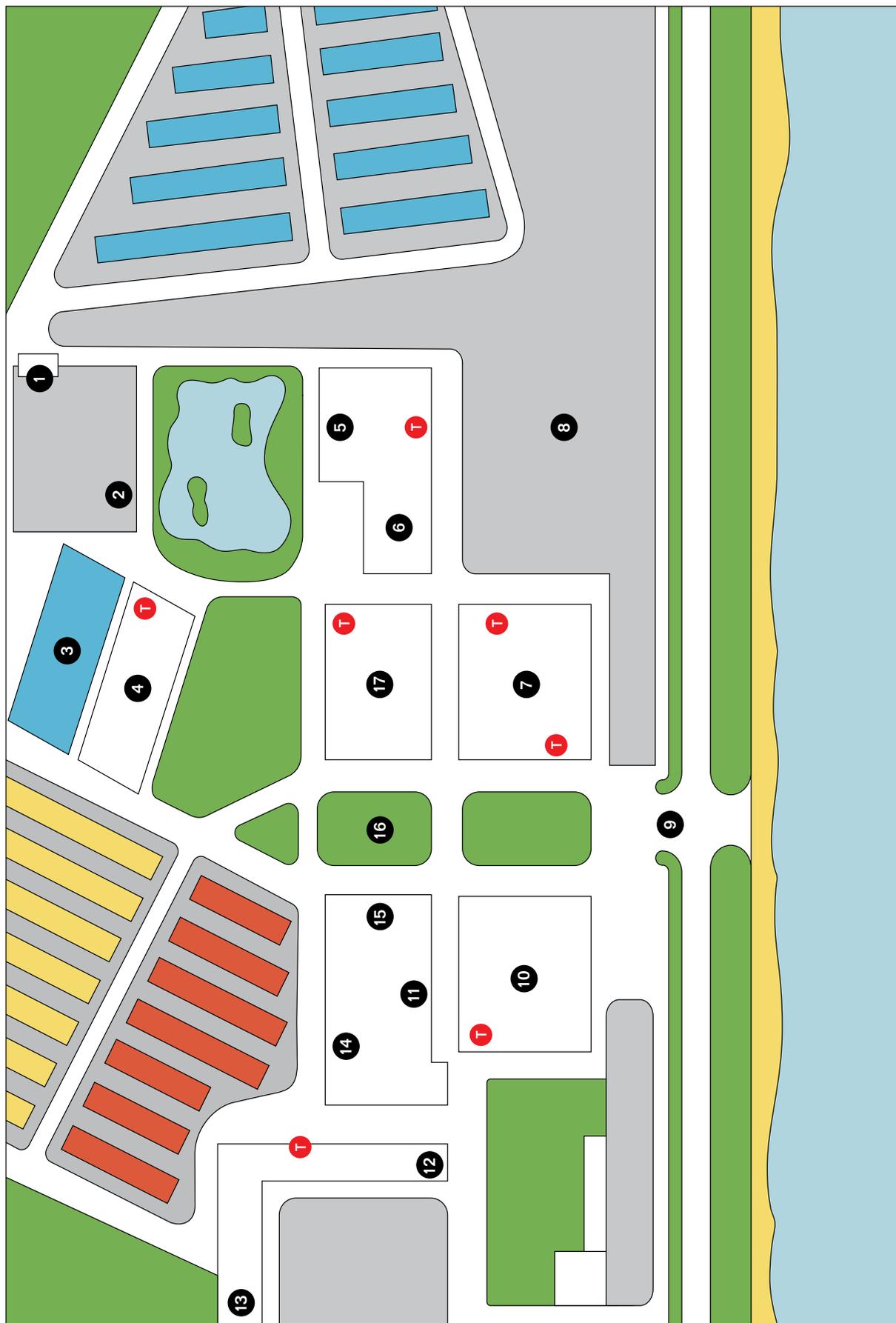




Britlin's

YOUR PAST IS OUR FUTURE



WELCOME TO SAXNOT

Finding Your Way Around
(numbers below refer to map on opposite page)

