

memorables

“ . . . Together with little Alice we will slip past the smooth, cold surface of the looking glass and find ourselves in a wonderland, where everything is at once so familiar and recognizable, yet so strange and uncommon.” -Lewis Carroll

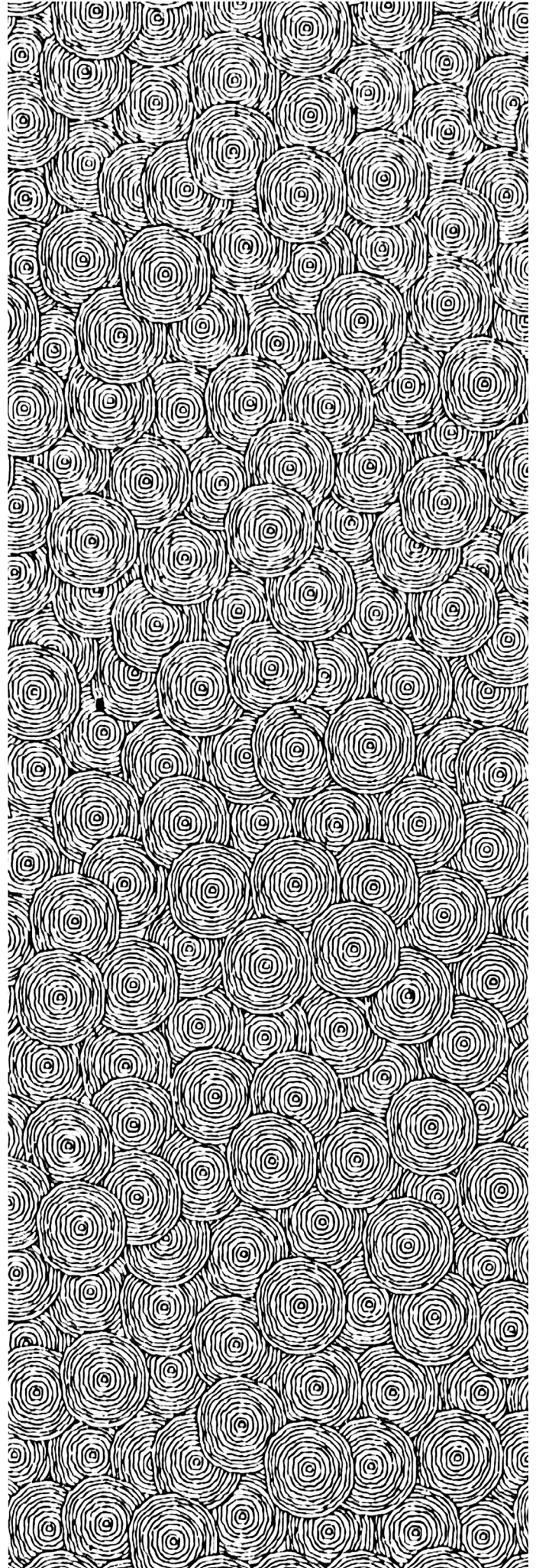
There is a sense of urgency in human existence in wanting to be remembered, to be remarkable, to create something great, something that ought to be written in history books.

We experience our existence through our own lives but we do so as well in the fragmented realities others create of who we are; or how they remember us. The fragility of human existence makes us want to create something external from oneself that is a representation of the life we've lived, our needs, urgencies, necessities, etc, which are expressed through the life we create and legacy that remains. We look for ways to live forever.

In a few cases, the legacies others have left are remarkable: Gutenberg and the printing press, Edison and the lightbulb, Anne Frank and her diary, Einstein's theory of relativity, Rosa Parks' boldness, the Wright brothers' airplane, The Beatles' Submarine, Alexander Fleming's Penicillin, Louis Pasteur's war on bacteria, Frida's diary, Alec Jeffreys' DNA sequencing, Aristotle's logic, Darwin's evolution, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's Requiem, Marie Curie's radioactivity or Garcia Marquez's magical realism. From art, to science, to religion, to physics, to chemistry, to ideology, the gifts created for humanity by some of the above-mentioned masters are undeniable. But if we are just mere "mortals", how can we leave a legacy?

We constantly question life after death, but what if, the actions and achievements one does while living, and the permeation and repercussions of these are the way to exist even after one has passed. The legacy of the soul is the consequence of our existence. The people we talk to, the minds we change, the love we give and how this is multiplied and projected by others is the life that keeps on living. Being memorable in the best way possible and how this is replicated through others like a domino effect.

memorables is an ode to the utopia that memory can be. Through a combination of quotes, poems, facts, ideas, thoughts, in this game you will find some words that have been memorable in my life.



I sometimes find that my best memories exist in my memory (the past), and I wonder if it is a coincidence or if it is the beautification that we give to what is gone. Nostalgia of the past makes it seem like reminiscences are better than anything the future will hold. Especially living in an era where the future seems so hopeless sometimes.

"It was the happiest moment of my life, though I didn't know it. Had I known, had I cherished this gift, would everything have turned out differently? Yes, if I had recognized this instant of perfect happiness, I would have held it fast and never let it slip away." -Orhan Pamuk

Memories do that sometimes. Make one think that the best lives in the past.

Few things are as complex as memories.

Memories trick you; they play you like a game. They magnify the positive and blur the negatives- to help us manage the weight of our existence. They make you forget (thank god they do) some of the things that have harmed you and they magnify the love you've received. Memories, even if they are not as true to reality as we think, but mere constructions of it, help us endure life. My brother once told me "We're happy with the people we invent" because we create characters based on the memories we have of them.

