

*Rufoism*

*Stray Dogs*

Chiara Gatti

In Marco Perroni's paintings, everything is stray, starting from the author himself. He defies classification. He is a wanderer in the art world, intolerant of rules of a codified style. He paints as an informal artist figurative subject with surreal tone in underground contexts. His gesture is more vagabond than he, sometimes neurotic, sometimes more relaxed under the good influence of love, which soothes him and distracts him from the daily anxieties. His characters are very stray too, hordes of men alone, locked in the silence of a cigarette, in a drunk isolation at a bar table.

The background actors of the human existence meet each other, scared and touched at the same time, in his novel for homeless tramps. His characters are stray dogs without plaque that sniff the street, the sand, Bologna's squares and pools borders, which smell like chlorine. They are looking for a peaceful spot, a shelter far away from a growling world, which bites their hocks until the bones.

Rufoism's work encompasses eternal and gigantic themes; it is an allegory of a shared unease and at the same time of a dream of freedom: he faces abandonment, destiny, memory, and return with the kindness of a sharp sign, which caresses but does not sink into drama. On the contrary, he maintains - with a huge effort - a perfect balance between reality and imagination. As in a book by Dürrenmatt, who not coincidentally wrote "The dog" - lucid and cruel story, thought to ooze subliminal messages about the meaning of an uninterrupted and, at each stage, surprising journey. To quote the great Swiss playwright "Our path crosses this world of unforeseen difficulties".

Rufoism knows well the literature of unforeseen difficulties, the secrets of those little unexpected deviations that may lead to a different path. For a stray dog, this means always a new adventure. His painting runs excited on wild and unexplored paths. The heart behind it, chasing the unexpected, sniffing wild moods, colors that taste of moss, mud, water and wet fur of animals on the run. The image is a prey in the dark, to be seized in the darkness of the forest and slowly devoured on a quiet beach. Rufoism's run in the wind is the antidote to boredom, sedentary life and static nature.

As Salvatores said once "dedicated to all those who are running away".