

De Incontinentia

Based on a project by *Roberto Cuoghi*

Fiorucci Art Trust / Mousse Publishing



De Incontinentia

Based on a project by *Roberto Cuoghi*

Editorial support by *Milovan Farronato*

Publishing coordination by *Giulia Brivio, Nicoletta De Rosa*

Graphic design by *Tommaso Garner*

English translation by *Huw Evans*

English translation edited by *Bennett Bazalgette-Staples*

Produced by Fiorucci Art Trust

We would like to thank: Antonio Caronia; Francesca Marianna Consonni; Progetto Diogene; Bianca Tosatti; Alice Fontana; Vanni Bianconi; Anna Leader; Michele Munno; Claudio Zanardi

© 2013 Mousse Publishing

Printed in Italy by Tipografia Negri, Bologna

Published in 2013 by Mousse Publishing

ISBN 9788867490578

Contenuti

I	Milovan Farronato	<i>Preface</i>	8
II	Roberto Cuoghi	<i>The tumour set free</i>	14
III	Gian Antonio Gilli	<i>Dismasure: news from the digs</i>	20
IV	Michele Erlandes	<i>The triune brain and the neurobiological bases of thought and behaviour</i>	52
V	Luciano Manicardi monk of Bose	<i>Envy</i>	88
VI	Massimo Carboni	<i>Excess and the limit A philosophical horizon</i>	110
VII	Pier Paolo Tamburelli	<i>Ohio, Iowa</i>	132
VIII	Luca Scarlini	<i>The city of the hundred gates: Milan and its double</i>	144

I Milovan Farronato

Preface

Death by the ceaseless accumulation of the Collyer brothers and the Hikikomori. The Epicurean *lathe biōsas*, the myth of Sisyphus and the image of the monstrously immoderate Priapus. The maps of Mark Lombardi (together with the omnivorous reading that made them possible): constellations and nebulas of points, patterns framed by intricate lines, arches and circumferences that precociously illustrated the existence and nature of the links between global finance and international terrorism.

Milovan Farronato

The war games of Kim Jones in a state of total solipsism, alternating between the roles of victim and tormentor. The supposed autism of Andy Warhol, his wig and his *Time Capsules*. Yayoi Kusama's polka dots and Hanne Darboven's musical staves. (Without dwelling on that generically obsessive art. Not to speak of art brut. Remaining poised, yet leaning towards an all-out dysfunctionality.) The diaries of many, but above all those of Dieter Roth and the notebooks of Manuel Montalvo. Mike Kelley's harems and his all too troubled life. The *timballo* in *The Leopard*, *Babette's Feast* and Manuel Uribe. Molly Bloom's life in bed and John Lennon's *Bed-in* with Yoko Ono. The *Corypha umbraculifera* and St Teresa of Ávila's love. Leopold and Rudolf Blaschka's nature in blown glass and the cornucopia. The lands of excesses: Antarctica. Monte Verità, the Museum of Everything and Harald Szeemann's Museum of Obsessions. *Citizen Kane!*

A few tutelary deities, above all a host of images and just as many impressions that passed through my mind as I followed the research carried out together with Roberto Cuoghi to uncover traces of dismeasure within an immeasurably indistinct archive (DOCVA, the only one of its kind in Italy) which over the last 20 years has accumulated material from aspiring and professional artists: the introvert and the extrovert, specifically planned or impromptu and lacking an overall vision. I was looking for an unprecedented, possible drift into folklore, while Cuoghi sought out samples of dismeasure. A Great Sea in any case, whose waves we have sailed in search of traces, attempts and expressions of disproportionate urges. Research carried out by discarding the 'happy medium' a priori. The results are brought together in the exhibition entitled *Arimortis*, presented in the vetrines of the Sala Archivi of Milan City Council's Museo del Novecento between April and September 2013, to which the following have contributed works, simulacra, visual notes and various memorabilia: Alfredo Aceto, Giorgio Andreotta Calò, Riccardo Arena, Andrea Aversa, Betty Bee, Giona Bernardi, Lorenza Boisi, Sergio Breviaro, Kathy Cavaliere, Enrico David, Luigi D'Eugenio, Chiara Fumai, Alessandro

