
The work of the prolific American writer Henry Miller, an iconoclastic figure made famous by his “banned” book *Tropic of Cancer* and his relationship with the French writer Anaïs Nin, is best represented in the Beinecke’s holdings by a 900-page, four-volume, bound draft of his infamous novel, ca. 1930–1932. A remarkable document, the *Tropic of Cancer* manuscript includes collation of various typescript material, some of it heavily revised in Miller’s own hand, thus revealing the arduous work involved in composition as well as the evolution of a major text. Other important Miller materials have since been acquired. They include Miller’s Paris notebooks, the only known copy of a first draft (later discarded) of *Tropic of Capricorn*, Miller’s “little black book,” drafts of his unpublished work “Nexus II,” correspondence with Maurice Girodias of Olympia Press, and an extremely rare set of “Mezzotints,” colored broadsides featuring 250-word prose poems, which Miller dreamed up as an early (unsuccessful) money-making venture. The collection highlights Miller’s place in the American avant-garde, transatlantic connections to late modernism, publishing and censorship, literary circles and close friendships, and the writer as visual artist.

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Henry Miller, “Collection of Henry Miller’s Mezzotints” (Brooklyn: Henry Miller, 1925). Self-published broadside prose poems, printed on colored paper, probably issued in an edition of 100 copies each. All, except “Dawn Travellers,” are signed: June E. Mansfield, 91 Remsen Street, Brooklyn [Miller’s then wife and the pretended author in order to boost sales]. “Dawn Travellers” is signed: Henry V. Miller, 91 Remsen Street, Brooklyn.


“The floors were of inlaid wood, the wall panels of rich walnut; there were rose silk tapestries and bookcases roomy enough to be converted into sleeping bunks. We occupied the front half of the first floor, looking out into the most sedate, aristocratic section in all Brooklyn. Our neighbors all had limousines, butlers, expensive dogs and cats whose meals made our mouths water. Ours was the only house in the block which had been broken up into apartments.” ~ Henry Miller, Plexus