

*Portfolio*

selected works

2017-2024

*Adele Dipasquale*

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a collaboration with the children of Farfallopoli,  
1B IC Gino Strada, Torino, IT  
produced by Cripta747  
teacher 1B: Giulia Bertolotti  
choreographer and educator: Michela Depetris  
costume design: Anouk van Klaveren,  
Dewi Bekker (Das Leben am Haverkamp)  
cinematography: Maria Chiara Morolli  
gaffer: Michelangelo Maraviglia  
producers: Elisa Troiano, Alexandro Tripodi  
coproducer: Giuseppe Garau  
assistants: Emil Kerckhove, Camilla Zennaro  
stylist: Andrea Lo Nano

set design: Roberto Dipasquale,  
Adele Dipasquale  
props supervision: Marco Quadri  
editing: Benedetta Marchiori  
original soundtrack: Francesco Cavaliere  
foley and sound mixing: Lorenzo Dal Ri  
sound recording: Federico Chiari,  
Federico Malandrino  
titles: Lucie Lučanská  
color correction: Simone Rossi  
funded by Mondriaan Fonds  
and Stroom Den Haag  
supported by SEENL

full video on request  
excerpt → <https://see-nl.com/artikel/20240117-lose-voice-tool-kit>

ENG In an undefinable place and time we see a group of children who don't use words anymore. They might have lost them due to powerful voice-stealing magnets, or dissolved by lose-voice candies. The words seem to be lost, forgotten somewhere. So, they start to transform and develop a new system of communicating made of aerial forms, sharp gazes or shared thoughts. Looking at them, one would think that they would speak with their noses, their elbows, their pupils.

The film is the result of a one-year workshop and collective research with the children of Farfallopoli (1B IC Gino Strada, Torino); the content, the script and the costumes are the result of this process. The work was produced by Cripta747 (Turin).

*“In a colourful world, children who have enigmatically lost all words are experimenting with sound and language. A roar, a glimpse, a gesture or a move create interactions and discourses. The history of a new way of talking is thus narrated. Adele Dipasquale shows the infinite possibilities of communication that spring from the human imagination. A powerful statement against the ever-growing homogeneity of our world, told with a grace that only children possess. – Rebecca De Pas, IFFR”*

ITA In un luogo e tempo indefinibile un gruppo di bambini sembra non usare più le parole. Queste potrebbero essere state attirate via da potenti magneti ruba-lingua o forse sciolte da dolci caramelle perdi-voce. In ogni caso le parole sono scomparse, forse dimenticate da qualche parte. I bambini iniziano a trasformarsi e a sviluppare un nuovo linguaggio fatto di forme aeree, sguardi taglienti, pensieri condivisi. Guardandoli, si potrebbe pensare che parlino con il naso, con i gomiti, con le pupille.

Il film è il risultato di un anno di ricerca collettiva e di laboratorio con i ventitré bambini di Farfallopoli (1B IC Gino Strada, Torino); il contenuto, la sceneggiatura ed i costumi sono il risultato di questo processo collettivo. Il film è stato prodotta da Cripta747 (Torino).

