



## Three Trapped Tigers

*Guillermo Cabrera Infante* , *Donald Gardner (Translator)* , *Suzanne Jill Levine (Translator)*

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Cabrera Infante's masterpiece, *Three Trapped Tigers* is one of the most playful books to reach the U.S. from Cuba. Filled with puns, wordplay, lists upon lists, and Sternean typography--such as the section entitled "Some Revelations," which consists of several blank pages--this novel has been praised as a more modern, sexier, funnier, Cuban Ulysses. Centering on the recollections of a man separated from both his country and his youth, Cabrera Infante creates an enchanting vision of life and the many colorful characters found in steamy Havana's pre-Castro cabaret society.

### Three Trapped Tigers Details

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## From Reader Review Three Trapped Tigers for online ebook

### Dajana says

A sve što ?ovek može o ovome da kaže verovatno nema smisla, što je Cabrera Infante onako baš lepo uredio. Ovde je glavni junak stilska figura, zapravo, i GKI gradi alternativan jezik nastao spajanjem razli?itih morfema, jezika, sintagmi, rekonstrukcijom re?enica, intertekstualnoš?u (700 fusnota!!!) i pravi baš jedan fin paprikaš od re?i, ili bi on rekao re?ni paprikaš, verovatno. Ovo je stanje svesti kao kad pro?ita ?ovek 800 strana u toku dana, sve mu se re?i izbrkaju u glavi, po?ne da ga boli glava i onda sanja neki kaos od slova (ovo zna svako ko je spremao kampanjski neki ispit :D) - e, ovo je takvo delo.

Sad je pitanje je li to genijalno ili sumanuto ili kakvo ve? - meni deluje da je, GKI odli?no uradio ono što je rekao za Džojasa - da prostite, iskakio jedno fino književno govno, ali kakvo govno!

'Želim da ven?am Prusta sa Isakom Njutnom', kaže na jednom mestu, na istom na kojem tvrdi da ?oveku nisu potrebne nikakve madlene umo?ene u ?aj ve? jedno silno i svesno rovarenje po sebi - ništa mlako, ništa obi?no i sve posve?eno Havani, Alisi u zemlji ?uda, muzici, re?ima, brojevima, Mobiju Diku, Bustrofedonu i nizu ?udesna na ovih 530 strana.

Baš onako jedan lud ?ovek s kojim bi bilo divno oti?i u kafanu :D

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### Joselito Honestly and Brilliantly says

This starts strongly. Somewhere before its halfway mark I kept muttering brilliant brilliant brilliant, chuckling every now and then. But the author, with diverse characters in pre-Castro Havana, seemingly ran out of ideas. This, I suppose, can happen when a one writes fiction not really to tell a story, but only to play. Play with words. And indeed G. Cabrera Infante did a lot of things to words here. Almost every imaginable things one can possibly do to words. And names even: of authors (Aldust Huxley) and books (Confessions of a Cuban Opinion Eater). Puns, allusions, wordplay galore, he wrote words like they're reflected in a mirror, wrote them in the shape of an inverted pyramid, had paragraphs titled the same, wrote shorts stories inside the novel in different versions, combined words to capture an almost fresh meaning ("LOLITTLE girls," "MASTURDEBATE," etc.). Hilarious and brilliant at the first half, but almost boring after that. Like an erection that wasn't sustained for a mutually satisfying finale, or a prolonged tickle that had become painful.

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### Eric says

Really mixed feelings about this one. Insanely dense "word play" But like a pit bull puppy that grew up too fast, the play has become an unstoppable torrent of aggression that kind of left me feeling battered. Perhaps some people I know would be more receptive to this kind of unbridled creativity, but I like my creativity with a bridle on it.

This book is about Havana, 24/7 and 100 mph. Day-Glo drunken hyper-realism bleeds into a mutant hybrid of meda-absurdity and formal logic. This book is like Douglas Hofstadter doing a snuff porn with Salvador Dali.

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## Bezimena knjizevna zadruga says

Bespotrebno je, besmisleno i beskona?no glupo pokušati prepri?avati ovu knjigu, pa i analizirati je i pisati o njoj. Kuba pre revolucije. Jezi?ke bravure. Igrokazi. Razbacana poglavlja. Desetine naratora. Odsustvo vidljivog smisla. Preseravanje. Parodija. Film. Fusnote. Zagonetke. Kakofonija glasova. Punokrvan i veli?anstven antiroman. Zavrte?e vam misli brže od spinera i mrze?ete ga u svoj svojoj ljubavi. Kupiti, staviti na ?elo police i ?itati hiljadama puta bez želje da se išta shvati. Ijednom. Ludilo od knjige. Utisci dok citanje jos traje.

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## Shovelmonkey1 says

Technically I've just committed an act of fraud by pressing the "I'm finished" button in order to write this review. I didn't actually finish this book. Didn't even come remotely close. Really I shouldn't be awarding a rating to this either. Essentially I'm awarding a rating to Guillermo Cabrera Infantes book which is entirely based on my own personal inability to engage with and absorb the writing therein.

But what the hell. I did try with this one but I really couldn't get on board with the writing style and by the time I was over 50 pages in and still had no real idea what was happening, where the story was headed and what any central themes might be, my brain had already gone and got distracted by other shiny things on my bookshelf. Mmm shiny. Like I said in my Neuromancer review, I do like a nice bit of shiny. So what did I get from this book? Jazzy lingo, latin american flavours, a smattering of foreign wordlets and an extra confused face scrunching wrinkle from the non linear and jagged prose.

