

# BETWEEN THE COVERS RARE BOOKS

112 Nicholson Rd, Gloucester City, NJ 08030 (856) 456-8008 betweenthecovers.com

## Amiri Baraka. [LeRoi Jones]. (James Baldwin)

[Program for Memorial Service]: James Arthur Baldwin 1924-1987 [with] Unity. January 18, 1988

New York: (Pantane Press) 1987

\$1250



One card leaf folded to make six pages. Illustrated. Small stain on first page, else near fine. Contains Baraka's printed eulogy for Baldwin, "Jimmy." Signed by Baraka, his own copy, in an envelope hand captioned by him "James Baldwin." Also delivering tributes at the service were Toni Morrison and Maya Angelou, with a performance by Odetta. [With] An issue of the tabloid newspaper *Unity* that contains the first public appearance of the eulogy; once again Baraka's copy, and Signed by him. Folded as issued, slight wear, near fine. OCLC locates two copies of the program. [BTC#344268]

**Alan Marlowe. (Wallace Berman, Robert Creeley, Kirby Doyle, Robert Herms, and Charles Olson)**

*Eight Vintage Photographs of American Authors*

\$4500



PHOTO BY  
ALAN MARLOWE

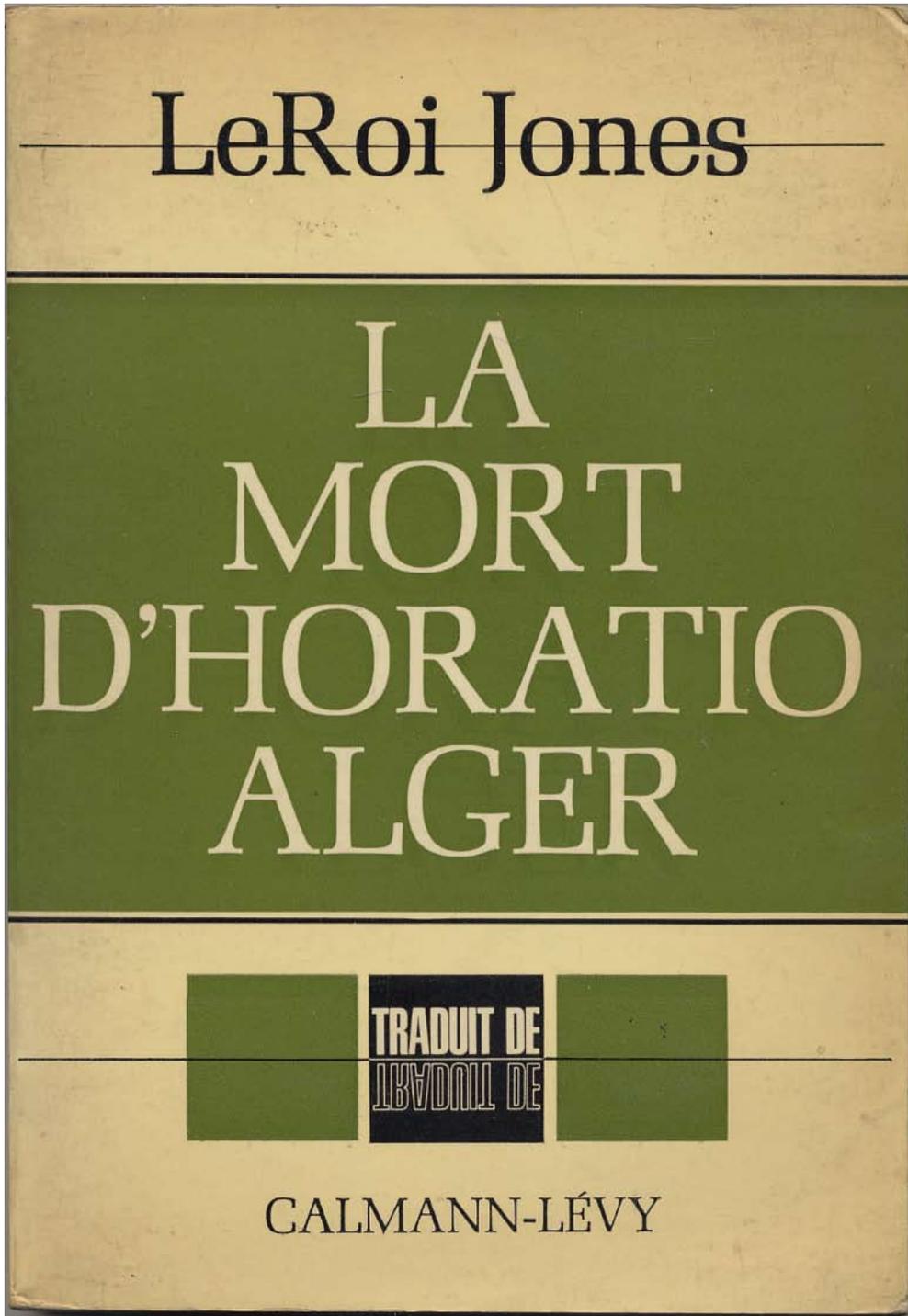
Eight vintage prints of American authors by Alan Marlowe, apparently all taken in 1966. Black and white photographs, each approximately 8" x 10". Fine condition. All but one are captioned on the back attributing them to Alan Marlowe, whether in his hand or not is unknown. Housed in an envelope hand addressed by LeRoi Jones (Amiri Baraka) to Robert Wilson, postmarked in 1966. Jones was co-editor and publisher, along with Diane Di Prima (at the time Marlowe's wife), of the extremely influential literary zine *Floating Bear*. Di Prima and Jones were known to pay their debts to Wilson, who helped support the zine, with manuscripts and photographs that Wilson would sell at his Phoenix Bookshop. Accompanied by a 1967 invoice from Wilson, selling the photographs to a collector. The authors photographed are Wallace Berman, Robert Creeley (two identical images, but the print intonation is different), Kirby Doyle (two different images), Robert Herms (two prints from the same image, one is a close-up view), and Charles Olson. A very nice collection of vintage photographic images. [BTC#365205]

