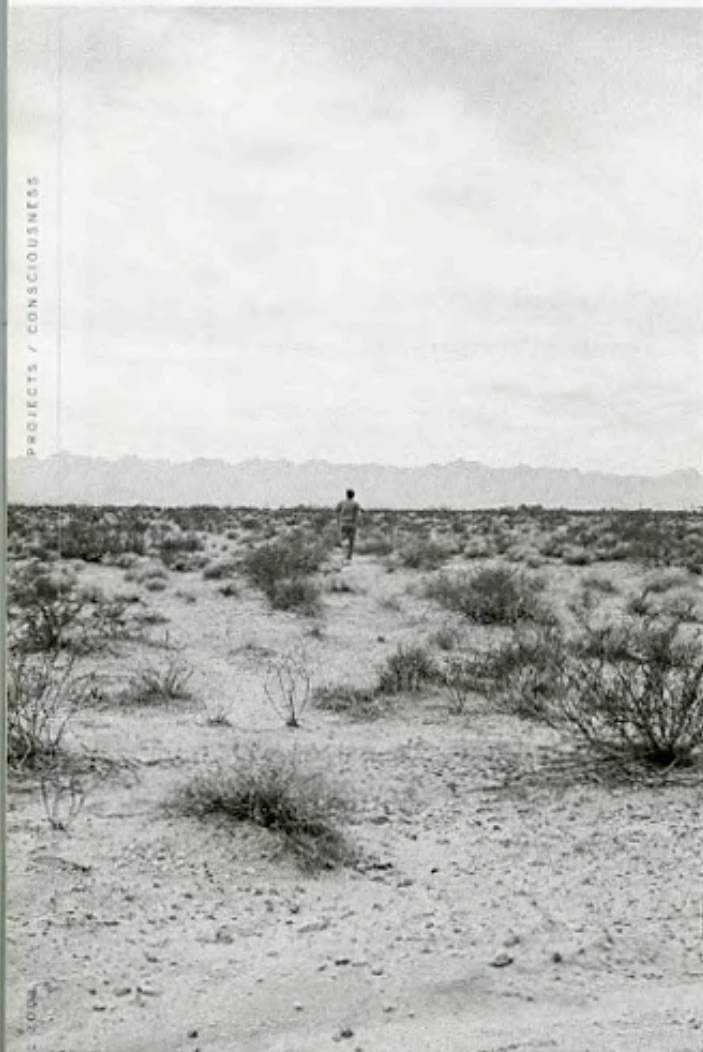


TARAR

Benicio Del Toro

by Julian Schnabel





THINGS TO REMEMBER: A LIST

Jonathan Lethem

Photographs by **JOHN DIVOLA** from the series "As Far As I Could Get (10 seconds)," setting the self-timer button and running from the camera



1. I remember hearing once (I don't remember where) that memory honors no point of origin, has no interest in or indeed any capacity for making a pure return to the site of its inception. No, instead each memory is only a photocopy of the previous memory. Memory, ventriloquist but no dummy, loves the path of least resistance. We trash the original and start again with the last version, like a nervous troupe of actors working from a script in endless revision, always basing our performance on the most recent draft. And, to keep our performances coherent, burning every available scrap of the previous edition. We have no recourse to the author or to any of the author's sources, no document or evidence, no mountain to pilgrimage backwards toward. Glance back and the mountain is gone. Better not to glance and imagine you feel its massiveness at your back. The only document is our revision, these freshly inked onionskin sheets clutched in our trembling grasp, current for the moment, but no more final than the previous sheaf, quite equally eligible to be discarded. Memory is a rehearsal for a show that never goes on.



2. No wonder dreams are fatal and must be systematically forgotten. The memory of a dream is every bit as tangible as any other. As tangible as those memories based on some dim receding occurrence or encounter, a moment, an undream. The memory of a dream is stronger, in truth, because it knows it is a fiction.