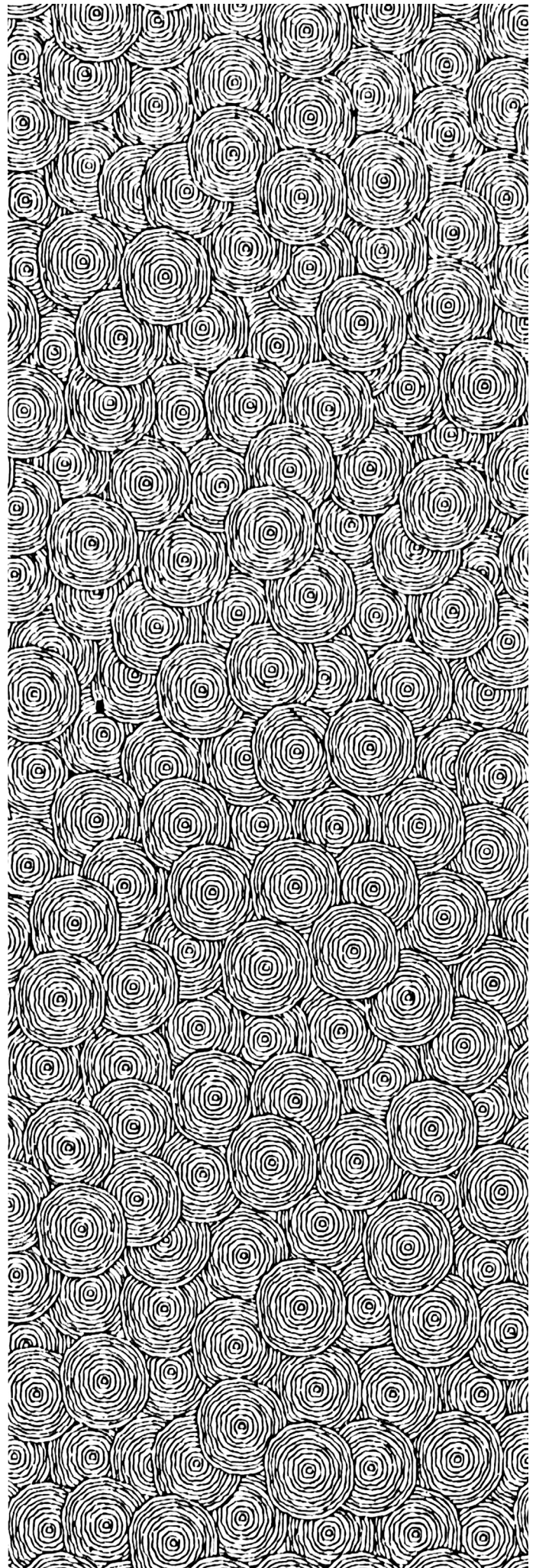
Memories are heavy. They may be so obscure they prevent your future; they may pause your present and taint your past.

Memories are needed. They tell you who to love, what's right, what feels good, what moves you, what you should fight for and why and for what you should live.

Memories make you feel melancholic about what you've lived because you might want to change it or re-live it. Memories make you feel reflective in the present, because you may not want your life to fade away.

Memories are what makes us, us. The language you speak, the traumas you've lived, the DNA stored in your genes, all this information that is remembered by our bodies defines our existence.

I've come to realize that to be memorable me just need to move someone.



instructions

how to play

1. open the box

2. shuffle the cards

*There is a total of 76 pairs of cards (152 cards in total) containing 63 memories (13 of them have parts 1 and 2. These are signed with a special number icon in the corner of the card).

3. At the bottom of the box is a heart, this must remain closed until the end of the game

4. Place cards, face down, on a flat surface

5. Older player goes first ("age before beauty" as my grandmother used to say.)

6. Players take turns to the left turning any two cards picture-side up. The card must be turned over completely so that all players can see it.

7. A match: a player makes a match if the two cards turned are identical. When a match is made, the player takes both cards and reads them out loud before placing them in front of them. That player then takes another turn and continues taking turns until they miss.

A miss: a player misses if the two cards turned over are not identical. When a player misses, they turn the two cards picture-side-down again, in the same place. That player's turn ends-and all players try to remember which cards were turned over, for future matches.

*** some of the memories contain two parts, they are signaled with a specific design in the bottom corner.

8. The game continues until all cards have been matched and read. All players then count their matching pairs.

9. The player with the most pairs wins.

10. The winner may open the heart and take out a memory.

*caution: if the winner keeps the memory from the heart, they must insert a new one that answers the question: tell me about your first memory of receiving love

*all translations are found in the index



memory index

names and titles are in **bold**

regular font is written by Camila Preciado

italic comes from another source

ONE

Javier Cercas (Spanish author)

“El odio es como tomarse un veneno. el que se lo toma es el que sufre, creyendo que el otro está pagando también.”

This is a statement I heard from the Spanish author Javier Cercas in the Hay Festival conferences in Cartagena 2019. During the conference Javier Cercas explained that feeling hate was like drinking a glass of poison. The one who suffers is the one who feels the hate. I remember he also talked about forgiving. And he said that the fact that victims forgive is a miracle because it means you overcame hate (he said it referring to the war that Colombia had for years with the guerilla group FARC but I believe it applies in many contexts.) He said he'd heard the Colombian president telling the story of a woman who found a wounded man one day there was a battle in her town. The woman took the wounded man in as if he was her son since her son had died a few weeks ago. The woman healed the man and took care of him only to later find out he was a guerilla member. It wasn't only after he was healed and saw the picture of the man in her living room and confessed that he'd been the one to kill her son. They both cried and she forgave him. Javier Cercas said that this was not a story, it was a miracle. Since then I've found a lot of respect in forgiveness. After this conference I read his novel *Los Soldados de Salamina* where you can find the quote: *“—To write novels, you don't need imagination. Just memory. Novels are written by combining memories.”*

TWO

“El tiempo pasa o solo nos envejecemos?”

