

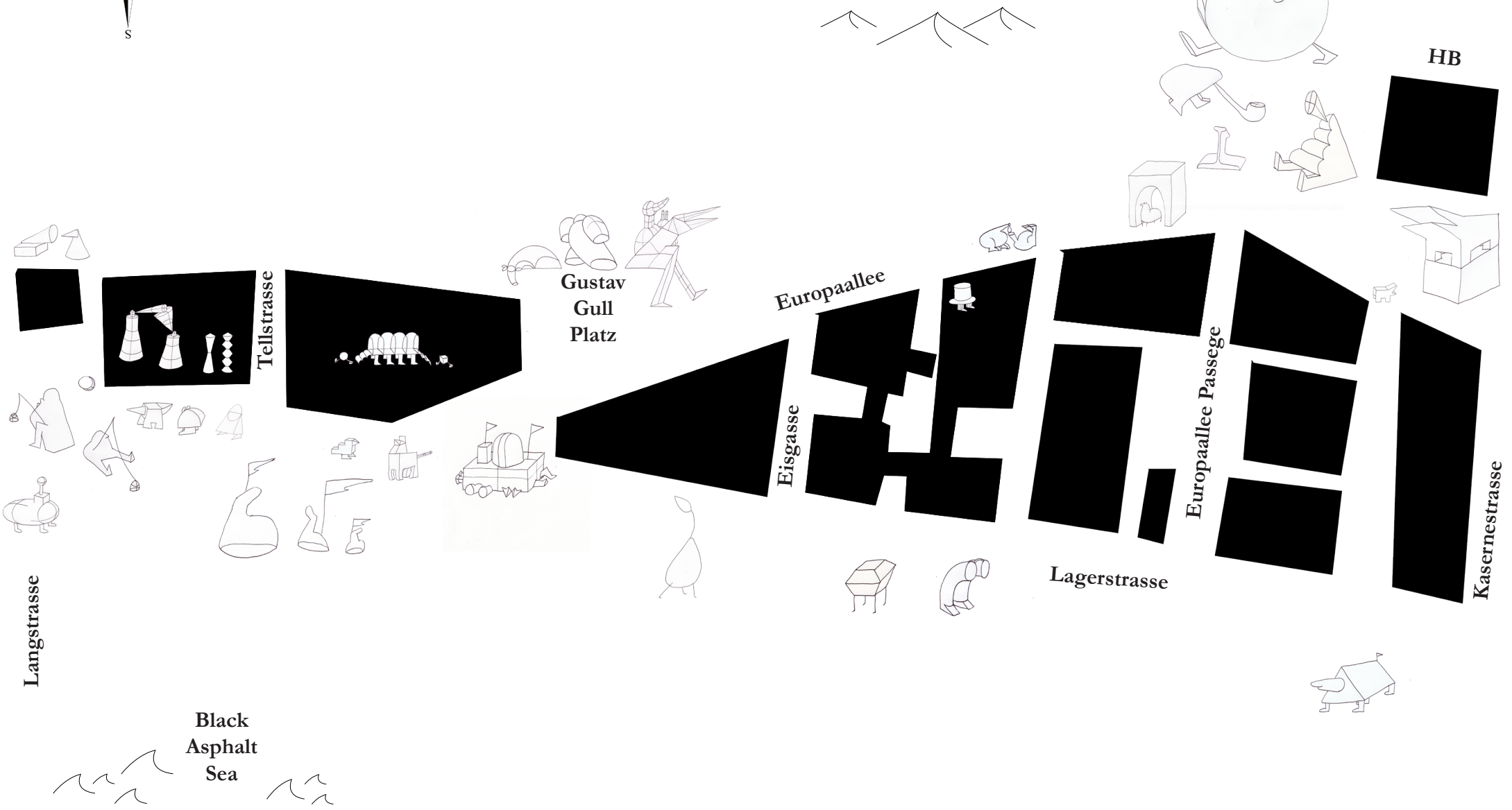
Concrete Desert Creatures

project by
Altherr/Weiss

Preface

Welcome to the land that spans across The Concrete Desert all the way to the Asphalt Black Sea with the Kosmos at the high horizon. You are invited to travel through and discover a number of oases and creatures that inhabit this land. Like a fata morgana, they are here to last for a short time, only to disappear with the winter winds at the end of the festive season. This tale is dotted around like a treasure hunt it doesn't oblige to find them all, so if the fatigue comes down upon you, dear wanderer, take a break, a warm drink and discover only as much as you pleased. There is a room for curious explorers and a warm welcome at every oasis that invites you to get to know the creatures. So get ready and bon voyage!

Concrete Desert



Langstrasse

Black
Asphalt
Sea

Gustav
Gull
Platz

Europaallee

Eisgasse

Lagerstrasse

Europaallee Passage

Kasernstrasse

HB

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Yes. No.

TooT, Puff & BaBaBoom

At the border of the Concrete Desert – the land of opportunities of a wealth of oases that dotted it all the way to the Asphalt Black Sea, there was a committee that served a loud, bright welcome and a farewell to all the fantastic creatures that traveled through.

In the beginning, there was Puff and Toot. They usually remained in harmony: what Puff puffed, that Toot tooted and what Toot tooted – Puff puffed.

