

# **The password was correct. It was the world that had become complicated**

**I turn on the computer — password — everything works fine. I start working, open the first program — update required, and a “damn it!” echoes through a group of neurons somewhere in my brain. I’m not entirely sure which ones, but honestly, there’s no point getting upset anymore, it’s a daily occurrence. A window appears: “Enter password.” I freeze, stare at the computer while exhaling, and the computer stares back at me suspended in silence. The neurons that had cursed a moment earlier turn their backs and pretend to be busy with something else. I patiently search for the password and type it in... shake. “No.” I type it again slowly: one capital letter, a hashtag, three lowercase letters, four numbers, a question mark and four more letters, but more carefully this time... and again it shakes “No.”**

**At that point the ritual begins: I take off my glasses, breathe on them, clean them, put them back on, check the keyboard language, check whether I’ve somehow become Swedish without noticing.**

**Nothing. Yet I’ve managed to attract the attention of the young guy nearby who witnessed the whole scene. Deadly serious face, like a nuclear surgeon. I catch that sideways glance of an Italian actor — the kind who, instead of living the scene, checks whether the camera is catching his best angle — but still, you can tell it’s a modern kind of pity reserved for old people and fax machines. He types quickly and while walking away says, “You needed the computer password.”**

**“But I literally just turned on the computer using the computer password.”**

**He nods slowly, as if I’m asking questions that are too profound.**

**“Yes... but this is the other one.” The other one.**

**The same password for the same machine... but spiritually different. In that moment you wake up inside the exact same day as yesterday, and you realize that technology no longer exists to simplify your life. It exists to measure how much psychological pain you can endure without biting a keyboard.**

**Back in the 1990s, if something forced a person to perform the same action twice, somebody would have earned first place on the list of expendable employees.**

**Today instead, that same system wins an international UX award. And that’s when you discover the new social hierarchy. A person spends fifty years learning about light, composition, materials, clients, psychology, proportions, mistakes,**

elegance... and then along comes someone who genuinely believes pointless complexity makes sense.

Back in the '90s, Steve Jobs spent his life removing complications invented by engineers so that creative people could use machines without needing a degree in computer science.

Today instead, the world feels designed by an army of digital doormen constantly issuing updates and duplicating locks.

Now you are judged by systems that lock themselves and then ask you to prove you're human by clicking on pictures of traffic lights. ...And you — whose eyes are no longer those of a twenty-year-old — survive by taking a screenshot and giving it to ChatGPT so it can tell you where the traffic lights are... but even that doesn't save you, and then come the crosswalks, the buses... and if only it stopped there!

And slowly you begin to understand something terrible. Technology is not becoming intelligent.

The world is simply becoming professionally accustomed to wasting time.

The old photographer who can read a face in half a second becomes “slow,” the carpenter, the doctor, the mechanic, the cook — they all become “slow.”

Meanwhile the guy who can change three passwords in twenty seconds looks like a Renaissance genius: never show up to a client meeting without him!

And you, the one who thinks “back in my day,” the one who lived when the world was harsher, when Saturdays, evenings and even vacations could be sacrificed, when time shimmered with the scent of a growing future and seemed endless... now that time runs fast, opaque and disillusioned inside this so-called “happy degrowth,” you are no longer so sure that all this wasted time is merely a consequence of the economic crisis making individual lives miserable. The suspicion creeping into your mind is far worse: that it may actually be the cause, the one true cause of decline.

So in the end, all that remains is to trust in providence, and hope it sends us another Steve Jobs to let us truly work again... on real things.



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