

RM MARCO PEZZOTTA

RM Marco Pezzotta is the third iteration of a project begun in 2015 as Real Madrid, later continued as RM from 2022 to 2025. Initially conceived as a collaborative platform, RM has now transformed into an individual practice, moving farther from the blur and miscommunication that characterized its beginnings.

During the last decade, RM's practice has focused on the becoming of identities, including their own, and on states of illness in their relationship to language and wit.

This third chapter marks a shift toward a work engaging with the ambiguity of value, with class lonesomeness and envy, comfort, and decay.



"Chacun pour sa Gueule" custom made jewelry piece. 2020

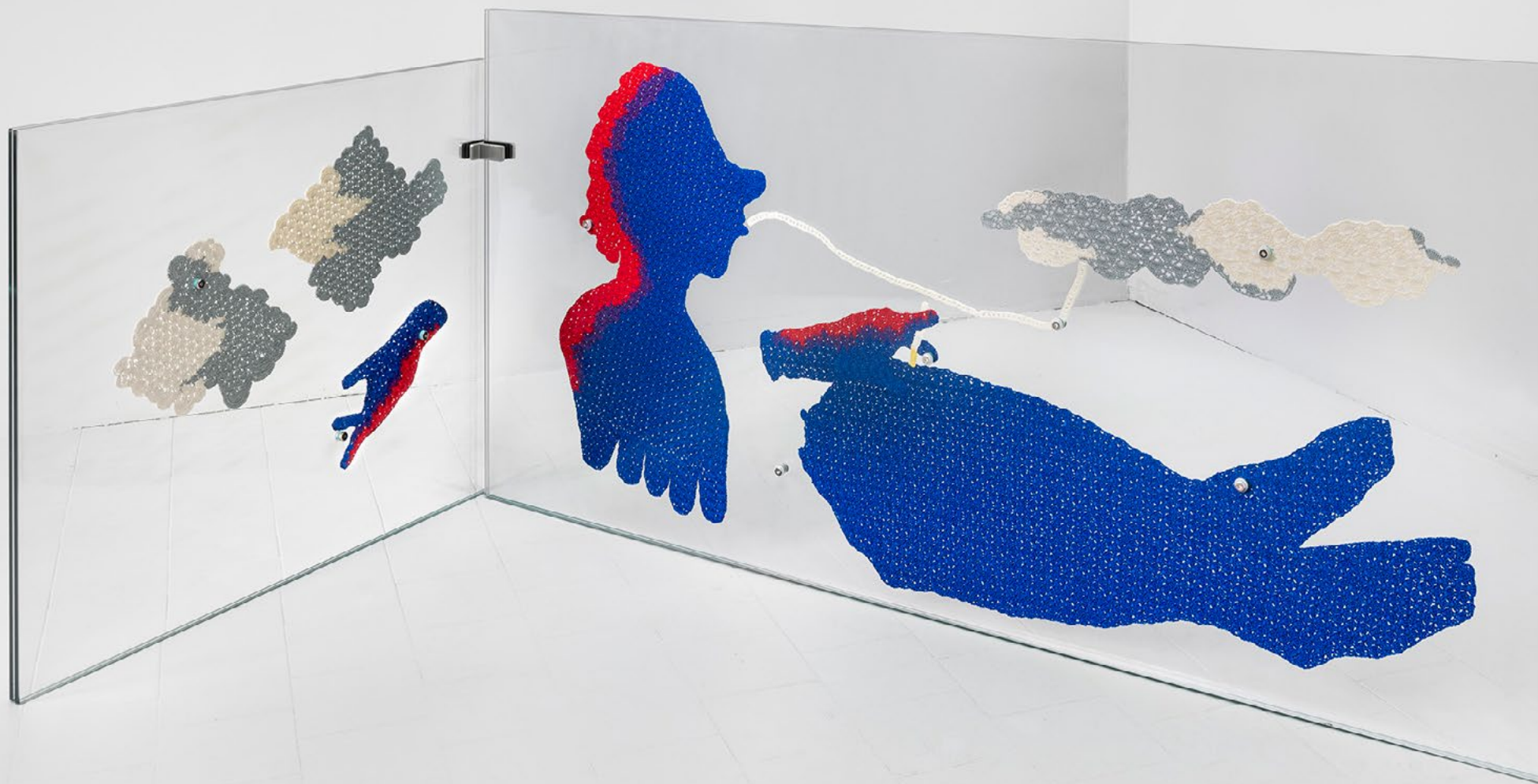
YOURS TASTEFULLY

"Following his recurring interest in the interdependence of bodies and in what it reveals about their permeability as well as their vulnerability, Marco Pezzotta places his mother at the centre of this exhibition. This is not the first time he has involved her in his work. In 2022, they made a series of crochet works together. This time, however, the focus is directly on her, and on the bond between them. All the works in the exhibition were made in collaboration with her: Annamaria produced the crocheted elements. the lips shaping a small o" (2026), a series of two glass discs compressing a crocheted doily, is particularly eloquent in its exploration of what taste implies in human relationships. From a distance, simple forms can be distinguished: a circle, a cross, or two superimposed prohibition signs. (...)"