Toot was a rather jolly hedonist. His stomach trembled as he tooted the three notes: eS-B-B! Despite his efforts to fast, his stomach would shrink and expand like an accordion – fat – slim – slim – fat.

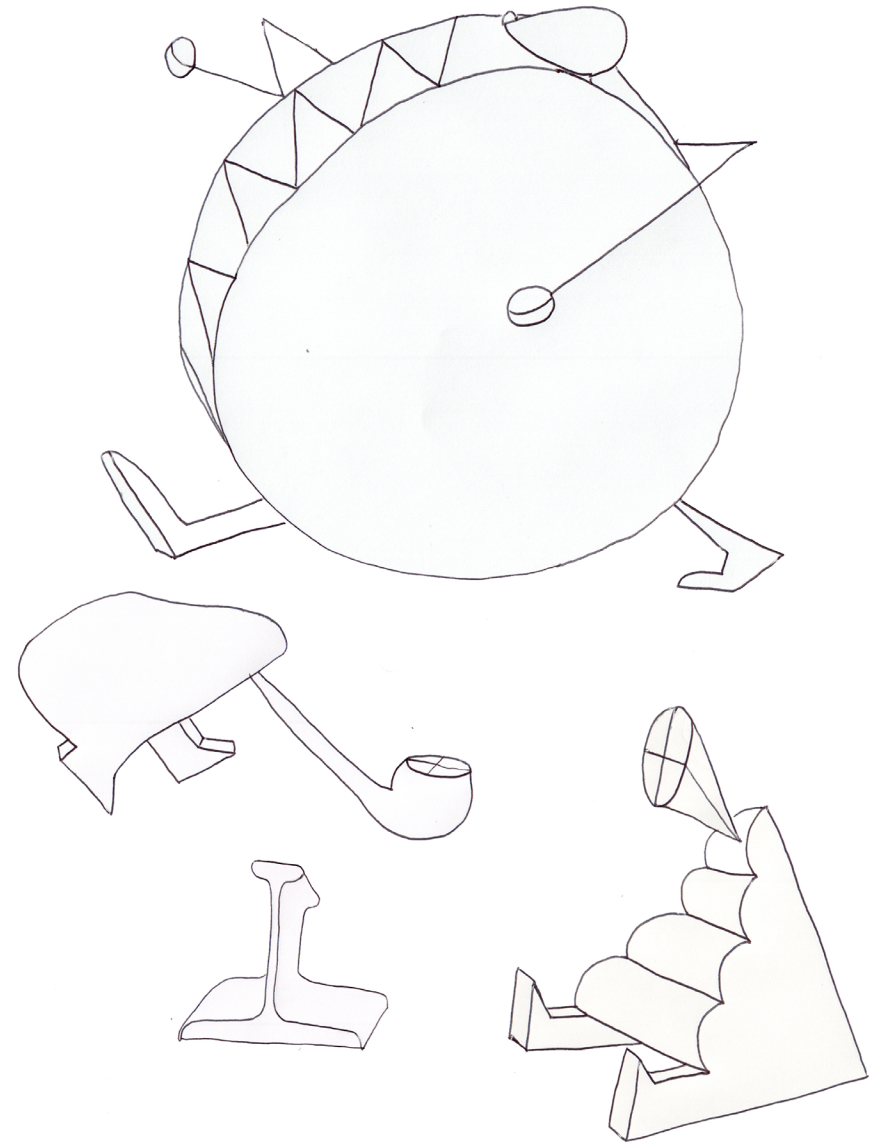
The Puff, however, was a rather reserved character, who used his alphorn as a pipe, hence the notes – C-F-F! – that were coming out, were muffled and formed little halos of glowing smoke floating away. The travelers arriving at the Concrete Desert looked out for those rings to meet the jolly committee.

One day, these smoke rings attracted a jovial Bababoom who came bouncing all the way to the ground with his big belly. Ba- Ba Boom! Ba-Ba Boom! F-F-eS! O! How he liked to disrupt moods and attract attention!

The committee knew that some of the creatures traveling through were naughty, some grumpy, some were lost, but they also knew, that if they search with a warm light feeling in their hearts, they will find whatever they search for.

BaBaBoom brought the magic Key that they all decided to play to, to brighten up the moods of the travelers. The Key was a solution of the Smart and united their three melodies eS-B-B! C-F-F! F-F-eS! The melody was long and connected everyone. Boom! Toot! Puff! Boom! Toot! Puff! Steam! Smoke! & Movement!

(Europaplatz)



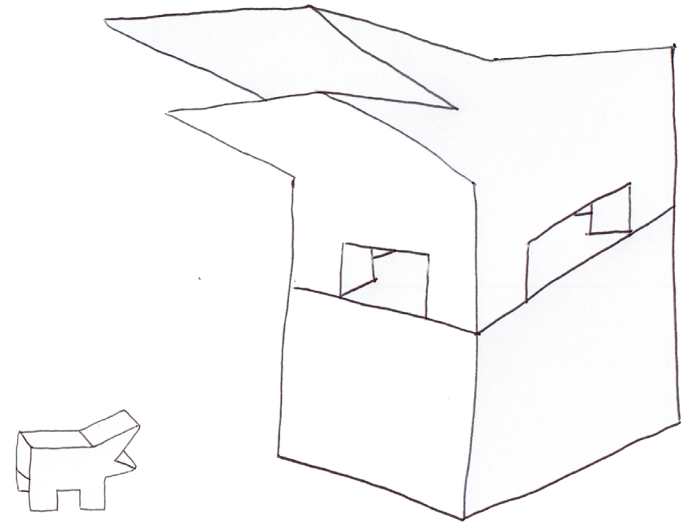
The Hungry Table and it's Puppy

The Hungry Table was roaming the Concrete Desert leaving behind square traces in the concrete sand. It went from oasis to oasis fulfilling its insatiable hunger. When not satisfied in time it would bite off legs of perplexed diners – so don't keep him waiting!

