Itzier Barrio
PARTICIPANT INC

An assemblage of three IKEA chairs rises up from a stark-white cement plinth. Rubber cuffs bind the folding furniture's legs, suspending the trio in a tilted balletic pose. Swaths of buttery stygian latex cover each end of the metallic structure, evoking something between soaking-wet laundry hung out to dry and s/m garb in shiny sumptuous black.

Itzier Barrio, Stella a Roma, 2021. 4K video, color, sound, 19 minutes 40 seconds.
The closing iteration of Izziar Barrio’s twelve-year project *THE PERILS OF OBEDIENCE*, 2010–22, was all about the dialectics of sex, labor, and style. Visitors experienced this interplay throughout the gallery with a selection of photo-based works, sculptures (such as the aforementioned *Untitled (JEFF 7)*, and *You Weren’t Familiar but You Weren’t Afraid*), both 2022, a three-channel video that features, among other things, an unresolved debate between the Roman goddesses Minerva and Venus. (“Lavoro!” “Amore!,” they argue. “Lavoro!” “Amore!”).

The film—the nucleus of the exhibition—follows Stella Kowalski, the character from Tennessee Williams’s play *A Streetcar Named Desire* (1947) on a series of adventures. But this is Stella 2.0, a woman who abandons Stanley and New Orleans, beginning anew in Bogotá by appearing in Colombian director Sergio Cabrera’s 1993 movie *La estrategia del caracol* (The Strategy of the Snail). She then goes off to Rome—where she actually gets to meet Minerva and Venus—to take on the role of a sex worker in Pier Paolo Pasolini’s *Accattone* (1961). Stella’s Odyssean journey is given even further intertextual layers via Barrio’s metacinematic approach: In each location, the artist casts a new set of thespians who work in front of live audiences (or, sometimes, in empty white rooms) to develop the scenes and their characters.

During these moments, the film seems to pause to live-annotate itself—Barrio builds footnotes and appendixes into the work to interrogate, in real time, “scriptedness” and concepts surrounding labor. Players speak directly to the camera between run-throughs while answering deep questions given to them by the director. For instance, queries concerning Blanche and Stanley “preferring chaos or order” turn more personal and philosophical: “Do you consider yourself a leader? What makes a leader?,” asks Barrio. “Drive, forward momentum, someone with an ensemble mentality,” answers the woman playing Stella. Occasionally, these interludes steer the narrative into various speculative episodes, such as a brief music video starring one lead who also happens to be a writer/rapper IRL. The abrupt discontinuities in genre feel perfectly at home here, producing a series of dynamic exchanges in which the force of language pivots the power structures at play. Those in front of the camera have as much control as those behind it.
Speaking of control: The probing of authority, authorship, and ownership that characterizes Barrio’s film crescendos in the work’s last act, when our down-and-out Stella stumbles upon the divine duo inside an extravagant villa in Rome’s Trastevere neighborhood. Our heroine feels hopeless after losing her beloved boyfriend and pimp Accattone in a traffic accident. Who will defend the sex workers, and how? Venus, speaking in rhymed couplets, cajoles Stella with impassioned verse into playing a considerably more traditional female part. But a perturbed eye-rolling Minerva, fed up with her companion’s purple poetry, argues for more practical tactics. “For three thousand years, Venus has been protecting prostitutes. In three thousand years she has not been able to make it into a job.” The texts the deities read when first encountering Stella perfectly encapsulate the dilemma: Venus holds an Italian translation of Paul B. Preciado’s Pornotopia: An Essay on Playboy’s Architecture and Biopolitics (2011), a text about the psychic and social structures of pornography, while Minerva has Franco Farina’s 2018 volume on Marx, the working class, and labor titled Karl Marx e il processo produttivo (Karl Marx and the Productive Process). But this predicament is actually generative. Much like Untitled (JEFF 7), with its dialectical drape, You Weren’t Familiar but You Weren’t Afraid keeps us suspended between the poles of Preciado and Farina, between desire and work, between passion and practicality, between the individual and the communal. Something’s stirring in this amorphous yet fertile space—it might be the potential for genuine social impact.

— Anthony Hawley
About visual artists of the African Diaspora. Dedicated to collecting, documenting, and preserving the stories of distinguished within a community of their peers and mentors. BOMB's Oral History Project is years of age—through its free and searchable archive and BOMB Daily, a virtual magazine, a daily online publication, and a digital archive of its previously interviews to artists' essays to new literature. BOMB includes a quarterly print.