Preface

di Giampietro, Cecile Genovese, Alberto Guidato, Matteo Guarnaccia, Saverio Lanza, Manuel Larrazabal, Gino Lucente, Francesco Mannarini, Laura Matei, Michele Napoli, Katja Noppes, Cristiana Palandri, Paola Pivi, Sabrina Sabato, Olga Schigal, Gabriele Silli, Sissi, Alberto Tadiello, Maria Stella Tiberio, Ghergely Toth, Carlo Gabriele Tribbioli and Christian Tripodina.

I look upon *Arimortis* as a statement on the Italian art of recent decades, while for Roberto Cuoghi it is just the starting point for a much more complex piece of research, which has led him to plan *De Incontinentia* simultaneously: another piece to the puzzle that goes well beyond the scope of the exhibition and visual art produced in Italy; a volume that draws on a range of contributions, with the aim of programmatically outlining the far side of immoderate behaviour, the physiognomy of the extravagant and the very value of dismeasure.

VII Pier Paolo Tamburelli

Ohio, Iowa

In *Warum gibt es in den Vereinigten Staaten keinen Sozialismus?* Werner Sombart clearly came up with the wrong answer, given that he predicted (in 1906) the imminent and inevitable appearance of socialism in the United States. And yet the question remains an extraordinary one. There is no socialism in the United States. Why not? And the landscape, why is there no landscape?

Pier Paolo Tamburelli

In March 1976, Saul Steinberg made what is perhaps his most famous drawing for the cover of *The New Yorker*. The drawing is a map of the United States viewed from Manhattan. The map is drawn in perspective. Beyond 9th Avenue we can see one last piece of the city in the foreground, then the Hudson, followed by a large rectangle of flat ground, with a few rocks and names written on it, a band of blue ('Pacific Ocean') and finally, in the background, from right to left, three flattened lumps labelled 'China', 'Japan' and 'Russia'. The rectangle is bordered to right and left by two lines that converge on the centre of the perspective view; next to these lines are written the words 'Mexico' and 'Canada'. On the first strip of the rectangle, which is very thin and in a slightly different colour, is written 'Jersey', then 'Washington D.C.' and then, on three roughly parallel lines: 'Kansas City', and 'Chicago', 'Texas', 'Utah', 'Las Vegas' and 'Nebraska' and finally 'Los Angeles'. Scattered amongst these names are four rocks. Nothing else.

The primary objective of the drawing may have been solely to lampoon the mutual estrangement between New York and the rest of the country; nevertheless, what Steinberg drew was the *absence of landscape* in the United States, a flat territory in which there is nothing but names and a few bizarre rocks.

The illustrator tried on several occasions to capture the boundless extent of the American territory, often utilising maps. Perhaps this was because maps are the most direct way of showing the scale of things; or perhaps because maps, by uniting a name and a place, cannot fail to reveal the contrived nature of this coupling. Thus Steinberg sought to expose the surreal character of American toponyms; e.g. the inappropriate re-use of Indian names, and the numerous places with European names such as Rome, Athens, Paris, Toledo and Moscow.

These words dumped on the territory of the USA sound inauthentic, a bit ridiculous, frankly out of their element. It is as if the labels lacked things, as if just nametags had been attached to these places, without corresponding objects, without any real transformation; as if the sense of emptiness remained even after the conquest.

The large rectangle of land seems devoid of any real geography. The words and icons scattered around for no apparent reason demonstrate its complete

Ohio, Iowa

availability: the rectangle can be split up and taken over with relative ease. The land puts up no resistance, the gaze roams over it without encountering obstacles. The rectangle has a single unalterable characteristic: its size.

