



# Tropic of Capricorn

*Henry Miller*

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## **Tropic of Capricorn** Henry Miller

Riotous, rude and explosive, Tropic of Capricorn chronicles Henry Miller's early life in New York. The young Miller is angry, passionate, lewd, a fiery prophet of sexual and intellectual freedom, and an incorrigible prankster dedicated to the subversion of America's stale moral code.

Read it, and experience for yourself Miller's raw, unbridled love of life in all its filthy, vital glory.

## **Tropic of Capricorn Details**

Date : Published May 3rd 2005 by Harper Perennial (first published 1938)

ISBN : 9780007204458

Author : Henry Miller

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## From Reader Review Tropic of Capricorn for online ebook

### Brent Legault says

Should have been banned for its *banality* rather than its sexual content. I recently reread the first page and counted five clichés.\* I'd've found more had I the strength to continue. Miller had pluck, sure, and ballsful of bravado. But talent? I might've wanted to drink with him in some Dijon bordello, listen to one or two of his stories outloud (his novels certainly read like they were dictated) but his written words are weak and watery. Of course, he couldn't see that, blinded as he was by his outsized ego.

\*More than five, actually: "given up the ghost" "dead certainty" "I was my own worst enemy." "bored me to tears" "sympathetic to a fault" "a change of heart" "at first blush"

There were many other soft clichés and tired turns of phrase, all on page one. I checked other pages, just in case he was making a pre-post modern comment of some kind, but no, no. His writing, in *all* of his books (the eight or so that I've read, anyway) is replete with laziness (intermingled with bits of careless genius).

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### Dolly Delightly says

It is no mean feat to take-away from a book an erudition. Reading Henry Miller's work schooled me into realising that there really is "only one great adventure and that is inward towards the self". And, more importantly that inveterate boozing and smoking, carousing, quixotic philandering and riding life out "on the wind of the wing of madness" like one has "iron in the backbone and sulphur in the blood" is elementary in the success of that adventure; and the manumitting of oneself from the ne plus ultra drudgery of life. And for that, and the fact that his writing always remained "true, sincere" and "on the side of life" and he an old roué throughout, I love him: earnestly, completely. I read "Tropic of Cancer", and subsequently the "Rosy Crucifixion Trilogy", some years ago, and thus was ecstatic to find Miller in my favourite Oxfam. One of the things I discovered, by sheer coincidence, prior to reading "Tropic of Capricorn" was that both the aforementioned and "Tropic of Cancer" were Miller's choice sobriquets for his second wife June Mansfield Smith's breasts. And for that I love him also.

"Tropic of Capricorn" opens with a pronouncement that, "Once you have given up the ghost, everything follows with dead certainty, even in the midst of chaos", a line of thought, that denotes the perspicuous resignation of the disillusioned. And Miller's voice gets even more intractably dour a jot or two down the page when he confesses that, "Even as a child, when I lacked for nothing, I wanted to die: I wanted to surrender because I saw no sense in struggling. I felt that nothing would be proved, substantiated, added or subtracted by continuing an existence which I had not asked for." The realisation about the innate lack of purpose and "the stupidity and futility of everything" reverberates throughout as Miller expounds at length about working dead-end jobs inimical to his creative freedom, being a myrmidon to his superiors at the redoubtable Cosmodemonic Telegraph Company of North America - a "hideous farce against a backdrop of sweat and misery... a waste of men, material and effort" - and ploughing against the "whole rotten system of American labour" while sitting behind his work-desk "hiring and firing like a demon".

Chronically impecunious despite full time employment with the Western Union and feeling no fealty to anyone or anything, Miller chronicles this time in his life, spent mostly with a retinue of factotums and waybills - all trapped in a system that was so rotten, so inhuman, so lousy, so hopelessly corrupt and

complicated, that it would have taken a genius to put any sense or order into it, to say nothing of human kindness or consideration – with both animus and amity. Forced by his superiors to be “be firm, be hard!” instead of having “too big a heart”, Miller sticks it to the avaricious panjandrums and vows to be “be generous, pliant, forgiving, tolerant, tender”. Everything in “Tropic of Capricorn” is perched on a pedantically balanced scale, just as Miller’s prose, which jumps from fatalistic cynicism to Panglossian mirth, the sagacious to the fecund, the overzealous to the insouciant, the recidivistic to the enterprising, thereby mirroring his life which consists of nothing but “ups and downs...long stretches of gloom and melancholy followed by extravagant bursts of gayety, of trancelike inspiration.” And it is precisely this deft linguistic ability, albeit occasionally blemished by overindulgence in periphrasis and even unabashed flummery, to relay his variegated reminiscences so graphically and candidly that incites a sense of grandstand awe.

