



Jim Carrey

In a dual role well worth remembering, he plays an amnesiac screenwriter in *The Majestic*—and finds himself in the process.

HE PUBLIC HAS LONG BEEN determined to classify Jim Carrey, no matter how daunting the task may be: He's manic; he's calm; he's funny; he's serious; he's in love; he's heartbroken. The man himself willingly offers that he's both the "twisted, palsied kid who's trying to pull his lip over his head to get attention" and the sometime painter who's "tired of saying words like *I* and *me*." Today, he's feeling both thoughtful—the word he chooses, accurately it seems, to describe his current state of mind—and restless. (He confesses he's eager to get going on a motorcycle ride with a friend.)

Like all of us, Jim Carrey is a contradiction—but mostly he's a guy with a lot of expectations to fulfill who's constantly reinventing new ways to do so. "Really, I think we're all two characters," Carrey says in a voice subdued to the point where it's only vaguely recognizable, an almost electroshocked version of the one that screeched "all-righty-then" and "sssmokin" with such hysterical conviction. Sure, he's talking about his role in *The Majestic* as a 1950s blacklisted Hollywood screenwriter who suffers from amnesia and is mistaken for a small town's long-lost war hero. But he's also talking about himself. "I'm happy sometimes, I'm turbulent sometimes," he muses. "Whatever's going on is what I try to accept in myself." He knows this marks him as slightly different from the norm. "I think if we all acted the way we really felt, four out of eight people at a dinner table would be sitting there sobbing," he says.

Embracing "the natural order of things" and allowing himself to just