

MEAT

OLIVIER PIN-FAT



"Meat"

Olivier Pin-Fat

Published by Void in 2018

500 Photographs

360 Pages

8 Different stock of paper

6 Print techniques

"Meat" (2018) by Olivier Pin-Fat

23,5 x 34 cm
360 Pages

ISBN 978-618-83825-2-7

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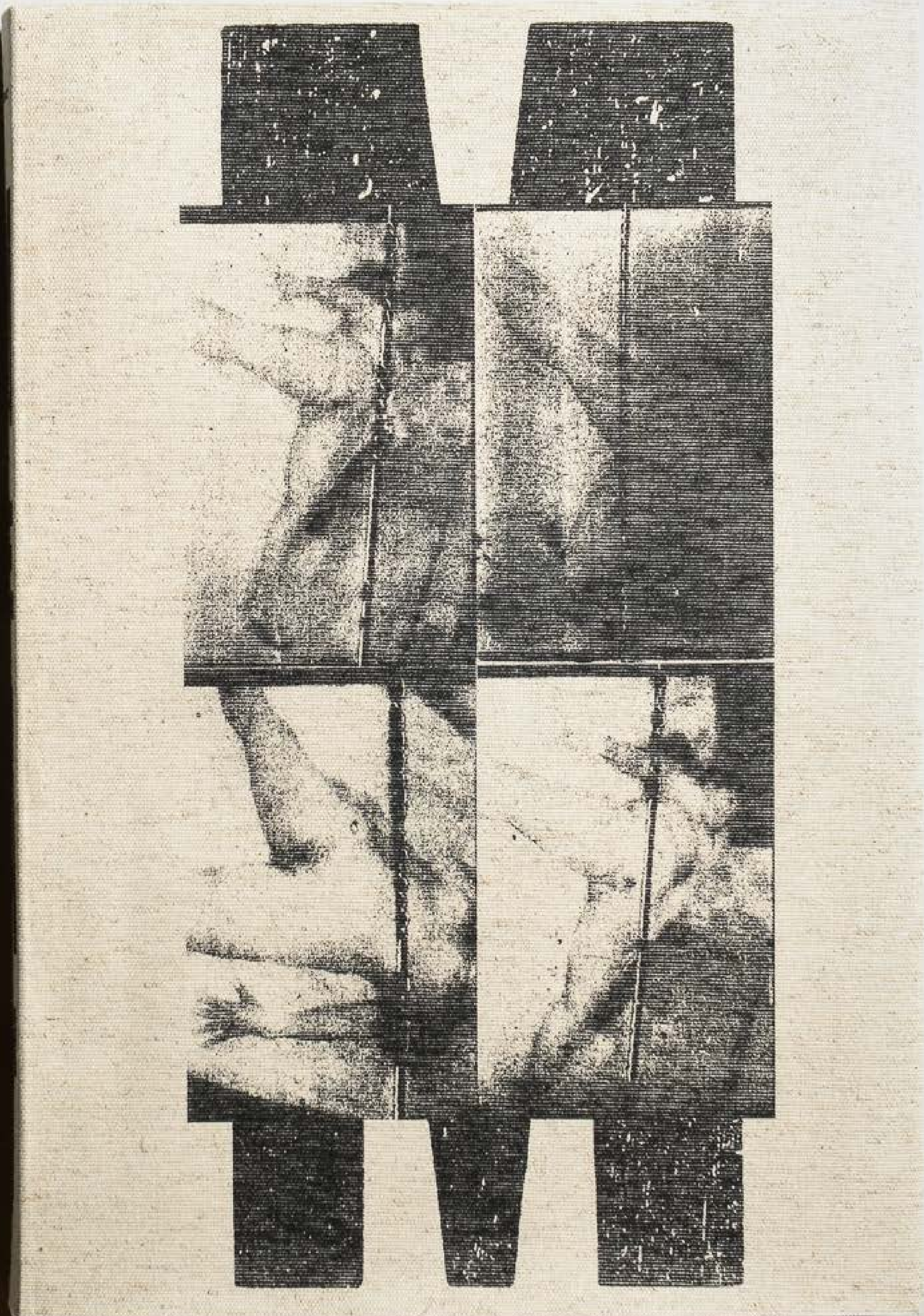
More than 500 photographs

