Supermarket World vs Worldweavers

Mother Earth meets The Queen of World Wide Trading - A Fairy Tale?

Supermarket World

The Apron

is known as a secret "dress code" on marketplaces all over the world, used by butchers, farmers, fishermen...









That's the reason why I have decided to choose this traditional form of clothing for my art work.

The first apron comes in silver and blue, the world godess of food, fire, water and air – "Mother Earth". Strong and silent she consequently gives and takes our homebase and shelter.



How Do We Give Thanks?

More and more we are abusing all the gifts of Mother Earth like ordinary supermarket items.

Buying, selling, trading and shipping worldwide seems to be so easy. One mouseclick, one phonecall and anything might belong to you.



The ribbons growing out of Mother Earth's crust multiply and connect her with the second apron "The Queen of World-Wide Trading".



The Queen of World-Wide Trading is **bold** and **tuff**.

She shows no mercy – she deals with everything.



Working people to death, over-fishing the oceans, dealing in genetic manipulation, trading arms and drugs? No Problem!

A portion of Uranium, a Van Gogh? If you got the money, be my guest.

Oh, you've lost your tiger skin and you need another ivory trophy to complete your collection or maybe a rhinoceros horn as an aphrodisiac – no problem, the next kidney will be yours!



The increasing prevalence of international trade – globalization – should be focused on use of labour, environmental and social standards for the production of commodities instead of pure maximation of profits.

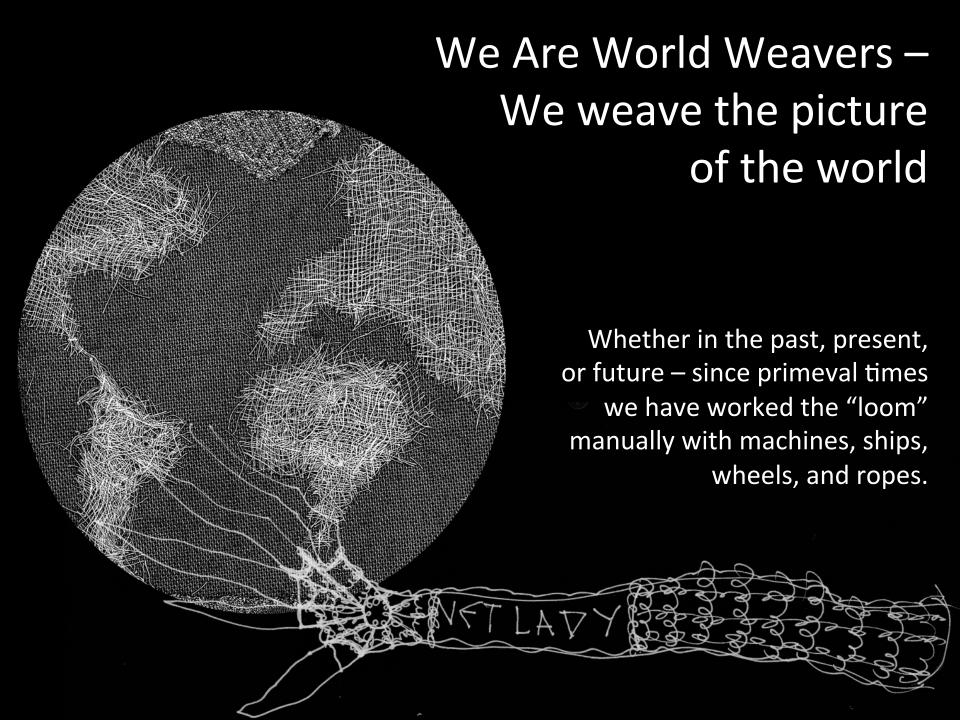




What have they done to the earth?
What have they done to our fair sister?
Ravaged and plundered and ripped her and bit her
Stuck her with knives in the side of the dawn
And tied her with fences and dragged her down

