My project focuses on how technology can impact one's creativity, incorporating varying perspectives from people in different generations. I made a film to show an abstracted interpretation of those experiences. I focused on the overlap and interaction that technology and media as a whole have on one's creativity. I am a firm believer that we are capable of separating ourselves from technology and that we are our purest forms when separated. The majority of the footage was an attempt to display those concepts. Several of the clips remind me of purity and all the tender moments that we can experience when we provide that space between ourselves and technology to get in touch with our creative forms and that side of ourselves. The footage I chose to capture personally reminds me of moments from childhood so I wanted to include parts that others may associate with being young and carefree. In the background of the film, I have varying voices talking about their experience with technology and its effect on their creative mind. In this piece, I wanted to display a window into a creative person's life and how the rise of technology has been an obstacle in their work.

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The evolving relationship between technology and the creative mind

Virginia M.

How Can Media Impact One's Creativity?

The evolving relationship between the creative person and technology

On Saturday mornings my sisters and I used to wake up earlier than breakfast was ready. We tip-toed out into the tv room, closing the door with care as if we thought it would shield the hum of the screen, so our parents wouldn't know we spent the whole morning watching Hannah Montana.

When I was younger, I think I remember my first memories of technology were like my gray box TV that I would sit in front of and watch The Wizard of Oz all day long. I would just sit and watch DVDs when I was little.

I remember my dad's BlackBerry and I think the first time I used it like a phone, it was to take photos and play brick breaker.

Much of my time with technology during my childhood was spent in the car. My sisters and I sat in the back seat of an SUV with a screen that flipped down from the roof of the car. We ran through episodes of Full House on DVD, Freaky Friday, American Girl Doll movies, and whatever we could get our hands on from the video store. We watched these on road trips and drives to our home outside the city as the landscapes flashed by our windows. By age eight all of our movies were scratched. We got used to having to skip through scenes and returning to scene selection to find the part where the movie could run through without pausing. We memorized the movies from front to back. My parents, meanwhile, knew every word by heart having listened from the front seat. I remember looking at the backs of each scratched DVD, the rainbow lines that flowed in and out of each other, and being told not to run my finger along the silver.

A luddite is a person who hates technology. I would call myself a luddite because I hate technology and I'm not good at it.

I got my first phone for Christmas when I was 12. I had watched my two older sisters slowly get addicted to their phones, prioritizing apps over engaging in conversation with me. I guess I was more aware of their change in behavior because I hadn't experienced that level of technology yet. When I got my own phone I swore to my parents that I wouldn't turn into my sisters, taking up every free moment for my phone.

I definitely feel like your phone and all of that is genuinely addicting. And when you're little, you have no way to, like, differentiate what's good and bad for you.

When it first started it was great for emailing and communicating… I think back to my early days in New York when I would come home from work and I would craft, or write letters or read magazines or paint and I feel like now I do those things still but I also feel like I get very distracted by the phone.

I eventually got an iPod Touch that was probably like 4th grade or something. But I think that when I watched my little cousins grow up around way more technology that I had, and I think that conduct eliminates some of the playfulness and inventiveness in kids these days.

After a few months with the device, my mom approached me with something along the lines of a warning. She said she was worried that the phone could rob me of my creativity. I didn't realize time on the phone meant "losing" time to do all the creative things I loved to do. It stunned me. Even though I've tried to be careful about when and where I used my phone and do think I have some self-control around it, technology has slowly gotten the best of me. I am on it on an everyday basis and sometimes feel consumed by an addiction to screens. I feel the need to fill a void, to always be "doing something", and to feel productive by scrolling for hours.

It [film photography] sort of forces you to slow down and think about what you're photographing a lot more than just snapping away on the iphone which feels way more disposable. It is more just really taking time to really look at something properly.

Art was a hallmark of my childhood. I crafted so often, my mom used to call me "craft-a-minute". On weekends I would sift through magazines, cut up clothes, sew, paint, draw, anything that involved making art. I used the hot glue gun like a prized possession, constantly creating everything at the moment. My visions always came as I went, my ideas in the present.

