

February 4, 1978

My dear Sylvia!

I sent you a postcard on February 2nd, and yesterday I received your letter from January 23rd. If you have already received the postcard, then you know everything.

I am not really able to express my thoughts and feelings on paper. It is another matter just to talk, when it is possible to understand each other not only with the help of words, but also with our eyes, facial expressions, and gestures.

I am very upset. I even burst into tears. I had been dreaming of the April-May trip. But . . . "To try again," as you advised would be useless – believe me.

We have not heard from Lev in a while. (We usually keep in touch with his mother.) But from mutual acquaintances we know that their situation is as before, without any change. And hence the mood is also unchanged.

You ask about Victor. What can I tell you? He feels great because he is a more even-keeled person than I am and he is trying to console me.

For several years, we have been spending our summer holidays near Leningrad. But this year we want to do something new. We still have not decided what. It is impossible to go south (to the Crimea, to the Caucasus) because it is very hot. We will probably go somewhere near Moscow. There are lovely places near Moscow and the climate here is good.

You wrote in your letter of December 6th that you sent books. Thus far, we have not received them.

Regards to Stan. How are things with Barbara and Richard? Regards to all. Be well.

Write. Your Sara and Victor.

Dear Bob, I hope that you understand that all my letters to Sylvia are addressed to you.

Sara.