Thought I had in 2018: does time actually go by or do we just age?

THREE

6%: Una extensión de mi

“El término que usamos para hablar del celular. ej: “ me quede sin pila” “ tengo_6%” es como una extensión de uno.”

Thought I had in 2019. The term we use for our phones as if they were extensions of us: I ran out of battery, I'm at 6%, etc.

FOUR

I dream of peace : images of war by children of former Yugoslavia

UNICEF

PREFACE:

The children know. They have always known. But we choose to think otherwise: it hurts to know the children know. Thus we conspire to keep them from knowing and seeing. And if we insist, then the children, to please us, will make believe they do not know, they do not see. They are remarkable--patient, loving, and all-forgiving. It is a sad comedy: the children knowing and pretending they don't know to protect us from knowing they know.

Excerpt I read from above mentioned book.

I read this one day and wrote: is the best thing about innocence not knowing? or feeling the comfort of others thinking you don't when you actually do?

FIVE

Le Pont Mirabeau 1913

Guillaume Apollinaire (French poet)

“Sous le pont Mirabeau coule la Seine

Et nos amours

Faut-il qu'il m'en souvienne

La joie venait toujours après la peine

Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure

Les jours s'en vont je demeure

Les mains dans les mains restons face à face

Tandis que sous

Le pont de nos bras passe

Des éternels regards l'onde si lasse

Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure

Les jours s'en vont je demeure

L'amour s'en va comme cette eau courante

L'amour s'en va

Comme la vie est lente

Et comme l'Espérance est violente

Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure

Les jours s'en vont je demeure

Passent les jours et passent les semaines

Ni temps passé

Ni les amours reviennent

Sous le pont Mirabeau coule la Seine

Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure

Les jours s'en vont je demeure”

When I was 14, I lived in Paris. This was the first homework our French teacher gave us; to memorize

this poem. I remember recording myself and listening to the recording repeatedly. I did not want to embarrass myself in front of the teacher. I guess that's still a thing for me, I usually get nervous when speaking in public.

SIX

This Is Water

David Foster Wallace (American teacher and author)

2005 commencement speech to the graduating class at Kenyon College

"There are these two young fish swimming along and they happen to meet an older fish swimming the other way, who nods at them and says 'Morning, boys. How's the water?'" And the two young fish swim on for a bit, and then eventually one of them looks over at the other and goes "What the hell is water?" If you're worried that I plan to present myself here as the wise, older fish explaining what water is to you younger fish, please don't be. I am not the wise old fish. The point of the fish story is merely that the most obvious, important realities are often the ones that are hardest to see and talk about."

SEVEN

Mozart (Austrian composer)

Mid-1600s

There was a piece of music composed by Italian composer Gregorio Allegri that could only be performed in the Sistine Chapel and was not to be written down for circulation. Up until 1770, only three copies of the work existed—but after hearing the piece just once, fourteen-year-old Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was able to transcribe it entirely from memory. A few months later, the genius composer was called back to Rome by Pope Clement XIV, who praised his talents and awarded him the Chivalric Order of the Golden Spur.

EIGHT

Betty Dupont (grandmother)

"Es mejor cumplirlos que no."

It's better to age than to not age at all is something my grandmother used to say. I never met her, but my mom says she was hilarious. Maybe that's where I get my sense of humor, who knows.

NINE

Frank Bidart (american poet)

"Memory is punishment."

TEN

Carlos Ruiz Sajón (Spanish writer)

"Existimos mientras alguien nos recuerda."

**Translation: We exist while someone remembers us.*

My friend Daniel gave me the book *La Sombra del Viento* for my 18th birthday. It was the book that rekindled my love for reading. I haven't stoped since. I mostly read novels (because most novels are love novels I don't know if it's the Latina soap opera complex but yes, what can I say and I love love and love novels.)

ELEVEN

Ricardo Ramos Rodríguez (Spanish author)
Abrázame, que nunca se sabe

"Casi todas las infancias de mi generación (tengo veintisiete años) contienen una vivencia común: los atracones forzosos en casa de los abuelos: cómetelo, que nunca se sabe cuándo puede venir otra guerra, solía decir la mía, aunque fuese un garbanzo lo que me dejaba en el plato. Su gran trauma colectivo fue el hambre. Y por eso, desde entonces, atesoraron, previsores, cada ocasión de alimentarse como si pudiese ser la última y vivieron en cada mesa llena, un privilegio. Mientras tanto, nosotros, capaces de vaciar sin remordimiento media nevera en la basura, crecimos en una burbuja de presunta seguridad en la que, estábamos convencidos, nunca pasaría nada. Ahora recibimos nuestra primera herida. Si esta pandemia es nuestra guerra, nuestra hambre es de contacto, y creo que nuestros traumas serán el aislamiento y la distancia. Por eso, me pregunto si en un futuro no nos convertiremos en precavidos atesoradores de cariño y dedicaremos a nuestros nietos frases como la que titula esta carta"

**Translation: Hug me, you never know*

"Almost all the childhoods of my generation (I am twenty-seven years old) contain a common experience: compulsive binge eating at the grandparents' house: eat it, you never know when another war may come, mine used to say, even if it was a chickpea that was left on the plate. Their great collective trauma was hunger. And that is why, since then, they treasured, forward-thinking, every opportunity to eat as if it could be the last and they lived at each full table, a privilege. Meanwhile, we, capable of emptying half a refrigerator without remorse in the trash, grew up in a bubble of presumed security in which, we were convinced, nothing would ever happen. Now we receive our first wound. If this pandemic is our war, our hunger is for contact, and I think our traumas will be isolation and distance. For this reason, I wonder if in the future we will not become cautious treasurers of affection and dedicate phrases like the title of this letter to our grandchildren"

TWELVE

Elvira Sastre (Spanish poet)

"Voy a Olvidarte"

*Si fui capaz de quererte en contra de todo
seré capaz de olvidarte con todo a favor”*

**translation: “I’m going to forget you
If I was able to love you against everything
I will be able to forget you with everything in favor”*

THIRTEEN

Eduardo Sacheri (Argentinian writer)

“El “pero” es la palabra más puta que conozco -. “te quiero, pero...”; “podría ser, pero...”; “no es grave, pero...”. ¿Se da cuenta? Una palabra de mierda que sirve para dinamitar lo que era, o lo que podría haber sido, pero no es.”

