



JANUS FILMS PRESENTS

A FILM BY MARTIN BELL MARY ELLEN MARK CHERYL MCCALL



STREETWISE

ANGELIKA FILMS PRESENTS "STREETWISE" A FILM BY MARTIN BELL MARY ELLEN MARK CHERYL MCCALL
EDITED BY MARY ELLEN MARK
PRODUCTION DESIGNER MARTIN BELL
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS ANGELIKA T. SALSH GONNIE AND WILHELM NELSON
PRODUCED BY CHERYL MCCALL
DIRECTED BY MARTIN BELL



STREETWISE

Seattle, 1983. Taking their camera to the streets of what was supposedly America's most livable city, filmmaker Martin Bell, photographer Mary Ellen Mark, and journalist Cheryl McCall set out to tell the stories of those society had left behind: homeless and runaway teenagers living on the city's margins. Born from a *Life* magazine exposé by Mark and McCall, *Streetwise* follows an unforgettable group of at-risk children—including iron-willed fourteen-year-old Tiny, who would become the project's most haunting and enduring face, along with the pugnacious yet resourceful Rat and the affable drifter DeWayne—who, driven from their broken homes, survive by hustling, panhandling, and dumpster diving. Granted remarkable access to their world, the filmmakers craft a devastatingly frank, nonjudgmental portrait of lost youth growing up far too soon in a world that has failed them.

New restoration by Valerie Lasser, Big Sky Editorial, Nice Shoes, Chris Ryan, and Falkland Road, Inc.

THE THIRTY-YEAR COLLABORATION THAT BEGAN WITH STREETWISE



TINY

THE LIFE OF ERIN BLACKWELL

A FILM BY
MARY ELLEN MARK
& MARTIN BELL

FALKLAND ROAD PRESENTS "TINY: THE LIFE OF ERIN BLACKWELL" A FILM BY MARY ELLEN MARK & MARTIN BELL
EDITED BY MARY ELLEN MARK
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TINY: THE LIFE OF ERIN BLACKWELL

Thirty years in the making, *Tiny: The Life of Erin Blackwell* continues to follow one of the most indelible subjects of *Streetwise*, a groundbreaking documentary on homeless and runaway teenagers. Erin Blackwell, a.k.a. Tiny, was introduced in filmmaker Martin Bell, photographer Mary Ellen Mark, and journalist Cheryl McCall's earlier film as a brash fourteen-year-old living precariously on the margins in Seattle. Now a forty-four year-old mother of ten, Blackwell reflects with Mark on the journey they've experienced together, from Blackwell's struggles with addiction to her regrets to her dreams for her own children, even as she sees them being pulled down the same path of drugs and desperation. Interweaving three decades' worth of Mark's photographs and footage that includes previously unseen outtakes from *Streetwise*, this is a heartrending, deeply empathetic portrait of a family struggling to break free of the cycle of trauma, as well as a summation of the life's work of Mark, an irreplaceable artistic voice.

STREETWISE United States | 1984 | 91 minutes | Color | Stereo | 1.37:1 aspect ratio | Screening format: DCP

TINY: THE LIFE OF ERIN BLACKWELL United States | 2016 | 87 minutes | Color | Stereo | 1.85:1 aspect ratio | Screening format: DCP

Booking Inquiries: Janus Films
booking@janusfilms.com • 212-756-8761

Press Contact: Courtney Ott
courtney@cineticmedia.com • 646-230-6847

BIOS

MARTIN BELL

Director and producer Martin Bell was born in England in 1943. He began his professional career as an assistant cinematographer and lighting cameraman, and met his future collaborator and wife, Mary Ellen Mark, on the set of Miloš Forman's *Ragtime* (1981). In the fall of 1983, Bell, Mark, and journalist Cheryl McCall began making the film *Streetwise*, born out of a *Life* magazine piece by Mark and McCall about homeless youth in Seattle.

After *Streetwise*, Bell made narrative features based on some of the people he met while filming the documentary. These include *American Heart* (1992), starring Jeff Bridges, and *Hidden in America* (1996), with both Jeff and Beau Bridges.

