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1975 (date to Florence trip)

Berlin. Wednesday night.

Dearest Florence and Sam:

Well, but I did look for you! Went to the Lehrter Bahnhof by taxi and found nothing. Ran up to the Stadtbahn and found nothing. Was desperate and then realized I could never find you. No such train as yours left from Lehrter Bahnhof and I could not find from where it did leave. So I went on to the University and wound up my class.

Enclosed are the rough copies of Sam's photographs. When they are enlarged and done well they will be nice. One, anyway.

I leave Monday for Salzburg. Address:

Hotel Europe,

Salzburg, Austria.

Hot as hell here yesterday and today.

I was sick at missing you at the train.

More from Austria. Have typed my last pages of the book today. Tomorrow to the police all day for pass and visums, etc. Evening the dispatching of the manuscript. Friday the Russian Ambassador gets a copy to send to a publisher. I'm sick of the damned book--hope to never see it again when it is once off my hands. Not even when it is published. Can't stick the damned thing.

Love

Gues