

What to discuss when there's maybe nothing left to speak about? We talk about flowers, superpowers, electronics qua utopia, aluminum foil *qua* nucleotide, and Lil Kim *qua* premier of North Korea.

A long time ago there was a thought about sharing something, an analog to the putatively demonstrable situation in which caring wasn't quite sharing. It said: in that all should come to be present then all that is present needn't be considered. Well, that didn't work so well.

Now that sharing is not quite caring, there's a wish to care: caressing and quasi-empathizing and cognizing that everything indeed has its place (even if you might not really want it to be that ok). The best place to feel free is the immediacy of feeling. Cat videos, so to speak, is the latest iteration of a place we can all feel comfortable as our anxieties fail to be abated, as our beliefs teem-and-stagnate. Numbed by self-service we have communal oblivion. But with the colors and shapes to guide us.

The colors and shapes to guide us, and any number of folios that fit the personal bill. The personal bill is oh so exigent; oh the emotions show-up even when on vacation. It feels so onthebrinkof being —feeling—real.

How to feel real? Turn to the world at large. The world at large is too large to turn to. Hence keep turning to it. And jettison any thought of thinking about why. "Why?" is the religion of everything we still think we need. The position remains the position (perhaps it ever does), but the "why?" is just a swimmer, doing laps in the sunglazed lake, doing everything it can to feel free.

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