Maybe I'll revisit this one day. But, as I can't really afford to get any more wrinkles, maybe not.

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## Jonathan says

So reading this was almost a little experiment in how one's mental state affects one's experience of reading a novel. I am currently in the midst of the joyful fun and games which are withdrawal symptoms from trying to come off the antidepressants I have been on for many many years. What I can't tell is whether this book did not really work for me (i found it seemed to be trying to show off, often in a rather spiteful way (those piss takes of other authors felt a little off somehow, a little unpleasant) and all the endless sex and tits and women as objects got pretty boring) because of that or because of some inherent vice.

Who knows though. Maybe it is not the book, just the fact that my brain is dealing with too much other crap .

The typographic stuff was fun though, and the translation of all that punning and wordplay was just awe inspiring. I have his inferno on my shelf and will certainly give that a go at some point...

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## Nathan "N.R." Gaddis says

Perhaps you could corroborate this for me ; but it seems to me that when your books start to suck, a very reliable avenue to take is one headed south. Cuba is as far as you need go. *Three Trapped Tigers* (the Spanish is better :: *Tres Tristes Tigres*) will get you there. Or, if not heading south, is it a matter of that

Dalkey spine? Two birds, one binding. Happiland!

Two kwetch's. First, What the hell is going on? is a feeling I rather depend upon for my proper enjoyment of a novel. Without those plentiful moments of wtf there's just no point in going on. That experience was quite severe with that Roche book I read ; that Medusa book by Place (and thus, really, in retrospect it clearly worked better than my Review indicated) ; or especially that Barnes book (I'll need to revisit that one). But I mean yeah you'll see but it's not really the thing in *TTT* so much ; it's just a trilogy of pre-revolutionary buddies cruising Havana and dropping in on various nightclubs and the sort of events which accompany such action. Drawing a map of their movements would entirely miss the point. This is Cuba, so there is plenty of *movement*.

The second kwetch is :: a general request which could be filed under the rubric, Ethics of Aesthetic Judgment. Please; do not allow yourself or another to append the adverbs "merely" or "just" to the phrase "playing with words." Playing with words is where innocence and vibrancy come alive. Cabrera Infante also plays with words to bring to life the Trio's dead friend Bustrófedon. *Play resurrects our memory of the deceased*. This is the true meaning of writing after *The Wake*.

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°°°.°..°-°..\_· ????? Ροζουλ? Εωσφ?ρος ·\_·°-°·.°° ·.°°° ★·.·~·.·★ ?????? ?????????  
??????? Ταμετο?ρο Αμ says

?ταν τρελ?ς, ?ταν τρελ?ς , αξιολ?τρευτα και συγκλονιστικ? τρελ?ς αυτ?ς ο Κουβαν?ς συγγραφ?ας. Τ?σο τρελ?ς που γ?νεται αντιφαιτικ? ιδιοφυ?ς σοφ?ς.

«Τρεις ταλα?πωροι τ?γρεις» ο τ?τλος που χρησιμοπο?ησε για το ?ργο του, ακ?μη κι ο τ?τλος εφευρετικ?ς και παρεξηγημ?νος.

Κ?που μ?σα στην απ?στευτη παλινδρομικ? ρο? της ιστορ?ας, σε κ?ποιο νοερ? κρυσφ?γετο εννοι?ν και αλληγορι?ν ?σως και λα?κ?ν θρ?λων της Κουβ?ς ? παροιμι?ν,εξηγε?ται η σημασ?α του τ?τλου και εκτιμ?ται αναλ?γως.

Πρ?κειται για ?ναν ολοζ?ντανο απολογισμ? της νυχτεριν?ς κυρ?ως ζω?ς στην Αβ?να, πριν απο το καθεστ?ς του Κ?στρο.

Η αφ?γηση - δι?γηση -απεικ?νιση -εξιστ?ρηση -και κ?θε ε?δους σχολιασμ?ς γ?νεται απο τ?σσερις φ?λους που προσπαθο?ν να χτ?σουν αναμν?σεις και σταδιοδρομ?α με απ?λυτα πετυχημ?νη αποτυχ?α.

Το βιβλ?ο αυτ? θα μπορο?σαμε να πο?με πως σχεδι?στηκε σαν ?να νυχτεριν? κ?ντρο διασκ?δασης στο οπο?ο συχν?ζουν ?λοι οι ?ρωες που πρωταγωνιστο?ν στην ιστορ?α και αφηγο?νται ? θυμο?νται τα γεγον?τα της ζω?ς τους, καθ?ς και των υπ?λοιπων χαρακτ?ρων, με σειρ? εμφ?νισης σαφ?ς μπερδεμ?νη.

Το σ?ου αρχ?ζει με το περ?φημο καμπαρ? Τροπικ?να στην Αβ?να και ξεκιν?ει μια φρεν?ρης, πολ?γλωσση και πολυφωνικ? εισαγωγ? στο ?ργο μας.

Η αφ?γηση αρχικ? γ?νεται τμηματικ? απο τους θαμ?νες του καμπαρ? χωρ?ς εξηγ?σεις ? διευκριν?σεις σχετικ? με τα πρ?σωπα που αναφ?ρονται.

Χωρ?ς επεξηγ?σεις ? συλλογικ? συνοχ?.

