

KONTAKT

ISSUE # 1
MAY 2026



Open
Eyes



Imprint

KONTAKT

Issue 1

Fragments about loneliness, erosion, memory, self-destruction, empty cities and disappearing people.

Written & assembled by
Jonas von der Beutelratte

contact
jvndb@proton.me

Archive
jvdb.neocities.org

Self-publishing

Distribution
Free PDF & physical copies whenever possible.

“A person disappearing
resembles a natural
disaster. Quiet at first.
Then suddenly irreversible.”

About the author

Jonas von der Beutelratte is a writer ~~be~~ working somewhere between fiction, essay, fragmentation and self-destruction. His texts ~~more~~ resolves around isolation, failed intimacy, artistic obsession, exhaustion and the slow decay in modern life.



Influenced by underground literature, outsider art and independent publishing culture, he publishes raw and uncompromising work outside traditional literary structures.

He believes writing should disturb rather than comfort.

KONTAKT began as an attempt to document disappearing thoughts before they vanished completely.

When not writing, he spends too much time wandering through empty streets, collecting unfinished ideas and listening to the same songs repeatedly.

FRAGMENTS

Empty corridors.

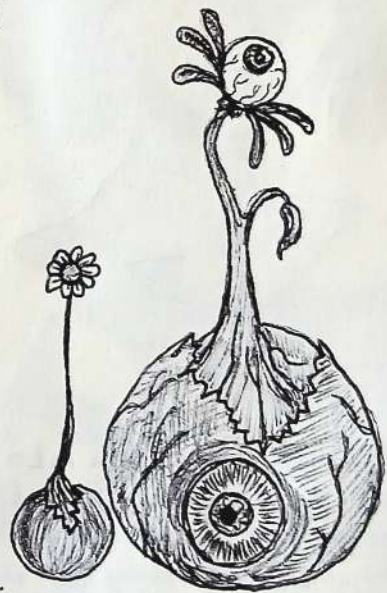
Something dragged her to the ground. Memories of a yesterday. They faded. All that remained was emptiness. A kiss on the cheek. She could feel it. She could hear her voice. Quiet. Whispering. It slipped past her. The child waited. It killed her. The thought had already grown dull. Something pulled at her. Empty corridors. Empty hallways. She slipped off her coat. Ran and reached only herself.

Her mind was shut. The words made no sense. Language dried out. What remained?
A body in a wheelchair. Nobody inside.

The writer wrote for an invisible audience. His homeland torn apart. His wife slept elsewhere. The readership no longer existed. Perhaps it had never existed at all. He didn't believe in success. Considered it undeserved. Awards piled up in the corner. Dust settled on his name. It had once meant something. Somewhere in between lay his manuscript. Waiting for something to come back to him. The pages empty. The portrait hanging crooked.

She didn't scream to be heard. She didn't scream for recognition. She screamed because she had to. Otherwise she would have drowned.

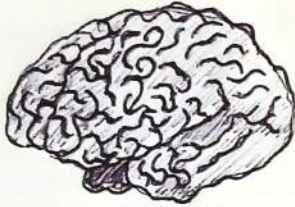
She didn't sleep. Teased him. Smelled of jasmine. Success was overrated. Her silent readership applauded. Fame arrived after her death. She wandered through dark waters. The water didn't react. No wave. No echo. No resistance. Even today she sat before the paper and wrote.



What purpose did writing serve?
If nobody remained. Echo sounder.
A dull tone. Forming words that stayed.
He forced himself to begin again.
Over and over. Without knowing whether
anything would ever return.

She burned. A gust of wind
and the sun appeared.
He quit smoking.

He cleared his throat. All eyes on him.
The text lay before him.
"Welcome", it said.
He cleared his throat. Then began. Formed
words. Swallowed them. Self-doubt overwhelmed
him. Sweat ran down.
"Welc-", he swallowed.
All eyes fixed on him. Another clearing of the
throat. The doors closed. The room suffocating.
"...ome"
Chairs scraped. The first people stood up. Others
followed. The crowd walked out.