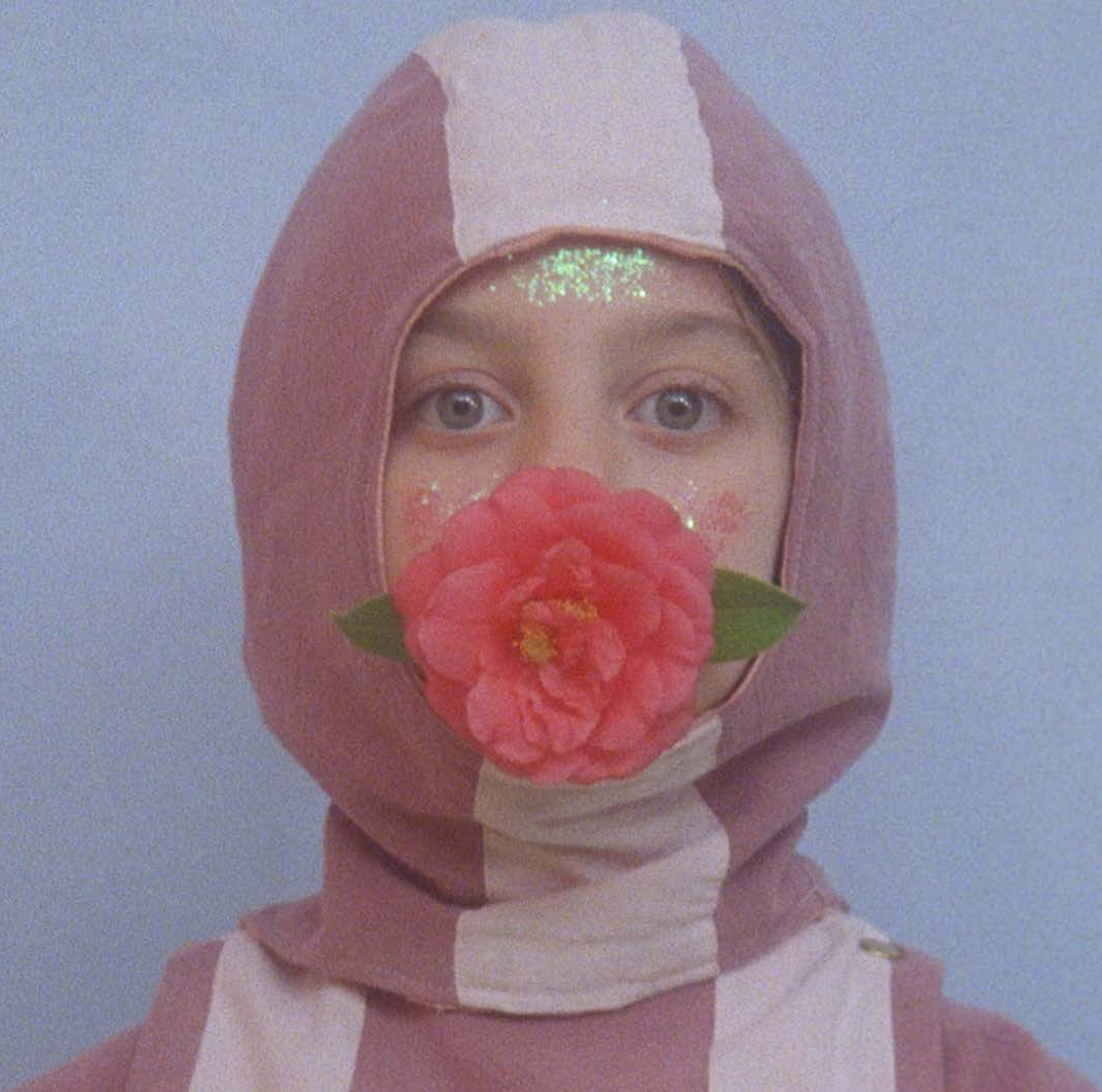


now listen carefully,



installation view *Lose Voice Toolkit*, 2024, three channel installation, 5'30", 6'00", 5'15", super 16mm transferred in 2K, at Prospects Art Rotterdam













2023

16mm transferred to 2K, stereo sound, 4'05" on loop  
900x400 cm, projection, blanket fort, pillows, ceramic, jawbreaker candies

with Nico Vitale

full video on request

ENG      *Lose voice toolkit* is a research that investigates the languages of childhood, the power of silence and other forms of non-verbal communication used as a gesture of rebellion, as well as ways to build spaces of autonomy against the communicative canons dictated by the world of adults.

The project was awarded the 2022 fellowship of Cripta747 Residency Programme in Turin, Italy. During 2022 Turin Art Week we presented part of the research carried out during the first two months of residency with an Open Studio event, it consisted of an installation and first short film.

ITA      *Lose voice toolkit* è una ricerca che indaga i linguaggi dell'infanzia, il potere del silenzio e altre forme di comunicazione non verbale utilizzate come gesti di rifiuto e come modi per costruire spazi di autonomia dai canoni comunicativi del mondo degli adulti,

Il progetto è stato premiato con la fellowship 2022 del programma di residenza di Cripta747 a Torino, Italia. Durante la 2022 Turin Art Week abbiamo presentato parte della ricerca svolta nei primi due mesi di residenza durante un open studio con un'installazione e da un primo girato 16mm.











Installation view of Lose Voice tool kit, 2022, 900x400 cm, projection, blanket fort, pillows, ceramic, jawbreaker candies, at Open Studio Cripta747, Turin





## *Spirits talks n.1 - n.2*

2022-23

16mm transferred to 2K, mute, 1'39" and 1'48" on loop

with Cristina Lavosi and Angelica Venturini

full video on request

ENG      *Spirit Talks* is ongoing series of short mute B&W 16mm films. These videos are inspired by the history of 'spirit photography', where, coeval to the initial diffusion of the photographic medium, a big interest in spiritism arose. At the time, many female channelers gained the attention of the positivist scientific community who wanted to use photography as a way to prove or disprove the magical summonings.