Excerpt from Oriane Durand, *Yours Tastefully*

Things Can Never Be Caught Napping, 2026.
Fine art prints, framed

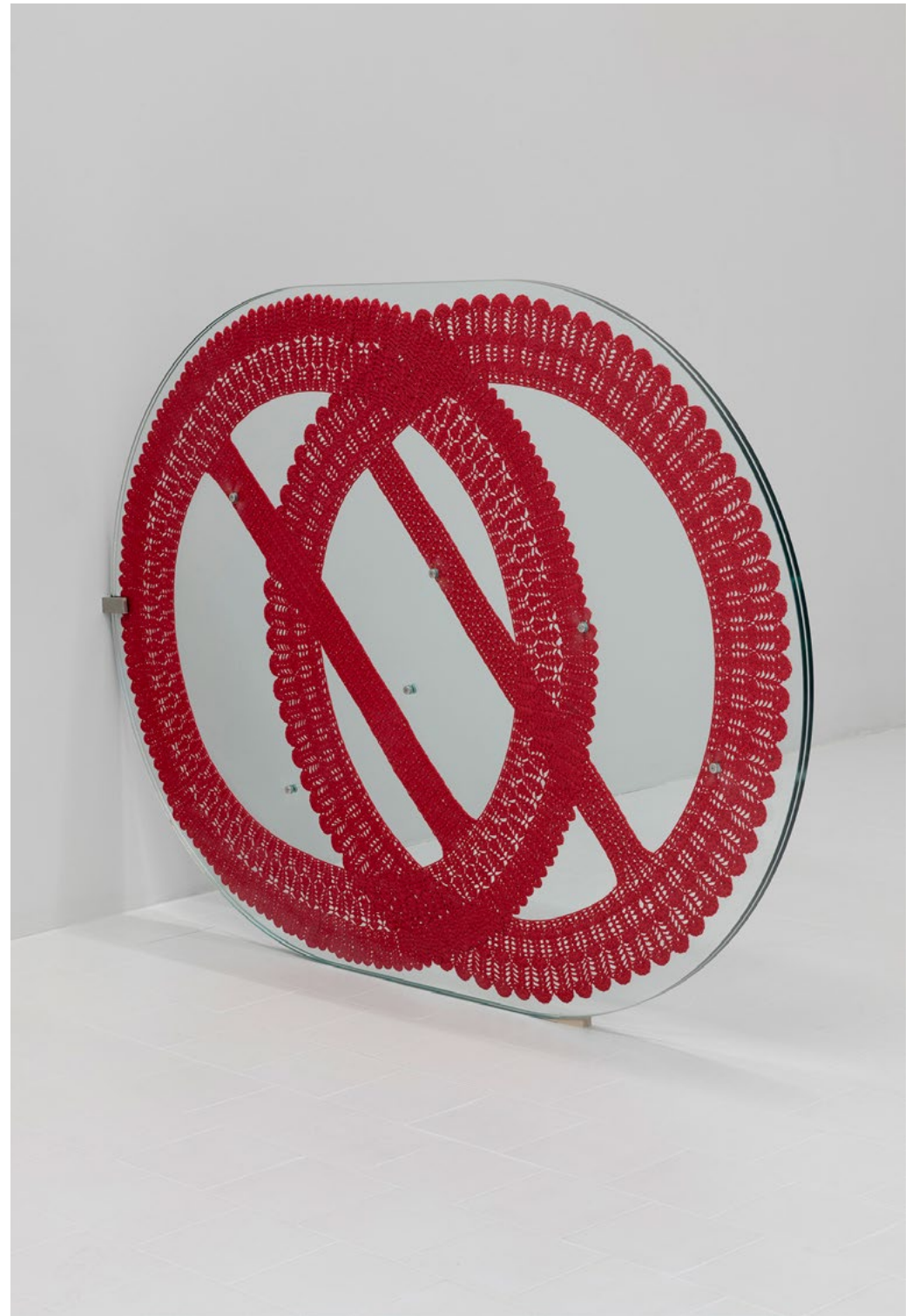




That Little Fete at the Foot, 2026. Hand crocheted cotton, glass, screws
175x70x85cm



Yours Tastefully, 2026. Installation view



A silver mini spoon, a box of sugared almond!!! 2026 Hand-crocheted cotton, glass, screws



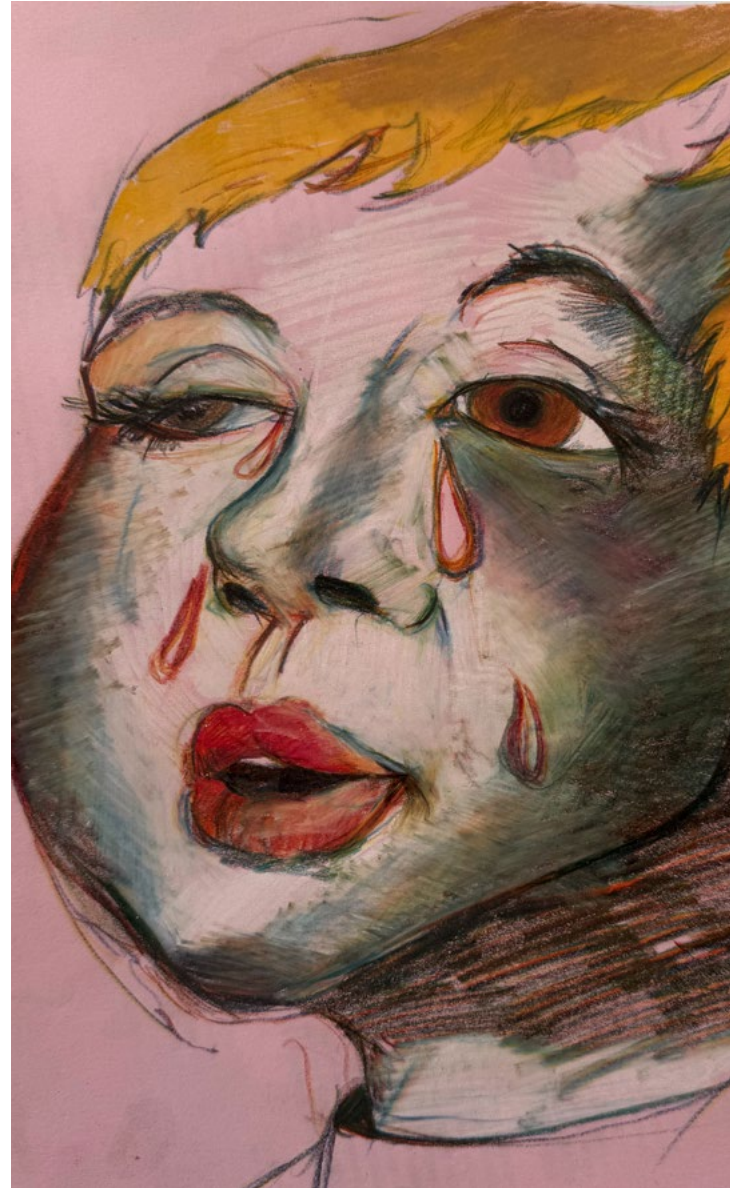
UNTILTED

"Untilted" is a series of drawings that constitutes one of the backbones of my work. Although the drawings rarely end up in exhibitions, their presence is an integral part of the research that supports my installative practice. The title "Untilted" refers quite literally to the idea of keeping things straight up—not tilted.