She wrote alone. Line after line. The text
took shape. Spoke of her worries. She wandered
through the dark house. Her girlfriend was out
for dinner. The pill worked. She had taken it
around seven. The text became a mountain.
Impossible to cross. Her girlfriend came home
late. She still sat before the computer. It was
already nine. Greetings flew against her skull.
She didn't answer. What was she writing there?
No reaction. She had written a manifesto about
their relationship. She saw it. The mountain
collapsed into itself.

She had withdrawn into herself.
A body. A spirit. Something buried
inside her. Another body. Another spirit.
She imagined seeing the world through
different eyes. Yet remained trapped
within herself. To see life through some-
one else's eyes seemed impossible to
her. Her reflection only showed a body.
The spirit didn't answer. She lingered
in the room and failed to reach her-
self.



THE WRITER'S SELF-DOUBT

Everyone suffers from self-doubt. Everyone knows that voice - the one whispering that you aren't good enough. The moment when you sit down to write, it sneaks up behind you and overwhelms you.

Jonas knew his voice well. Dull and heavy, it crept toward him. It wrapped itself tightly around him and refused to let go. It slithered upward to his ear and breathed its tormenting doubts into him.

He collapsed. Threw the paper from his desk, pounded against the typewriter and cursed. His muse was thoroughly amused. She giggled. And rolled her eyes before letting herself fall onto the bed, watching him beneath the thick blanket with her big eyes.

"Another blockade, darling?" she purred.

Her eyes pierced him. Her lips trembled and her body shook with excitement. She ran her fingers through her hair. Sometimes she falls asleep besides him. Otherwise she might have disappeared herself. The voice grew louder. Barked through the apartment.

"You fool! You aren't a creative person!"

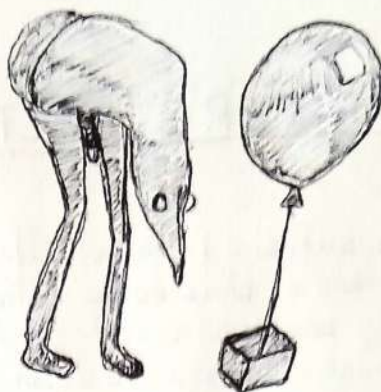
She shrugged as he stared at him. Who was she to judge him?

He repeated himself. Wrote against her. But nothing emerged from him. He crumpled the paper and threw it away. The image in his mind was missing.

Jonas lay down. The mattress laughed at him.



She cooked his favourite meal.
Seasoned it. Let needles fall into it.
He ate obediently. Spoke about his
work. She witnessed his ending.
Looked at him innocently. Something
inside her loosened. She was free.
He collapsed. She left.



He simply couldn't let himself
fall around her. In her presence
his heart raced. When she came
closer, his heartbeat pounded and
his pulse climbed. She suffered
from depression and that drew
him in magnetically. His system
had learned to mistake her
instability for affection. He
knew his own inner fracture
wouldn't protect him from himself.