ITA      *Spirit Talks* è una serie di brevi filmati muti in 16mmm in bianco e nero che prendono ispirazione dalla tradizione della 'fotografia spiritica', dove, contemporaneamente all'invezione e diffusione del mezzo fotografico, ci fu un grande interesse per lo spiritismo. All'epoca, molte medium attirarono l'attenzione della comunità scientifica positivista che voleva usare la fotografia come mezzo per provare o confutare le evocazioni magiche.





Installation view of *Spirits talks n.1 and n.2*, 2023, 16mm film transferred to Full HD, CRT monitor, 1'39" and 1'48" on loop, at Sonnenstube, Lugano, CH







Installation view of *Spirits talks n.1*, 2022, projection, lightboxes and prints on plastic film, research documentation Bermuda Open Studio ed.II, The Hague





*Rehearsal of a seance: how to make oneself all ears*

2021

performance, projection, seance table, candles, script, 17'

with Mel Chan, Lucy Cordes Engelman, Ghazale Moqanaki (substituting Shardenia Felicia) and Noor Remmen

documentation at PIPEXpo, The Hague

ENG      *May my body be house for yours, may my lips move but this voice may not be mine, may I make myself all ears.*

During a seance session four mediums channel words by four feminist writers — bell hooks, Gloria Anzaldúa, Luce Irigaray, Theresa Hak Kyung Cha — from literary material around the politics of production of voice, disciplinary technology of silencing and the attempt to recover language from the white heteropatriarchal discours. Different position toward speaking, being silenced and the possibility to find words. The performance is the result of a reading group and the rehearsal for a future film.

ITA      *Che il mio corpo sia casa per il tuo, che le mie labbra si muovano ma che questa voce non sia la mia, che io mi faccia tutta orecchie.*

Durante una seduta spiritica, quattro medium incanalano e incarnano le parole di quattro scrittrici femministe — bell hooks, Gloria Anzaldúa, Luce Irigaray, Theresa Hak Kyung Cha — da materiale letterario intorno alle politiche di produzione vocale, le tecnologie disciplinari del silenzio e sul tentativo di guarire il linguaggio dal discorso eteropatriarcale e bianco. Diverse posizioni nei confronti della parola, del silenzio e della possibilità di trovare linguaggi. La performance nasce da un gruppo di lettura ed è la prima fase di un film futuro.

