

*"Pictures of Her" is about
a fun but equally distressing game played by
a photographer mother and her daughter;
a journey to the subconscious of childhood.*

A GAME of MYSTERY



Porcelain cups inside a spacious room, drenched in daylight, in startling placidity and acceptance. Aimée Hoving is the name behind the image. Her work portrays her inner world as much as it does the story of the model enacting the realm. Despite being captured in different settings, every image in the artist's *Pictures of Her* series features the same mysterious face: that of Hoving's daughter, Flavia.

Born in Belgium in 1978, Hoving has been a resident of Geneva from a young age. She admits that her work bears traces of both cultures and that space is one of her greatest artistic inspirations. The locations in her photographs are either familiar places or settings that jumped out of her childhood memories. The space in Hoving's images occasionally transforms the photograph into the work of a painter. Based on the familiar, the fancied or the dreamt, the spaces recreated by a child's performance become stories which combine Hoving's childhood memories with Flavia's presence and interpretations. This is a lucid game between mother and child, embalmed with a touch of inspiration from Velázquez's portraits or Vermeer's light trickeries.

Hoving graduated from the École Cantonale d'Art de Lausanne (ECAL) with a degree in visual communication and photography. In 2004, she received the Swiss Design Award given to young Swiss talent, in the field of modern design.

The artist also gets the credit for the styling and set design of the worlds she creates, but it's Flavia that also has another important role in this joint effort: naming the photographs. Although the duo often depict unsettling, strange dreams, the childish glee of Hoving's imagination is also visible. *Pictures of Her* acts as a mirror that reflects her world, woven with breath-taking creative images of childhood, the vague distinction between reality and fabrication, and perhaps, her soft-edged fears. A face concealed behind masks, a never-ending game of hide-and-seek, a mysterious theatre that teeters back and forth between the mundane and the cerie. ● ●





Oh!



Maskerade



Tea Time