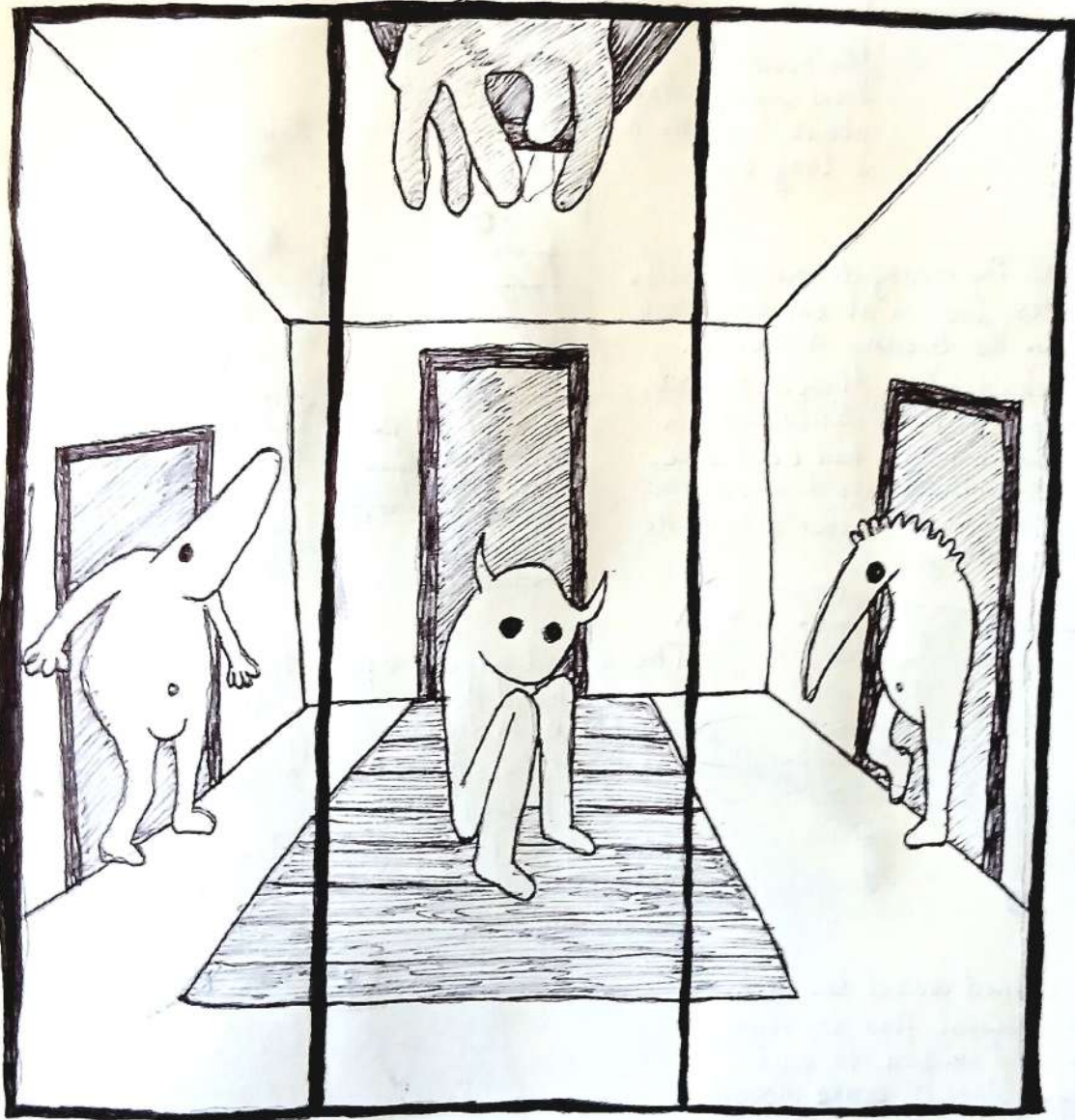
His sarcastic and deeply cynical
way of mocking their outward
appearance hardly flattered their egos,
so their disgust towards his shameless
nature didn't diminish that evening
either. Repulsed by their fur coats
carrying the rotten smell of old, rancid
hide soaked in musk, he watched
them claw at their champagne glasses
and slurp tiny sips from them with slimy
red lips. Before they proudly boasting
about their overwhelming collection of
rare art objects, which they had torn
from former owners with worthless
bills only to auction them off else-
where.

Oh, how deeply he despises those self-
righteous old hags.

He changed his name.
The critics remained.
He changed his opinions.
The critics sulked. He
changed his nature.
The critics claimed he
had sold out. Nothing
helped. The critics were
right.

ee A plead to the desk. Hold me.
Thanks. Tomorrow I'll saw at the
chair. 99

Success wasn't everything. One had to build
a readership. Fame might arrive after his death.
Writing was his muse. She smelled good. Teased
him, though she no longer slept beside him.



He tried everything. Sat on the asphalt.
Above him pigeons.

The block dissolved. What had been thought lost now lay exposed. He told her about the incident. She called him an idiot. He wrote about it. Received praise. Recognition. Writing had ruined her. The block had been good. It had kept him away from the desk. Now her face lay there. And the old man.