Above all other subjects, however, Miller spends a lot of time lamenting and lambasting his homeland, the “monstrous death machine” where “nobody knows how to sit on his ass and be content.” His avid hatred of the US is documented with effusive graphic proclivity and an unapologetic conviction, for as he sees it he had never anywhere “felt so degraded and humiliated as in America”. Miller expectorates vehemently about the country he calls a “cesspool” where “everything is sucked down and drained away to everlasting shit”, before asserting that everything he had “endured was in the nature of a preparation for that moment when, putting on my hat one evening, I walked out of the office, out of my hitherto private life, and sought the woman who was to liberate me from a living death.” The woman sought was Miller’s second wife, June Mansfield Smith, the great nostrum who turned into an obsession leading to his emotional labefaction. June was the one who convinced Miller to jack-in his job and take up writing full time while she machinated a variety of schemes to support them financially, whether parading around dance halls, running a speakeasy or collecting money from services rendered. Writing of her elsewhere, Miller once noted: “I’m in love with a monster, the most gorgeous monster imaginable.” And, she was a monster. Or to be more precise “a monstrous lying machine” one with a striking bloodless face, rouged lips, a penchant for Dostoyevsky and indiscriminate fucking. Intrepid, perfidious, prone to theatrical exaggeration and acidulous lies June became the archetypal femme fatal in Miller’s literary endeavours.

Their connubial life was marked by volatility, mutual jealousies, June’s mercurial vagaries, and eventually their great big love was reduced to something like a “soft prick slipping out of an overheated cunt.” When the two first met, however, they were as one like “Siamese twins whom love had joined and whom death alone could separate.” But it was not to be. The inchoate despair comes to the surface in “Tropic of Capricorn” when Miller begins to realise that June is prone to “transformation; almost as quick and subtle she was as the devil himself”, later likening her to the “queen mother of all the slippery Babylonian whores,” for she was just as inconstant. Their love was intense, both in a spiritual and physical sense, with Miller once describing her in copulation like a wild creature “radiant, jubilant, an ultra-black jubilation streaming from her like a steady flow of sperm from the Mithraic Bull. She was double-barrelled, like a shot-gun, a female bull with an acetylene torch in her womb. In heat she focussed on the grand cosmocrator, her eyes rolled back to the whites, her lips a-saliva. In the blind hole of sex she waltzed like a trained mouse, her jaws unhinged like a snake’s, her skin horripilating in barbed plumes. She had the insatiable lust of a unicorn,” but one he couldn’t tame. In turn, he became “possessed like a full blooded schizerino” while she taunted him by launching her powers “toward the fabrication of [herself as] a mythical creature” and whoring like a nymphomaniac on day release from AA because she simply didn’t “give a fuck about anything”. The two split eventually, and the ruptures in the relationship are documented toward the end of the book with melancholic retrospection, and thereafter in Miller’s later works. June remained a permanent fixture throughout Miller’s early years, indelibly looming over his life and his literature.

Her spectres is firmly entrenched in the “Tropic of Capricorn”, but mostly the book is about Miller himself –





I hate this book. I love this book. At moments I'm completely swept away or disgusted. Lost in a bleakness and shaking my head in pity for Henry. At times his existence is loathsome like a bad acid trip. Other times it's over the top sexy. Juices tumbling out of groins. I feel like I'm in between those loins.

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## Perry says

### **Prolix Hyperbolics by an Existentialist Sexaholic on His Manhattan Frolics**

*"Sex. In America, an obsession. In other parts of the world, a fact."*

Marlene Dietrich.

Mainly, I read this to broaden my horizons and experience first-hand the text underlying the fuss that was made over Henry Miller when his two Tropic novels were finally published in the U.S. in 1961.