Ακολουθε? μια μον? πλευρη τηλεφωνικ? συνομιλ?, μια επιστολ?, μια ιστορ?α πολ? πλευρη και συναισθηματικ? παιχνιδι?ρα η οπο?α εμφαν?ζεται ως μια σειρ? απο κομμ?τια που τοποθετο?νται σε διαφορα σημει?α του κειμ?νου, καθ?ς και μια ?λλη ιστορ?α που συμπληρ?νεται με «διορθ?σεις» απο τη συζ?γο του συγγραφ?α της συγκεκριειμ?νης ιστορ?ας, η οπο?α τελικ? ε?ναι φανταστικ? πρ?σωπο και εξυπηρετε? τη δημιουργικ?τητα του υποτιθ?μενου συζ?γου της.

Υπ?ρχουν ακ?μα μ?σα σε αυτ? το βιβλ?ο θρα?σματα απο συνεδρ?ες κ?ποιας γυνα?κας με ?ναν ψυχ?ατρο. Ποτ? δε μαθα?νουμε ποια ε?ναι η γυνα?κα που χρ?ζει ιατρικ?ς βο?θειας, στο τ?λος ?μως ε?ναι αυτ? η κυρ?α που ρ?χνει αυλα?α στο σ?ου και μας συγκλον?ζει.

Αν μπερδευ?κατε ως εδ? ε?ναι απολ?τως φυσιολογικ?. Διαβ?ζοντας σχεδ?ν το πρ?το μισ? του βιβλ?ου ?νωσα το λιγ?τερο αμβλ?νους, το περισσ?τερο πως αυτ? που διαβ?ζω ειναι ?λλο απο αυτ? που κατ?λαβα και ?λλο αυτ? που γρ?φει ο Ινφ?ντε.

Μπερδε?τηκα. Χ?θηκα. Απογοητε?τηκα.

Αλλ? ως γν?σια ψυχαναγκαστικ? και μεγ?λη εγω?στρια για να δεχτ? την ?ττα συν?χισα με απερι?ριστη προσ?λωση και εμβρ?θεια, κυρ?ως αναφορικ? με τα πρ?σωπα και τα ον?ματα.

Δικαι?θηκα.

Ακριβ?ς ?πως θα δικαιωθο?ν ?λοι οι αναγν?στες με κ?ποια ικαν?τητα συναρμολ?γησης...

Ο συγγραφ?ας διευκριν?ζει πως το ?ργο του αποτελε?ται απο φων?ς και ?τι οι φων?ς δεν ?χουν «βιογραφ?α».

Απο αυτ? ορμ?μενη αποφ?σισα πως η μ?νη δυνατ? συνοχ? που μου απομ?νει απορρ?ει απο την ικαν?τητα μου να συναρμολογ?σω θρα?σματα ? εκατοντ?δες κομμ?τια απο κ?ποιο παζλ που δεν βλ?πω την εικ?να.

?τσι, τολμ? να πω κατ?ληξα σε ?να περισσ?τερο ? λιγ?τερο σημαντικ? σ?νολο.

Συναρμολογ?ντας.

Φυσικ? και υπ?ρχει κ?ποια συμμετρ?α σε αυτ? τα θρα?σματα της αφ?γησης. Δι?φοροι χαρακτ?ρες, γεγον?τα, ιστορ?ες και θ?ματα που εισ?γονται στο πρ?το μισ?, αντικατοπτρ?ζονται στο δε?τερο μισ? με σχεδον ?δια απ?σταση απο το τ?λος, επειδ? η εμφ?νιση τους ?μως γ?νεται εξαρχ?ς, συνδ?ονται και κατανοο?νται επαρκ?στατα.

Με επιμον?, υπομον? αλλ? και με μεγ?λη απ?λαυση στην πορε?α το τ?λος δικαι?νει τον αναγν?στη.

Το «τρεις παγιδευμ?νοι τ?γρεις» ε?ναι ?να μυαλ?. Τ?σο υπερφορτωμ?νο με στοιχε?α λογοτεχν?ας, ιστορ?ας, κινηματογρ?φου και καυστικ? χιο?μορ που αγγ?ζει τα ?ρια διαταραχ?ς.

Το αναμεν?μενο αποτ?λεσμα, ?σως, ε?ναι να γνωρ?σουμε την προ- επαναστατικ? Αβ?να μ?σα απο τα μ?τια του συγγραφ?α.

?σως και να μην ε?ναι, σ?γουρα ?μως μ?σα στο βιβλ?ο διαχ?εται ?λη η τροπικ? ομορφι? του τ?που.

Παραδοσιακ? μουσικ?, ερωτικ?ς χορευτικ?ς μελωδ?ες, ποτ?, ?χοι, μυρωδι?ς, πυκν? βλ?στηση, νυχτεριν? ακολασ?α, γυναικ?ες θε?τητες... κ?θε π?στης και θρησκε?ας, κ?θε γο?στου, κ?θε χρ?σης...και κατ?χρησης.

Πολλές εθνικότητες, πολλές γλώσσες, πολλές κοινωνικές και εξουσιαστικές τξεις.

Μπροστ στα μτια του αναγστη παρελάνουν λλοι οι συγγραφες της παγκσμιας λογοτεχνας, ετε ονομαστικ σε κποια στιχομυθα, ετε παραθτοντας φρσεις και ττλους ργων τους. Ακολουθον σπουδαοι ηθοποιο και ταινες ορσημα του κινηματογραφου με σαφες ιστορικες και πολιτικες αναφορες.

