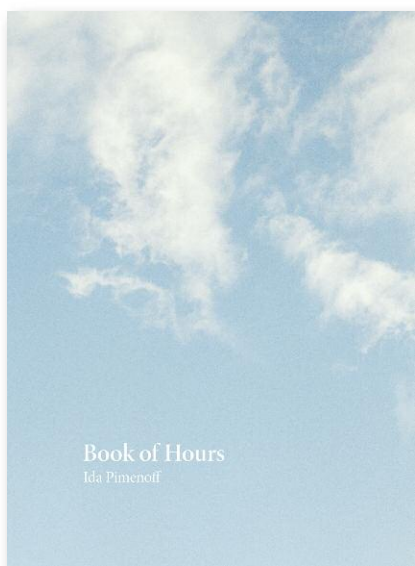




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NEW RELEASE

## *Ida Pimenoff* Book of Hours

Text by Ida Pimenoff  
Designed by Tero Juuti  
Swiss Binding  
15,5 x 21 cm  
128 pages  
50 color ills.  
English  
ISBN 978-3-86828-627-4  
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### Poetic observations and reflections on everyday life

*Book of Hours* is the third photobook by Finnish photographer Ida Pimenoff. In her new work, Pimenoff combines images of everyday life with text: short pieces of fiction, random thoughts, memories. The main theme of the new book is time; the strange paradox that although days, in all their banality, often follow each other in a predictable manner, every single moment is unique. There is no going back. While the work deals with the passing of time, it also deals with memories (both light and dark), dreams, wishes, longing and loss.

The title of the book, which refers to old, medieval, illustrated prayer books, wants to make the viewer pause for a moment, meditate on the mystery of life. Why are we here? What for? Who am I? And: where am I going?

The photography of **Ida Pimenoff** (b. 1977) is characterized by its poetic approach to life. In her work, she is searching for beauty, meaning and the common denominator – the point in which it is possible to recognize yourself in someone else's view, or words. Her work has been shown in numerous solo and group exhibitions in Europe and the US. Her previous photobooks are *Perhaps Loneliness Does Not Exist After All* (2013) and *A Shadow at the Edge of Every Moment of the Day* (2011).

There is a young African man at the bus stop in Croix de Chaveaux. He is dressed in white; loose cotton trousers and a top that's like a tunic of sorts, with some embroidery around the collar. *Bonjour*, he says when I sit next to him on the bench. *Vous venez d'où, Madame?* His accent is heavy, its hard for me to understand. *Je viens de Finlande*, I say. Oh, Thailand, very nice, he says. No, Finland, La Finlande, up north, I explain pointing up with my finger. Thailand, yes, very nice, he repeats and smiles but his eyes are empty.

Where are you from, I ask after a moment's silence. I'm from Chad, he says. How long have you been in France? Oh, Madame, I managed to make it to Europe only two months ago. And how do you find it? Very hard, he says and looks away. In Chad, all I wanted was to get away. Now I'm here, and I have no one. The bus comes but he does not board, he stays on the bench, still looking away. I wave at him from the bus window, but I don't think he sees me.

As the bus starts its slow climb up the hill towards Montreuil I realize that from where he's coming from, his town or village in Chad, Finland and Thailand are probably equally peripheral. For him it's all just the same; it's not home.

From: Ida Pimenoff, *The Book of Hours*

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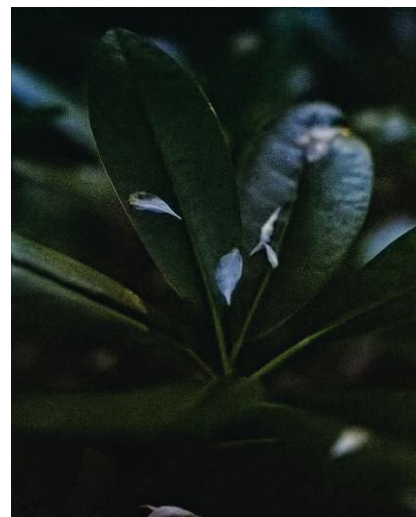
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