Tropic of Capricorn, a semi-autobiographical prequel to Tropic of Cancer (set in 1930s Paris), though published a few years after, is set mostly in Manhattan of the 1920s. It's not chronological; rather, it skips around to revisit Miller's hetero-development and sexual high jinks in the Big Apple, including his sexual relationship with his 30-year-old piano teacher when he was 15, and a blunt description of nearly every other first encounter with a very diverse legion of women.

*The world of men and women are making merry in the cemetery grounds. They are having sexual intercourse, God bless them, and I am alone in the Land of Fuck.*

Call this brusque erotica with a literary bent, a pre-Crash lascivious bash, merit-worthy filth for those of that ilk, or prickly porn for cunning linguists. Your choice.

I could take it or leave it. For one thing, it's too damned wordy. Another, I hate the "c" word for female genitalia and Miller peppers this book with it.

Horizon expanded by maybe half a foot.

Do NOT read the below hidden quote if you are sensitive to vulgar language.

(view spoiler)

(hide spoiler)]

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## Thomas says

Βαθμολογία: ★★

Τσο με ενθουσασε στην αρχη, ?λλο τ?σο με ?χασε προς το τ?λος, για ακ?μη μια φορ?. Δομ? που κουρ?ζει απ?στευτα, ?λλειψη κεφαλα?ων, γραφ? τ?σο συνειρμικ? που μπορε?ς να προσπερ?σεις μερικ?ς σελ?δες και να συνεχ?σεις να διαβ?ζεις χωρ?ς να χαθε?ς. Αναγνωρ?ζω π?ντως τη λογοτεχνικ? του αξ?α, σε αντ?θεση με τον Bukowski και ?λλους συγγραφε?ς του ε?δους.

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## Jeremy says

...and Cancer is separated from Capricorn only by an imaginary line.

Henry Miller's second book is a strange and sometimes bewildering but often exhilarating exploration of his early years, before heading to Paris. He pays homage to Dadaism and Surrealism, but not as influences so much as discoveries after-the-fact; discoveries of like-minds who he never knew existed until he was already like-minded.

The narrative is dense, compacted, sometimes a single paragraph will extend over several pages, and stylistically shifts gear, sometimes mid-sentence, between a kind of almost traditional yarn-spinning storytelling mode and rambling inner monologues on the idea of the self and society and almost anything, where metaphors and similes crash one upon the other in waves and spurts ... ejaculation after ejaculation; and there is an orgasmic variety of exultation to these moments which does become overwhelming. I mean, an orgasm that goes on too long can become painful... I admit to preferring the periods of this book that were in the more traditional mode, and sometimes had to will myself to stop beginning to scan through the more heavily internalised moments, but there's also a sense that these moments are meant to wash over you, that the thrusts of Miller's narrative hips can also rock you to sleep as much as fuck you.

Nobody understood what I was writing about or why I wrote that way. I was so lucid that they said I was daffy.

The 'Miller' of the 'I' of this story is facing a kind of existential dilemma, a process of self-discovering, but not in a very typical manner. Late in the novel, Miller uses a metaphor to describe his process as going from skating to swimming to being a stone. The 'self', as learned by-product of 'otherness'—something we are taught to be—is regarded with great suspicion and like of living, or vitality. This is the skating along the surface, something he used to do as a child to get by. Coming to some sort of realization of this allows one to swim, to be in it and of it. But, finally, in a Zen-like nirvanic construction, the self becomes free from its exteriors and knowledge of itself. The stone, a motif Camus' early work also plays with.

...He (Roy Hamilton/Macgregor) was appealing ... to the germ of the self, to the being that would eventually outgrow the naked personality, the synthetic individuality, and leave me truly alone and solitary.



Some interesting and heavily counter-intuitive (and Dadaist) developments occur through this. To be selfish in the ordinary sense is to be overly concerned with others, since it is to others that you bring yourself to be selfed, for example. An ethics begin to form around the individual as singular biological event that is in itself an ethic, at least, that's what it demands by not demanding anything. To be '...fixed in a reality which permits the thought that nothing is fixed...'

Living is more important than life.