**LeRoi Jones**

*La Mort D'Horatio Alger [Tales]*

(Paris): Calmann-Lévy 1969

\$200



First French edition of *Tales*. Printed wrappers. Advance Review Copy with perforated "S.P." stamp. Stain on foreedge, else a tight very good copy. Baraka's own copy, Signed by him. [BTC#344279]

**Mayor Richard Hatcher, Keynote Speaker**

*[Vinyl Record]: The Black Academy of Arts and Letters First Annual Awards Banquet September 20, 1970*

[no place]: Buddah Records 1970

\$50



Original 33½ vinyl album. Liner notes by Dr. C. Eric Lincoln. About fine in unprinted paper sleeve in a very good pictorial cardboard sleeve with rubbing, short tears, and edgewear. Awards presented to Carter G. Woodson by Sidney Poitier, Henry O. Tanner by Jacob Lawrence, W.E.B. Dubois by John O. Killens, Lena Horne by Harry Belafonte, C.L.R. James by John Henrik Clarke, Diana Sands by Frederick O'Neal, Imamu Amiri Baraka by Margaret Walker Alexander, and Paul Leroy Robeson by Benjamin Mays. [\[BTC#375126\]](#)

# Michael McClure

Typed Letter Signed to Amiri Baraka [with] Typed Manuscript Signed of McClure's  
"Poem by Amiri Baraka from a dream"

\$2500

Dear Amiri,

Mini (sp?) called me the other day to tell me you're out and to give a few details. Listen, I'm very glad <sup>you're out</sup> I knew you were in -- and it was hard to believe. Let me know when there's more that can be done.

