

**RUNAWAY
GIRLS**

Runaway Girls is printed in an edition of 100. The first 25 copies include a deluxe 4 color image printed at Soho Letterpress by Joe Elliot. All of the book's images are scanned from original artworks by Robin Kahn. Sarah Blake's poems were printed at Soho Letterpress by Anne Noonan. Each book is bound in a handmade album by Stephanie Lussier.

Sarah Blake
Robin Kahn

16/75

Available through:

Susan Inglett Gallery
p 212-343-0573 / f 212-343-0574

D.A.P., Distributed Art Publishers, Inc.
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Let's us think of a story.

We are a story.

We are?

This is our story.



*My love, my house is a singing house
And all its windows look to you.
My love, my heart is a red, red boat
The sail stretched tight as it fills with you.
My love, my hands are two white birds
Sent from my house to watch for you.*



ROMANIAN DANCE

words: Sarah Blake
images: Robin Kain

Handmade Press
1998

SUN., 2 A.M.



No. 1

Age 15
but looks 18
short and heavy, light
complexion, light
brown eyes
small round face
with a mole
on her left cheekbone.

Dressed
when she left here
in dark tanned waist
trimmed with blue,
black skirt,
white hat
trimmed with dark tanned
ribbon in front,
black shoes,
green stockings,
red sweater.
Very good looking.

Ran away
about 2 am.
Sunday, August 12,
1917.

Arrest and wire
at our expense.



Yep, I saw her. Out by the railway, walking slow
(Was she a girl? More like a tramp to me
course I don't know about these things, I don't know.)
Good-looking though, in a plum sort of way.

What do you mean, plum?

She was a plum, a fruit. A piece of pie.

She was a girl.

A girl? Nah. Not with a walk like that.



No. 2

Age 15
but looks 17
slender
light,
dressed in white
silkwaist
light tanned skirt,
white straw hat,
black shoes.
Very good looking.

I ain't seen her. The big one probably ditched her.





Runaway Girls

These girls
ran away
from their home near this city
about 2 am.
Sunday morning
August 12th, 1917.

Arrest
and wire
at our expense.

Come to see the boat on the lake.
Come to see the boat on the lake.
Come to see the boat on the lake.
Come to see the boat on the lake.
Come to see the boat on the lake.
Come to see the boat on the lake.
Come to see the boat on the lake.
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Come to see the boat on the lake.
Come to see the boat on the lake.
Come to see the boat on the lake.
Come to see the boat on the lake.

No. 2
age 15
but looks 17

threw her hat into the stream
and stiff-backed,
walked away.



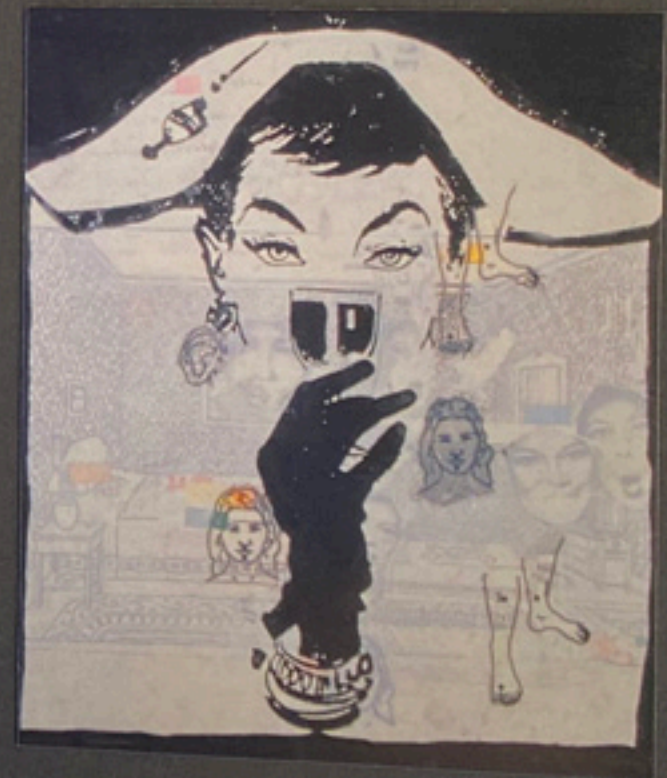
Little girl.
Little one.
I know where
you are hiding.

