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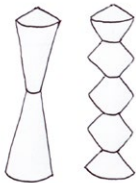
presents

Concrete Desert Migrants

The inhabitants of Concrete Desert – a land spanning all the way to the Asphalt Black Sea, migrated due to the rapid climate change causing storms and earthquakes in this otherwise pleasant land. The boards of concrete were cracking in turmoil and the Asphalt Sea, usually flat like a black mirror, was storming with giant musky, shiny waves of tar. Concrete Desert survivors decided to gather round at the crypt of Dada House and discuss further steps.



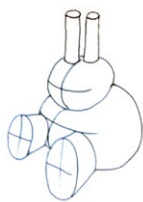
Schelle bim bomm bimm bommm. Once the champion of slow eaters, he made a slow ding-dong'ing run from the desert looking for a perfect dessert. His heavy, glistening, brass bells banging in the silences between the rumble of the earthquakes. Ever hungry, ever loud, he stumbled through to reach more promising grounds.



The Royals a spicy couple, grinding non stop – the salt and pepper merchants, were fed up with the hostility of the Concrete Desert and decided to expand their horizons, and see, if life tastes better elsewhere. It didn't taste better, but it tasted different and they liked it.



The Twins, ah the tweens; they couldn't tell one from another, until they bought a pair of spectacular spectacles, that allowed them to see all the subtle differences. As they continued to walk on, their relationship flourished on the discrepancies and discoveries of them. This allowed them to always have a double look at the same situation. The same glass of absinthe was half full and half empty at the same time.



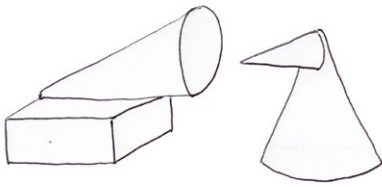
The Beach Bunny, snappy diva – he was calling so many times for the room service at the sanatorium he resided in, at the shore of the Asphalt Black Sea – without response. He only wanted to get champagne, caviar and smoked kale, and no one seemed to care. With a fuss, he got out of bed and realised the desert was deserted. He left too, looking for a little corner of luxury somewhere in the world.



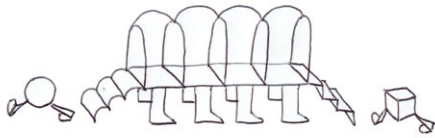
Little Seductive Tote – simple and greedy, she bagged in all she could and left the desert. Some say she even swallowed all her lovers to keep her a company on the way, but no one dares to go too close, as her charm can seduce them to gaze in, and if they do so, she would lose them in her depths.



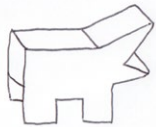
Mr. Hat – the shy and embarrassed magician was kept by the smart tradesman as a mascot of a business. He was bribed to stay with delicatessen that he would throw him in a hat. Then, as the earthquakes required being in the open, he started enjoying a bit of fresh air, his hat as a shelter. The whiff of freedom prompted him to escape the comfort of his feeder – Mr Hat decided to join the rest of the Creatures in their bohemian, decadent frenzy at the crypt. Plenty of absinthe found absence in his hat.



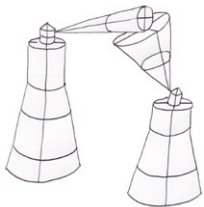
Yes and No are a couple running a fortune telling business and a dacha at the Asphalt Black Sea. The visitors can ask them any question and they would gladly respond: Yes, No, Yes, No, Yes, No, Yes-No and so on and so forth.



The Mood transformation Machine is usually marching through the concrete desert, and, like a combine-harvester swallowing the crops of waving fields, it would swallow the travellers in a rigid, square mood only to let them out on the other end, all round and bouncy, open to broad horizons.

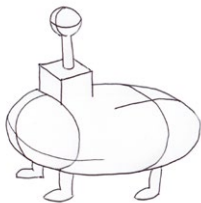


The Hungry Table Puppy, since its mother was raped and slaughtered at night, searches for a better place to live. He is utterly self-sufficient as the seeds and nuts he eats sprout in his allotment–stomach–garden.



The Battle of Confused Lighthouses

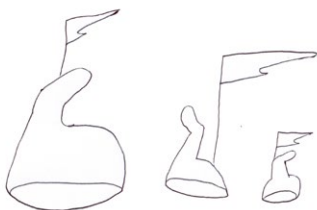
The Confused Lighthouses, lost in the fog of the Asphalt Black Sea, would battle blinding each other with their beams of light – none of them could really tell the north from south the land from the sea. In the end, the only way in the nonsense led to the Dada House.



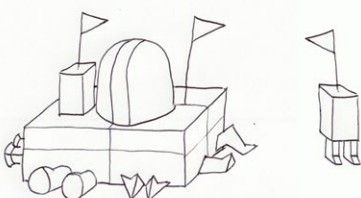
The Curious Submarine, since her dear friends – The Rock Uncles sunk in the Sea of Black Asphalt – she had no hideaway, as under-water land was filled with the grumpy grumble of the Uncles. Tired, she surfaced and she saw all the rest of the creatures leaving the Concrete Dessert and, curious of their steps, she followed eagerly.



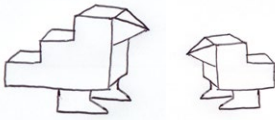
Evil Anvil used to widdle into campfires of the Concrete Desert travellers and forge jewels in his cave. Then he got a burn out due to too high temperatures of the impending climate change and decided, he will follow the lost horses and make shoes for them for a good luck. That worked well and simply cheered him up.



The Lost Horses chased away from the fern forest, where they were grazing, because they nibbled on the roots that were holding the golden bricks in the caves beneath that the latter almost fell off. Following the directions of the wind, they hovered in the warmth of their warm woollen capes, to find the new cave, where nonsense made sense and where all the other creatures felt at ease and relevant.



The Last Remaining Tower of The Sand Castle Observatory, no one knew the identity of the little creatures that built the Observatory in the Desert to look out for Kosmos. So here it comes, he is very shy, but he has managed to rescue the last tower of the castle and run away following the flag. The rest of his companions launched for the stars. But him, he is curious about the underground.



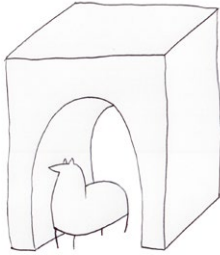
The Bird of Stairs' Chicks. The endemic species of the Concrete Desert is a Bird of Stairs (*Avem Tribunalis Non Volant*). Flightless, it gathers in flocks called (stair) cases. The birds climb one another to reach the heights other birds don't even dream of. Once one reaches the top, it plops an egg that, despite angular, rolls down. Here is one that rolled all the way down to the crypt, cracked on the floor and a little chick has hatched.



Pane Toni – was little brat serving at the court of an Italian prince. He came up with a brilliant idea of a pie that conquered the hearts of the world and made his small start up. Competing with the potato-salad-girl, after launching on Kickstarter, he got trapped in the kitchen, overwhelmed by an avalanche of a rising yeast dough and run for an escape finding shelter amongst his palls at Cabaret Voltaire.



Mr Drip and Mr Drop is an insatiable duo specializing in production of potions and drinks of variety of effects. Drip is regularly massaging his stomach to release a drop for Drop causing the latter to love him infinitely.



Lamamaus, a lovechild of a desert mouse and a lama always overlooked the situation from her checkpoint. As an enthusiast of a classic architecture, she made it as an arch. She didn't want to leave it behind when emigrating; she pulled it behind until it got stuck in a narrow canyon. Now homeless, Lamamaus enjoys the shelter of the crypt.