I always loved taking pictures, I mean I wasn't good at all but I just liked the act of taking a picture. I had a polaroid camera which was really satisfying.

When I started elementary school I was still passionate when it came to anything art related. But in 6th grade, I found myself doubting everything I made. It was like a switch went off in my head. One minute I was confident about my work, making everything that crossed my mind, the next minute, I was overthinking any ideas I had. I compared myself to the girls who would draw from life. They would copy an image they printed out in the library. Suddenly my imagination felt useless.

I think it's very human to yearn for something that you don't have.

I was always really drawn to the superficial aspect of artists and musicians, and the hedonistic lives that they lived… They were essentially like movie or book characters in real life, like there's some sort of transcendent nature to them.

I enrolled in a number of art classes, each one too different from the other, and never the right balance. One class required students to copy off of a binder of images, each binder was a level, and you were restricted to the binder of your level for a reference. I felt deprived of freedom. I couldn't use my own style, my own ideas. I had to pass a test to prove that I could use watercolors. So I switched art schools. Next was the opposite extreme. Just a block down from my street, I walked to the classes alone. When I got there, the teacher had set out paper and acrylic paint. I wasn't permitted to paint anything small, which

was practically all I liked to do at the time. I was also *only* allowed to use my imagination. I remember so clearly one day I asked for a pencil to sketch out an idea. The other students looked at me, the newbie, with such judgment, as if I was uneducated in their system. The teacher said I wasn't allowed to use a pencil and I immediately found myself once again restricted, except this time in the way where I was *forced* to use my imagination. When the class was nearly over I told the teacher that I was done with my painting. She looked at it as if I was in a critique and suggested I add something. Adding something wasn't part of my vision. I felt so constrained by the system of her class, forced to only use paint, and only my imagination, yet I felt required to take her advice and alter my work. After experiencing the two extremes I had a warped sense of what it meant to create. I wondered if art was for me anymore and if I even wanted to continue. It felt like a miracle when I found Little Tree, the next art studio I went to. It was the end of seventh grade and my mom and I found it one day on our bike ride home from school. It was a small, charming studio, conveniently close to school. I walked down Valencia Street every Tuesday and Thursday from 14th street to 22nd with a friend who took a dance class nearby. Little Tree was a happy medium for me, where I could use my imagination just enough, but with enough parameters and good teaching to do work I was excited about.

I soon enough got too old to attend these classes. Unfortunately, art in high school was never enough for me, only learning the bare minimum of technical basics and feeling uncomfortable whenever I made something that pushed those boundaries. I doodled through notebooks, my margins filling up with pen lines and figures. On weekends I used watercolors, I made cards for my friends and family, trying every chance to escape the world consumed by screens, by sports and homework. It felt like there was less and less space for me to use my imagination. I found myself only taking inspiration from online and the internet, a blessing and a curse. Sometimes a screen felt like the only outlet I had for inspiration. I was torn between my desire to stray away from it and focus on creating from my own ideas and the environment it held for inspiration and creativity.

I definitely think that for art, I follow a lot of archive accounts on Instagram, like good photographers and they post like their old work, so that's where I get a lot of my inspiration. Just because it's something that I'm looking at constantly. But I definitely get inspiration from books and magazines and like there's this bookstore near my house that I just go and like I just go and sit for like five hours and just bring like three books and look through them.

I feel like it goes back and forth for me because sometimes it's really helpful to see me like someone else's really interesting project and be like, well, like I could do something like that. But also I feel so frustrated with myself because all my ideas are just like copies of what I've seen on the Internet. And that feels so stupid and like genuine and like also sometimes it don't make me like I like self-critical because you're constantly comparing yourself to other people and you're like, I don't know. You're always just looking and comparing your art to other people's art. So I'd be like. For me, it's like. It's like both good and bad. Like, I definitely can be inspired, but also like kind of shuts down some part of my brain

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