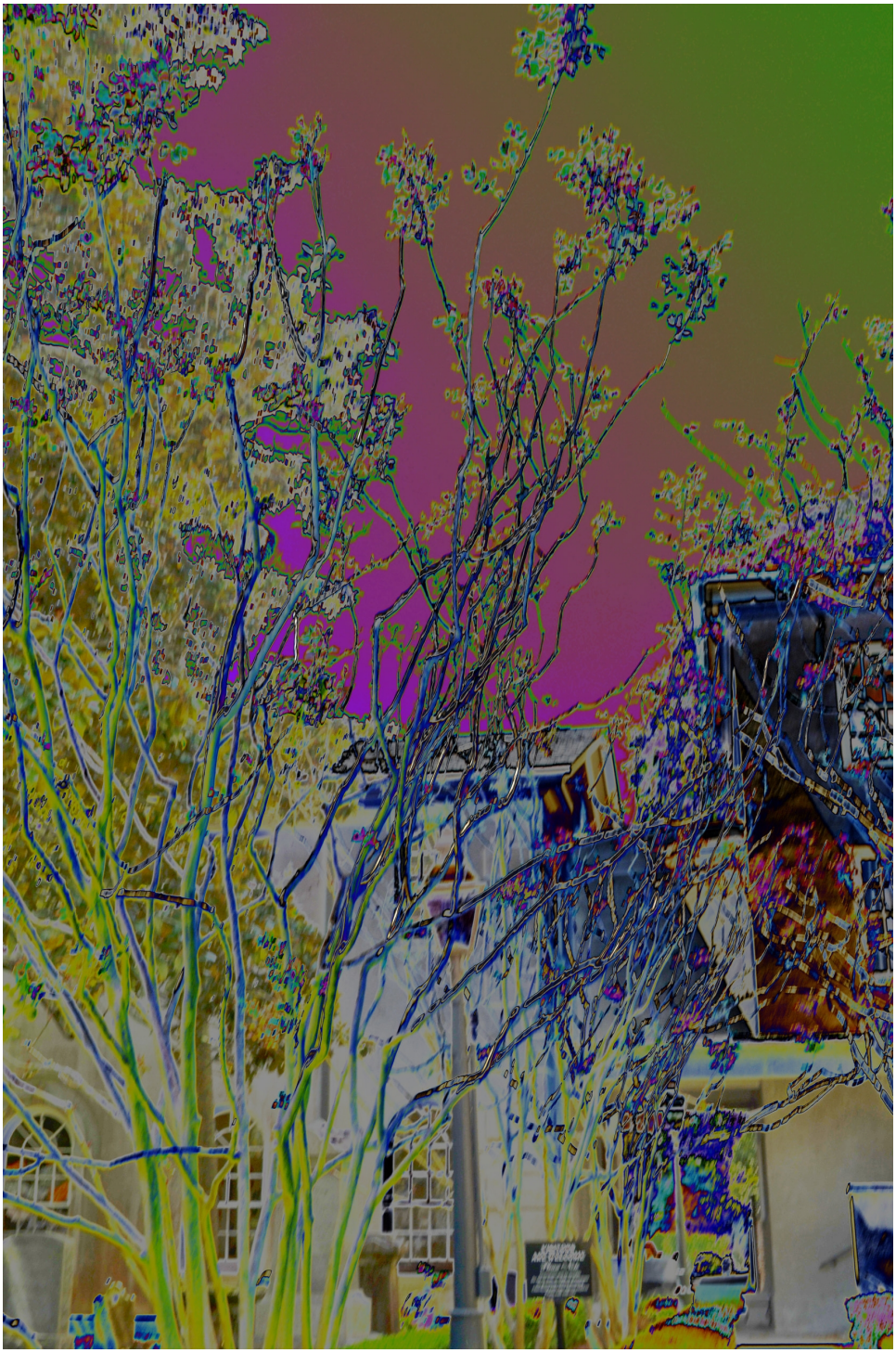

Fig. #48

Pretty Pretty Pretty

SUNSET