The other night -- the night of the Summer Solstice -- Joanna and I were sleeping out under the stars on the porch and I dreamed that I was typing a poem of yours. It was a really gorgeous (as most of yours are) piece and it had a column of sounds running down the side. When I got up in the morning the shape of the poem was very clear in my mind and I began typing what I saw. Here 'tis.

The same thing happened the other ~~day~~ night -- or a similar thing -- I had a broadside poem of Phil Whalen's <sup>in a dream</sup> and I stuck it up on the wall. Then ~~you~~ Phil came in and climbed up on a chair and took it down. I typed the poem when I got up. -- Again, Joanna and I were sleeping out on the porch when it happened. I guess it is the starlight on the poet's skull that does it. You're a star.

Benn Fossett was here -- Rome doesn't happen this year. That's too bad.

All my warmest to Amina and to you and all yours,  
*Miguel*  
McClure 264 Downey St S.F. CA 94117

POEM BY AMIRI BARAKA  
from a dream

Balang  
AG  
AG  
Boro  
NAHQ  
AK  
TH  
N-NN

A man  
is what  
he is and always  
must be. You see there is Death  
in the wings. The wings of Death hover  
over me. There's now now  
No Way -- No Way to call it back  
or re-create the dead hands to hold  
me or thee. We glow like the breeze  
on the pink or black skin. The win  
is too late to conquer the ease with  
which we enter the dark. The lark  
on the fences hangs there in CHILD  
HOOD like Robin and Little John and Maid  
Marian.

Call us back to the cities.  
Call us back to the SLEAZE. Nete  
I am not you. This is not what you wrote.  
The old men are young now on the street  
below. They're kids with their bottles  
planning a joke.  
This is your stroke and not mine.  
Wine turns them on. Young and tanned  
with beards and big bellies like Odysseus  
rising, trapped in vino, from Homer.

Franz Kline

dead drunk and joyously talking at the Cedar.  
It's all part of the great  
brush that we have with the law.  
We gnaw ourselves sick with it.  
But still we are here with dark on  
our wings.

The lady calling her cat wakes me  
at dawn. She's down facing the lawn  
from her back porch. Making baby  
calls to the puss. I know,  
I know she's the universe's center.

Any point is  
the center  
of things.  
The starling squawking  
or the kids on boats  
starving in Asia.  
I listen to the voices  
of honored mass murderers on the old rad-  
io /  
on the old radio