One day, the wary travelers noticed, that next to the big traces, small ones were joining it. No one knew how it happened that the Hungry Table had a puppy, but the rumor goes, that it happened under a tablecloth.

The Puppy nibbles on toes of the dinners, unless it gets a good portion of seeds and nuts, that sprout in his tummy-garden, where he cultivates a little allotment, that allows him to be self-sufficient.

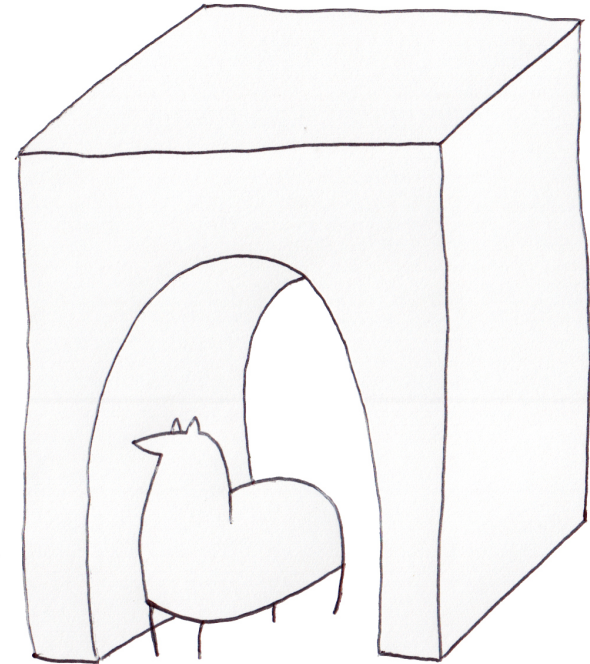
The Hungry Table Puppy can be often found in the oasis where all the finest vegetables, nuts and seeds are served to the delight of those travelers that feel uneasy to consume other creatures dead or alive.



Checkpoint Lamamouse

Checkpoint Lamamouse is a place where a friendly Lamamouse advises all the travelers how to safely go through the Concrete Desert. She says – Beware of the Hungry Table that is roaming the land! Don't keep him waiting with food and if he goes chasing you – make sure to run into any of the food oases where he would get busy demanding food. Make sure to find the Lost Horses in the fern forest and if you feel in a rigid mood, the Mood Changing Machine should pass your way for certain.

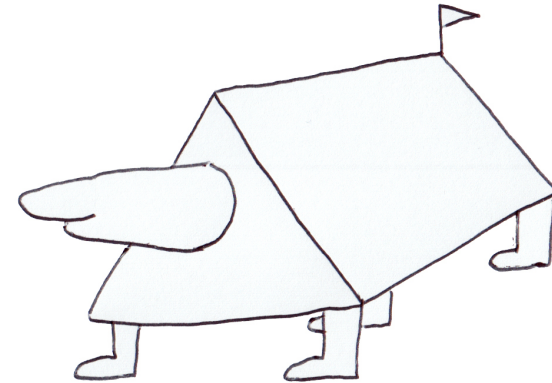
Lamamouse is a lovechild of a desert mouse and a lama, and it's an enthusiast of good, classic architecture. Her favorite form is an arch. Therefore, she built her checkpoint as an arch, so it looks like she is triumphing at her post.



The Turtle Tent

In the outskirts of the Concrete Desert, there was an oasis where the travelers would get equipped for the crossing to the Asphalt Black Sea. The display of tents was standing in a neat line.

One day, the oasis keeper noticed, that the tents were relocated and no longer in a line – a slow chase began. The turtles got in, undressed and occupied the tents. Despite the protests of the oasis keeper, they kept on walking, and as he approached they gobbled him down, or so they say, he moved in and never left. One turtle tent remained on the lookout, and the rest went into winter hibernation.



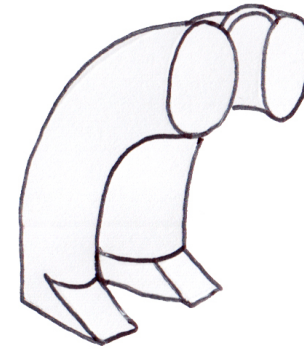
The Twins

The twins were identical.

Like two drops of water, like two facing mirrors they would look at each other and wonder who is who?

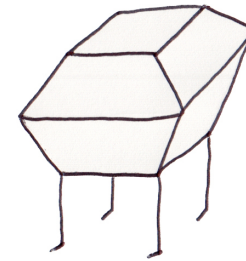
Deeply inside they knew though, that they were so different.

They went to the oasis famed for useful looking equipment. They purchased a pair of spectacular spectacles, looked at each other and discovered that indeed they were completely different.



