

## Errata

The publishers regret that a number of errors and omissions have crept into the triple issue of *Dialectical Anthropology*, Vol. 11, 1986, Nos. 2-4.

The translation of Michael Leiris poetry on pp. 134-144 was done by Marie J. Diamond; regrettably, this was not acknowledged.

Two poems by Jerome Rothenberg ("Flower world: Four poems from the Yaqui Deer Dance" on p. 343 and "Yaqui 1982" on p. 346) were incorrectly placed among Paul Friedrich's poems.

Finally, Stanley Diamond's poems "Letter from Fatima" on p. 251 were printed either incorrectly or incompletely and will therefore be reprinted entirely immediately following this errata page.

We extend our sincere apologies to the readers of *Dialectical Anthropology* for the inconvenience these errors may have caused.

**Paso Doble**

Come little bull  
Here little bull  
You  
With the blunted  
Horn  
And the pennant  
In your torn  
Shoulder  
Come little bull  
Here little bull  
You  
With the infantile  
Eye  
Of my Cretan  
Mother  
Come little bull  
Dead little bull  
You  
With the muzzle  
Of a Persian  
Drone  
Come little bull  
Here little bull  
Follow me  
I am taking you  
Home

Close  
Little bull  
Closer  
I can see the jugular  
Pulse  
Under your midnight  
Hide  
You move  
With me  
I move  
With you  
A scimitar  
Of horns  
In a circle  
Tight  
As a crown  
Of thorns  
Hosannahs of ole  
Fuse  
Our paso doble  
In a single  
Stride  
And I take you  
Virgin mother  
Little parrot

I take you like a bride.

**Letter from Fatima**

You pity us  
noble lady of the West  
as if you knew us  
to pity means to understand  
but your pity is the face you put  
on your desire to command

So do not pity us

We do not wear these black gowns  
out of fear  
or because women do not exist  
in this burning land  
(as you would want us to admit)

We are reticent

If I should welcome you  
you will enter through a small door in a blank wall  
and find your way to the garden in the center  
of our enclosed space

color is inside for us  
beneath this black cloak  
not the shroud you think it is  
I wear a green dress  
and beneath the green  
scarlet  
and beneath the scarlet  
blue  
and underneath the blue  
a white chemise  
that our mothers make  
for the days of our weddings  
when the groom rides a horse  
with laurel and a proud neck  
slowly to the dance of our union  
and their reunion  
it is only to each other  
that we reveal the layers of our being  
but you noble lady of the West  
stride down the exposed streets  
of your open cities

hips swinging in tight skirts  
 and each dress sounding the depths of your body  
 inviting the stare  
 that you presumably despise  
 driven by rage and longing  
 you betray yourself  
 in heartless passion  
 that can never earn  
 a moment of peace  
 devouring itself over and over again

But you think we are the slaves  
 trapped within the harem  
 by dark satanic men  
 for whom you long in fantasy  
 but the harem is our mosque  
 that we command  
 and where we show our sons  
 how to love by loving them  
 and therefore how to think  
 and here they learn what they must avoid  
 as we search the earth  
 for signs of seeds  
 seeing the small things  
 that keep villages alive  
 and play a thousand games  
 with sisters, cousins, and the brothers of our mothers

Until the moment he  
 poor proud husband  
 in flight from the place  
 of his preordained defeat  
 returns as if descending  
 but if he dare act the master of my domain  
 being himself master of none  
 shattering our peace  
 and the forms of our desire  
 my brothers are there at once  
 to remind him of the customs of his clan  
 but we do not fear him  
 noble lady of the West  
 as you fear  
 and deride your men  
 without families that extend to the world's edge  
 you have no customs

only the laws  
 of the monarch  
 no cultured passion  
 and so you live in isolation  
 fleeing from terror to derision  
 but how could we fear the men  
 whom we have reared as boys  
 until they are forced to leave the harem  
 for the public space  
 and face a village full of fathers  
 in absolute obedience and etiquette  
 above all etiquette  
 barely bridging the abyss  
 that divides man from man  
 each proving himself to the other  
 loving now beneath their dignity  
 only a memory of mothers  
 so they grow to hate  
 their fiery stone cold fathers  
 who long ago had undergone  
 the same public trial  
 oh noble lady of the West  
 how can we fear  
 the sons we rear  
 our wounded husbands  
 who return  
 beneath  
 the gaze of brothers  
 with whom we shared our mothers' harems  
 though etiquette  
 takes the place of thwarted love  
 and becomes a mask of hate

But you are slaves in fact  
 on your knees  
 in the places that you work  
 in the service of the freedom you proclaim  
 until freedom  
 becomes your passion for yourself  
 and the power of which you dream  
 through empty white nights  
 even in the beds you share  
 where you think you have made a home  
 but there is nothing left for you to make

Oh we know more of passion than you  
we know it is not to be pursued  
an illusion that has no end  
and from it nothing can be learned

For our men have been taught  
that once they leave the harem  
their wives who are the mothers of their sons,  
must become children among children,  
daughters  
in the private world  
which now excludes them  
this is how they must imagine us  
deprived of us  
for the sake of their sanity  
so injured are they  
in the public place  
and so we  
the children of the harem  
learn the limits of the passion  
that has no end  
in the moment  
of their refusal  
we learn to love  
our sons and daughters  
and the world without limit  
that the harem is  
noble lady  
infinity is within  
we have no wish to free ourselves  
into the terror of your secular existence  
listen  
when one of us dies in Islam  
and we are willing slaves of death  
and death alone  
we hear the drumming  
the communal keening  
and feel the force of the customs  
that shape our lives  
and the greater force  
that we can never grasp  
nor can any other being

Oh suffering sister  
where are the brothers of your mother  
from whom you could have learned  
a love beyond desire  
oh where are you fathers

We feel our failure  
and only then  
when one of our sons  
breaks through the etiquette  
that thwarts his love  
and masks his hate  
and kills his brother in the public square  
in Islam  
there can be no paradise on earth  
a human life is the balance  
of good and evil  
and only that

Where is you balance  
noble lady  
the end of the world  
is not the work of men alone





. . . every piece of historical knowledge is an act of self-knowledge. The past only becomes transparent when the present can practise self-criticism in an appropriate manner . . . Until that time the past must either be naively identified with the structure of the present or else it is held to be wholly alien, barbaric and senseless, beyond all understanding. Thus we see that the road to an understanding of pre-capitalist societies with a non-reified structure could not be opened up until historical materialism had perceived that the reification of all man's social relations is both a product of capitalism and hence also an ephemeral, historical phenomenon. Vulgar Marxism has wholly neglected this distinction. Its application of historical materialism has succumbed to the same error that Marx castigated in the case of vulgar economics: it mistook purely historical categories, moreover categories relevant only to capitalist society, for eternally valid ones.

The connection between the scientific exploration of primitive society and Marxism is no mere accident. For only now, with the prospect opening up of re-establishing non-reified relations between man and man and between man and nature, could those factors in primitive, pre-capitalist formations be discovered in which these non-reified [functions] were present – albeit in the service of quite different [forms]. And only now could the essential nature of these [functions] be understood without their being distorted by the mechanical application of the categories of capitalist society.

It was, therefore, no error to apply historical materialism in its classical form rigorously and unconditionally to the history of the nineteenth century. [But] in pre-capitalist societies this was not really the situation. In such societies economic life did not yet possess that independence, that cohesion and immanence, nor did it have the sense of setting its own goals and being its own master that we associate with capitalist society.

. . . [for pre-capitalist societies] we need more complex and subtle analyses.

*History and Class Consciousness*, George Lukács