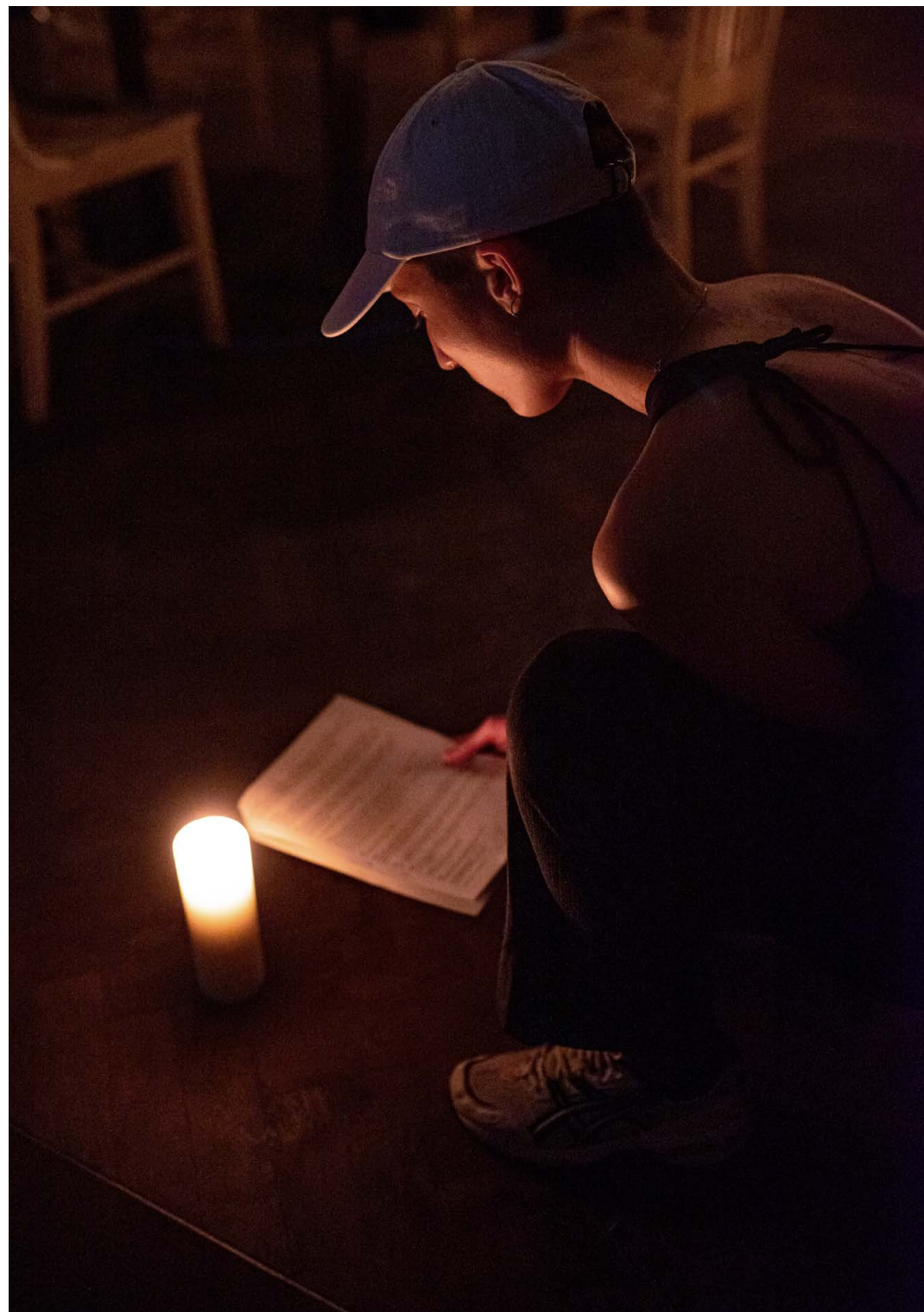








*Rehearsal of a seance: how to make oneself all ears*, 2021, dimensions variable, performance, 17', documentation at PIPEXpo, The Hague, with Mel Chan, Lucy Cordes Engelman, Ghazale Moqanaki (substituting Shardenia Felicia) and Noor Remmen as performers





## Rehearsal of a seance

how to make one self all ears

*We are inside the living room of a house, it's dark. In the shadows, it's possible to distinguish an oval table and four chairs. Four people enter the room, they go on the four poles of the space and they start to light some candles with matches. The candles are positioned on the floor and form a bigger shape encircling the table. Each person lights the same amount of candles starting from the one in front of them and moving clockwise.*

*Then, they sit on the chairs. Slowly, they put their hands on the surface of the table. Still very slowly, they open the palm of their hands and gradually start to move them closer to each other. At one point, with their fingers wide open, the pinkie of each performer touches the pinkie of the one nearby, while the right and left thumbs of each person are touching together.*

*They have formed a medium-chain.*

*In this position, they look each other in the eyes, count ten seconds trying not to shut their lids, and then they close them. In front of their hands there are four printed copies of this script.*

*We start to hear some creaking sound. The sound of knocking on the table will beat the time, one beat, two beats, three beats. It will happen three times. Whenever it happens, they stop to speak, stay still and with their eyes closed count ten seconds. Then, they continue from the point where the interruption started.*

*While they keep their hands in position, Theresa opens her eyes and starts to read.*

T: Dead words. Dead tongue. From *disease*. Buried in Time's memory. Unemployed. Unspoken. History. Past. Let the one who *disease*, one who is mother who waits nine days and nine nights to be found. Restore memory. Let the one who *disease*, one who is daughter restore spring with her each appearance from beneath the earth. The ink spills thickest before it runs dry before it stops writing at all.

*They all open their eyes.*

G: We speak a patois, a forked tongue, a variation of two languages. We needed a language with which we would communicate with ourselves, a secret language. For some of us, language is a homeland closer than Southwest

b: I have been working to change the way I speak and write, to incorporate in the manner of telling a sense of place, of not just who I am in the present but where I am coming from, the multiple voices within me. I have confronted silence, inarticulateness. When I say then that these words emerge from suffering, I refer to that personal struggle to name that location from which I come to voice - that space of my theorising.

*They release their hands and take the scripts in their most comfortable position.*

G: "I want you to speak English. *Pa' hallar buen trabajo tienes que saber hablar el inglés bien. Que vale toda tu educación si todavía hablas inglés con un 'accent'.*" my mother would say, mortified that I spoke English like a Mexican.

T: Mother, you are a child still. At eighteen. More of a child since you are always ill. They have sheltered you from life. Still, you speak the mandatory language like the others. It is not your own. Even if it is not you must. You are Bilingual. You are Trilingual. The tongue that is forbidden is your own mother tongue.