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Madeline Hollander

Cricket Choreographies:

Itziar Barrio

Installation

by Elizaveta MML

Since 2016, and in parallel to PARTICIPANT INC, New York City. Photo by Daniel Kukla. Courtesy of the artist and Archives installation view of Itziar Barrio, 

Walker Art Center. Photo © Walker Art Center.

worth the local arts community, and that there was a need for a platform that would foster and support emerging artists. The idea was to create an environment where artists could come together to share their work, collaborate, and develop their careers. The Walker Art Center recognized the potential of the project and supported it with grants and resources.

The Pilot was conceived as a quasi-manifesto. This culminated in a print and performance at the Walker Art Center in 2014. The project aimed to bring together artists from different disciplines, including film, architecture, performance, and visual art, to create a collaborative and interdisciplinary space.

The Pilot was a pilot project in the sense that it was a test run for a larger initiative. The response from the local arts community was positive, and the Walker Art Center expressed interest in continuing the project. The Walker Art Center provided a space for the project to take root and grow.

The Walker Art Center has a long history of supporting emerging artists and art initiatives. The museum is committed to providing opportunities for artists to experiment and develop their work, and it seeks to foster a culture of collaboration and cross-disciplinary interaction. The Pilot project aligns with these goals and reflects the Walker Art Center's commitment to supporting artists and their work.

The Walker Art Center is a leading institution in the local arts community. The museum is recognized for its commitment to contemporary art and its role in shaping the local arts scene. The Walker Art Center's support of the Pilot project is a testament to its dedication to fostering the development of artists and the arts.

It is clear that the Walker Art Center recognized the potential of the Pilot project and saw it as an opportunity to support emerging artists and their work. The Walker Art Center's support of the Pilot project is an example of how institutions like the Walker Art Center can play a critical role in supporting the development of the arts and artists.

The Walker Art Center's support of the Pilot project is an important milestone for the project. It is a testament to the Walker Art Center's commitment to supporting emerging artists and their work. The Walker Art Center's support of the Pilot project is a critical step in the project's development and growth.
Itziar Barrio: THE PERILS OF OBEDIENCE (PREMIERE)

Upon entering Itziar Barrio’s exhibition THE PERILS OF OBEDIENCE (PREMIERE) we are greeted by an immediate sense of disorientation, a palpable sensation of anxiety. The space is a labyrinth of towering concrete blocks, the colors of which range from deep greys to stark whites. The first thing that catches our attention is a small video screen positioned at the center of the room, displaying a slow motion animation of Sharon Stone’s infamous crotch scene from Basic Instinct. It’s an attention-grabber, to say the least. The scene is replayed several times, each iteration more intense than the last. The sound of the music, a deep base thumping rhythmically, seems to echo throughout the gallery, adding to the sense of unease.

As we move deeper into the exhibition, we are presented with a series of sculptures and installations. The first thing that catches our eye is a large concrete block, the surface of which is covered in a series of cracks and crevices. A small kiss of bronze appears to emerge from the concrete, serving as a focal point for the viewer. Nearby, a series of latex sculptures rest on top of a printed copy of the King Kong Theory report. The report is a collection of essays by various authors, each discussing different aspects of the theoretical framework that underpins Barrio’s work. The sculptures themselves are a testament to the artist’s skill, each one meticulously crafted and perfectly synchronized with the gallery space.

The second room of the exhibition is a small, enclosed space, the walls of which are covered in a series of photographs. Each photograph is a close-up of a different sculpture, highlighting the intricate details and craftsmanship. The sculptures themselves are a mix of concrete, latex, and metal, each material contributing to the overall aesthetic of the piece. The lighting in the room is dim, creating a sense of intimacy and mystery.

The final room of the exhibition is a large, open space, the walls of which are lined with a series of large canvas prints. Each print is a representation of a different scene from Barrio’s work, capturing the artist’s vision and philosophy. The space is designed to be a free-flowing area, allowing the viewer to walk around and immerse themselves in the art. The walls are lined with couches and chairs, providing a comfortable space for visitors to sit and reflect on the work.

Overall, the exhibition is a thought-provoking exploration of the themes of power, gender, and desire. Barrio’s work is a testament to the power of art to challenge traditional narratives and offer new perspectives on the world around us. The exhibition is a must-see for anyone interested in contemporary art and culture.
Itziar Barrio: Stella!—working on, and through, the film I helped make in the Knockdown Center.

