

# Brianna Bullen

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## **NOSTALGIC LEISURE INDUSTRY**

You sign up for the *Nostalgic Leisure Experience* because the memory industry seems more real than the present. Memory is, presently, the only proven form of time-travel, outside of imagination and kissing. You're surprised to find they have your files, and have organised your life in terms of objects. You don't ask how they got them, but happily collect the bulging sack they give you. Lost time hoarded in a handbag, in Proust's madeleines and the punk CDs you used to listen to in your teens. The image of her chap-stick smile. A postcard dated from six years ago, *wishing you were here*. Your red gumboots you could never quite chuck out. Old sketches of your Jack Russells, superimposed with their fates: snake bite, car wheel, old age. You dreamt of working with kakapos, prehistoric birds out of time. That version of you smeared out of reality by quantum choice, divergent branch snipped. Old letters to lovers, archaic but material; Facebook posts, time-stamped. They have nothing for recent years, only a black cloud cut-out and some files from work, all repeating meaningless personally meaningless numbers. Cheeky. You sign up for the more expensive deluxe option.