

1109 West Ave.
Richmond, VA 23220
(804) 353-8426
September 21, 1984

Dear Seymour,

I thought of a place you and SPACES may not know about, which is definitely an environmental ^{mental} ~~meta~~ work of the folk art genre: enclosed are photos we took in summer '83. The fence is constructed out of flamingos, ^{wagon wheels,} horseheads, baby dolls and hubcaps (and other things) and surrounds something (a building that looks like an old motel) also filled entirely with junks. The man responsible drove up to us (obviously was stationed across the road in a tavern) when he saw we were photographing his fence. He was none too friendly and rather hostile, so I did not pursue a conversation, and was not able to question him or forge an interview, so don't know his name, but there was a FOR SALE sign :The Bryant Company/Marion, South Carolina

Phone 423-5980

This fence and abandoned motel are very close to "South of the Border" which is a well-haunted tourist attraction, incredibly tacky and known by all who travel from there to Myrtle Beach, S.C. The fence is directly across from the Dillon S.C. High School and looks even more bizarre in that light. Maybe you can buy it!

On another track: I personally am trying to investigate something closer to home. The "gingerbread house" built by William J. Preston in the 40's located near Shawsville, Virginia. So far, newspaper morgues in the nearby Roanoke papers have not cooperated with me. I do have the ~~present owner~~ ^{name} of the ~~house's name~~ ^{present owner}, but see, there is a slight problem: the house has been ^{recently} covered in aluminum siding!!
Have you ever heard of this man? I enclose an article on him someone found me

in a book called, ALL THEIR OWN, People and the Places They Build by Jan Wampler (Oxford University Press/Copyright 1977). Strange that a Canadian writer could get information a native of that area cannot obtain! It's one of those sad stories: SPACES could have possibly saved the house before it got converted to aluminum. If you know anything about this man, please let me know. I presume he's not living. But I sure am curious about his story and how the house fell into other hands along the way.

Well, hope to hear from you soon.

Best,

Susan Hankla

