ISSUE N°48

NOVEMBER 24, 2014
Something most people don’t know about you
I broke my left elbow when I was four years old. Because the doctors did not feel like doing surgery, my arm grew in a strange curve which makes me bad at doing somersaults.

An interesting fact from your country
In the Netherlands, cafeterias build complete vending machines directly in their walls and they sell warm snacks such as frikandellen, croquettes and cheeseburgers in them. Looks cool, but actually tastes like crap.

The New Black in TV/MOVIES
Last movie I have seen is The LEGO Movie. Everything is AWESOME!

The New Black in DESIGN
I recently discovered Fraser Davidson, one of the best animators I have ever seen. I watch his stuff in slo-mo in order to see all the details.

The New Black on the WEB
The channel of Seanwes TV on Youtube. He makes a daily TV show about design, motivation, passion, entrepreneurship, etc. Content is good and very accessible.

Nomination for next week
Mattias Borg, BA1

10 words or less about yourself
Typelover, mountain dew addict, try-hard mountain biker, loves peanut butter with crispy onions, crazy cactus, secretly wants to be a TD guy.

10 words or less about yourself
Adventurous passionate chicken

Something most people don’t know about you
When I was 10, I could do a handstand on a galloping horse.

An interesting fact from your country
Not every German likes beer, including me.

The New Black in TV/MOVIES
Tokyo Godfathers, super nice Japanese anime where 3 homeless people find a baby and set out to find its parents. And Moonrise Kingdom.

The New Black in DESIGN
Rosetta and Philae from the European space station, because they are cubic boxes and anyway cool.

The New Black on the WEB
dinovember.tumblr.com Every November, children in more than forty-five countries wake up to discover that their plastic dinosaurs have come to life and made mischief while their family slept.

Next week
Miglė Padegimaitė, R/GA, New York
Rosie King: How autism freed me to be myself

People are so afraid of variety that they try to fit everything into a tiny little box with a specific label," says 16-year-old Rosie King, who is bold, brash and autistic. She wants to know: Why is everyone so worried about being normal? She sounds a clarion call for every kid, parent, teacher and person to celebrate uniqueness. It’s a soaring testament to the potential of human diversity.

BRITA-STINA NORDENSTEDT’S DONATION

Umeå University announces Brita-Stina Nordenstedts scholarship for 2014 (for disposition 2015).

Receiver
Applicants must at the time of application be a student or graduate student (without employment) at the Department of Food and Nutrition, Umeå Institute of Design or the Institute of Technology, Umeå University.

Application Deadline
November 30, 2014

Read more: http://uid.umu.se/en/for-our-students/resources-and-links/brita-stina-nordenstedts-donation/

THE WEEKLY TED VIDEO

Rosie King: How autism freed me to be myself

THE WEEK THAT WAS

Felix Noller, IDI held a library lecture about Usability Testing

The Arts Campus library invites students to give lectures. You choose a theme within Art, Design or Architecture. The Library will provide refreshments.
Email: kc.ub@umu.se
Where? In Arts Campus Library
When? Monthly, Tuesday 15.00
How long? 30-45 minutes
 Compensation? 1500 SEK

IDI Friday Fika

IxD: present their wearables concepts to Albert Shum and the Microsoft team

Albert Shum, Design Director at Microsoft, visits UID to speak about the Maker Movement

Movember at its best

IxD1 field trip to the forestry school

Arash vacuum forms visor for Audi project

Gesture Studies

Life in the Hot Team

TD Dinner

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The Secret Life of Passwords

We despise them — yet we imbue them with our hopes and dreams, our dearest memories, our deepest meanings. They unlock much more than our accounts.

Perhaps my biggest surprise has been how willing, eager actually, people are to openly discuss their keepsakes. The friends I queried forwarded my request, and before long I started receiving passwords from complete strangers. There was the former prisoner whose password includes what used to be his inmate identification number (“a reminder not to go back”); the fallen-away Catholic whose passwords incorporate the Virgin Mary (“it’s secretly calming”); the childless 45-year-old whose password is the name of the baby boy she lost in utero (“my way of trying to keep him alive, I guess”).