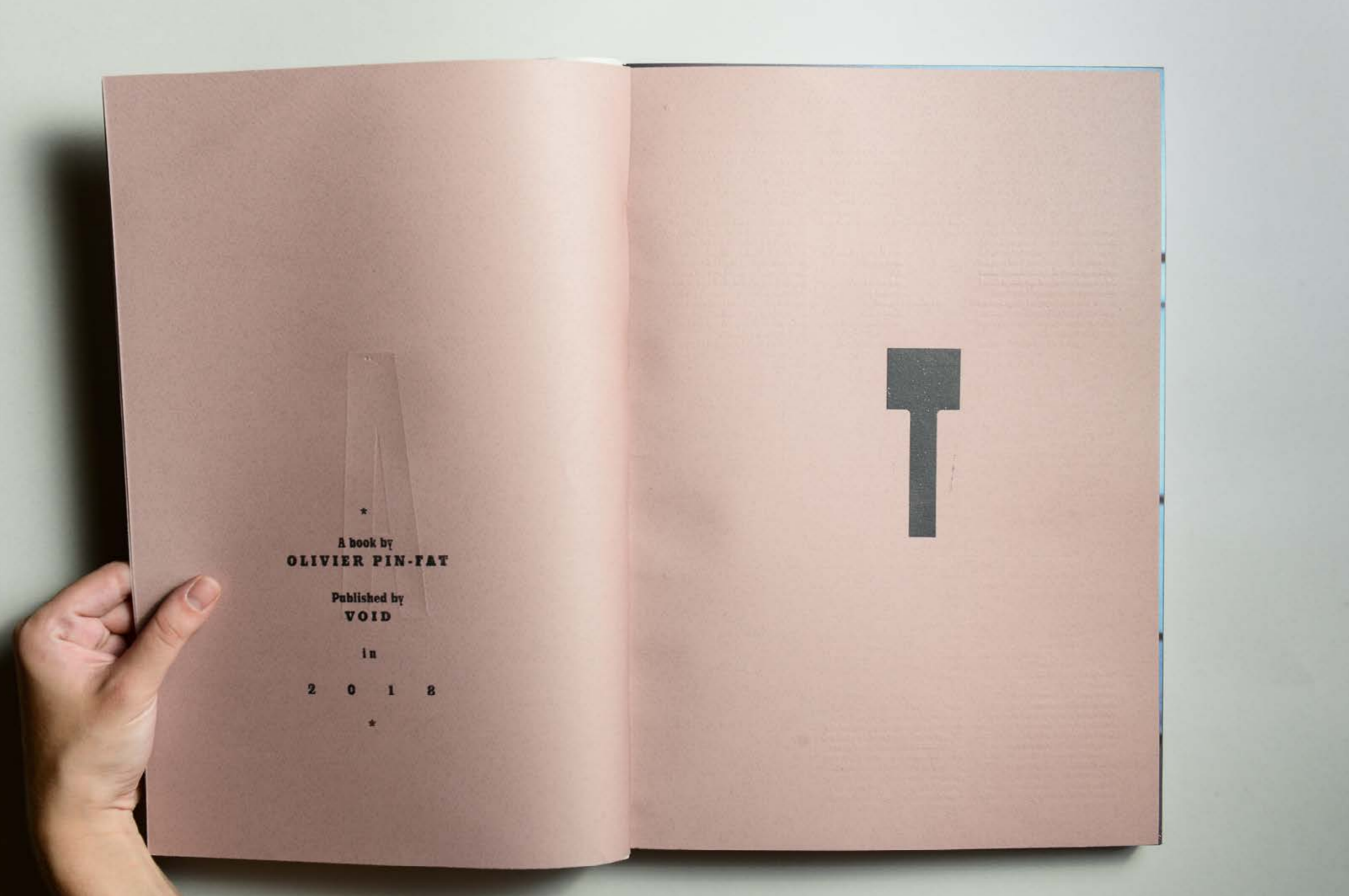
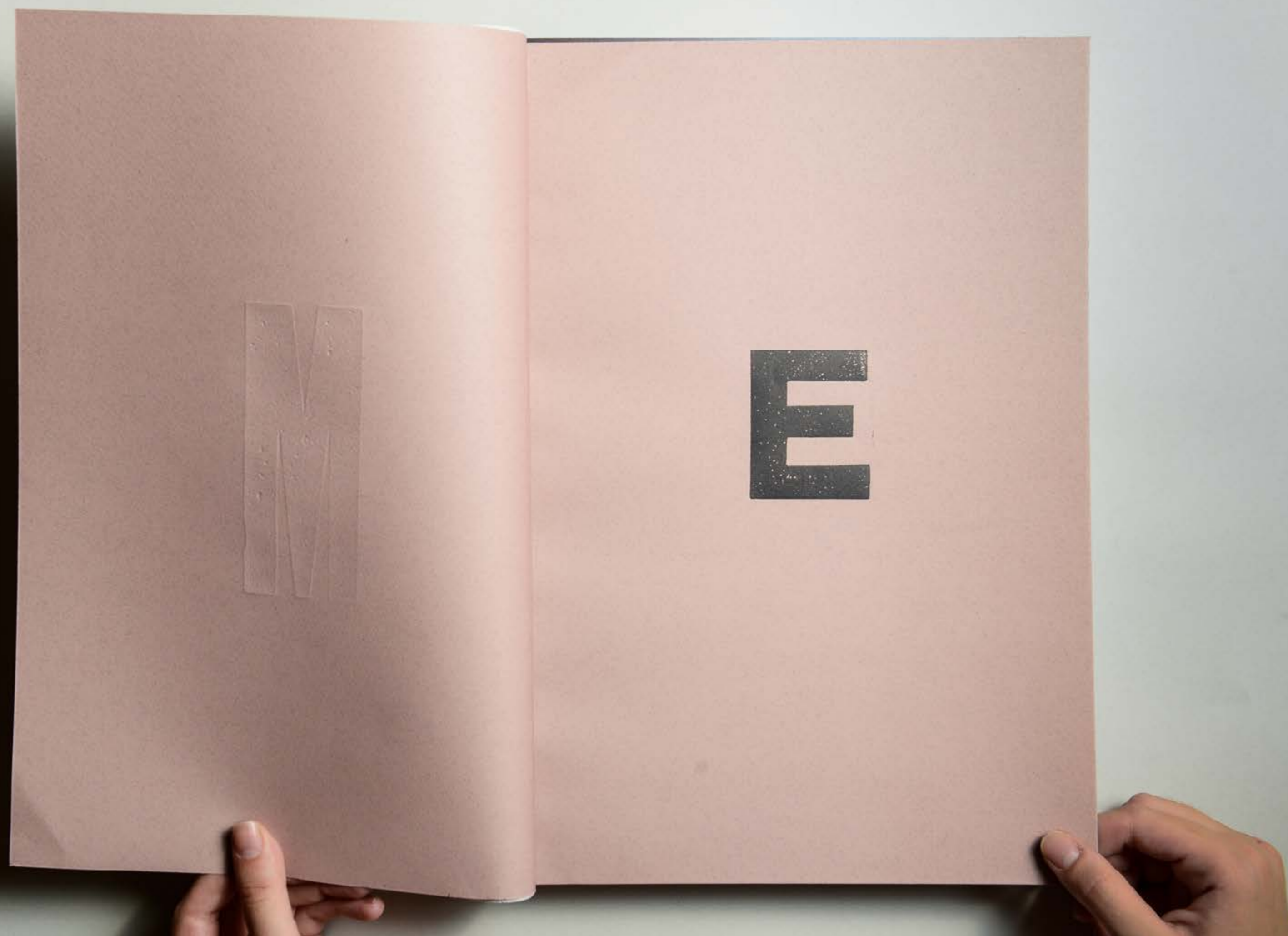
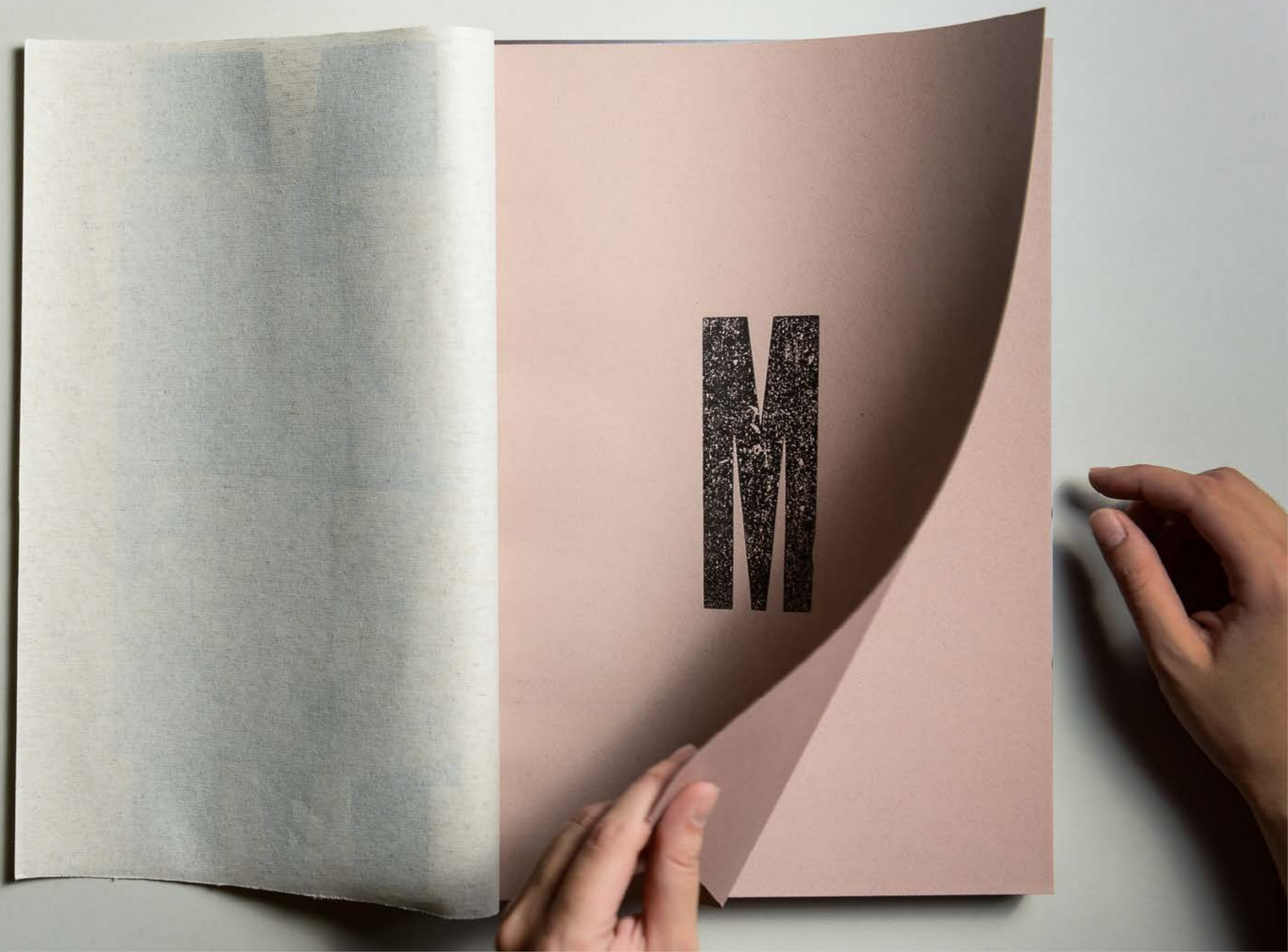
8 different paper stock

