

c/o Jona  
92-11 35th Ave  
Jackson Heights, N.Y.C.  
February 10, 1944

Dear Tracy,

As you probably heard, I decided to come here to convalesce at a friend's of mine, who is a doctor, and until a few days ago I was feeling much better, and improving steadily. But apparently I am badly cursed: I caught a slight cold, and then the other day my friend's son came from school with a conjunctivitis, and next morning the whole family, plus myself, had swollen eyes and burning tears.

I am afraid this new trouble will lengthen my convalescence, because it keeps me indoors. I wonder when I shall feel really well again: I'm so tired of this story. I sometimes regret not to believe in God: it would be so comfortable to rely upon him, at least as long as medicine doesn't progress a little farther. But it's too late now. Seriously speaking, I try not to let myself be depressed

by this series of troubles. After all, I had not been more sick than an upset stomach in eight or ten years, and I should not complain.

I am supposed, I think, ~~to~~ to give a talk at Columbia sometimes this month, but I wonder if I'll be able to. Also, I had started writing a paper, but I am stuck as long as I can't go to the library. So, I spend my hours reading Shakespeare and Italian poetry. What a degeneration!

I hope I'll soon be in a better health, thence, in a better mood.

Best regards to you, to your wife, and to Ruth Dipple.

Yours,  
Livia