

# BETWEEN THE COVERS RARE BOOKS

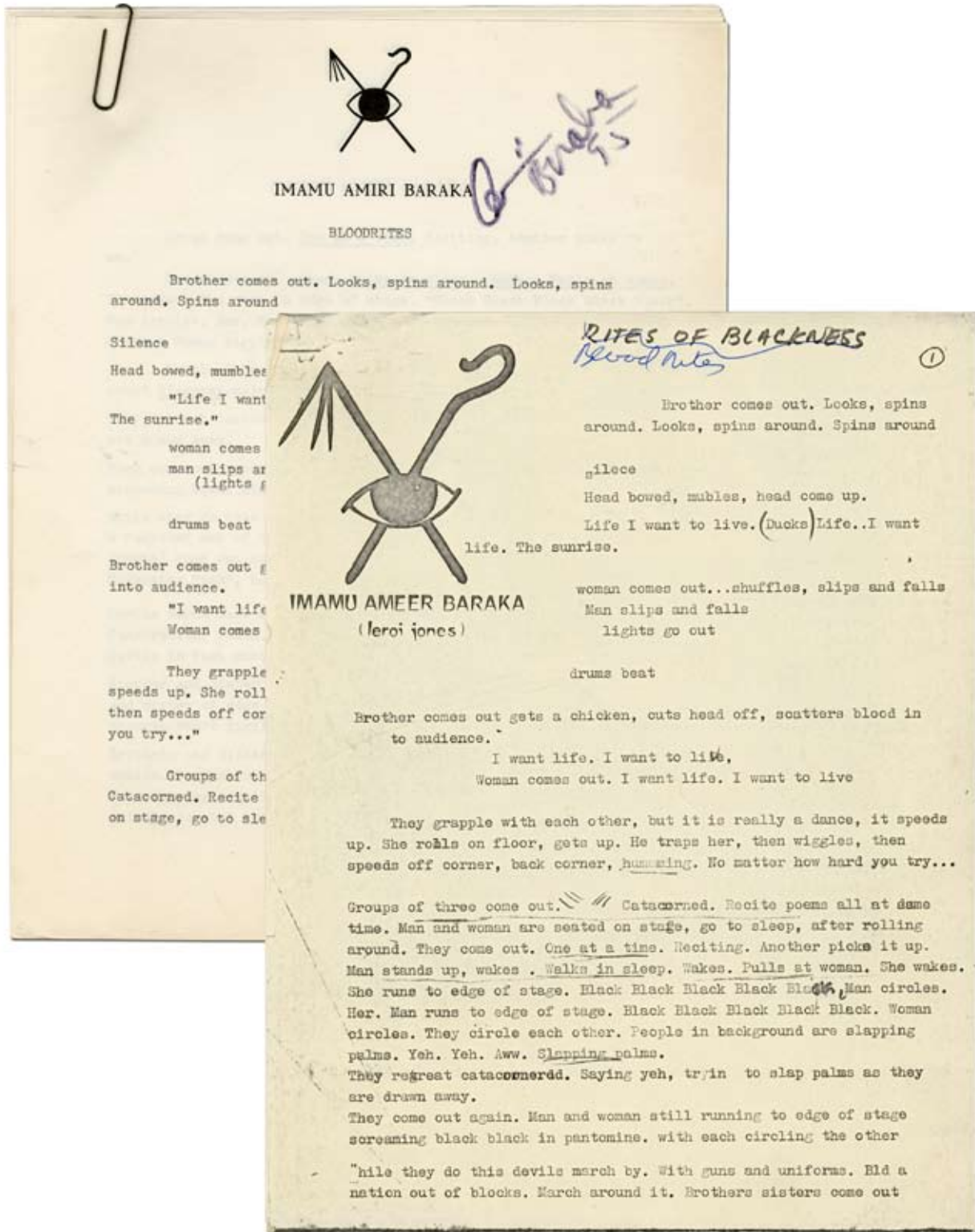
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## Imamu Amiri Baraka (LeRoi Jones)

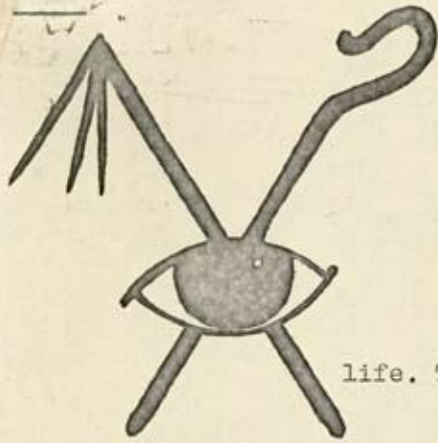
[Manuscript]: Bloodrites

[Circa 1970]