Methadone couldn't compare once the needle entered the skin. Nobody knew Johnny. Nobody knew anything about him. He had been dealing for a long time.

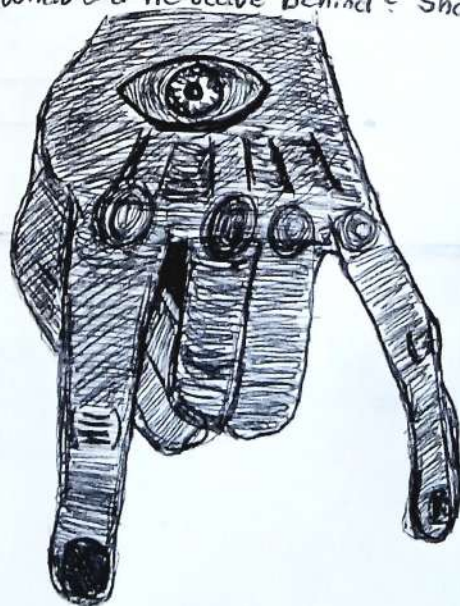


Viva Las Vegas. The money devoured itself. Within minutes. Women at the machines fed him coins. He. Became. Addicted. Seven as lucky number. Missed. He lost. Sums. Always. The bank comforted him with coins. Once people had been safe. Today they lost. The lights dimmed. The place empty. All just a fever dream. He lived for the garbage.



The wound gaped open. He wasn't there. Nobody heard her screams. At night she lay there. In dreams he appeared. Ran after her. Something missing in-between. He called himself father. Remained only the begetter. The wound festered. What did he leave behind? Shards.

Sunday. He walked around the desk. She drenched in sweat from the night before. The child waited. In vain. Neither spoke. When it ~~spoke~~ moved out they were both nine. It was Sunday. He walked toward the sofa. She drank. The child waited. In vain. When it disappeared they were both still nine. He sat down. She beside him. The child played. When it looked up, both were gone.

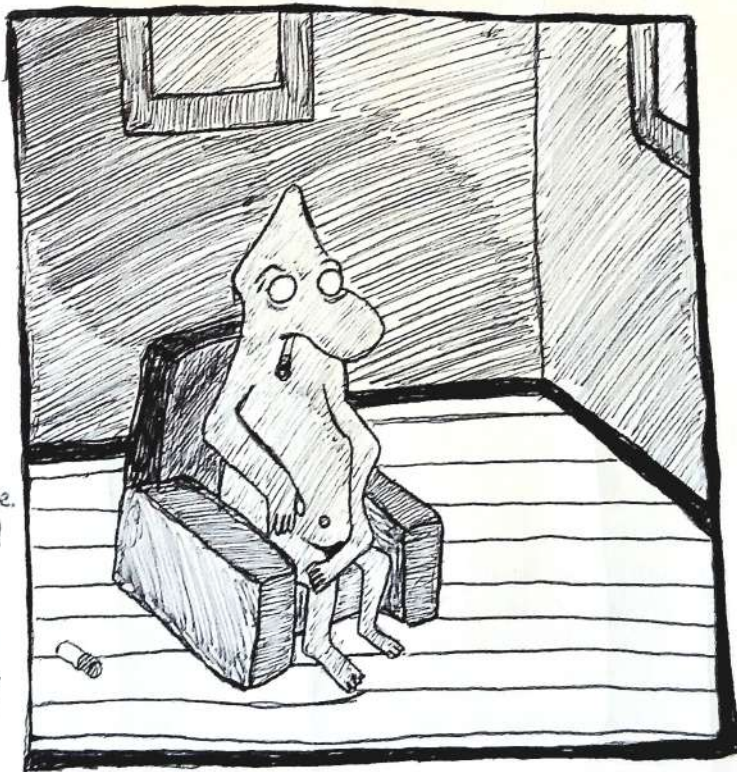




Emptiness on the lanes. Bruises
on the grandstand. He swerved.
She pressed the pedal. The car
flipped. Then she climbed out.
He didn't. Today the sun was shining.

