

Excerpt from
Sabotage!
W. Steinmetz
1923

SANKA

[INT. POWER PLANT CONVEYOR TUNNEL, SUNSET]

[. . .]

I lean my head against the dusty overpass window, looking at the sunset, weeping, feeling like I've wasted my life on little nothings and tomorrow will waste it again. I wipe my tears away with a dusty fist.

Did I mention I was with Ly Mets yesterday ? We ran into each other on the stairs of the party and decided to leave together. Ended up taking the tram to Piritä before I had to come to work. The outside was really beautiful and at 14 km / h, the view sailed by the window; trees, factories, roads, construction sites, ads, the sea, sun slowly rising. The slogans were as always: Two years in seven years! I'm thinking, sure, you can do whatever you want, as long as it's not for evil.

At some point she took out an old photo of John Travolta, stared at it for an extended period of time, smoking, as if she was asking some questions, talking about something. Superficiality it's called - Your conscious tormenting you unjustly. Half answers, forwards, backwards; Get out of my way !

As if nailed to one spot I watched her secretly. What is she doing? Is she going like: „John, you survived the 70s. You and I have been victims of a mirage.”

Suddenly she asks me:
„Do you remember how those eyes looked out the windows, renouncing everything?”
And dozed away.

I didn't know what to reply, didn't think she wanted me to. In my head I was thinking, life was always probably the same. People have always had their cruising spots. It was just us on the tram; I was wearing a tasteful dress, my favourite hat, someone else's fur coat and heels, sitting one leg crossed over the other, cutting off the blood to my brain, so they say.

We get off and head towards the pier. I never understood that place. Inviting, but no purpose.

I was so trashed last night,; and then suddenly I was under this bridge, thinking to
myself, saying "Not much longer..." But not much longer what? I have to stay distracted.
Ly Mets was whispering to herself, taking off her earring.

We were taking lines of speed with Laura-Lisette Petrova and she was telling me that last winter,
or which one was it - I have forgotten, was it in Paris or Berlin ? In a city filled with
steam, it was raining. There was this woman with a really cool outfit running down the street, through
scraps of newspaper and trash, wearing heels and - mud everywhere - all over her clothes.

She said it must have felt so liberating. This was once a punishment,
now you have to see it as a reward! The mud.

While Ly Mets squats down for a piss on a patch of grass next to the concrete stairway,
I catch myself at the point of a sigh. Watching the swans, feeling restless.
Sunrise on the left, darkness on the right.
Once the black eyes seemed clear, now they are sad, yet they remain beautiful.

I should be walking home right now, cigarette in my lips. Instead, in passive shame, walking
back and forth attempting to ignore the now nauseating downwards tunnel, imagining a gag thrust into into
my mouth, helping untangle the nets of confusion regarding The halt of all the screaming machinery! My body
wants to feel lighter, free itself from the soul.

Thinking about buildings, my private life, thoughts turn to this woman
at the party with scandalously short hair, a sailor, who asked me
for a key. She was talking about sailing the Danube through
the mist into war, and in excessive detail described the
workwear to be tight around the thighs and open around the neck. Early
illusions are beautiful, but what does it matter? She felt driven towards the distance by a glimmering
of something, away from disappointments that make her see too clearly.
Although there's none of my former shyness left in me, I am still quiet in conversation.

Hysterical, all alone and dreaming. I don't think I could ever change -----
That moisture on your lashes, Sanka, is a bourgeoisie tear, dripping onto Socialism's concrete,
surrounding me, in all directions. Silly girl! I only touched the surface of my soup at
lunch, and my cheeks have their high color not from the sun, but from the lashing of satanic
patches of shivers from the amphetamine comedown.

Tiny radio in my hand. Broadcast from Krakow. I hear, Ly Mets laughing at me from the radio in my
hand.

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