Untilted.
Ongoing series, crayon on paper, 21x29cm







FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES

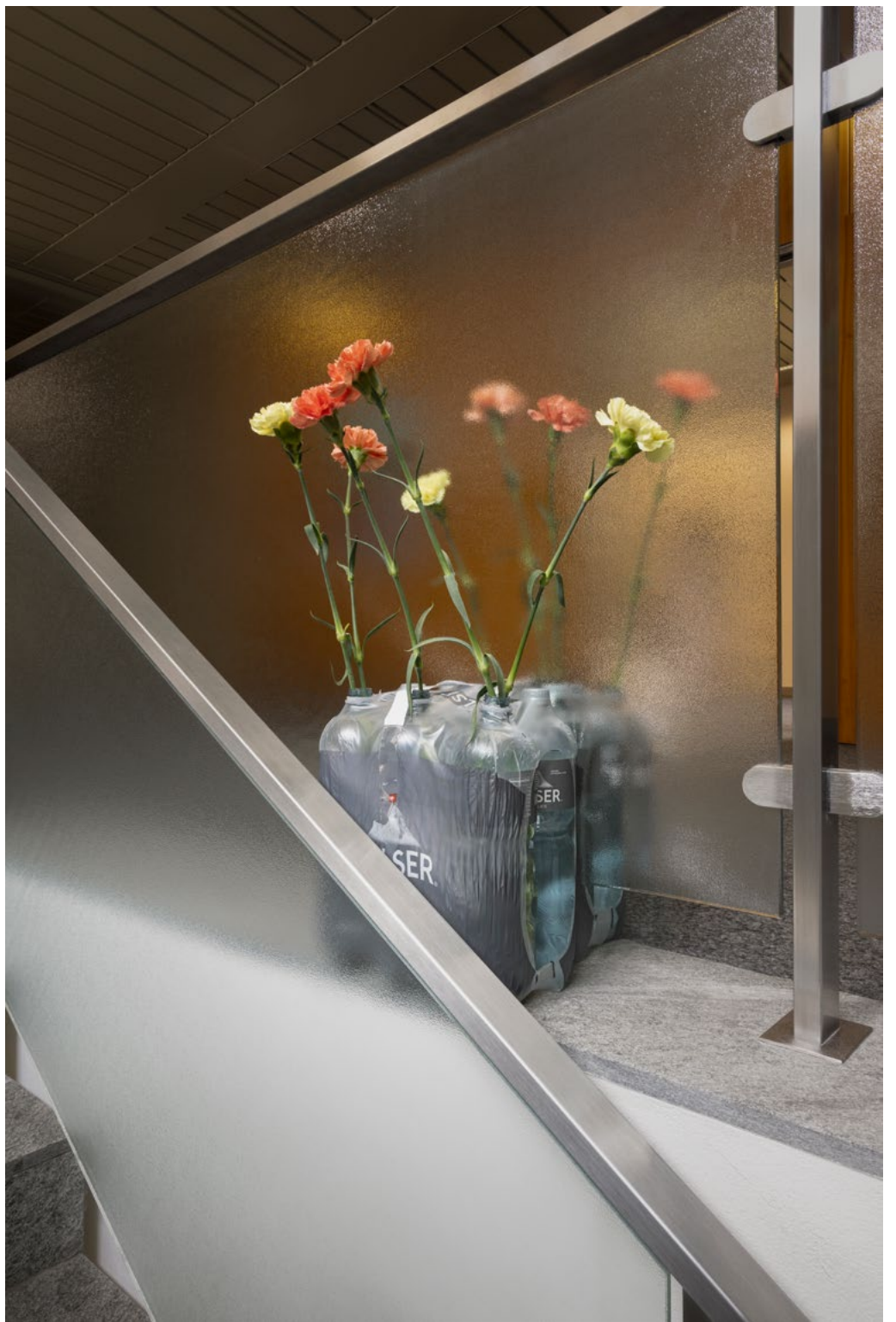
"For all intents and purposes" is an installation made of six-packs of bottles of water, still wrapped, some of their caps unscrewed and left open. The packs function as flower pots and cut flowers are inserted directly into the bottles. The use of wrapped water bottles from an upper-middle price range operates alongside the flowers as a differently organized system.

A disposable object is displaced from its function and reorganized into a fragile form of luxury, of value and class.

For All Intents and Purposes 2026.
Modular installation.







LIGNE-DE-LINGE

The image of clothes hanging on a line evokes moments of domestic work, almost serving as a tribute to household tasks. It is a symbol that transcends language, conveying something universally understood: an exposure to sunlight (to good or bad weather conditions in general), and the suggestion that a labour has taken place. It is not a scene of grandeur; rather, a celebration of the intimate, the ordinary, the personal. It requires no language or cultural background to be understood.*



Ligne-de-Linge, 2025.
Outdoor installation. Geneva, Plainpalais.



ANUS HORRIBILIS

"In the exhibition, dying is approached as a physical transformation in which bowel movements play a central role. As a result, the exhibition is also an examination of excrement as a paradoxical cultural object that sits awkwardly between taboo, liminal experience and embarrassment. RM's work pulls death into a material, bodily space, bringing sadness and humor together in an unexpected embrace to create a new language for grief and dying that allows them to be seen as integral parts of life."

