

## CLOUSE HOUSE IS BEING DESTROYED TODAY

to reta.lawrence@[REDACTED]

So those pictures I sent you are indeed the last ones that will ever be taken. Print them, and keep them well in case my computer crashes. Perhaps you should consider getting them Color Printed on some Decent Paper.

I passed by Clouse House today on the way to the Vet (with an ailing Dog) only to see another huge hole blown in the side of the house, and boards flying out this hole airborne breaking on the ground. Windows are already out on the Front Top and Sides.

I wish I could tell you how sorry I am that I chose to start working on Grandpa Millers Old House in this goddamnedshittown.

There is no incentive to ever finish this house...it is pointless, useless, worthless...an Exercise in Futility....it will just be torn down and scavenged like the rest. I really don't know what to do with the rest of my life, but there is obviously no reason to plant roses, mazes, build old houses, or attempt to do anything in a place where the only ambition is to [REDACTED], smoke crack, smoke pot, huff meth, watch ball and NASCAR, and have 6 kids wondering why you can't feed them. Woodstock/West BloctonVance/GreenPond/Brent/Centreville...thiswhole area is just one of the Worst possible places to live in a Nation that Purports to be a World Leader.

Somehow I have to get out either by train, car, or Shotgun Blast, but there is now way I can ever finish this house, nor would any purpose be serve by spending down my money to complete a project whose ultimate end would be demolition. Places to call Home are like Acorns...the portend a future. This place has None.

The following Line from John Hall describes this area perfectly...I can't possibly do better than this:

"Issuing in Blood and Sorrow from the Wombe, Crauling in Tears and Mourning towards the Tombe...How slippery thy Paths, how sure Thy Fall...are Art Thou Nothing when Thou Art Most of All."

I hope you can still continue to see Mary Grace from Time to Time...after she is gone I have no Idea what to do with my life, but I know I don't wish to sit around here in Shittown and watch is slowly crumble and burn...just a pit of Squalor and Despair.

I wrote this poem (after Robert Frost...Stopping by Woods on Snowy Evening) to describe Woodstock:

Stopping by Shittown on Spring Afternoon:

Whose Cans these are, I think I know,  
But He is Serving Time Now, Though,  
He Will not see me Stooping Here,  
To Remove His Empty Cans of Beer

My Little Dog must think it Strange  
To See the Crackhouse all Aflame  
He sees the trailers all Atwist,  
and Hikes his leg and Gives a Piss

The Only other Sound's the Squall  
Of Fire Trucks, with Sirens and All  
Amid the Engine Blocks and Glass  
Reducing Now to Scrap and Ash.

Stopping by Shittown on Spring Afternoon.

The Trailer Park's now all a'Choke  
But I have Crack that i must Toke  
And Miles to go before I Smoke  
And Miles to GO before I Smoke

I would really make an effort to save those pictures.  
I just don't what else to say....what a truly awful place to live.

jbm

## Re: CLOUSE HOUSE IS BEING DESTROYED TODAY

reta.lawrence [REDACTED]  
To Hiruit Nguyse

7/25/2013 12:12 PM

WOW!!! First thanks for the pictures --I feel the same sadness and anger about all the beauty of Woodstock being destroyed. As I have expressed in the past, it is hard for me to come back and see the changes, knowing how beautiful the town once was. Second, I don't think for one second you should have any regrets on the improvements you have made around or in your house. You have made the surroundings both beautiful and unique. Who else can say they have a maze in their yard? -ha This is the only place Mary Grace would have wanted to live out her life, and you have bought joy to her by the improvements you have made. I know she loves the grave yard, azalea garden, etc. You are the most talented and smartest person I know and you should be proud of your accomplishments. ( for sure you are the smartest in our family--if that means much--ha). It is hard knowing we cant control the circumstances around us, but you have the perfect place to shut them out and live in your own special world. I love coming to visit there and be out of the rat race.

Just wanted you to know you have so many options--for the future--and gun shot blast in not one of them. Remember, when you need to get away, you can always come to Florida--it is not around the world you know. Anyway, thanks for staying in touch--love your email and especially the POEM!!!  
Tell Mary Grace hello--Love y'all