

boisterousness gets out of hand to such an extent that it drives me out of the room, but then I become even more the target of the two imps' jokes. Yes, maternal authority often gets totally subverted!!
[...]

Pauline Einstein

33. STATEMENT OF A FINE

Zurich, 23/28 April 1897

IMPOSITION OF FINE
No. 6619

As it has turned out that Albert Einstein, stud. math., born 1879, from Ulm, Württbg., residing at Hägi's, Unionstrasse 4, District V, has been staying in Zurich since 28 January 1897 without having delivered valid identification documents, therefore, due to this violation of Art. 4 of the Order of the City Council concerning the delivery of documents and administration of the control of residents of 30 May 1894, a fine of 10 fr. is imposed on Albert Einstein.

This ruling cannot be appealed. However, within 10 days, counted from the notification on the decision, the fined person can request a court adjudication of the matter, which has to be done with the date and signature on the verso of this Order. Failure to respond will be taken as acceptance of the fine. (§1055 of the Zurich Regulations on Criminal Procedure).

The fine must be expeditiously paid to the cashier's office of the Central Control Bureau. After 14 days have passed without response, legal proceedings will be instituted, and the fine might be converted to imprisonment according to §1060 of the Zurich Law of Criminal Justice.

If valid identification papers are not deposited within a further 10 days, deportation by the police will ensue.

Chief of the Central Control Bureau:
" Buhler

34. TO PAULINE WINTELER

Zurich, Thursday [May? 1897]

Dear mommy!

I am writing you so soon in order to cut short an inner struggle whose outcome is, in fact, already firmly settled in my mind: I cannot come to visit you at Whitsuntide. It would be more than unworthy of me to buy a few days of bliss at the cost of new pain, of which I have already caused much too much to the dear child through my fault. It fills me with a peculiar kind of satisfaction that now I myself have to taste some of the pain that I brought upon the dear girl through my thoughtlessness and ignorance of her delicate nature. Strenuous intellectual work and looking at God's Nature are the reconciling,

fortifying, yet relentlessly strict angels that shall lead me through all of life's troubles. If only I were able to give some of this to the good child! And yet, what a peculiar way this is to weather the storms of life -- in many a lucid moment I appear to myself as an ostrich who buries his head in the desert sand so as not to perceive the danger. One creates a small little world for oneself, and as lamentably insignificant as it may be in comparison with the perpetually changing size of real existence, one feels miraculously great and important, just like a mole in his self-dug hole. -- But why denigrate oneself, others take care of that when necessary, therefore let's stop.

Your dear little letter, the lilies of the valley, the little poems, all of them brought me great joy, like everything that comes from your dear little house. I thank you from all my heart for it. There is very little that is of interest in my external life: in fact, the latter is so philistine that people could use it for setting their watches -- except that their watches would be somewhat late in the morning. As for my intellectual life, there is always quite a variety. Saturday evenings I play music at the home of a local lady with a few other gentlemen, including Byland; these are the most beautiful hours of my week. Byland read to me a few plays by Gerhart Hauptmann, and these affected me tremendously. "Hanneles Himmelfahrt" made me cry like a child, half in bliss and half in pain. You too should read this gem; I cannot say more about it -- one must keep silent when one thinks about it.

Thousand greetings to you and your family from your

Albert

TO PAULINE WINTELER

Zurich, Monday [7 June 1897]

Dear mommy!

Your lovely present gives me a welcome excuse to write to you again, the holiday's silence, the cozy quietude, to have a good chat with you, as if we were sitting together in the red room while the potatoes are getting brown with jealousy and the dear sun and some other dear thing peep into the room. When I think of that room, my head starts ringing in a delightfully mad way, and a thousand memories, some old, some young, some gay and others sad, embrace each other in a child-like fashion, as if they belonged together. Many an old philosophical deduction in a long house robe with unmended holes paces there solemnly in the air, and next to it giggles many a charming and foolishly sweet little word with little wings and rosy cheeks -- and thank God, they are far more numerous, and, sweetly making fun of me, they still grab me sometimes by the nose when I, with knitted brow, cultivate the golden scholarship in my room. And afterwards I feel so silly, and curiously vacillating between laughter and tears -- and finally the beloved piano resounds like my soul calm or mad, depending on what just happens to be its mood, and if the latter is the case, then I also think of the lovely hours and the little red footstool and whatever else goes together with it.

The days and nights of Whitsuntide I am spending in musical pleasures that God is sending to me by one of those angels who do not