

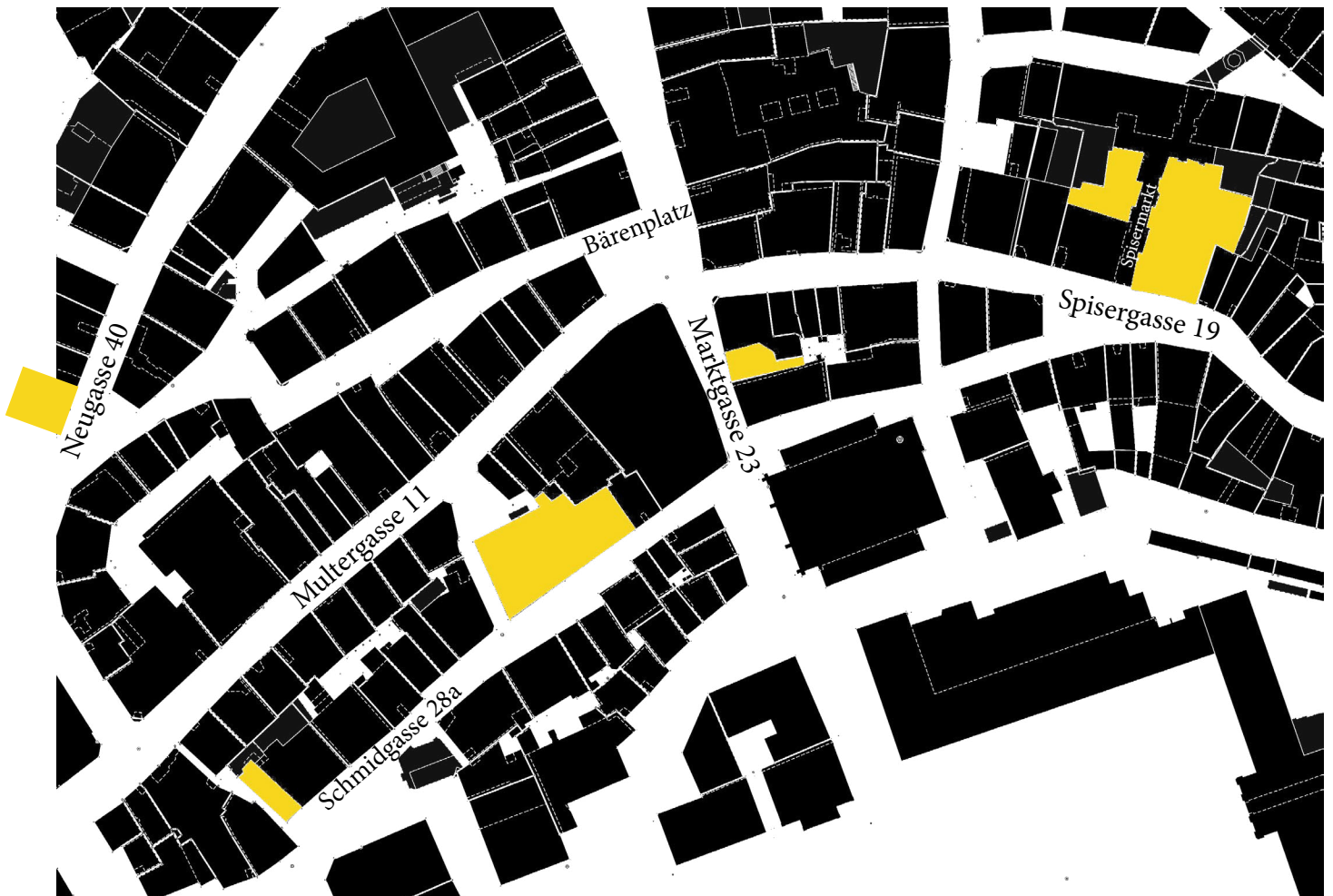
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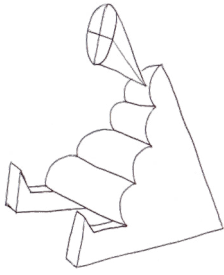
presents

Concrete Desert Creatures in Times of Pandemic

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. 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 leave this hostile land and found shelter at the crypt of Dada House to discuss further steps.