He didn't sleep. He didn't eat. He
vegetated. Looked at the gun.
Pulled. Fired.
What remained? A body. Nobody
inside. She laughed.

Silence is the purest
form of ignorance.
The readership doesn't
carry you. It tolerates
you - as long as you
function. One wrong
note and its turns
away. Expect nothing
from your readers. They
wait only for the moment
to stab you in the back.
Once you collapse, you be-
long to them. Don't collapse.
Or worse: they stay - and
make you harmless. So
write against them.
Not for them. Be hard.
Be disturbing. Everything
else will be forgotten.





The text accepted itself as part of the community. Words formed a chain. They called it freedom. Their joy prepared them for the moment by setting limits for themselves.

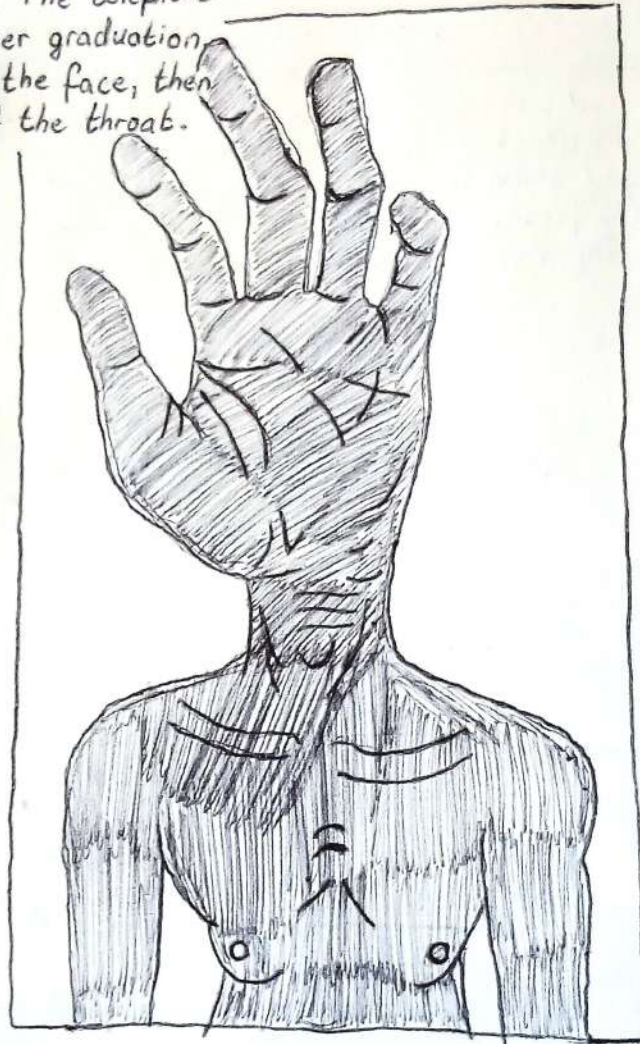
She burned. Everything dissolved into red colors. The chair cracked. Smoke poured out. Dreams became reality. Pills attacked. Spat. Grabbed the chair and shook it. Sawed and cut into the flesh. The blockage dissolved. The doubts remained.



He didn't blame himself. He had done everything for her. No one knew about it. He understood nothing. In the next room a young woman slept.

He heard her snoring. The gaping wound stretched between them. She screamed in the mornings. He heard breathing creep through the dark house. Sometimes she walked into the walls. He trembled. Her snoring shattered the hallway. He fell. Couldn't defend himself. The floor became fleeting. She screamed. He staggered through the corridors. One more blow was enough. He lay drenched in sweat on the mattress. She snored. He lay on the floor.

She disappeared. Something inside her
came undone. Her heart pounded. She
slipped off her coat. Breathed. She could
be reached by no one. The telephone rang.
She was gone. Life killed itself.
There had once been gray. Today even
the gray vanished. Turned black. Line after
line and nothing remained. The telephone
lied. Fame followed after her graduation.
A glance backward. First the face, then
the thought. A clearing of the throat.
She flew. Away.



