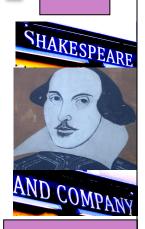Hands in Montmartre, hands over the Seine, hands over coffee and hands over lunch. Hands of a longtime friend talking to me talking to him. Hands on a page in a photo-graphic novel, striving for meaning but meaningful without.

They walked and they talked, they threw their heads back and laughed as they reminisced about their adventures of yesteryear. As throngs of weekend masses jostled about her and aimed and clicked their portable devices, she found herself lamenting the fact, as she was occasionally prone to do, that it was getting harder and harder to feel unique or original or adventurous in this modern, connected, globalized world, and easier and easier to feel lost and average in a crowd of tourists lining up to take "the same pictures as all the other idiots."

Proud of that observation, she turned to her companion for validation, but he was busy checking the sales bin outside the famed Shakespeare and Company bookstore on the Rive Gauche and did not immediately respond to what she felt was shrewd social commentary.

She filled with horror as she suddenly realized that the opening scene of one of her all-time favorite films, which she prided herself in knowing virtually by heart, was probably set in this very store and that she had failed to make that observation all these years. Her companion casually confirmed her suspicion as he glanced at the price of the book he was holding and failed to notice her distress.

Her desire to be original frequently produced photos of questionable artistic merit whose subject and geographical location could be difficult to pin-point with confidence.