- | | |
|---|--|
| (01) MAIN ENTRANCE | (08) CAR PARK |
| (02) RECEPTION BUILDING TEMPORARY CAR PARK | (09) PROMENADE ENTRANCE |
| (03) OUTDOOR POOL | (10) REGENCY BUILDING Ground Floor: Old Time & Sequence Ballroom; Coffee Bar & Snacks; Regency Bar; Hairdressing Salon; Card Room and Chapel. First Floor: Cash Bingo Lounge; Entrance to Indoor Swimming Pool; and '913' Club. |
| (04) RECEPTION BUILDING Includes: General Enquiries; POST OFFICE; Guests' Mail; Key Offices; Public Telephones; Bus & Coach Enquiries; LOST PROPERTY OFFICE (Open daily except Sunday, 9.30am - 12 noon; 2.30-5.30pm). After hours, articles should be handed in at Reception; National Westminster Bank; Left Luggage; Coffee Bar and Rail Enquiries. | (11) WINDSOR DINING ROOM |
| (05) CHILDREN'S AMUSEMENT PARK, PLAYGROUND and ADVENTURELAND | (12) LAUNDRETTE 9.00am to 8.00pm daily (closed all day Saturday). |
| (06) YORK BUILDING Ground Floor: Amusement Arcade; Free Amusement Park and Model Car Racing; Blinking Owl Bar. First Floor: Children's Theatre; Table Tennis; Darts; Billiards; Snooker; Badminton; Indoor Bowls. | (13) INFANTS CENTRE and FIRST AID Free Nappy Washing Service (nappies should be deposited at the Nappy Laundry between 9.00am and 10.30am). PUSHCHAIRS may be hired for £2 weekly plus £4 returnable deposit (details from Reception). |
| (07) PRINCES BUILDING Ground Floor: Pig & Whistle Bar; Skating Rink; Gown Shop and Shoe Shop; Sports Hall. First Floor: Ballroom; Lounge Bar; Coffee Bar and Amusement Arcade. | (14) KENT DINING ROOM |
| | (15) GEORGE IV BAR; WINDSOR CAFETERIA & GRILL; AMUSEMENT ARCADE |
| | (16) PUTTING GREEN |
| | (17) GAITY BUILDING Includes: Gaiety Theatre; Pick & Mix Sweets; Photographic Services; Newsagents; Shopping Centre; Supermarket; TV Theatres; Take away snacks. |
| | (T) TOILETS |

NURSERY CHALET PATROL Child listening service operates between 7.30pm and 11.45pm each night, with the exception of Late Night Cabaret and Friday Night when the chalet patrol continues until close of entertainment. Parents wishing to take advantage of this service must register in the Nursery Playcentre at any time between 9.30am and 6.30pm. For Late Night Cabaret, please register at time of booking seat. GUESTS' FRIENDS Can visit from 10.00am to 6.30pm at reduced rate to normal visitors. Tickets can be purchased from 9.00am onwards. Owing to licensing laws Guests' Friends are not allowed to play Cash Bingo or Filmed Horse Racing.

YOUR PAST IS OUR FUTURE

If I close my eyes, I can still see the red neon glow of the huge sign declaring 'Our True Intent Is All For Your Delight', its reflection mirrored across the shimmering surface of the swimming pool... I can clearly smell the sea air and doughnuts, and the chips doused in vinegar... I can even hear the sound of Mungo Jerry's 'In The Summertime' booming from the fun fair, the teenage laughter and the whiz and ping of arcade machines... it envelopes me and I'm transported back there; to that magical world from so long ago.

Alan Shaw, Sheffield, remembers Skegness Butlins

Each Butlins camp, at its peak, was a remarkable, utopian micro-society. All your needs were catered for: accommodation, restaurants, boutiques, supermarkets, transport and cinemas. Many towns could boast similar amenities of course, but Butlins had one very special ingredient: and that was YOU.

Your shared sense of camaraderie and fun, living by the same rules and looking out for one another, is what made life at Butlins so unique.

We believe that the world would be a better place if we could go back to that time, because: if we could win back that spirit of unity, we'd also win back our sense of belonging. It is belonging that creates community, and only by being part of a community can we begin to take pride in it. Respect for authority, elders, property, our own culture and history, all follow quite naturally if we take pride in our own particular community.

If we are part of a community that we can be proud of, we immediately have a sense of identity. Does Britain today have any sense of its own identity? 'Collective identity', by definition, means that a people share certain core values and beliefs; but in the name of 'progress' our country has become so culturally, linguistically and religiously diverse - so unsure of ourselves, let alone our place in Europe or the world - that we have completely lost our way, and with it, our sense of purpose and our pride.

There only one thing that we still have, that 'progress' cannot dilute, decimilise, democratise or digitalise, are OUR MEMORIES.

The Britlins concept is built on your memories. If, like us - you remember Britain as a better place, with Butlins at its centre as the epitome of decency, fun and unity - and if also, like us, you see no reason why we cannot build on these memories to make a better future-society, then read on, because: There may be a place for YOU in Saxnot.

The Management, Saxnot Britlins

FAMILY

We saved up to go to Filey Butlins. Every week I'd put a pound note in a jar, that sounds daft now, but when you think my wages were only £13 a week! That's how you did things in those days, you saved, and only spent what you could afford.

I remember the delight on my son Darren's face, I said to him "You can buy whatever you like once we get to Filey", and he did! Of course, most of the rides were free - they were all inclusive - and we'd gone full board, so we didn't have to pay for anything we ate, other than snacks and treats.

It was the best holiday we ever had, Darren in the pool all day - then we'd go to the Kent dining room, have our tea, go back to the chalet for a rest, then out again on a night to the cinema or one of the bars or ballrooms. It was wonderful. Me and Darren sat on the bed and cried on the last morning, we really did not want to come home.

