

April 1

Finished letter to go with dress and helmets for Katharine. Just told her briefly about life. Letter was longer than it should have been. Had to tell her about life before Dresden. Had to tell her about seeing family killed in Dresden when the Allies were saving us. She had to understand the importance of my gift of chain mail and helmets and she had to understand the importance of my non-participation in life after seeing my family killed. And my periferal, random participation in the Fluxus group...

Wandering aimlessly, I obsessively making Small Things out of nothing. I traded the Small Things for food and sleep. After some time, I gained a small reputation for my Small Things. Katharine's an artist. She'll be surprised that "successful" artists began to seek me out and want my Small Things. I don't know if an American can understand that I was only living to survive and not profit. Because of that, I could only trade for food and sleep. I ate Deiter Roth's multiples with cheese and sausage (before they got moldy). I ate Daneil Spoeri's installations and canned goods. Couldn't eat Josef Beuys – all fat. Slept on his cots instead. Which of course led to her. I told her that all this "survival" had resulted in a baby and that was going to kill us both. That's why I gave her to the nice American man who offered to help me after Josef dumped me in Krefeld. (He said it was because he and I had both been born there but I still know it had more to do with his wife also being pregnant.) Anyway, I hope she likes the dress and helmets the lawyer will send after I die. She'll probably wish I had eaten less and sent her "art" instead.