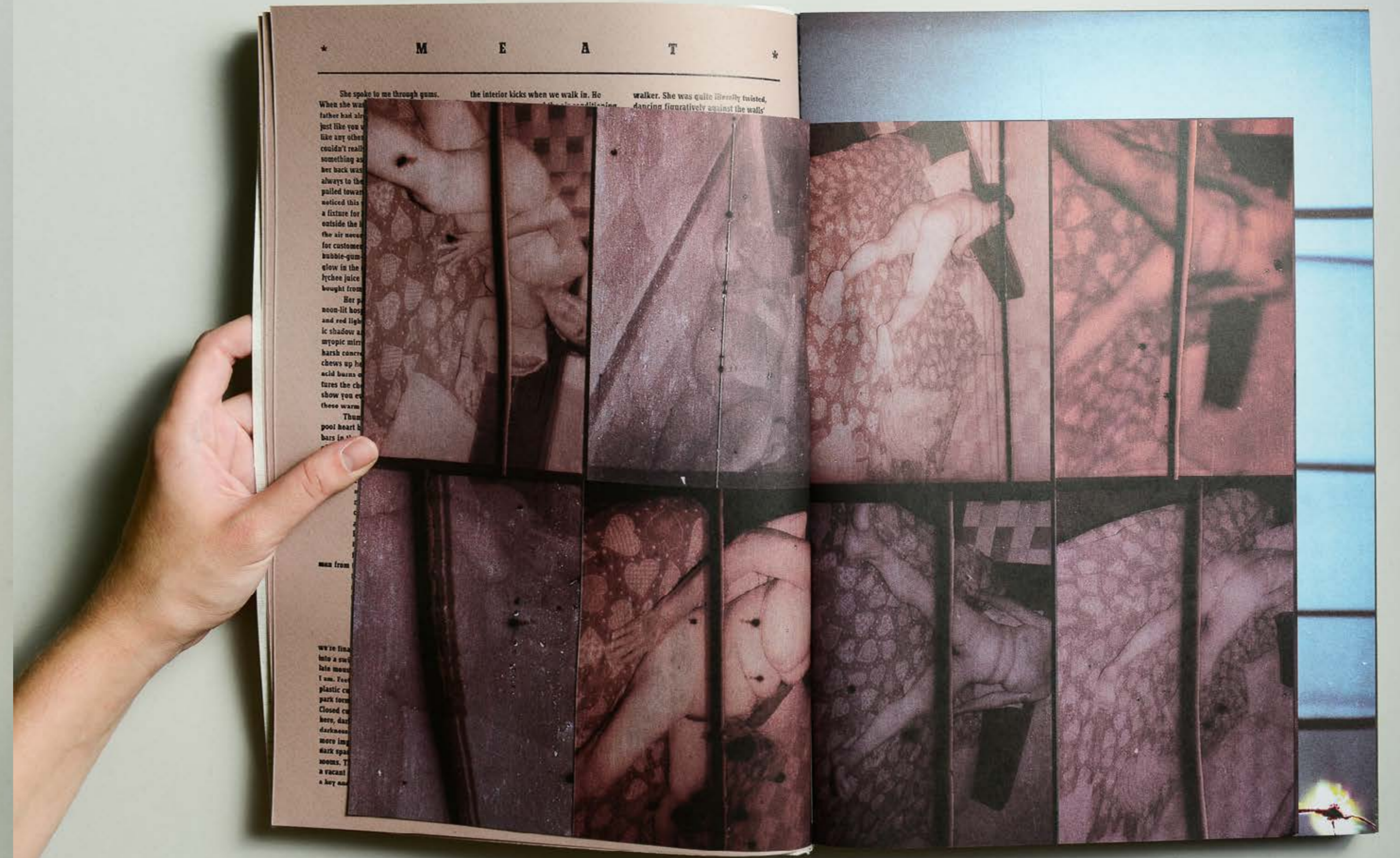
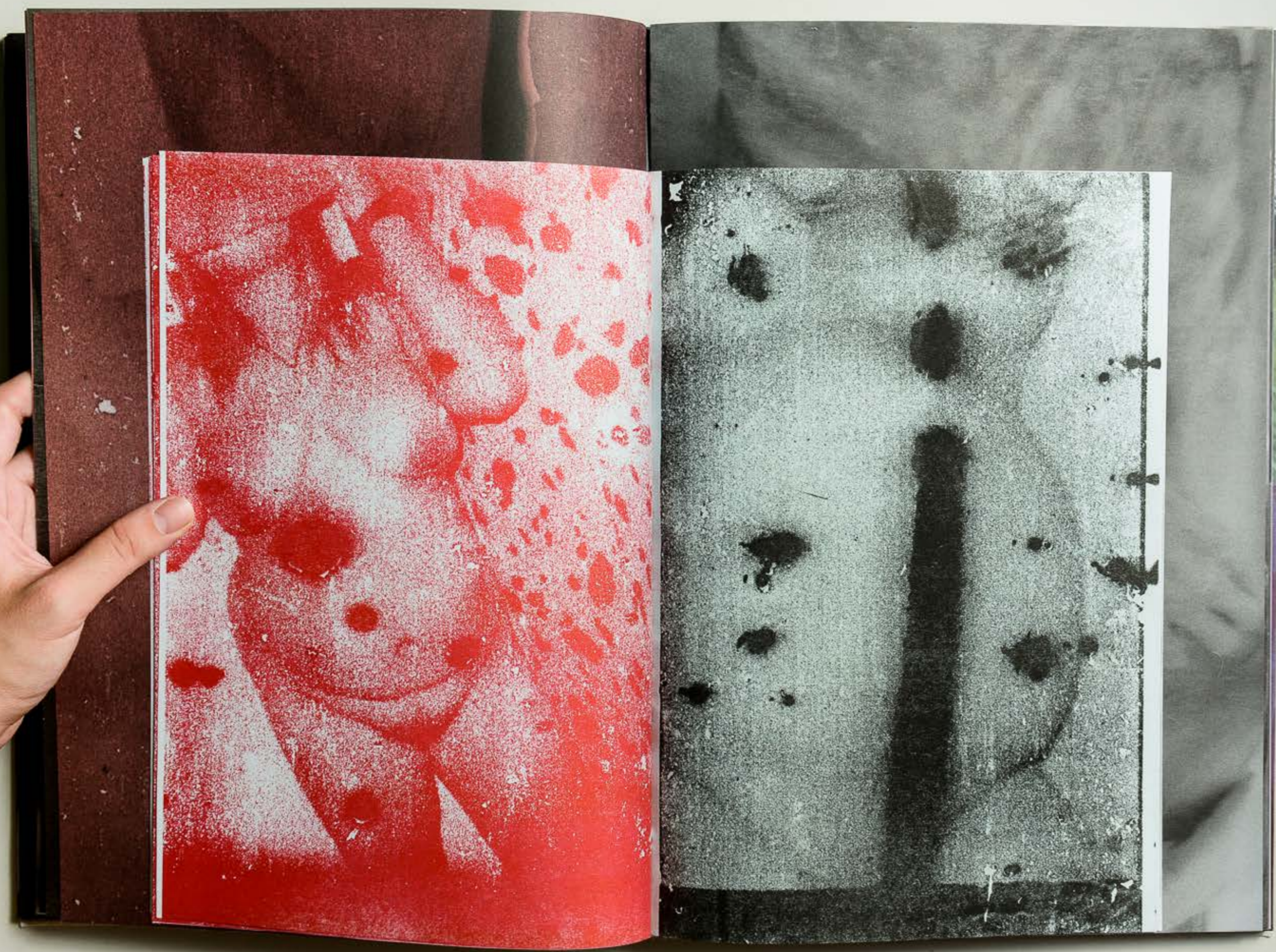
6 different printing techniques