**Translation: “but “is the most whore word I know -. “I love you but...”; “It could be, but ...”; “It is not serious, but ...”. Do you realize? A shit word that serves to blow up what was, or what could have been, but is not. “*

FOURTEEN

Julio Cortázar (Argentinian writer)

Rayuela

“Lo que mucha gente llama amar consiste en elegir una mujer y casarse con ella. La eligen, te lo juro, los he visto. Como si se pudiera elegir en el amor, como si no fuera un rayo que te parte los huesos y te deja estaqueado en la mitad del patio. Vos dirás que la eligen porque-la-aman, yo creo que es al vesre. A Beatriz no se la elige, a Julieta no se la elige. Vos no elegís la lluvia que te va a calar hasta los huesos cuando salís de un concierto.”

**Transaltion: “What most people call loving consists of picking out a woman and marrying her. They pick her out, I swear, I’ve seen them. As if you could pick in love, as if it were not a lightning bolt that splits your bones and leaves you staked out in the middle of the courtyard. They probably say that they pick her out because-they-love-her, I think it’s just the siteoppo. Beatrice wasn’t picked out, Juliet wasn’t picked out. You don’t pick out the rain that soaks you to a skin when you come out of a concert.”*

FIFTEEN

Albert Camus (French writer/journalist)

“19 November 1957

Dear Monsieur Germain,

I let the commotion around me these days subside a bit before speaking to you from the bottom of my heart. I have just been given far too great an honor, one I neither sought nor solicited. But when I heard the news, my first thought, after my mother, was of you. Without you, without the affectionate hand you extended to the small poor child that I was, without your teaching and example, none of all this would have happened. I don’t make too much of this sort

of honor. But at least it gives me the opportunity to tell you what you have been and still are for me, and to assure you that your efforts, your work, and the generous heart you put into it still live in one of your little schoolboys who, despite the years, has never stopped being your grateful pupil. I embrace you with all my heart.”

When Albert Camus, the short-lived French novelist-philosopher who wrote such enduring works as *The Stranger* and *The Myth of Sisyphus*, won the Nobel for Literature in 1957 “for his important literary production, which with clear-sighted earnestness illuminates the problems of the human conscience in our times,” he thanked an elementary-school teacher.

SIXTEEN

Paul Gauguin (French painter)

He lost his job as a broker in 1882 when the market crashed. He was seeking a new way to make a living and decided to pursue painting. He returned to Paris. In 1891 after leaving his wife and eight children behind, he moved alone to French Polynesia where he would remain the rest of his days and die in poverty. He would never come to know his success.

SEVENTEEN

La Haine (French film)

Le monde est a (v)nous

Translation: the world is (y)ours

EIGHTEEN

Paolo Giordano (Italian author)

The Solitude of Prime Numbers

“Mathematicians call them twin primes: pairs of prime numbers that are close to each other, almost neighbors, but between them there is always an even number that prevents them from truly touching. Numbers like 11 and 13, like 17 and 19, 41 and 43. If you have the patience to go on counting, you discover that these pairs gradually become rarer. You encounter increasingly isolated primes, lost in that silent, measured space made only of ciphers, and you develop a distressing presentiment that the pairs encountered up until that point were accidental, that solitude is the true destiny. Then, just when you’re about to surrender, when you no longer have the desire to go on counting, you come across another pair of twins, clutching each other tightly. There is a common conviction among mathematicians that however far you go, there will always be another two, even if no one can say where exactly, until they are discovered.

Mattia thought that he and Alice were like that, twin primes, alone and lost, close but not close enough to really touch each other. He had never told her that. When he imagined confessing these things to her, the thin layer of sweat on his hands evaporated completely and for a good ten minutes he was no

longer capable of touching anything.”

NINETEEN

James Irwin (Apollo 15 pilot)

“As we got further and further away, it [the Earth] diminished in size. Finally it shrank to the size of a marble, the most beautiful you can imagine. That beautiful, warm, living object looked so fragile, so delicate, that if you touched it with a finger it would crumble and fall apart. Seeing this has to change a man.”

TWENTY

Anonymous

Not wanting to be accepted is the only way to survive

TWENTYONE

Jellyfish do not have brains.

They don't have hearts either, but jellyfish do have a very basic set of nerves at the base of their tentacles. These nerves detect touch, temperature, salinity, etc.

TWENTYTWO

French fries

Despite its name and popularity, the French fries are not French.

TWENTYTHREE

Aristotle (Greek philosopher)

3 practical rules of conduct

Aristotle suggests three practical rules of conduct: first, avoid the extreme that is farther from the mean; second, notice what errors we are particularly susceptible to and avoid them diligently; and third, be wary of pleasure, as it often impedes our judgment.

TWENTYFOUR

Frida Kahlo (Mexican artist)

“¿Por qué le llamo mi Diego? Nunca fue ni será mío. Es de él mismo.”