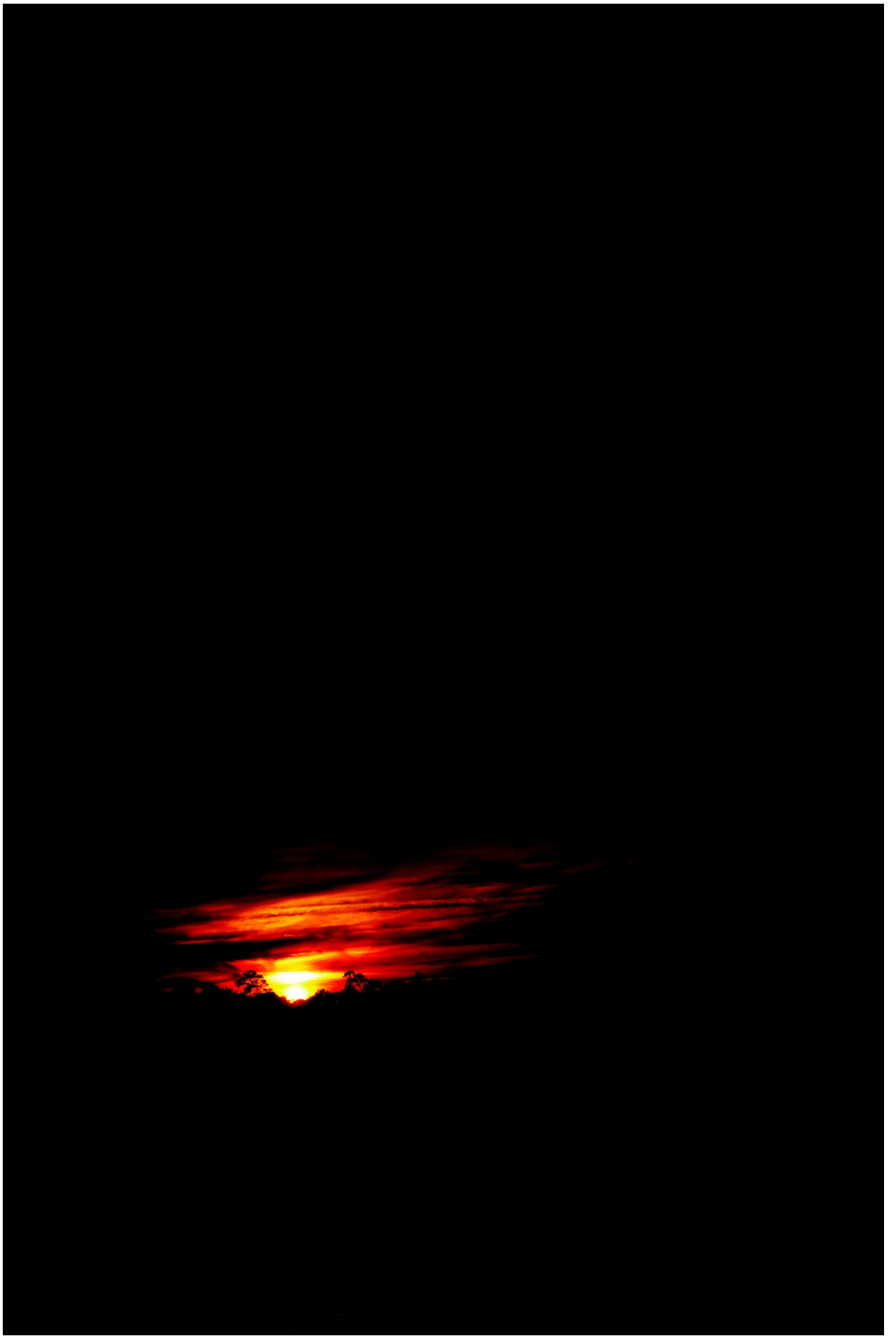

Fig. #49

Fig. #50

I enjoy benches

because someone thought to put them there.