M. Buehler, 2024



Two Action United in a Frame, digital animation 10 Min. 2024
Video completo: <https://vimeo.com/1005452410?fl=pl&fe=sh>

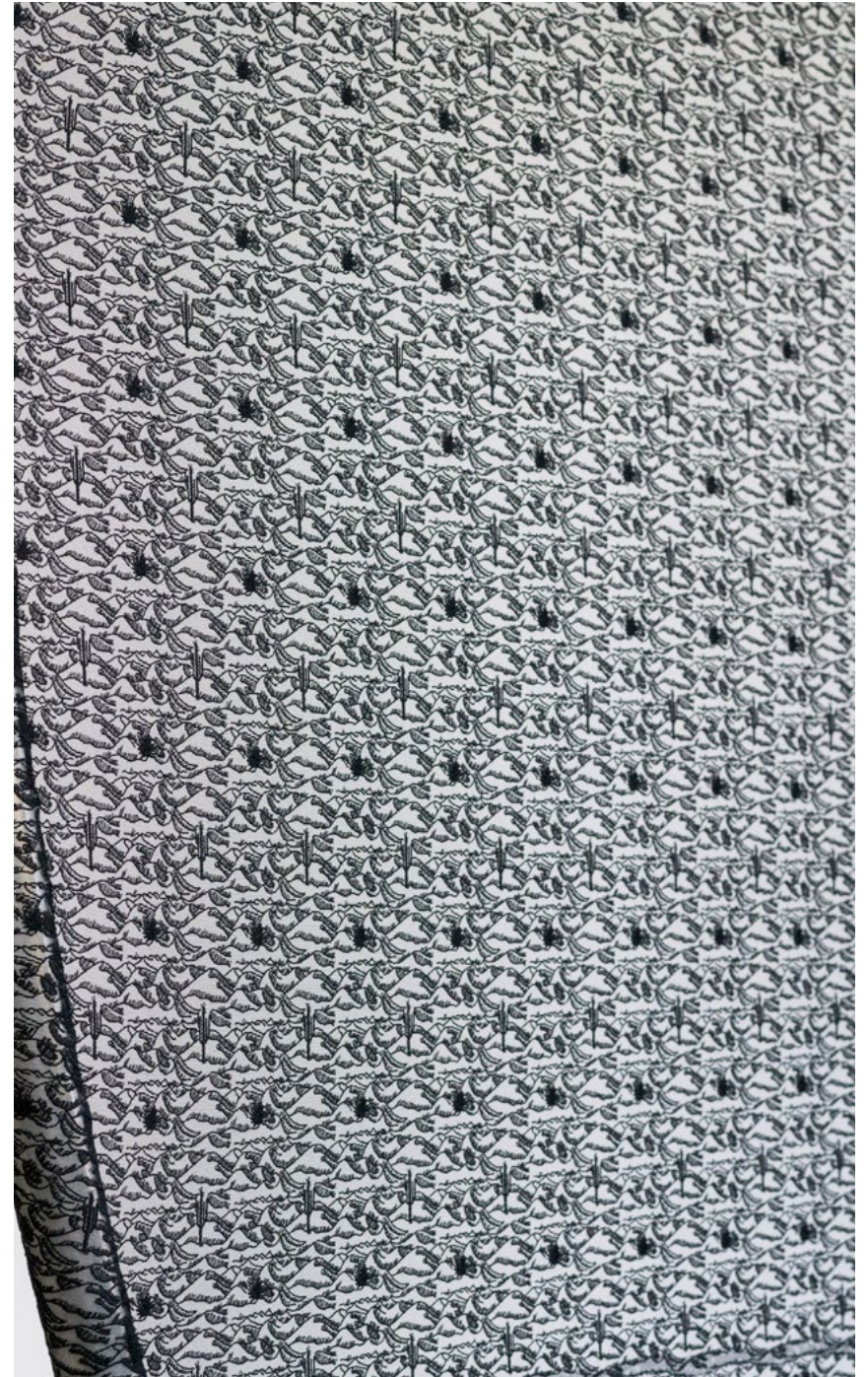
[LINK TO FULL VIDEO](https://vimeo.com/1005452410?fl=pl&fe=sh)



Flyperson, copper, 2024; (background) *A Game of Sleep*, modified coffin, 2024



Shitperson, copper, 2024; (background) *A Game of Sleep*, modified coffin, 2024



Death Bed Etiquette, embroidered tulle, aluminum structure ø 4mt

IL PARCO, LA PANCHINA, LA STAZIONE RATS A DOG, A CAR, AN EPIDEMIC OF BODY LICE A SHACK OF WEALTH

A group of custom made metallic parasols with an embedded round table, are staging a bar situation. Slightly over-designed they seem to suggest a gathering around them, resting drinks under its shadow, a protection for the blazing sun.

"A shack of wealth" was the centerpiece in the exhibition Postoristoro (Paris 2021), suggesting a re-creation of the bistro imagined by Tondelli in the opening tale of *Altri libertini* (1980). Paraphernalia of leisure and bourgeoisie, these awnings awaken the dreamless nights of a high society in their summer houses, but evoke also a more marginal *"Oh, I'm so high"* society. They bend they merge, they turn inside out.



A shack of wealth (picture up) Installation view at Museo Madre Napoli, R: installation view at La Beque CH



Rats (at the back); *A dog, a car, an epidemic of body lice* (left side); *Il parco, la panchina, la stazione* (right side). Installation view at Museo Madre at the exhibition *Il Resto di Niente*, Napoli 2024

A STORY BACKWARDS

In this show, the artists employ narrative and staging strategies adopted from commedia dell'arte – a form of Italian public theatre popular across Europe between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries – to consider how experiences of power, authority and agency are narrated through roleplaying and story-making.