**translation: Why do I call him MY Diego? He was and never will be mine, He owns himself.*

TWENTYFIVE

Frank Reynolds (ABC news anchor)

News broadcast 1979

“It is the last solar eclipse to be seen on this continent during this century. And as I said, not until August 21, 2017, will another eclipse be visible from America. That's 38 years from now. May the shadow of the moon fall on a world at peace. At ABC News, of course, we'll bring you a full report on that eclipse, 38 years from now.”

TWENTYSIX

J.D. Salinger (American author)

The Catcher in the Rye

“Among other things, you'll find that you're not the first person who was ever confused and frightened and even sickened by human behavior. You're by no means alone on that score, you'll be excited and stimulated to know. Many, many men have been just as troubled morally and spiritually as you are right now. Happily, some of them kept records of their troubles. You'll learn from them—if you want to. Just as someday, if you have something to offer, someone will learn something from you. It's a beautiful reciprocal arrangement. And it isn't education. It's history. It's poetry.”

TWENTYSEVEN

Je Vous Aime 1891

Georges Dumenil (French director, inventor and gymnast)

This early cinematic instance of a close-up—or, more accurately, a medium close-up shot of the chest and face of the maker of this film and others like it, Georges Dumenil saying “Je vous aime”—was made at the request of Hector Marichelle, professor and director of the National Deaf-Mute Institute in France, who planned to use filmed speech to teach deaf students to speak and lip read. This required close views of the performer's lip movements. The project was given to Dumenil by Étienne-Jules Marey, who headed the Station Physiologique in Paris and whose chronophotographic scientific research of motion is among the most important contributions to the invention of movies. Despite these educational and scientific beginnings, however, this project led Dumenil to pursue and influence the commercialism of cinema.

TWENTYEIGHT

Lauren Lip (?)

“Begin your day with an “I get to” mentality instead of a “I have to” thought process.”

TWENTYNINE

Mamihlapinatapai

Word from the highly endangered Yaghan language meaning:

“A look shared by two people, each wishing that the other would initiate something that they both desire but which neither wants to begin.”

THIRTY

David Hockney (British painter)

“I draw flowers everyday on my iPhone and send them to my

friends, so they get fresh flowers every morning.”

THIRTYONE

Borges y la Amistad

Interview to Argentinian writer about friendship

Periodista: ¿Para usted qué es ser amigo?

Borges: Es algo muy misterioso. Contar con una persona. Saber que esa persona puede contar con uno. Pero la amistad no significa la frecuentación.

Periodista: ¿Es una forma de amor?

Borges: Yo no estoy tan seguro. Yo diría que el amor no puede prescindir de la amistad. Si el amor prescinde de la amistad es una forma de locura. Una especie de frenesí, un error en suma. Que en la amistad haya algún elemento del amor puede ser; pero son dos cosas diferentes. El amor exige pruebas sobrenaturales, uno querría que la persona que está enamorada o enamorado de uno le diera pruebas milagrosas de ese amor. En cambio la amistad no necesita de pruebas.

Periodista: Si uno amó mucho y dejó de amar, ¿se puede ser amigo?

Borges: Sí, quizá eso mejore la amistad. Quizás después del amor quede siempre algo de amor, algo sentimental, algo especialmente grande.

**translation:*

Journalist: What is being a friend for you?

Borges: It is something very mysterious. Having a person. Knowing that that person can count on you. But friendship does not mean frequenting.

Journalist: Is it a form of love?

Borges: I'm not so sure. I would say that love cannot leave out friendship. If love doesn't have friendship, it is a form of madness, a kind of frenzy, a mistake in short. That in friendship there is some element of love it may be; but they are two different things. Love demands supernatural proofs, one would want the person who is in love or in love with one to give them miraculous proofs of that love. On the other hand, friendship does not need tests.

Journalist: If you loved a lot and stopped loving, can you be a friend?

Borges: Yes, maybe that improves friendship. Perhaps after love there will always be some love, something sentimental, something especially great.

Journalist: What is being a friend for you? Borges: It is something very mysterious. Have a person. Know that that person can count on one. But friendship does not mean frequenting. Journalist: Is it a form of love?

Borges: I'm not so sure. I would say that love cannot do without friendship. If love dispenses with friendship, it is a form of madness, a kind of frenzy, a mistake in short. That in friendship there is some element of love it may be; but they are two different things. Love demands supernatural proofs, one would want the person who is in love or in love with one to

give them miraculous proofs of that love. On the other hand, friendship does not need tests.

Journalist: If you loved a lot and stopped loving, can you be a friend?

Borges: Yes, maybe that improves friendship. Perhaps after love there will always be some love, something sentimental, something especially great.

THIRTYTWO

Juventud Colombiana

En Colombia, nos enseñan a no guardar el número de la mamá con “mamá” pa si perdemos el cel pueden llamar a sacarle plata y fake un secuestro. Pero en USA, les dicen q sí lo guarden “mamá” por si pierden el cel pueden llamar al padre a decir que encontraron el celular del hijo.

**transaltion: In Colombia, we're taught not to save our parents numbers as “mom” so that in case we lost our phone our parents would not be extorted for money by the robber. Instead, in the US, children are told to save their parents on their phone as “mom” so hat in case they lose their phones their parents can be contacted.*

My friend Camila Toro tweeted this in 2017. I thought it was a very good reflection of some of the differences in childhoods that there are from county to country in things as simple as how you would save your parents contact in your phone.

THIRTYTHREE

Awe (word)

/ô/

noun

a feeling of reverential respect mixed with fear or wonder.

THIRTYFOUR

Simon Lake (American, inventor of the “Like button”)

The moment the like button was created, Vice interview

Was it hard to get the design right?

