

Yesterday I dined with a wealthy Viennese bachelor, a useless playboy. He groaned about the anti-Semites, about the blood-libel. I got him to talk. That way I confirmed my opinion of the temper of the rich. For a moment I even took this man seriously. I asked him if he was prepared to do something for the Jewish cause. He seemed to suspect a financial sacrifice and drawled, "Naw!" I hastened to rectify this misconception and said: "For instance, a journey to Constantinople?" "No," he said, "I am no good at such things. I am too lazy." Yes indeed! It will be a long time before I arouse, before I shake, the Jews out of the indolence of their prison life.

June 14

The Promised Land, where it is all right for us to have hooked noses, black or red beards, and bandy legs without being despised for these things alone. Where at last we can live as free men on our own soil and die in peace in our own homeland. Where we, too, can expect honor as a reward for great deeds; where we shall live at peace with all the world, which we shall have freed through our own freedom, enriched by our wealth, and made greater by our greatness.

So that the derisive cry "Jew!" may become an honorable appellation, like "German," "Englishman," "Frenchman"—in short, like that of all civilized peoples. So that by means of our State we can educate our people for tasks which still lie beyond our horizon. For God would not have preserved our people for so long if we did not have another role to play in the history of mankind.

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The flag occurs to me. Perhaps a white flag with seven gold stars. And the white field will signify our new, clean life. Just as the stars are the working hours. Under the banner of labor we shall enter the Promised Land.

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It is a great good fortune for me and will gild my parents' old age and be to the lasting honor of my descendants that I have devised this great project.

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June 14

Güdemann telegraphs me today:

"Unable to make trip. Salo at North Cape. Letter follows. Going to Baden Sunday afternoon. Güdemann."

Oh yes, it will be hard to get the Jews interested in it. But get them I shall. I feel a gigantic strength for the glorious task gathering in me. A man grows with greater purposes!\*

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To the Family Council:

I should gain greater glory if I moved to the Promised Land only with the poor and the wretched and made a proud and respected people out of them. But I shall renounce this glory, just as I should be ready to recede into the background entirely. The only thing is that a master builder must, as long as he is alive, supervise the building himself, no matter how great the worry, the toil, and the responsibility.

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Our entire youth, all those who are now between twenty and thirty years of age, will abandon their vague socialistic leanings and turn to me. They will go forth as itinerant preachers to their own families and into the world—without my having to urge them.

For the land is to be theirs!

June 15, 1895

The non-Jewish expropriates over there will, after the purchase has been made, be given the choice between payment

\* Translator's Note: This is a line, slightly misquoted, from Friedrich Schiller's Prologue to his *Wallensteins Lager*.