



The emphatism manifesto

by Francesca Alinovi

Emphathy is like a disease; it is the emphasis of ecstasy, the ecstasy of showing off. It's showing oneself with an emphysema under one's skin, the chicken pox of an emphatic childhood, the black and blue swelling of self emphasis that pushes on the insides of our cellular tissues, and blows, trying to burst outwards. Emphatists are emphanomaniacs, megalomaniacs of emphasis, and elephantism-sick – in love with their own gigantism, their feet as big as an elephant's, and a telephone grafted into their brains, to be tuned on telempathic waves, the telepathic waves of emphasis. Emphatists think with the swellings in their skin (they absorb thoughts through their dilated pores), they reason with their elephant feet (great reasoning), and they feel with the radar antennas of their pumped-up egos. Amongst emphatists, we recognize each other right away. Emphathy is transmitted like sympathy, and it follows all the emphastic moves, the fantastic enthusiastic of oneself, the wonder of the childish pride of exhibitionism. Emphatists, though, are also opportunists, and experts in emphaclopedism and mimemphatism: experts in encyclopedic cyclopism – able to mono-peep-out among the voices of a life that's stylized and classified into an encyclopedia (all possible lives!) – and experts in emphatic mimicry – the camouflage of their own emphasis and ecstasy. So they infiltrate into the whispers of being there, instead of really staying there, and they insufflate themselves into the gassy bubbles of vanity that go around and around the emphalliptical orbits, the missing ellipses in the rings linked with reality. They suffer, in fact, of aphasia and emphatude, the disease of silence and solitude, and they feel threatened by the nightmare of the emphacclipse: the eclipse and apocalypse of emphatism. They defend themselves then by designing an extraterrestrial Fourth World, safe from the emphatomic threat: the planet of Emphart, the planet of emphasis that becomes art.

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