It's a challenging proclamation in our times maybe even more so than his own. This kind of dehumanising/humanising project that Miller proclaims is more important than saving lives or eating. It is the opposite of Polonius in 'Hamlet', which is the kind of standard product we are brought up with, where we are given an exhaustive list of dos and don'ts that change with the tides of the Twittersphere, and end it all with a rounding 'to thine own self be true'. This is the spell that is put upon you, that must be broken. It's all these details that bewilder this Miller, and all the rest of us in our more lucid moments, I suppose, and part of the expression of this bewilderment is in the substance, and part in the style.

Far from being nihilistic, and at least influenced to some degree by Nietzsche and Dostoevsky, there is a great celebration of what it is to be completely real and in the moment of human life. To say Yes. To not desire other than through your immediate need and craving. Miller makes it clear in his denouement that his essential concern is not to do with eternity or God or justice, but that it's human vitality, and the capacity of man to express that vitality.

...what a man *does* is of no great importance, it's what he *is* that counts.

There is only an imaginary line between the Tropics, that is, how we name them, how we make them be. It is tempting to think otherwise, because we can imagine how the world would still circle the sun in the same way if we ceased to be here drawing our lines all over the place to track such things, but the tracks are *our* tracks. And Miller is not reductive of this, in the end. When he is despairing of his urban landscape at one point, he suddenly realises that the landscape is just as human as he is. The lamp post he was staring dismally at is...

...not a thing of iron—it is a creation of the human mind... It is a human lamp post.

Optimism and delight in the most ordinary aspects of man stripped down to his core is the end point, and a kind of acceptance of the idea of humanity in all its frailties. You can even say Yes and No at the same time ... just do 'more than is expected of you.'

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## Cecilia says

I read the first few chapters...it was boring....then I skipped chapters hoping he would get more interesting..he didn't....kept going...it was still boring...towards the end...he is pathetically sentimental, self-indulgent and boring...

I think it is because he was mooching off his wife while trying to shag someone else's wives in order to mooch off them too...and too much mooching off the labours of women while being an annoying left bank Parisian bum, made him go "cunt, cunt, cunt" a lot...

but it did not make him an interesting writer with a plot or indeed a man whose rant an intelligent thinking, post-modern woman could stand...given his misogyny and his endless rants....without a plot.

Like Bukowski, rather Bukowski copied him...he tried to give the impression of being good in bed and all that....but uses too many words and in short, I consider this genre of writing ...EARLY Dick-lit.!

However if you randomly pick out a phrase or two ...he had very interesting way of using the english language fusing it with Americanism. But not enough synergy to make this pulp of a Dick lit. interesting....

Oh henry...a freaking socialist croissant commie cliché? zzzz...at least you were not a puritan protestant prude...I suppose we should be grateful for that...but lets call a spade a spade....he giggolo-ed himself....so his socialism came into good use!

Those were the days, when simple not-so-well-travelled women got impressed by some guy who got his book banned (in Turkey? big whoppie!) just by using the word "cunt"...in modern times mediocre writers have to at least get a Fatwah...something that the wimpy croissant munching Henry probably wouldn't be able to handle....it would require committment and conviction that he prided himself on not possessing an ounce of! Zzzz. lol.

:)

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## Jana says

All throughout this book I was thinking about one thing: when was Cancer and when was Capricorn written. The first one was published in 1934, and the second in 1938. Four years made this huge progression – Miller really evolved as a writer, he became more concentrated and maybe a bit humbler. He is still unconventional, but although he's a mad man (I even felt sorry for him, which I think he would hate the most), I've found so much mellowness, wisdom and truth in his words that I found myself having goose skin. He still has neurotic shifts and he writes about so many people, but in the beginning he described as a hypothesis, what would happen if he wrote thousands of stories. Would they collapse, would they kill each other, would a reader die suffocating in overwhelming – ness?

He's passionate. Inconsiderate, definitely – his wife was having a second abortion while he was screwing his

secretary who borrowed them money for the hospital. But, maybe I like this book more than Tropic of Cancer because he instead of talking about actual physical sex, sorrowness and how high he is, he writes about retrospection, perception and introspection of his own life and people around him. Yes, sometimes too much gibberish psycho-philosophical rambling, but at least he was honest. And inspiring in this inner struggles and rawness. I mean, he's trying to be this ultimate brute, and he is, oh definitely don't underestimate him, but when he shows his soft spots, empathy and sensibility, man, then you're in trouble, because then he really shines out.