IB: What I was saying earlier is that I don't think that the film necessarily offers a solution. I do feel like it is incredibly hopeful! I also loved the idea of a sex worker being like, I am in this great position, because I am... working with my experience. It's really this space that is being contested and pulled back and forth. What should this space be used for? Who gets to use it? And what do they get to talk about? But it is also about the housing crisis, and how it reproduces itself through art.

JM: Absolutely. As a sex worker, I was grateful for how you handled this material. With A Streetcar Named Desire, you have love, oppression, and at the end, a shift, as far as agency for this character is concerned. What was your role in that film? Were you in charge of the direction, the story, and the script?

IB: You know, I am an artist. In a way, I am a director. I am a producer. I am a writer. I mean, I am involved in the making of a film, and the means of production. Those are obsessions in my work. I always see myself—not as a director-character, you are only a very slight specter. A voice. But that voice is behind and in front of the camera. It's the filming that's important. It's the filming that informs the story. So it merged with and emerged from your life. … There is a tumbling through life, and then art gets merged into it.

JM: You Weren't Familiar but You Weren't Afraid was filmed in multiple cities and makes overt narrative references to three films: A Streetcar Named Desire (1951), La estrategia del caracol (The Strategy of the Snail) (1993) and Accattone (1961). In the first place, you were thinking of Pasolini. You know, Pasolini, who was killed. That is part of "A Cyborg Manifesto" by Donna Haraway. [The film] is a lot about different actor in each city.

IB: So it's different actor in each city.

JM: Yes. It's really interesting because it's an exploration of how different bodies, languages, and cultures; these different vantage points—reenactment, autobiography—which I found incredibly interesting and strenuous. You have these different bodies doing the work. So it's not the director-character, you are only a very slight specter. A voice. But that voice is behind and in front of the camera. It's the filming that's important. It's the filming that informs the story. So it merged with and emerged from your life. … There is a tumbling through life, and then art gets merged into it.

IB: My conversation with Itziar took place before THE PERILS OF OBEDIENCE (PREMIERE) opened, so I had only viewed the video and the film in Bogotá, where people in this communal living situation are being evicted by the state. Then you have Pasolini, who was killed. I was thinking of it in terms of scale, with Stella and her location and environment. She goes from being in A Streetcar Named Desire (1951), to Bogotá, where people in this communal living situation are being evicted by the state. Then you have Pasolini, who was killed.

IB: That is part of "A Cyborg Manifesto" by Donna Haraway. [The film] is a lot about different actor in each city.

JM: And that's why I love you...
Sergio Cabrera: A film cannot change the world, but it can generate reflections that change people who change the world.

Blanche Dubois: I don’t want realism. I want magic. Yes, yes, magic! I try to give that to people.

A Review by Eva H.D.

In recent years, many of us have had the occasion to question, like Ford assembly line veteran and poet Philip Levine, what work is? What constitutes work, however—whether it’s answering a manager’s texts at eleven at night or risking one’s life to ring up Starbucks lattes—has long been a subject of debate. A songwriter friend’s grandfather used to tell him, “You can’t call it
work unless you’re sweating”; this maxim might ring hollow to the systems administrator plagued by twelve-hour work days and round the clock carpal tunnel syndrome. Like queer Marxist auteurs Rainer Werner Fassbinder and Pier Paolo Pasolini before her, visual artist and filmmaker Itziar Barrio is deeply preoccupied with the nature of labor and its complications, and she shares with them a profound suspicion of the omnipresent market as carnival ruse, a chump’s game. (Perhaps Pasolini’s iconic Accattone would still be a pimp today, it seems more likely he’d work for Amazon.) Her awareness of cinema-as-labor, and of labor as a performance, informs a central premise of her latest film: What happens when actors—workers themselves—are subjected to unexpected pressures within the context of the cinematic work? According to Barrio, “the work cultivates conditions for unscripted consequences to probe codes and limits of film, performance, sculpture, and installation.”