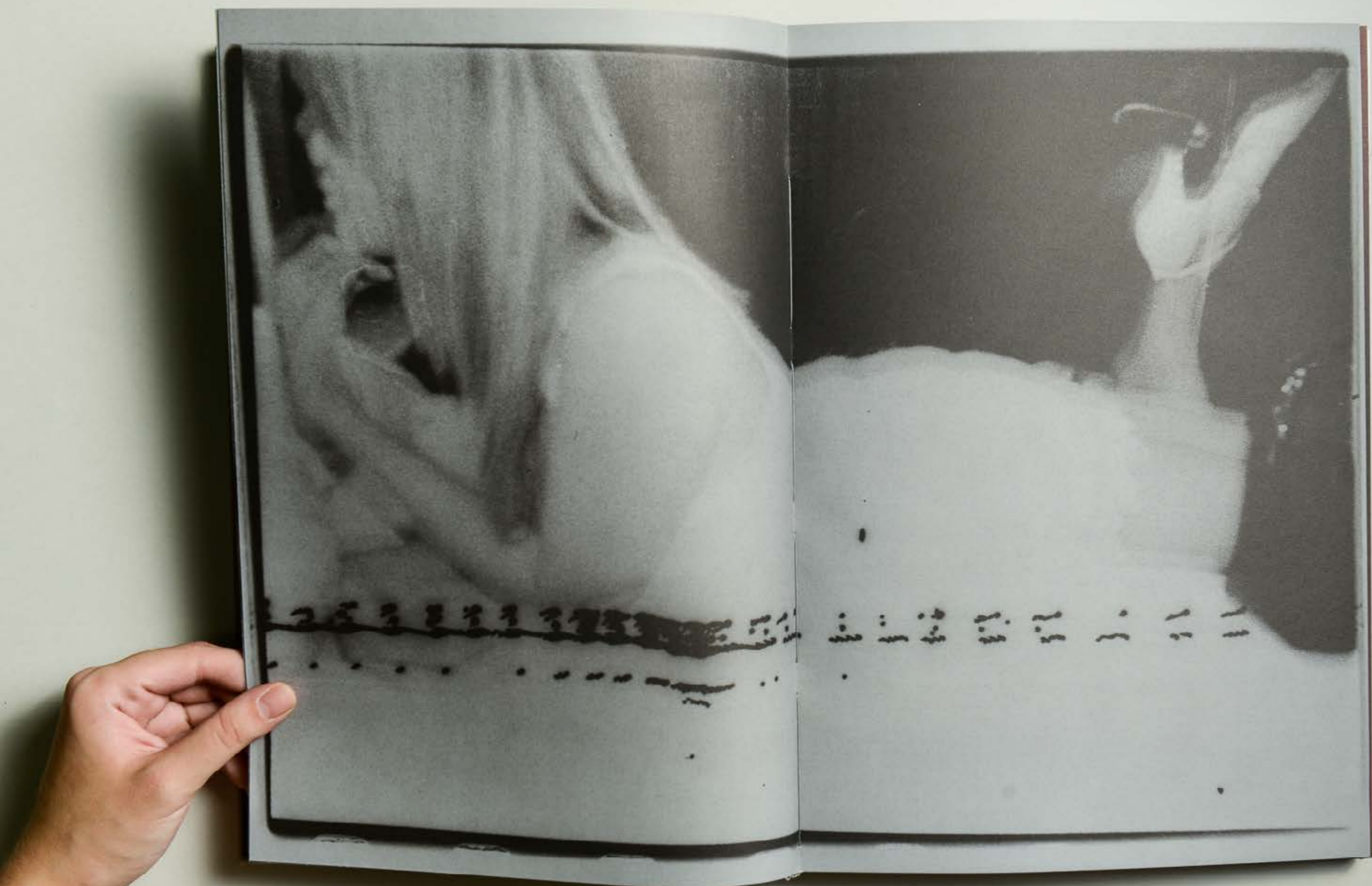
Cloth cover with silkscreen artwork

2 texts by the artist
+ an entr'acte by Brad Feuerhelm









photographed this series on outdated medium format colour films along with 35mm monochrome films of various kinds. My process embraces the accidental, the damage, the entropic surge. The violence and vandalism I inflict on the film throws at me amnesias I can work with but most of the time frames I can't. The vast majority of what photograph is simply 'lost'.

I'm not writing about 'my photography' here, but only the physicality of the materials used that create 'a photography' of sorts. I salvage - image wise - what I can after the tumultuous and harsh processes I put my films through in the darkroom and before I print, and print what's left, what remains from the wreckage, I rummage through the debris. I print what I feasibly can. What's been 'given' to me, and I work on and around the edit from there. Or more precisely, the primary edit that's been done for me. Can I print this? Can I really print that? Is it literally possible in a pragmatic sense to do so in the darkroom? At this stage, not through any serious consideration of aesthetics, but simply to utilize, manipulate a damaged frame on a strip of film that could or may have an interesting place in a sequence. You cook with the very limited ingredients you have. The eye comes in much later, as it was at the very beginning. A 'Bangkok' series like this suits or parallels this visual imperative, this practice that I began embracing in 2002 for personal reasons. The city's frayed, it's choked, it's bestial, it's repetitive, it's looped, it's endless, it's addictive, you smoke it and it smokes you, it's an animal trap, it's compelling chaos, it's bait, it's hunter, it's life and it's doom, it's all teeth and jowls - a place to get lost in and in so doing have segments or steaks of meat bitten and torn out of you forever, or if not pieces, then your entirety.

