

# ALESSANDRA SPRANZI

## *EVERY DAY*

I wondered how a space works where people enter in the morning to go to work and leave in the evening, looking up and finding something unexpected on the wall, walls accustomed for several years now to hosting works by different artists. Something to look at, if you wish, every day for many months, something not chosen, unforeseen.

At first it is a surprise; then the new work on the wall becomes ordinary, almost no longer seen. Maybe. Or it becomes a presence, day by day, like a warm handshake or a muttered but insistent question, always slightly different. I don't know.

I thought about something that would make the gaze bounce back from the wall, shifting it, making it follow a different trajectory, or lingering more than was due.

This something is something slightly unusual, a tremor of the image or the form, that urges you to look sideways, or beyond, far away, or behind your back, or to look at your feet to see if your shoe is untied, and needs to be tied again.

Alessandra Spranzi,  
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