Jean Darwin, Tadcaster, remembers Filey Butlins.

COMMITMENT

We first went to Minehead in 1973. Other families had started to go abroad on holiday, to Spain or Tenerife, but we couldn't afford to go anywhere exotic. I remember my mum and dad arguing about it, mum would bring home holiday brochures and pore over them. In truth, I think my dad didn't really want to go abroad. Anyway, we went to Butlins in the end and my dad insisted on inviting his mum and dad, that caused a row with mum!

Once we got there, me and my brother were free to roam - you could in those days, it was perfectly safe in the camp for kids to clear off for a whole day. I remember the fun fair and the gift shop - the tat I bought! Mum spent every day by the pool, rain or shine. My dad, gran and grandpa spent most of their time in the Beachcomber Bar, an Hawaiian bar with hula dancers and even a tropical thunderstorm that happened once an hour - we'd only see them at meal times, then we'd be out again with the other kids at the disco or the pictures. It was brilliant for me and my brother, our first taste of freedom.

Julie Thompson, Stevenage, remembers Minehead Butlins.



UNITY

Now, let me think back... I remember Butlins being an extremely colourful place. The multi-coloured chalet lines and the noisy funfair were always a great sight for me - being there as a child was like being transported to another world, one we were free to roam around in. That was the great thing about Butlins, everyone was friendly, you were all the same. I think that was part of the idea - everybody paid the same price - 'A Week's Holiday for a Week's Pay' - we all stayed in the same type of chalet, nobody was better than anybody else and everybody made friends. I'm still in touch with some of the boys and girls I met there, forty-odd years later, we still send Christmas cards and meet up occasionally.

I loved everything about Clacton Butlins, and a week there was never enough for me. I always looked forward to going back the following year. Eight years of fantastic holidays have made a huge imprint on my heart and mind. Butlins will always be a very special place to me.

Duncan Milne, Marbella, Spain, remembers Clacton Butlins.

LABOUR

Throughout the summer I had a fantastic time. I was a lifeguard by day and barman by night - working until midnight, drinking in the disco until who knows when, then starting work again the next morning. Those impromptu catch ups in the cafe with many of my wonderful friends, all hungover, drinking the awful coffee and eating doughnuts still brings a big smile to my face. We put the world to rights and were always there for each other. Advising each other on our futures and what we were going to do. Bars, housekeeping or Redcoats, it didn't matter, and I still see some of the faces now when I talk about them.

One name I do remember is the Bars Manager, Victor. He was a wonderful man who looked after me, giving me many opportunities during the summer, and listening to tales of woe from my past whilst telling me to look to the future. It was him that told me to use the customer service skills I'd learned. His advice led me to the path I took to success in the future.

Neil Sampson, Port Talbot, remembers working at Barry Island Butlins.



TRUST

I was on an on-site Nursery Nurse by day and at night I worked the Chalet Patrol. If parents of young children wanted to go out in the evening without their children, they could give their chalet number to reception, and the Duty Nursery Nurse would be responsible for checking on them. This the nurses did by riding round the camp on a special Butlins bicycle and listening outside the relevant chalets. If a baby was heard to be crying, a message was then passed round all the entertainment venues. In the theatres it was displayed on a screen beside the stage reading 'Baby crying in chalet no 23'. A similar message was flashed up on-screen during film shows.

It's a system that would still work today, though times have changed of course. It's hard to imagine parents would want a stranger to keep an ear out for their children now, but they did in those days - it was all a matter of trust I suppose. That's what we've lost isn't it... nobody trusts anyone else anymore, which is very sad isn't it?

Pat Rushby, Taunton, remembers working at Bognor Regis Butlins.

INCLUSIVITY

The Redcoats used to drum up enthusiasm for the many Butlins contests, and organised activities by the use of a house points system, rather like school. Points were given for winners and runners-up of the various contests, and were announced over the microphone in the Dining Halls to loud, orchestrated cheering. We were usually in Gloucester House; I think you could request your house on the booking form, for continuity.

My Uncle Kevin entered the Knobbly Knees Contest, where all the men had to walk around the ballroom with their trousers rolled up to their knees. It was hilarious. The Redcoats did a lot of warming-up of the audience before the event, so that we would cheer and make a lot of noise when the contest started. I was cheering like crazy for uncle, I remember that! Uncle Kevin didn't win, though, much to my aunt's relief... but that's my main memory, tons of competitions, always done for fun to bring us all together, it was sort of 'team building' before there ever was such a thing, I suppose.

David Driscoll, Birkenhead, remembers Pwllheli Butlins.



FORESIGHT

I have some excellent memories of Skegness. I used to love riding around the camp on Puffing Billy or the monorail, which I admit used to scare me when I was very small. It was only years later I realised how modern the monorail was, the first one ever in this country! Looking back, it did seem like something from outer-space; though I think they closed it down sometime in the 1980s. Stupid really because it was an amazing way to travel. British Rail should have bloody copied it!

