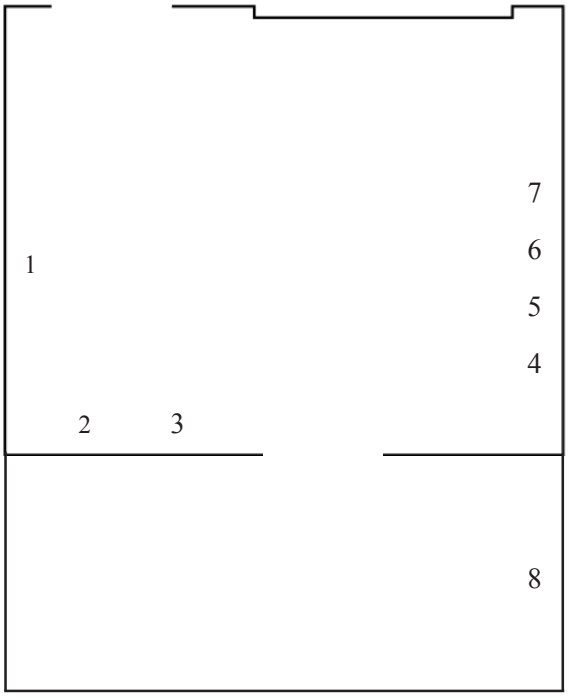
Perfora
Ed Atkins
Nina Nadig
June 20—July 13
Jennifee-See Alternate



1 Nina Nadig
Holes (Extra), 2025,
pencil on paper,
224 x 40

2 Nina Nadig
Holes (#Vol 003 OPACITY),
2026, pencil on paper,
22,6 x 28,2

3 Nina Nadig
Holes (Politiken), 2026,
pencil on paper,
9,5 x 40,5

4 Nina Nadig
Holes (Baklava), 2026,
pencil on paper,
39 x 24

5 Nina Nadig
Untitled, 2026,
pencil on cardboard,
15 x 15

6 Nina Nadig
Holes (plane), 2026,
pencil on paper,
20 x 33,2

7 Nina Nadig
Holes (untitled), 2026,
pencil on paper,
47x 30,2

8 Ed Atkins
Voilà la vérité, 2022 / 2024,
4K Video loop with sound

‘Voilà la vérité’ is a short video that reworks a single sequence from the 1926 silent film, ‘Ménilmontant’, directed by Dimitri Kirsanoff. A woman (Nadia Sibirskaïa) sits on a bench in a Paris park in Spring. She recalls images from a now closed-off life. An older man sits down beside her and proceeds to wordlessly share his lunch with her. A new soundtrack of naturalistic sound was performed and recorded by the foley artist David Kamp, along with non-diegetic elements by Ed Atkins. Two voice actors, Rivka Rothstein and Héctor Miguel Santana provide the screen characters with new voices that do not speak but do sob and sigh and eat. The film itself has been digitised, cleaned, colorised, upscaled, smoothed, frame-interpolated, focus-pulled, and otherwise re-rendered using a raft of artificial intelligence-employing softwares and techniques. The resulting video is haunted. The title, ‘Voilà la vérité’ — ‘This is the truth’ — is the only discernible text in the film: a fragment of a headline on the newspaper that wraps the food.

In June 2024, the video was remade from a cleaner original print. The result also implements newer models for processing the image, especially for upscaling, detail recovery, etc., even if the models for colorisation and clean-up remain compromised and beautiful. The sound remains unchanged.

Featuring the voices of:
Rivka Rothstein and Héctor Miguel Santana
Audio post-production: Studiokamp
Foley: David Kamp
Mix: David Kamp
Extra sound design: Ed Atkins

From Ménilmontant, 1926,
38 minutes
Directed and edited by
Dimitri Kirsanoff
Starrring: Nadia Sibirskaïa

Processed using Dustbuster+ DIAMANT-Film Restoration, Topaz Gigapixel AI and Topaz Video Enhance AI, Adobe Photoshop colorisation neural filter, Adobe Photoshop depth of field neural filter, DAIN frame interpolation app, RIFT frame interpolation app, Warp stabiliser, Virtualdub 2; Deshaker 64 bit, Ebsynth beta, Adobe Premiere Pro, After Effects, and Audition; DaVinci Resolve and Fairlight

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To participate in evolution as an aesthetic adventure by using limited materials (those supplied from the past) in a process which had no known goal. Mutations would occur from the coupling of words which were opposite but equal and separate but the same.

--- Fanny Howe

And then silence and grey.
Both arrive after saturated clearings of chirp, shiver, church bell, lip-smacking, cuckoo, mill, boot, stag, Aegean, teeth.

Bits of reality for the immediate senses. Ear and eye, sound and image, loud and visible.
Thoroughly artificial.

Real versus imaginary, real versus fabricated, real versus unreal. And aren't silence and grey some of the realest things if real among other, faker things mean true and more widespread.

Every image is making real things up or realistically rendering someone's imagination. A silent black and white film does it and an unnaturally colored film with natural made-up sound does it. Advertisements and editorials do it, printed matter with kitchens and bargains and bread on them.

A layer of images covering the paper, a layer of graphite covering the images, a layer of holes piercing the graphite.

Or a layer of noise covering the original silence, one person's real chewing covering another person's acted eating, a layer of synthetic colors covering the original greyness. There are coats of sparkling nuances on a grey fiction, coats of grey monotony on a colorful reality. And they are blocking and enticing the gaze in an ongoing interplay as if to say:

Don't look, there is the truth. Look, there is the imagined.

Or the other way around. Which will deceive you the most, excite you the most, disturb you the most. Artificiality or art. What is closer to reality: artificially pink lips or artistically leaden patterns.

There is an almost evolutionary compulsion to keep seeing and adding to what has already been made and seen so that coming eyes will have new pictures and fictions to look at. A red, then blue, then brown coat on a young woman with a compelling expression is a way of dragging a long colorless coat into a longer future.

The allure of it all. Aren't holes always such eye magnets. Dirty secretive tea-spilling limiting exposing. And aren't birds and exaggerated breaths always such ear magnets. It's a paramount emotion-catalyst, the stickiness of crisp audio when smeared onto footage like glazing. What is more seductive: breaths or silence, an unblocked view or a covered-up view.

Voila means *look there*. And then sound and colors.

Nanna Friis