Bell and Mark continued to collaborate as well. Their films together include *Prom* (2010)—which explores the complex lives of teenagers as they transition from childhood to adulthood, and is a companion piece to Mark's photographic project of the same name—and *Tiny: The Life of Erin Blackwell*, their final project, which weaves together thirty years of footage, including never-before-seen sequences from the filming of *Streetwise*, to intimately chronicle its subject's complex story. Bell continues to work on film projects related to the people he met while filming *Streetwise*.

MARY ELLEN MARK

Mary Ellen Mark was born in Philadelphia in 1940 and took to the arts at a young age. In 1964, she graduated with an MA in photojournalism from the University of Pennsylvania.

Her numerous honors and awards included a Fulbright Scholarship, a Guggenheim Fellowship, a Cornell Capa Award, and the 2014 Lifetime Achievement in Photography Award from George Eastman House. During her lifetime, her photo-essays and portraits were exhibited worldwide and appeared in numerous publications, including *Life*, the *New York Times Magazine*, and the *New Yorker*.

Her photo-essay on runaway children in Seattle became the basis of the Academy Award-nominated film *Streetwise*—directed and photographed by her husband, Martin Bell—and it was published in book form in 1988. Mark published twenty-one books, including *Falkland Road* (Knopf, 1981), *American Odyssey* (Aperture, 1999), *Twins* (Aperture, 2003), *Exposure* (Phaidon, 2005), *Seen Behind the Scene* (Phaidon, 2009), *Prom* (Getty, 2012), and *Tiny: Streetwise Revisited* (Aperture, 2015). In addition to producing her own work, Mark taught photography workshops for nearly thirty years; her thoughts on teaching are captured in one of her final titles, *Mary Ellen Mark on the Portrait and the Moment* (Aperture's Photography Workshop Series, 2015).

Mark died in 2015, just before the completion of *Tiny: The Life of Erin Blackwell*. A comprehensive look at her long career, *The Book of Everything*, is due to be published in 2019. The book will contain over six hundred images and diverse texts from Mark's extraordinary career.

CHERYL MCCALL

Cheryl McCall was an activist, journalist, and lawyer dedicated to children's rights. She was born in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, and attended Wayne State University in Detroit, becoming editor of the school newspaper, which, under her auspices, was critical of the Vietnam War.

In 1972, upset by the reelection of President Richard Nixon, she decided to leave the country to travel in Europe. She soon began writing for *People* magazine, for which she would go on to cover such figures as Reggie Jackson, Maya Angelou, Mario Puzo, and Kurt Vonnegut.

In April 1983, McCall and photographer Mary Ellen Mark traveled to Seattle for a *Life* magazine assignment about runaway kids. This article became the basis for the film *Streetwise*.

A few years after the release of the film, McCall changed careers. In 1989, she graduated from the University of California, Berkeley's Boalt Hall School of Law. She set up an office to handle family law in

downtown Nevada City, California, where she represented children caught in custody disputes. She died in 2005.

ANGELIKA SALEH

Angelika Ohl Saleh was born in 1935 in Munich, the daughter of Erika and Ernst Ohl, a musician and conductor at the city's opera house.

Angelika Ohl later went to work for Pan Am in New York City, where she met Joseph J. M. Saleh, an Iraqi Jewish immigrant and sociologist whom she would marry and with whom she would have two daughters. By the early seventies, Joseph Saleh had begun working with Merchant Ivory Productions—financing, executive-producing, and distributing two of the company's earlier films, *Bombay Talkie* and *Savages*. Soon afterwards, he left the film business and became a successful New York City real-estate developer, but he and his wife always maintained their friendship with Ismail Merchant and James Ivory. In 1983, Merchant introduced Angelika Saleh to the photojournalist Mary Ellen Mark and her husband, director Martin Bell. At the time, Mark and Bell were working on completing their documentary feature, *Streetwise*, about runaway kids in Seattle. Before long, Saleh came on board as an executive producer and agreed to oversee the distribution of the film.

During the process of putting out *Streetwise*, Joe and Angelika Saleh realized that there were very few theatrical venues for quality independent films, giving them the idea to create the Angelika Film Center, which opened in 1989 in downtown Manhattan. The theater went on to play a crucial role in launching some of the most iconic independent films of the late eighties and nineties, including *Drugstore Cowboy*, *Clerks*, *Pulp Fiction*, and *Kids*. By 1992, the Angelika Film Center had become the country's highest-grossing theater on a per-seat basis, according to Exhibitor Relations. In 1996, the theater was sold to Reading International, which has since developed five other Angelika cinemas throughout the country.

