



Zurich [Milan], Wednesday evening in bed
[19 September 1900]¹

My dear Dollie!

Thanks for your sweet letter and its nice dreams for the future, the noodles and the nagging, and also the plan to bring your fat little sister² along and introduce her to our “European culture.” To impress her with it even more and to give her a high opinion of us as well, I’ve already bought two little coffee spoons for our household. What a joy it will be when I can hold you tight once again, my little street urchin, my little veranda, my everything!

Just think, early tomorrow I’m off to the mountains again—to climb a peak near the Lago Maggiore, and then to visit Isola Bella.³ How nice it would be if Madame Federico Maier could also be there to marvel at the view, and then in the still of the night, sweetly to dispel my dark thoughts—right, sweet kitten! I can’t wait to bite you and hug you when you’re with me again—but now we must wait for more than three weeks because of that damned goiter. Is it any better? I plan on going to Zurich on October 1st to talk with Hurwitz personally about the position. It’s certainly better than writing. Shall I look around for possible jobs for you? I think I’ll try to find some private lessons that I could later turn over to you. Or do you have something else in mind? Write me about it!

No matter what happens, we’ll have the most wonderful life in the world. Pleasant work and being together—and what’s more, we now answer to no one, can stand on our own two feet, and enjoy our youth to the utmost. Who could have it any better? When we have scraped together enough money, we can buy bicycles and take a bike tour every couple of weeks. Your dear sister, whom I already know from her cheerful letters, will certainly enjoy being with us—I don’t need to tell you that she’s welcome—such a carefree, ornery