

*Imagination, in the works of Daniela Jakrlova' Riva, is configured as an ecopolitical practice, capable of writing about the crisis of worlds, models and linguistic codes, foreseeing its sunset but also its advent in new scenarios.*

**Alessia Baranello**

*The artist offers the visitor the opportunity to get to know his own personal and idiosyncratic visual heritage, traversed by a present and sidereal vision, true and complete of a possible and parallel world tuned to the highest frequencies of an alien society that has intercepted the restless background noise of the Earth; a disturbed sign of a conscious philosophy that Daniela Jakrlova' Riva was able to grasp and translate into the moving signs of a complex universe.*

**Giulia Profeti**

## ***Daniela Jakrlova' Riva***

(Turin, 1997) lives and works between Varese and Milan (Italy). Her research began as an investigation into perceived reality and the artistic gesture that manages to cross its boundaries, pushing thought towards 'other' territories. An investigation that moves through words, moving images, photography and 3D modeling; where reality and fiction follow one another. The attempt is to give rise to new inhabitable artificial landscapes where the images become almost solid presences in space, yearning for physical interaction.

**Recent exhibitions: "Caves of the moon" (2022)**, solo exhibition curated by Giulia Profeti, Xcontemporary, Milan, **"What fields, or waves, or mountains? What shapes of sky or plain?" (2021)**, collective exhibition curated by Francesca Cerutti, Irene Coscarella, mitikafe, Spazio Infernotto, Turin and **"Blackout - Book" (2021)**, a book-exhibition curated by Marco Scotini and Andris Brinkmanis, NABA, Milan.

*I would like to be like stromatolite (strōma, carpet, blanket and at the same time lithos, stone). Our eye sees it exclusively as a static entity and yet it grows incessantly through the activity of an invisible bacterial or algal community. Evoking images in absence gives motion to existence. There is no real perception that is not contextualized in imaginative processes. Without imagination, real sensory information would have no meaning.*

*What if our imaginative capacity is running out?*

*I would like to make my own the planning of the colonies of unicellular marine microorganisms which, layer after layer, century after century, record the evolution of everyday life by investigating the perceivable surrounding. They weave their own body of the same threads of the world giving rise to an "animated" living rock. The projects allude to another who must be able to break through the solidity of reality.*

*We need to design prosthesis to repair how to see. And with this vibrate free in Space dancing among nebulae and return as astronauts to Earth discovering a new alien planet.*

# CAVES OF THE MOON

2022

- Video animation, fullhd, color, sound, 11'40" on a 32" screen.
- Lambda print on Fuji Crystal Archive Matte photographic paper (series of 14), 20x30 cm each.
- 3D printed bas-reliefs in biodegradable white PLA (series of 10), 9x9 cm.

**Video**> <https://vimeo.com/774790226/e391c7cd42>

**Exhibition**> "Caves of the moon" (2022), curated by Giulia Profeti, Xcontemporary, Milan

**ARTICLE**> <https://www.juliet-artmagazine.com/en/i-was-looking-at-them-and-i-was-just-eyes-looking-beyond-the-human-between-the-caves-of-the-moon/>

**Caves of the moon** is a stratified work in which primordial bas-reliefs, photographs and a video animation coexist, a metaphor for a telescope through which to peek at the dawn of a near future, illuminated by an oblique and grazing light that reveals an uncomfortable truth, which heralds the imminent extinction of man in favor of a reborn vegetal hegemony. The work arises from the explorations of an actually existing place, the sandstone quarries of the *Parco della Valle del Lanza* between Varese and Como (Italy). The **photographic series** shows the signs, the carvings due to the extraction of sandstone in the Lombard quarries. This stone began to be used from the 5th century BC. from the Celtic populations, who inhabited the hills above Como, in particular for the construction of the *coti*, stones for sharpening the points and removing burrs from

casting, but also as a material for construction. This activity lasted until the beginning of the twentieth century, with the aim of building farmhouses, noble palaces, small churches and basilicas, and was the cause of the destruction of the ecosystem developed around them.