To this day, Angelika Saleh regards her involvement in *Streetwise* as one of her life's greatest achievements.



Q&A WITH MARTIN BELL

You first met Mary Ellen Mark on the set of Miloš Forman's Ragtime. You were filming the production, and she was the on-set photographer. What did you know about her work before this encounter?

I had seen some of Mary Ellen's photographs published in the book *Mark & Leibovitz*. I loved the images but didn't immediately connect Mary Ellen with them when we first met on *Ragtime*. It was only when she picked up the book off my bookshelf that I finally connected the dots—duh.

What did you discover about the photographer behind the pictures?

Mary Ellen's work was her life.

You then partnered in life and began talking about finding a project to work on together. What kind of story did you want to tell?

We met in 1980. From the beginning, we looked for a story to work on together. In 1983, Mary Ellen was assigned by *Life* magazine to photograph a story on street kids in downtown Seattle. There she met a group of young teenagers: Tiny, Patti and Munchkin, DeWayne, Lulu, Shadow, and a kid named Rat. Rat was living in an abandoned hotel on Pike Street. Mary Ellen said, "This is a story we should make into a film."

Were there fiction or documentary films that you found inspiring in terms of style or storytelling, and how did they serve as inspirations?

My interest has always been in fictional film. Watching great writers, editors, and film directors making dramatic stories has captivated my imagination since my early teens. In fiction, you have the advantage of knowing the end of your story, 'cause you write it. In nonfiction, not so much.

How had your earlier work as a cinematographer prepared you for Streetwise?

Since the midsixties, I'd worked shooting documentaries and fiction. In the early seventies, I started working with sound recordist Keith Desmond. When Mary Ellen told me about the

street-kids story, I realized we would need to record dialogue on the street, which is a difficult technical challenge. I called Keith. *Streetwise* would require all the technical skills we'd learned over years of working together.

While you are the director of Streetwise, it is billed as a film "by" you, Mary Ellen, and Cheryl McCall. Why did you decide to include them as coauthors of the film?

The life of these kids hustling on Pike Street was first documented by Mary Ellen and Cheryl. The relationships they formed with the kids when they worked on the *Life* story was invaluable in the making of the film. I came into this project on the back of their hard work. Each of us brought something uniquely valuable to the making of this film—hence [the credit].

What were the challenges in editing Streetwise? Was there a narrative arc or organizing principle at play? Please explain your collaboration with Nancy Baker on the edit.

Mary Ellen and I agreed the film would be made without talking heads. A B-roll movie. We also agreed it was essential for us to draw intimate portraits of the characters. It would be a film unlike any other I had ever worked on.

Filming started Labor Day 1983. The film quickly identified and focused in on its main characters—the work Mary Ellen and Cheryl had done for the *Life* story allowed us to start filming on day one. Each day the kids came to hang out and hustle on Pike Street. Each day we managed to get a little more from each of our main characters. The work was recorded both on the street and in a soundproofed room we set up to record audio interviews around the corner on Second Avenue. We gathered as much material with our main characters as we could, and fifty-six days later we had fifty hours of 16 mm film and 180 rolls of quarter-inch audiotapes. We were done. It was Halloween.

Up until this point, the only person who had seen dailies was Dan Sandberg at TVC film laboratory in New York City. Keith Desmond had kept a log of what he considered to be "good stuff." His tally was around two minutes a day. By Keith's calculation, we had about two hours of material from which to make a film.

Nancy Baker was the editor of the film. Nancy with her brilliant mind and sharp scissors sliced the dailies down from fifty hours to ten within a matter of weeks.

Looking back at what Nancy accomplished, it is hard to imagine that anyone else could better her masterful work. Her sense of what the film could be became evident immediately as she assembled and defined the characters and shaped the story in the best way the material allowed. I visited the editing room when the sequences first started to come to life.

There is a scene in the film with Tiny, in her bedroom, talking to her mother, who is drinking a beer in an adjacent room. It was a moment where Mary Ellen, Keith, and I were within inches of Tiny as this quiet drama unfolded before our camera. It was breathtaking. I was with Nancy in the cutting room as she finished constructing this sequence. I wanted to see the cut immediately; Nancy refused—she was adamant. She said, “Tomorrow.” I was pissed off and left the cutting room bent out of shape. The next day we looked at the scene with fresh eyes. It was such a beautiful reconstruction of the extraordinary moment Mary Ellen, Keith, and I had witnessed.