G: *Oye como ladra: el lenguaje de la frontera.*

L: How can I speak to you? You remain in flux,

never congealing or solidifying. What will make that current flow into words? It is multiple, devoid of causes, meanings, simple qualities. Yet it cannot be decomposed. These movements cannot be described as the passage from a beginning to an end. These rivers flow into no single, definitive sea. These streams are without fixed banks, this body without fixed boundaries.

T: You write. You write you speak voices hidden masked you plant words to the moon you send word through the wind. Through the passing of seasons. By sky and water the words are given birth given discretion. From one mouth to another, from one reading to the next the words are realized in their full meaning. The wind. The dawn or dusk the clay earth and traveling birds south bound birds are mouth pieces wear the ghost veil for the seed of message.

b: Language is also a place of struggle. I was just a girl coming slowly into womanhood when I read Adrienne Rich's words "this is the oppressor's language, yet I need it to talk to you." This language that enabled me to attend graduate school, to write a dissertation, to speak at job interviews carries the scent of oppression. Language is also a place of struggle.

*They get up and go to the four corners of the room.*

G: "We're going to have to control your tongue," the dentist says, pulling on all the metal from my mouth. Silver bits plop and tinkle into the basin. My mouth is a motherlode. The dentist is cleaning out my roots... I get a whiff of the stench when I gasp. "I can't cap that tooth yet, you're still draining," he says. "We're going to have to do something about your tongue," I hear the anger rising in his voice.

*The pain to speak, the pain not to (for Theresa)*

2021

140 x 120 cm, cyanotype on poplin cotton, direct print of *fucus algae*

installation view at The Pole, Rotterdam

ENG      *The pain to speak, the pain not to (for Theresa)* is the first outcome of the ongoing research which I describe as ‘exercises in mediumship’. The work is a textile piece, produced for The Pole in Rotterdam, that consists of a big cyanotype on fabric. It’s a direct print of many pieces of seaweed, fucus algae, which are placed on the fabric to form the utterance “she mimics the speaking that might resemble speech”.

The text is the opening sentence of the novel “Dictée” by artist Theresa Hak Kyung Cha (1951–1982) and this work is an homage to her oeuvre.

ITA      *The pain to speak, the pain not to (for Theresa)* è il primo output della più vasta serie di “esercizi di medianità” sulla pratica della mediumship. L’opera, prodotta per The Pole a Rotterdam, consiste in una grande cianotipia su cotone, una stampa diretta di piccoli pezzi di alghe marine che sono state disposte sul tessuto e poi esposte al sole, così da formare la frase “she mimics the speaking that might resemble speech”.

Il testo è la frase iniziale del romanzo “Dictée” dell’artista Theresa Hak Kyung Cha (1951–1982) e quest’opera è un omaggio al suo lavoro.



Installation view of *The pain to speak, the pain not to (for Theresa)*, 2021, 140 x 120 cm, cyanotype on poplin cotton, direct print of *fucus algae*, installation at The Pole, Rotterdam





"silences"—unaddressed places within my personal political and artistic evolution. Before I could consider answers, I had to face ways these silences were intimately connected to intense personal emotional upheaval regarding place, identity, desire. In an intense all-night-long conversation with Eddie George (member of Black Audio Film Collective) talking about the struggle of oppressed people to come to voice, he made the very "down" comment that "ours is a broken voice." My response was simply that when you hear the broken voice you also hear the pain contained within that brokenness—a speech of suffering, often it's that sound nobody wants to hear. Stuart Hall talks about the need for a "politics of articulation." He and Eddie have engaged in dialogue with me in a deeply soulful way, hearing my struggle for words. It is this dialogue between comrades that is a gesture of love; I am grateful.

*act of communicating*  
I have been working to change the way I speak and write, to incorporate in the manner of telling a sense of place, of not just who I am in the present but where I am coming from, the multiple voices within me. I have confronted silence, inarticulateness. When I say, then, that these words emerge from suffering, I refer to that personal struggle to name that location from which I come to voice—that space of my theorizing.

Often when the radical voice speaks about domination we are speaking to those who dominate. Their presence changes the nature and direction of our words. Language is also a place of struggle. I was just a girl coming slowly into womanhood when I read Adrienne Rich's words, "This is the oppressor's language, yet I need it to talk to you." This language that enabled me to attend graduate school, to write a dissertation, to speak at job interviews, carries the scent of oppression. Language is also a place of struggle. The Australian aborigines say "that smell of the white man is killing us." I remember the smells of my childhood, hot water corn bread, turnip greens, fried pies. I remember the way we talked to one another, our words thickly accented black Southern speech. Language is also a place of struggle. We are wedded in language, have our being in words. Language is also a place of struggle. Dare I speak to oppressed and oppressor in the same voice? Dare I speak to you in a language that will move beyond the boundaries of domination—a language that will not bind you, fence you in, or hold you? Language is also a place of struggle. The oppressed struggle in language to recover ourselves, to reconcile, to reunite, to renew. Our words are not without meaning, they are an action, a resistance. Language is also a place of struggle.