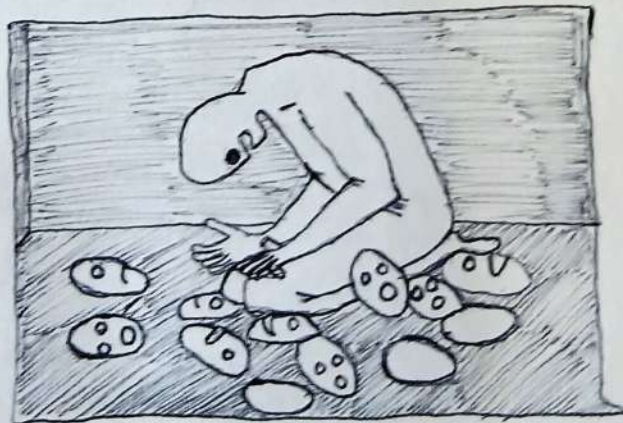
The thought of him wouldn't leave her.
He wandered through the night. They
handed her a uniform. He slept on the
streets. They drafted her in. He starved.
She fired the gun. He wrote about it.
She fell. He ran. She never caught up
to him again.

THE STEP

He tossed and turned in his bed. He couldn't sleep. The relentless pain in his chest did the rest. He no longer wanted to be around people. They ignored him. He locked himself in his room. Small. Bare. Untidy. The flies stared at him. He had tried everything. Nothing helped, the pain remained. He resisted. The waves rose up. Gigantic. They crashed into him with full force. He drowned. Not his end. He couldn't make it through the day despite the antidepressant. His self-hatred grew. The others wanted nothing to do with him. Blow. She left him. Rubble. He kept searching. Ashes. He stood there alone. A kick to the stomach. He couldn't breathe.

Panic. He stared at the walls. The medication increased his hunger. He gained weight. The doctor took him off them. Melancholy. They did nothing against his paranoia. Most of all, he wanted to shoot himself up. He limped through the city. His whole body trembled. No one. He found his reflection disgusting. His rage mutated. He didn't hesitate. He took the razor blade. And cut open his arms. The blood ran down. Crusted over. He smoked. Hurt himself. Hoped for death. That was how it began. He shattered himself piece by piece. Until he fell apart. The park full of couples. Only not him. His brother first hurled accusations at him. Then cut off contact. More volleys. He was ashamed. Looked into the mirror. Didn't see himself. An empty face. A tired body. He slept through the day. Dreamed. Of her. Of the time with her. And wanted to disappear. Something dragged him to the ground. Sat on top of him. Pressed down. He remained. Trusted no one.

He stood at the edge of the cliff and put one foot in front of the other. He didn't fall. Death didn't free him. The lethargy remained silent.



"Why am I still here?
Shouldn't I be gone by now?
Shouldn't I have forgotten myself long ago?"

Borders are sat.
Tomorrow's intellectuals
no longer write. They
would rather beaten to
death by the masses.
Tomorrow's world stinks
of unicorn vomit. The
feuilleton cowers in the
corner and makes no sound.
He wants to tear his eyes
out. The sensitive audience
cries out loudly at his stench.
He remained a curmudgeon
until the end.