The Chock

The Chock was late, but no one would say no to him. Would you? Just irresistible – in the vast Concrete Desert, he would make the best dessert! Brought late or early it was always welcome with a smile. Brown and shiny Chock would come in and spread his charm no one could resist and, especially on the cold day, every traveler dreamed that Chock would pop by and bring a dessert to the desert.

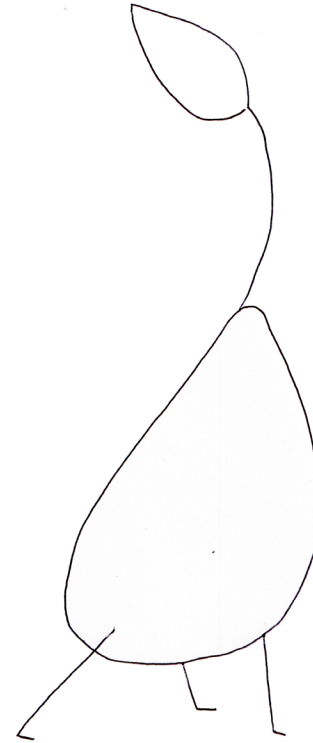


(Say Chocolate, Lagerstrasse)

The Avo

The Avo is a stone. Not the kind of stone one would easily find in a Concrete Dessert. It is a precious stone that runs on three wooden stick-legs and, if it stands long enough in the water, it sprouts leaves. If enough time passes and it finds a reasonable ground, little Avo-Puppies emerge and bounce around.

Don't tell the Hungry Table Puppy – Avo is here – as he would gladly eat it and enslave it in his tammy-garden!



Drip and Drop – The Alembic Duo

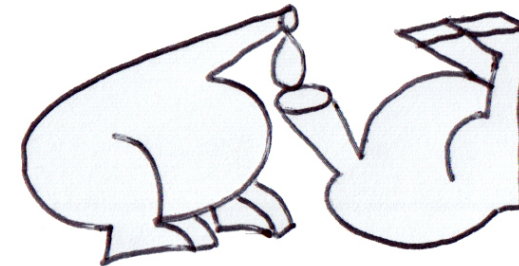
Somewhere, in the Concrete Desert, there was an unprecedented oasis – it provided all the thirst-ridden travelers with potions of a variety of effects.

The oasis was ruled by an insatiable duo of alembics – The Drip and The Drop.

On their own, they were quite self-contained and without a fuss shared the everyday joy of ever-changing assortment of liquids.

What it was, really, was that Drip wanted to win the heart of Drop and always fed him different potions. While the Drop either giggled, purred with delight or made a big fuss to keep Drip coming up with new ideas.

One day, when Drip almost lost his hopes that Drop will ever fall head over heels, he came up with his best idea. The brew was difficult to obtain, but he knew, it would enchant Drop and make his dream come true. The tincture he named Jinn. After a few days of brewing, he rubbed his belly and extracted a delicious drop for Drop. This time Drop was fully satisfied. Ever since Drip and Drop fulfilled each other's dreams in unity.



Mr. Hat – The Entrapped Magician

Long in business, the oasis that provides the travelers with hats so much needed in the baking sun, soggy rain or muffling snow had a little helper running around. Everyone called him Mr. Hat, but a few knew that his real name, long time ago was Houdini.

Back in the days, Houdini was a famous magician. His most acclaimed act was a disappearance in a chapeau-claque. Claque-de-Chap! – And the Houdini gone is!

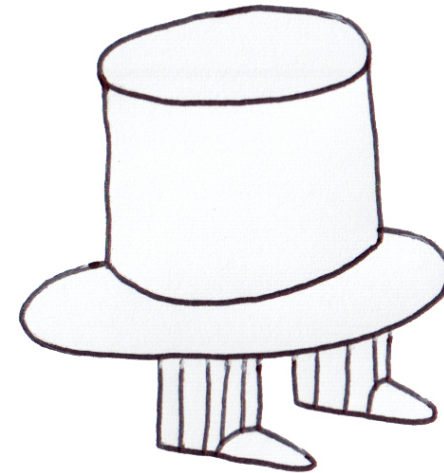
One day, a smart trader came to the oasis where Houdini was stationing. The trader challenged Houdini and explained his trick to the appalled audience:

There is no magic – it's simply a hoax! Your hat has a spring and soft walls that expand to disguise you.

To prove the trader wrong, or perhaps, out of embarrassment, the magician for the last time disappeared in his hat and never appeared again, at least not the whole of him.

Ever since the smart trader sold fantastic hats of different properties to the travelers passing through on the route to the Asphalt Black Sea. To prove the legend that attracted so many, he would tickle the old Mr. Hat that would kick its little feet and run around.

The trader felt a bit sorry after all and grateful for the fame that the half-disappeared magician brought him. He would throw in all sorts of delicacies that would disappear into the chapeau-claque for real this time, with a quiet slurp and burb.



