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**Past
Present
Future**

843?

Meet The Creatives

AYSHA BOWENS IS A 2020 BURKE HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATE. AS THE VALEDICTORIAN OF HER CLASS AYSHA BRINGS HER THOUGHTFUL AND INTELLIGENT APPROACH TO ALL ASPECTS OF HER WORK AT CONNECKTEDTOO -> TINYISPOWERFUL

MARKELLE E. E. IS A MULTIMEDIA ARTIST WORKING WITH ANY MEDIUM THAT'S LAYING AROUND. THEY ARE BASED IN CHARLESTON SC, BUT IS NOT NATIVE, WHICH IS THE BASES FOR THE PIECE MIXED FEELINGS. MARKELLE CONTEMPLATES HOW THEIR VIEW OF CHARLESTON HAS CHANGED OVER THEIR TIME HER.

BARNEY BLAKENY A NATIVE OF CHARLESTON, SC. HAS WORKED IN THE FIELD OF JOURNALISM AS A NEWS REPORTER AND COLUMNIST SINCE 1977. HE CURRENTLY IS A FREELANCE WRITER WHO HAS WRITTEN FOR THE CHARLESTON CHRONICLE. MOST RECENTLY BLAKENY RECEIVED THE CHARLESTON BRANCH NAACP CORPORATE LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD, SEPTEMBER 2017

RAYN WITH THEIR PIECE RAYN TRIES TO CAPTURE THE THREE STAGES THEY HAVE LIVED THROUGH AS A CHARLESTON NATIVE. FIRST THERE WAS UNAWARENESS, THEN THERE WAS DISINTRESS, NOW THERE IS PRESENT AND THEN THERE IS A HIDDEN UNREADABLE TEXT IN THE TOP RIGHT CORNER THAT REPRESENTS A FOUTHER STAGE SOME WHERE IN THE FUTURE.

JESSE TORTORELLA

Meet the TINY Business

TINYISPOWERFUL involve Artists, Cultural Workers, Youth and Tiny Business partners:

to support and promote TINY BUSINESS, as a vital part of commerce and neighborhood to fully embrace THE ARTS AND THE SPIRIT OF THE ARTS as activators of sustainability to build a mentorship legacy and awaken in YOUTH a spirit of agency and community engagement

We believe that ART & TINY BUSINESS are nimble, adaptable, profitable, for the people and that BELONGING means celebrating many histories and cultures and BECOMING all we can TOGETHER.

THAT IS WHY:

we experiment, we research

we exchange skills, we teach each other

we take personal responsibility in partnership and collaboration we stand for environmental justice and socio/economic equity

we denounce the negative cultural impacts of gentrification we amplify the voices of disadvantaged, low wealth and historically marginalized communities

we share ownership of our work and imagine new policies

For us collaboration means reciprocity, shared ownership and autonomy.

conNECKtedTOO -> TINYISPOWERFUL

FUTURE

Tomorrow, I hope to understand myself
and fit myself within this puzzle of a
culture.

Or find a way to make myself into
someone that can. I hope to see a public
transit extended to
the tri-county area and no more rent
hikes; I hope to continue to see the
stubbornness of Charleston residents to
stay in their city. In the future I hope
residents use patience regarding the
changes

that await us, but weary of mass
corporations and tax incentives to the
lucky few. Personally,

I hope next year to be on one of those
stupid columns in the post that say, hey,
this guy is special to
this town for this specific reason because
he is just so good.

Hey, maybe I will even find a real job by
then.