Yes! It was really hard. The thing was that different symbols would be inappropriate in different countries. Different words didn't work-”awesome” felt too young, “love” felt too cheesy. Designers would get frustrated and leave the project and we'd have to get a new

team. In the end we had the design, and Mark was finally like, “It's going to be like with a thumbs up, just build it and ship it, we're done with this.” So he finally made the decision.

One day, my brothers and I were reflecting on the fact that one day, the like button came about into our lives, and it changed everything without us knowing. It created a way to quantify relevance and

sort things in our phones, on reviews, in comments, on our pictures, our interactions (more likes= more relevance). One day, Mark Zuckerberg and Simon Lake created something they had no idea would be a limitless monster.

THIRTYFIVE

Stephen Hawking (British astrophysicist)

“Remember to look up at the stars and not down at your feet. Try to make sense of what you see and wonder about what makes the universe exist. Be curious. And however difficult life may seem, there is always something you can do and succeed at. It matters that you don’t just give up.”

THIRTYSIX

Hermann Ebbinghaus (German psychologist) The Forgetting Curve: (1850-1909)

German psychologist Hermann Ebbinghaus wanted to understand more about why we forget things and how to prevent it. His research produced the Forgetting Curve – a visual representation of the way that learned information fades over time.

Ebbinghaus started by memorizing lists of words and testing how many he could recall. To avoid the use of association, he then created 2,300 “nonsense syllables”, all three letters long and using the standard word format of consonant-vowel-consonant: for example, “ZUC” and “QAX”. Grouping these into lists, he looked at each syllable for a fraction of a second, pausing for 15 seconds before going through a list again. He did this until he could recite a series correctly at speed. He tested different lengths and different learning intervals, noting the speed of learning and forgetting.

His experiences and results revealed a number of key aspects of memory:

- If we don’t practice, memory weakens over time
- It’s easier to remember things that have meaning. Things with little or no meaning (like the nonsense syllables Ebbinghaus tried to learn) conform most closely to the Forgetting Curve.
- The way something is presented affects learning. The same set of information can be made more or less memorable, depending on how well it’s communicated. You’ll likely find it easier to remember something that’s been organized logically and presented clearly.
- How you feel affects how well you remember. Ebbinghaus believed that physiological factors, such as stress and sleep, play a significant part in how well

we retain information.

THIRTYSEVEN

Orhan Pamuk (Turkish writer) The Museum of Innocence

“In fact no one recognizes the happiest moment of their lives as they are living it. It may well be that, in a moment of joy, one might sincerely believe that they are living that golden instant “now,” even having lived such a moment before, but whatever they say, in one part of their hearts they still believe in the certainty of a happier moment to come. Because how could anyone, and particularly anyone who is still young, carry on with the belief that everything could only get worse: If a person is happy enough to think he has reached the happiest moment of his life, he will be hopeful enough to believe his future will be just as beautiful, more so.”

THIRTYEIGHT

El Amor en Los Tiempos del Colera Gabriel Garcia Marquez (Colombian author)

“La memoria del corazón elimina los malos recuerdos y magnifica los buenos, y gracias a ese artificio, logramos sobrellevar el pasado.”

“Mi única explicación es que así como los hechos reales se olvidan, también algunos que nunca fueron pueden estar en los recuerdos como si hubieran sido.”

“Desde entonces la tuve en la memoria con tal nitidez que hacía de ella lo que quería. Le cambiaba el color de los ojos según mi estado de ánimo.”

**Translation:*

“The memory of the heart eliminates the bad memories and magnifies the good ones, and thanks to that artifice, we are able to cope with the past.”

“My only explanation is that just as real events are forgotten, also some that never were can be in our memories as if they had been.”

“Since then I have had her in my memory with such clarity that I made her what I wanted. I changed the color of her eyes according to my mood.”

THIRTYNINE

Milan Kundera (Czech novelist) The Unbearable Lightness of Being

“The brain appears to possess a special area which we might call poetic memory and which records everything that charms or touches us, that makes our lives beautiful ... Love begins with a metaphor. Which is to say, love begins at the point when a woman enters her first word into our poetic memory.”

FOURTY

Ernesto Sabato

El Tunel (Argentinian writer)

“Traté de olvidar. Pero no pude.”

“He pasado tres días extraños: el mar, la playa, los caminos me fueron trayendo recuerdos de otros tiempos. No sólo imágenes: también voces, gritos y largos silencios de otros días. Es curioso, pero vivir consiste en construir futuros recuerdos; ahora mismo, aquí frente al mar, sé que estoy preparando recuerdos minuciosos, que alguna vez me traerán la melancolía y la desesperanza.”

“Cualquier cosa que hiciéramos (hablar, tomar café) era doloroso, pues señalaba hasta qué punto eran fugaces esos instantes de comunidad.”

**translation:*

“I tried to forget. But I could not.”

“I have spent three strange days: the sea, the beach, the roads were bringing me memories of other times. Not only images: also voices, screams and long silences from other days. It’s funny, but living consists of building future memories; Right now, here in front of the sea, I know that I am preparing minute memories that will sometime bring me melancholy and despair.”

“Anything we did (talk, drink coffee) was painful, because it indicated how fleeting those moments were.”

FOURTYONE

Gabriel Garcia Marquez (Colombian author)

Doce Cuentos Peregrinos

“los recuerdos reales me parecían fantasmas de la memoria, mientras los recuerdos falsos eran tan convincentes que habían suplantado a la realidad.”

**translation: “real memories seemed like ghosts of my memory while false memories were so convincing that they had replaced reality.”*

FOURTYTWO

Yasunari Kawabata (Japanese writer)

Lo Bello y Lo Triste

“Era obvio que nadie podía sentir lo que sentía él al contemplar esa fotografía.