After several months, the editing phase of the film was all but finished. The next step was the audio mix. Then the phone rang, and everything changed. Reality gave us an ending to the film that none of us could ever have imagined.

And Tiny, how did you approach the editing of that film?

Since the *Streetwise* film, Mary Ellen and I had worked with Tiny and her family. The idea was to make a short film to accompany Mary Ellen’s Aperture book *Tiny: Streetwise Revisited*. I started assembly-editing the short film in 2013, but the plan changed when Mary Ellen was diagnosed with MDS, myelodysplastic syndrome—a blood cancer. I wanted to make a record of the work she had done with Tiny and her family. As I reviewed the hours of work, I saw Tiny’s life changing before my eyes, and a structure for a longer film emerged. The conceit would be to have Erin and Mary Ellen in Erin’s kitchen looking back over her life as Tiny slowly became Erin, a mother of ten children. We started a Kickstarter campaign and began making what became the *Tiny* film in January 2014 as Mary Ellen started making new photographs for her book. The *Tiny* film includes unseen work from the 1983 unused dailies as well as several cut pieces and hours of film made in the nineties. The film would be an echo of the book.

How much material had you shot with Tiny and her family in the decades since Streetwise?

I am not sure—I imagine it is around one hundred hours.

What surprised you most when you dug into the material?

That I had not done anything with the work other than make two short films that no one saw.

Tell us about your decision to include Mary Ellen.

For me, Mary Ellen’s passion to document Tiny’s life is a great story. Mary Ellen had been given the MDS diagnosis and knew what the outcome of the disease would be when we started filming in 2014.

Did this change the way you began to think about what the film was or needed to be?

I made the film for Mary Ellen. It was all I could do.

Describe filming Tiny and Mary Ellen reviewing the photographs.

I was reminded how strong both women were and that they had maintained a relationship that bridged thirty-two years.

You recently reviewed all of Mary Ellen’s frames while editing The Book of Everything. You’ve described looking at her edit sheets and coming across distinctive frames overlooked by Mary Ellen in the heat of her process. What characterizes or makes distinct a Mary Ellen frame?

For me, the most striking thing is Mary Ellen’s ability to capture a story in a single frame. To be able to see that precise moment is a rare gift. What distinguishes Mary Ellen’s frames is her direct emotional connection with another, no matter their age, social standing, or language. As I looked through thousands of her contact sheets, it became clear to me the gift she had was present from the very beginning of her career—it was who she was. The energy and passion required to make each of her frames is the stuff of superheroes. Watch out, Avengers.

How does this project continue in your life?

Tiny is a story that never ends. Stay tuned.



REFLECTIONS ON TINY, 2015

By Mary Ellen Mark

This piece is excerpted from the 2015 book Tiny: Streetwise Revisited.

I was thinking about how fleeting and precious life is. Life is also arbitrary. For example, the choices that you make, the luck of being born into the right bed, to parents who support and help you, and who love you. That doesn't always happen—and then, what happens when it doesn't?

Since we first photographed and filmed on Pike Street, in 1983, four of the children from *Streetwise* have died. It is amazing that Tiny is still alive (and she'll be the first person to say that). When she has made bad choices over the years, we've wanted to intervene, but where and how, and if you intervene, are delicate issues. (She often tells me to stop being so bossy when I give her advice.)

Martin and I offered to bring Tiny back to New York with us, in 1983, when she was fourteen years old, on the condition that she attend school. At that moment, her answer was a definite no. ("I ain't going to no school.") Tiny sometimes says she regrets her decision not to come live with us. Thinking about it now, [I realize] it may have been harder for her in a city like New York, which was much tougher than Seattle in the eighties. Also, she wouldn't have had these ten children whom she loves.

[. . .]

In my work as a photographer, I've always liked to return—to the same street, to the same people. The stories I've photographed are open-ended. With certain people, and certainly with Tiny, each time I return, I pick up my camera and it's as if I never left.

I remember every detail from the first time I saw Tiny and photographed her. She was so striking and candid. The camera was meant for her, and I knew it immediately. She was a star.