Commedia dell'arte developed the early theatrical dialects of mime and farce in the Middle Ages into a professionalised form of ensemble acting. Its companies were composed of strolling performers and street entertainers, who performed exaggerated parodies of stock characters in evolving, improvised productions. These comedies established a new form of democratised public theatre that satirised social and political hierarchies, and its popularity contributed to the formalisation of social archetypes that were dominant in cultural discourse at that time. These archetypal characters, such as the Harlequin, Pantalone and Pulcinella, continue to appear regularly in contemporary cinema and television. A Story Backwards borrows from this methodology of storytelling through a series of material investigations, to explore relational ideas on power and identity. The show begins with an encounter with two road traffic lights fixed in sequence, introducing the exhibition environment as one mediated by systems of control. Passage through the installation is then determined by large-scale architectural interventions made of mosquito netting, staggering the exhibition spaces into segments or chapters. The perforated quality of the netting recurs in other materials throughout the installation, operating as an adaptive emblem for exploring ideas of agency and authority.

Three kinetic sculptures are marked with statements referencing the roles commonly portrayed by characters in commedia dell'arte: masters, servants and lovers. The texts appear as ambiguous commands or stage directions. Scattered across the installation, they propose the social function of these archetypes as historical, cultural and imaginary constructions which, through satire, may destabilise hierarchies manufactured by dominant authorities in society.





L: *Night Again* R: *Pick Up your Troubles*, modified traffic lights, 2023

SOLO TÚ

Until last summer RM used to go by a name written Real Madrid, pronounced either *nəl mæ'drɪd*, or *ře'al ma'ðrɪd*. After legal threats by a namesake company RM had to disown that moniker and disclose being unpatented knockoffs. It was a matter of ticking time, of who trademarked facts first and once - pronunciation stays unaltered.

Solo Tu is an unbaptism, a debut against copyrighted one-off geniuses, an and to a story, a stack of counterfeit merch and a spoonful of the shared minestrone of ideas, and also another unoriginal show about identity.



Real Madrid 2018, 2023, toilet paper holder, stickers roll (endless stickers)



RM 2011, 2023, toilet paper holder, stickers roll (endless stickers)



Solo Tú, installation view at Centre d'Édition Contemporaine, Geneva 2023

TROJAN HORSE

Sticky night leaving sweat prints on sheets. Your body is impressive. Two in this bed, but too hot for any touching. Roll aside (squish squish popping bugs from a past show), a truce now. I need to restore my energy, to breath, refresh. A warning sprayed on a mattress in the street says:

Xchange what is chased

in favour of a cleaner environment for me and my guests.

I show through the tidiness of a parlour that I am not an infectious carrier, a trojan horse, I have my shit together.

My bedroom in the meanwhile, that's another story - *are you open minded behind closed doors?*

Parasites draw the line between what's the inside and the outside: a sieve hinders their siege. And we saved enough to buy an ergonomic tool, a prototype. Make ourselves a present that is so new that can't be a trickster. It's Clavileño, a flying wooden horse (lacking any detail, but we see a horse, a pin on its forehead). Close your eyes Sancho we are taking off. It's full and thick and carries no secret. Welcome to a show of the 60s, a second wave and the so interesting so appealing domesticity. However, here's the Hoover, smash yourself. Wooooooooooooooooooooooooosh. And you are either sucked gone into hyperspace Sancho or else stuck in a HEPA filter. There's your truce, celebrated by a gift too big to fit the doorway. Mistrusted warnings (Cassandra, Laocoon). Then be the doorway removed, then the ceiling, and wall by wall the house is gone. The house that's the past and the future has finally left room for this present. Beware of hollow things Chacho. Trust the full and not what's holey.



Trojan Horse, Wood, silicone, metal
57 x 73 x 25 cm, 120 x 6 cm (tube)



Signed in blood, 2022, Cotton and linen fabric, plexiglas 135 x 283,5 cm



Succo all'Affamata, 2022, Cotton and linen fabric, plexiglas 135 x 283,5 cm (Detail)

BLOODSUCKERS

A twirl a vortex a coil. "don't you like fleas? Well, I think they are the prettiest little merry things in the world."

The bugs walk a nightly scenery at its highest vulnerability, head to toe across the happy trail pass, pumping blood out and injecting a thinner for up to five min/meal, several times a night. They inhabit their food world like in a kids' tales with ravioli walls and tortilla carpets. Every sleep is a midnight banquet at yours, and your valuable and cultivated self gets scandalously recessed to a nutrient for another, a colony, a class taking over sugary high-rises.

Who is a bloodsucker? The lazy profiteer, the one who benefits from the work of the other, a boss. The pied piper of Hamelin it's a popular tale about parasites and mistrust that ended with a theft of progeny, an enchanted generation carried away boogieing. The one who steals progeny becomes proletarian? The professional who took care of our bugs had a pied piper logo on the white van (couldn't help imagining children in it).

At dinner, the host demands good table manners to their guests who must entertain with good jokes and stories.

A brain on parasite has a willpower that doesn't belong to a single self anymore but it's shared with its guests': rabies makes the infected dog oversensitive and aggressive to facilitate its spreading before the host's death, Toxo makes rats and humans more benevolent towards cats (their final host), and it seems like HIV terminal patients go through an end phase of intense craving for sex. This childish parasite parabola weights on the stomach, a paranoid parkour turns the brain into a carousel where secrets circulate like lice, blurry rats, an obliged Totentanz. An eye spying on the scene from a small hole, are they gone? In the morning always prefer long sleeves to cover-up.

RM

Table manners, midnight banquet, 2022. Cotton bedsheet with crochet.