This work is broken also. The scratches on the negatives are random, they're not forced or designed, it's not artifice, it comes from when I hang wet film and stroke the negatives all the way down in a streak with two fingers to get excess water off for more effective drying after a painfully rigorous developing process for the emulsions. There I am wiping black wet flakes (pieces of silver-side) onto my trousers constantly during these drying times. All my negatives swinging on the line like dripping entrails are so dark I can't see any of the frames when I hold them up to the light although I'm hungry to. It's strange to see much of your work in black fragments on your fingertips and under your nails. The film is melting.

The problem was, with this particular series, when I returned to Italy and started to develop my films in the darkroom, I didn't fully realize the room wasn't completely light tight. I continued loading film in a twilight zone that I thought to be pitch dark. Many of my rolls came out fogged as a result of a gap in the top of the blacked out window where sunlight was projecting itself onto the ceiling above. I didn't notice this until it got worse and worse and was slowly becoming cinematic, but by then it was too late - light subtly burning my film (for a second time) as they were being wound into the tank's reels. My entire editing process after this 'mistake' - or fogging - was based around what frames I could actually see over a light source to even think about editing. Most strips of film or uncut negatives were so dark, dense and impenetrable - I had to use a high-powered spotlight torch to see through them. My light box was just firing black blanks into my eye loupe. I couldn't even see where to cut the frames properly. I divided what I felt I could feasibly print, without ridiculously long exposures in the darkroom, and what I couldn't. Even what I could, the fiber-base papers I use would need a minimum 9 odd minute enlarger exposure with a fully opened lens for an image to appear on it. Burn out. Drink a beer instead. Try again. Drink another beer. And another. Change the dead enlarger light bulb. Try again. One more beer, my darkroom was becoming like a bar. I was forced to scan the rest as 'negatives'. There were a few rolls that were so fogged, the silver halides so condensed, that even the negative scanner couldn't digest the frames and rejected them. The computer screen just blasted out atomic whites. No detail. No form, just emptiness and death-void coming from the other side. So I tried scanning them on the flatbed glass, as a document, as I would prints, and finally got some results, some semblance of an image. These are almost entirely 'black' in the book - as they're scanned as positives, as documents - but again, this wasn't my intention at all either. The series is a culmination and liquidized assemblage, a collage or layering of all of these processes. It's not an accident waiting to happen, it's a gathering of the detritus and a collecting of the remains from a crash that's already occurred. These photographs from Bangkok were 'taken' in February 2017 with the exception of a handful from January 2016. They were 'made' soon afterwards in Italy.



MEAT

A book by Olivier Pin-fat,
painfully handcrafted & published by Void.

“Meat” is primarily about Body-Form, deformation, the flesh, the carnal. How all matter decays, transforms itself from one form to another and ultimately disintegrates into ash. Stacks of bone shards and ash, the human remains after cremation, appear like hotel pillows ready for laundry on a factory line in the morning. Biographies exist, momentarily, within slabs of frying flesh like gristle, fat, nerve or bone whilst the landscape looms outside, this endless city, ever present, howling like a beast to chew you up and spit you out disfigured once more, or swallow you up completely once you emerge from this illusory sanctuary.

THE BOOK

“Meat” consists of 28 signatures printed in 6 different printing techniques: Offset, Silkscreen, Letterpress, Photocopy, Digital printing, Risograph, using 8 different paper stocks.

Each copy of “Meat” will be painfully hand-bound by Void team.

Hand-binding 250 copies of a book this complex will last for several months, and each copy will be unique: dated and signed by the person who produced it.

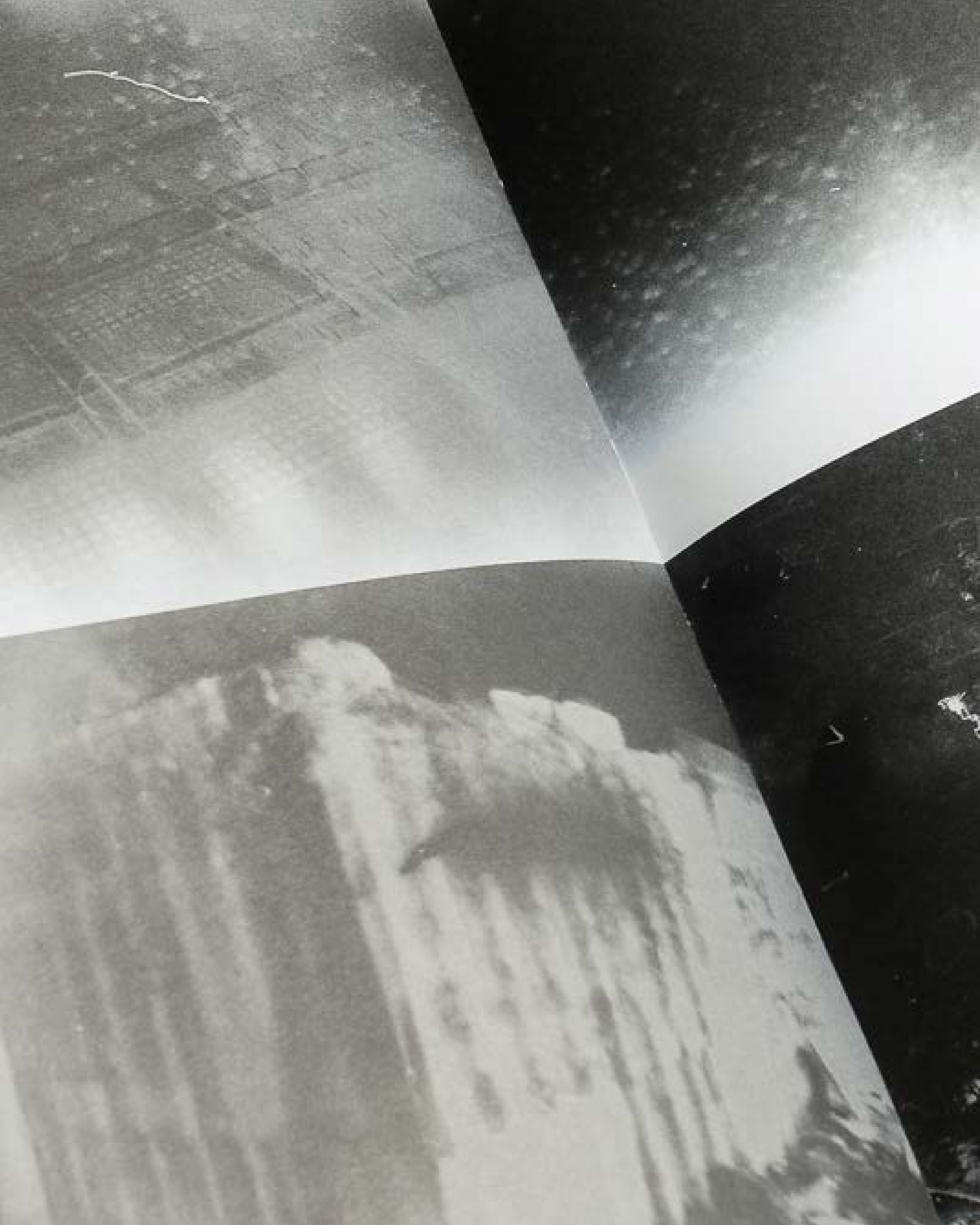
“Meat” brings together more than 500 Olivier Pin-Fat’s photographs, and 2 of his texts: one about the project and context of “Meat”, the other, about his approach to photography.