Over the years, I've spent a lot of time with other subjects, often returning to them. But my relationship with Tiny and her family is entirely different from any

other photographic relationship I have had. She has always been such an incredible character, so alive and honest. I was always curious to learn what she was doing, and eager to document her life.

Today, Tiny hasn't lost any of her openness or spontaneity and is still incredible in front of the camera. Tiny's life has seen many ups and downs. She has the ten children (five boys and five girls) that she always wished for, so there are images with moments of great happiness and love with her and her children. She is a real survivor under the toughest of circumstances—therefore she's strong—but underneath all of that is a heartfelt vulnerability, and that's what I hope I have captured with my photographs.

Unfortunately, it's difficult (almost impossible) to escape a certain destiny, an inherited disenfranchisement, and in the end, many aspects of Tiny's life have been tragic. To escape, you have to break all of the clichés and all of the patterns—not just your own patterns but also other people's feelings toward you.

I don't think Tiny has ever thought about how unusual it is that we have documented her life in film and photography since she was thirteen years old. But to Tiny and her family, it's normal and how they define their relationship with us. Each time we arrive, we just pick up our cameras and start to film and photograph.

Now, when I look at Tiny, even after so many years and so many difficult life changes (children, addiction, romantic hardships, financial struggles, etc.), I can't help but see the thirteen-year-old girl I first met jumping out of a taxicab all dressed up for an evening of fun at the Monastery nightclub, full of hopes and dreams and the great expectations that life can bring.

April 19, 2015, New York City

Tiny: Streetwise Revisited © 2015 Aperture Foundation Inc. Text © 2015 Mary Ellen Mark. Not for republication.

FACTS

Once Mary Ellen Mark and Martin Bell expressed interest in making a film about runaway children in Seattle, Cheryl McCall raised \$80,000 from a friend, singer-songwriter Willie Nelson. The additional money needed to shoot the film was then invested by McCall, Mark, and Bell.

The *Streetwise* crew was very careful not to waste expensive film stock. Interviews were conducted via audio only so film would not have to be used on talking heads.

Streetwise was a 1985 Academy Award nominee for best documentary. Tiny attended the ceremony with the filmmakers. The moment she heard that the film had lost to *The Times of Harvey Milk*, she fled the room.

Four of the kids prominently featured in *Streetwise*—DeWayne, Patti, Lulu, and Roberta—passed away within ten years of the film's release.

Bell is currently editing a project that is an update on Rat from *Streetwise*.

The homeless-youth problem has gotten worse since the filming of *Streetwise*. The number of homeless children reached record highs this decade, with as many as 1.7 million children reported to be homeless for at least one night a year, according to the National Center for Housing and Child Welfare.



STREETS OF THE LOST: RUNAWAY KIDS EKE OUT A MEAN LIFE IN SEATTLE

By Cheryl McCall

This piece originally appeared in the July 1983 issue of Life magazine.

Every city in America has them. There are a thousand in Seattle alone—homeless teenagers who use only their first names to hide their identities. And more alarming than that gun in Mike's hand [pictured in the original *Life* story] is what these street kids represent today: a new generation of runaway and abandoned children struggling to survive on their own. Each year, more than one million American youngsters between eleven and seventeen run away. More than half are girls, and the majority are never reported missing by their apparently indifferent families. These kids aren't looking for sixties-style hippie adventure. Many leave home because living there has become impossible for them. Most are fleeing turbulent households racked by conflict, violence, neglect, and—in a disturbingly high percentage of cases—sexual abuse. "Some of these kids are running for damn good reasons. The most logical option they have is to get out of there," says Gordon Raley, staff director of the House Subcommittee on Human Resources, which gathers data on runaways. But a growing number are casualties of the prolonged recession. "The economy has had a tremendous impact," Raley continues. "There are a hell of a lot of kids literally kicked out and thrown away." Each year, some five thousand unidentified teenagers end up in unmarked graves, according to federal records, and another fifty thousand simply disappear. No one knows what happens to them. Too young to get jobs or to receive welfare, a significant majority resort to theft, peddling drugs, and prostitution to support themselves. Father Bruce Ritter, a Catholic priest, whose Covenant House crisis centers in New York, Toronto, and Houston aid thousands of kids each year, believes that 80 percent of runaways use sex to survive. "Without dealing in myth or exaggeration, there are five hundred thousand kids younger than seventeen involved in prostitution," says Ritter. "Nobody will dispute that. They have nothing to sell but themselves." Government programs and privately funded centers like Ritter's shelter roughly 10 percent of the chronically homeless at any given time. In Seattle, where six thousand runaways are reported each year, there are only a single eight-bed facility, the Shelter, and a few impoverished church-run programs like the St. Dismas Center to provide help. Fending for themselves, most street kids spend the nights in abandoned buildings, unlocked cars, and steam-bath cubicles; under bridges; and even in cemeteries. Some pool their cash to rent cheap motel rooms, with as many as fifteen sleeping on the floor. To illuminate this growing national problem and encourage more effective solutions to it, *Life* here examines these children's dangerous and pitiful lot.