It is no easy task to find ways to include our multiple voices within the various texts we create—in film, poetry, feminist theory. Those are sounds and images that mainstream consumers find difficult to understand. Sounds and scenes which cannot be appropriated are often that sign everyone questions, wants to erase, to "wipe out." I feel it even now, writing this piece when I gave it talking and reading, talking spontaneously, using familiar academic speech now and then, "talking the talk"—using black vernacular speech, the intimate sounds and gestures I normally save for family and loved ones. Private speech in public discourse, intimate intervention, making another text, a space that enables me to recover all that I am in language, I find so many gaps, absences in this written text. To cite them at least is to let the reader know something has been missed, or remains there hinted at by words—there in the deep structure.

Throughout *Freedom Charter*, a work which traces aspects of the movement against racial apartheid in South Africa, this statement is constantly repeated: *our struggle is also a struggle of memory against forgetting*. In much new, exciting cultural practice, cultural texts—in film, black literature, critical theory—there is an effort to remember that is expressive of the need to create spaces where one is able to redeem and reclaim the past, legacies of pain, suffering, and triumph in ways that transform present reality. Fragments of memory are not simply represented as flat documentary but constructed to give a "new take" on the old, constructed to move us into a different mode of articulation. We see this in films like *Dreaming Rivers* and *Illusions*, and in books like *Mama Day* by Gloria Naylor. Thinking again about space and location, I heard the statement "our struggle is also a struggle of memory against forgetting"; a politicization of memory that distinguishes nostalgia, that longing for something to be as once it was, a kind of useless act, from that remembering that serves to illuminate and transform the present.

I have needed to remember, as part of a self-critical process where one pauses to reconsider choices and location, tracing my journey from small town Southern black life, from folk traditions, and church experience to cities, to the university, to neighborhoods that are not racially segregated, to places where I see for the first time independent cinema, where I read critical theory, where I write theory. Along that trajectory, I vividly recall efforts to silence my coming to voice. In my public presentation I was able to tell stories, to share memories. Here again I only hint at them. The opening essay in my book, *Talking Back*, describes my effort to emerge as critical thinker, artist, and writer in a context of repression. I talk about punishment,



*Flighty Matters: Farfallino, Ufun befel difi, Harpy*

2019 - 2020

projection, monitor, 3 channel video installation on loop, variable dimensions

installation view at Graduation Show KABK, The Hague

ENG *Flighty matters* is a series of short films around the politics of production of voice and strategies of active denial. The series engages with the idea that when language is so much manufactured and problematically connoted, the refusal of direct communication opens up a possibility for autonomy.

ITA *Flighty matters* è una serie di corti intorno alle politiche della produzione della voce che vuole indagare alcune possibili strategie di rifiuto dei linguaggi normati e normativi. La serie parte dall'idea che quando un linguaggio è talmente carico e connotato problematicamente, il rifiuto della comunicazione diretta apre una possibilità di autonomia.







Installation view of *Flighty Matters*, 2020, 11x11x5 m, 3 channel video installation,  
at Graduation Show KABK

## *Farfallino*

2020

digital video, Full HD, found footage, VHS-C and 16 mm transferred to Full HD, stereo sound, 7'24"