As an invited artist displaying his very personal view on the project, the book comes with an entr’acte by Brad Feuerhelm: “The Bleach at the End of the Bottle Tastes Just as Nice”

In Olivier’s words: “Brad’s text spins my work on its head, then spins it in the opposite direction simultaneously whilst raising questions about how we look at or read images, what porn is or not, where the fine line between the gratuitous and resonant lies, where placement really is, what is real or isn’t, what is art or isn’t, what direct and unsentimental representation can mean through the eyes of certain practitioners, what mirrors what (violence, to the negative/material) or vice versa [...] It runs in parallel with my work, although at a tangent, and in the end elevates it. Much of the conversation pieces btw are Brad and i chatting on messenger.”



"Meat" by Olivier Pin-Fat



THE COLLECTOR'S EDITION

This Collector's Edition of "Meat" is the handmade edition + a print made in the darkroom by Olivier Pin-Fat.

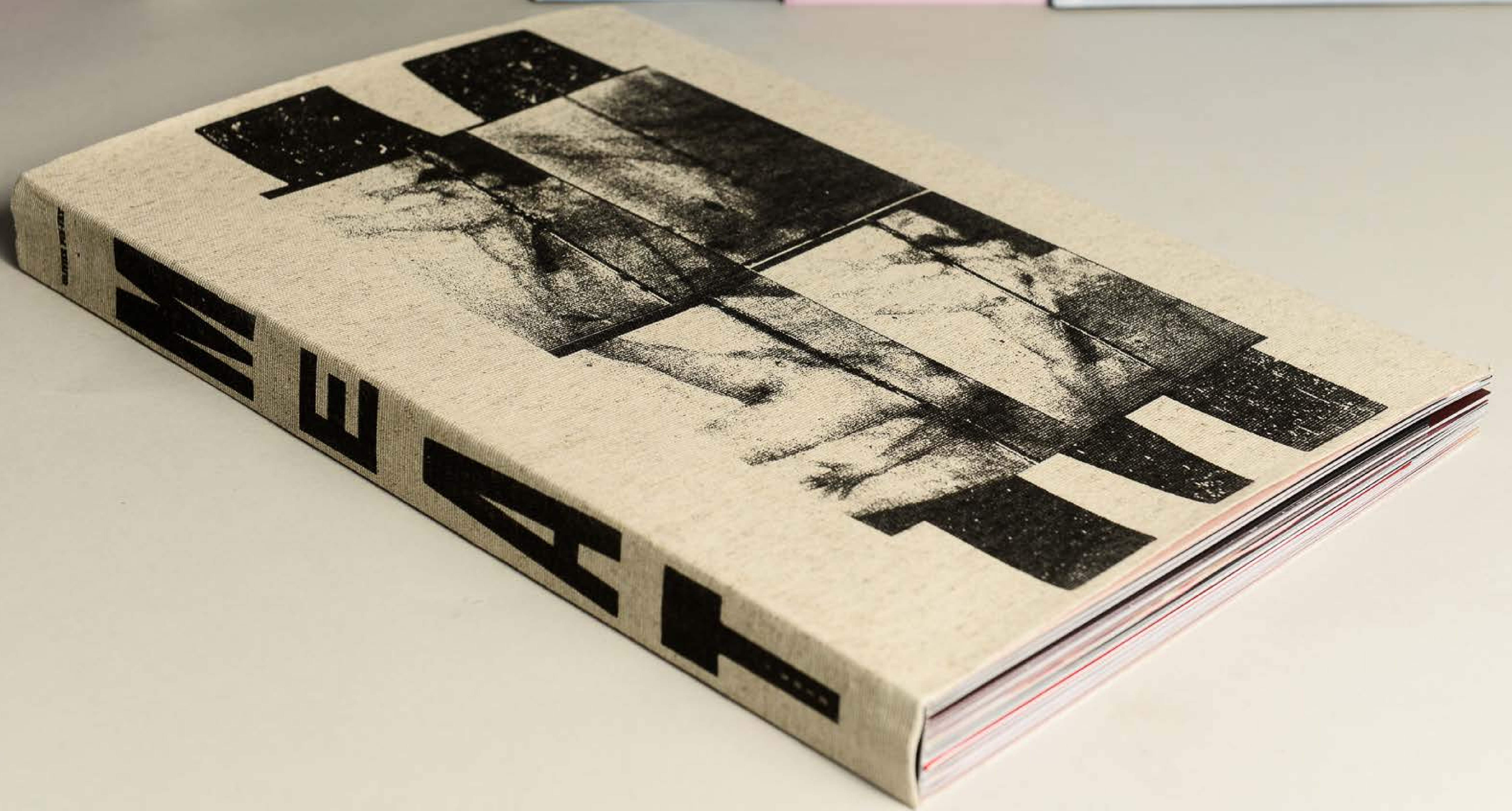
Only 20 Collector's Edition copies were made, and each one comes with a unique artwork, so no copy has the same photograph. That makes those editions very unique. The run of each photo will be 5, and the book's print will come with the 1/5 of those editions.

The Collector's Edition comes wrapped in crops of the actual offset aluminium plates used to print the book.









"Meat" Collector's Edition (2018)
by Olivier Pin-Fat

Numbered Limited Edition of 20 copies

Each issue comes with a different print

The unique darkroom prints are done by the artist in an edition of 5, being the collector's print the number 1 of each series

