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Date: 5/13/2025 6:03:26 AM  
Subject: \_Journals: The Cusp / Journals 1# : The Cusp\_F  
Attachments: The\_Cusp.pdf

Hi,

Attached in the pdf are the scans of the works. At the link, some photos of the two series, and some ideas for installing

The selected 11 "slides" is what's left of the journals. Editing became self-erasure or self-censorship, publicity/privacy - The 3 black and white 'margined' vertical slides are re-writing of an older text of mine. The body of the text is all missing. They are beginning (x1) and ending (x2). The pitched black picture is a repetitive print on an A4 of the living room of the apartment in Amsterdam. - The 21/03 horizontal is incomplete. The pink drawing is Rin's on an old tempera drawing of mine. The printed horizontal images are all outsourced from an old drive I found, 2017. I used them as an editing tool when the pen's erasures felt unnecessary, compulsive: can compulsivity be productive? uhm. The work are journal entries, diaries, appropriations, fragmented thought experiments generating litter around attempts of pronunciation of the self - as made up things and depth to fall into?

02/03/25

I began writing this text in the night digging through the surface of the white blankets. I could hear the kids playing in the park in the morning - a single entity held together by the membrane of their shouting mothers and a metal gate, car interiors, light reflexes.

When the sleep took me I had a picture in my head that I was a horse - skin partly ripped off and red muscles exposed. Men with huge sticks keep beating the horse. The men beat the horse to make it run faster. There is a voice in the city which tells people to run faster and faster. It says it can be rewarding. It rewards things you would never have considered worth rewarding.

!9/03/2025

Stepping on little tailed sorry faces  
betraying depressed interiors -- meat and bones soul  
containment systems rusting away, just a little bit, ~~the~~  
a sense of -- slow down motion ~~the~~ --  
farmers refusing to sow their  
seeds. -- ~~they believed the world to end that year.~~ ~~they~~  
~~standing on their porches~~ ~~watching the winter wonderland~~  
~~the~~  
standing in the middle of those rural roads going in rounds ~~the~~  
looking at the sun through a whole blank sky, they did see the ~~sun~~

they did see the sun -- not just the sun they usually see  
slightly looping on percochet.

A derelict empire full of life not

~~It~~ I can put an end right through it.

fragile bodies of walls glazed in a daze  
of the midday sun.

at the feet of their bed reviving fertility ~~and~~ -- candlesticks

the drama -- seems a bad role model ~~in many ways have not been~~  
and the mother raising roses and watching pro-wrestling on the  
television. ~~the~~ the white short on the porch ~~drinking~~ ~~smoking~~ ~~water~~  
~~the~~ ~~black~~ ~~horses~~ behind the black sky, ~~standing~~ rising out of the bottom  
line, the lower point of the curve, raising back ascending  
upwards. ~~nothing~~ ~~important~~ ~~nothing~~ -- ~~nothing~~ ~~for~~ ~~them~~.

Wild roses running in the distances. ~~Walking~~ Walking in the middle of the wide road, it is still summer and the stars are driving ~~him~~ ~~him~~ ~~him~~ around ~~him~~, a fox slip into the tent, ~~on the moon the~~ ~~had~~ dissimulating CRINGE black holes event horizons ~~had~~

07/03/25

...related scientists from the rest of the world and

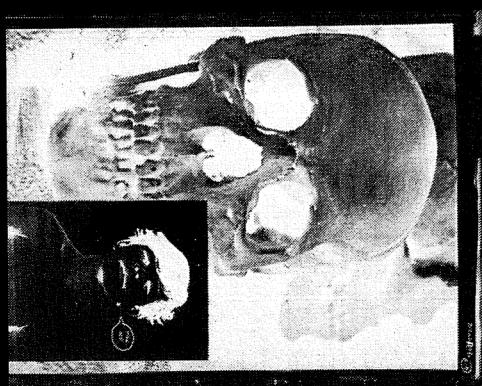
things  
that prove what I am, [redacted]  
stitched together by time and people

04/03/25

I spent time out here for days smelling rank when the sky is blue and very bunched up when it is ~~stained~~ and cold. How can it possibly know shit? This is the lame conclusion it ~~reached~~ reached, drawn by the eerily dumb revolving thoughts. Everything is just the result of the sun gradually eating the earth - even that idea is too rigorous for its brain. ~~and~~

Now it's ~~ME~~ and the city again. I ~~can~~ cannot ignore the fact, seeing as how it is so gigantically around ~~ME~~. Not just the things ~~i~~ can see. I ~~mean~~ mean the world beyond the park, down the roads, through the villages where people exists like trees, bushes, grass growing unevenly on either side of their head. ~~MAN~~ ~~MAN~~ they would move around more, but less meaningfully than the tiniest thing ~~i~~ have seen in the woods. ~~but~~ That would be ideal, not to want anything, even to eat food and shit it back out and being by oneself in a shack with your stuff and everything would be able to talk. Everything would have the same consciousness and pretty much the same flat voice, no mind no instinctual shit, just movements and ideas that fit in a pattern to simple to notice.

21/03/25



Look at this like a mirror - I see you do - the color wheel reflecting you ~~hiding~~, boredom turning into food for - THE ROOM, empty green swing for people, nothingness ~~puzzles~~ - empty red eyed social monkey mask come right at the end of the day knew that if I looked hard enough anything would fracture. My palms staring brown furrowed wearing down your face like butter. In the morning cheap ~~affordable~~ flower empty mask ~~whispers~~ .. a voice: ~~whispers~~ ti sfonderò tutti i buchi fino a quando non ti resterà un solo grande buco

la voce, un eco, fuori dalla finestra the shawl of the dream curtains.