"Being on the streets is tough, but it's kind of a challenge," says Christy, sixteen, who left her suburban Seattle home five years ago when her mother moved in with a drug dealer. "Everybody here just goes day to day. A lot of us wonder where the next meal is going to come from, where we're going to sleep." To answer those needs, many of Seattle's street kids risk arrest—and worse—by becoming prostitutes, what they call "turning dates." Boys and girls, who stash

their clothes in bus-station lockers during the day, drift near the waterfront's Pike Street Market and wait for offers. "I've been raped eight times by dates. One held a gun on me and almost broke my arm," says Sam, seventeen, a professor's daughter from Idaho who ran away. "After a while, you can't handle it. I started crying all the time, having these really weird fits. I thought I was crazy. So I stopped, but then I had to start again." While boys operate independently, female prostitution is controlled by pimps, who use drugs, sex, or threats to keep the girls in virtual bondage. "A girl doesn't think she can sneeze without her pimp," says Linda Reppond, executive director of the privately run Shelter. "He makes his girls dependent on drugs in order to control them. Boys do drugs to survive the humiliation of turning tricks, just to live with themselves." Tragically, trafficking in drugs is considered a step up—street kids find it less degrading than prostitution. Those are the only choices, they insist. None of these kids can go to school—even if they wanted to. They have no permanent address, and schools will not admit them. (One undersized sixteen-year-old, Itty Bitty, hasn't been to school since fourth grade.) Regulations ban those under eighteen from adult shelters, but most of the street kids are too proud to sleep in a room full of alcoholics and bums anyway. Shadow tried it when he turned eighteen this spring. "I'd rather sit in an all-night coffee shop," he says. "The government thinks if it makes it hard enough on the streets, we'll go home. But there's no place to go."

When Mike and Rat, who had lived on the same street for four years, ran away from Orangevale, California, last January, they met a Seattle merchant seaman who showed them the ways of the hobo: panhandling, rolling cigarettes, brushing their teeth in public restrooms, and eating \$1 meals in skid-row missions. Unlike many other male runaways, they have never resorted to prostitution. They sleep in a spooky, abandoned hotel that has no water or electricity, where they cleared one block-long hallway so they could roller-skate. Because the building is boarded up, they climb in at a second-story window. If police cars are parked behind the hotel at night, the boys go to a pay phone and report a nearby fight. When the duped cops take off, Mike and Rat sneak inside. Often, for dinner, they'll phone Shakey's and order several pizzas "with something like pineapple on them that nobody else would want." When the unclaimed food is thrown out, they grab it from the garbage bin. Mike doesn't approve of Rat's occasional shoplifting of clothes, saying, "We have enough laundry to do already." Both boys, whose parents are divorced, were excellent students. They lived with their fathers until they got into trouble with the law. Rat was caught selling marijuana in school and says his father, an aerospace technician, had warned him never to come home if that happened. "I took him seriously," says Rat. He has been in touch with his mother twice but says he stopped calling her because "she was crying and everything." Mike was charged with several counts of driving without a license after wrecking three cars. He says his father, a career marine, threatened to send him to the state Boys' Ranch. To pay for their bus trip to Seattle, both Mike and Rat stole money from their fathers and claim they now fear them

more than the authorities. "My dad literally wants to kill me," Rat believes. A more immediate threat, however, lies in the streets. After Rat was attacked by a crazed heroin addict, he sold his Pentax camera and Mike his two beloved Stratocaster guitars to buy their Colt .45. Despite this chaotic, dangerous way of life, Rat says he enjoys his freedom. Mike, however, is frankly miserable. But he knows that when he turns eighteen, his juvenile record will be wiped clean. "I can't wait until my birthday so I can go home again," he says.

