I will begin this text on a personal note because the exhibition strongly invites it. When I was in the first grade of elementary school, we didn't have a television or a computer. We got a TV first, and we acquired a computer in 2001. We indulged in both during visits to grandparents or family acquaintances. I remember watching Cartoon Network at my grandfather's in Slovakia. I looked forward to visits to my uncle because his kids had Doom, Mortal Kombat, and Worms on their computer. I forever associate these old games with visits, holidays, and stays at my grandmother's. They were festive moments. I got hooked on computer games with our own computer, and I still play them, just like many of my peers. My generation is not yet a so-called digital native; we remember our first encounters with computers, which happened similarly to mine. Besides old DOS games, we also remember the rooms where we saw them. Children who had different toys than us, differently arranged living rooms, trays full of cookies that we ate while parents chatted. Arguments with other kids about who's next at the keyboard. Nostalgia is inevitable in this case, even though this feeling has become all-encompassing.

Contemporary mainstream culture is built on nostalgia, recycling pop culture phenomena of the last forty years. Hollywood and streaming services produce sequels, prequels, spin-offs, and remake movies that are barely ten years old. Every time I open Facebook, moments from Marvel, Star Wars, or The Lord of the Rings pop up in the suggested posts. What is symptomatic of this nostalgia and constant fan service? Primarily, content simplicity and reminders of cultural artifacts. It constantly urges us to consume. Artist Brad Troemel notices that the millennial generation has become eternal children, playing with LEGO and collecting stylized figurines even on the brink of their forties. The entire cultural industry based on nostalgia is too big to fail; it has taken on the function of myth-making. Star Wars are the ancient Greek myths and legends of our time, and their lore keeps expanding.

How to approach nostalgia critically if we don't want to avoid it altogether? Can we escape it at all? Vojtěch Luksch operates on two fronts and acknowledges the fragile position he is in. By adding often drastic scenes from early eight-bit games to kitschy embroideries from remnants, he is aware of the role of nostalgia. He parodies their escapist function while simultaneously transferring his own nostalgia into them. He doesn't stick to established themes; he selects them from actively cultivated memory, which has a certain archival function. Many games that are referenced are forgotten in the general consciousness. The whole work resonates subversively and consciously at the same time. Vojtěch is aware that nostalgia itself is not inherently bad; it depends on the perspective from which we engage with it and what exactly we return to through it.