Jim Morrison "WHEN THE MUSIC'S OVER", 1967



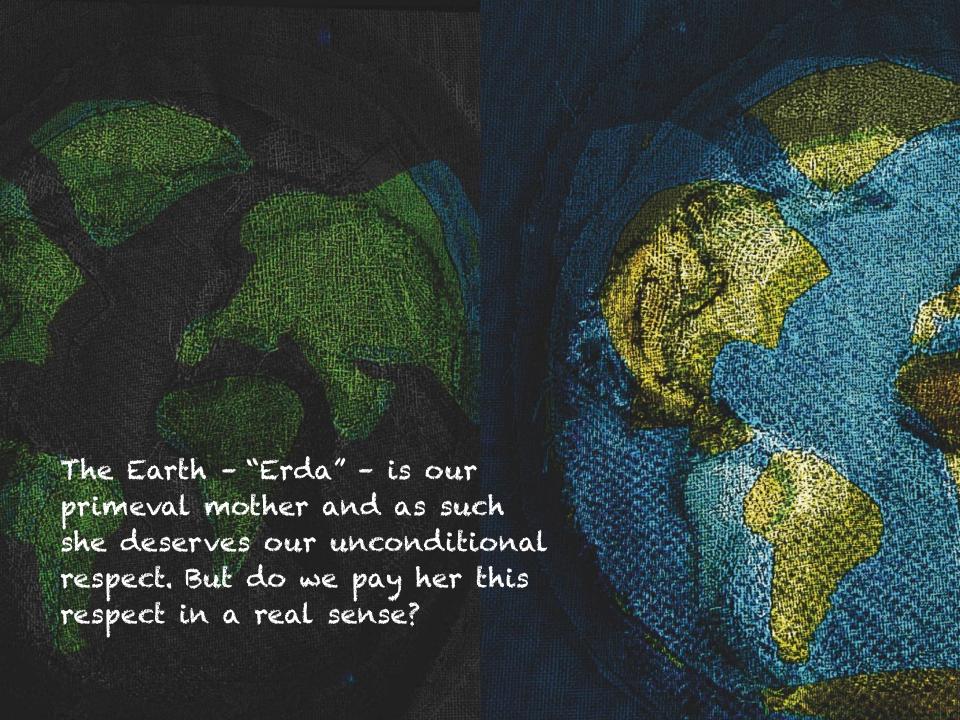








Blinded by the richness and beauty of the Earth, we have forgotten that we are merely guests - not owners - of this unique planet.

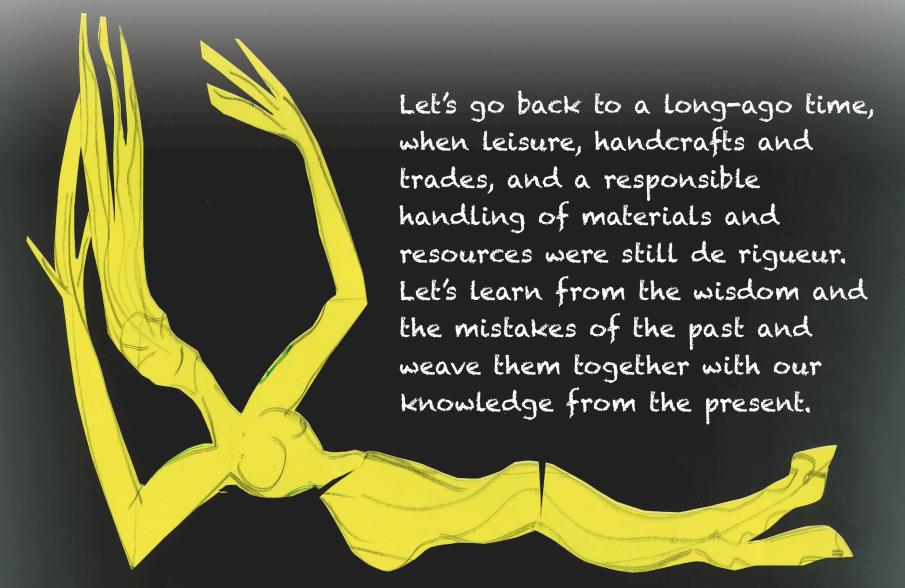


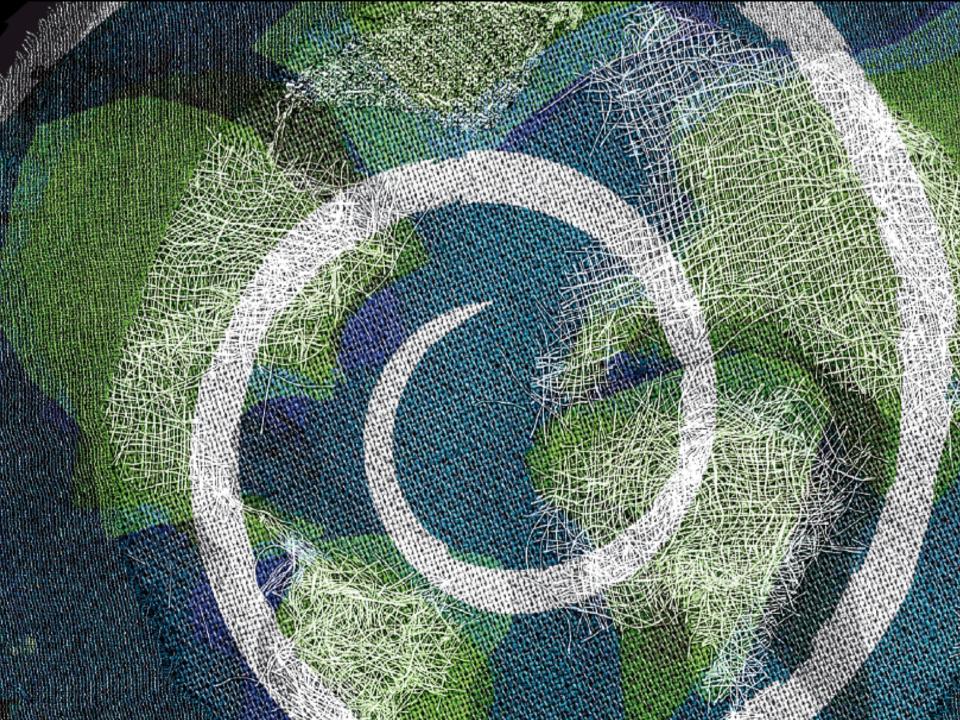
The Earth - "Erda" - is our primeval mother and as such she deserves our unconditional respect. But do we pay her this respect in a real sense?