And indeed there is nothing inside that rectangle of land, just fields of maize or prairies or desert. There are no obstructions embedded into the territory, no habits translated into places: there is no *landscape*.

And yet that absence of landscape is a project; that nothing is a project, *a project of civilization*.

Obviously, that nothing is all too optimistic a project.

Steinberg sees the United States with the eyes of a European. He perceives the immeasurable space, the absence of restrictions, a completely different solitude.

Steinberg does not fill up this space with a bit of nature. As a worldly wise European, he sees the harsh emptiness concealed behind nature, distrusting this abstract and cruel pretence.

He certainly does not believe in Emerson or Thoreau, since for him, without landscape, there is no nature either. Not only are the rocks scattered over this stretch of (unnatural) land; they don't even look particularly benign.

Steinberg adopts a central perspective that describes a rectangle peopled solely by names and icons. This territory is viewed from one of its extremities and appears flat and ready for conquest. It is the perspective of the quarterback in an American football team when he begins his advance towards the rival goal area. Even the buildings and objects that appear in the drawing occupy the territory of the United States in the way that the defence occupies an American football field: in front a large number of players in a line (the defensive linemen and linebackers), behind them a scanty rear guard (the defensive backs) presiding over a huge area of the field. Beyond a tightly packed but thin line of opponents, the quarterback sees the nothing he has been promised.

Unlike Association football, in which the dimensions of the pitch can vary, *American* football is played on a field exactly 100 yards long. This length is

essential to the game, which can only be played if constantly measured (the attacking team has four consecutive chances to advance at least 10 yards, otherwise they forfeit possession of the ball). The field reflects this subdivision precisely: every five yards a line runs right across it; between these lines, four graduated scales marked along the two longer sides and in the central zone measure every single yard. Each interval of ten yards is also identified by a number (a progression from 10 to 50 in each half of the field).

When it is not clear whether the attacking team has advanced far enough to retain possession of the ball, the officials put the ball down at the point where the advance was halted and measure its distance from the point at which the game started with a bizarre, archaic, instrument made of two poles with a 10-yard-long chain strung between them. If it becomes necessary to carry out this measurement, a curious ritual is staged: the officials dressed in their black-and-white striped shirts dash in from the edge of the field, mark the ball's position, place the first pole on a spot on the sideline parallel to the location of the ball and then check – with the whole stadium anxiously holding its breath – whether, with the chain stretched to its full extent, the second pole lies behind or in front of the ball.

In American football, when the ball hits a goalpost, the game stops.

The field is not a real space. The elements of which it is made up (the sidelines, the posts) are not *real*, unlike their counterparts in Association football, which constitute a *context* whose interactions with the players are fully part of the game. The American football field is not in fact a *place*, but an *instrument* that constantly makes reference to another – limitless – space. The field and the rules of American football (extremely complicated in comparison with those of any other sport) are in fact simply a set of stratagems that make it possible to play a game in a reasonably limited space, the objective of which is to conquest an *immeasurable* territory. Field and rules provide an artificial condition that echoes two characteristics of the American territory: *limitlessness* coupled simultaneously with *measurability*.

In Association football, the players *share* the field. Attack and defence are phases of play that occur without a break: forwards and defenders are part of a single team that stays on the field for the entire duration of the match and

has to tackle every situation in the game with the same line-up.

In American football, defence and offence are two clearly distinct phases. Within a single team (at the professional level, made up of 53 players, although only 11 can be on the field at any one time), the players of the defensive and offensive units are quite separate. When the turn for offence ends, the offensive players leave the field and the defenders come on. The teams do not have to fight for supremacy over a shared field; they must conquer a terrain that is simply available. And the offensive unit attempts to begin its advance not from midfield, but from its own 20-yard line: the *whole* field has to be conquered, the team does not really have a half of its own. There is nothing to lose, for nothing belongs to anybody.