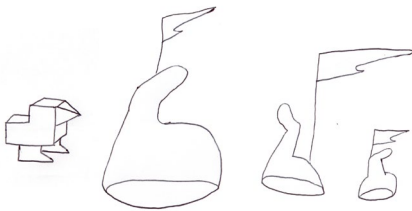
They decided to find the place where the snow will melt last high up in the Chocolate Mountains, but suddenly a nasty pandemic interrupted their ascend. Poor Duck – a slow eater without being force-fed – didn't make it due to her unlimited appetite, with a high cholesterol diet, was so fat that the mysterious, nasty disease killed her. Concerned Creatures moved east, where infections were low, and made a stop at 600m above Asphalt Sea Level to find refuge and wait for better times. They felt welcomed, cosy and safe in local shops that they found empty. The windows allowed them to stare in wonder at the passers by.





Mr. TooT and the Honey Bees

Mr. TooT had a real craving for some honey. On the way East he was looking out for bees but found just a few. The poor pollinators, hard workers that live in a belief that honey is turning into sugar as a natural thing, were not doing so well. Their habitat is shrinking and chemicals used in farming are not helping either. But the East brings some hope and there Mr. TooT noticed a particularly fat bee. It was flying low down, so heavy it was with the little jugs of pollen strapped to its muscly legs. Fiu-fiu – TooT whistled, I must follow it and not disturb. Soon after he discovered a beautiful glowing giant bees nest hanging on the ceiling in one of the empty shops. They were filling the space with a flowery warm aroma that made him salivate. The fat bee disappeared in one of the honey combs buzzing with bussy labor and oozing with amber honey. Mr. TooT started trumpeting vigorously to chase the bees, bumping his belly against the combs – being a bit of a mischievous nuisance. Then the Big Honey Bee came and said no arrogant behaviour will help you here, this will only bring you trouble – and you don't want to mess with us! To get what you want you need patience. Sit there, open your mouth and the honey will drip down at its own paste. It won't waste on the floor and everyone will be satisfied. Slightly embarrassed for his boorish behaviour, he apologised and did as she said, and slowly but surely he harvested enough delectable honey to fulfill his appetite, boost his immune system and even to share with friends.

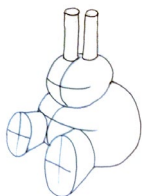


The Lost Horses and the Young Bird of Stairs

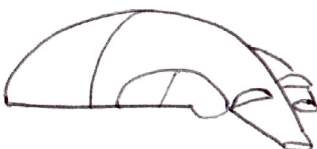
The Lost Horses brought some hungry hitch-hikers to the beautiful ancient tavern and then, immediately got lost again. The satisfied diners after a long and hearty meal rolled out from the restaurant like beer barrels and were so weighed down that they couldn't alight the horses any more. The horses found the way back following their flag's indication as soon as they caught a whiff of the bear breath in the wind. Then the Young Bird of Stairs arrived to help the hikers to get back up on the horses.



Schelli – slow and stocky, he carries two giant, glistening cow-bells. Dumm-domm dumm-domm. One can hear him from far. He is always hungry and has a thing for the Beach Bunny. He actually enjoys being locked down in this peculiar situation and is basking in the warmth of fluffy Bunny. How nice to spend more time together.

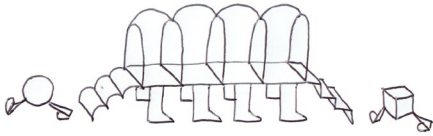


Beach Bunny – he is a whimsical yet affectionate diva and enjoys being stuck with the rest in this bright and airy space. Enough room to exercise, bounce around and he likes the flattery of Schelli.



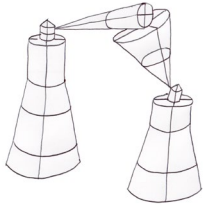
Slurp, an intellectual addicted to coffee is mainly asleep but sometimes, he goes on the coffee chain-drinking and gets so wired that he has to crawl through the Mood Transformation Machine to calm down again.