I remember my dad taking me on the roller coaster after he'd had a few pints, and him being as sick as a dog for the rest of the day! But it was all part of the fun, all the dads got tanked up on a regular basis.

There was always something different to do or try, and I remember my mum having to drag me kicking and screaming on to the Bartons coach, waiting to take me back to Leicester when the holiday was over.

Maureen Storr, Kettering, remembers Skegness Butlins.

HINDSIGHT

I am still overwhelmed sometimes, when all the memories come flooding back, sometimes I dream that I'm a kid again, and I'm actually there on holiday.

We only went to Butlins twice, first time in 1977 and the second time in 1983. It was quite sad the second time. The chalets had fallen into disrepair: people's names carved into the bed-heads and damp on the walls, there was cracks in the swimming pool and everything had begun to look very tired. We enjoyed ourselves alright, but you could tell something was amiss.

Little did we know then that 1983 was to be the very last season for Filey Butlins. I visited the closed site years later, it was so sad, the algae-covered fountain and the chairlifts hanging there like ghosts. I was in tears when I heard that they'd finally bulldozed it. My only consolation is they cannot bulldoze my great memories, I'll have those forever.

Liz Morson, Brisbane, Australia, remembers Filey Butlins.



EVENING MEAL MENU



SUNDAY

Asparagus Soup

Roast Topside of Beef, Yorkshire Pudding,
Buttered Cabbage, Swede, Roast and Boiled
Potatoes

or

Grilled Gammon Steak and Pineapple, Garden Peas,
Tomato, French Fried Potatoes

or

Ox Tongue and Gammon Ham with Summer Salad

Dutch Apple Pie with Custard Sauce or Fruit Salad and
Dairy Cream

MONDAY

Cream of Tomato Soup

Roast Turkey, Chipolata, Sage and Onion Stuffing,
Brussels Sprouts, Baby Carrots, Roast and Boiled
Potatoes

or

Deep Fried Fillet of Cod, Garden Peas, Tomato, French
Fried Potatoes

or

Egg, Cheese and Cress with Summer Salad

Gooseberry Crumble and Custard Sauce or Vanilla and
Raspberry Ice Cream Sundae and Wafer

TUESDAY

Country Vegetable Soup

Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce, Cauliflower with White Sauce,
Sliced Beans, Roast and Boiled Potatoes

or

Beefsteak, Kidney and Mushroom Pie, Sliced Beans, Mixed
Vegetables, Creamed Potatoes

or

Cold Roast Beef and Gammon Ham with Summer Salad

Coconut Sponge Pudding and Custard Sauce or Fruit Melba

WEDNESDAY

White Onion Soup

Roast Topside of Beef, Yorkshire Pudding, Buttered
Cabbage, Swede, Roast and Boiled Potatoes

or

Grilled Pork Chop, Apple Sauce, Garden Peas, Tomato,
French Fried Potatoes

or

Savoury Quiche with Summer Salad

Blackberry and Apple Pie with Custard Sauce or Fruit
Salad and Dairy Cream

THURSDAY

Green Pea Soup

Roast Chicken, Parsley and Thyme Stuffing, Garden Peas,
Baby Carrots, Roast and Boiled Potatoes

or

Braised Steak, Sliced Beans, Baby Carrots, Creamed
Potatoes

or

Pork Pie, Gammon Ham with Summer Salad

Cherry Pancake and Custard Sauce or Dairy Cream Trifle

FRIDAY

Oxtail Soup with Sherry

Roast Leg of Pork, Apple Sauce, Sage and Onion
Stuffing, Brussels Sprouts, Sliced Carrots, Croquette
and Boiled Potatoes

or

Deep Fried Fillet of Haddock, Garden Peas, French Fried
Potatoes

or

Turkey and Gammon Ham with Summer Salad

Rhubarb Crumble and Custard or Chocolate and Nut Ice
Cream Sundae and Wafer

Tea and Coffee is served at all meals

ADULT ACTIVITY PROGRAMME



SUNDAY

7.00: Breakfast BUFFET see your
allocated Dining Room

9.00: Roller Skating on the
Roller Skating Rink

10.00: Prayer in the Chapel

10.30: Free Bingo the Club Room

11.00: Putting Competition on
the Putting Green

12.00: LUNCH BUFFET see your
allocated Dining Room

13.00: Grand Get Together in
the Gaiety Building

14.15: Holiday Princess Competition
in the Princes Ballroom.

Followed by The Knobbly Knees
Competition

15.15: Swimming Gala in the
Open Air Pool

16.45: Gymnastics Competition
in the Princes Ballroom

17.00: DINNER - Menu Opposite
See your allocated Dining Room

19.30: Sunday Show-time in the
Gaiety Theatre.