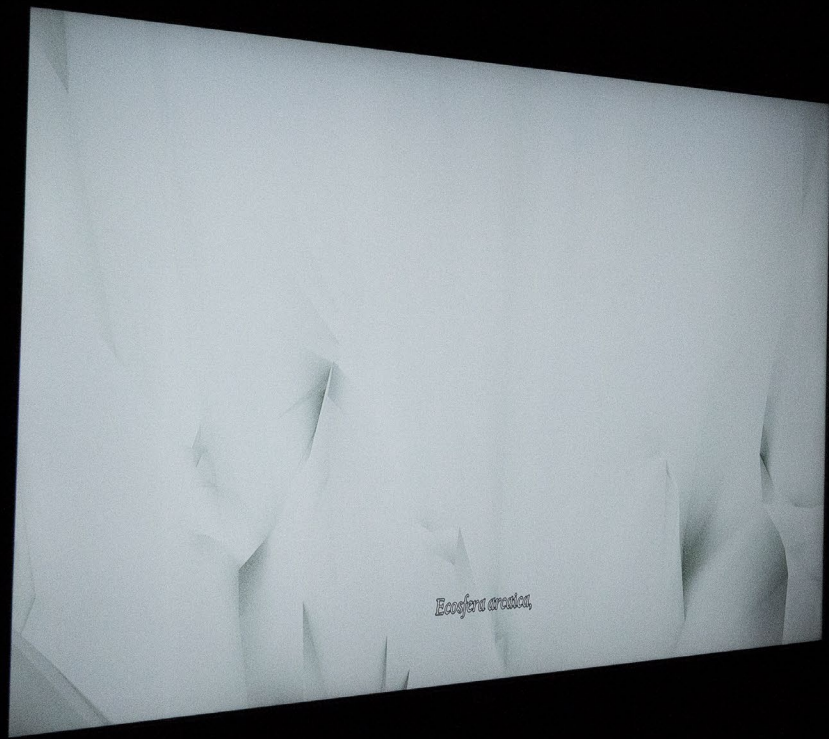
*What visions must be sown for the Earth to become fertile again?*

In the photographs, the quarries recall land in the interstellar space, virgin, despite they were violated by the human hand. The photographic series aims to satisfy the post-colonial fascination of a substitute elsewhere for life, with the consequences that human beings have already experienced. Judge unsuitable the Planet Earth for the living because of its unhealthiness due to human activities, and living exclusively with the dream of an exotic science, as Paul Virilio writes, would mean sending in exile all human science, that is earthly.

Through the **video animation** it is possible to adopt a new point of view, introject the privileged perspective of an alien being who, after thousands of years, traveling among the galaxies, sees a corner of the Earth, a luxuriant place where plant life triumphs and slowly covers the only traces of man that testify its presence on the planet.

The **bas-reliefs** in white biodegradable PLA, structures of algae and moss from a microscope, become the emblems of the new world.

The **soundtrack** of the video animation is a sound background of vibrations and imperceptible acoustic changes recorded in the quarries which heralds a periodic coming to life of thunderous noises, creaks and jets of air. The unexpectedly intensified, disfigured and distorted echoes evoke interstellar dimensions in which it is possible to orient oneself only through nebulae fluorescences. In the continuous mythopoeia of the story, constellations continue to be generated, in an infinite mythical cosmogony that draws its roots in the inadequacy (or anguish) of the present.







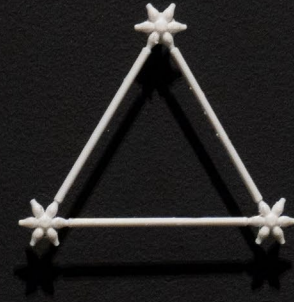
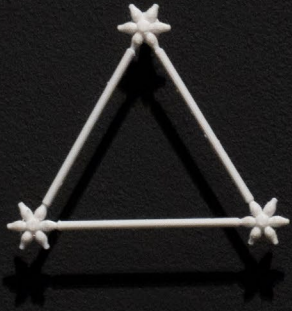
The field of vision slowly lowered