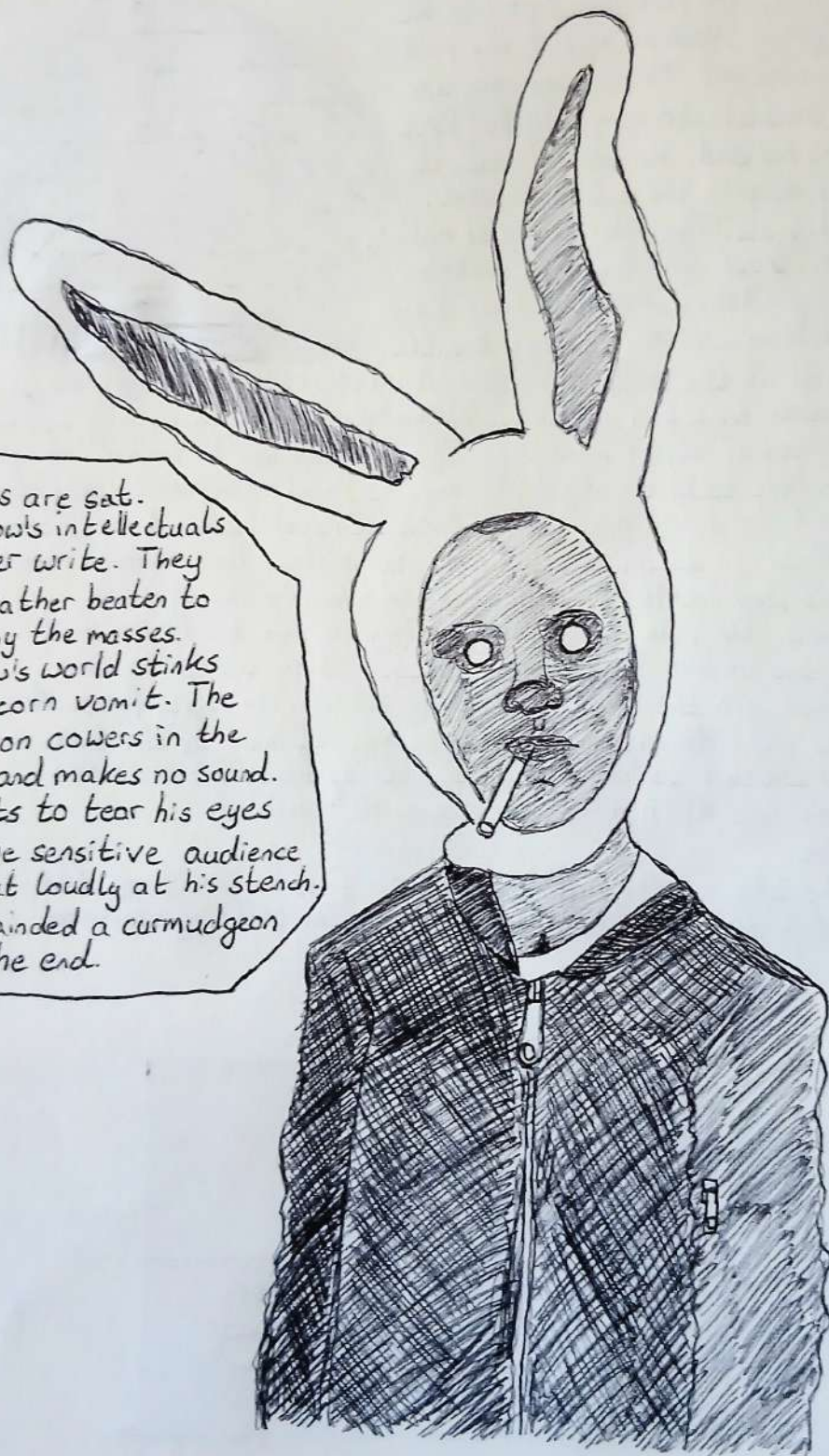


IMAGE CREDITS

All illustrations, texts, layouts and visual elements were created by Jonas von der Beutelratte.

Some works were partially informed by:

- reference studies,
- anatomical sketches,
- photographic observation
- and transformed visual material

All content was reinterpreted, recomposed or redrawn for this publication.