20.30: Seniors Prize Bingo in
the Tudor Lounge

20.30: Sing-along With Ken in
the Playhouse Theatre

21.00: Old Time Dancing in the
Princes Ballroom, with the Val
Merrall Orchestra

21.00: Hymns in The Chapel

21.00: Singing Waiters Competition
in the Pig & Whistle Bar

22.30: Lights Out

MONDAY

7.00: Breakfast BUFFET see your
allocated Dining Room

9.00: Men's Darts Competition
in the Empire Games Room

10.00: Happy Families in the
Princes Ballroom.

11.15: Ladies Table Tennis in
the Table Tennis Room.

12.00: LUNCH see your allocated
Dining Room

13.00 Cine-Racing in the Pig &
Whistle Bar

14.00: Prize Bingo in the Tudor
Lounge

15.15: Bonny Babies Competition
in the Princes Ballroom

15.15: Putting Tournament on the
Putting Green

17.00: DINNER - Menu Opposite
See your allocated Dining Room

19.00: Darts Final in the Empire
Games Room

20.00: Resident Revue Show in the
Gaiety Theatre

20.30: Modern Dancing in the
Princes Ballroom, with the Val
Merrall Orchestra

20.30: TV Night (BBC1 & 2) in the
Television Theatre

21.00: Whist Drive in the Blinking
Owl Bar

23.00: LIGHTS OUT

TUESDAY

7.00: Breakfast BUFFET see your
allocated Dining Room

10.00: Men's Billiards Tournament
in the York Games Room

11.00: The Star Trail Talent
Contest (Ages 15-39 years) in the
Gaiety Theatre

11.30 Mother & Child
Competition in the Princes Ballroom

12.00: LUNCH BUFFET see your
allocated Dining Room

14.00 Donkey Derby on the sports
field

15.30: Prize Bingo in the Tudor
Lounge

16.00: Ladies Darts Competition
in the Empire Games Room

17.00: DINNER - Menu Opposite
See your allocated Dining Room

19.00: Miss She Competition in the
Empress Ballroom.

20.30: Resident Revue Show in the
Gaiety Theatre

21.00: Songs Playhouse Theatre

23.00: LIGHTS OUT

WEDNESDAY

7.00: Breakfast BUFFET see your
allocated Dining Room

9.00: Miss Chi-Chi Competition
in the Princes Ballroom

10.00: Mr Debonair in the Princes
Ballroom

10.15: Ladies Handicrafts in the
Gaiety Bar

12.00: LUNCH see your allocated
Dining Room

14.00: Half-Day Closing

17.00: DINNER - Menu Opposite

19.00: "Lucky U" Show in the
Gaiety Theatre

21.00: Playhouse Theatre in
the Gaiety Theatre

23.00: LIGHTS OUT

THURSDAY

7.00: Breakfast BUFFET see your
allocated Dining Room

10.00: Tarzan & Jane Competition
in the Princes Ballroom.

10.45 Snooker Tournament in the
Snooker Hall

10.45: Putting Tournament meet
at the Putting Green

12.00: LUNCH BUFFET see your
allocated Dining Room

14.00: Cash and Prize Bingo in
the Tudor Lounge

15.30: Glamorous Grandmother
Competition in the Regency Theatre

15.45: Father & Son Competition
in the Princes Ballroom.

17.00: DINNER - Menu Opposite

18.15 Talent Show in the Gaiety
Theatre

19.15: Songs Playhouse Theatre

19.45: Lovely Hair Competition
for Ladies of all ages

20.30: "Up Country" in the Princes
Ballroom. Wild West Night and
Square Dancing

23.00: LIGHTS OUT

FRIDAY

7.00: Breakfast BUFFET see your
allocated Dining Room

9.10: Men's Billiards in the York
Building

9.30: 'Big is Beautiful' Beauty
contest for Ladies size 16+ in
the Cabaret Bar

10.00: Group Ball Games in the
Princes Ballroom

11.00 Weekly Prize-Giving in the
Empress Ballroom

12.00: LUNCH BUFFET see your
allocated Dining Room

14.00: Horseshoe Throwing
Competition on the Putting Green

14.45: Glamour Legs Competition
in the Princes Ballroom

15.30: Table Tennis Exhibition
in the Table Tennis Room

16.00: Adult Prize-Giving in the
Princes Ballroom

17.00: DINNER - Menu Opposite

19.00: The Miss Beachcomber Contest
in the Beachcomber Bar

21.00: The Redcoat Show in the
Gaiety Theatre

22.00: Goodnight Campers and
Farewell in the Gaiety Theatre

00.00: LIGHTS OUT

WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY...

Svetlana Boym on Nostalgia

The word "nostalgia" comes from two Greek roots: νόστος, *nóstos* ("return home") and ἄλγος, *álgos* ("longing"). I would define it as a longing for a home that no longer exists or has never existed. Nostalgia is a sentiment of loss and displacement, but it is also a romance with one's own phantasy. Nostalgic love can only survive in a long-distance relationship. A cinematic image of nostalgia is a double exposure, or a superimposition of two images – of home and abroad, of past and present, of dream and everyday life. The moment we try to force it into a single image, it breaks the frame or burns the surface.