λα αυτ ββαια εν εδει παραλληλισμν, αλληγοριν, λογοπαγνιων και κωμικ παραλλαμνων στοιχεων με ανμειξη γλωσσικν μεταφρσεων.

Με πολλες στρεβλσεις και μεταλλξεις των δημιουργν ο συγγραφας προσθτει να μοναδικη δηκτικη χιομορ.

Σε λο το βιβλο αυτ το καυστικη χιομορ καλπτει και απομακρνει τις τραγικες υπονομεσεις μιας σκληρης πραγματικτητας.

Αν το αισθανθες καταλαβανεις αργη και σταθερη πως κθε παργραφος γλιου καταλγει σε θλψη και σιωπη, καταλγει στην αλθεια.

Μια χρα στα προθυρα κατρρευσης.

λα είναι παρδοξα, μπερδεμνα, οικεα, μεταλλαμνα, ζοφερ, αξιοθαμαστα, πνιγηρ, μελωδικη και αληθινη.

Ηδον στην Κοβα...

και το μηδν θα εναι πντα η προκταση της αιωνιτητας.

Καλη ανγνωση!!

Πολλοες ασπασμοες!!

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## amapola says

**“...c’era la parola sbagliata e la parola innocente e la parola colpevole e la parola-assassina e la parola-poliziotto e la parola-salvatrice e la parola fine”.**

Leggere questo libro è un'esperienza straniante. Meriterebbe un commento decente, ma dovrete accontentarvi di questo.

Cabrera Infante ambienta il romanzo nell'Avana di Batista, poco prima della rivoluzione di Castro; la trama è esile, solo un pretesto per farci conoscere una sequela di strani personaggi e insieme a loro sperimentare linguaggi diversi, in un gioco infinito di rimandi.

L'inizio è ostico (la tentazione di scaraventare il libro dalla finestra era sempre in agguato). Poi il fascino della prosa ha preso il sopravvento e così il coinvolgimento è stato totale.

Sorprendente anche la grafica, con pezzi di testo scritti a piramide rovesciata, in cerchi, o parole che si elevano da sole, ecc..

Un libro che si legge, si guarda e si ascolta come una poesia lunga 451 pagine.

*“Chi era Bustrófedon? Chi fu chi è chi sarà Bustrófedon? B? Pensare a lui è come pensare alla gallina dalle uova d'oro, a un indovinello senza risposta, alla spirale. Lui era Bustrófedon per tutti e tutto per Bustrófedon era lui. Non so proprio da dove diavolo aveva preso questa parolina – o parolona. L'unica cosa che so è che io mi chiamavo spesso Bustrófoton o Bustrófotomatòn o Busnéforoniepce, a seconda dei casi, e*

*Silvestre era Bustróphoenix o Bustróphoelix o Bustroarabia Bustrófelix o Bustrolawrence o Bustronizan, e Florentino Cazalis fu Bustrófloren molto tempo prima che cambiasse il suo nome e si mettesse a scrivere nei giornali col suo nuovo nome di Floren Cassalis, e una sua fidanzata si chiamò sempre Bustrofedora e sua madre era Bustrofelisa e suo padre Bustrófader, e non sono nemmeno in grado di dire se la sua fidanzata si chiamava veramente Fedora o sua madre Felisa, e se aveva un altro nome oltre a quello che si era dato. Immagino che abbia estratto questa bustroparola da un dizionario, allo stesso modo in cui dal nome di un medicinale aveva ricavato quello del continente di Mutaflora, che era la bustroflora dei bustrófali. Ricordo che un giorno andammo a mangiare insieme, lui, Bustrofedonte (che era il nome di quella settimana per Rine, che lui chiamava non soltanto il più leale amico dell'uomo, ma anche Rineceronte, Rinedocente, Rinedecente, Rineccedente, come poi ci fu un Rinescente seguito dal Rinescimento, Rinascimento, Rinacemento, Rinefermento, Rineferente, Rineffervescente, Rineferonte, Ronoferante, Bonoserviente, Buonofarniente, Busnofedante, Bustopedante, Bustofetente, Bustoferoce, Bustonefando, Bustoformoso, Bustofedonte: varianti che indicavano le bustrovariazioni dell'amicizia: parole che erano un bustrotermometro), e io, e quando si presentarono entrambi a cercarmi al giornale, mi disse, Andiamo in una bustrotaverna, poiché detestava i ristoranti di lusso e i lampadari a gocce e i fiori di carta, ed eravamo appena arrivati e non si era ancora seduto quando chiamò il cameriere. Bustrogiovanotto, gli disse...”*

Lettura solo per audaci.

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## **MJ Nicholls says**

A punnilinguistic *tour de farce*—a hip and swinging hepcat’s tour around the Cuban vernacular and a strenuous intellectual workout for fans of exploding forms. Infante’s fragmented opus leans on the Sterne, Joyce, and Rabelais influence to a mirthmaking extent—bursting with puns and wordplays that deliver the same bursts of bliss as CB-R’s *Amalgamemnon* (esp. in the ‘Brainteaser’ section). The musical freewheeling ramble of the Beats can be found in the ‘I Heard Her Sing’ sections that form the emotional kernel of an otherwise cerebral exercise in styles, alongside a multitude of parodies and pastiches, notable being an hilarious send-up of Robbe-Grillet somewhere around the ‘Mirrormaze’ area and numerous effects such as the patience-testing ‘Mrs Campbell’s Corrections,’ where Mrs Campbell corrects an anecdote by Mr. Campbell which is then retold and re-corrected, spurious accounts of Trotsky’s death told by spurious writers (if one novel was to influence Bolaño—look no further), and the overlong final part ‘Bachata’ that contains some magnificent comedy and truly Grade-A weirdness. A flawed and essential neutron bomb of delirious postmodern excess.