<https://vimeo.com/774790226/e391c7cd42>

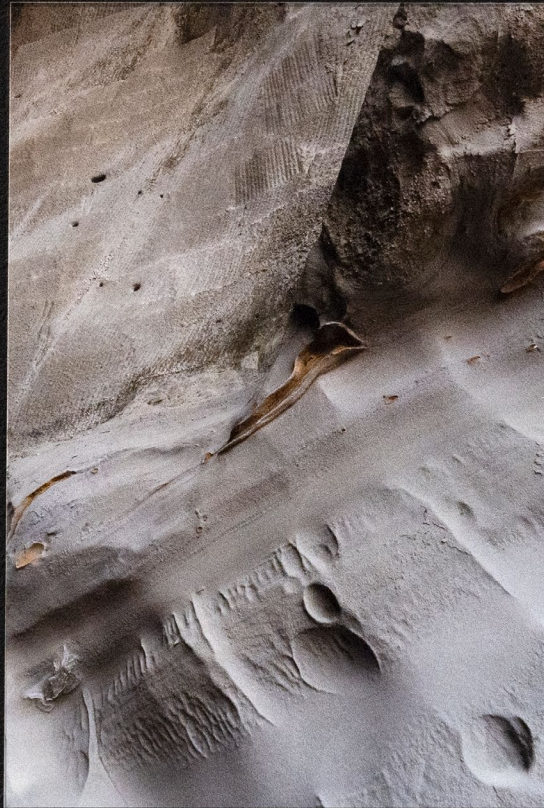


From a distance we seemed to see a support wall.













# GOLDEN NECTAR

2022

- Artist's book, 140x 210 cm.

- 3D print in white biodegradable PLA, (series of 11) variable dimensions.

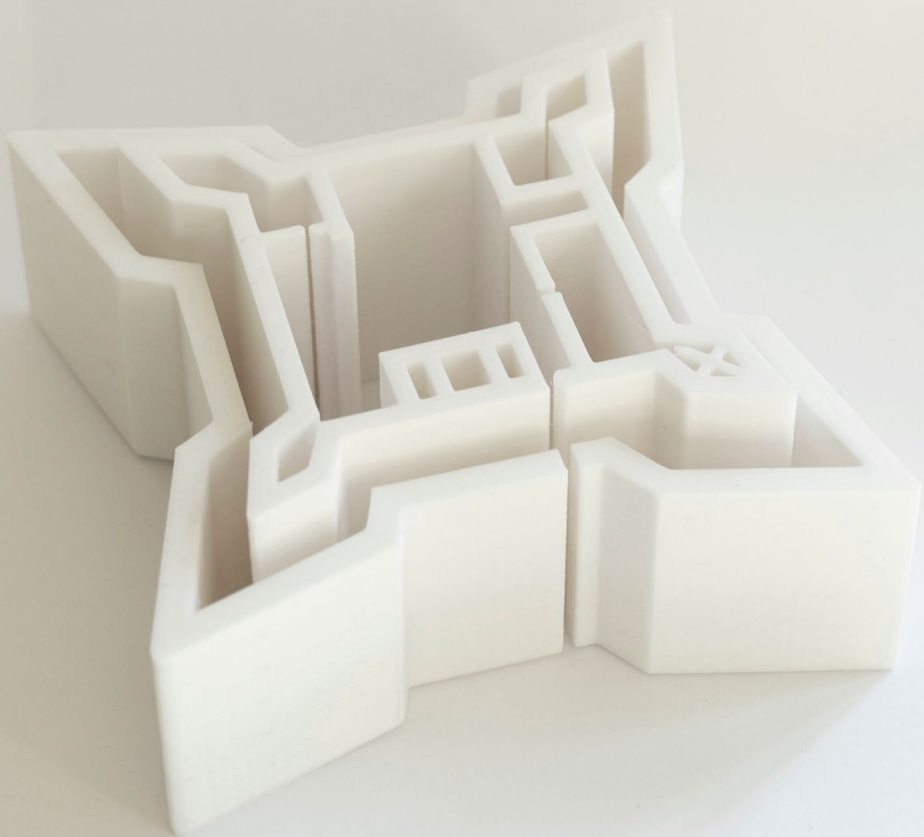
**Artist's book in italian** > [https://drive.google.com/file/d/145a2zH0E1MkoYfg1cpQ\\_nbY19Ky8iPvD/view?usp=sharing](https://drive.google.com/file/d/145a2zH0E1MkoYfg1cpQ_nbY19Ky8iPvD/view?usp=sharing)

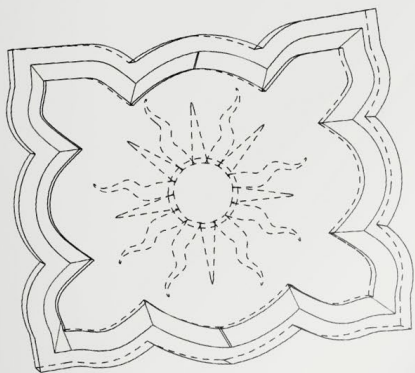
The work investigates architectural structures that symbolize the complex tangle of political and economic forces that gave rise to racial and spatial hierarchies in the wake of the transatlantic slave trade from the late 15th through the 19th centuries. I have analyzed the slave forts and castles that were built on the Gold Coast of West Africa by European traders and used in the Transatlantic slave trade. These architectures represented places where women, children and men were selected, sorted to be sent overseas. From the resemblance of their plants to the floral decorations present on our historic buildings, I wrote a small book, a fictional story divided into six chapters.