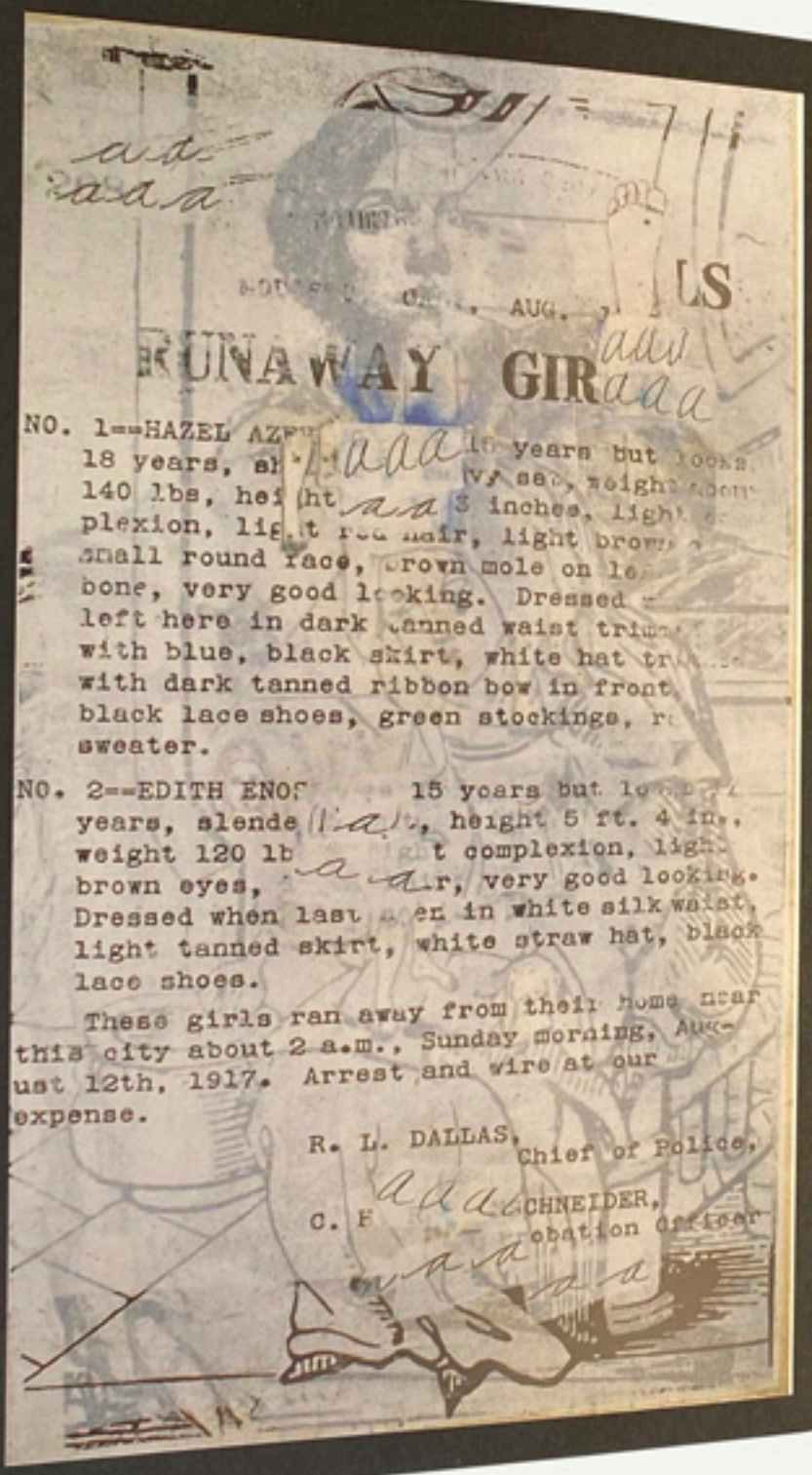
I do.

Do you think
I don't see you?
How easily
you cross
the back lot
and slip into
the cypresses.

Your papa's hands
were light on my back
just there.
In that place.
Where you disappeared to,
where you are now.

What on earth can have possessed them?





RUNAWAY GIRLS

NO. 1--HAZEL AZOFF 16 years but looks 18 years, blonde hair, weight 140 lbs, height 5 ft. 3 inches, light complexion, light red hair, light brown eyes, small round face, crown mole on left cheekbone, very good looking. Dressed when last seen in dark tanned waist trimmer with blue, black skirt, white hat trim with dark tanned ribbon bow in front, black lace shoes, green stockings, red sweater.

NO. 2--EDITH ENOS 15 years but looks 17 years, blonde hair, height 5 ft. 4 in., weight 120 lb, light complexion, light brown eyes, very good looking. Dressed when last seen in white silk waist, light tanned skirt, white straw hat, black lace shoes.

These girls ran away from their home near this city about 2 a.m., Sunday morning, August 12th, 1917. Arrest and wire at our expense.

