

Rufoism  
*Psycodrammi*

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Rufoism's titles, put in a sequence, create a story that goes smoothly.

In a *Festival on the river*, at a *Drunk table*, *Freak Friends*, *Laugh laugh* between *Summer ghosts* and *Crocodiles on wheels*. Titles are part of the image, as in the novels by Stefano Benni. They give flavor to the chapters, they extract their juice, in less than a line.

Rufoism's novel begins from his name. A pseudonym, a stage name that hides his true identity; it is the mask of a Plautus' comedy and he wears it to interpret in turn his heroes without armor, accompanied in the background by the voice of a *corifero*, commenting on his misadventures. It is up to the viewer this offstage role, chasing him through the episodes of a bitter play that hides behind sarcasm and metaphors, dramas and jokes, an absolute truth: we are what we read.

Stories belong to us and tell about us, revealing our soul. Therefore, looking in sequence at the scenes painted by Rufoism, like frames of a silent movie (with subtitles), our eye drops and chooses suddenly the subject where the pupil of the soul recognizes itself.

A businessman prisoner of his tie, a man at the bar drinking too much red wine, a bather suspended on a sea of memories, a woman torn by a beast in her heart. There are dozens of characters in search of an author who is willing to talk about their lives, on a white page. Lives on the edge, swallowed by solitude; lives in a crew, at drunken tables in Bologna by night; a dog's life, spent on a leash like mangy mongrels. Half a life. Half man, half animal. As in classical myths, in legends of pleasure-seeker satyrs. Bird women caw and crouch on the edge of a bed, unmade because of pesky love. Men with sharp caiman teeth snigger in the dark, like ghosts in a night without stars. For Rufoism the lives of the others are an excuse to tell his own. The autobiographical novel is an eternal genre that always triggers an identification mechanism, pierces the stomach and forces to deal with one's own conscience.

Rufoism's psychodramas are a shock therapy for restless spirits, an analyst's treatment that interprets dreams and fears, personality disorders for art hypochondriacs, frightened by the disease of color. Rufoism is a Zelig who embodies them all. The obsessive maniac, the beautiful and damned, the hefty handsome, the exhausted tennis player, the acid old man, the investigator of the occult.

Dylan (Rufoism) Dog, looks into the camera, he goes out of the sheet of paper and winks to the terrified reader. His black tuft on his forehead like in a Miyazaki cartoon. It is all so surreal, grotesque, dark and ironic at the same time.

In a messed up comedy, background actors appear unscripted, guided only by the instinct of survival. In a tangle of signs made by china, gouache, graphite, watercolor, marker black as pitch on paper found in a tavern they intertwine up to almost choking. But the informal gesture is the mean, love is the end. Love forces and instigates people to free themselves from the nooses of painting. Love will save them! Nudity, sex, porn, Eros and Thanatos, are antidotes to the cage that enchains feelings. Carnal females slip away like sirens in the bed sheets, painful hugs defend them from abandonment.

No wonder if only in erotic scenes Rufoism's colors calms, melting the lump of mended wounds. The paintings of the background are flat as landscapes on the horizon; as the hills of the Apennines that slip into the sea, taking away tensions, anger and wickedness.