The story I wrote is inspired by true facts and legends found in the book Trade castles and forts of West Africa by Lawrence A.W., published in 1963, which will be reported in the section dedicated to each architecture.

Through this imaginative narrative, the intent is also to make people reflect on how environmental exploitation was triggered by colonialism.









Bright moon,

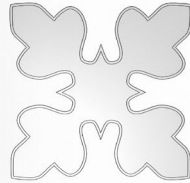
you live in me and around me.

Watch on the flower that grows if not violated.

Educate me,

to let me go

among the hybrid urns of a single ash.



## ELMINA CASTLE

The natural advantages of the Elmina site must have been apparent to Portuguese explorers as early as 1471, and over the next ten years many ships came to stop at the roadstead and trade with the two African communities which were separated by the mouth of a tidal river. In those days the place was therefore called "The village of the two parts". The present name, *Elmina*, is an evident corruption of the Portuguese *A Mina*, "The Mine", a term which the discoverers had applied to the coast for one hundred and fifty miles in each direction, but in later use it became an abbreviation for the great stronghold, the *Castle of San Giorgio della Miniera*. The site was chosen, in 1482, after a careful survey of the entire

*The castle housed one hundred and eighty-four slaves, men, women and children, who would spend their entire lives working for the Company.*

*The ships arrived loaded with timber, stones already cut and shaped to make 'the doors, windows and joists of the walls, towers, etc.', a large quantity of premixed lime, tiles and bricks, nails and tools in abundance. The entire castle looked like it had arrived already prefabricated.*



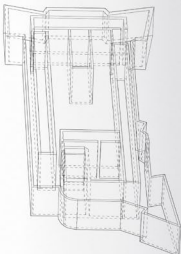
coast by an officer whom the king of Portugal had sent with instructions to build a castle in the most suitable place. The river cuts through a flat peninsula, which ends in a promontory at the mouth of the bay, where stands a mass of rocks, then a ready source of material obtainable through extraction, or as a direct platform for the building. A beach to the east offered an unparalleled landing place within the calm waters of the bay, where ships of 300 tons could anchor, while the river to the north-west offered opportunities for dry docking boats, or even shallow draught vessels, as well as providing a natural defense.



To the south stretched the ocean and the huge waves crashing incessantly against the rocks ensured that no enemy could land. The only approach by land was along the peninsula, which for a distance of more than a mile to the west is never more than a few hundred yards wide, between the open Atlantic and the tidal flats. The only military disadvantage was the presence of a hill on the opposite side of the river, within cannon range of the castle site, but no one could foresee that another European power could attack with sufficient force to occupy the surroundings. The castle has been altered beyond recognition by innumerable improvements and additions by the later Portuguese, Dutch and English, and no reliable drawing records its appearance before 1600. Early maps

*On April 26, 1645, a storm of extraordinary violence had swept away the tiles from the lodgings.*