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## **Vit Babenco says**

“If you look closely, there is no book more visual than *Three Trapped Tigers*, in that it is filled with blank pages, dark pages, it has stars made of words, the famous magical cube made of numbers, and there is even a page which is a mirror.” – **Guillermo Cabrera Infante**.

If Jorge Luis Borges were to write a novel and if he did belong to the beat generation he would create an opus like this.

“I was going to reply when I heard that out of my mouth came a jet of music: violent, unstoppable, rhythmic. It was a rock and roll that sounded in every corner of the house.”

Life is music, life is a melody, life is a bolero, life is a song...

“If the sleep of reason produces monsters, what does the sleep of unreason produce?”

While moving through the everlasting music the denizens of tropical night are incessantly exercising in intellectual and amorous conundrums: life is a game, or maybe life is a gamble, or maybe life is a jigsaw

puzzle.  
Life is an insolvable riddle.

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## Miloš Kosti? says

Šta re?i o romanu za koji je u predgovoru napisano uputstvo za ?itanje? I da, za razliku od ve?ine predgovora, ovaj valja pro?itati PRE prvog ?itanja. Opisivati radnju u prikazu zna?i omašiti poentu. Ako je uopšte mogu?e jasno odrediti o ?emu se zapravo radi.

Nije laka knjiga, ali samo je manji deo nerazumljiv za samo ?itanje. Ve?i deo je lako ?itati, što ne zna?i da ?ete razumeti šta ze zaboga dešava. Ima delova u kojima sam hteo da pojedem i nokte i prste i celu knjigu. Zbog nerazumevanja i salate od re?i, naravno, ali ve?inom zbog nervoze što ne mogu brže da ?itam, sažva?em je celu i utolim glad za JOŠ OVOGA. Milina je ?itati ?ak i ako se poenta uopšte ne nazire. Kod ove knjige mi se poklopilo nekoliko stvari koje mnogo volim: savršen moderan stil, knjiga je neobi?na, originalna, luda?ki moderna, latinoameri?ki luda?ka.

Prolog knjige je u stvari uvodni deo neke kabaretske predstave u Tropikani, najava ludog provoda. Sasvim opravdano, jer lud provod ?ete svakako i dobiti. Naglasak je na LUD. Koliko vidim, mnogo ljudi tuma?i naslov kao da je o tri glavna lika (zapravo ih ima najmanje ?etvorica, plus još nekoliko žena) iako niko ovde nije tužan. U stvari, kako nam kazuje predgovor, tres tristes tigres su prve re?i neke besmislene kubanske brzalice, nešto kao naše ture bure valja. Ova informacija može dosta objasniti šta se može na?i u ovoj knjizi. Kakofonija glasova, sva poglavlja su pisana u prvom licu jednine iako ima mnogo pripoveda?a. I sva ta pripovedanja treba uklopiti u jednu slagalicu. Po?etna poglavlja je mogu?e uklopiti samo posle pro?itane cele knjige. Zna?i, slagalica! Zbog ovoga sam pri kraju ?esto listao unazad i umalo nisam po?eo da je ?itam redom iz po?etka posle zadnje strane. Verujem da mi ne gine drugo ?itanje ve? za par meseci.

Knjiga je prepuna igara re?i, ima svake mogu?e igre s re?ima. Prevodiocima svaka ?ast! Mogu samo da zamišljam kakav je doživljaj ovo ?itati na španskom (kubanskom) i kako sve ovo u stvari zvu?i kada se ?ita naglas na španskom. Zbog svega ovoga knjiga ima bukvalno preko 700 fusnota. Razlog za ovoliki broj je i mnoštvo imena pisaca, glumaca, filmova i književnih dela kao i aluzija na sve njih. Cabrera Infante je o?igledan erudita, ali je isto tako i veliki ljubitelj pop kulture, naro?ito filmova. Mnoge od fusnota su veoma važne! Ovo može da bude zamorno ali uglavnom nije.

Autor ne poštuje kanone i podsmeva se autoritetima parodiraju?i velike kubanske književnike. Jedan veliki deo je posve?en opisivanju ubistva Trockog razli?itim stilovima, kakvim bi, kao, pisali ovi velikani. Osim ovoga ima i mnogo izmotanja druge vrste. Ima svega, ?ak i jedne strane odštampane onako kako bi prethodna izgledala u ogledalu. Ima i brojeva, igara s brojevima, crteža... Ali ni?ega od ovoga nema ni trunku više nego što je dovoljno da izgleda zanimljivo i zabavno. I sve je na svom mestu.

?itajte ovu knjigu! Barem zato što ne?ete nai?i na mnogo sli?nih drugih knjiga, ako ih uopšte ima. Nije za ?istunce i one koji ne vole da eksperimentišu! Tako da, oprezno... Neobi?nija je od svega što možete o?ekivati. Prevodilac veruje da je ovo najbolja knjiga na španskom jeziku posle Servantesa. Moje mišljenje je da prevodilac, u najgorem slu?aju, nije mnogo pogrešio. Pošto je naj?eš?e pore?enje ove knjige s Uliksom, tek sada je Uliks usko?io u moje glavne prioritete.