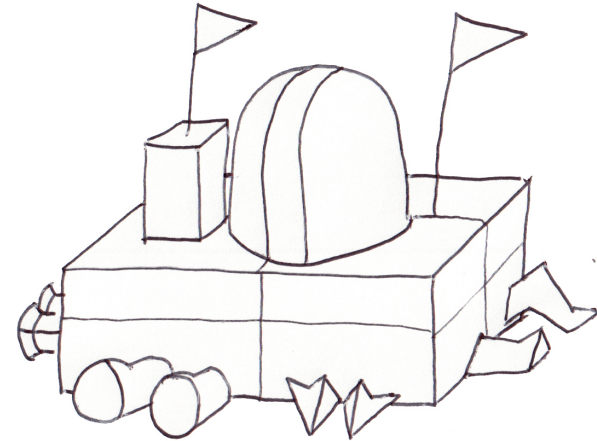
The Small Creatures and The Sand Castle Observatory

The small creatures played in the concrete sand and built an observatory. They snuggled up inside. It got so warm as they sat in their furry coats, that they had to stick their legs out.

They looked and looked, and they could already see the Kosmos from there.

They finally fell asleep in the comfort of each other company, and while they dreamt, they were so close, that their dreams merged together.

They dreamed of the Rock Uncles fishing at the Black Asphalt Sea at night. Their light baits bobbing in the water. The moon, thin as a sickle bounced too, dancing with its reflection to the music of a deep-water night.



Slow/Fast Eating Competition

As the small creatures dozed off in the Sand Castle Observatory, and as there was not enough space, the giant creatures settled on the golden dune to look out for Kosmos too. There, the oasis provided fast and slow foods. The giants were always hungry, but also enjoyed a bit of a gamble; therefore they decided to take up competition and sat on both sides of a dune dangling their legs down.

On the right, the fastest eater would win, and on the left, the slowest one would win.

As it was in their nature, Schelle walked with his heavy bell arms – dum-dom-dum-dom – and settled for the slow food. Shortly after, with few naps on the way and fueled by a dozen coffees, Slurp joined him. With lazy eyes they watched the food being prepared. Slowly but surely, they knew that no matter what, they would win as no one can be slower than them! The Hungry table ate all the competition, so now they just relaxed and waited for their food. No rush! The slower, the better!

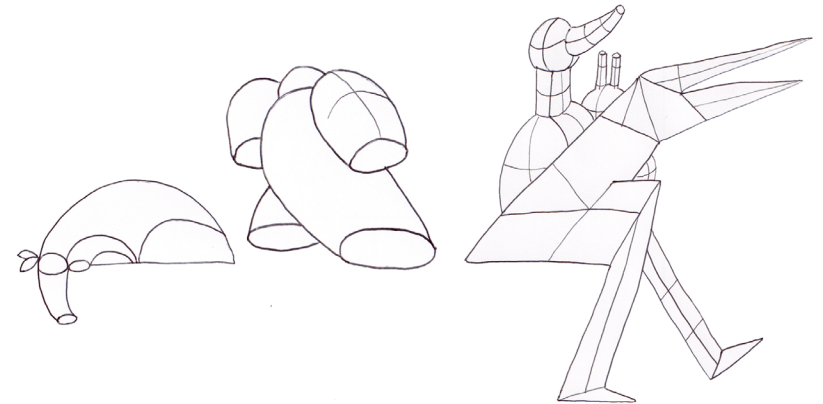
The Quack in his tailored slacks sat elegantly on the edge of the dune and decisively got what he wanted. Before the waiter got it off the tray, it already was gobbled up as Quack reached it with his long beak.

The Beach Bunny, normally residing in the sanatorium at the Black Asphalt Sea, joined the feast. He was in a hurry and immediately threw a tantrum and complained for no good reason, making everything complicated and shouting at the intimidated staff. Snapping his soft fingers, he got what he wanted, ate fast, and left leaving a trail of little black pellets behind.

The Duck scrambled up and sulkily pushed her way among the fast eaters, ate with delight and got lost in conversation with Quack. Quack – Honk, quack-honk.

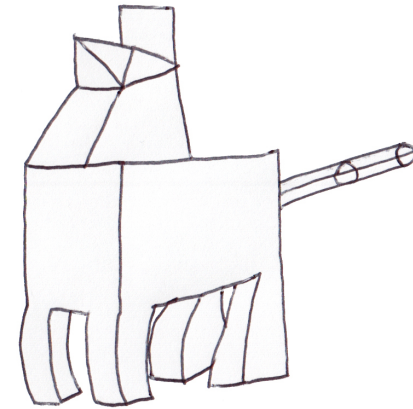
Fast or slow they all won in their own way.

(Gustav Gull Platz, Jack&Jo)



The Trojan Horse

The Trojan Horse would guard the area between the Concrete Desert and The Asphalt Black Sea. His stomach was empty but a long time ago, when this land was deserted, the Smart, brought him in and at night released all the creatures that now live around this region. The Horse, every now and then, when no one looks, lets out new creatures. Sometimes some of them climb back into his belly and exit to another world.

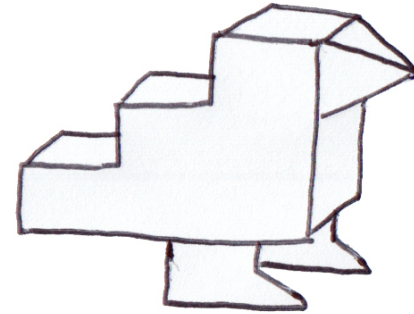


(Lagerstrasse/Tell Strasse)

The Bird of Stairs

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.



