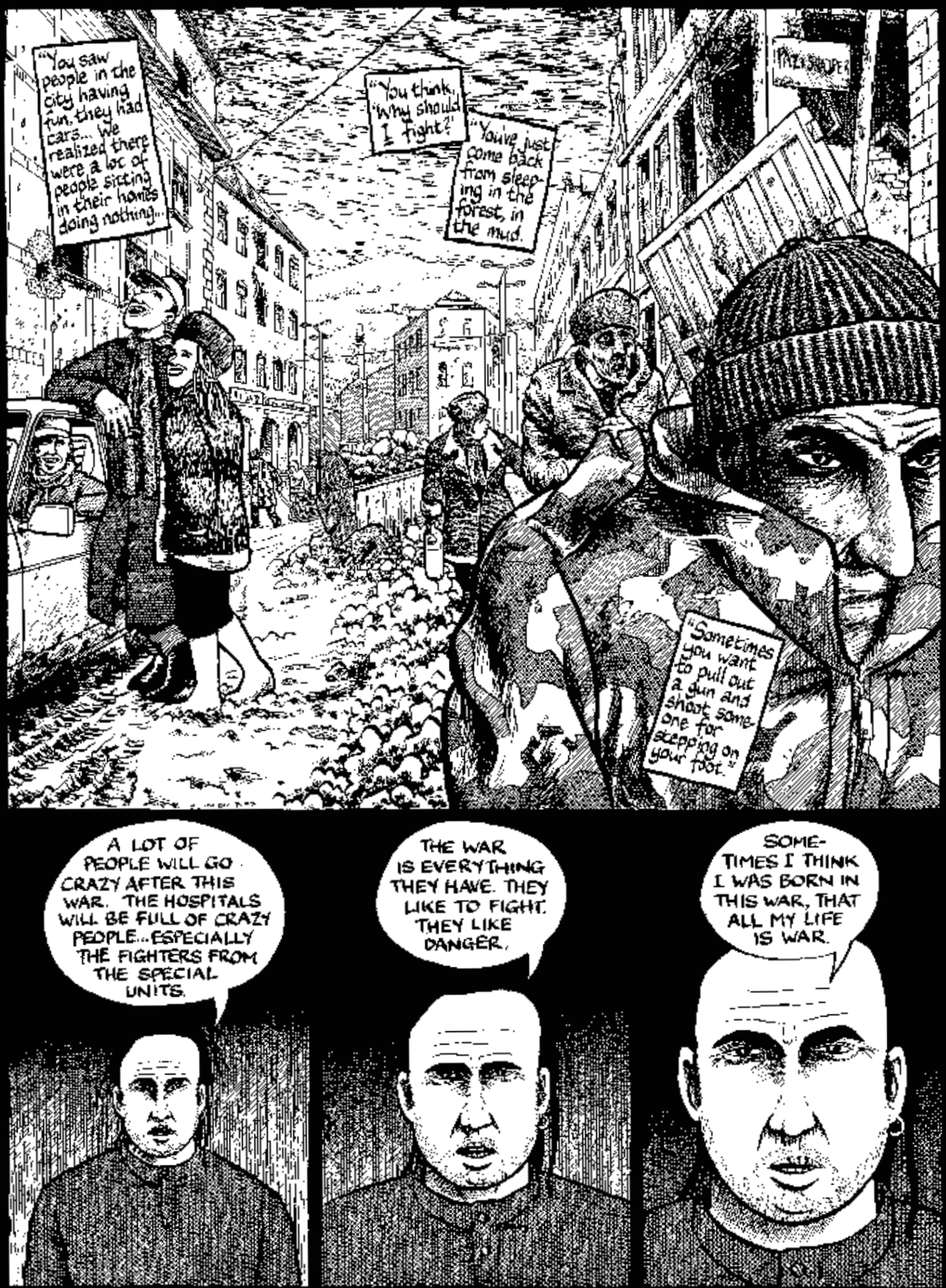
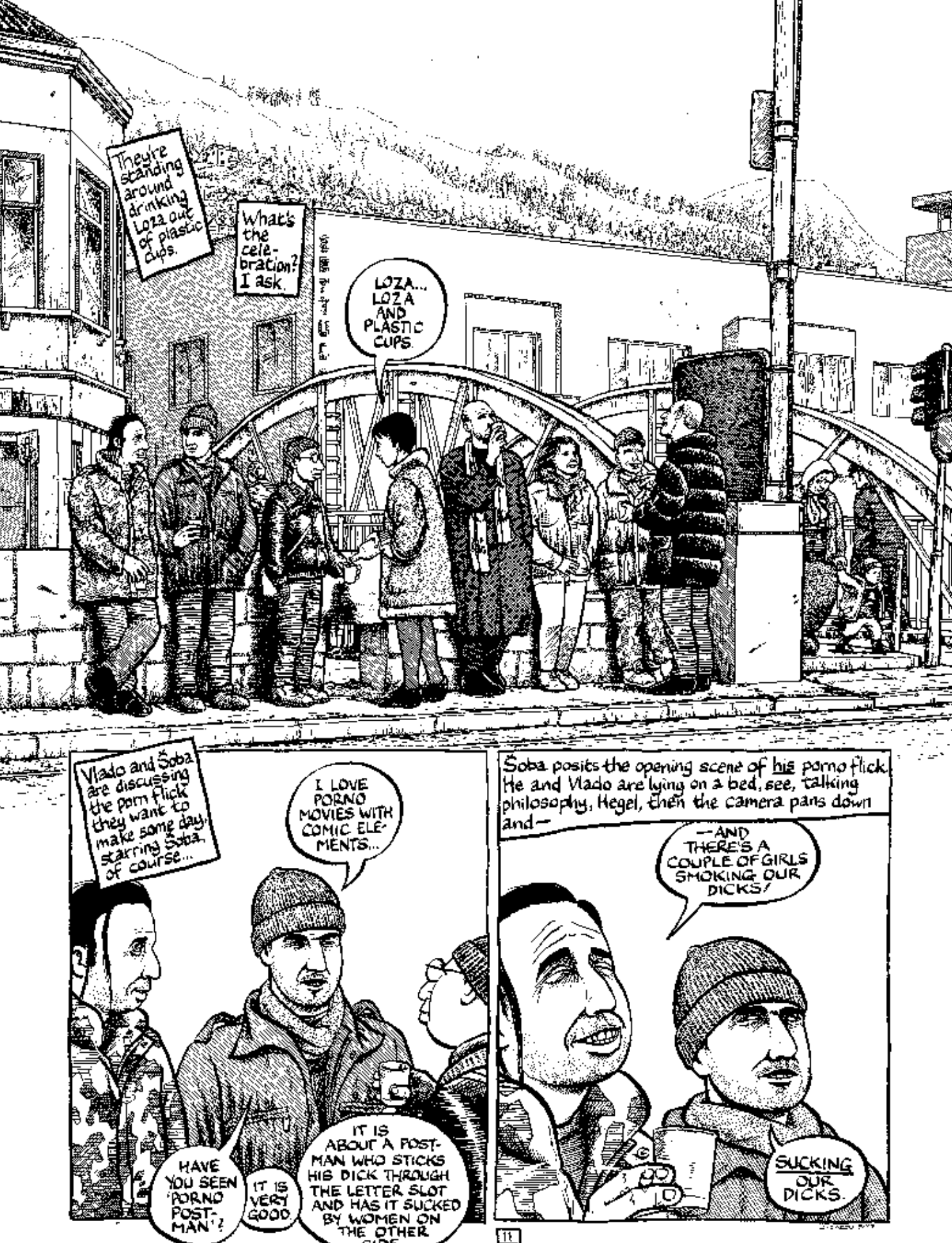
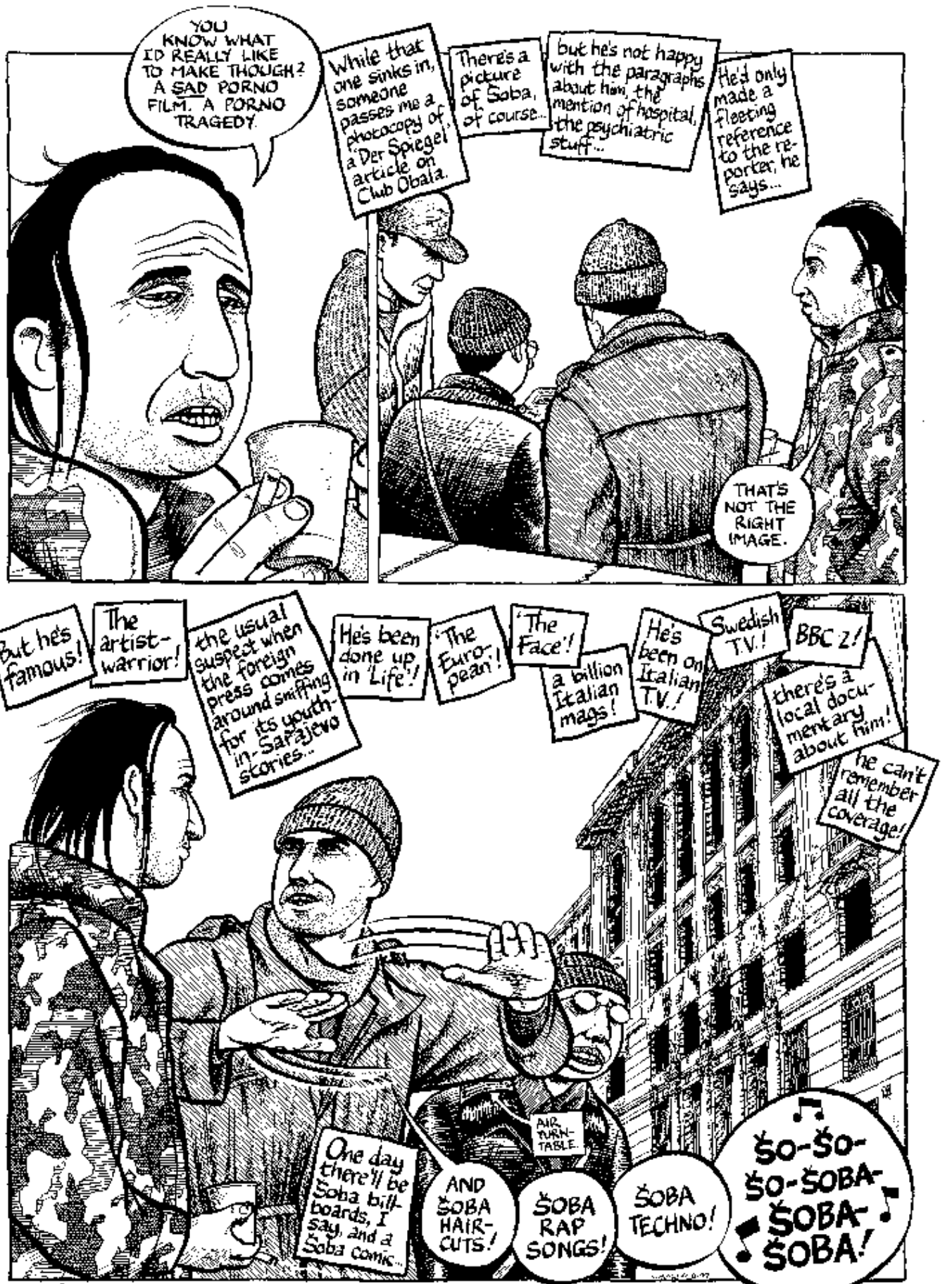
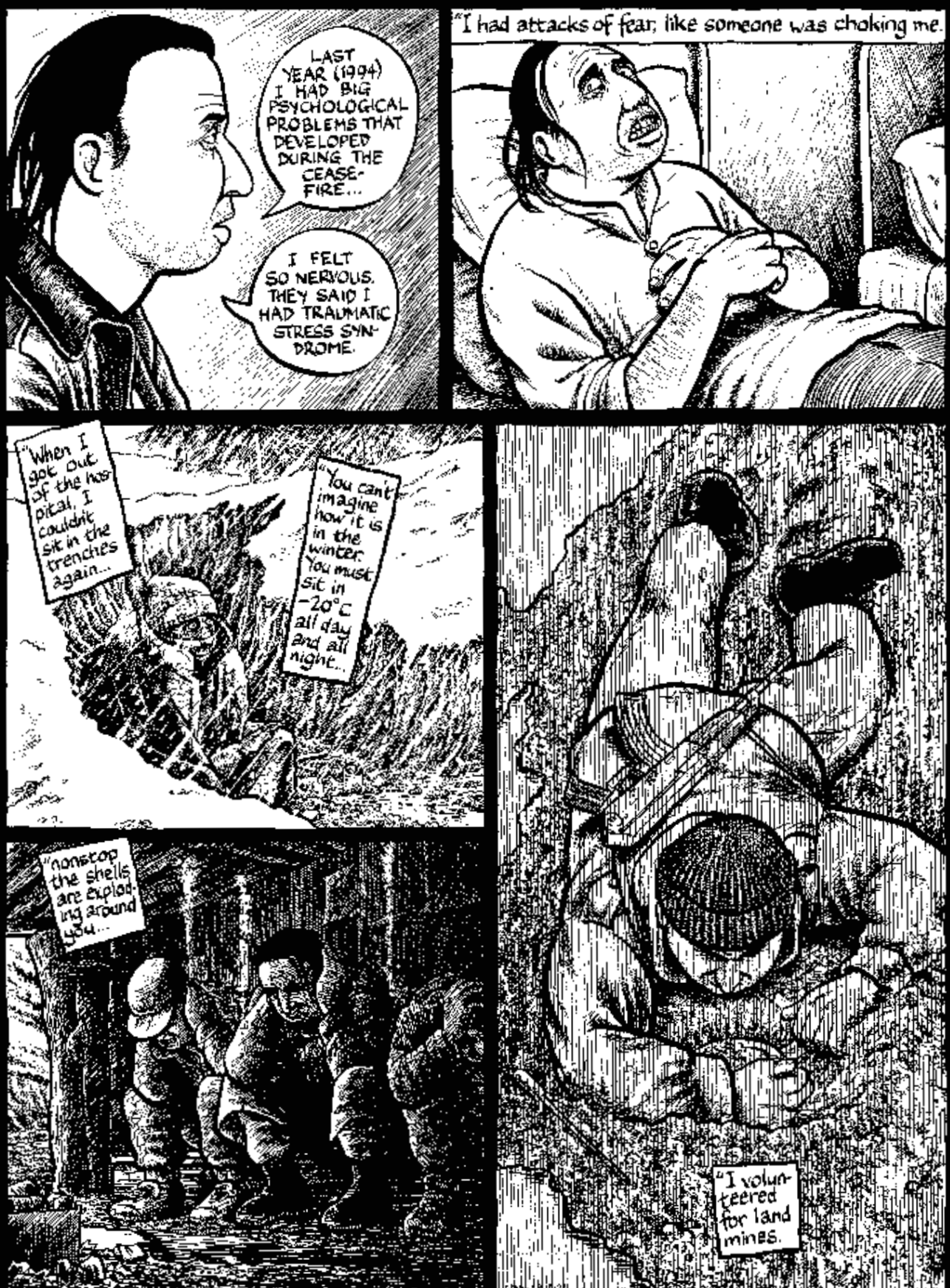
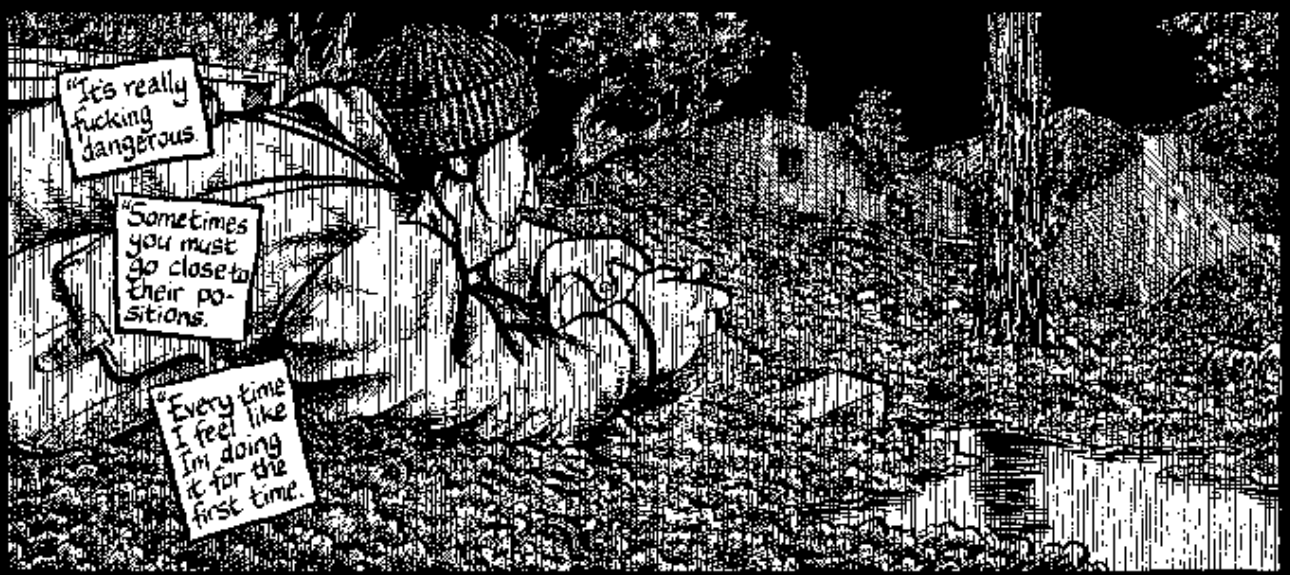

"You saw people in the city having fun, they had cars... We realized there were a lot of people sitting in their homes doing nothing."