But I guess that's that diabolic thing about someone's intelligence and emotions - actions. More you understand yourself, more you are prone to go deeper with yourself. And heavy self evaluating analysis are always bordering with the dark side. This topic is endless.

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### **Jeruen says**

I suppose I should preface this review with a warning. This is an explicit book. This book has full of sex. And this book has no plot.

Ten years ago, when I was a senior in high school, I read Henry Miller's Tropic of Cancer. It opened my eyes. It was the first book that I read that had no plot at all, and I was looking for a story in the book, and yet there were none. It was just a three-hundred page rant about the traipsing of the author. I liked it.

This time, I read Tropic of Capricorn, ten years after reading the first book. And once again, I was amazed.

Why did I pick this book? Well, it was first published in the 1930s, but it was banned here in the United States for about 30 years, due to the sexually explicit content of the book. However, I suppose I like this book due to the fact that this gave way to freedom of speech and expression.

So, what is this book about? This is a narration of a character named Henry Miller and his escapades in New York City. He has sex with several women in the book, and it seems that he is the most virile character in literature that I have encountered so far. He describes in painful detail the encounters that he has with several women, Jewish women, secretaries, people he goes swimming with, and other women that intersect with his life. He describes how he is able to have sex with a woman who thinks that her genitals are too small for having sex, he describes how he has sex with a woman who has a fear of drowning in a lake, and he describes how he has sex with a woman who used to be his music teacher.

He has a typology of "cunts" and describes what these various types are, with the "supercunt" as the most elusive of them all. He is perhaps the most sexed up person in literature I ever read. But, as the narrative ends, I realized that Tropic of Capricorn is about Henry Miller's image of women, as the book ends with saying that if you want women to last, you should turn them into literature. And after reading this book, I am glad that I did pick it up, even though it was ten years after I read the first book. 4 out of 5 stars.

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### **Eliana Rivero says**

La oportunidad más maravillosa que ofrece la vida es la de ser humano. Abarca todo el universo. Incluye el conocimiento de la muerte, del que ni siquiera Dios goza (p.226).

*Trópico de Capricornio* me ha gustado más que su antecesor. Aquí hay más espiritualidad, filosofía y reflexión. También hay más sexo, escenas repugnantes, sífilis, machismo, miseria, pobreza. Pero es una novela genial, intensa, absorbente, que te deja con un vacío y con muchas preguntas. Es una novela que te hace explotar la cabeza, porque es como una explosión.

Seguimos la vida ficcionalizada de Henry Miller, su vida como jefe de personal en una compañía de telégrafos y de sus amistades, salidas, vida familiar, prostitutas, su odio por Estados Unidos, sus reflexiones sobre la vida que lleva, sus recuerdos de infancia, entre muchas otras cosas. Es divertido el relato que hace, pues en ocasiones resulta un tanto absurdo, irónico y estúpido.

La pasión de Miller por el sexo es importante, porque aunque la novela no gire en torno al sexo, tiene gran relevancia en su vida y en las reflexiones que hace sobre la misma. Yo lo llamaría como una especie de sexo-místico, porque hay cierta espiritualidad en lo que quiere vivir Miller y en lo que es su filosofía de vida: decir *sí* a todo, porque es la única forma de poder vivir honradamente como hombre y ser humano. Darlo todo a la humanidad, entregarse desbocadamente.

Si vieran el montón de post-its que utilicé, más los subrayados, se sorprenderían. Cada frase es más ¡wow! que la otra, es impactante. Como por ejemplo:

A mi entender, el significado de un libro radica en que el propio libro desaparezca de la vista, en que se lo mastique vivo, se lo digiera e incorpore al organismo como carne y sangre que, a su vez, crean nuevo espíritu y dan nueva forma al mundo (p.218).

O también:

La delicia mayor, pero rara, era caminar por las calles a solas..., caminar por las calles de noche, cuando estaban desiertas, y reflexionar sobre el silencio que me rodeaba. Millones de personas tumbadas boca arriba, muertas para el mundo, con las bocas abiertas, que sólo emitían ronquidos. Caminar por entre la arquitectura más demencial que jamás se haya inventado, preguntándome por qué y con qué fin, si todos los días tenía que salir de aquellos cuchitriles miserables o palacios magníficos un ejército de hombres deseosos de desembuchar el relato de su miseria (p.66).

