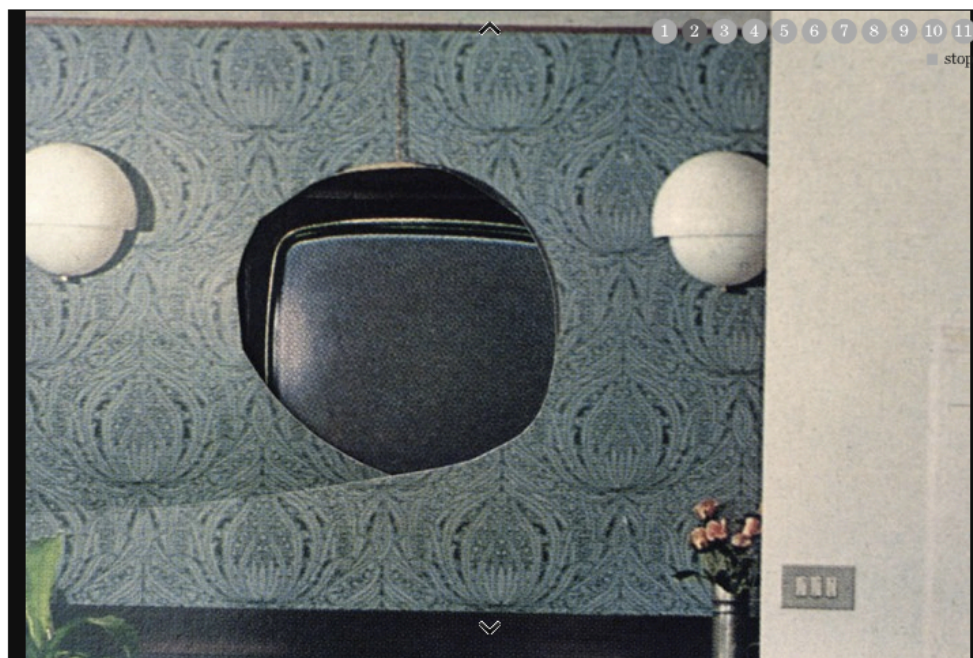


# Taking care the daily life

—Berlin, Martina Della Valle | 9 December 2014

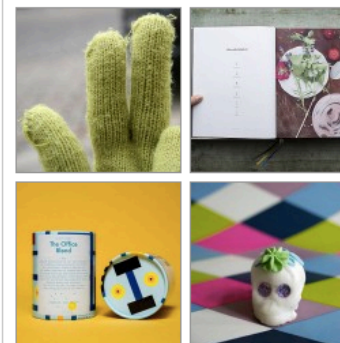


FOOD



A playful day  
between love,  
fruits and sun

## Essen Tastes



Alessandra Spranzi has just open a new exhibition at P420 gallery in Bologna, with the title *Maraviglia*.

What we see in her photography and cutting composition pictures are daily spaces filled with memory. In occasion of the presentation of her new works, we asked to her some thoughts about her poetry and few recurring themes in her research.

**In your opinion, the distinction between photographers and artists using photography is still important today? And what about it in your won work?**

It's important and at the same time old and a little boring. Both the word photographer and the expression artist using photography seem to me, for my work, quite imprecise and I believe that they waste their function. I am not a photographer, but at the same time I am also a photographer. Looking at what I do, it's evident. I am surely too interested in the photographic picture, but sometimes, often, it's enough watching, cutting, editing it simply shooting it again, which is a way to differently see it.

**What's your relation with the pictures you find? Where do you research them, how you chose them and how do you feel about the collecting of photos made by other artists?**

It depends. Sometimes I use to quickly leaf through, without interest, without knowing what I am looking for and what I'll find. It's like having a walk. Sometime I do my research in books or magazines, something already defined, which is there or not. Too often, I don't use the pictures I see and I am interested in. I look at them, they surprise me, but I don't know what else I can do with them, they only make me surprised and charmed about them. I love leafing through quickly, reading some titles or texts, braking, starting again. Really, it's like having a walk, carefully and carelessly. This kind of reading, has regular rhythms and unbelievable results. If I am looking for a specific kid of pics, with precise features, I see and notice only those ones, the others are invisible to my eyes. When I stop to shooting again a photos or cutting a picture, it's because it has got the answers to my questions, formal or narrative, because there it happens something that differently offers itself, upon a different light and possibility. I think materials, images and words, are property of everyone, as the sunrise and the wind. It's not bad giving another opportunity to those forgotten or abandoned things, and I hope to always pay attention and have delicacy, even when I cut, edit, or put together.

**Often your works have a home-location and reflect on small daily events and commune objects. Where is the magic in a broken cup or an abatjour in selling?**

A broken cup may be beautiful or just a broken cup, to be thrown away. It depends on the cup, on the way someone has broken it, or the way I look at it or what it brings, memories and gestures. Sometime I throw it away, and stop. When an object is photographed, beyond the object's qualities, there is a photographic quality, which goes beyond the object itself; watching and choosing a photo is too different from watching and choosing an object: there is yet just one point of view, one only possible distance, one only light, one tone, one incident etc..

**Your work make us think of you as a person who uses to collect commune “things”. What’s the things you love to have around?**

I don't collect anything in particular, but around me there are many things, books, photos, which I care off or different reasons and that are, improperly, my collection. They are moments, pieces of my life, not just things, and I save them from dispersion. Maybe they save me in return, a little. One time I tried to describe what there is on the piece of furniture behind the desk, but it was too difficult. The action of describing, which seems to be an elementary operation, it was more difficult than I had thought. The most part of the things, are pieces of something different from the materials I don't know very well. I try again. A cut from a drawing of Richter, which represents a chair with an impossible parallelepiped, a white cylindrical stern glass with white decorations, broken, with a text inside, the round broken handle of the armchair, two M lead stencils, capital and lowercase, a grey metal peacock a piece of a Coca-cola can, where there is written 'Mamma', a vase of gress with red round shapes and flowers, now unplugged, several photos close to the vase, the only visible one is copy from a steps handbook, a small statue a nativity's sleeping shepherd or traveler, a grey-pottery hand with the painted lines, a paper boat, three paper round shake with zig-zagged borders, a polaroid representing three bottles in disequilibrium inside a light wooden frame, a cylindrical stripes barrel, pieces of golden papers kept by us, children sisters inside a wooden frame qith round corners, a color picture of a rose...

**MARAVIGLIA**

Alessandra Spranzi 22|11|2014 – 31|01|2015

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P420