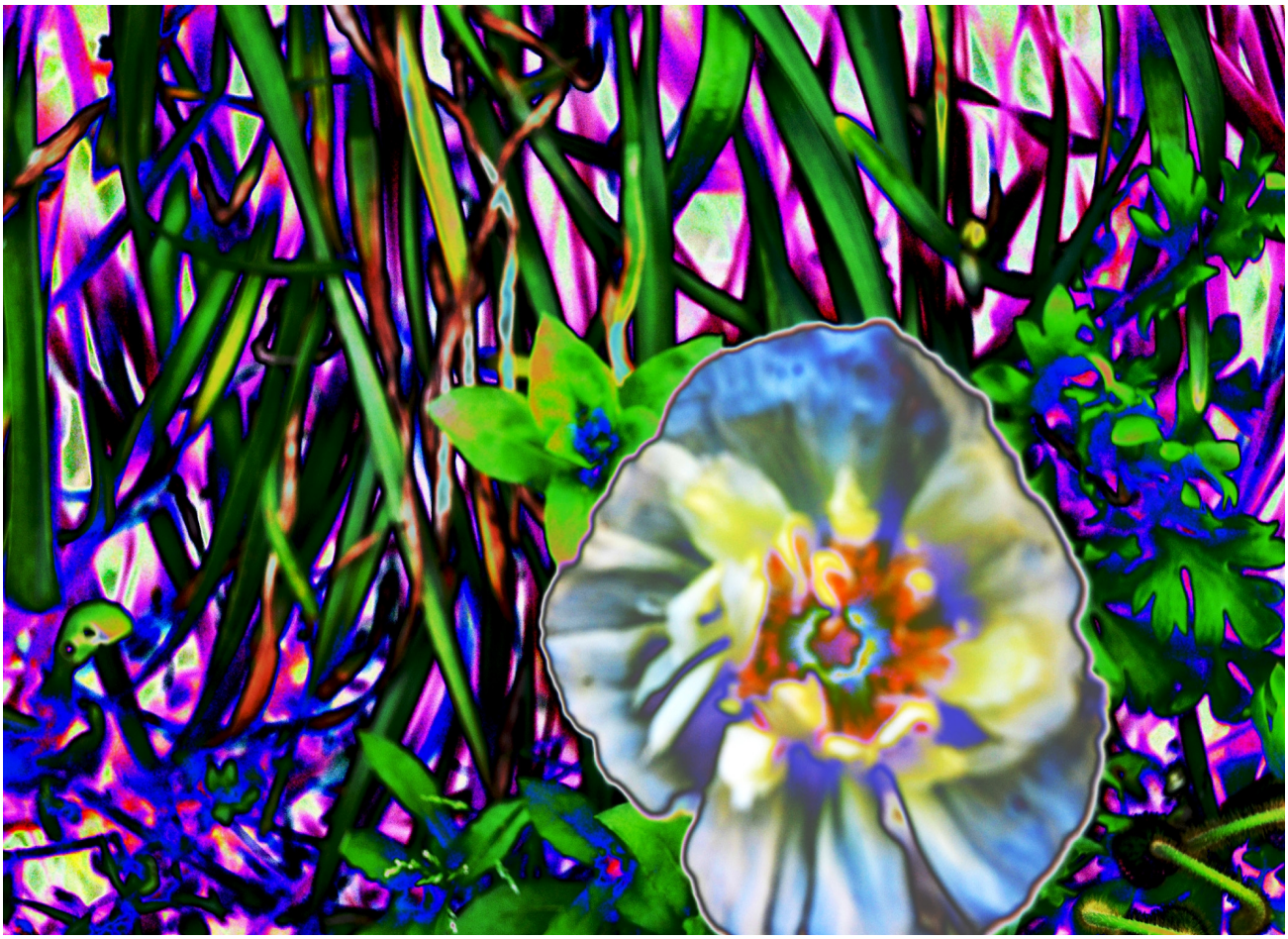

Fig. #51

Flowers are so pretty here!