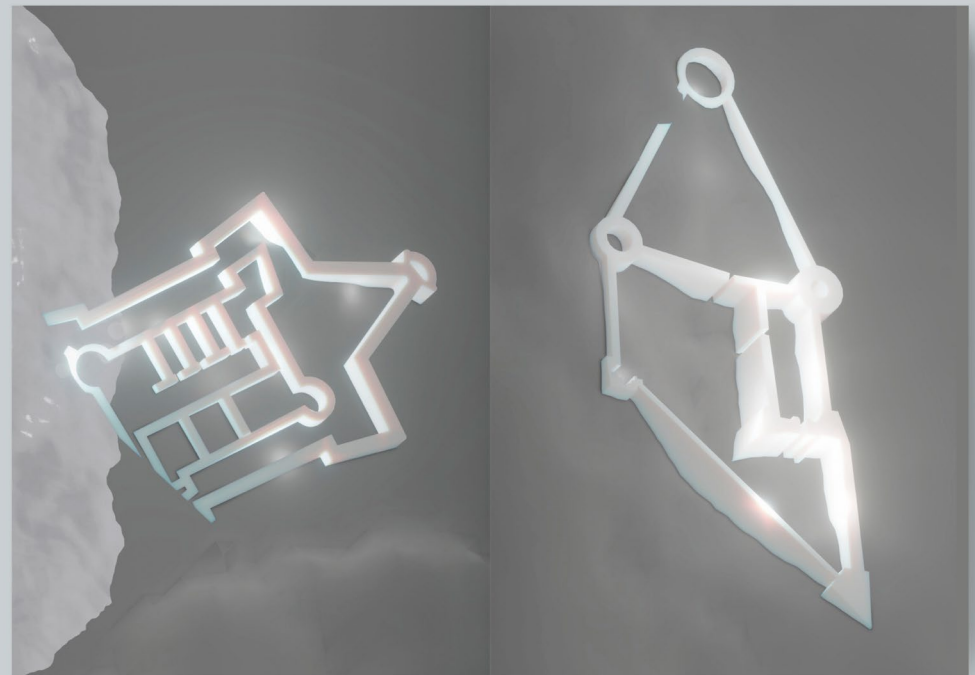
of Africa were often embellished with illustrations which claimed to represent the castle, but these were almost always fanciful; only one or two could plausibly be based on knowledge of the building and they are too inaccurate to be useful anyway. The ships, as reported in the *Chronicles of Pina* (completed in 1504), arrived loaded with timber, stones already cut and shaped to make 'the doors, windows and rafters of the walls, towers, etc.'; then a large quantity of premixed lime, tiles and bricks, nails and tools galore. The popular belief was that the entire castle arrived prefabri-

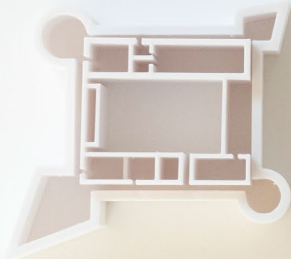
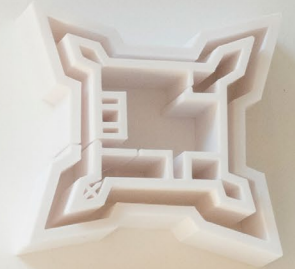


cated. The works began on 21 January 1482, with the extraction of the top of some high rocks to obtain building material and the laying of the foundations of the rectangular block. According to Pina, twenty days were enough for the fortress walls to be erected to their full height, as was the tower, and many apartments inside. According to De Barros' version, however, in twenty days they raised the circuit of the castle and the keep on the first floor to a good height. Very little of the first castle is now visible, and the work of the founder cannot easily be distinguished from any additions that may have been made soon after. The only certainty is that the external defenses of the castle towards the bay almost stand on the original alignment, as they are built directly against a rocky escarpment. The Renaissance style of fortification spread from Italy throughout Europe before the mid-16th century, by which time the new principles of defense had crystallized into pre-established design schemes. A generation earlier, the Portuguese appear to have been sufficiently influenced by Italian innovations to develop a style of their own, yet it retained a semi-medieval appearance. In 1637 the hill of San Jago, which overlooks the city and the fort, was conquered by the Dutch who, from that predominant position, began to bombard the castle of St George and forced the Portuguese to surrender. The fort was under the rule of the Dutch crown from 1637 to 1872, during this period the Dutch built a new fort on St Jago's hill, to prevent other powers from using that location to drive them out of Elmina, just as they did with the Portuguese.

*The warehouses, initially built to store the gold before being embarked, were used as segregation cells; these narrow and dark spaces create a strong contrast with the residences on the upper floors intended for Europeans, these rooms are large and bright and enjoy a spectacular view of the coast and the ocean. Even the Portuguese church, positioned in the center of the main courtyard, was transformed by the Dutch into an auction room for the purchase of slaves.*

In 1872 the Dutch lost all their castles on the Gold Coast in favor of the British Empire which settled its troops there. The castle of St. George, which had initially arisen for the gold trade, became an important center for the collection of slaves; in fact, it was expanded during the period in which slaves replaced gold as the main and most profitable commodity.





WHAT FIELDS,  
OR WAVES,  
OR MOUNTAINS?  
WHAT SHAPES  
OF SKY  
OR PLAIN?

**Exhibition**> *"What fields, or waves, or mountains? What shapes of sky or plain?"* (2021), curated by Francesca Cerutti, Irene Coscarella, mitikafe, Spazio Infernotto, Turin.

