

A statement

When it comes to describing psychological and physical pain that belongs to others, it is often preferable to say fewer words, rather than more. For there are experiences in life that can only be whispered when the home is destroyed or not safe anymore, and it is not true that *the art for the art* must always imply immunity. When I started theorizing the project *Who Owns the Land*, I was driven by an unstoppable quest for understanding the dynamics laying behind the psychological traits and creative practices of artists with politicized (willingly or not) backgrounds. During all the years I studied Psychology, Art, and Politics, I was sure I would have found something. Something valuable. Something precious to dig out from the magnitude of concepts such as war, colonialism, political persecution, torture, fear, and censorship, that could have flourished from the atrocity of these circumstances and highlight the most delicate side of the human soul, the artistic one. However, when I had the idea to conceptualize an exhibition addressing the relationship between these artists and their motherland - and I wasn't the first nor I'll be the last trying to do so - I didn't know what I wanted to say with that. To state, so to speak. But deep inside me, I knew from the very beginning, that I didn't want to say anything. That it wasn't up to me, to comment. That I wouldn't have been able to do so if I tried, out of intellectual honesty. A teacher that I admire once told me that sooner or later I'd have to find my place in this project, meaning I'll have to decide whether I am a curator or not. Truthfully, I reject the role of the curator of this exhibition. The intensity and extraordinary experience reported by the artists involved on this occasion deserve far more than that. More than intellectual speculation, we need to observe. More than personalization, we need to step back as individuals and regroup. For these reasons, it has been my honour to *document* the testimonies gathered here and leave the stage to the attendees of the show, whose artworks have been chosen and described by themselves, biographies included. I could have polished it, I chose not. I embrace the complexity of this large, peculiar, assembly of people and experiences and I feel grateful to have the opportunity to document these stories.

Yours sincerely,
Gloria Campedelli

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