*Michael McClure*

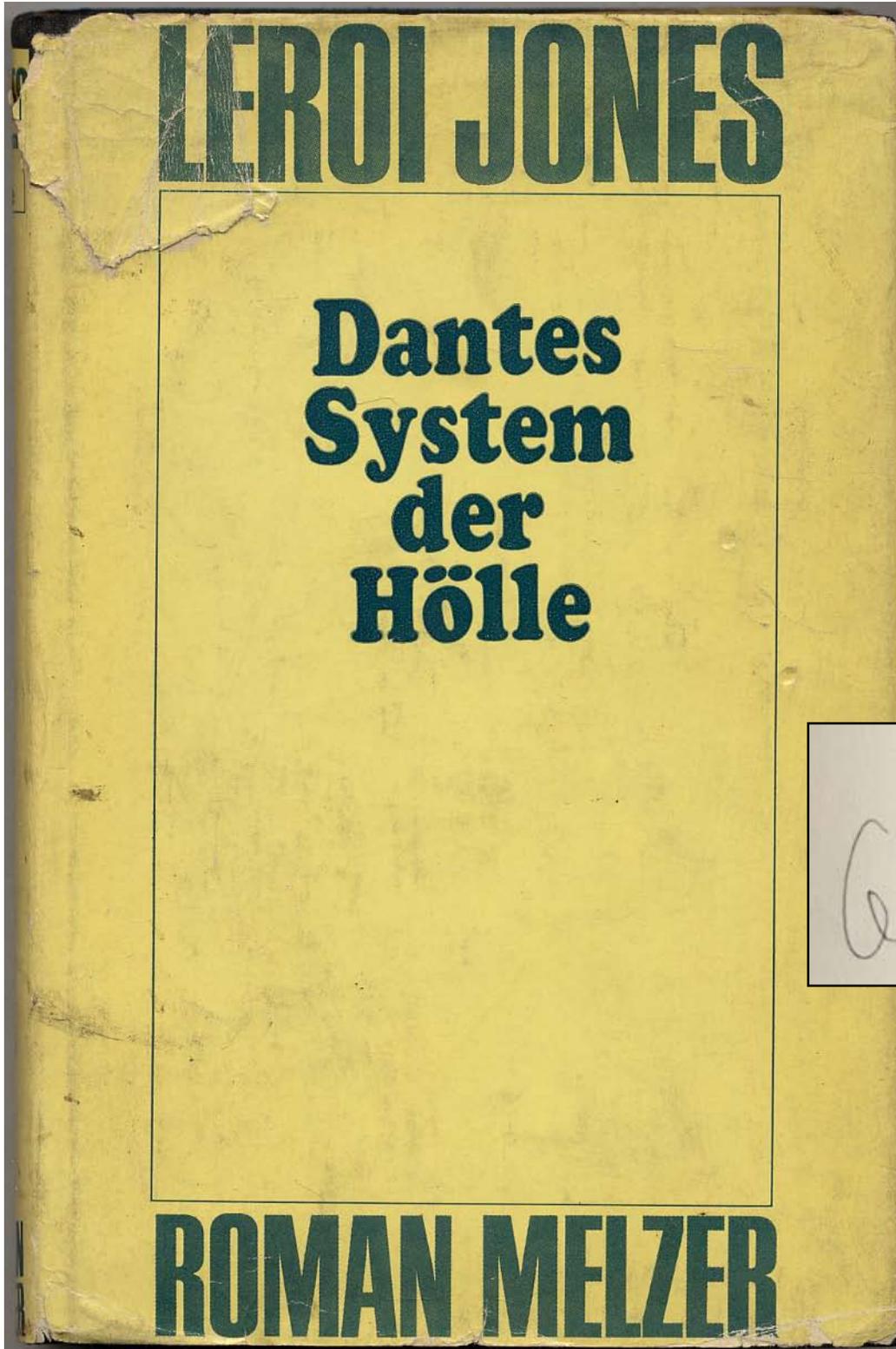
One page Typed Letter Signed ("Miguel") to Amiri Baraka. Old folds from mailing else about fine with original envelope postmarked in 1981. An interesting letter, McClure celebrates the fact that Baraka is out of jail, and then later, in part: "The other night - the night of the Summer Solstice - Joanna and I were sleeping out under the stars on the porch and I dreamed that I was typing a poem of yours. It was a really gorgeous (as most of yours are) piece and it had a column of sounds running down the side. When I got up in the morning the shape of the poem was very clear in my mind and I began typing what I saw. Here 'tis." McClure goes on to relate a similar dream about a broadside poem by Philip Whalen. [With] One page Typed Manuscript Signed ("Michael McClure") of the poem in question. Old mailing folds, else fine. The 46-line poem was later published in McClure's *Fragments of Perseus* in 1983 by New Directions. [BTC#383439]

**Leroi Jones**

*Dantes System der Holle (The System of Dantes Hell)*

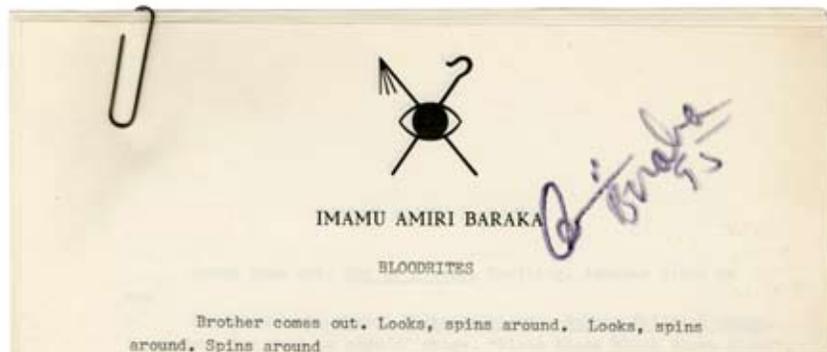
Darmstadt: Joseph Melzer Verlag (1966)