Wrapped in crops of the actual offset aluminium plates

23,5 x 34 cm
360 Pages

More than 500 photographs

8 different paper stock

6 different printing techniques

Cloth cover with silkscreen artwork

2 texts by the artist
+ an entr'acte by Brad Feuerhelm

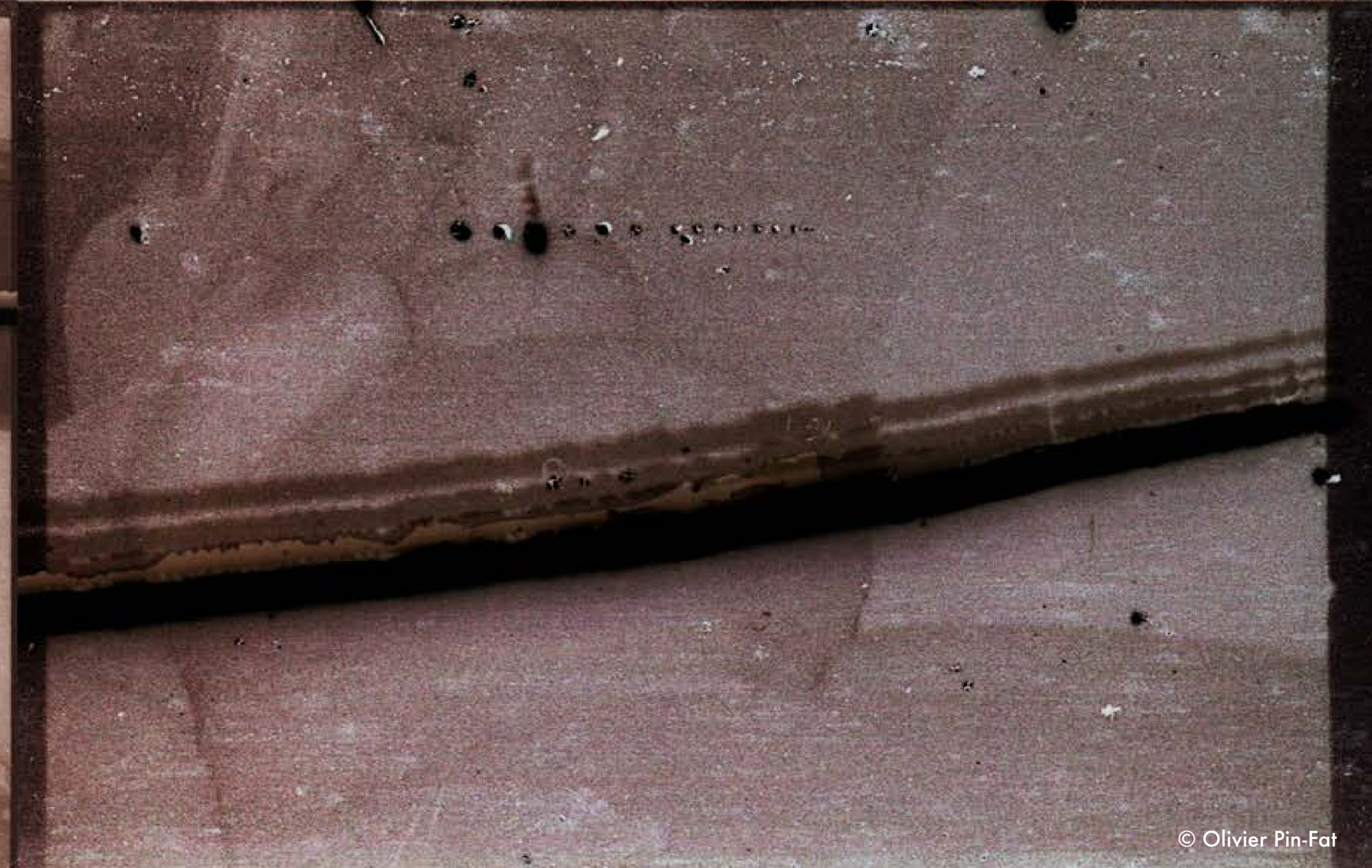
