

EROS FORBIDDEN

The publishing of Henry Miller's Tropic of Cancer has not been a resounding success. However, it is one of the events more meaningful in later times. Because of two reasons: because the fight with government began ten years ago, and because the most popular work by Henry Miller is so standing, in ~~spite~~ spite of being 1934 ~~his~~ original date of publication.

(Here the author of the article makes some considerations about the political situation in Spain)

I refer to the topics above mentioned for enlarging what I tried to expose when El temps dels assassins was published, in 1976. If it is deficient the incorporation to our culture of those well-known authors of our century, Henry Miller is firmly represented in catalan language. Jordi Arbones, who has translated the greater part of catalan versions of Miller's books, now gives us one more evidence of his merits as a translator. Undoubtly, this is his major work. A density as that of Tropic de Cancer demanded an attention, a knowledge of English and Catalan languages really exceptional. Arbones has given us all that. The result is a text whose language overwhelms us both by its convulsion and richness. Obviously, with translations like this one our language gets some significance in which the union of what is quotidian and the physical descriptions should be studied heedfully by catalan narrators.

If Miller's writing has become an independent island from the discursive models in the present century, it has been so because, like Joyce, like Lowry, Miller has made from literature a vital process. "The true great writer —he wrote once— is not wanting to write; he is willing to transform the world into a place where he can live in peace with his imagination". Miller, in Tropics and in all his work, does not formulate a fiction whose base would be some literary scheme; his obsession is to prove reality is a truly fiction, and fiction a reality. He provides us with a vital thread, materials that pass in front of the reader as a film about what existence is: a handful of images in constant ~~movement~~ movement. Is it not this what Foucault wished, nowadays, when he says that a book is a box "a outils", or when Barthes said that at present "one cannot write novels"? The first lines in Tropic de Cancer — terrible ones— tell us of other presuppositions than those that are nourishing the conventional novel. "Ara visc a la Villa Borghese. No hi ha cap gota de quisca enlloc, ni cal cadira fora del seu lloc. Estem sols aquí i som morts".

Leaving aside the perfect photograph of Paris in the 1930's —that by itself deserves another essays—, we will not only find the splendour of a magic sexuality, but Miller's eagerness to "engàgistrar tot allo que hom omet als llibres". Through his vertiginous stream of words runs, with observations about painting or literature, the more pugnent pondering about what has been the twentieth century. Greediness. Outrageousness. There was no adequate formula to reflect all these things, as Miller did. There was no genre, as to day it is obvious when you look at the most daring writers in the world. One had to use (has to use) only the writing where signs and references jumble, where reality es creation. ...

Josep Albertí.