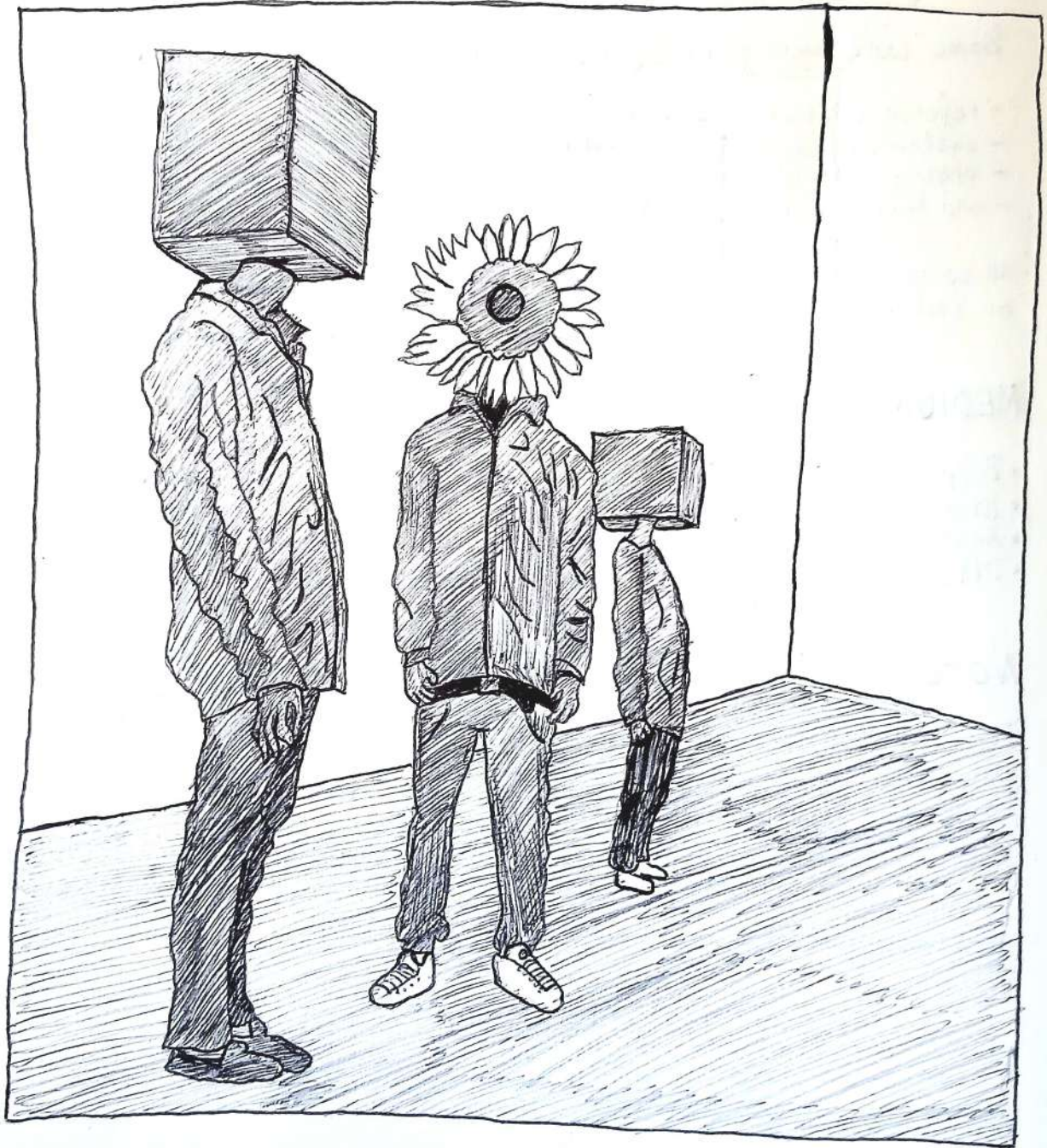
MEDIUM

- Ballpoint pen on paper
- Handwritten text
- Analog illustration
- DIY/self-published layout

NOTE

This zine was created outside traditional publishing. Structures as an experimental combination of writing, drawing and fragment-based narrative work.

Non-commercial sharing encouraged.



He thought about it often. Lay down.
Looked at the sky. It rained. Drops
formed on his cheeks. He didn't speak.
Then the train came and carried him away.



Stories about disappearances, isolation,
failed writers, silent rooms, collapsing
relationships, addiction, self-doubt and the
slow erosion of language.

For outsiders.

For exhausted minds.

For those who continue writing
even when nobody answers.

“Language isn't a tool. It's residence.”

No heroes.

No solutions.

Only echoes.

Printed independently
Distributed silently

jvndb@proton.me
jvndb.neocities.org