(Opia, Europaallee)

The Lost Horses

The Lost Horses grazed in the fern forest, which roots reached deep to the caves, filled with golden bricks.

They hovered in their soft, woolen capes from town to town. They followed the trains, and while observing their flags, they took the direction of the wind.

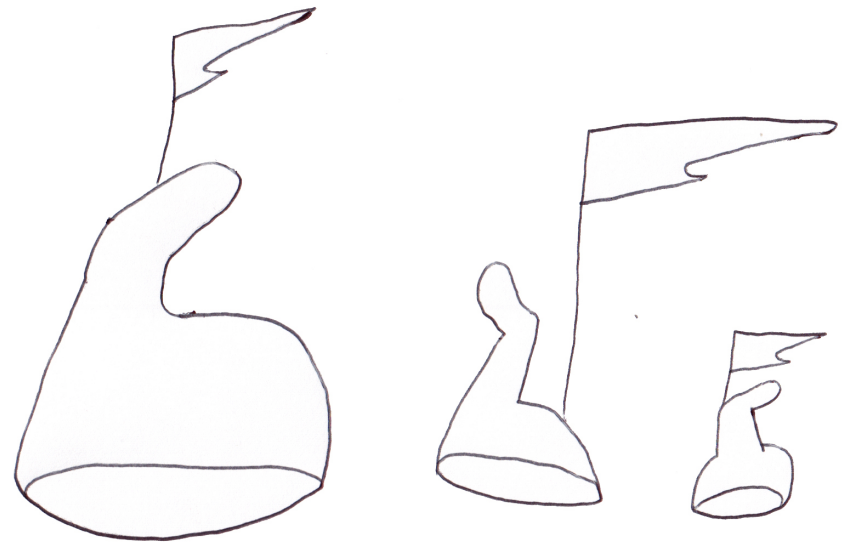
What they were looking for? No one knew.

What they have lost? No one knew.

Who lost them or whom they have lost? No one knew.

Most of all they felt free and bewildered by a multitude of directions they could take.

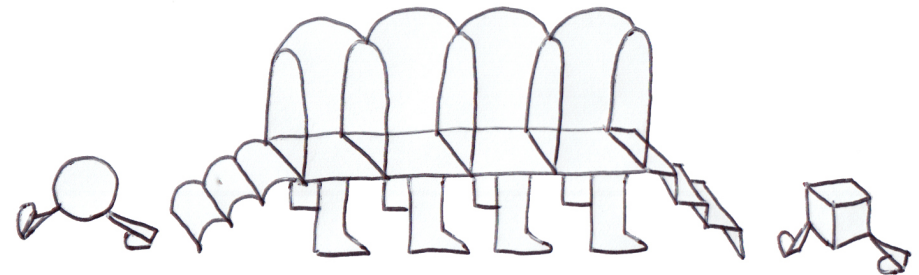
The wind would tell the way, the rail would set the tracks.



The Mood Transformation Machine

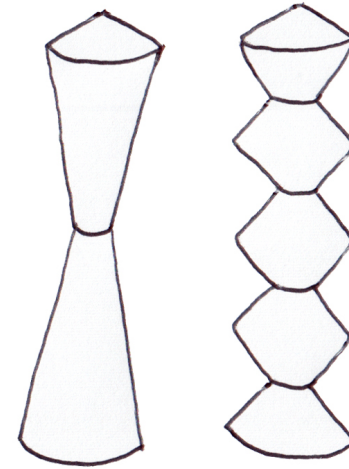
No matter what weather – whether hot, with tumbleweed rolling across the concrete sand, or cold, with a rain of icicles piercing like an acupuncture session – the Mood Transformation Machine would march-on through the Concrete Dessert and transform the moods of the fellow travelers making each peregrination pleasant and jolly.

They would often enter in a square mood, blind to opportunities and without flexibility they would refuse to smile. In-comes the Mood Transformation Machine and like a combine-harvester taking in an expanse of golden crops waving in the wind, it would gobble up the stern travelers, only to allow them to get their souls warmed with its' spirit and let them out bouncy, jolly and open to horizons.



