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WELCOME TO OUR HECTIC MIND

Here, in this arena of imagination, our *Dark and Dystopian Post-Mortem Fairy Tales* take place. Disturbing dream visions are whispered in our ears by a morbid curiosity, insatiable wanderlust and a fascination with the macabre.

Our unconditional love for the unusual drives us to uninhabitable regions and inspires us to create melancholic characters, resulting in a bizarre mishmash of taxidermy animals which we love to embrace as much as we love to embrace death.

In this book, we lure you to the sinister birthplaces of several of our characters and show you how bone-dry and toxic grounds fertilized our creative minds. The proverbial spirit that haunts these places nests itself in our psyche, infects our imagination and, later, unconsciously and intuitively grows into some kind of grotesque chimera.

Void of pretence, they are what they are; regardless of whether they are loathed or loved.



OUR MUSE CAN BE A DISEMBODIED

Poltergeist Spirit

'Hearts are wild creatures, that's why our ribs are cages.' This pearl of wisdom fits our psyche like a glove. Saying we are seriously, sickeningly obsessed with creatures in any shape or form is truly a euphemism. Particularly the theatrical varmints, with their slightly provoking decadence, draped in luxurious or antique fabrics with lush embroidery, breathing grace and angelic sensuality.

Our muse can be a disembodied poltergeist spirit, a kinky, flirting, feathery mistress, a reincarnated soul, a classy creature wearing Victorian cage crinolines, a spaced-out sci-fi nonhuman, a quirky, man-monkey circus freak, a perverted manga geisha...

However, while creating storytelling costumes for these legendary characters, it felt like something was missing; the bigger picture, being their parallel and exuberant universe.

Our untameable desire to live in a similar zestful and dreamy cosmos sparked off our "hoarding" talent, which led to the Ali Baba cave we live in today, crammed with costumes, paraphernalia and other treasures we hunted down in antique markets. This is where our creative pounding heart feeds the foetus of the wild creature inside until its birth is imminent. Until it lives its own eccentric life...

CRIATURAS & SASKIA DE TOLLENAERE |
CONCEPT DESIGN & ARTIST - COSTUME DESIGNER



Chernobyl

THE ELEPHANT'S FOOT CRADLE





Weeks after the exodus, inhabitants were allowed to collect some belongings. However, most of the flats were completely plundered by merciless trophy hunters and greedy junk traders. What remained was a radioactive mess. Pripyat has been a post-apocalyptic ghost city ever since.

The Red Forest was poisoned forever, burned alive or, at the very least, gruesomely mutilated. Ironically, the absence of people turns out to be a blessing for the fauna. Three decades after the state-ordered killing of all the stray animals in the Exclusion Zone, a new ecosystem is flourishing. It's as though nature has completely taken over the ghost city and turned it into an exceptional wildlife park in which bears, wolves, lynxes, elks, wild boars and dozens of other animal species have settled in masses.

Some rumours say that, to this day, hundreds of puppies - the offspring of pets that were left behind during the evacuation - still have radioactive particles in their fur. A bone-chilling thought.

















Svalbard

HOME OF THE  LURKING FATE

