**Artistic collective Ozma** (Chiara Biraghi, Yasmine Chiboub, Giacomo Grippa, Daniela Jakrlova' Riva)

2021

- **OZMA**, 2021, fanzine, A4, recycled paper.

<https://drive.google.com/file/d/1PIGm0fIEGcvT-QBuwruKhW7FG18-eQAw6/view?usp=sharing>

**ARTICLES**>

[www.tribune.com/arti-visive/arte-contemporanea/2021/08/mostra-collettiva-infernotto-torino/#:~:text=%C3%A8%20la%20mostra%20collettiva%20che.spazi%20di%20Infernotto%2C%20a%20Torino.](http://www.tribune.com/arti-visive/arte-contemporanea/2021/08/mostra-collettiva-infernotto-torino/#:~:text=%C3%A8%20la%20mostra%20collettiva%20che.spazi%20di%20Infernotto%2C%20a%20Torino.)

<https://archivio.osservatoriofuturo.it/laltrove-si-trova-ad-ozma/>

In this historical period the breath becomes more and more defenseless, since the quality of the air worsens. Our generation witnesses the final decay of the natural relationship between human kind and atmosphere. Ozma is the museum of the future, an uncontaminated chamber of air in charge of preserving life, a place

where the hidden spaces of the human imagination materialize. Threatened by the respiratory pandemic real spaces become less and less accessible and shareable and we artists seek a new way of experiencing the exhibition space, through a future archeology for this to remain, beyond its concrete existence and physicality, in Ozma.

*Terrestrial people have always tamed the wind,  
using flags to mark the air they inhabit.  
We have a flag too. Every Ozma has its own flag.  
Solid shred of sky in a dense gaseous envelope.  
No wind blows in Ozma.  
Immense lands absorb all noise.  
What used to be our greatest fear  
now becomes our greatest hope.  
We are looking for a dialogue,  
a contact with any form of life  
that can keep the memory of our planet alive.  
What I walk on is both life and death.  
The meadow begins to turn yellow. Time is fluid.  
Relegated to our respiratory placenta,  
we brought here what's left,  
each Ozma contains the last fragments  
of a past Earth's environment.  
Each Ozma is both a museum and a living space.  
And our last memories. They fade.  
We dream of the mainland, its waters,  
the echo of its lights and colors.  
We offer them to the future.*

























It's both  
our last

It's both a museum and a living space. And  
our last memories. They fade.

ice is of n a e a and ains that it is s us ther nced most ind a lever,

e centra- e ideal, it it is con- a vastness

Tarkovskij, Andrej, Stalker, 1979.

*We dream of the mainland, its waters, the  
echo of its lights and colors.*

"And there was a great earthquake. And the sun became black as sackcloth made of hair. And the moon became like blood... And the stars of the sky fell to the earth, as a fig tree casts its unripe figs when shaken by a great wind. And the sky was split apart like a scroll when it is rolled up. And every mountain and island were moved out of their places."<sup>1</sup>

Sail...

in the radioactive wind of an enchanting place, without being able to stop to breathe deeply a deadly air, which forces us into a container of transparent memory.

How much pain in the sight of what we cannot have, but how much beauty fills our eyes shining with glowing hallucinations.

Explorers of the deepest sensory fields, prisoners of a reproduced flow of experience.

The future has broken into our lives. Magmatic spaces have taken over.

The celestial vaults have collapsed, destroyed the harmony of the firmament and Earth, we are forced to find shelter beyond our original sky, creating respiratory prosthesis towards never reached horizons.

As non-inhabitants of an Earth, we have built Space envelopes. Nature and atmosphere attempt to rejoin in an artificial dimension. New and unique generative possibility for the human.

Immersed in chaos, in a world full of overlapping signals, Ozma is the interference environment that arises from an infinity of desires, a stranger universe that sinks into the infinite terrain of imagination.

In this ambiguous zone of artifacts, the laws that rule on Earth are worthless.

There is no development, there is no succession of seasons. There is no rhythm that punctuates: only the sound of whining and lamenting, there is no permanence or constant. There is no time, here is a place to forget it.

Here, the physical memory of Earth itself becomes an unattainable utopia, where oxygen, air, nature, become an indestructible desire for freedom.

Ozma is the interface that tries to connect the centrality of the real with the peripheral way of the ideal, it is the attempt of expansion of life systems, it is contained cosmic space without suffocating the vastness of the universe.