with Cristina Lavosi

full video on request

excerpt → <https://vimeo.com/687994483>

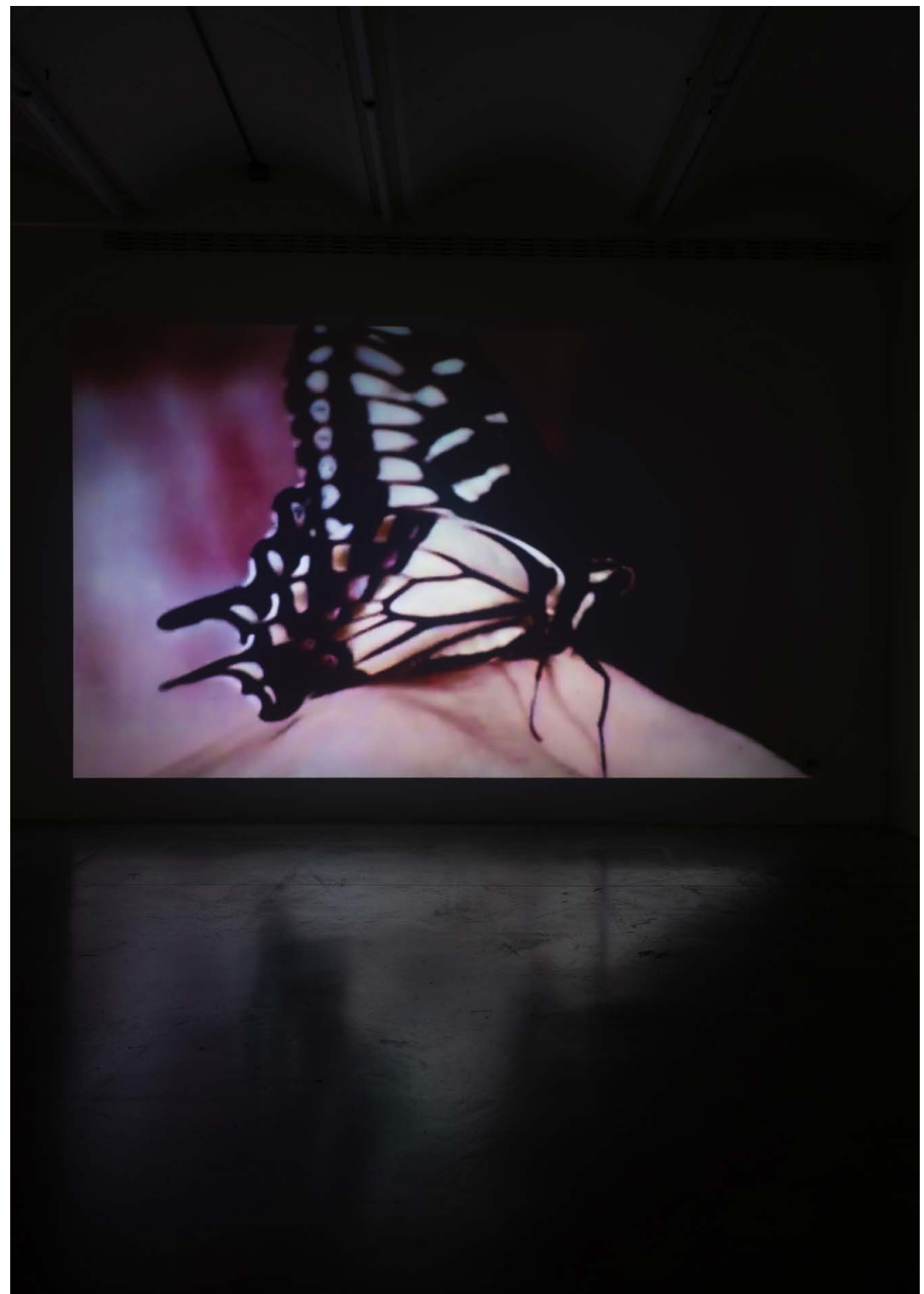
ENG      The first film explores the *farfallino* language, a coded version of Italian used by children to secretly communicate with each other and avoid being understood by adults or other groups of peers. In Italian, literally, *farfallino* means 'language of butterflies', from the animal's noun *farfalla*. The work starts from the proposition of an unintelligible communication capable of transpassing species through incomprehension.

ITA      Il film esplora il linguaggio *farfallino*, una versione in codice dell'italiano usato dai bambini per comunicare tra di loro ed evitare di essere compresi dagli adulti o da altri gruppi di bambini. Il nome della lingua ha le sue origini dalla sua sonorità che ricorda la parola *farfalla*. *Farfallino* quindi letteralmente indicherebbe la 'lingua delle farfalle'. L'opera nasce come invito di una possibile comunicazione interspecie possibile solo attraverso l'incomprensione.

that I was trying to listen what they were saying







Installation view of *Ufun befele difi* and *Farfallino*, projection, at 'I swallowed a butterfly', educational department MAMbo, curated by artierranti, 2024







Installation view of *Ufun befel difi* and *Farfallino*, projection, at 'I swallowed a butterfly', educational department MAMbo, curated by artieranti, 2024

*Ufun befel difi*

2020

digital 4K, stereo sound, 6'08"

with soprano singer Marion Dumeige, pianist Aristide Moari  
and sound engineer Giammarco Gaudenzi

full video on request

excerpt → <https://vimeo.com/698934583>

ENG      The second video of the series reconstitutes the performance of G. Puccini's aria "Un bel di vedremo" from the opera "Madama Butterfly", but sung in the argot of *farfallino*. The opera is widely recognized as one of the most infamous examples of orientalism and imperialist sexism. In my film, I try to explore if there is a possibility to escape mechanisms of 'othering' through the disruption of direct communication, both by singing and distortion of words.