Mood Transformation Machine – is very satisfied during this dark times. It swallows anyone in a square mood, blind to opportunities, without flexibility and who refuses to smile. In the Machine their souls are warmed up with its spirit and then spat out bouncy, jolly and open to new horizons. There has never been such a great harvest for her before. Everyone lines up to be swallowed as there is a never-ending need to adapt, to cheer up, to open up, to find new ways and circumstances. Many enter twice and return for more.



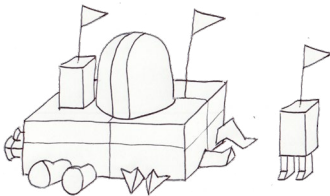
Confused Lighthouses

Their ambition is to safely guide travellers, but they often get it wrong and confuse left with right and West with East etc. The Confused Lighthouses are quite pleased right now, when no-one travels they can remain blissful and cease their battles as they don't have to care where the North and where the South is, since no one is asking.



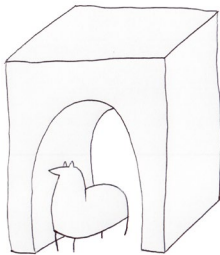
Little Creature from the Sand Castle Observatory

The Little Creature was quite relieved as the Observatory Crew shot for the stars on the mission that went successfully until it exploded... He felt for his comrades but thought them wreckless all the same. Personally he preferred to stay with other Creatures and observe the situation, think constructively and brew about new solutions.



Lamamaus

The enthusiast of good architecture was investigating the new scene. Pleased with large windows was admiring the beauty of the location and studying elaborate details of her surroundings.



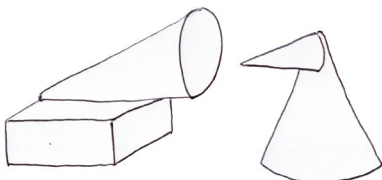
Mr. Hat

The timid magician that would usually take a nearly complete disguise in his hut confined to a new space, he didn't really mind – being indoors is what he enjoys the most. One day a laptop was seen disappearing in his hat and then large amounts of luxurious online shopping were delivered only to quickly disappear in the hat to the amusement of passers by.



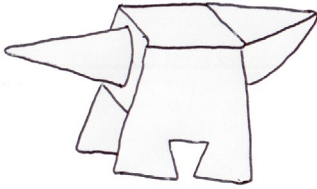
Yes and No

In this uncertain time the couple of fortune tellers was thriving with their business. Everyone had so many questions: Whats' next? When will it end? Will it be back to normal? What shall I do with my kids? Should I make some provisions? Can I meet my friends? and so on and so forth. The couple would vigorously give their advice which is as usual: Yes or No.



Anvil

Anvil – the jeweller, found a very nice spot that used to be a place for gemmologist, watchmakers and goldsmiths for generations but was no longer in business. He immediately got to work with the few diamonds he discovered in the left behind, hidden tresor. Mesmerised by glittering gems he was very focused. Uninterrupted in his solitude he welcomed plenty of new ideas constantly coming to his mind. The sales were not great but it gave him certain freedom. No longer comercial, he started forging artful and conceptual pieces to his delight.



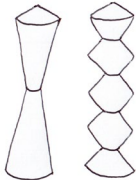
Drip and Drop

The duo of alembic bottles when faced with the dreadful pandemic immediately started experimenting to come up with a remedy. What Drip would drip, Drop would swallow and test. They worked in tandem day and night and slowly were coming to some good results bringing hope to all the creatures.



The Royals

The King and Queen are spice merchants that reign on any table as soon as they arrive with the fanfare. More than ever they were invited to spice up the atmosphere. Everyone cooking at home urgently needed their flavorsome input.



Curious Submarine and The Twins

The impertinent, yet well meaning Submarine found a refuge together with the Twins. She was trying to figure out who is who out of them two. So she took to asking them tons of very personal questions. The Twins didn't really mind; they were proud of their differences and cherished their similarities in a perfect union.

