

JOHN CAZALE

Tell me, what is that feeling called, when you sit midday in your own company and act surprised for 15 minutes because you've just discovered that John Cazale died 45 years ago, and then you think, why didn't I know, and then you blame yourself for being a dick because you didn't know, and then you think, poor him, and then you think, poor me, and then you think, 45 years, and then you think, why, and then you think, where have I been for 45 years, and then you think, Jesus Christ, and then you think, can I survive this, and then you think, how sad, and then you think, it's not sad, it's terrible, and then you think, I really miss him, and then you grab your phone, and then you google him, and then you find out things that make it even worse, and then you lay back on the sofa, and then your stare at nothing for a long time, and you think, what is the point then, and then you think, how can I understand this, and then you think, I don't understand the concept of time, and then you think, life must be nonsense, and then you think, how will I get through the day, and then you think, am I hungry, and then you think, am I sick, and then you think, I have to get out of this sofa, and then you think, is this it, and then you think, that you thought that you were thinking, is that it, and then you feel something, and then life is what it was just before you discovered that John Cazale had died 45 years ago, and then you think, that is disappointing

Victor Boulet
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