Miller es una figura importante de la literatura norteamericana. Escribió los dos *Trópicos*... en los años 30. Se nota su influencia en la generación beat, aunque creo que él es un poco más simple en lo que quiere expresar. También se siente un poco surrealista, pero sus escritos tienen más sentido que lo que se ve en la escritura automática de este movimiento. Estas son novelas para sorprenderse y dejarse llevar. Es para abrir la mente, porque es una explosión.

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**Jeffrey Keeten says**

**"I am so thoroughly healthy and empty. No dreams, no desires. I am like the luscious deceptive fruit which hangs on the Californian trees. One more ray of sun and I will be rotten."**

**Henry Miller**

The first thing, if you are lucky, that you discover about Henry Miller is that you shouldn't introduce him to your wife, your sister, your mother or any other female that you care to leave unsullied. He is like a bloodhound once he catches the scent of a female that he has not had carnal knowledge with. It wasn't that Henry made the best of first impressions, but give him time, give him an evening with a nun, and she'll be at the altar the next morning, still trembling from a night of degradation, renouncing or reaffirming her vows.

Henry fought with his wife, the first wife, the one with the shovel face, like two piranhas caught in a barrel. If you have read any of Henry's books you know that he shares his life, everything, even the stuff that makes him look like a lout.

*"When I got home my wife was awake and sore as hell because I had stayed out so long. We had a hot discussion and finally I lost my temper and I clouted her and she fell on the floor and began to weep and sob. The girl upstairs came running down to see what was the matter. She was in her kimono and her hair was hanging down her back. In the excitement she got close to me and things happened without either of us intending anything to happen. (I didn't believe that part for a second.) We put the wife to bed with a wet towel around her forehead and the while the girl upstairs was bending over her I stood behind her and lifting her kimono. I got it into her and she stood there a long time talking a lot of foolish soothing nonsense. Finally I climbed into bed with the wife and to my utter amazement she began to cuddle up to me and without saying a word we locked horns and we stayed that way until dawn. I should have been worn out but instead I was wide awake, and I lay there beside her planning to take the day off and look up the whore with the beautiful fur whom I was talking to earlier in the day. After that I began to think about another woman, the wife of one of my friends.*

Henry is a man that is never satiated. One conquest launches him on a quest for the next one. With a clap on my shoulder and a squeeze Henry always has a new story that has me shaking my head. By comparison, I feel like my life is as boring as a Methodist sermon.

Henry is living for all of us.

Like every other fool I know...I've lent Henry money. Lent, that is rich, I'm still deluding myself. He doesn't repay a loan. He makes you forget you lent it to him in the first place. I remember one night when a mutual friend of ours explained the circumstances with Henry.

*"If you need a little money I'll raise it for you. It's like throwing it down a sewer, I know, but I'll do it for you just the same. The truth is, Henry, I like you a hell of a lot. I've taken more from you than I would from anybody in the world."*

Henry just grinned as our friend's hat passed around, and even people that had known him less than an hour tossed in a bit of green. It wasn't until we were leaving, weaving our own snake trail out the door, that my friend discovered that along with the money, Henry had also absconded with his hat.

I was with Henry the night he met the nymphomaniac Paula. *"She has the loose jaunty swing and perch of the doubled-barreled sex, all her movements radiating from the groin, always in equilibrium, always ready to flow, to wind and twist, and clutch, the eyes going tic-toc, the toes twitching and twinkling, the flesh rippling like a lake furrowed by a breeze. This is the incarnation of the hallucination of sex, the sea nymph squirming in the maniac's arms."*, Needless to say I left by myself, but not before Henry touched me for a Jackson.

I have never figured out if Henry is a coward or the bravest of the brave. He rejects the life that I spend so

much of each day trying to build for myself. He didn't tell me this, but I found it in one of his books.

*"I realize quietly what a terribly civilized person I am-the need I have for people, conversation, books, theatre, music, cafes, drinks, and so forth. It's terrible to be civilized, because when you come to the end of the world you have nothing to support the terror of loneliness. To be civilized is to have complicated needs, And a man, when he is full blown, shouldn't need a thing."*

The thing of it is Henry couldn't be Henry except for the existence of people like myself who are always willing to buy him a drink and marvel at his stories. He is living off the efforts of "civilized" men and women. He doesn't have to own anything, because someone will always give him what he needs.