In spite of its Greek roots, the word "nostalgia" did not originate in ancient Greece. "Nostalgia" is only pseudo-Greek, or nostalgically Greek. The word was coined by the ambitious Swiss student Johannes Hofer in his medical dissertation in 1688.(1) (Hofer also suggested monomania and philopatridomania to describe the same symptoms; luckily, the latter failed to enter common parlance.) It would not occur to us to demand a prescription for nostalgia. Yet in the 17th century, nostalgia was considered to be a curable disease, akin to a severe common cold. Swiss doctors believed that opium, leeches, and a journey to the Swiss Alps would take care of nostalgic symptoms. By the end of the 18th century, doctors discovered that a return home did not always cure the nostalgics – sometimes it killed them (especially when patriotic doctors misdiagnosed tuberculosis as nostalgia). Just as today genetic researchers hope to identify genes coding for medical conditions, social behavior, and even sexual orientation, so the doctors in the 18th and 19th centuries looked for a single cause, for one "pathological bone." Yet they failed to find the locus of nostalgia in their patient's mind or body. One doctor claimed that nostalgia was a "hypochondria of the heart," which thrives on its symptoms. From a treatable sickness, nostalgia turned into an incurable disease. A provincial ailment, a *maladie du pays*, turned into a disease of the modern age, a *mal du siècle*.

The nostalgia that interests me here is not merely an individual sickness but a symptom of our age, a historical emotion. Hence I will make three crucial points. First, nostalgia in my diagnosis is not "antimodern." It is not necessarily opposed to modernity but coeval with it. Nostalgia and progress are like Jekyll and Hyde: doubles and mirror images of one another. Nostalgia is not merely an expression of local longing, but the result of a new understanding of time and space that made the division into "local" and "universal" possible.

Secondly, nostalgia appears to be a longing for a place but is actually a yearning for a different time – the time of our childhood, the slower rhythms of our dreams. In a broader sense, nostalgia is a rebellion against the modern idea of time, the time of history and progress. The nostalgic desires to obliterate history and turn it into private or collective mythology, to revisit

time as space, refusing to surrender to the irreversibility of time that plagues the human condition. Hence the "past of nostalgia," to paraphrase Faulkner, is not "even the past." It could merely be another time, or slower time. Time out of time, not encumbered by appointment books.

Thirdly, nostalgia, in my view, is not always retrospective; it can be prospective as well. The fantasies of the past determined by the needs of the present have a direct impact on the realities of the future. Considering the future makes us take responsibility for our nostalgic tales. Unlike melancholia, which confines itself to the planes of individual consciousness, nostalgia is about the relationship between individual biography and the biography of groups or nations, between personal and collective memory. While futuristic utopias might be out of fashion, nostalgia itself has a utopian dimension, only it is no longer directed toward the future. Sometimes it is not directed toward the past either, but rather sideways. The nostalgic feels stifled within the conventional confines of time and space.

In fact, there is a tradition of critical reflection on the modern condition that incorporates nostalgia. It can be called "off-modern." The adverb "off" confuses our sense of direction; it makes us explore side-shadows and back alleys rather than the straight road of progress; it allows us to take a detour from the deterministic narrative of 20th-century history. Off-modernism offered a critique of both the modern fascination with newness, and the no less modern reinvention of tradition. In the off-modern tradition, reflection and longing, estrangement and affection go together.

Modern nostalgia is paradoxical in the sense that the universality of longing can make us more empathetic toward fellow humans, yet the moment we try to repair "longing" with a particular "belonging" – the apprehension of loss with a rediscovery of identity and especially of a national community and a unique and pure homeland – we often part ways and put an end to mutual understanding. *Álgos* (longing) is what we share, yet *nóstos* (the return home) is what divides us. It is the promise to rebuild the ideal home that lies at the core of many powerful ideologies of today, tempting us to relinquish critical thinking for emotional bonding. The danger of nostalgia is that it tends to confuse the actual home with an imaginary one. In extreme cases, it can create a phantom homeland, for the sake of which one is ready to die or kill. Unelected nostalgia breeds monsters. Yet the sentiment itself, the mourning of displacement and temporal irreversibility, is at the very core of the modern condition.

Outbreaks of nostalgia often follow revolutions: the French Revolution of 1789, the Russian revolution, and the recent "velvet" revolutions in Eastern Europe were accompanied by political and cultural manifestations of longing. In France it is not only the ancient *régime* that produced revolution, but in some respect the revolution produced the *ancien régime*, giving it a shape, a sense of closure, and a gilded aura. Similarly, the revolutionary epoch of *perestroika* and the end of the Soviet Union produced an image of the last Soviet decades as the time of stagnation or, alternatively, as a Soviet Golden Age of stability, national strength, and "normalcy." Yet the nostalgia that I explore here is not

always for the ancient régime, stable superpower, or the fallen empire, but also for the unrealized dreams of the past and visions of the future that became obsolete. The history of nostalgia might allow us to look back at modern history as a search not only for newness and technological progress, but also for unrealized possibilities, unpredictable turns and crossroads.