POETIC

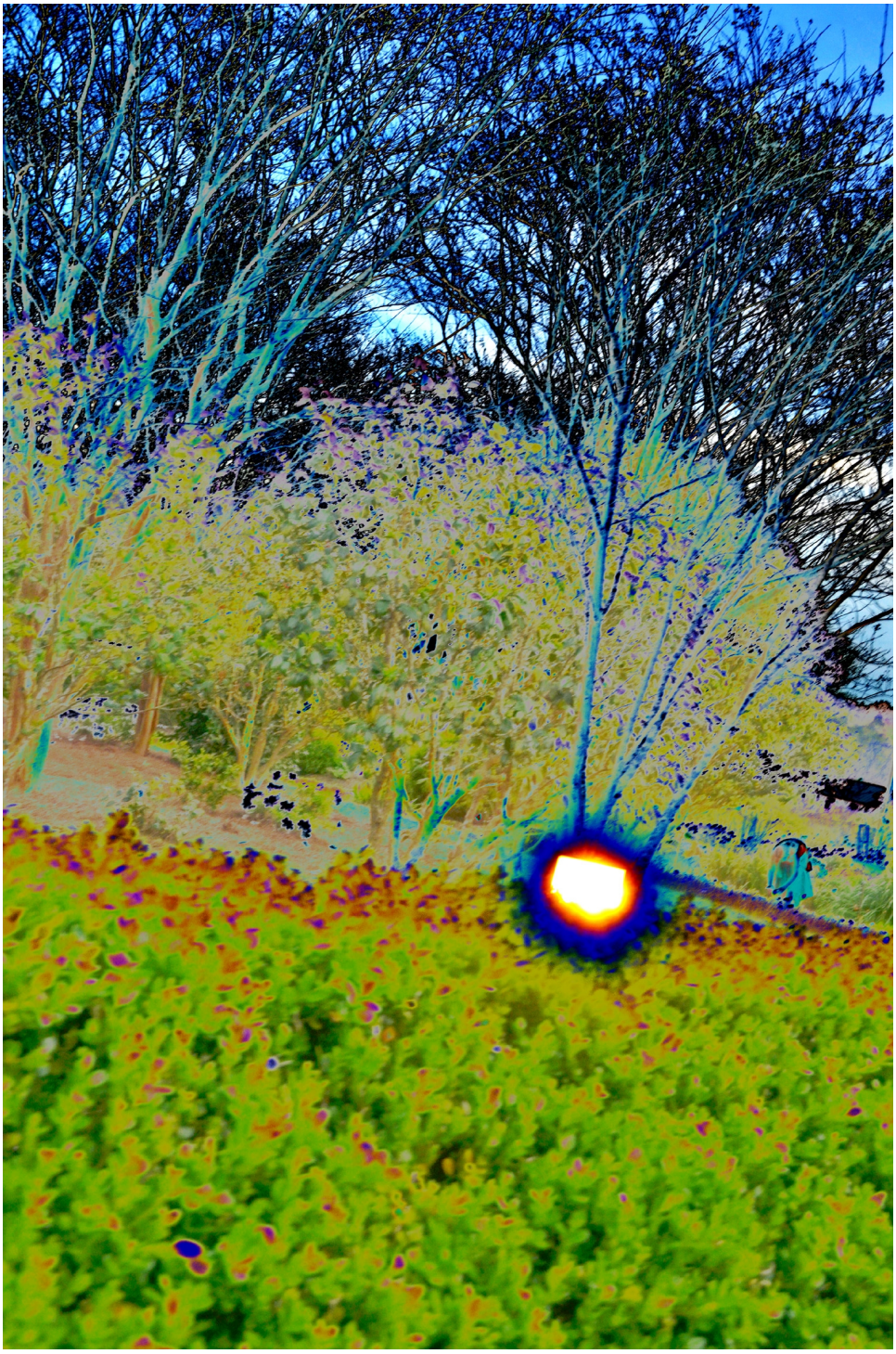

Fig. #52

Fig. #53

And sometimes we had a cup of coffee.