*"He had neither pride, nor vanity, nor envy. About the big issues he was clear, but confronted by the petty details of life he was bewildered."*

### **The Nasty Genius**

The thing of it is, despite his best efforts, Henry Miller became a useful member of society. He published books describing a life so unencumbered that even those of us perfectly satisfied with our soft lives, eking out a possession laden life of soulless corporate kowtowing, have doubts that we have chosen our lives wisely.

Henry met this woman named June who hauled him off to Paris.

### **June**

I don't get to hear his stories first hand anymore. I have to buy his books to find out what he has been up to. I miss Henry. He had me gaze upon the greener pastures on the other side of the fence, but he couldn't convince me to jump over and stay over. Every so often, despite his better financial circumstances, I still get a note from him with a plea for a few dollars for old time's sake. I, the dutiful enabling friend, always send him what I can spare.

If you wish to see more of my most recent book and movie reviews, visit <http://www.jeffreykeeten.com>  
I also have a Facebook blogger page at: <https://www.facebook.com/JeffreyKeeten>

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### **Adrian Anghel says**

Ca un carusel. Un montaigne rousse pe care pleci agale, ridicându-te pe culmi și apoi coborând ameșitor prin tot felul de rotații, alte țuțuri și coborâri adânci și abrupte. Asta a? putea spune despre Tropicelul lui Henry Miller.

Privind retrospectiv ambele lecturi, m? simt ca și coborât dintr-un astfel de monstru de distracție. Pline de adrenalină, de trăsiri, de gânduri, de filozofie jucăușă, cu erotism dus la obscen, cu efuziuni de lirism și imagini puternice, printre care se strecoară diferite contradicții tipic dadaiste. Iată mașinaria milleriană?

Pentru Miller, unde ai zice că-i autobiografie în cazul ambelor cărți, este de fapt o distorsiune a realității și

fic?iunii, o punere a acestora într-un malaxor din care iese o compozi?ie cel pu?in ciudat?.

Tropicul Capricornului vine în sus?inerea celui alt tropic (Tropicul Cancerului) publicat în 1934. Ap?rut în 1939, dup? romanul Prim?vara Neagr?, dup? a?ezarea lui la Paris, Miller exploateaz? prima parte a vie?ii acestuia, cea de dinainte de marea mutare pe vechiul continent, unde descoper? marea menire, marea desc?tu?are, marea plecare. Privind atipic modernismul ?i facerile modernit??ii, naratorul se deta?eaz? prin tr?iri intense, f?când uz de realitate pentru a o str?punge prin cele mai sensibile puncte, mai ales cele morale.

Restul aici: <http://adispune.ro/henry-miller-tropi...>

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## **Julie Rylie says**

Everything I ever said about Henry Miller is NOT true. I was a senseless child when I read *The Tropic of Cancer* and I thought he was a machist and so on and you know what? I want to read the freaking Tropic of Cancer again! And now I sold it so I have to buy it again! damn youuuuuuu. But I had the book in Portuguese though and I want to read it in English, so it was not so bad after all.

Anyway, it was one of the happy moments of 2014: recognizing that Henry Miller is an intelligent, sensitive human-being and that I want to read more from him.

There was so many beautiful sentences in this book and brilliant thoughts and ways of living your life. It was very introspective for me. I am normally a fast reader but this book took me 3 weeks or something and it was only because it was so dense and profound for most of the time. loved it! really really loved it.

Thanks for your insights Mister Miller! It doesn't feel so bad anymore to think of yourself as kind of alienated and for wanting more out of life and for not fitting into boxes.

I think the quotes I added from this book speak for themselves.

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## **Laocoön says**

Found it completely pointless. Maybe I don't get surreal style at all. Maybe this zig-zag approach to reality makes me dizzy.

Point is, I am sure many of his admirers, if they missed the famous author name, would feel as I do about this book.

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## **Deniz Balç? says**

Zor bir kitap "O?lak Dönencesi".

