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Lately, I've been thinking about creative autonomy in the age of technology. I keep catching myself on alert watching how AI seeps into the creative process, quietly reshaping it. Maybe this resistance is, at its core, a reflection on how speed so easily swallows meaning. I want to hold on to the *human touch*, the warmth that makes art irreplaceable.

In curating, I've noticed something telling: artists use technology deeply and there's joy there - a kind of presence technology can't replicate. And maybe that's when I realize: it's not technology I resist, but the *tyranny of efficiency*, the way it erases contemplation and the texture of feeling.

The more I think about it, the more I see this isn't just about technology. It's about creative ethics and human dignity. Beneath the critique is a quiet fear that the things needing patience to ripen might vanish in the face of the way efficiency devours meaning; that gestures once done by hand and the fragile bonds between people, might dissolve into metrics and automation.