

Rita Blitt begin writing her unpublished manuscript "Life's Not Always Chocolate," while packing for her first New York exhibit, "Orblitts." Instead of recording her joys as originally intended, she soon began recounting her frustrations.

The following is an excerpt:

Struck with inspiration, the gallery director grabbed my red velvet sculpture bags full of white packing foam, crawled out the second floor window onto the roof of the restaurant below and, murmuring 'It's so surreal! It's so surreal!' dumped my 'plastic snow' on the real snow... The next morning, Irwin's departure to pick up breakfast, leaving Connie and me alone in the gallery, was followed by a pounding on the door. A tremendous man appeared in the doorway. He looked angry. Not only the landlord of the building, but also the owner of the downstairs restaurant, he said the white bits were being sucked through the kitchen exhaust fan and into his frying grease. Two batches had been thrown out already, He threatened to dispossess the gallery.