The most common currency of the globalism exported all over the world is money and popular culture. Nostalgia too is a feature of global culture, but it demands a different currency. After all, the key words defining globalism – “progress,” “modernity,” and “virtual reality” – were invented by poets and philosophers: “progress” was coined by Immanuel Kant; the noun “modernity” is a creation of Charles Baudelaire; and “virtual reality” was first imagined by Henri Bergson, not Bill Gates. Only in Bergson’s definition, “virtual reality” referred to planes of consciousness, potential dimensions of time and creativity that are distinctly and inimitably human. As far as nostalgia is concerned, having failed to uncover its exact locus, 18th-century doctors recommended seeking help from poets and philosophers. Nostalgia speaks in riddles and puzzles, trespassing across the boundaries between disciplines and national territories. So one has to face it in order not to become its next victim – or the next victimizer.

Instead of a magic cure for nostalgia, I will offer a tentative typology and distinguish between two main types of nostalgia: the restorative and the reflective. Restorative nostalgia stresses *nóstos* (home) and attempts a transhistorical reconstruction of the lost home. Reflective nostalgia thrives in *álgos*, the longing itself, and delays the homecoming – wistfully, ironically, desperately. These distinctions are not absolute binaries, and one can surely make a more refined mapping of the gray areas on the outskirts of imaginary homelands. Restorative nostalgia does not think of itself as nostalgia, but rather as truth and tradition. Reflective nostalgia dwells on the ambivalences of human longing and belonging and does not shy away from the contradictions of modernity. Restorative nostalgia protects the absolute truth, while reflective nostalgia calls it into doubt.

Restorative nostalgia is at the core of recent national and religious revivals. It knows two main plots – the return to origins and the conspiracy. Reflective nostalgia does not follow a single plot but explores ways of inhabiting many places at once and imagining different time zones. It loves details, not symbols. At best, it can present an ethical and creative challenge, not merely a pretext for midnight melancholies. If restorative nostalgia ends up reconstructing emblems and rituals of home and homeland in an attempt to conquer and specialize time, reflective nostalgia cherishes shattered fragments of memory and demoralizes space. Restorative nostalgia takes itself dead seriously. Reflective nostalgia, on the other hand, can be ironic and humorous. It reveals that longing and critical thinking are not opposed to one another, just as affective memories do not absolve one from compassion, judgment, or critical reflection.

The 20th century began with a futuristic utopia and ended with nostalgia. The optimistic belief in the future has become outmoded while nostalgia,

for better or for worse, never went out of fashion, remaining uncannily contemporary.(2) Contrary to what the great actress Simone Signore – who entitled her autobiography *Nostalgia Is Not What It Used to Be* – thought, the structure of nostalgia is in many respects what it used to be, in spite of changing fashions and advances in digital technology. In the end, the only antidote for the dictatorship of nostalgia might be nostalgic dissidence. Nostalgia can be a poetic creation, an individual mechanism of survival, a countercultural practice, a poison, and a cure. It is up to us to take responsibility of our nostalgia and not let others “prefabricate” it for us. The pre-packaged “usable past” may be of no use to us if we want to cocreate our future. Perhaps dreams of imagined homelands cannot and should not come to life. Sometimes it is preferable (at least in the view of this nostalgic author) to leave dreams alone, let them be no more and no less than dreams, not guidelines for the future. While restorative nostalgia returns and rebuilds one’s homeland with paranoid determination, reflective nostalgia fears return with the same passion. Home, after all, is not a gated community. Paradise on earth might turn out to be another Potemkin village with no exit. The imperative of a contemporary nostalgic: to be homesick and to be sick of being at home – occasionally at the same time.

NOTES

(1) Johannes Hofer, “Dissertation medica de nostalgia” Basel 1688. (An English translation by Carolyn Kiser Anspach is given in the *Bulletin of the History of Medicine*, no.11, Baltimore 1934). For the history of nostalgia see Jean Starobinski, “The Idea of Nostalgia”, *Diogenes* 54 (1966), pp.81–103, Fritz Ernst, *Vom Heimweh*, Fretz and Wasmuth, Zurich 1949; and George Rosen, “Nostalgia: A Forgotten Psychological Disorder”, *Clio Medica* 10/1 (1975), pp.28–51. For psychological and psychoanalytic approaches to nostalgia see James Phillips, “Distance, Absence and Nostalgia”, *Descriptions*, ed. Don Ihde, Hugh J. Silverman, SUNY Press, Albany 1985, “Nostalgia: A Descriptive and Comparative Study”, *Journal of Genetic Psychology* 62 (1943), pp. 97–104, Roderick Peters, “Reflections on the Origin and Aim of Nostalgia”, *Journal of Analytic Psychology* 30 (1985), pp.135–148. When the book was finished I came across a very interesting study of the sociology of nostalgia that examines nostalgia as a “social emotion” and suggests the examination of three ascending orders of nostalgia. See Fred Davis, *Yearning for Yesterday: A Sociology of Nostalgia*, The Free Press, New York 1979.