Barrio’s **THE PERILS OF OBEDIENCE** (on exhibit earlier this year at PARTICIPANT INC, NYC) probes the limits of performance: of gender, of violence, of love, of control. What is, she asks, the performance of performing, or of spectating—and what does this signify in the age of zoom, when virtually all aspects of daily life are recorded and available for exaltation and critique? For Itziar Barrio, the work of filmmaking is a performance — and the idea of the performative as it pertains to power dynamics is fundamental to her work, as is the lineage of queer Marxist cinema in which she positions herself. **THE PERILS OF OBEDIENCE** is a synapse-teasing concatenation of experimental film, sculpture, texts, archives, and cinematic ephemera, the culmination of twelve years of filming in multiple locations. In it, questions are layered for a textural effect that calls to mind abstract painting—the facts of color and composition trumping literal interpretation—cumulatively occasioning a broader inquiry into the nature of a culture of terminal spectacle itself.

The centerpiece of the show is Barrio’s film **You Weren’t Familiar, But You Weren’t Afraid**, a mesmerizing and allusive meditation in which the apparatus of filmmaking is ostentatiously on display. The film follows three performances, one set in New York, one in Bogotá, and a third in Rome, through casting and rehearsal – each riffing on, respectively, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *La Estrategia del Caracol*, and *Accattone*. (References and jeux de mots abound; the through-line here is the character of ‘Stella’, who literally, as the language shifts from English, to Spanish, to Italian, becomes a ‘star’ over the course of the film.) The installation, which also includes a taped interview with the director of Italy’s Pasolini archive, a collection of sculptural works, and an active, ever-expanding web archive, is a synthesis of pop culture, historical documents, and aesthetic inquiries into the nature of materialism; Barrio’s interest lies in reconfiguring the iconic in order to “break the meaning,” as she puts it, to build something new. Drawing inspiration from sources as varied as Caravaggio’s *The Cardsharps*, Albee’s *Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf*, and Fassbinder’s *Fox and His Friends*, **THE PERILS** asks: if workers are governed by what they produce, how are they affected when what they produce is desire?
The film opens with a shot of Desire Street in the leafy New Orleans neighborhood where playwright Tennessee Williams wrote his breakthrough hit; we then find ourselves in a Manhattan white cube art space, where four performers rehearse scenes from *Streetcar*, punctuated by the interruptions and interrogations of an initially unseen director. Barrio’s intelligent use of casting is notable, here: the gender and racial diversity of the performers revitalizes the play’s now familiar tropes, provoking fresh and intriguing insights. This process continues in Bogotá, with a show that inserts *Streetcar*’s Stella, played by Endry Cardenño, into the setting of Sergio Cabrera’s *La Estrategia del Caracol* (a 1993 Colombian film that outperformed *Jurassic Park* at the box office but is largely unknown to American audiences). The final act takes place in Trastevere, Rome, a bohemian neighborhood with a storied working-class history; Stella, in this iteration the reluctant sex worker of Pasolini’s *Accattone*, encounters the goddesses Venus and Minerva sipping tea in an ornate sitting room, where the three debate sex workers’ rights and the nature—essential or otherwise—of womanhood, labor, and love. As these scenes are rehearsed and rerehearsed, new meanings emerge from the texts, from our understanding of the actors as individuals performing the roles of themselves. The result is the cinematic equivalent of what musicians call woodshedding: as the performers repeat their lines to the point of reflexivity, a surprising and irresistible jazz emerges.

In each iteration, the individual scenes’ directors question the cast members regarding their characters’ motivations, but also probe more personally, asking, in one instance: “Could you lie?” We eventually learn, with help from the archive, that we are not simply watching footage of plays being rehearsed, but of the casting itself; and that there is an audience present observing the process. We see the actress playing Blanche interviewed as Blanche; as herself, Miriam A. Hyman; and then rapping in a music video—forcing us to consider how performers find and identify truth within the constructed world of the theatre. The diverse cast going through the now familiar motions of *Streetcar* implicitly calls into question the performance of gender both on stage and in life; we may wonder what is entailed for men in performing ‘man’, as we watch actress Kelly Haran flawlessly embody the 1950s working stiff Mitch. The nature of existence itself is performative, Barrio suggests; the least gesture a potential film in the making.