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## Tony Hightower says

For my money, as underappreciated a novel as I have ever read. Imagine Joyce in Havana in the 1950's, hanging out with the two-bit glamor girls and the big-band underbelly of Cuban society, living an *American Graffiti*esque life with his two best friends, all of them chasing women and drink and privacy and kicks, and kicks, and kicks, and kicks.

When people say a book is laugh-out-loud funny, they generally don't mean it, but lovers of wordplay and who have even a vague understanding of mid-20th Century North American popular culture will freak over this book.

A punny, dense, eclectic, raunchy, filthy, swinging rhumba of a novel. I can't recommend it highly enough.

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### **Lacolz says**

Un juego. Un Juego. De palabras, en la estructura, de sonidos, con los personajes, con las palabras, con el Tiempo, con los números, con los tiempos, con la historia, en la narrativa, con la Historia. En todo. Con todo juega. ¡Prólogo, epílogo y todo lo que hay en medio de esos dos puntos! Desde la nota advertiva y pre-prologuera, ya está jugando, nos está plantando las reglas del juego. Y como buen juego, uno se divierte durante el trayecto.

De esos libros que obligan revisar capítulos anteriores, verificar personajes, hacer apuntes y en más de una vez, ¡muchas de las veces!, obliga a ir por un marcador o lápiz para subrayar diálogos, frases, máximas, mínimas, páginas completas del juego llamado Tres tristes tigres.

Yo no entiendo, espero llegar a entenderlo en algún momento, cómo puede ser posible que por diez rayuelistas haya un trestristestigrista. Ah, ya: ¿la mercadotecnia? En lo personal, he disfrutado ambas obras como loquito. Pero la de Cabrera, carajo, es, ¡y por mucho!, más latina, más nuestra, más nuestro entorno; no obstante, que es toda cubana: en Cuba, con cubanos, en cubano. Un esnobismo, por mucho, con mayor sabor a Latinoamérica. Sin necesidad de ir a Paris, por ejemplo.

Juega, se ríe, nos hace reír. ¿Cuántos libros serios hay que nos hacen reír? Estos son los que abrazo con mayor fervor en mi memoria, en mi librero, conmigo. Así pues, acá, con éste.

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### **Teresa Proença says**

uão d????q? u?p?

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### **Bu?ra Aydo?an says**

“Küba’y? görmek onu dinlemekten çok ama çok daha iyi, daha iyi çünkü Küba’y? gören ona a??k olur, oysa onu dinleyen bir daha asla onu sevemez çünkü sesi çürüktür.“

Guillermo Cabrera Infante Türkiye’de hak etti?ini bulamam?? yazarlardan biri. Kapanda Üç Kaplan biri Ayr?nt? yay?nlar? di?eri de Can yay?nlar? olmak üzere iki bask? yapm??, iki bask?y? da tüketememi?. Seneler önce Türkiye’de hak etti?ini bulamam?? di?er bir Latin Amerikal? Jorge Amado’nun Mucizeler Dükkan?’yla birlikte D&R’n 5TL kampanyas?ndan al?p bir kö?eye koymu?tum. Mucizeler Dükkan?’n? okuyup sevmeme ra?men aralar?ndaki paralelliklerden dolayı? Kapanda Üç Kaplan’? hemen okumak istememi?tim. Daha sonra Kapanda Üç Kaplan’?n ününden haberdar olunca okumay? dü?ünsem de araya ba?ka kitaplar?n da girmesiyle sat?n almam?n üstünden neredeyse alt? sene geçmi?. D&R’n 5TL kampanyas?na kadar dü?mesine mi yansam bu kadar geç okudu?uma m? yansam bilemiyorum. Bana göre bu kitap Küba aç?klar?nda denizin dibinde yatan içi alt?n dolu bir ?spanyol kalyonu.

Kapanda Üç Kaplan Infante’ye göre be? yüz sayfal?k bir ?aka olsa da tam bir atmosfer kitab?. Latin Amerika edebiyat?ndaki harala gürele havan?n yan?nda çok sesli olmas? ve devrim öncesi Küba’n?n ??mar?k ya?ant?s?n? konu etmesinden dolayı? gürültülü bir kitap üstelik. Batista diktatörlü?ünün sonlar?nda geçiyor, Havana’n?n gece hayat? ba?ta olmak üzere çürük ya?ant?s?na, sefaletine ve yakla?an devrimin ayak seslerine kadar Küba’yla ilgili bir çok ipucu veriyor. Arka kapakta yazd??? gibi kitab?n ba? kahraman? gerçekten de Havana’n?n gece hayat?. Bu aç?dan Infante benim için ?ehirlerle özde?le?mi? yazarlardan biri oldu. Orhan Pamuk romanlar?ndaki ?stanbul’un okuduktan sonra insanda hüznün b?rakmas? gibi Infante’nin Havana’s? da insan? ak?amdan kalma bir ruh haline sokuyor.