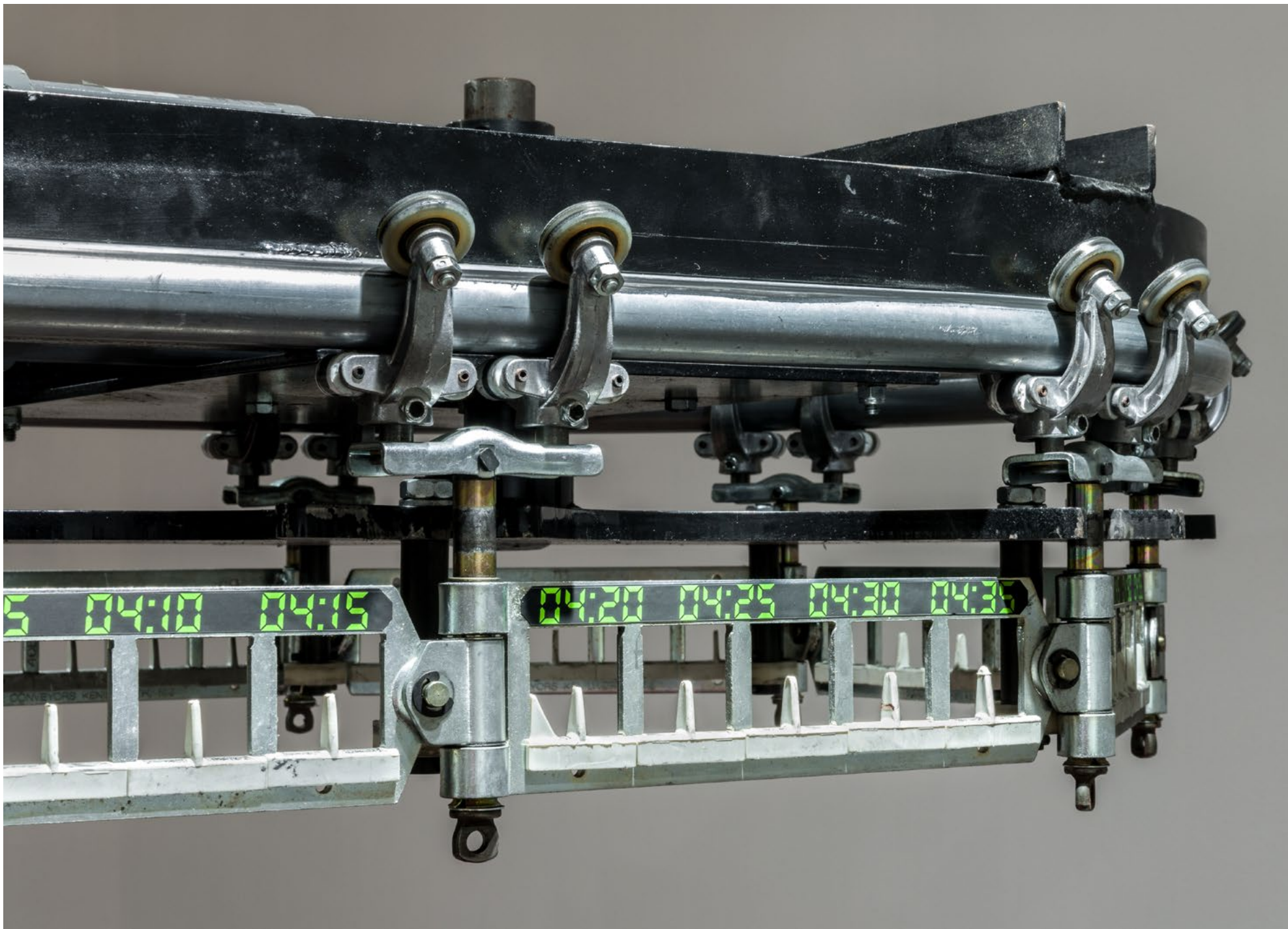
Midnight Banquet (detail), 2022. Embroidered cotton sheet. about 200x200cm



Guest, 2022. Wood, metal, rubber, plastic. 78,7 x 64,7 x 54,6 cm.



