Sheared

Deeper In Debt

Behind Closed Doors
"I cleaned, I polished, I washed, I cooked. I took care of their children. 24 hours a day...24/7. The lady of the house, she accused me of stealing. For any mistake, she beat me. They gave me only scraps to eat. I wasn't allowed much of anything really. I wasn't allowed to use the phone or go out. I was paid 50 cents a day. The Mister said he was sending the rest of my pay to my family. It was a lie. I was just their slave."
– Indian woman trafficked to Dubai

WE
ARE
WORKERS
NOT
SLAVES

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"We tried to work using symbols that weren't too clichéd. To make them more figurative, like the bushes that workers were harvesting extended from chains.... It makes you think.
Art is effective because when you see a whole bunch of colors and you see a couple of different images, it can make you feel a certain way about a topic."
- Raymond Reyes, Student Artist

WE ARE WORKERS NOT SLAVES
WHAT YOU SEE...

Don't close your eyes. Don't walk away.
Call 1-888-373-7888 if you see workers who:
- Appear to live in poor conditions in cramped quarters
- Seem timid or afraid
- Never speak with you alone
- Respond to questions with seemingly scripted answers
- Cannot provide their passport or ID
- Bear signs of physical abuse
- Are unpaid or paid very little
Report your suspicions to the National Human Trafficking Resource Center 24-hour hotline:
1-888-373-7888
ARTWORKS FOR FREEDOM

27 MILLION
Bought & Sold

Bought & Sold:
Voices of Human Trafficking
ARTWORKS FOR FREEDOM
THE EXHIBITION
THE ARTIST
KAY CHERNUSH
Lucy's Left Ear
TICKETS
TICKETS
ERNST & YOUNG

#1 IN U.S.
Hilton Garden Inn
Barcode
"It was a big club. 180 women, three girls to a room. We were forced to go with a certain number of men everyday – keep them happy, keep them drinking, have sex with them. If we didn't meet the quota, our 'debt' went up. There was no escape. The club owner had some kind of relationship with the police. It was like being kidnapped, except that we were the ones paying the ransom.
– Brazilian woman trafficked first to Surinam, then to the Netherlands.
First the Dream, Then the Nightmare
KNOW THE SIGNS
PUT YOURSELF IN THEIR SHOES