F. J. Bergmann - Foreseeable Future

Because each picture holds a fragment of its creator, a small soul, incomplete, if you will, it is useful to look for omens in its delineations, hidden meanings in the interplay of light and dark. In other words, advice. That is why people who failed at everything else can still make a living reading Tarot cards or Rorschach blots. But in this modern do-it-yourself world, any image on a billboard or in a glossy magazine will serve as a counselor.

This photograph, of two women in expensive black leather who regard you with contempt, is obviously telling you that you will never rise above your current tax bracket. On the next page, the arabesqued dome of the mosque, blue as the happiest of skies, reflected in still water, is a reminder that you are overdue for your annual mammogram.

The painting of a wrecking-ball swung against a slightly less-happy sky, as well as the subsequent view of exposed brickwork, stairs that lead nowhere, and a dangling bare light-bulb, are meant to encourage you to undertake major remodeling projects. Pay no attention to the number 4, the locked black box, or the anguished human figure transfixed in mid-fall.

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