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37. Chandos Road,
Redland, Bristol. Oct. 29th, 1825.

Dear, dear Edward Carpenter.

Your card was forwarded to me here.

I can not tell you how glad I am that you are reading B's
Memoirs and that you want to write him. It will mean so much
to him to hear from you whom he has always loved and revered.
His address now is A. Bergmann, c/o Mme Karin Michaelis

Thiro bei Svendborg, Denmark. He is
visiting Mme Michaelis the Danish writer and will be there
for some time. Please write him there.

I think our mutual friend Mr C. W. Daniel
has written you about a preface to the British edition of
the "Memoirs" I hope fervently that you will write it. I know
of no one in England or A. who is so fit to introduce Berk
man's work on his prison experience and all that went with
those dreadful fourteen years than you. You who have so ably
pleaded against prisons, you who have understood the suffering
and hopelessness of the victims of our cruel social fabric.
And there is also your deep human understanding of the men and
women who in their sex psychology divert from the so called
normal and who are branded by our social and ethical stupidity
as degenerates. Indeed, there is no other great figure in
this wide land who could and would do justice to the work
of Alexander Berkman and the the subjects he treats therein.

As to Berkman and myself, we will consider it an
honour and a joy to have your dear name in the "Memoirs". Please
please write the preface.

You kindly ask how I am getting on.
Not very brilliantly. After a desperate struggle to arouse
interest in the cruel fate of the Russian politicals I had to
reign myself to the fact that Labour in this country cares
nothing whatever for the conditions in Russia. Labour like
reaction has its political reasons why it will not listen to
the actual state of affairs in R. Falsehoods for or against

are the present order of the day. Now, since I could not get the ear of Labour and I would not speak to the reactionaries there was nothing else to do but to give up the struggle, for a time anyway. I did so with an heavy heart knowing as I do how all politicals in Russia suffer, how great their despair.

This summer I began to get in touch with dramatic societies in the hope of establishing myself in the dramatic lecture field. I succeeded in a measure. I am here ~~x~~ delivering a series of lectures on the Russian drama. I will deliver the same course in London at Keats House beginning Nov. 12, and I have dates on similar subjects in Birmingham, Bath, Manchester, Liverpool, Birkenhead and one or two more. ^Uf course it is a mere makeshift to engage in such work in the face of the grave situation in England. But outcasts are not choosers, one does what one can to remain true to oneself and to one's ideal.

Thank you for asking me. I hope you are keeping in good health, I know you have your beautiful spirit which effected me like sunshine out of the gloomy London sky.

remember me kindly to George. I should love so much to see you both again some day soon.

Affectionately.

I remain here until Nov. 6th, then return to London.