



I.V.

**IF I AM OUT ALONE
I AM LOST. PLEASE FIND
MY OWNER: OUR LORD**

NUSS

Studien zum autoritären Charakter

In 6 Tricks.

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|------|-----------|-----|-----------|
| I. | Roll Over | II. | Shake Paw |
| III. | Wait | IV. | Beg |
| V. | Play Dead | VI. | Speak! |

*Outside are the dogs, those who practice magic,
the sexually immoral, the murderers, the idolaters
and all who love to live a lie.*

Revelation 25:15

ROLL OVER

I knew it before I even saw him. »HEY! GEHT'S NOCH? SCHLEICH DICH!«, he yelled in the most beautiful Viennese as someone was grabbing my ass. This someone was sneaking around the bar, grabbing and touching all the meat, he grabbed my soft, smooth ass, exposed in my jockstraps at the bar, some middle aged guy with no outfit, bare naked! No outfit! In the club! No outfit! Someone clearly didn't know the rules here – how you have to touch every ass with dignity, how you have to carry yourself with style and that specific sense of ass out je ne sais quoi. He vanished into some dark corner of the club and I did not see him for the rest of the night. The viennese boy came to me and bought me a drink. He was so sweet and nice and sturdy and he looked so wonderful in his whole body latex catsuit. How I adored him. He smelled nice. I knew it before I even saw him, just the way he said HEY! and GEHT'S NOCH?! and SCHLEICH DICH! It was so obvious and yet I didn't bother. He protected me, why should I care? All of my friends will never know I had sex with a cop in a three thousand Euro latex suit. He told me to roll over and I barked for him and presented my perfect little butthole to him. How could I say no to him? Such a nice dick. Perfect. He had a whole room made of latex; like the floor and the walls were all

latex. It was like a living being, like being inside the stomach of a latex creature, dark and squeaky, all oiled up to play, we slid around the walls and at some point I wasn't sure where the floor began and the ceiling ended and if gravity could still hold me but he could hold me, he could hold me safely.

SHAKE PAW

I don't know why this keeps happening. I shake the paws of people I actually want to bite. I remember a time when I still used my old name. There was this other Russian Kid called Rudik. Nowadays I meet so many people with my name. Every tranny is called Ivy. Or Heather. Or Molly. You know ... those female names. You know female names! But back then there were only two kids named Rudik. Me and Rudik Dejmshevkov. He was much more threatening than me, I was this faggy kid, easily beaten up, everyone knew the moment they saw me. One summer day, I was playing with my friends at one of those ramshackle empty houses at the city's border, which used to sometimes collapse and bury children who played there alive, but that didn't bother us. We liked the threat of a collapsing house. Anyway, this one kid showed up, the one that sold dope on the school yard, with some kind of teenage goon by his side, eight feet tall. He pushed me against the fragile wooden walls of one of those houses and the kid who sold dope on the schoolyard asked me if I was the one who told everyone that he was selling dope on the schoolyard. I said no no, it wasn't me – although it was me, I told everyone that this kid sells dope on the schoolyard, I loved making friends this way, telling them of

that one kid who sells dope on the schoolyard – but I looked him in the eyes and said: I didn't tell! I swear! It must be a simple misunderstanding! It must have been the other Rudik! That other Rudik. Dejmshevkov. He lives in the Russian block next to the Reichelt and Aldi. This was the most ridiculously stupid idea but they were just stupid enough for it to work. Or they simply believed me because I looked so horribly pathetic, as if I was about to piss my pants. Are you sure? He said. And he reached out to shake my paw and I looked him in the eyes and said yes I'm sure and the moment I touched his paw I got hard and terribly embarrassed just as the house behind us collapsed.

WAIT

I wish I knew the orders before he voices them.

Sometimes I do, I sense it, my whole body becomes this shaking, vibrating, violent current of energy just ready to snap at any moment but I control myself, my whole body is charged. It's called Vorfrende, anticipatory excitement.

The Germans are really good at it. The nervous excitement of KNOWING YOU CAN BE USEFUL SOON!

All day we wait to listen to the voice. It does not matter what we want. Energy flows through the universe creating fields that we can sense in our guts. I have not yet written the script because there is none. This is all there is: waiting for a shift in the energy fields, a command. Think of all the tasks you could already finish before it was necessary. I'm already drooling thinking of the possibilities, spit on my pants, my socks. There is spit on my socks. I want to become a promise of ecstatic delight to my owner, I want time to implode.

BEG

I walk along the beach and regret it. Not because I could die at any moment, but because of the families. I always forget families. Parents and their children, hundreds of them, playing in the disgusting mud of the beach, poking dead jellyfish with sticks and screaming and crying and giggling and laughing and screaming and eating dirt and rolling around and giggling and screaming and laughing and praying and burying themselves in the sand until the tide takes them away. They're all looking at me, not because I'm wearing a slutty crop top and way too tight hot pants, but because of the reverse beartrap from *Saw*, which isn't attached to my head like in the movie, but to my pale, soft belly, fixed in such a way that when the spring mechanism is triggered, the trap springs open violently, ripping open my abdomen and spilling guts onto some random kid on the beach. No one helps me. Everyone looks at me with a slight disgust and I know: They hate me. And that's alright. I try to walk along the beach looking as pretty as possible, as adorable as I can be without stepping on the broken glass, jellyfish and children's toys lying around. In the distance my owner is looking at me through a spyglass, sitting in a lifeguard seat. He wants a show and I'm more than happy to oblige. I feel the tension on the rusty metal against my bare, cold

stomach, hear the ticking of the time mechanism somewhere on my back. It makes no difference whether the trap springs open now or in five minutes, and yet I'd like to have those extra five minutes, even if I don't know what to do with them. I see three two-euro coins in the sand at my feet; what a strange amount of money. Then I hear something like a great voice of a great multitude in heaven speaking:

Blessed are the perverts. Salvation and glory and power are theirs. Love is real. It's a Concorde at Mach 2, exploding into a hotel and scattering debris across the landscape. It's the weapon, the projectile and the point of impact all at once.