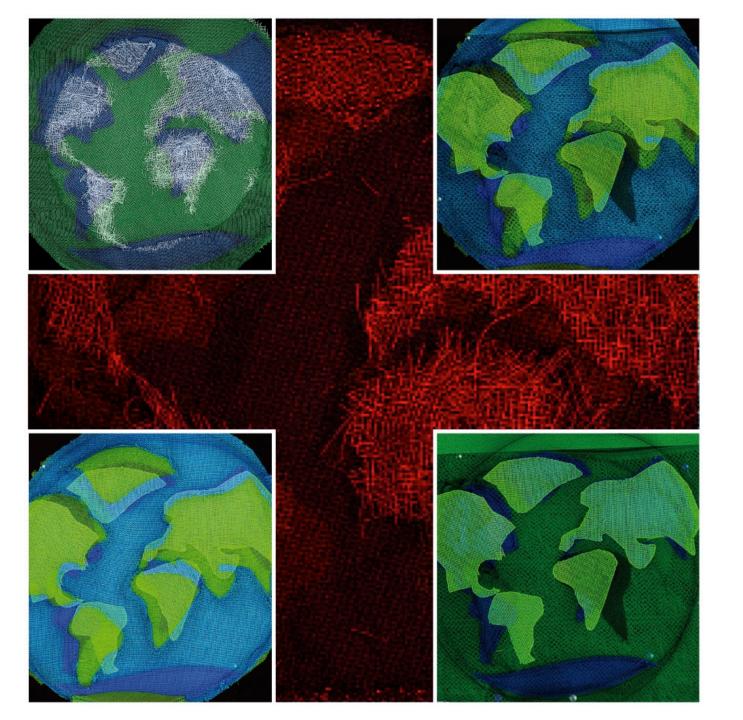


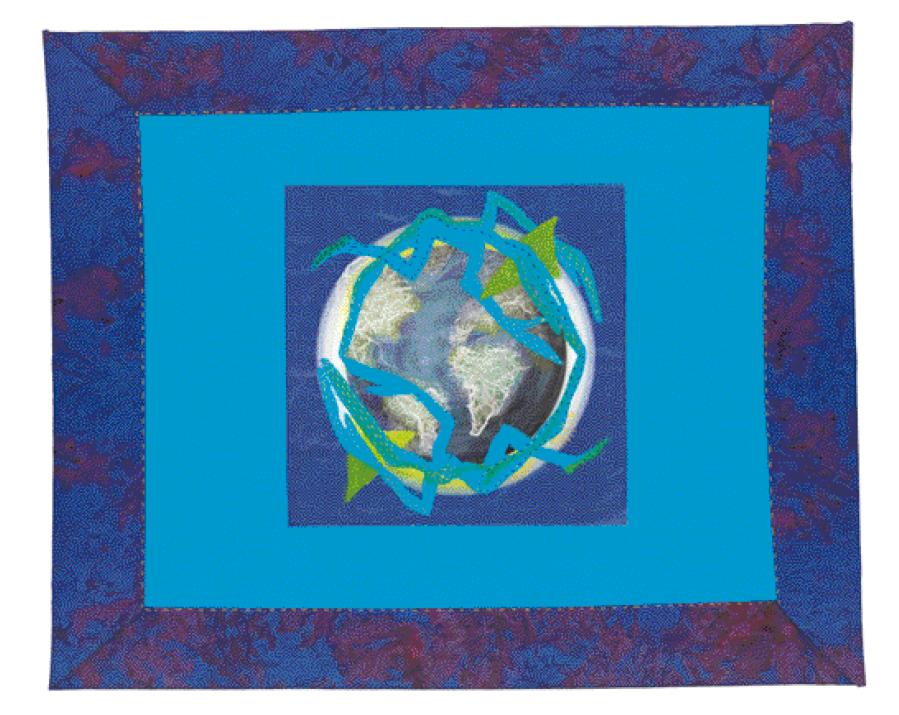
No path leads back into paradise, or is there one that does?











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