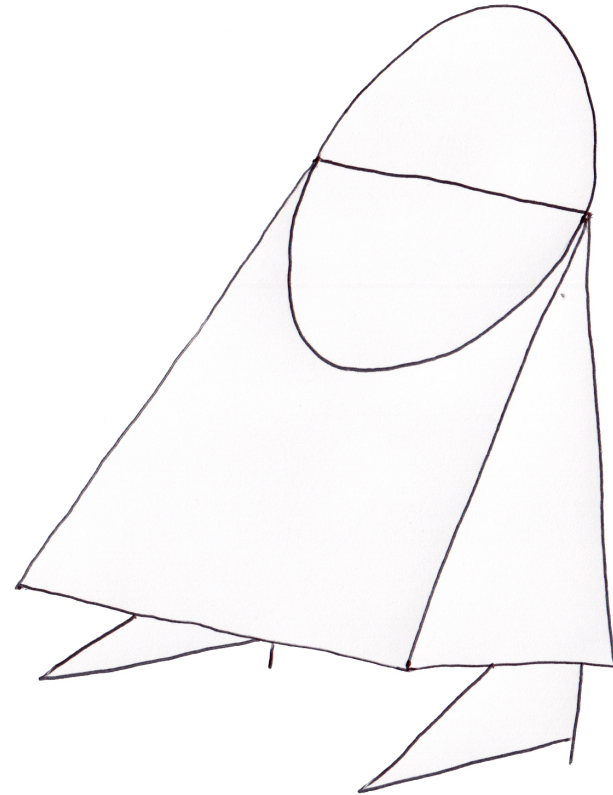
The Royals

In the Concrete Desert, there was a King and Queen – namely – The Royals. They didn't really govern the land, but they rein at a table. They would both specialize in delivering spices – him – pepper and her – salt. He would always make her sneeze, and she would always keep him thirsty. Sneezing and drinking they kept the friendly company to all the creatures that decided to dine in the desert.



Little Seductive Tote

Little Seductive Tote would lure the travelers with her charms and impeccable design. Little as she was, she could contain everything and everyone. They would never surface again as she couldn't find them anymore.



(Abito Allora, Lagerstrasse)

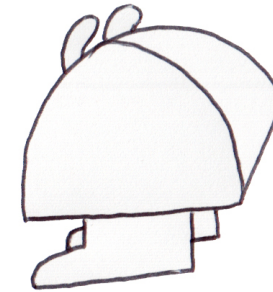
The Pane Toni

Toni was a little kiddo washing up the dishes in the kitchen on the court of an Italian prince residing in his oriental castle in the Concrete Desert. One morning, he came down from his cold attic room to the kitchen, before anyone would even wake up.

He set the stove, cleared the stone floor and started experimenting. He took some flour, eggs, butter, yeast, heat up some milk and threw in some sultanas' raisin. The cake rose plump and nice, he set it off for cooling, when the chef stormed into the kitchen: "What are you doing little brat! Wasting food in the prince's kitchen! We have a feast to prepare!"

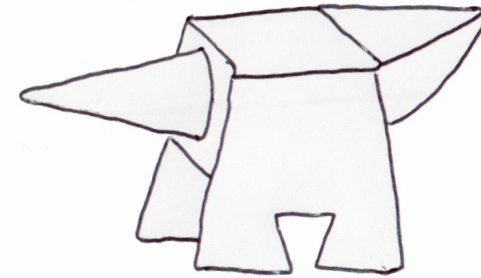
Furious the whole day the chef served a sumptuous dinner to the prince and his guests. While Toni was washing the dishes, chopping the vegetables, skinning the bunnies and didn't even have a chance to eat his cake.

When it came to serving dessert, to his horror, the chef discovered, that he has burned his elaborate dessert in an oven! Despaired, he fetched the simple cake of Toni, powdered lightly and with trembling hands served to the prince. To his surprise, the simple pie conquered the heart of the prince, the gentry and became a fashion in the whole wide world.



The Evil Anvil

The Evil Anvil run around the Concrete Desert stealing the coals from the campfires then would widdle into them generating a curtain of steam to disguise his escape. Back in his cave he would forge the most beautiful things and sell them to the travelers passing by in the early morning, as they awoke from the cold of the ceased campfire.



(Die Macherei, Lagerstrasse)

The Rock Uncles and The Curious Submarine

The Rock Uncles Sat down in the moonlight watching the Asphalt Black Sea. Back to back, grumpy as they were, they would never look each other in the eye. In the dark of a night, for the sea was black and completely still without a ripple, and the thin sickle of the moon was giving away a little, they would argue where the water was. One said north the other said south.

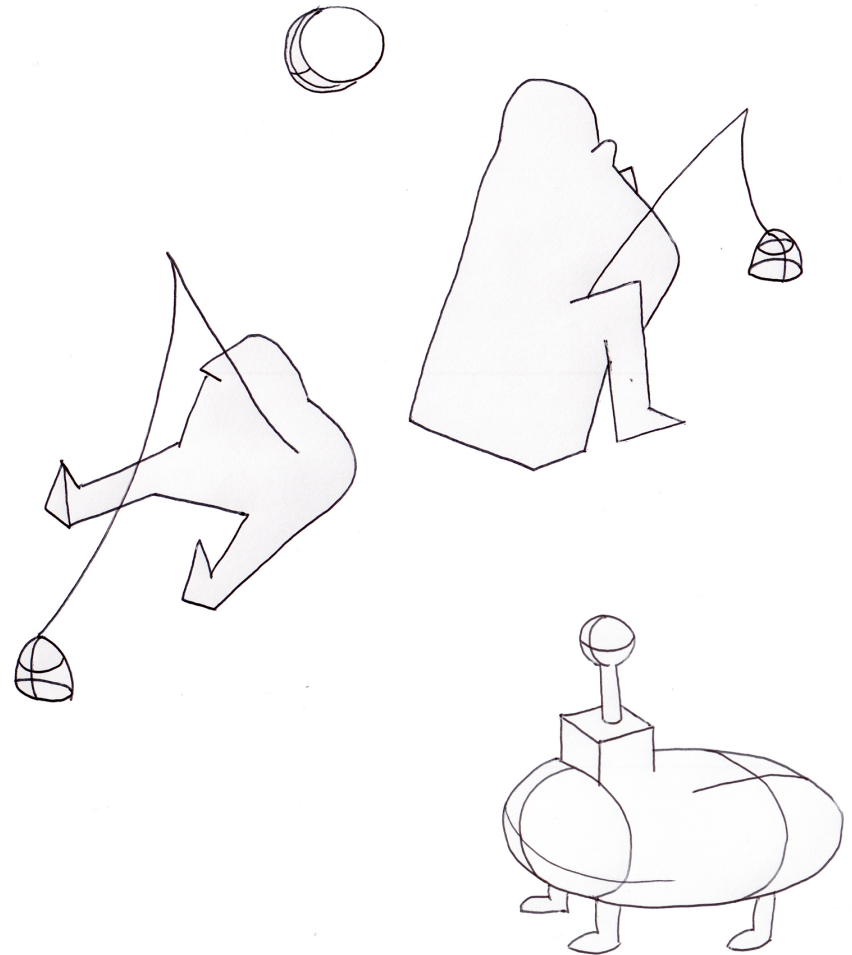
Back to back, they watched their glowing baits. Each of them would swear it was his bait that was bobbing, but as the sea was still and dark like an expanse of glistening asphalt, they couldn't really tell.

