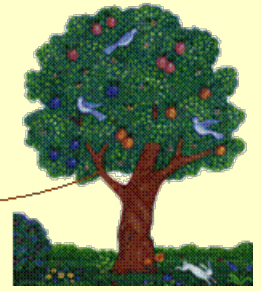
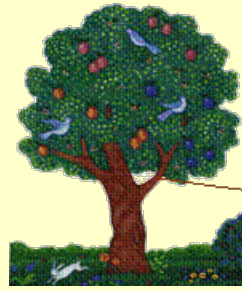


The Clothesline Project

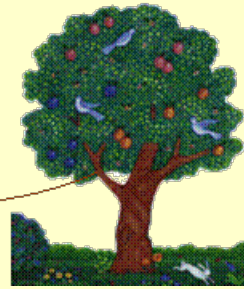
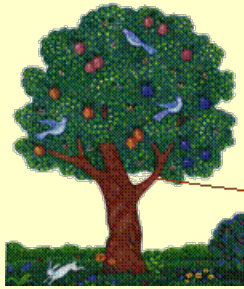


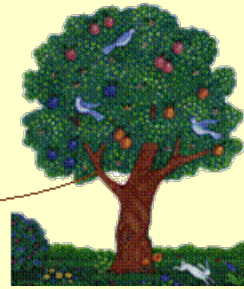
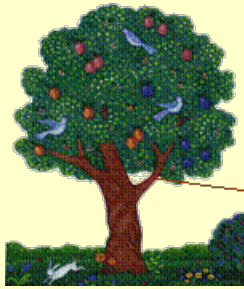
The Clothesline Project is a method for victims and survivors of sexual assault to voice their assault in a unique way. Each shirt placed upon the clothesline is created by the survivor and can include words, artwork, and personal design. The Clothesline Project can be an educational tool for people who visit one of the many Clothesline Projects throughout the country. It also can be a healing tool for anyone making a shirt to place on display. Much like the *Old Survivor by the Sea* poem, where the survivor placed her hate and grief upon the hook and sinker, the Clothesline Project allows the survivor to cast their hate and grief upon the shirt, then hang it upon the clothesline and walk away. The Clothesline Project also serves the purpose of allowing those suffering in silence to realize they are not alone. The first Clothesline Project was completed in October 1990 in Hyannis, Massachusetts. On a village green, 31 shirts were displayed as part of a "Take Back the Night" rally. The idea kept growing and a national response brought the Clothesline Project from a single, grassroots event into a national campaign. Today, there are an estimated 500 Clothesline Projects with over 50,000 shirts on display around the world.

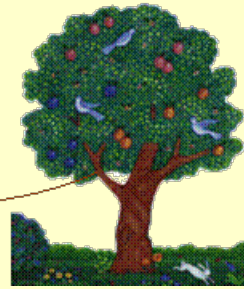
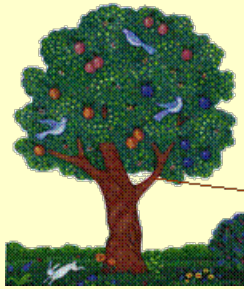
Our Clothesline Project was created by local victims and survivors of sexual assault, and a sampling of it is now available on-line. From time to time, the Clothesline Project is also on display within the community.

Caution: Because of the nature of this healing tool, some of the shirts may be graphic in wording. However, to censor the voices of survivors is to turn our backs upon them. We will not compromise the integrity of their voices.









I Thought I Was to **BLAME**
That night YOU caused me so much
SHAME
YOU RAPED me **SILENT**
Twice that night **NO** **LONGER**
In My home
In My bed
Laying there I realized
a Part of Me was **dead**
At 16 yrs Old Who do you tell?

FEAR
PAIN

They say 
I'm sorry
It won't happen again
But....
It **ALWAYS**
DOES