Küba ?spanyolcas?n?n gündelik dilinin kitab?n büyük bir ço?unlu?unu kapsamamas? nedeniyle Kapanda Üç Kaplan için Latin Amerika’n?n Ulysses’i deniyor. ?imlilik bende Ulysses okuyacak yürek olmad??? için o konuda bir ?ey diyemiyorum. Kald? ki yerel dili ne?reden kitaplar? çeviri halleriyle de?erlendirmek imkans?z. Yay?mlanma ve çeviri süreci de oldukça çetrefilli oldu?u için ilk halinden Türkiye’de yay?mlanana kadar fazlas?yla ?ekil de?i?tirmi?. 1964’te Premio Biblioteca Breve ödülünü kazandıktan sonra ?panya’da bas?lmaya karar verilmi?(Infante 62’de Brüksel’e kültür ate?esi ad? alt?nda Küba’dan sürülüyor) ancak Franco diktatörlü?ü sak?ncal? buldu?u göndermeleri ve bölümlerin kitaptan ç?kart?lmas? istemi?. Sonraki y?llarda yay?mlanacak Tropiklerde ?afak Görünümü isimli kitab?n ham hali de Kapanda Üç Kaplan’dan ç?kart?lm???. Daha sonra Infante gözetiminde ?ngilizce’ye çevrilmi? ancak bu sefer de orijinal metindeki ço?u kelime oyunu ve referans bat? dünyas?na adapte edilmi?. Türkçe çeviri de ?ngilizce metinden yapıld??? için kitaptaki kelime oyunları ve referanslar bir kez daha ?ekil de?i?tirmi?.

Infante’nin benzetildi?i bir di?er yazar da Laurence Sterne. Önüne gelenin ensesine ?aplak atarak, pamuk ipli?ine ba?l? bir kurguyla derdini anlatmas? bak?m?ndan gerçekten de Laurence Sterne ile benzerlik ta??yorlar. Karakterler Havana’n?n gece ya?ant?s?nda oradan oraya savrulurken, sinema, edebiyat ve müzik dünyas? üzerinden kendi olu?turduklar? jargonla muhabbetlerini çeviriyorlar. Sevi?me an?s?n? Alfred Hitchcock’un yönetmenlik teknikleriyle anlatan, belle?in de yerçekimi gibi kanunlar? oldu?undan bahsedip Isaac Netwon ve Marcel Proust’u evlendirmek isteyen çok uç noktalarda ya?ayan karakterler var. Politik bir kitap olmad??? çok aç?k olsa da kitaptaki Havana atmosferi ve Amerikal? turistlerin gözünden Küba’n?n anlat?lmas? Batista diktatörlü?ünde Küba’n?n Amerika’n?n pisli?inin arka bahçesi olmas? hakk?nda çok ?ey söylüyor.

Bütün bunlar? okumak çok zevkli olsa da baz? bölümler okumas? ve anlamas? çok zor metinlere dönü?üyorlar. Hikayeler bir yerde sonlanm?yorlar hatta baz? bölümlerde anlat?c?n?n kim oldu?u bile anla?ılm?yor. Yalan yok, kendimi zorlad???m ama anlamad???m sonra da atlad???m birkaç bölüm oldu. Fakat bunlar bilinçli olarak yapılm?? hareketler, Infante yaratt??? atmosferde okuyucuya yabancılk çektiriyor. Bu gözle bak?nca Kapanda Üç Kaplan’?n ne kadar büyük bir kitap oldu?u anla?ılm?yor.

Infante’nin dedi?i gibi “Küba’da ya?anan tüm geceler roman?n biricik ve upuzun gecesinde kayna??p birle?mi?tir.”

## Cody says

(Lightning Review)

The literary equivalent of the first 100-or-so releases on *Impulse*. Don't worry about GGM, Cortazar, Infante. Think Coltrane, Mingus, and, especially, *Acid* by Ray Barreto, and The Latin Jazz Quartet with Eric Dolphy.

Lightning review rating: an evening of fun in the metropolis of your dream (thanks, Wire).

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## Mala says

*he himself was the master/designer of literary obstacles and he proposed then a literature in which the words would mean exactly what the whim of the author decided. (276)*

*betrayal is the name of the game in TTT: betrayal of life through language and literature. The ultimate betrayal is in translation, of literature and of language, of life. So why not betray the reader's expectations as well?*

—The Paris Review Interview

Just so we are clear, this book is not about any circus/zoo/exotic animals. The wild thing here is the language which howls & hounds you through its pages without any letup. Infante goes on 'semantic safaris' & unsurprisingly the title forms part of a Spanish tongue-twister, *Tres Tristes Tigres*, the 'sad' part of the original changed to 'trapped' in the English translation, but in contextual sense; both work equally well. The title brings your attention to the most striking quality of this book— its exuberant language & sense of play. If there is a list of word-drunk novels then, along with FW, DC, & the Larva book, TTT would definitely make the cut. There's a paragraph on dictionary here (217) that would make A. Theroux happy!

Going in, I was a little cynical of Infante's Cuban Joyce honorific — I've met so many versions of Joyce by now!!! but going by this book, he truly deserves that — the highly allusive nature of the text, the endless punning & wordplay, the exploration of a city ( rather a specific street called La Rampa which never sleeps) via the lives of multiple characters, all evoke that comparison. The standout chapter in this regard is 'Brainteaser' which will either wow or wither the readers.

I picked up many neologisms here though I wonder where I would get to use words like 'f\*\*\*iancee', 'isliation', 'deadfinitely', 'metapissical', 'advertenticing', 'Satiagrahassives' (a combination of Gandhian Satyagraha+ aggressive), & hold your breath - 'MACNEPOXVLTURETEORUINITES', etc.