Clock tower, 2022. Garment conveyor, vinyl stickers. 542 x 200 x 73,6 cm

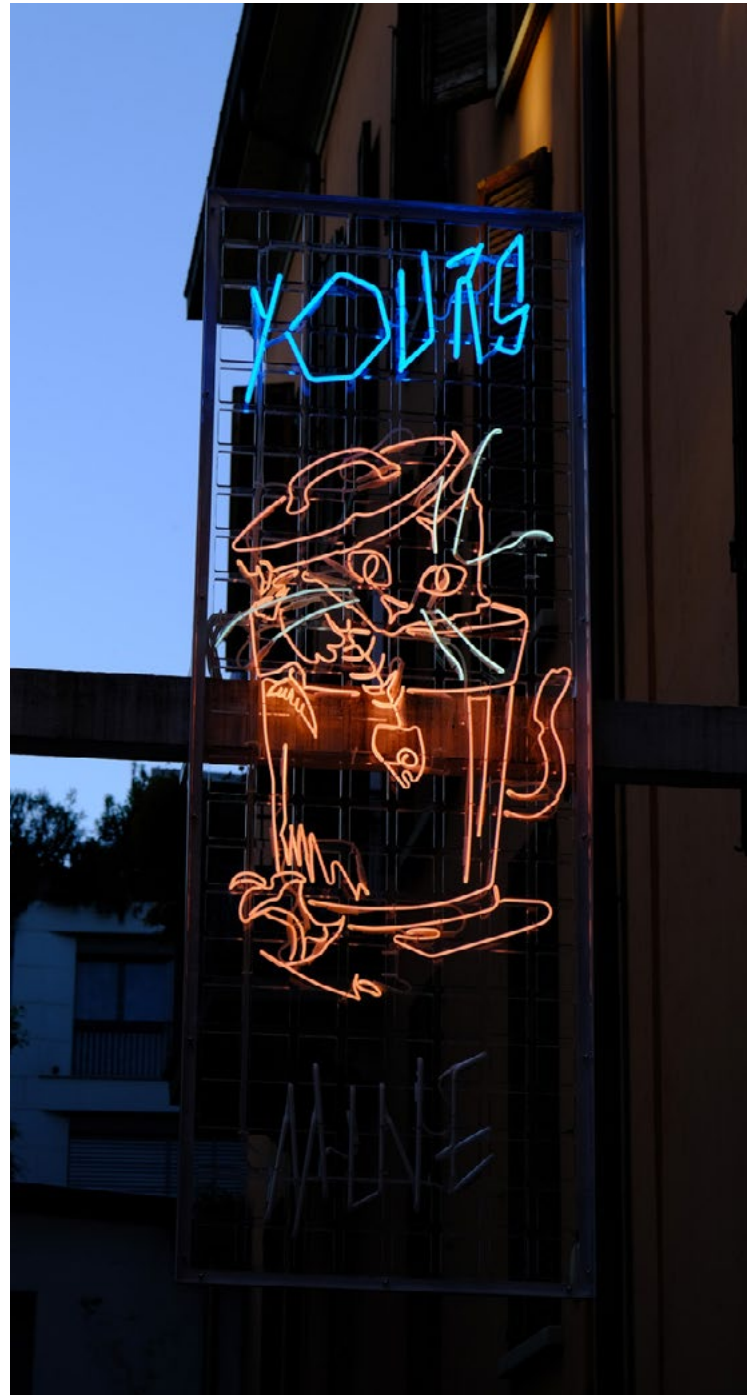


Clock tower, 2022. Garment conveyor, vinyl stickers. 542 x 200 x 73,6 cm

YOURS MINE

A neon with a logo of a cat popping out of a street trash can. It is a sort of an iconic image, infantilising street life, living day by day, being cute and tough at the same time.

There are two words blinking above and underneath the cat logo. Mine and Yours like if they were referring to the fishbone the cat is about to snack but there's none trying to grab it. All words, so as the drawing, are so in need for a context that one would imagine a secret narrative or storytelling behind them - instead the cat logo, mine and yours, are more like the knockoff of themselves. As if improperly used, not copyrighted and squeezed together like two different brands on the same shoe. While you stop and try to unlock the secret meaning of the image, the cat gets all the fishbone.



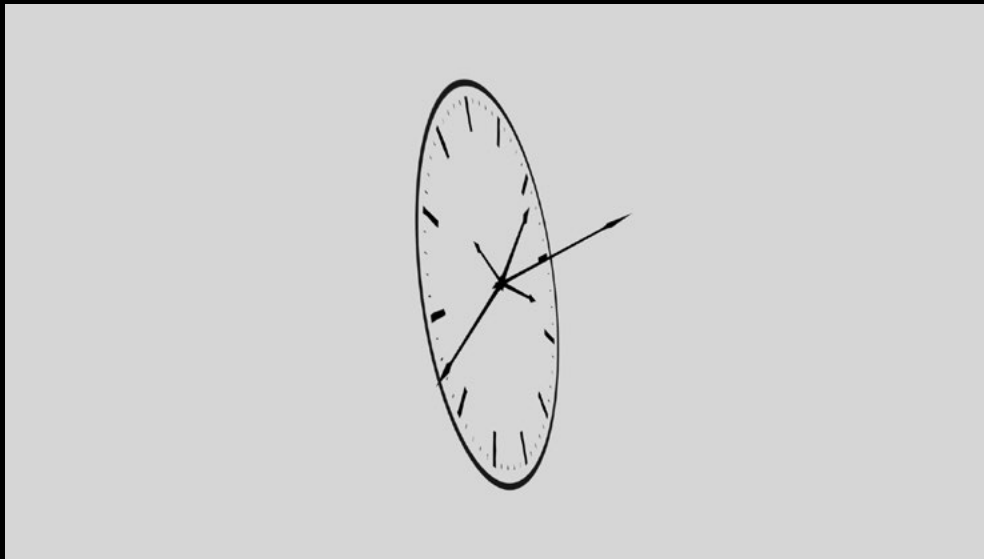
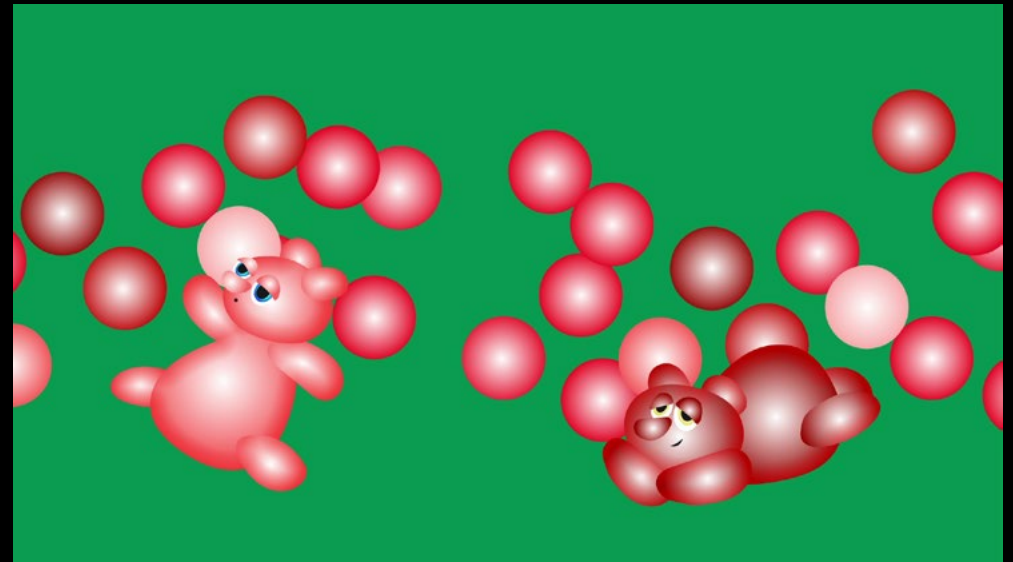
Yours mine, neon flashing light. Installation view at Casa degli Artisti Milan

FUZZY DICE

Fuzzy Dice follows a psychedelic narrative and produces a consequential imaginary about time and addictive behaviours, non productivity and stigmas.