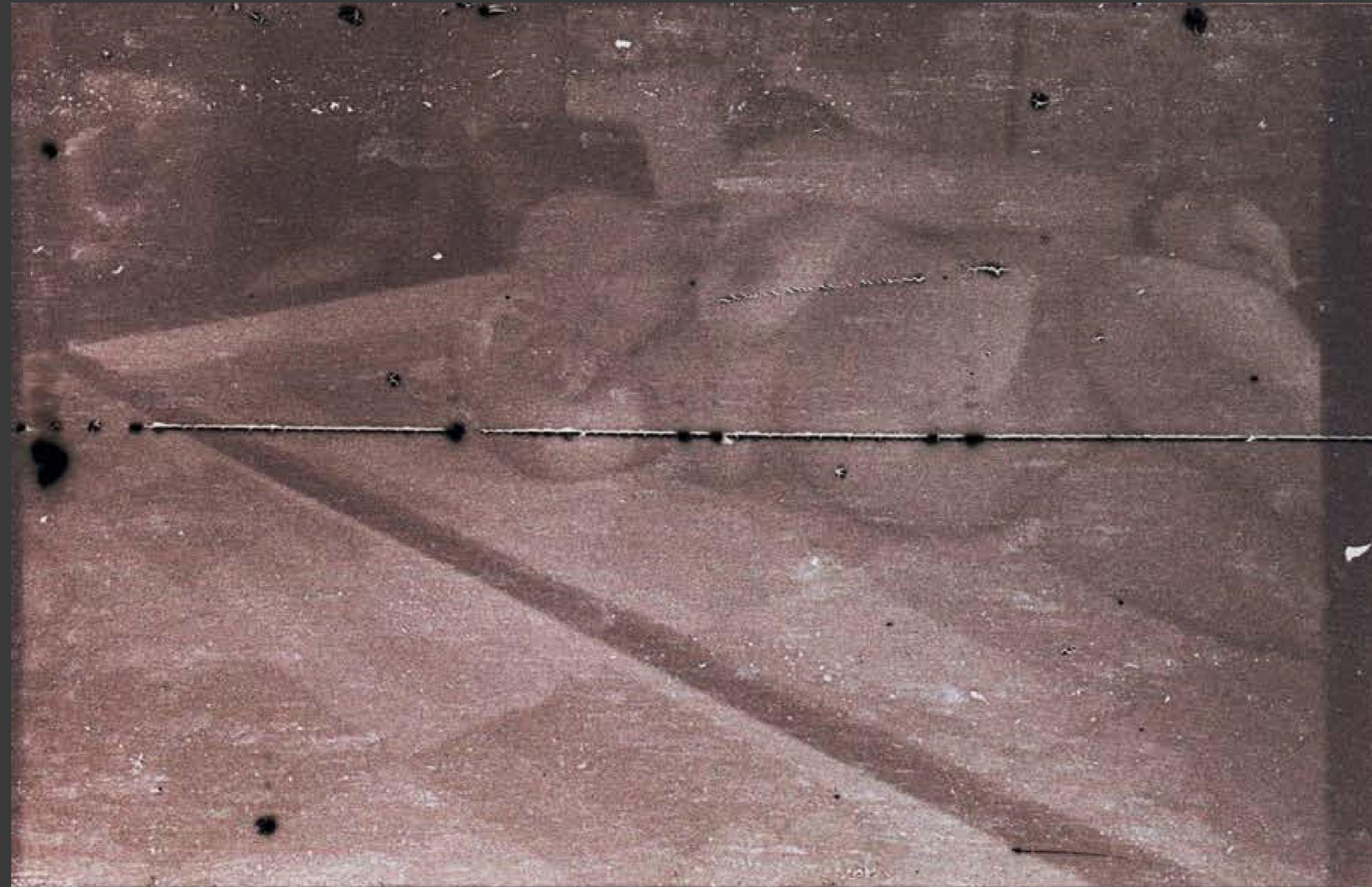
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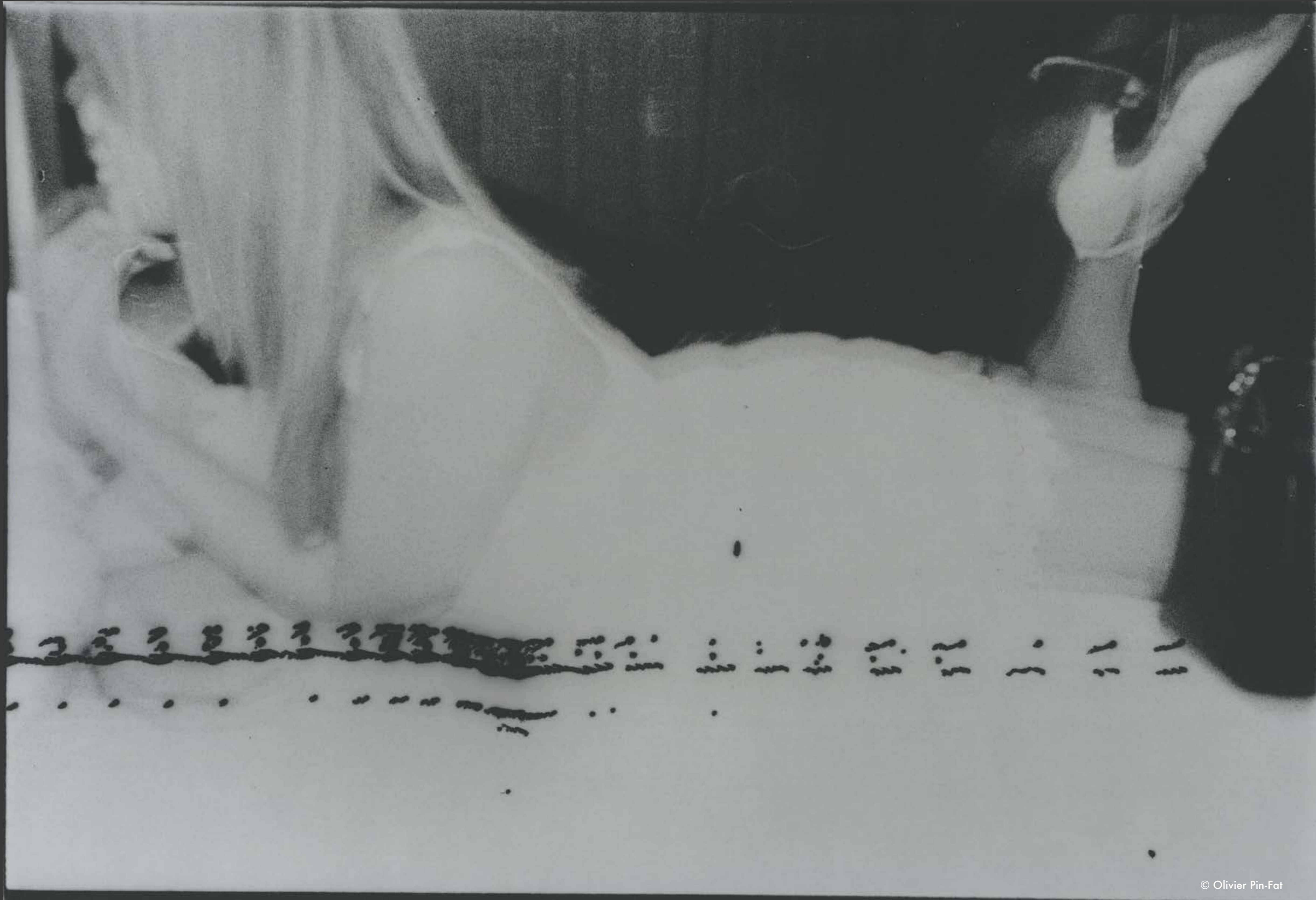
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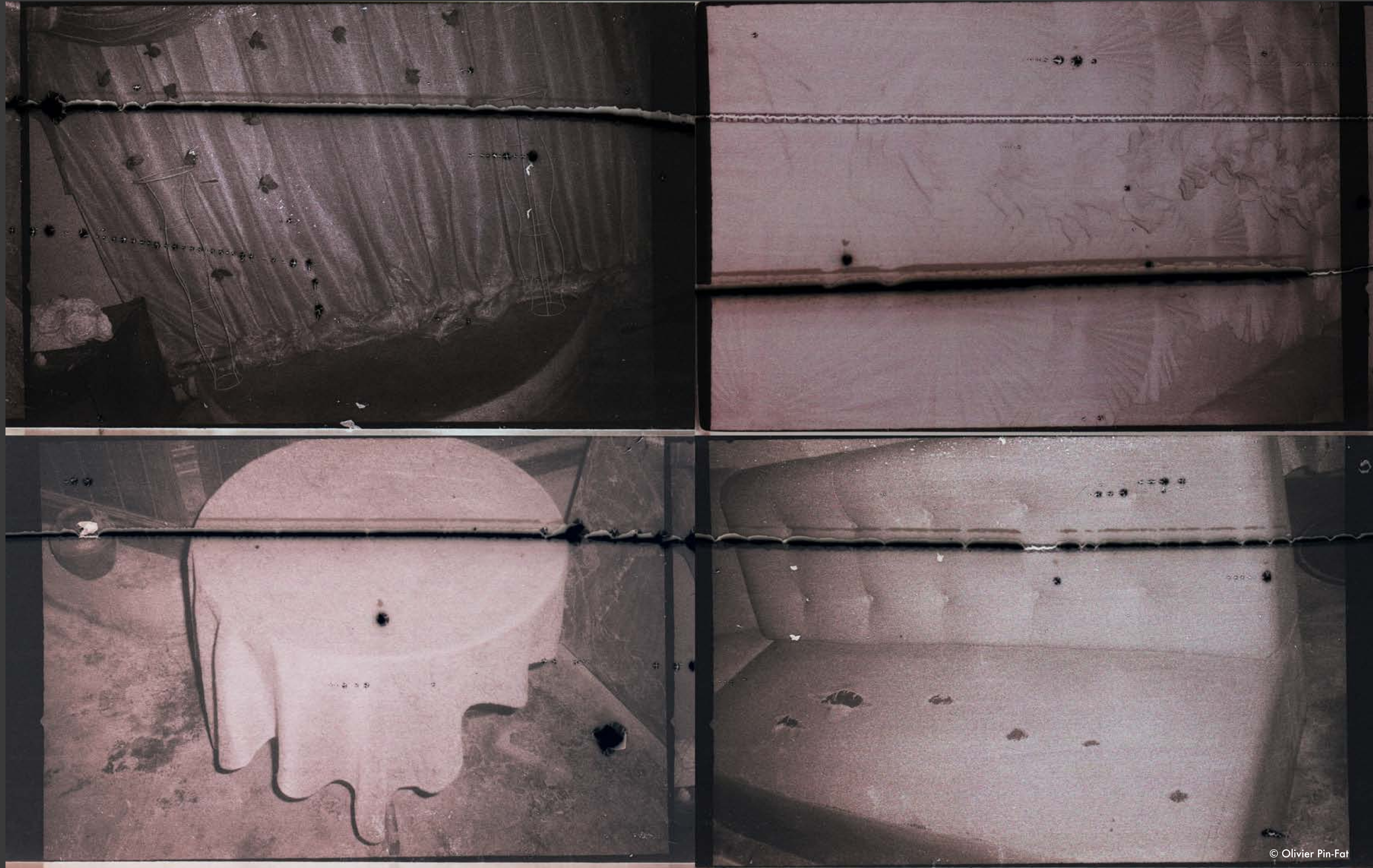
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