Sometimes the passwords were playful. Several people said they used “incorrect” for theirs so that when they forgot it, the software automatically prompted them with the right one (“your password is incorrect”). Nicole Perlroth, The New York Times’s cybersecurity reporter, told me about the awkward conversation she had not long ago, when, locked out of her account, she was asked by the newspaper’s tech-support staff to disclose her password: a three-digit code plus an unpublishable epithet — a reference to a funny exchange she overheard years earlier between a store clerk and a thief.

Often, though, these disclosures had an emotional edge to them. One woman described the jarring realization that her sister’s name was the basis for all of their mother’s passwords. Another, Becky FitzSimons, recalled needing her husband, Will, after their wedding in 2013 because he was still using the digits of his ex-girlfriend’s birthday for his debit-card PIN. “I’m not a jealous person,” FitzSimons said. “But he changed it to my birthday the next day.”

Standing at the park watching my 11-year-old son climb on the jungle gym, I struck up a conversation with a woman walking her dog, and I told her about my keepsakes idea. Like most people, she did not want her name used in my article, because she said her vignetee was too personal; she also feared being hacked. But she proceeded to tell me that several months after her son committed suicide, she found his password written on a piece of paper at his desk: “Lambda1969.” Only then, after some Internet searching, did she realize he had been gay. (Lambda is the Greek lowercase “l,” which some historians say stands in gay culture for liberation. The number, “1969,” she explained, referred to the year of the Stonewall Riots — the protests that followed a police raid on the Stonewall Inn in Greenwich Village.)

Some keepsakes were striking in their ingenuity. Like spring-loaded contraptions, they folded big thoughts down into tidy little ciphers. After being inspired by Sheryl Sandberg’s book, “Lean In: Women, Work and the Will to Lead,” Cortni Kerr, a running partner of mine, began using “WW$do13,” which stood for “What would Sheryl Sandberg do” plus “13” for the year (2013) of the password’s creation. “TrustPoiT” was the password of another friend, a computer scientist who loves wordplay. It stands for “The next sentence is true. The previous sentence is false,” which in philosophy is called a liar’s paradox. For my friend, it was a playful reference to the knots that language can tie. When I described keepsake passwords to Paul Saffo, who teaches engineering at Stanford and writes often about the future of technology, he coined the term “crypto haiku.”

These special passwords are a bit like origami (...): small and often impromptu acts of creativity, sometimes found in the most banal of places.

Rachel Malis, 29, a friend’s former housemate, heard about my password fixations and emailed her to me: “Odessa,” the Ukrainian city of her father’s birth. It seemed unremarkable to me. But she said there was more to it. So I suggested we meet for coffee. We sat for an hour while Malis nursed a latte and explained what gave her password its power for her. “Odessa,” she said, referred not just to her lineage but also to a transformative trip she took there in 2008 with her father. In a sense, it was a place that had always separated them — it embodied a language, a regime and a past that she could never share. Her father Red Ukraine in 1980 when he was 28, and he vowed never to return. Even in America, old habits, like his KGB-induced skepticism of the police lingered. Malis said that during her childhood in Trumbull, Conn., near New Haven, he would close the living-room blinds whenever he wanted to discuss anything “sensitive,” like summer travel plans or family finances. The city loomed large in her father’s consciousness when Malis was growing up. She once asked why there was no flick of green anywhere in their house — not in the wallpaper, pictures, dishes, throw rugs — and her mother explained that it was because the color reminded him of painful early years spent in the army.

On that trip back, Malis paid for her father’s plane ticket and arranged their accommodations, and they were both surprised to find him just as lost as she was in the streets of Odessa. Her laconic father was more talkative, though, in his native tongue. He was strangely calm visiting his father’s grave but became choked up when he showed her the tracks where he caught the train that whisked him out of the city one panicked night so long ago. Above all, Malis said, typing “Odessa” every time she logged in to her computer was a reminder of the true epiphany she carried home: that getting closer to something — her father, this city — didn’t make it smaller or more manageable. “It actually just brought their complexity and nuance more into focus,” she said. At least as interesting as the amount of thought Malis had packed into this one six-letter word was the fact that she was willing, eager actually, people to show me their secrets, fears and even clues to troubled pasts, and for some, they serve as an everyday reminder of what matters most.

Password do more than protect data. They protect dreams, secrets, fears and even clues to troubled pasts, and for some, they serve as an everyday reminder of what matters most.
CREDITS

Thanks for your contributions.
Future articles & photos can be sent to:
wozzop@gmail.com
by Friday evenings.
We love hearing from you!

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