\$250



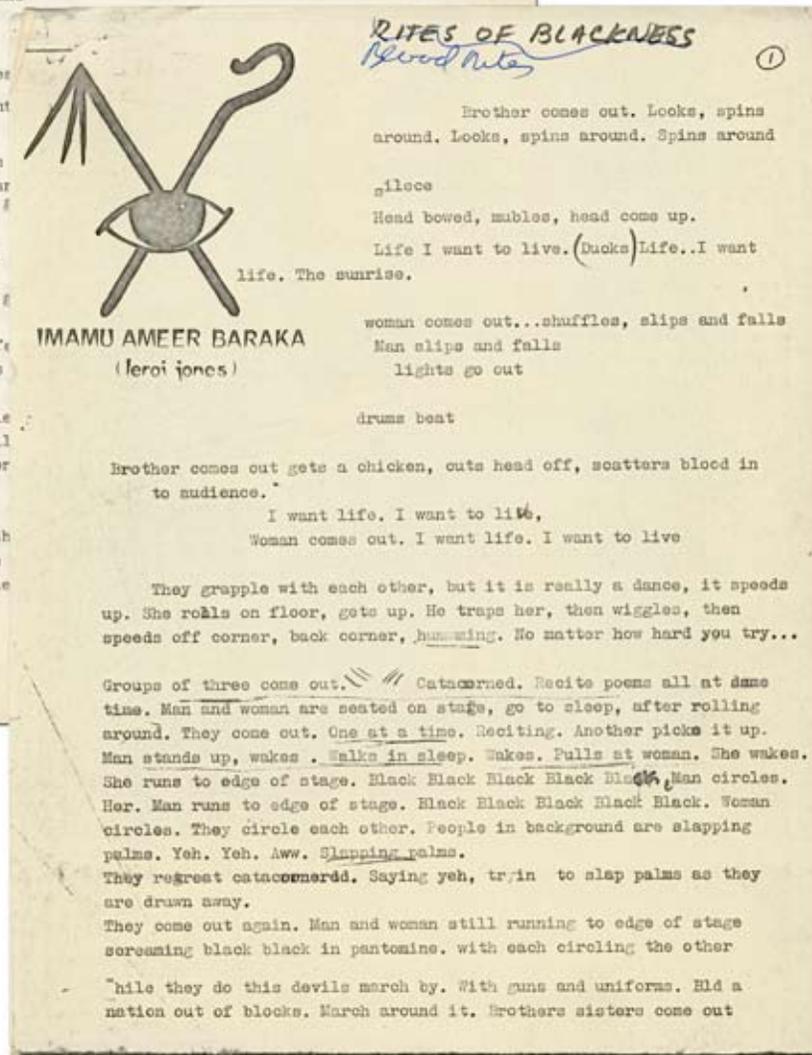
First German edition. Fine in torn and soiled good dustwrapper. Signed by the author at a later date as Amiri Baraka, his own copy, bought directly from him.

[BTC#383470]



**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.

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 "(leroi 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.

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.

