

London,

14th September, 1936.

My dear Friend,

Your very welcome letter to my wife, expressing such sympathy and friendship, has touched me deeply, and we are both so grateful to you for it.

No doubt my wife has written you what has happened. I was trying to get through some long-promised work, in order to free myself for a holiday and for a prolonged absence from home, which is always so difficult to arrange, and I overworked myself and brought on a serious heart attack. It was my own fault, as I had been warned many times. Just when I took ill I was ready to let you know that we intended to make all arrangements to be in Hungary about the 15th September, to fulfil my old promise, which weighs so heavily on my conscience.

I am glad to say that I am now feeling much better, but I am still obliged to be very careful. I am glad now to be able to lie on my couch on the terrace and look at the garden, and enjoy a few days of sunshine after the long days in bed. At the end of this week I very much hope to be allowed to go down to the country, to enjoy further rest in absolute quiet, and I much hope that by the end of October I shall have fully recovered. I must just go slowly, and arrange my life differently and more wisely in future. I am beginning to enjoy the enforced rest, and look forward to being able for a time to concentrate on dictating the book on my life.

It is very regrettable that we cannot meet this time, to which I was so much looking forward, and I much appreciate all your endeavours and the kindness you have shown in the matter of finding such places where I would have been able to paint the three portraits in the most pleasant circumstances. It was not neglect that caused me to delay replying to your most kind and detailed /

Dr. Siklosy.

detailed letters, but I was hoping and trying to give you a definite reply. I hope you received my telegram to that effect, and I was just on the point of telling you that I had been able to arrange it when my attack occurred.

At present I am unable to make any plans further than those which I have given you, and it all depends on what my doctors say, as I am told I must not attempt to do any work until my tired heart has completely recovered. It was probably a reminder from a Higher Power that I am no longer in my first youth, which I was inclined to forget through my eagerness and love of my work.

No more today, dear Friend, but I just wanted to let you know how much pleasure your letter had given us. Forgive my typewritten letter, but I am not yet allowed to write, and I do not wish to keep you waiting longer.

My wife joins me in our warmest greetings and best wishes.

Ever yours,

Dr. Otto Légrády.

14.9.36.