Love will drive me to utter annihilation. I love my owner. Where he goes, I shall go. That's the only thing I know about myself. I bark to thy heaven and feel God's light shine upon me.

PLAY DEAD

Whenever I want to kill myself he simply tells me to play dead. It's a nice little trick to battle suicidal thoughts. We have this elaborate roleplay where he pretends to be an American police officer arresting me, the whole shtick. It's really scary but at the end of it I feel fine because it's just play and pretend.

In another scene we're out there camping. He doesn't speak a word as he pretends to kill me. I can hear the song of wanderthrushes and Eurasian nuthatches, while his hands move slowly from my crotch to my torso to my face to hold a bottle of poppers under my nose, and I inhale like the good dog I am. For the next forty seconds, I'm going to have fun. It doesn't matter what happened before or will happen after. He doesn't say a kind word as he takes off my pants. The morning light shines through the tent wall onto his hands, onto my body. Everything is coming to an end and I try to ignore the world as best I can, even though, if I close my eyes, it will very much be there. I lie on the cold, hard ground in the tent and no one can tell me this is passiveness, as I'm part of something bigger, I'll never have a house or a hot tub or kids, but this is mine, his axe in the tree stump outside, its shadow

falling on the tent wall, and the Amazon Fresh plastic bag he puts over my head. I'm not paranoid like I usually am. I know it's love. The poppers take effect while the plastic bag vacuum-seals my whole face as I inhale, my sphincter relaxes as my owner enters me, bites my shoulder. The birds don't sing; they are all dead, burnt and dead, disfigured and melted. They lie in the landscape as if it were normal. I try to ignore the world, and yet: the forest, the shy lupins, the wither-me-nots, the midnight dreams, the whimpering dolphins, the nosochki of the forever-green-silver fir – there is no place more beautiful to die.

It takes so long to understand a life; most people die without a clue as to what they even want. But you understand. You understand the future. It's funny. Dying is so funny. So unbelievably funny. A laugh choking in your throat. In a joke you can say things, not because they are true, but because you want to. Writing not from a place of truth but desire. That's your only chance.

SPEAK!

If I feel insecure or unsure I speak. I say:

I am not just thoughts but a body too. I don't want anybody to think I'm ideas or words but a nice piece of meat.

Everyone will pity me, I'm sure, once they see me as a piece of meat. All the scary men in power will love me and let me get away with being a faggot.

This is a classic technique against anxiety attacks. You breathe in and become meat.

There is an ancient legend in that state of Georgia, in a place the Americans call "The South", that frees you from all anxiety. They call it *The First Ever Television*. It's a particularly beautiful rift in time and space. A very deep well somewhere in the swamps of Fish Creek Buckville Dream Management Mountain. You stand in front of it and then you shout into the well:

I AM NOT JUST THOUGHTS!

I'M A PIECE OF MEAT!

I AM NOT JUST THOUGHTS!

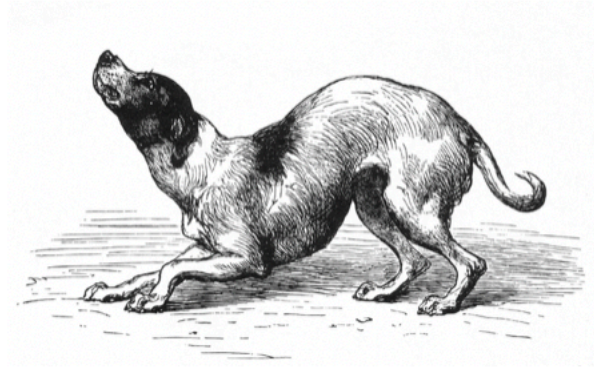
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**I'M NOT
THOUGHTS!**



"Dog in a humble and
affectionate frame of mind"

Quotes

In »Wait«: Ann K. Clark: *The Girl: A rhetoric of desire*
»promise of ecstatic delight with which commodities must
be clothed in order to be felt as needs«.

Some parts in »BEG« and »PLAY DEAD« were taken out
of my upcoming book »R-O-N=O«, awfully translated into
your language. I am very sorry! Please forgive me.

Thank you

This zine was written for the exhibition ROOM PARTY at Bunker Projects in Pittsburgh, **2025**, which I sadly could not attend, although I planned on flying over. It is not safe for me to travel to the US right now ... because of its clear and also highly unnecessary drift into authoritarianism. So many incredible artists who I deeply love are at this very exhibition. I hope to see them all very soon. But in a way I'm there and I'm shaking your paw right this very moment! Don't you see my tail wagging?

Thank you to Aurn and all the others who organized and curated ROOM PARTY. And thank you to Labov for proofreading this zine – if there are still mistakes, it's his fault, teehee!

About this bitch

I.V. Nuss is a German writer whose family grew up near one of the biggest and most beautiful nuclear plants in Russia. She won multiple awards and was most recently nominated for the Wortmeldungen literature prize 2025. Her debut novel *Die Realität kommt* about a group of queer weirdos trying to survive on an apocalyptic landfill came out in 2022 at Diaphanes. She is part of many anthologies, collective book projects, and magazines. Her upcoming book *R-O-N=O* deals with the utterly boring transsexual aesthetics of death and also with Furry, and was awarded the grant of the German Literature Fund.

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