

You are raped. You are raped five blocks away from a police station, just a mile from your house. (Suzanne Lacy, 1977, 2012). You are raped, and the abstraction of the term “rape” fails always to explain it, not an event, but a color through which you now see the world (Sue Williams, 1992). You are raped, and found only later, stripped from the waist down and bent over a table (Ana Mendieta, 1972). You are raped, and police photography sees no difference between your body and the broken-into door (Cindy Sherman, 1981). You are raped, and your campus police officer asks what you were wearing when the incident occurred. (Tracey Emin, 1963). You are raped and, despite his assumptions, you did not secretly enjoy it (Leslie Labowitz-Starus, 1977, 2012). You are raped, yet you are the one criminalized. (David Wojnarowicz, 1983). You are raped, and later you are told you should have yelled “fire.” (Nancy Spero, 2010). You are raped. You are pursued by a stranger whose language you do not speak, through the streets of city whose language you do not speak. You find no empathy in the faces of others, no empathy running into traffic. You seek the safety of your home, but you cannot shut the door (Yoko Ono, 1969). You are raped in your own bed. Your bedroom cannot be made to stay inside. (Emma Sulkowicz, 2014). You are raped, and your rapist shares your bed. (Donna Ferrato, 2011). You are raped, and you wear the rape as a black eye for two months (Nan Goldin, 1984). Your grandmother was raped, and you wear the rape on your skin your whole life (Kara Walker, 2007). You are raped, and you have your daughter to show for it (Faith Wilding, 1979). You are raped, and your rape has a hashtag (Andrea Bowers, 2014). You are raped, and its particularities begin to bore you, though you have never yet told anyone about it (Judy Chicago, 1972). You are raped, and you count among its extant inconveniences the expectation that you have to teach, or help.

Writing can do something that image-making cannot: use the second person. Above is a list of artworks that mostly use the first and the third. But their strategies have something in common. Ana Mendieta puts her body in the place of another’s. So does Cindy Sherman. They make themselves the victim of rape and murder, taking empathy as their starting place, from, and then beyond, *it could have been me*. Suzanne Lacy draws chalk outlines of the body on the sidewalk to mark where rapes occurred. Kara Walker traces the body’s contours, the archetypes for mythic scenes. The shape of the body in these works is a placeholder for specificity. A form of address, a syntax to hold an absent

pronoun, in which so many particularities of *she* converge to become an abstract *her*, or even, *it*. Leslie Labowitz-Starus broadcasts rape culture's presiding myths on signs made as clothing to be worn in public space. Faith Wilding's "Forced pregnancy" and "Rape" dresses are their domestic twin. In using clothes as a medium, Labowitz-Starus and Wilding make their work inhabitable, hailing to an inevitable *us* to take them up, or put them on. The dance all of these artists do evokes something language calls "person." We might call their efforts "depersonalization." Or, in other words, "solidarity."

CamLab's *With Respect to...* takes this dance of subject position as the methodology for exhibition making, and takes exhibition making as the methodology for the production of knowledge around rape and sexual assault. Of course, the phrase "with respect to" indebts their work to a host of antecedents (artist, activist, and human) as much as the ellipsis reveals much is yet to come. Like their approach, the phrase is deferent but frank. With that same careful determination, the exhibition makes its invitations, establishing parameters under which it is impossible not to feel implicated, positioning its audience along the poles of participation on the one hand and self-reflection on the other. Reaching out to that second person, CamLab reminds us what social practice was always supposed to be for.

Restaging a history of art-making around rape and sexual assault in an exhibition-in-miniature produced in a workshop with Occidental students, CamLab performs a critical, feminist genealogy of the canon, pressing into the radical potential of curation. What emerge through this largely unwritten history are essential artistic strategies of address, which access the political potential of art, and ground CamLab's participatory modes, form following the urgent necessity of the content. In the context of the exhibition, CamLab places this work at the center of a room they call "The Regaurding Room" a pun on encountering and shoring up resources as well as the stewardship, or care, that curation implies.

Research is given a dedicated space in the exhibition, a "Searching Center," highlighting once again CamLab's participatory methods of looking back and their insistence on the present relevance of the past. "Holding Hearing Court" names the activation of research across the hall, where wooden sculptures double as podiums. Resting on each, participants will find a binder of texts, xeroxes, print-outs, and scrawls, which they can choose to deliver as an address to the

room. “Holding Hearing Court” is three puns in one: CamLab’s stage holds you and your body, as much as provides a place to stand; listening is material, stuff to fill your hands; court can be both judicial and celebratory. In this context, the oft-claimed divide between theory and practice, or even theory and praxis, makes little sense. CamLab reminds us that the investigative protocols for research and reading require the body get involved, that one dances the dance of subject position in an encounter with the voice of another. The exhibition has no beginning or end; the objects are like open palms.

I’ll end in the “The Regaurding Room,” where the exhibition-in-miniature is an exact, architectural model of the gallery it is housed in. The gesture is a swift kick of the site-specific: Occidental college, currently undergoing a Title IX lawsuit for its handling of sexual assault. Some diagrams have an orienting function. Remember: you are here.