WHEN YOU CLOSE YOUR EYES, COULD YOU IMAGINE THIS
THE SCHOOL THAT YOUR GRANDMOTHER TAUGHT AT
WHERE YOU MEET YOU OLDEST CHILDHOOD FRIENDS AT
THE SCHOOL YOU WENT TO AS A CHILD, TO BE CLOSED
NOW YOU ARE WISHING YOU TOOK MORE TIME TO REMINISCE
WHEN YOU WALKED ACROSS THE STAGE AS A 5TH GRADER

WISHING THAT YOU COULD TRADE THAT MOMENT,
TO WALK ACROSS THAT STAGE NOW

TO KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO SAY A SPEECH
TO CLASSMATES , FRIENDS, TEACHERS AND FAMILIES WHO,
IMPACTED YOUR PRESENT AND YOUR FUTURE

THE FUTURE, MAY YOU BRING YOUR ALL TIME SUMMER
BREEZE, PALMETTO TREES AND SWEET TEA!

Having lived in Charleston nearly all of my 67 years of life the Cooper River bridges typify the communities evolution from past to future. As a small child I lived in the Cooper River Court public housing Complex that laid in the shadow of the two lane John P. Grace Memorial Bridge locally called the The Old Cooper River Bridge which opened in 1929. It was replaced by the three lane Silas N. Pearman Bridge that opened in 1966 which was replaced by the eight lane Arther Ravenel Bridge which opened in 2005. The city trash dump across East Bay Street from the complex later became a landfill where commercial development now is taking place. In the next decade the landfilled area will also accommodate a water front hotel and eventually an extension of Charleston's Waterfront Park.

PRESENT

Today I woke with hopes of applying to jobs I will never get in the public sector.

Experience qualification damaging every bullet point of my resume. Lack of job creations affecting my and everyone's hireability. That lack of job creation only circumvented by Boeing, Bosch, and Spawar.

Today I work construction. I lay brick and stone, combine certain kind of rocks with other rocks.

And add water to that concoction to paste those brick and stones together on houses owned by the rich. They are building winter homes or building houses in areas for a better school district.

Today, they had the choice to move anywhere, but they chose Charleston and I do not know why.

In turn I watch the families and culture that will never leave. I mean, why would you stay in this urban sprawl, rent hiked, commercial trap, traffic ridden Charleston? I cannot say. I can only say for myself;

I intend to build something here. For Charleston and I. I hope to make this place a better place. That is probably the same for those that move here, except they make the traffic worse, so we must hate them.

I can say though, this culture, found between the mass immigration of Ohio residents and reluctant exodus by current residents is starting to form. But what this Ohio resident / Boeing

loving culture is lacking now, is what the residents have to offer, a unique type of culture.

One that stops to talk to you on their way to work. One that offers you their unwarranted advice.

One that would give you the shirt from their back if you asked for it. One that is so unique in character and beauty you are the weird one for asking why you would not move here. One that allows you

to make Charleston as big as you want, although the peninsula is only so big.

This synthesis is starting to take form and it will become uniquely Charlestonian in the future.

PAST

I was born elsewhere. I moved to Charleston as a kid. It did not matter where I was,

whether Charleston or my hometown, I was growing up. I mean we all did the same things growing up, digging holes, getting beat up by your older siblings, going to school, reading books

(or lack thereof reading books in my case.) I never took in the culture outside of where I was.

I lived in Summerville, in a plastic house, that when residents drove past,

the mere presence irritated them. I made my life on playing music, cross-country and academic pursuits. I went to college in Columbia. I studied political science, studied the classic writings of political theory, made a construct of myself with stoicism philosophy, and learned what to think about and ask why.