During the pandemic, this sense of universal spectacle was exponentially enhanced: formerly discrete privacies became screenings that bled each into
the next—birthdays, funerals, schoolchildren taking their first faltering steps towards literacy filmed and framed; business meetings chaired from the toilet, everyone coiffed for the camera at all times. (Are the conditions for unscripted consequences a dwindling quantity in a world where everyone is her own amateur dramaturge? As writer Zadie Smith remarked in 2016 essay, this desire to make the quotidian spectacular via social media has infected even the most introverted of pursuits. “We’ve gotten into the habit of not experiencing the private, risky act of reading so much as performing our response to what we read.”) Barrio’s inquisitive, restless scope of vision is remarkably prescient; in You Weren’t Familiar, begun in 2010, her camera picks up on the backstage banter, the cords and wires, the gaffes, revealing the blurred line between spectacle and reality, person and performer, revelation and presentation, theatrical and social roles; and the power dynamics inherent in these configurations—astutely prefiguring contemporary life, in which seemingly no one is free from the all-seeing camera’s multifarious gaze.

It is notable that Barrio, a Basque artist based in New York City, fixates on filmmakers whose works concern the excavation of deeply painful and concealed national memories. Although she consistently references Queer cinema where the subject is class exploitation, perhaps her worldview is closest to that of Cabrera: unlike Williams, Pasolini, or Fassbinder, Barrio is proposing an alternative to the world in which the sucker, farlòcco, always pays. Layerings of contrapuntal imagery, including recurring footage of a fountain, a significant trope employed throughout, underscored by ambient piano music remind us of the seductions of simple beauty. Barrio immerses us in her lexicon, as Toni Morrison put it, letting “the rest of the world move over” to her frame of reference. The fountain becomes a character, a conduit, conducts us from one setting to another. Like Pasolini, Barrio uses the symbolic in practical ways, her gaze often lingering on inanimate objects, or rather, occasioning an animation of objects, in the sense of anima: a be-souling; a sort of metaphorical intervention.

The show’s title, THE PERILS OF OBEDIENCE, taken from Stanley Milgram’s now widely criticized experiment of the same name, performs double duty; it evokes the familiar discussion over how far a person might go to obey instructions from an authority figure, but also calls into question the perils of obeying any prevailing thought current—why were we, as a society, so inclined to believe in the authority of Milgram’s heavily doctored results? After all, Milgram, who had an “astute sense of what works on television” was a director of sorts, too: he privately characterized his work as “merely effective theater.” Barrio, meanwhile, includes footage of herself working in order to expose her complicity in the embedded power structure of filmmaking. In THE PERILS, the installation’s guests watch the film’s audience watching the on-screen audience watching the director watch the cast watching the director; each an uneasy collaborator in the creation process.

Authority presents itself in various guises: actors submit to the orders of the director; the public to the rules of the performance space; the audience to the dictates of the performers’ fame, and so forth. Artists submit to the authority of
intuition or of form, to the exigencies of space, of the available equipment. A
discussion between Barrio and her cinematographer over camera lenses
culminates in inevitable acquiescence to pragmatism: “Well, this is the shit we
have.”

The presentation of the film on three screens effects a quasi-theatrical
expansiveness—a sense of heightened control over the field of vision; we can
choose to oscillate between a close-up of a performer and a pan of the crew,
abstract meaning from a clip of Fassbinder’s Fox lying dead on the ground,
juxtaposed with the performer playing Blanche explaining that her character’s
husband committed suicide after being outed as a homosexual. (This theme a
thread woven throughout: a triptych of boys whose queerness—sexual,
political—has killed them.) The split consciousnesses suggested by the multiple
screens work together to form one fastidiously coherent socio-political-
theatrical narrative.

‘Chronotope,’ a literary term indicating the connection between location and
the timeframe in which a story unfolds, is useful here: for Barrio, location is a
character, and emptiness—of a street, a building—merely a construct of the
uninquisitive eye. (What, indeed, is empty?— consider microorganisms, atoms,
the air!) You Weren’t Familiar illuminates how the chronotope affects the
behavior of the individuals (re)acting within it. Barrio takes this concept further,
illustrating how our location in a specific body inextricably entangles with the
scripts we are assigned. Pasolini’s fluid sequences reveled in documenting
bodies that do not normally appear in cinema; Barrio too finds vitality in the
quotidian, a statement political as well as aesthetic: when capital is privileged
over labor, the body becomes fodder, collateral damage.

Applied to the hackneyed theatre of political spectacle, Barrio’s
perspective allows for enhanced possibilities. In March of 2022,
senator Marsha Blackburn (a de facto
thespian making a desperate bid to
accrue campaign footage)
demanded that Supreme Court
nominee Ketanji Brown Jackson
define what it is to be a woman—in a
cynically disingenuous interrogatory technique presumably cribbed from
scripts and
putting them in other places and times opens up the question to the possibility
of genuinely interesting answers. In You Weren’t Familiar, a director poses the
same question; with the chronotope shifted to a less sinister context, the
alteration makes room for the apposite (and practical) response of performer
Lilith Primavera, who brilliantly pinpoints the universal in the specific: “I don’t
know what it means to be a woman. I barely know what it means to be Lilith
Primavera.”

