Twitter Thread by Travis Kimmel



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Why do we like blowing bubbles?

(This is not a bitcoin thread, go away)

1/

So I'm not a “neurotypical” (a fact discovered late in life) and while we won't go into the details here, the net output of that fact appears to be that I'm wired to take a more… ‘zoological’ approach to understanding humanity.

Hence the quirky Animal Planet threads.
2/

The distance afforded by non-participation in certain things (the weakness) also occasionally lends itself to a bit more subtlety with pattern detection (the strength).

And so I started painting a picture about bubbles.
3/

And in my mind’s eye there formed a cluster of ladybugs. They were happy, far from from eating aphids, and content on their beautiful tree.

And then one started flapping.
4/

At first the other ladybugs ignored it, but after a time its persistence was intoxicating.

And so a few more flapped.

And as is the way with exercise, certain endorphins were released

And it felt good to flap.
5/

And before long the tree was like the ladybug equivalent of CrossFit: everyone was doing it and getting hella jacked.

The tree was abuzz, and the energy was bright and intoxicating.
6/

But a few ladybugs didn't flap. They didn't like this new thing because they didn't understand it - the flapping had no logic.

But the flapping wasn't about logic, it was about feeling good.

So the non-flappers were wrong, in a way.
7/

For some time things continued this way, and much joy was produced by the flapping.

Except for the non-flappers, who still just ate their aphids and did their non-flappy things.
8/

And then autumn came, and with it a beautiful crispness.

But the aphids were less plentiful.

And so the flapping began to feel less good, for there was less fuel for it.

And the buzzing dimmed.
9/

And before long the ladybugs, more focused on sustenance, had ceased flapping altogether.

While most of the ladybugs rushes around in a provisioning frenzy, the non-flappers were calm, still fat with their stored energy.
10/

And as these things go, the non-flappers declared that they had been right all along.

Clearly non-flapping had been the prudent, safer play.
11/

But were they right?

Foe they also had missed out on the beautiful euphoria of the flap, stoically sacrificing it for a calmer, more serene experience over time.

Perhaps in the end such things are a matter of appetite.
12/

And that's what makes a market.
/13

Oh hey - we're gonna talk about bubbles and such on @RealVision soon!

Stay tuned; some fun stuff lined up.