Patti, sixteen, was arrested minutes after this brawl [pictured in a series of photographs in the original *Life* story], cited for simple assault, and released. Like many runaways, she learned violence at home and doesn't hesitate to use it—even though she's now four months pregnant—to settle all disputes. She is one of nine children, six of whom prefer the terror of the street to life in their Seattle home. "I split three and a half years ago. My mom used to abuse me, and she drank a lot," says Patti. "My stepfather drinks, and he made life pretty miserable. I used to get hit with things." She says she's been dragged into cars and raped seven times, once at gunpoint, but she's not tempted to return to her family. "There's no chance of it working out if I'd go back," she says flatly. Patti and her boyfriend, Munchkin, seventeen, used to share motel rooms with a group of kids. Then Munchkin struck a deal with a motel manager in which Patti exchanges sex with him for a room of their own each night. But they haven't yet found a solution to the \$16 jaywalking and \$125 littering tickets they—and all the kids—get almost daily. These are a form of police harassment, and one unpaid littering fine (the only means they have of paying is by prostitution or theft) means five nights in jail. Like teenage lovers anywhere, they can't bear to be apart. When they're broke, Patti robs weaker girls or bullies them into turning tricks and giving her the money. No one interferes. "Down here, if you can't hold on to what you've got, then you don't deserve to have it," says a local drug dealer. "That's the rule." But as her pregnancy advances, Patti is becoming vulnerable. She's more hungry than she used to be and tired most of the time. She often suffers from severe stomach cramps and has swollen feet. Her only pair of jeans is too tight, and her shoes cause blisters. Sometimes, overwhelmed by it all, Patti sobs like the child she is and sucks her thumb.

Erin, fourteen, has been arrested twice for prostitution. Her probation order states that she must live with her family, not on the streets. Home is a one-room apartment over a tavern in downtown Seattle, and her bed is the couch. Her mother and stepfather, both unemployed,

spend most of their time in the bar downstairs. During the year she was on the streets, Erin was raped, was lured into posing for pornographic photographs, and supported a pimp by turning tricks. She now has gonorrhea. Her story would be irredeemably bleak if no one cared. But the one positive contact she made on the streets was Teresa Kiilsgaard, twenty-eight, an outreach worker from the St. Dismas Youth Center. Kiilsgaard gives Erin advice, takes her for medical treatment, and even rescued her last winter from an armed kidnapper. "I found Erin in a restaurant," says Kiilsgaard. "The guy was trying to sell her to the customers and wouldn't even let her go to the bathroom. She couldn't get away." Fortunately, programs like the Dismas Center exist in other cities too. The National Runaway Switchboard lists seven thousand agencies around the country that counsel or help youngsters in various ways, and approximately three hundred shelters provide emergency housing for runaways. Congress allocated \$21 million in 1983 to fund hotlines and teenage shelters, but, by its own estimate, those facilities serve only forty-five thousand kids a year, a mere fraction of the needy. More help is required, especially in Los Angeles, where there are no shelters at all. Father Ritter's Covenant House programs have become the yardstick by which others are measured. His aim is simple: to provide as many beds as possible each night to give kids an alternative to selling themselves. In New York, he takes in twelve thousand a year; the Toronto center handles three thousand more. The Houston shelter, which opened in June, expects five thousand this year. Ritter plans another for Boston in early 1984 because the existing facilities there, Common Life and Place Runaway House, have only thirty-one beds in all. Covenant Houses are staffed around the clock, ready to provide food, clothing, and medical care to any youth who asks. In New York, homeless teenage mothers with their babies are also helped. "It never occurred to me when I designed our program," says Ritter, who opened his first crisis center in 1972 in New York's Times Square, "but we have a nursery now." Covenant House receives no federal funds because current guidelines restrict the number of beds in shelters to twenty and require that the facility be located outside areas of prostitution. Ritter contends that it is in the seamy neighborhoods that crisis centers are most needed. "Honest to God, in all my life, I've never met one boy or girl prostitute who didn't start out as a runaway," he says. And how can we prevent runaways? The key, Ritter says, is at home. "Kids ordinarily don't run away from warm, loving families," he says. "And those who do almost invariably return home."

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