

„The Human Hand in the Age of the Algorithm“

(by Ballogletti, 2025)

There is a silence that machines cannot imitate.
It lives between two brushstrokes, in the trembling of a wrist,
in the pause before a colour decides to become something.

I was told that the world no longer needs the human hand —
that the image can be generated, perfected, multiplied.
And yet, what appears flawless on a screen
feels weightless, like breath without lungs.

The algorithm knows light,
but it has never been blinded by it.
It arranges harmony,
but it has never loved discord.

When I paint, I do not seek control — I seek contact.
The surface resists me; it breathes back.
Every pigment remembers something: rain, soil, metal,
even the skin that once touched it.
To paint is to negotiate with matter —
to lose, sometimes beautifully.

In the studio, I hear the soft hum of the outside world:
servers, circuits, invisible thoughts moving faster than wind.
They promise precision.
But I suspect that truth does not live in precision.
It hides in the mistakes,
the layers you cannot fully erase,
the places where you changed your mind.

Maybe art was never about making images.
Maybe it was about leaving a trace —
proof that someone was here,
alive, uncertain, and still daring to touch the world.

The machines will learn to copy our gestures.
They will learn to mimic emotion.
But the moment the hand trembles,
not from weakness but from awe —
that is where they will always fall silent.

The human hand is not a tool.
It is a witness.
And in an age of perfect simulation,
witnessing might be the last act of creation left to us.