In 1803 Thomas Jefferson bought Louisiana (a set of territories covering an area of about 2,150,000 square km, encompassing all or part of fifteen current states) from France for 15 million dollars. Jefferson envisioned a scheme for the subdivision of this territory (the *Jefferson grid*) that would split it up into a multitude of properties for an ideal republic of farmers. Even before it had been explored, this territory had already been carved up and planned.

However, the United States had not been conquered by pioneer farmers as Jefferson imagined, but by a horde of pioneer speculators, predominantly small-scale and often very poor, who settled on the new lots not in order to cultivate them permanently, but to construct the minimum of infrastructure that would make it possible to sell them on.

The territory of the United States was all available at one and the same time; and to some extent the parts were interchangeable. The land and its inhabitants were independent variables, which could be infinitely rearranged to meet the needs of the market.

The landscape is missing because everything was done in too much of a hurry: the land was sold on even before it had been tamed; there had been no rituals of foundation, and the technology used to transform the territory was too far advanced, able to digest enormous amounts of land at a time without having to spawn stories about it.

Pier Paolo Tamburelli

In the United States there is no landscape because there have never been *producers of landscape*. In fact there have never been any peasants, only farmers, who are something else entirely, and in the American sense quite different from what is understood by the word in Europe.

The territory does not include *investments* from the past. There are no constraints on future generations left by previous ones. The social structure needed to domesticate the landscape is lacking, as is a consciousness that is in any way shared among the people or embedded in the land.

It is as if too little effort has been put into the land.

Steinberg's drawing for *The New Yorker* does not just show the *absence of landscape*; he also drew *islands of landscape*, islands of landscape *in the absence of landscape*.

Four rocks are arranged on the bare rectangle: it's not clear what these rocks are. In any case, they have a wholly artificial appearance. They are not part of nature, and not even ruins. They look more like totems that seem to involve some obscure ritual.

The shadows of the rocks extend over the flat territory, as sun-drenched as one of de Chirico's piazzas. The rocks seem to have a relationship with solitude but, unlike the subdued and weary solitude of de Chirico's provincial Europe, there is something colossal about it.

An unexpected mythology seems to have taken possession of this gigantic and disposable territory. The rocks seem to speak to us from a distance. Their megalomaniac stories echo in the measureless expanse of the conquest. The empty space left by the dearth of legends has been filled with new demons that react to the extreme abstraction by producing a robust mythology that to some extent suits it. The territory has reacted to the need for myth with the same brutal logic that was applied to its colonization and exploitation. Some pieces of nature have been identified as symbols (Yellowstone, Devil's Tower, Monument Valley) and others heavily reworked (Mount Rushmore), while new artificial paradises have been created from scratch (Disneyworld). These clots of myth have been dumped unceremoniously in the space flattened out

Ohio, Iowa

by the project of conquest. There are not many of them, but they're gigantic, a reaction to a boundless territory.

This need for myth has something provincial and anachronistic about it, and in its way – moving. In 1927, when Gutzon Borglum started letting off the charges of dynamite that were to turn Mount Rushmore into a colossal bas-relief portraying four US presidents, work was beginning on the Weissenhof Estate in Stuttgart.

Comunque, tra questi pochi giganteschi segni non c'è niente. Negli intervalli tra questi grumi di mito industrialmente fabbricati resta vuota una steppa smisurata. Qui, nella totale assenza di un inconscio collettivo pazientemente distribuito nel territorio, rimane disponibile un enorme spazio in cui le follie individuali non sono costrette ad alcuna disciplina.

Yet between these few gigantic landmarks there is nothing. In the gaps between these industrially fabricated lumps of myth, a measureless steppe remains empty. Here, in the total absence of a collective unconscious patiently distributed over the territory, an enormous space is left in which individual follies are not subject to any discipline.

On American football fields, between the figures that punctuate them so precisely are the names and images of a similar popular mythology. The names are always the same, like ancient American peoples: Vikings, giants, falcons, eagles, rams, lions, tigers.