(2) For a broader discussion of the topic see Svetlana Boym, *The Future of Nostalgia*, Basic Books, New York 2001.

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Adoptation and elaboration from Svetlana Boym, *The Future of Nostalgia*, Basic Books, New York 2001.

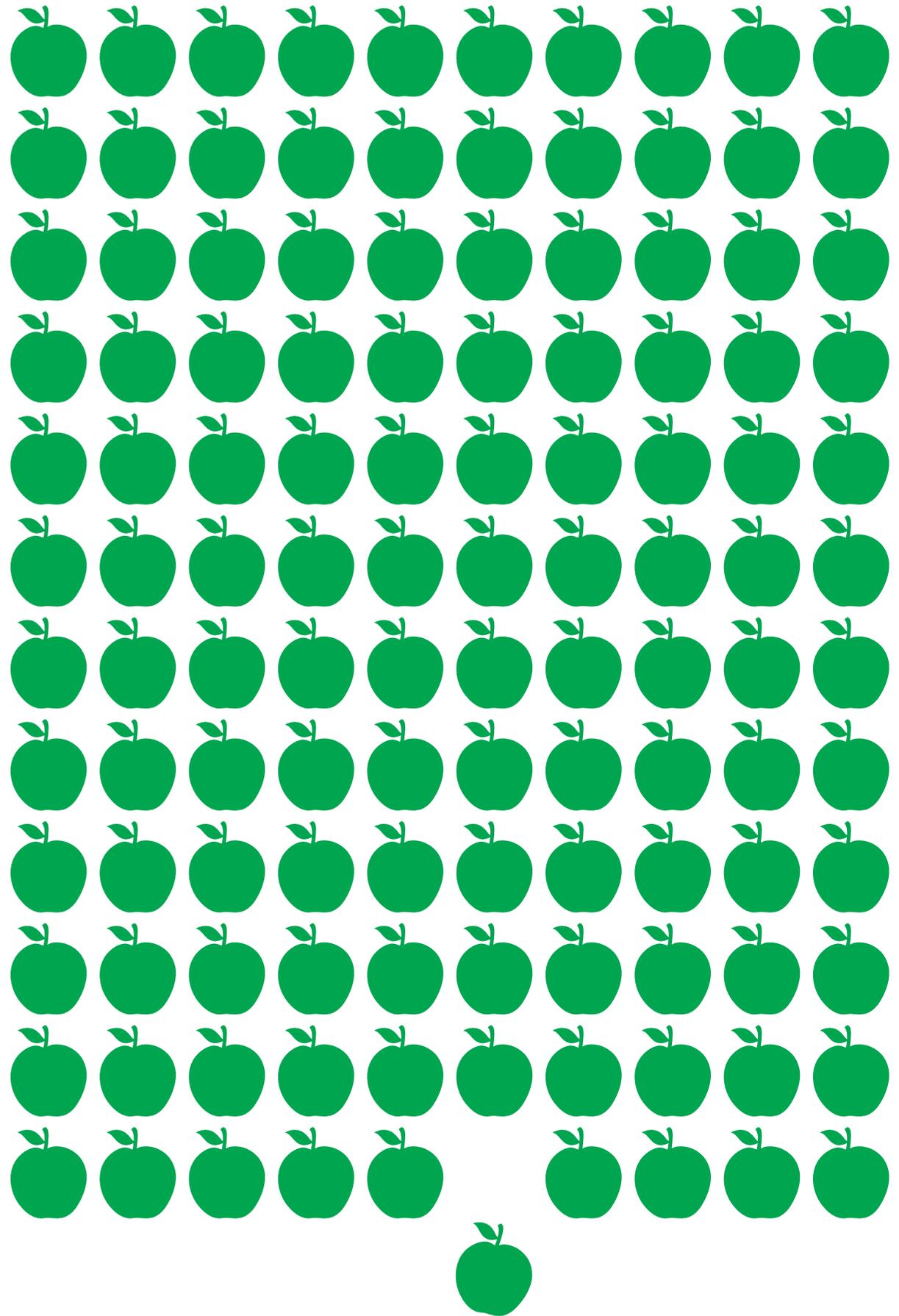
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Do you remember:

WHEN YOU KNEW YOUR NEIGHBOURS?

**WHEN SHOP ASSISTANTS WERE
NOT MACHINES?**

**WHEN YOU COULD STILL TELEPHONE
YOUR BANK?**

**WHEN A HOLIDAY WAS AT HOME
NOT ABROAD?**

**WHEN SUMMER SEEMED
TO LAST FOREVER?**

**WHEN YOU FELT THAT YOU
BELONGED?**

If you answered **YES** to any
of these questions:

**THERE MAY BE A PLACE
FOR YOU IN SAXNOT**