The video starts with a clock slowly striking, getting high, reverting its dimension... we see its arms travelling and evolving into different scenarios, integrating into other worlds in a crescendo of absurdity structured by rhythmic sound, until the rush slowly settles. In this work of animated landscapes we use visual storytelling emancipating by a strict sense of a logic nor coherent storyboard. The piece becomes a detour into the curls of time, a fall into a vertiginous cruising afternoon.

RM 2021



POSTORISTORO

Postoristoro is dedicated to the little clusters of syringes left by a bench or on construction sites, behind dark bushes and bins: beings we weren't allowed to see, until we did. Cousins of the fairy-tale gnomes usually only children can spot, or more like mini spiky ogres ready to abduct them. Legend has it "they inhabit the grass, invisible until you feel that little pinch that wakes viruses and bacteria asleep on their needle, otherwise left alone in their own absurdity like microscopical stray pets. If you stare, they will jump on you". Addicts too were allowed to visit those fantastic creatures. Hidden high societies of syringes living in lemon skin tiny huts feeding on the remainders of highs – superspreaders coercing the weakest spirits to their no future will, first ride is free. At each treasure spotted on the ground: "is that it, am I in danger? Don't be careful, be afraid of things!" An addiction isn't necessarily from something you put in your body: we depend on coexistence. Postoristoro is not about youth getting wasted; it evokes a place for the marginalized to rest, a sleepy break from the future and a shelter for chillers, their sharp and hurtful priority radically opposed to a productive need.

Several outskirts, whole provinces, laying soaked after a hailstorm of pharmaceuticals. Protective parasols are given to "good people" in the 80s: another epidemic thriving in the background (not a sound). Working class families have received so far unaffordable branded coats and expensive goodies and are offered to settle for a certain wellbeing.

The spike this Cupid threw has definitely led me on a bizarre tour.





Moon, mirror, silkscreen, 2021.



A shack of wealth, metal, textiles, cotton, lights, 2021.



High society, polieester, cement, paper, glue, 2021.

I THINK I GAVE YOU...

*Voyez l'Hiver: ce champignon entre les lèvres semble un organe hypertrophié, cancéreux, hideux: je vois le visage d'un homme qui vient de mourir, une poire d'angoisse enfoncée jusqu'à l'asphyxie dans la bouche.**

*R. Barthes "Arcimboldo ou Rhétoriqueur et magicien" 1982

A fleshy allegory of decay has fallen from mannerism. It has been used so often over the centuries that has lost its plumpness, aged poorly and lays now drained and ailing (sfruttata, neither the fruit nor the parable are left).

You might want to check on this, a pear of anguish, a cherry of anxiety. Some fruit pits are so small they can accidentally be swallowed; the instrument must be proportional to the player.

Look at Summer: Memories of a scene that got stuck on the lenses and crystalized right before the eyeballs. The reddened eyes turn out to be small cherry-peaches in a flyer of Pacha.

LINK TO VIDEO



Bounty of the Mutineers, detail. Cardboard box, 1.39" round screens, videos on loop (2'34" and 2'58").



Cherries 2020 Inflated PVC, ropes, pendants

IT'S MY PARTY AND I'LL DIE IF I WANT TO



Every Kiosk or newsstand is a cluster of daily journals and magazines graphically screaming for attention, looking like a packed collage with a baroque horror-vacui aesthetic.

Kiosks are interfaces for printed communication, since the pre-internet they were diffusors of pornography and mainstream personal investigation of sexual desire. Which adolescent never stood in front of that corner where the erotic magazines are? Staring at the covers with a crooked gaze, their head pointing in another direction, but their eyes uncomfortably turned to look towards framed breasts 'n bulges. Frequently the persons working inside are familiar characters from the neighbourhood. They wouldn't mind if you'd buy some gay or lesbian erotic magazine together with a bigger issue of Whatever-Today to wrap it inside. Neither would they remember if you spent too much time looking discretely at the covers of sexy magazines; they'd instead erase the browser history once you paid your suspicious papers, minding nothing else except for what is to be seen from that window - most of the time half covered by a customer's fuckface or by the inexpensive souvenirs hanging from above.

Occasionally spots for gambling or betting, aside from magazines and newspapers they mysteriously trade all sorts of superfluous things. Birthday cards, stickers, keyrings, little collectable items that change with a generation but that uses the Kiosk to spread. We got assigned in the 90s with Garbage-Pail Kids, "Pogs", and as issues for thematic collections (like minerals, or dinosaurs) that would last a season at their best. Kiosks seem often like functional places poor of intimacy, therefore so trust-worthy you'd let them the keys of your house to be picked up later by someone else.

Real Madrid 2019

For *United by Aids*, Migros Museum Zurich



SOME DAYS ARE DIAMONDS, SOME DAYS ARE STONED

Regional genetical diseases symbolically certify the provenance of individuals, rooting them to a territory. Fearing isolation, some southern European infected with AIDS hid their syndrome claiming to have Mediterranean Anemia, dressing a medical status with the extra virginity of local olive oil.

Venereal diseases also used to identify certain social groups, drawing them like in a territorial identity, closer to each other.

White and red blood cells orchestrate a caprese salad carrying little backpacks of oxygen, like stoned teenagers hiding bags of weed, swearing it is oregano.





Love, but leave room for disappointment, iron, steel, figs, 255x 63x 63cm, 2018

The Fig, C-Print, 27x 20,5cm

YOU

MIGHT

WANNA GET

checked

CONTACTS

info@rmm.info

rmm.info

IG: [@rmm.info](https://www.instagram.com/rmm.info)

All rights reserved.

RM Marco Pezzotta

RM