An archaeologist in real time, Barrio sifts through contemporary cultural
detritus, in an attempt to determine the nature of the society that created it.
The Perils is a project that prompts and rewards further research on the part
of the viewer—it accumulates layers of meaning, each reference a
symbiotically enriching reverberation of the whole. Fortunately, every aspect of
the creation process as well as a plethora of ancillary information is currently
available in an encyclopedic online archive including scene outlines, poetically
gnomic hand-printed notes[2], recordings of auditions, a scrapbook of Pasolini
clippings, written questions such as: "are you in touch with your violence?", photographs of sculptural pieces, and film stills from Fox and Accattone. Co-created by writer and curator Elizaveta Alexandrovna Shneyderman, the archive forms a kind of personal cinematic grammar, a cipher by which to read and interpret the film anew.

Barrio is concerned with making the invisible visible, whether in a discussion of the viability of unionization for sex workers, the presentation of a baker plying his trade elbow-deep in dough, or her questioning of the figurative dough that greases the cogs of culture—and asks us to consider the seductions of power, social obedience and submission; and the nature of the conduits that connect us, across otherwise unbridgeable divides of geography, history, identity. Included in the web archive’s dramaturgical artefacts is an audition monologue from Basic Instinct: “I’m a writer, I use people for what I write. You write what you know. Let the world beware.” But Barrio, sensing that unconsidered obedience to any narrative is fatal, proposes the opposite—I learn something through creating. And there is an open invitation to the process. Her camera’s hunger to take in just that much more than the eye can see: Let the world be here.
Itziar Barrio: A Dream of Different Weather/ the society of the spectacle in the age of zoom — AGOTT

[Image of an art installation by Itziar Barrio]

[1] Levine's gnomic and acerbic conclusion: "you don't know what work is."

[2] "Participants were told by an experimenter to administer increasingly powerful electric shocks to another individual. Unbeknownst to the participants, shocks were fake and the individual being shocked was an actor. The majority of participants obeyed, even when the individual being shocked screamed in pain. While Milgram's reports of his process report methodical and uniform procedures, the audiotapes reveal something different. During the experimental sessions, the experimenters often went off-script and coerced the subjects into continuing the shocks." (https://www.thoughtco.com/milgram-experiment-4176401) Milgram's assistant "even came to blows with one forty-six-year-old woman who turned the shock machine off." (Gina Perry, Behind the Shock Machine: The Untold Story of the Notorious Milgram Psychology Experiments, New York, 2013. p.134)

[3 i.e. "recuerdo del día de mi nacimiento, recuerdo del día de mi nacimiento, recuerdo del día de mi primera comunión"

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**Eva H.D.** is the author of the poetry collections Rotten Perfect Mouth, and Shiner. Her poem, 38 Michigans won the Montreal International Poetry Prize. Her poem, "Bonedog" was featured in Charlie Kaufman's recent film I'm Thinking of Ending Things (Netflix). Her new collection of poetry, The Natural Hustle will be available from McClelland & Stewart in 2022.

Photos by Daniel Kukla

THE PERILS OF OBEDIENCE Video Stills by Itziar Barrio

Itziarbarrio.com
Itziar Barrio. THE PERILS OF OBEDIENCE (Participant Inc, 2016) Poster. Designed by Jaume Marco

Itziar Barrio. Minerva plegada en cañería II. Concrete, clay, used plumbing pipe, paint, and latex (DETAIL). 126 x 50 x 30 cm. 2019.

Itziar Barrio. You Weren’t Familiar, But You Weren’t Afraid Film Poster. 2022. Co-designed by Jaume Marco and Itziar Barrio


Itziar Barrio, You Weren’t Familiar, But You Weren’t Afraid Still. HD, 98 min. 2022.


Itziar Barrio, It’s all whatever we want it to be, 2022. Participant Inc, New York. Photo: Daniel Kukla.

Itziar Barrio, Untitled (JEFF 6), 2022. Silkscreen on latex, latex, Metallic structure (IKEA JEFF Chair), and cement. Participant Inc, New York. Photo: Daniel Kukla.


