

July 26, 1983 – typed

Dear Bob,

I received the postcard you* sent from Nizhneudinsk. I was really happy. First, because your trip is not burdensome. Eating, sleeping, and reading – this is good, especially after the running around and hassles on the days before you left. Second, it is also good when no one is yelling at you and at the same time the toilet is clean. Yes, and third – and this is serious, not a joke – it is very pleasant that you thought about me and were not too lazy to write. Thank you.

What kind of news do I have?

On July 7th, I left for Riva's country house and I stayed there until July 19th. Despite the fact that it rained almost every day, we took a lot of walks and we also ate delicious food, drank, went to the movies, and socialized with interesting people. I really did not want to leave there. But Riva left on July 19th for 10-12 days in Kiev, and I had no idea how to stay at the country house without her.

On August 11th, I am leaving for Lyusa's place near Vilnius. I already bought the ticket. I think I will return in early September.

A female friend of Lyuba called me yesterday. In spite of her advanced age and ailing legs, she nevertheless flew to Moscow. We will see each other tomorrow or the day after tomorrow. It is a pity that Lyuba did not come. I really would like to personally make her acquaintance.

I have not yet mailed out Bulgakov because my letter was not answered.

What should I do with the book?

* Unlike her earlier letters to Bob, when she always used the polite and formal form of the second person, Sara is addressing him here in the familiar form.

Grisha has not called.

Please give my regards to everyone who knows me.

Write. Remember – I am very interested and I worry about everything that concerns you. You can write to me in English.

Be well. I kiss you, Sara.

P.S. Yes, please, put dates on your letters.

Was all this comprehensible? Should I write more simply?

I will mail this letter after several days so that it will reach you in mid August – when you will be home.

August 1, 1983

S.