And then, the Curious Submarine emerged headfirst. It looked around. Glanced at Rock Uncles one by one. Who is right? – They have asked – Blindly, we throw out baits in the water, yet it is so still, that none of us is certain, where the water and where the land is. Far up on the cliff with a glistening pylon, there are lighthouses, but as they are also confused and always battling, they are of a little help.

The Curious Submarine submerged. It took quite a while until it poked its head back again. The answer is – you cold rocks – that you are two peaks of the same mountain in the middle of a vast sea so full of fish that with a bit of luck you will catch enough for all and entire you.

The uncles glanced at each other with surprise and embarrassment and kept on fishing, but the fish ignored them.

The Submarine submerged and marveled the black fish in still, black water swimming around the massive mountain of two grumpy peaks and two suns that they don't dare to conquer.



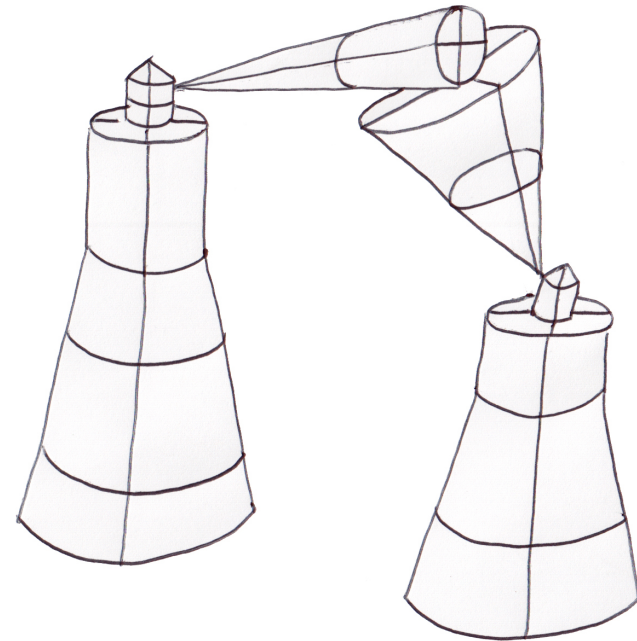
The Battle of Confused Lighthouses

Far up on the cliff of a glistening pylon towering above the Black Asphalt Sea, there were two confused lighthouses. Their beams cut the misty air like two cones of sugar that traveled on the ships they've wrecked while battling.

Day by day the lighthouses were standing in the still fog and battling about the directions, as the fog was too thick and the water too still, to tell where was the land and where was the sea. Every wrecked ship would escalate their fight as they blame their adversary.

The lighthouses would flash angrily trying to blind each other.

Their severe fight when looked from the far, cosmic space looked as insignificant, as a birthday cake for twin brothers that are waiting to be blown off.



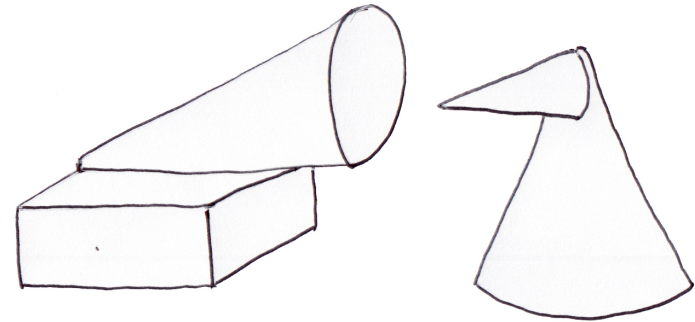
Yes. No.

As it came to a festive time the seemingly disjointed couple – Yes and No were busy in business. The travelers of the Concrete Desert that went to the dacha on the shore of the Asphalt Black Sea would storm to meet them for a piece of advice.

There was simply no question they didn't have an answer to! Their business was blossoming – from dinner dress choice to an engagement question – they would always have a resolution: one said Yes the other – No.

Sometimes they would argue Yes- No, Yes, No, Yes... but then there wasn't a clear resolution, and it could go on for a while.

Yes, No, Yes, No - Yes, No, Yes - No, Yes, No, Yes, No, Yes – No and so on and so forth.



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