Pero ella no quería olvidarlo. Parecía aferrarse a su recuerdo, como si no pudiera vivir sin él.”

**Translation: “It was obvious that no one could feel what he felt when looking at that photograph. But she didn’t want to forget it. He seemed to cling to his memory, as if he couldn’t live without it.”*

FOURTYTHREE

Paolo Giordano (Italian author)

La Soledad de los Numeros Primos

“De nuevo pensaba en él, era como otra de sus enfermedades, de la que en realidad no deseaba curarse. Se puede enfermar de recuerdos, y ella enfermó con el de aquella tarde.”

**translation: “Again she thought of him, it was like another of her illnesses, from which she really did not want to be cured. She can get sick of memories, and she got sick with the one that afternoon.”*

FOURTYFOUR

Alessandro Baricco (Italian author)

Seda

“Es un dolor extraño. En voz baja. –Morir de nostalgia por algo que no vivirás nunca”

**Translation: “It is a strange pain. Quietly. –Die of nostalgia for something you will never live “*

FOURTYFIVE

Jorge Luis Borges (Argentinian author)

Funes, El Memorioso

This short story reconstructs the life of Ireneo Funes, a young Uruguayan who, who, after falling from his horse and being paralyzed, can remember absolutely everything he sees and thinks. Thus, the character spends his nights lost in his memory, reconstructing the details of the day with the same clarity that they would have if they were actually before his eyes.

“With no effort, he had learned English, French, Portuguese and Latin. I suspect, however, that he was not very capable of thought. To think is to forget differences, generalize, make abstractions. In the teeming world of Funes, there were only details, almost immediate in their presence.”

FOURTYSIX

OK - COCA COLA

‘COCA-COLA’ 2nd most recognized word in the world after OK.

FOURTYSEVEN

Paul Reber (Professor of Psychology)

According to Northwestern University psychology professor , our brains have the capacity to store up to 2.5 petabytes of data. That’s the equivalent of three million hours of TV shows—or about the same storage as nearly 4,000 256GB iPhones (the largest size available).

FOURTYEIGHT

Matthew Walker (British scientist)

Depression impacts our ability to remember things.

FOURTYNINE

Anonymous 2

"How close am I to losing you but still remember everything"

FIFTY

AR LURIA (Russian neuropsychologist)

The Mind of a Mnemonist: A Little Book about a Vast Memory

One day in the 1920's, a newspaper reporter walked into the laboratory of Russian psychologist A. R. Luria and asked him to test his memory, which he recently had been told was unusual. It was not unusual. It was uniquely and astoundingly retentive. Luria gave him very long strings of numbers, words, nonsense syllables and could not detect any limit to his ability to recall them, generally without mistake, even years later.

"I spent this summer off in the country, away from the city. Through the open windows I could hear the leaves rustling on the trees and catch the fragrant smell of grass. On my desk lay some old, yellowed notes from which I put together this brief account of a strange individual: a Jewish boy who, having failed as a musician and as a journalist, had become a mnemonist, met with many prominent people, yet remained a somewhat anchorless person, living with the expectation that at any moment something particularly fine was to come his way. He taught me and my friends a great deal, and it is only right that this book be dedicated to his memory. A. R. L. (Summer 1965)"

Excerpts from the book:

"One day in the 1920's, a newspaper reporter walked into the laboratory of Russian psychologist A. R. Luria and asked him to test his memory, which he recently had been told was unusual. It was not unusual. It was uniquely and astoundingly retentive. Luria gave him very long strings of numbers, words, nonsense syllables and could not detect any limit to his ability to recall them, generally without mistake, even years later. (Luria studied S., as he identifies him, for thirty years.)"

"He experienced synesthesia, i.e., the blending of sensations: a voice was a "crumbly, yellow voice." (p.24) S.'s memory was highly eidetic, i.e., visual, a characteristic not unique to him but which he used as a technique to memorize lists and details. (He had become a performing mnemonist.) It was also auditory. He had trouble remembering a word if its sound did not fit its meaning"

"Magical thinking" "To me there's no great difference between the things I imagine and what exists in reality. Often, if I imagine something is going to happen, it does. Take the time I

began arguing with a friend that the cashier in the store was sure to give me too much change. I imagined it to myself in detail, and she actually did give me too much--change of 20 rubles instead of 10. Of course I realize it's just chance, coincidence, but deep down I also think it's because I saw it that way." -S
"So powerful is his imagery that this man can easily drive his pulse up by imagining running"

"What effect does a remarkable capacity for memory have on other major aspects of personality, on an individual's habits of thought and imagination, on his behavior and personality development? What changes occur in a person's inner world, in his relationships with others, in his very life style when one element of his psychic makeup, his memory, develops to such an uncommon degree that it begins to alter every other aspect of his activity?"

"Synesthesia is a neurological condition in which information meant to stimulate one of your senses stimulates several of your senses. People who have synesthesia are called synesthetes. The word "synesthesia" comes from the Greek words: "synth" (which means "together") and "ethesia" (which means "perception"). Synesthetes can often "see" music as colors when they hear it, and "taste" textures like "round" or "pointy" when they eat foods."

"When I was about two or three years old I was taught the words of a Hebrew prayer. I didn't understand them, and what happened was that the words settled in my mind as puffs of steam or splashes .. . Even now I see these puffs or splashes when I hear certain sounds." -S

"Many of us are anxious to find ways to improve our memories; none of us have to deal with the problem of how to forget. In S.'s case, however, precisely the reverse was true. The big question for him, and the most troublesome, was how he could learn to forget."