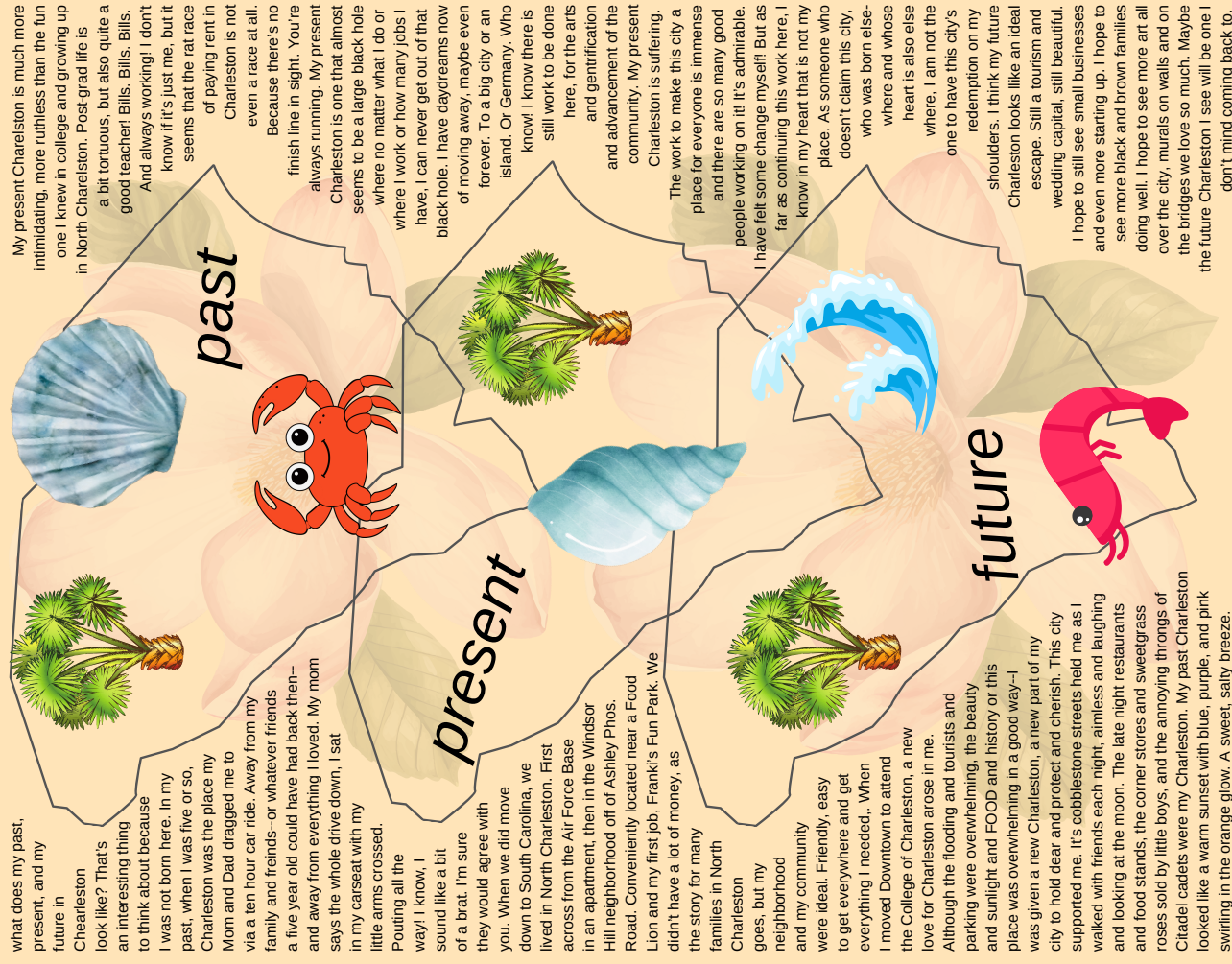
I reminisce the days I spent on the field with the marching band.

Getting yelled at by my drum instructor, or in the classroom,

passing a test that I never gained anything from. I learned from it. I learned how to grow, accept the shortcomings of myself and work as hard as I can to understand why I am and was wrong. I learned the Columbia area I was in and made a home within it. I had the city of Charleston

to reluctantly return to and a plan to make it there. I still hated Charleston, Summerville or any area I missed in between. I hated the urban sprawl unto my lawn.

Infections of rent hikes, commercialism, tourism and the traffic, especially the traffic.



THE
YOUNG
ADULT
MOVIES
TOWARD

PRESENTCE

IS THE
DISENGAGED

THE CHILD
--- IS ---
UNWARE

PARANCESTOR?
HELDER?
AMPOLE ACES?