

Mi Casa, Su Casa, And All Our Casas It Turns Out. The intimate collective nostalgia for computers.



Windows 98 screensavers, and phased out logos, are the sort of thing that belong to particular time periods in that they are born there, become a part of the everyday background for a time, and then become relegated to the past tense as they fade into obscurity. Distance from childhood friends and the old town, subdivision of province one grew up in provides the avenue to look at them once more from a new angle, from a new perspective, upon return. The world looks a little different when you're six years old, in comparison to when you're twenty-two, brought about by the fact that you're a few feet taller, granting a more obvious and literal change in point of view and some that leave the realm of the mere physical into something that changes much more intimately in the expanse of the mind.

What can feel so deeply mine, or yours, can oddly enough, be exactly the same object, these aged visuals and designs of computer eras past; these loading screens that flicker, these huge clunky monitors with screens that curve outward. This imagery of machinery makes up part of the vocabulary of my childhood, and the childhood of so many other's it turns out, it does not belong to just me but to the collective nostalgia of my generation and then some, even. How wonderful, that it can belong to me, you and so many more of us all at once. The duality of this specificity and this not-quite-universality, brought to light to us by

memes that speak humorously of Paint, Encarta, and old games, near-confessional outpourings of memories of the early internet on Tumblr, on forums, on Reddit and the like.

Some rather large number of individuals look at these things and find a kind of alternate version of their story told by someone else. These experiences had in the quiet confines of our houses, our rooms about a decade back, when the internet did not allow for the kind of sharing it allows today were so similar among myself and the many thousands of people who share their story today.

words by Gabrielle Gatchalian

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