PURPLE AND LILAC

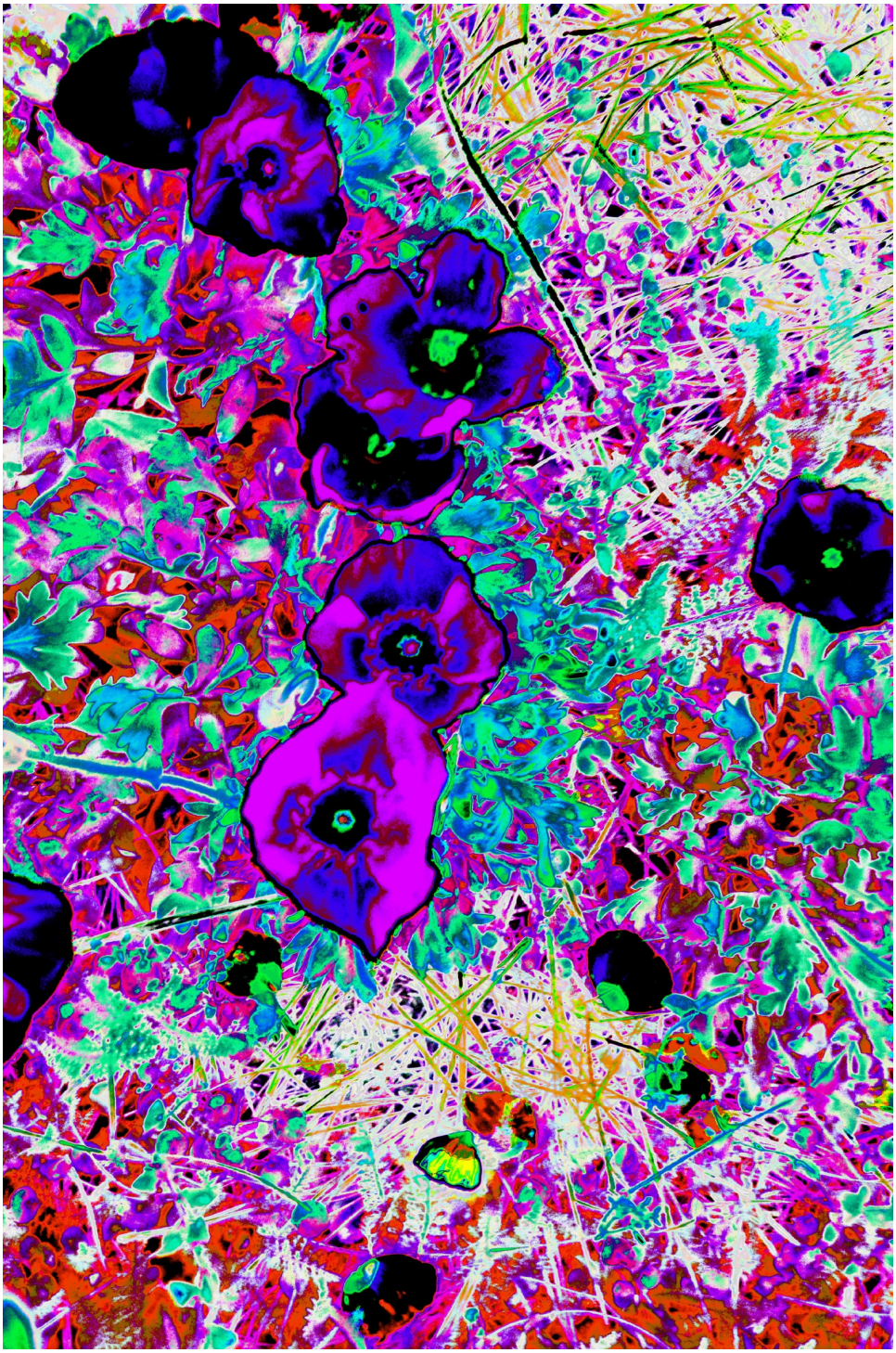

Fig. #54

Fig. #55

I bid you adieu my friend.

HAPPY TRAVELS.