"I'm afraid I may begin to confuse the individual performances. So in my mind I erase the blackboard and cover it, as it were, with a film that's completely opaque and impenetrable. I take this off the board and listen to it crunch as I gather it into a ball. That is, after each performance is over, I erase the board, walk away from it, and mentally gather up the film I had used to cover the board. As I go on talking to the audience, I feel myself crumpling this film into a ball in my hands. Even so, when the next performance starts and I walk over to that blackboard, the numbers I had erased are liable to turn up again. If they alternate in a way that's even vaguely like the order in one of the previous performances, I might not catch myself in time and would read off the chart of numbers that had been written there before. (From a letter of 1939.)"

"He would burn the pieces of paper to try and forget, but this proved to be useless."

“If I want something to happen, I simply picture it in my mind. I don’t have to exert any effort to accomplish it—it just happens.”

“At one point I studied the stock market, and when I showed that I had a good memory for prices on the exchange, I became a broker. But it was just something I did for a while to make a living. As for real life— that’s something else again.” -S

“Indeed, one would be hard put to say which was more real for him: the world of imagination in which he lived, or the world of reality in which he was but a temporary guest.”

FIFTYONE

AR LURIA (Russian neuropsychologist)

The Man with a Shattered World

The Second World War, with its tragic incidence of severe brain injuries, provided an enormous testing ground for the new neuropsychology, and Luria’s work. He said: “As our friendship developed, I had a chance to witness his long, relentless fight to recover the use of his damaged brain—to live, not merely exist.”

Some of the recordings of the injured man:

“I know there is a good deal of talk now about the cosmos and outer space, and that our earth is just a minute particle of this infinite universe.”

“For some reason, even as a child I was fascinated by science, by knowledge in general, and greedily devoured any information I could pick up—at school, study groups, or simply in my daily life. I longed to become a really versatile person and be able to contribute to my country in a number of ways through science and technology.”

“a man who for all practical purposes had died. In short, a man who had been killed in the war.”

“Early one morning I was heading for the institute, thinking about my future, when suddenly I heard, actually shuddered at, the terrible news: there was a war on with Germany”

“How goes it, Comrade Zasetky?” I wouldn’t answer, just begin to wonder why he was asking me that. After he’d repeated my name several times, I’d finally remember that “Zasetky” was my name. Only then would it occur to me to say: “Okay.” “Right after I was wounded, I seemed to be some newborn creature that just looked, listened, observed, repeated, but still had no mind of its own.”

“Because of my injury I’d forgotten everything I ever learned or knew . . . everything . . . and had to start from scratch to develop again—at least up to a certain point. After that, my development suddenly stopped, and I’ve been that way ever since. Mostly, it’s because of my memory that I have so much trouble understanding things. You see, I’d forgotten absolutely

everything and had to start all over trying to identify, recall, and understand things with the kind of memory a child has.”

“My memory’s a blank. I can’t think of a single word.”

“It’s hard to believe this is really life, but if it is a dream (and is it?) I can’t just wait until I wake up.”

FIFTYTWO

Coca-Cola

North Korea and Cuba are the only places you can’t buy Coca-Cola

FIFTYTHREE

United States

The only country in the world that doesn’t use the metric system.

FIFTYFOUR

David Bowie (British Artist) Interview on the internet 1999

David: “I don’t think we’ve even seen the tip of the iceberg. I think the potential of what the internet is going to do to society, both good and bad, is unimaginable.”

Interviewer: “It’s just a tool though, isn’t it?”

Bowie: “No, no, it’s an alien life form,”

Interviewer: “What do you think then...”

Bowie: “Is there life on Mars? Yes, it’s just landed here.”

Interviewer: “But it’s simply a different delivery system there. You’re arguing about something more profound.”

Bowie : “Yeah, I’m talking about the actual context and the state of content is going to be so different from anything we can envisage at the moment.”

FIFTYFIVE

Generosity

is not giving what’s left but sharing what you have.
thought 2020

FIFTYSIX

Enrique Santos (Colombian journalist)

El Destino

el llamado destino, tan torpe y ciego

**translation: so called destiny, clumsy and blind*

FIFTYSEVEN

Ringo Star (British Beatle)

Interview 2020

“[Life’s] kind of like “sliding doors.” The doors closed, Oh, you just missed the train. The doors opened, Oh, you’re on the train. Life is really great. It has some downs but it has a lot of ups when you enjoy it...It’s like, What! I’m surrounded by

love.”

FIFTYEIGHT

BEEPLE (American digital artist)

“Boom, fifty-three million dollars in my account. Like, what the fuck.”

Beeple on the third most expensive work ever sold by a living artist

FIFTYNINE

unknown

“NATURE KNOWS NO KINGS.”

SIXTY

Friedrich Nietzsche (German philosopher)

Ningún precio es demasiado alto por el privilegio de ser uno mismo.

**Translation: No price is too high for the privilege of being yourself.*

SIXTYONE

Pierrot Le Fou (French movie)

1965

“She makes me think of music”

SIXTYTWO

THE VELVET UNDERGROUND (American rock band)

“There’s a bit of magic in everything. And then some loss to even things out” -Lou Reed

SIXTYTHREE

Amor Rebelde (Colombian documentary)

“Los que quieren la guerra es porque no la han vivido.”

**translation: “Those who want war is because they haven’t lived it.*

In October 2016, director Alejandro Bernal attended the Tenth FARC Conference in the hope of making a film about the political situation in the country. This is how he meets Cristian and Yimarly, a young couple of ex-combatants who had dreamt of living together after the war. They had never been able to do so due to the fragility of life in the jungle. The guerilla constantly fearing for their life so they were told not to create affective relationships because you never knew when they could tragically end. AMOR REBELDE therefore begins with this premise: how can love exist during war?