Ozma was born from idea of space station, an absolute island that is positioned as an environment of existence completely implanted in a milieu enemy to life. It wants to be a climate installation where air and breath try to be controlled. It gains the function of a membrane that belongs originally to the unborn, it is our breathing placenta that allows us to have a bond with the mother sphere. Through the most advanced technology seeks to meet the most archaic of needs, the need to find a habitable shelter. Ozma, however, brings its own destruction.

<sup>1</sup> Tarkovskij, Andrej, *Stalker*, 1979.



# EVERYTHING BETWEEN

2022

- Video animation, fullhd, color, sound, 16'17" on iPad.
- 3D print in biodegradable white PLA (series of 11), 10x15 cm.
- Lambda print on Fuji Crystal Archive Matte photographic paper (series of 11), 10x15 cm each.

1. Aloe Ferox (00:00 - 01:20)
2. Cereus (1:21 - 2:04)
3. Nelumbo (02:05 - 02:25)
4. Cycas revoluta (02:26 - 03:20 / 05:20 - 05:23)
5. Betula, series of 4 (5:00 - 5:20 / 7:25 - 8:37)
6. Magnolia 'Vulcan' (5:45 - 6:35)
7. Musa (6:36 - 11:55)
8. Opuntia humifusa (11:56 - 16:17)

**Video** > <https://vimeo.com/802431040/24e25a01e2>

Photographs of plant surfaces and leaves are 3D mapped. These look like terrain from a distant planet, and in the video animation we find ourselves floating above them like insect astronauts with our spacecraft. Video animation requires a change of perspective, it shows us these beings who represent almost all that is alive, who have literally formed our planet, and from whom all the animals depend on, and about which we know very little; almost nothing.

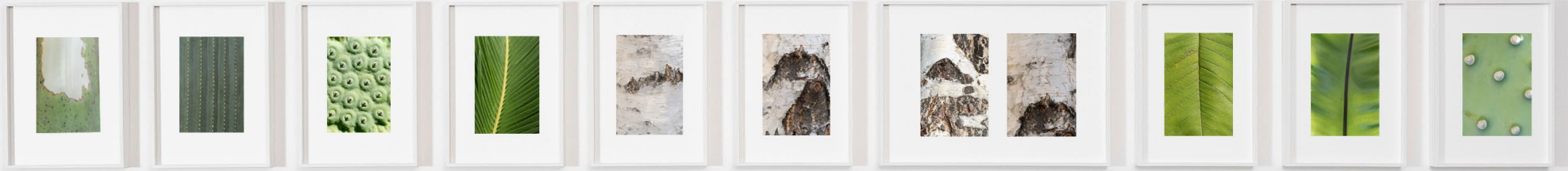
*Human kind, with his more than seven and a half billion specimens, represents a quantity of biomass equal to one ten thousandth of the entire biomass of the planet. Of the 550 gigatons (one gigaton is equal to one billion tons) of carbonaceous biomass on Earth, plants (450 gigatons) represent over 80% of the Earth's biomass, while human beings, with their 0.06 gigatons, count for 0.01%. It is clear that it is not by virtue of our numbers that we exercise sovereignty over the planet.<sup>1</sup>*

---

<sup>1</sup> Stefano Mancuso, *The Nation of plants*, 2019



<https://vimeo.com/802431040/24e25a01e2>















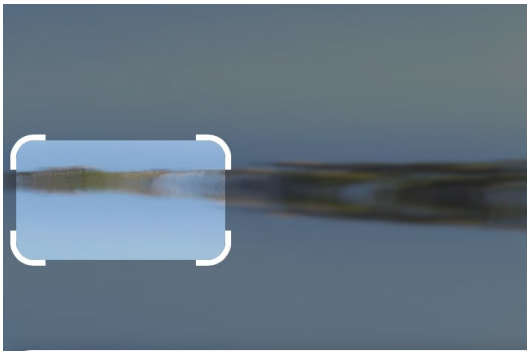


# ALGAE

2021

- Photographic print on aluminum, 20x30 cm

What happens when the detail of reality takes on a new order? Fractionated spaces, topologically manipulable to include every possible type of trajectory. For me, a distant artificial island in which to travel beyond the borders dictated by the pandemic, for Google Lens, a vegetable organism that vibrates on the sea surface. What happens when unconscious areas complete the photograph? When does the data present in the image also lead the Google AI to imagine?



Alga  
Pianta

 Cerca