ITA      Il secondo video ricostruisce la performance dell'aria "Un bel di vedremo", dall'opera "Madama Butterfly" di G. Puccini, il cui testo è tradotto e cantato in *farfallino*. L'opera viene generalmente riconosciuta come uno dei più vergognosi esempi di scrittura orientalista, imperialista e sessista. Nel mio film, provo ad esplorare se ci sia una possibilità di uscita da meccanismi di identificazione dell'*altro* attraverso la rottura di una comunicazione intellegibile attraverso la manipolazione delle parole e il canto.





ENG Starting from Anne Carson's "The gender of sound", the third film plays around with the trope that classically associates women with an irrational and uncontrolled outflow of sounds, more similar to the monstrous than the human—the opposite of rational, self-controlled, moderate in speaking Man.

Employing unpleasant sounds, high-pitched shrieks, and guttural groans, the video explores stages between femininity and animality. The film starts with a woman who is losing her voice, but this loss provokes other physical mutations. The camera's point of view goes down in the woods, suggesting the perspective of a critter that is moving four-footed. The disappearing voice will eventually come back as animals' cries.

ITA Partendo da "The gender of sound" di Anne Carson, il terzo film indaga il *topos* che nella storia occidentale ha associato il genere femminile con un flusso di suono irrazionale e incontrollato, più simile al mostruoso che all'umano — il polo opposto del *logos* maschile, per definizione razionale, controllato e moderato.

Utilizzando suoni sgradevoli, grida acute e gemiti gutturali, il video esplora i vari punti di contatto acustici tra femminilità e animalità. Il film inizia con una donna che sta perdendo la voce, ma questa perdita provocherà anche altre mutazioni fisiche. La camera si abbassa e scende nel sottobosco, suggerendo la prospettiva di una creatura che si sta muovendo a quattro zampe. La voce scomparsa tornerà alla fine sotto forma di versi selvatici.





would have been wiser trying to explain?



Installation view of *Harpy*, 4x3 m, projection, during Sprinboard Art Fair, curated by Youri Appelo, 2023



*Blossoms and fruits at once*

2019 - 2021

16mm film transferred to Full HD, 5' 30

full video on request

excerpt → <https://vimeo.com/687997889>

ENG Starting from the Winogradsky column, a late XIX century positivist experiment that recreates the first stages of bacterial life on earth, *Blossoms and fruits at once* is a work that critically reflects on the human desire to go back to a primordial moment of existence, connecting local histories, geological temporalities, oral narratives and magical thought.

ITA Prendendo spunto dalla colonna di Winogradsky, un esperimento positivista di fine Ottocento che provava a ricreare i primi stadi della vita batterica sul pianeta terra, *Blossoms and fruits at once* riflette criticamente sul desiderio umano di un ritorno a delle supposte origini, intessendo narrazioni paesaggistiche, tempi geologici, storie orali e pensiero magico.

Installation view of *Blossoms and fruits at once*, 2019-21, 300x300x400 cm, 16mm film transferred to Full HD, 5' 30", at Sonnenstube, Lugano, in 2023







and distances assessed by the shivering,



## *I travel*

2017

8 channel video projection, Full HD, 42' on a loop

with Alessandra Pigliaru, Ethan Bonali, Francesca Romana Recchia Luciani, Giorgia Serughetti, Lea Melandri, Lilian Capuzzimato, Pia Covre and Titti De Simone

at ISIA Urbino Graduation Show

full video on request

ENG      *I travel* is a eight channel video installation that stages an imaginary dialogue crafted from a series of interviews with eight Italian feminist activists and/or scholars on the meaning of defining yourself as a woman, the role of body and relationships with other subjects, going through family, sexuality and feminist relations. Eight diverse ways to live gender with a critic approach starting from the question: what is a woman?

ITA      *I travel* è un'installazione video a otto canali che ricrea un dialogo immaginario costruito attraverso ad una serie di interviste con otto attiviste e/o teoriche dei femminismi italiani sul significato di definirsi come 'donna', sul ruolo del corpo e la relazione con altri soggetti, passando per temi come famiglia, sessualità e le relazioni femministe. Otto modi diversi di vivere il genere in maniera critica partendo dalla questione: cosa è una donna?