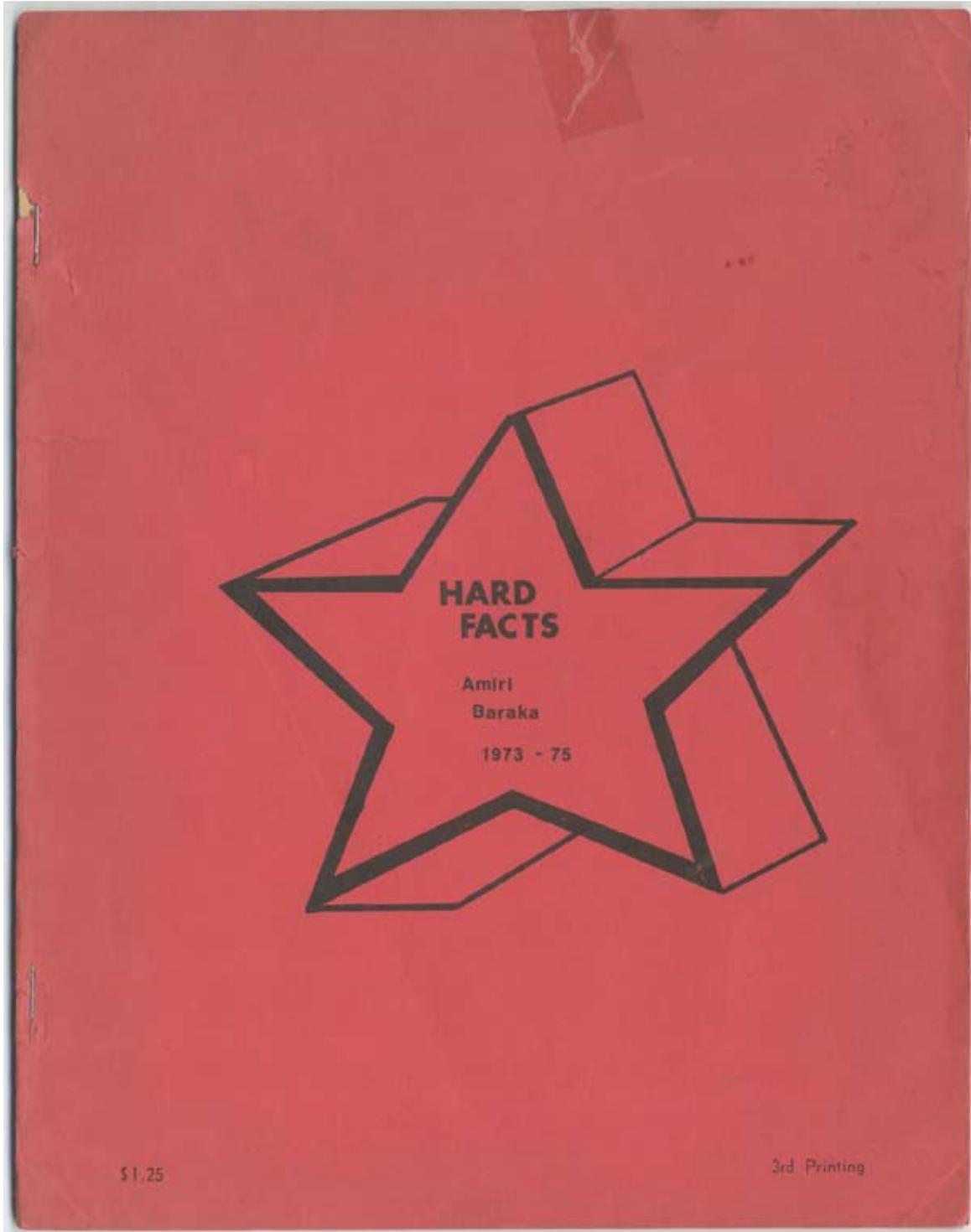
Two versions of this powerful performance piece from this influential writer and noted social critic. [BTC#383633]

**Amiri Baraka**

*Hard Facts 1973-75*

Newark, New Jersey: People's War 1975

\$100



“3rd Printing.” Quarto. Stapled wrappers. Good with one staple pulled from the rear wrap along with few tears along the spine and a tape repair to the front wrap and first page. Signed by Baraka at a later date, when we purchased this directly from the poet. Subtitled *excerpts*, poetry that angrily and energetically points out class and racial distinctions. Scarce and ephemeral. [BTC#385439]