On 19th October 2011 in Zanesville (Ohio), Terry Thompson, owner of the Muskingum County Exotic Animal Farm, opened all the cages in which his menagerie was kept, and then took his own life. Before killing himself he freed 56 animals including wolves, brown bears, grizzlies, leopards, 17 lions and 18 fully-grown tigers. The bewildered beasts started to roam the area, terrorizing the local population with their hungry roaring. Schools were closed, people were advised to stay at home and the police set about killing all the animals with assault rifles.

Pier Paolo Tamburelli

This story reminds me of the exotic birds raised by the miller Fochler's brother in Thomas Bernhard's *Gargoyles*. After the death of the miller's brother, the birds start to sing wildly and no one can make them stop. The miller's sons have to kill them all, one by one, without damaging their bodies – otherwise they could not be stuffed.

In Ohio there is a place called Cincinnati. They have a football team there: the Cincinnati Bengals, the Bengal tigers of Cincinnati.

Bibliography

- > T. Bernhard, *Verstörung*, Suhrkamp, Frankfurt, 1967. English ed.: *Gargoyles*. New York 2006.
- > W.W. Cochrane, *The Development of American Agriculture*, University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis 1993.
- > R.W. Emerson, *Nature*, J. Munroe, Boston 1849.
- > F. Kafka, *Amerika*, Munich, 1927. English ed.: Routledge, London 1938.
- > T. Jefferson, *Writings: Autobiography / Notes on the State of Virginia / Public and Private Papers / Addresses / Letters*. Library of America, New York 1984.
- > F.L. Olmsted, *Civilizing American Cities: A Selection of Frederick Law Olmsted's Writings on City Landscape*. MIT Press, Cambridge (MA) 1979.
- > J.W. Reys, *The Making of Urban America*, Princeton University Press, Princeton 1965.
- > W. Sombart, *In Warum gibt es in den Vereinigten Staaten keinen Sozialismus?*, Mohr, Tübingen 1906. English ed.: *Why Is There No Socialism in the United States?*, M.E. Sharpe, Plains (NY) 1976.
- > L.H. Sullivan, *The Autobiography of an Idea*. Dover Publications, New York 1956.
- > H.D. Thoreau, *Walden or Life in the Woods*. Ticknor and Fields, Boston 1854.
- > A. de Tocqueville, *De la démocratie en Amérique* (Paris, 1835/40). English ed. *Democracy in America*, Harper & Row, New York 1966.
- > D.F. Wallace, *Infinite Jest*. Little, Brown and Company, New York 1996.
- > F.L. Wright, *When Democracy Builds*, University of Chicago Press, Chicago 1945.

Ohio, Iowa

Webography

- > NFL Official Site of the National Football League: www.nfl.com
- > NFL Rulebook: www.nfl.com/rulebook
- > GRANTLAND: www.grantland.com

Biography

- > Pier Paolo Tamburelli (Tortona, 1976) studied at Genoa University and the Berlage Institute in Rotterdam. In January 2004, together with Paolo Carpi, Silvia Lupi, Vittorio Pizzigoni, Giacomo Summa and Andrea Zanderigo, he founded the baukuh architecture studio. Baukuh has exhibited its designs at the Rotterdam Biennale (2007 and 2012), the Venice Biennale (2008 and 2012) and the Istanbul Biennial (2012). It recently won the Icon Design Award as an up-and-coming studio of architecture (2012). Tamburelli has taught at the PUSA in Aleppo (Syria) and Munich Polytechnic and currently teaches at Milan Polytechnic and the Berlage Institute, Rotterdam. He edited *James Stirling 1964-1992. A Non-Dogmatic Accumulation of Formal Knowledge (OASE #79)* and curated the exhibition *900 Km Nile City* at the 5th International Architecture Biennale Rotterdam (2012) and the Istanbul Design Biennial (2012). Tamburelli is one of the founders and editors of the magazine *San Rocco*.