

2000 And One

Citizen Fish

Selling by number. Hi-tech illusion. Look to a future, and keep it clean. 2000 and One. End of the century. Figuring out the advertising schemes for toilet machinery, paper dispensers, kitchen appliances, razor blades, serial comics without the humor. Buy now, pay later. Pre-arranged. 2000 years since whatever the panic was all about. Turn on the TV to see the devout asking for money so they can help you out. It's almost as if we can stand and watch until the magic number lets us off somehow. We imagine a new beginning. Getting fatter after all the thinning. Losing so much, then suddenly winning. Meanwhile obscuring the chaos we live in with fast rate technology, plastic diversions. Wiping our conscience on numerical versions of a future conceived, too easily believed via numb repetition in a culture of ease and convenience trash. We're so easy to please. Is nobody asking for more than this? Don't wait too long, it won't always exist. 2000 and One.