Yazar?n "Yengeç Dönencesi"ni okudu?um yak?n zamanda, Henry Miller'? ke?fetmemin ne kadar geç kald???n? anlad???mda büyük bir panik hali ya?am?? ve en k?sa zamanda "O?lak Dönencesi"ni okuma karar? alm??t?m. Ancak "Yengeç Dönencesi"nde ki oburlu?um burada kendini gösteremedi. Kitap yordu

beni bir noktada. O yüzden yar?s?nda ara vermek ve araya birçok kitap sokmak durumunda kald?m. Bu, asl?nda Miller'in de?il, benim densizli?im. Zira Miller tempolu bir hayat içerisinde, dikkatinizi vermeniz gereken onca ba?ka ?ey varken okunacak eserler yazm?yor. Haliyle ben zaman? yanl?? seçmi?tim.

Henry Miller olay odakl? ve kronolojik bir anlat?m benimsemedi?inden okumas? hayli zor ve me?akkatli oluyor. Okuyucusunu belirleyen bir yazar Miller. Proustvari bir edebiyattan da bahsetmiyorum. Çok daha ba??na buyruk, savruk, kavramsal bir dili var Miller'in. Alt?n? çizebilece?iniz çok fazla pasajla kar??la??yorsunuz. Dü?üncesini anlatma ?ekli çok özel ve özgün. Okurken fark?na var?yorsunuz, diyorsunuz ki 'bu adam bo?una ça??n en önemli yazarlar?ndan biri olmam??'.

Tabulara kar?? sanat?n her dal?nda kar??tl?k olu?turan eserlere hayranl?k duyan benim için "O?lak Dönencesi"ni be?enmem kaç?n?lmazd?. Bataille tarz? grotesk ve gündelik hayat?n içine yedirdi?i bir yakla??m? var olaylara. "O?lak Dönencesi" müstehcenlik gere?iyle uzun yıllar yasak kalm?? bir kitap ancak bence tabulara, erk sistemin getirmi? oldu?u genel-geçer ahlaka vurulmu? bir darbe oldu?undan, korkudan yasaklanm?? bir kitap. Yazar?n dili baz? kesimlerce fazla erkek egemen bulunuyor. Ben buna kat?lmakla beraber kad?nlarla bir sorunu oldu?unu kabul etmiyorum. Zira yazar inan?lmaz dürüst. Miller'in sadece kad?nlarla de?il, toplumla, erkeklerle, insanlarla, hayvanlarla, tanr?yla ve her ?eyle benzer problemleri oldu?unu gözden ç?karmamak gerek.

Çeviriyi be?enmeyenlerle de kar??la?t?m daha önce ama yine bana göre Avi Pardo'nun Miller çevirileri, Roza Hakmen'in çevirileri ile yar??acak düzeyde. Ço?u noktada çevirmenin hakimiyetine ve gücüne hayranl?k duydum.

Kafan?z?n ve zaman?n?z?n bo? oldu?u bir zamanda, kallavi bir edebiyat eseri okumak istiyorum diyorsan?z, "O?lak Dönencesi" güzel bir tercih olacaktır.

10/8

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## **Zoey Heath says**

Racist. Sexist. Let's move on.

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## **Ioannis Savvas says**

?να καταγιγιστικ? βιβλ?ο, αλλ?κοτο, χωρ?ς πλοκ?, χωρ?ς ειρμ?. Χειμαρρ?δες, ?μορφο, κολασμ?νο, ονειρικ?, γλευαστικ?, αν?θικο, διδακτικ?. Ο Μ?λερ ε?ναι ?νας ?ξιος εκπρ?σωπος του υπερρεαλισμο?. Αν και ?χει γνωρ?σει τον νταντα?σμ?, δεν τον ενστερν?ζεται. Ακροβατε? αν?μεσα στο παραλ?ρημα και τη φτην? αυτοβιογραφ?α. Φτ?νει το κατεστημ?νο, την πραγματικ?τητα. Ταυτ?χρονα ζει την πραγματικ?τητα, το τ?ρα, ως το μεδο?λι. Υμνε? τη γυναι?κα και τις ωοθη?κες της, την ?δια στιγμή? που τη φοβ?ται και τη λατρε?ει σαν θε?.

Ο Τροπικ?ς του Αιγ?κερω ε?ναι ?να βιβλ?ο-μνημε?ο των ακρα?ων ατραπ?ν που μπορε? να βαδ?σει ο ανθρ?πινος εγκ?φαλος, χωρ?ς να χ?σει το δρ?μο του.

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