Hell one could write an entire review using only the neologisms and puns here!

Figuratively, the three trapped tigers (more like a strutting peacock, a loyal dog, & a mopish owl...) are Arsenio the actor, Códac the photographer, and Silvestre the writer respectively, in Batista's pre-revolutionary Havana, sauntering from one nightclub to another in a haze of drinks & music. *Life is a disaster area. (424)*, one endless party here — *three tips of metaphysical Horse Feathers marilynaded with inedible dungus. (409)*

The blurb describes it as a Marx Brothers comedy & the slapstick element here justifies that but to me it seems more of Paul Thomas Anderson ( remember those frogs falling from the sky in Magnolia?!) in terms of wtf moments & a sense of hidden menace. Farce becomes force here.

There is a structure, sure, the closing chapters echoing/mirroring the opening chapters in exactly the same sequence, which really helps in understanding this fragmented narrative told in multiple voices. And sometimes it's hard to know who is narrating a particular segment. I confused Eribo with Códac once as both were fans of La Estrella.

There is thematic unity and if you are able to join the dots, the textual madness makes sense. Music & movies are the motifs acting as signposts but ultimately this book is all about words & by the final segment 'Bachata', Infante drops all pretense to a plot as almost all the male protagonists start talking like Bustrófedon!!!

So if your name is not NR, you might feel trapped at times... Something like this:

*We tried grinding them in our fun machine. For them, it was quite clear, the result was more pus than fun or more fuss than pun. But we went on with joking and choking, washing our dirty jokes in public. What the hell for? Maybe because Arsenio and I were getting high on it. (...) it just made us happy, this facility, the facile facility, this phalluscity with which we'd carried them off." (407)*

In other words; not for everyone.

Highlights:

**Brainteaser:** In a way the crux of the biscuit. Infante's irony in locating the cause of Bustrófedon's linguistic wizardry to a brain lesion which makes him use language in an outré way is perhaps the way the world perceives experimental writing... Check out the relevant section on page 225.

**The Death of Trotsky as Described by Various Cuban Writers, Several Years After the Event —or Before:** the assassination of Trotsky is replayed here in the style of various writers — crazy as crazy can be! I think Sorrentino would've loved that in particular. Knowing Infante's feelings towards his "Latin American contemporaries", I'm not at all surprised by the drubbing they receive here!

**Some Revelations:** I loved this chapter because it began with four blank pages which I really needed, particularly after the tortuous Trotsky parody in Alejo Carpentier's detail- obsessive style.

**Confessions of a Cuban Opinion Eater:** Arsenio Cué's hilarious/refreshing/weird takes on various things in life.

Samples: *Cantata to tea, Coffee concerto, Maté motet*: "Coffee is a sexual stimulant. Tea is intellectual. (yay!) Maté is the bitter primitive residue of a hungover dawn in New York circa 1955. (...) you can't grow a culture on maté.

*The Time Killer*: The Duchess of Malfi pardoned her executioners because they did no more than catarrh would have done. Why so much hatred for Hitler, then? The majority of the people whom he killed would be dead now anyway. A campaign should be launched in the UN, and everywhere else as well, to declare Time a genocide."

*Popuhilarity*: Someone once said that the popularity of the word metaphysics is due to the fact that it can mean whatever you like.

*Pascalm*: & People mistake what are only the Virtues for their virtues."

I read the pb 1985 edition by Avon Books which shows a figure dressed in white (Arsenio Cué) in a convertible & the city with its nightclubs spread out below/before him/it. Makes sense as a lot of the narrative takes place in Cué's car but I couldn't find that in the GR database here, at least not with that cover. I've no idea what's happening on the Dalkey cover!

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Worth checking out:

Links:

"Any literary work that aspires to the condition of art must forget politics, religion, and, ultimately, morals."

Infante minces no words — I like this guy!

<http://www.theparisreview.org/intervi...>

And this too (with the correction that Mr & Mrs Campbell were not related to the soup ones -- the Emcee had made a mistake there).

<http://www.npr.org/2012/06/25/1516821...>

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## **Megha says**

"When I had finished listening to Silvestre, without saying anything, before hanging up, hanging up the suddenly black terrorphone, in morning that mourning, I said to myself, Fuck and shit, the whole world dies! Meaning the happy and the sad, geniuses and morons, the open and the inhibited and the cheerful and the gloomy and the ugly and the beautiful and damned and the bearded and the shaven and those with five o'clock shadows and the tall and the short and the vicious and the innocent and the strong and the weak and the meek inheritors and the immortal and all the bald people too: everybody and even people like Bustrófedon who could make out of a couple of words and four letters a hymn and a joke and a song, these people, they also die and their memory dies too and even their songs dies too, a little bit later perhaps but they die and ideas also die, so I said, Fuck! And nothing more - and right after that I said shit."

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## **Jonfaith says**

I was dizzy and short of breath when I finally saw this on the shelves at Twice-Told back in my Boom days. My vertigo may have been induced by the fact that I lived on espresso and spent all food money on books and cds. Those were strange times of death-trap automobiles and working two full-time jobs to remain poor but literate.

The friendship displayed in the Three Trapped Tigers was beyond moving. The erudition itself was arresting but the emotional bond within the text captured me. I have felt those sinuous bonds throughout my life but this was a confirmation, especially at such a vulnerable juncture. One's youth is so vulnerable, later it becomes simply debatable.

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