\$4500



Signed typed manuscript [with] Signed photocopy of a typed manuscript. 8pp. and 6pp. Loose sheets typed or printed on rectos only with one paperclipped and the other stapled at one corner; both in the original red file folder labeled in holograph "Blood Rites." Each with faint edgewear, else fine. Two working drafts for this ritualistic performance piece that incorporated chanting and choreographed movement.



IMAMU AMEER BARAKA  
(Ieroi Jones)

rites of blackness  
~~Rites of Blackness~~  
Blood Rites

(1)

Brother comes out. Looks, spins  
around. Looks, spins around. Spins around

gilece

Head bowed, mubles, head come up.

Life I want to live. (Ducks) Life..I want  
life. The sunrise.

woman comes out...shuffles, slips and falls

Man slips and falls

lights go out

drums beat

Brother comes out gets a chicken, cuts head off, scatters blood in  
to audience.

I want life. I want to live,

Woman comes out. I want life. I want to live

They grapple with each other, but it is really a dance, it speeds  
up. She rolls on floor, gets up. He traps her, then wiggles, then  
speeds off corner, back corner, humming. No matter how hard you try...

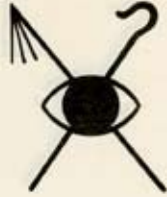
Groups of three come out. Catacornerd. Recite poems all at same  
time. Man and woman are seated on stage, go to sleep, after rolling  
around. They come out. One at a time. Reciting. Another picks it up.  
Man stands up, wakes. Walks in sleep. Wakes. Pulls at woman. She wakes.  
She runs to edge of stage. Black Black Black Black Black, Man circles.  
Her. Man runs to edge of stage. Black Black Black Black Black. Woman  
circles. They circle each other. People in background are slapping  
palms. Yeh. Yeh. Aww. Slapping palms.

They regret catacornerd. Saying yeh, tryin to slap palms as they  
are drawn away.

They come out again. Man and woman still running to edge of stage  
screaming black black in pantomime. with each circling the other

hile they do this devils march by. With guns and uniforms. Bld a  
nation out of blocks. March around it. Brothers sisters come out

A photocopy of the first draft of this work with corrections throughout and a small illustration of dancers on the second page, typed on Baraka's letterhead with "(Ieroi Jones)" under his then new name and with one original correction; a blue line striking through the title, "Rites of Blackness," and "Blood Rites" written in below. This is accompanied by an original typed manuscript (also on Baraka's letterhead, but missing the reference to his birth name) that reflects the changes made to the photocopy, including the piece's new title, now one word, along with several scattered corrections in blue and black ink. Both are Signed and dated in 1995, when they were purchased directly from the author.



IMAMU AMIRI BARAKA

*Baraka*  
9/5

BLOODRITES

Brother comes out. Looks, spins around. Looks, spins around. Spins around

Silence

Head bowed, mumbles, head come up.

"Life I want to live". (Ducks) "Life...I want life. The sunrise."

woman comes out...shuffles, slips and falls

man slips and falls  
(lights go out)

drums beat

Brother comes out gets a chicken, cuts head off, scatters blood into audience.

"I want life. I want to live."

Woman comes out. "I want life. I want to live."

They grapple with each other, but it is really a dance, it speeds up. She rolls on floor, gets up, He traps her, then wiggles, then speeds off corner, back corner, humming. "No matter how hard you try..."

Groups of three ("Poets & pseudo activists") come out. Catakorned. Recite poems all at same time. Man and woman are seated on stage, go to sleep, after rolling around.

An experimental performance piece that features the devil, interpretive fighting, and animal sacrifice. The drama utilizes audience participation and begins: "Brother comes out gets a chicken, cuts head off, scatters blood into audience." First performed at Baraka's Spirit House theater located in Newark, New Jersey in 1970, along with a production of *Junkies Are Full of (SHHHHHH...)* and first published in *Black Drama Anthology* by Columbia University Press the following year.

Two versions of this powerful performance piece from this influential writer and noted social critic. [BTC#383633]