

## The Horse or the Car?

Aaaagh! I pinch myself to check if this is real. History teaches nothing—not even to the educated, it seems. I feel like I’m stuck in the middle of a dream, almost a recurring nightmare. There’s only one way to defeat a nightmare: laugh at it.

In the mid-1700s, a man named Cugnot became the laughingstock of Paris when he presented his invention, the first steam-powered vehicle. It moved, lost control, and crashed into a wall. “It will never work,” people declared—backed by scholars, intellectuals, and journalists. Only a handful of curious craftsmen used their “garages” to try to make that strange idea work.

More than 100 years would pass (we’re at the end of the 1800s) before one of those “diabolical machines” rolled out of Karl Benz’s garage. But it wasn’t him driving—it was Bertha, his wife, who “stole” it at dawn and drove 100 km to visit her mother. Karl would never have taken it out, afraid of looking ridiculous to the neighbors (have you seen the film?). Ah, women!

Then comes the “1910”: another 50 years of rants from intellectuals and experts, of races between horses and automobiles, of angry crowds and fired-up conspiracy theorists—while Henry Ford, in his “garage,” was organizing the mad and blasphemous idea of putting horses inside engines and building machines no longer by hand, but in series, with method and organization, leaving no room for improvised plumbing-style craftsmanship.

A hundred years later, we travel confidently, trusting that our motorized carriage works, comfortably seated while listening to silly talk shows, as powerful flying machines streak overhead, leaving chemical trails as proof of a controversy not yet extinguished... or of human malice? Maybe both. “What progress!” some say—those who have never lived through 18-hour workdays, a straw mattress, and a crust of bread to survive. Those who believe the world is eternal, and that the human instinct to grow and seek is an enemy of the planet’s nature, rather than an integral part of it.

And now here we are, holding a new powerful engine in our hands, building our automation. And once again the races begin between automobile and horse. We hear, “The automobile—AI—will never replace the horse—the human.” We see farriers who, instead of seizing the opportunity to become skilled mechanics, and coachmen who could have become bold drivers—when no school was even needed (because none existed)—protest against the new machines that “are taking their jobs.”

But do you really think Canva can replace a graphic designer?

That Claude replaces a copywriter?

That Harvey replaces a lawyer?

That Copilot replaces a manager?

That Framer replaces a web designer?

And so on, and so on?

AI is a tool. An engine. Only a professional can use it with outstanding results—not an amateur.

It cannot replace a doctor, unless my doctor uses it.

It cannot replace a lawyer, unless my lawyer uses it.

A photographer? Hahahaha! Who even understands this? It's like talking about a Boeing 747 in 1890!

But here we are in 2025. Henry Ford hasn't been born yet. Plumbers and electricians are like farriers—convinced their world will never end, convinced AI only affects “computer jobs,” convinced that no new organized design system will ever make their work unnecessary.

Meanwhile, behind the scenes, there is already a brand-new “Henry Ford” designing modular systems, intelligent infrastructure, installation robots, and homes where every pipe and every cable has a precise, standard, replicable, accessible place—no longer exclusive.

I know, I know: sitting in a field watching a horse play is priceless. But are we really sure we could do that when the horse was a beast of burden and we weren't far from that condition ourselves?

In the meantime, confusion creates monsters. Just think about the term *prompt engineering*: pure cowardly and harmful marketing. It offers young people with an engineering mindset a future job that actually belongs to creativity—nothing could be further from real engineering, which is just as valuable. The paradox is that prompting is such a temporary phenomenon that no one will even finish their studies before it becomes obsolete. Like a stenography school in 1950—a writing system wiped out by electric typewriters and tape recorders.

The absence of schools is normal if teachers haven't yet been trained. But this kind of speculation is unacceptable. You don't mislead talented young people, you don't ruin futures for quick money. The few schools that truly have a future are those that train AI specialists—the junction point between AI and application. In simple terms: people who know how to mount an engine onto a machine that connects creativity and engineering.

With AI, standards rise only when it's used by those who have the cultural depth to use it.

The mediocre will become decent.

The excellent will leave us breathless.

Scammers will become even more effective.

Frauds will be almost impossible to detect.

For now, the scene looks more confused than the explosion of billions of illiterate images that have swept away the writers of light—photographers. Yet photography continues to speak a universal language, just like perfume or music: silently, it keeps telling stories—for those who still know how to use both heart and brain.