R. L. DALLAS, Chief of Police,
C. F. SCHNEIDER, Probation Officer

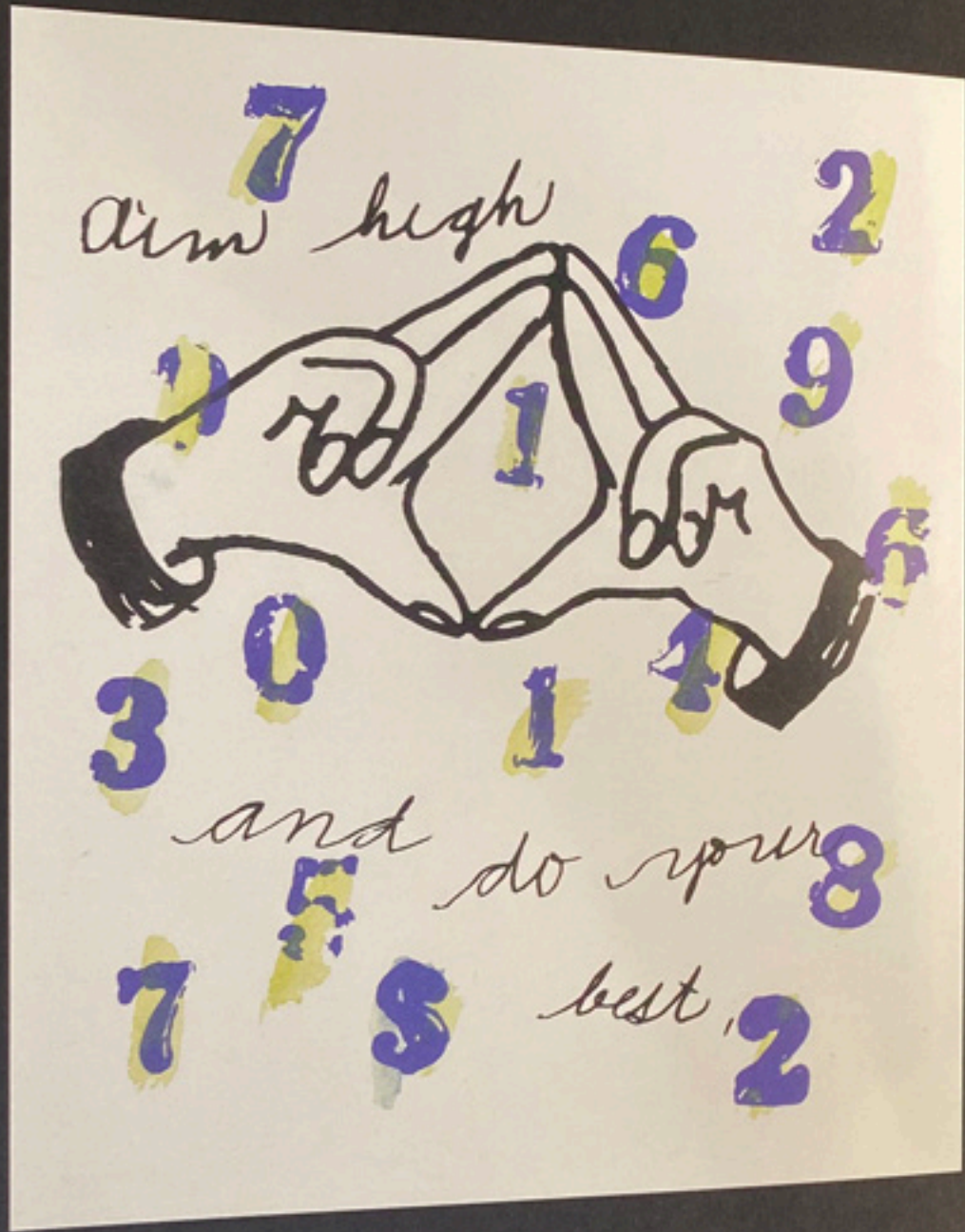
There's a poster up of us.

Where?

All over. Round the market mostly.

What's it say?

Says: Arrest them. Says: Very good looking.



Yes. I taught them both.
What can you tell us about them?
They are good girls.
And very good looking, I gather.
Are they? They are girls to me. Girls who loved to read.
Ah. I see. Read.

Read it again.

Which one?

The red one. The little red one with the thick pages.

Put your head in my lap, then,
and close your eyes. Pretend--
you are my own love
come to take me off.



Let's us think of a story.

We are a story.

We are?

This is our story.



But, how can it be?

Be what?

A story.

How can it be a story?

How can it be a story if it's not written down?



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