"You think, 'Why should I fight?'"
"You've just come back from sleeping in the forest, in the mud.
"Sometimes you want to pull out a gun and shoot someone for stepping on your foot."
A LOT OF PEOPLE WILL GO CRAZY AFTER THIS WAR. THE HOSPITALS WILL BE FULL OF CRAZY PEOPLE... ESPECIALLY THE FIGHTERS FROM THE SPECIAL UNITS.
THE WAR IS EVERYTHING THEY HAVE. THEY LIKE TO FIGHT. THEY LIKE DANGER.
SOMETIMES I THINK I WAS BORN IN THIS WAR, THAT ALL MY LIFE IS WAR.

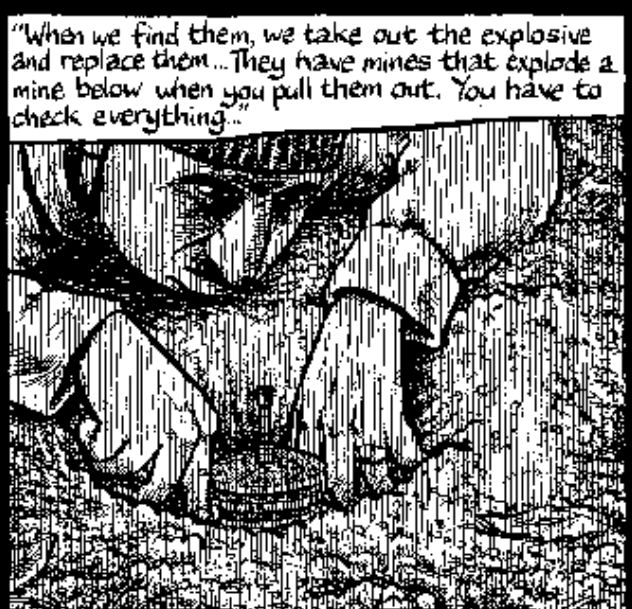

They're standing around drinking Loza out of plastic cups.
What's the celebration? I ask.
LOZA... LOZA AND PLASTIC CUPS.
Vlado and Soba are discussing the porn flick they want to make some day, starring Soba, of course...
I LOVE PORNO MOVIES WITH COMIC ELEMENTS...
HAVE YOU SEEN 'PORNO POSTMAN'?
IT IS VERY GOOD
IT IS ABOUT A POSTMAN WHO STICKS HIS DICK THROUGH THE LETTER SLOT AND HAS IT SUCKED BY WOMEN ON THE OTHER SIDE.
Soba posits the opening scene of his porno flick. He and Vlado are lying on a bed, see, talking philosophy, Hegel, then the camera pans down and—
—AND THERE'S A COUPLE OF GIRLS SMOKING OUR DICKS!
SUCKING OUR DICKS.

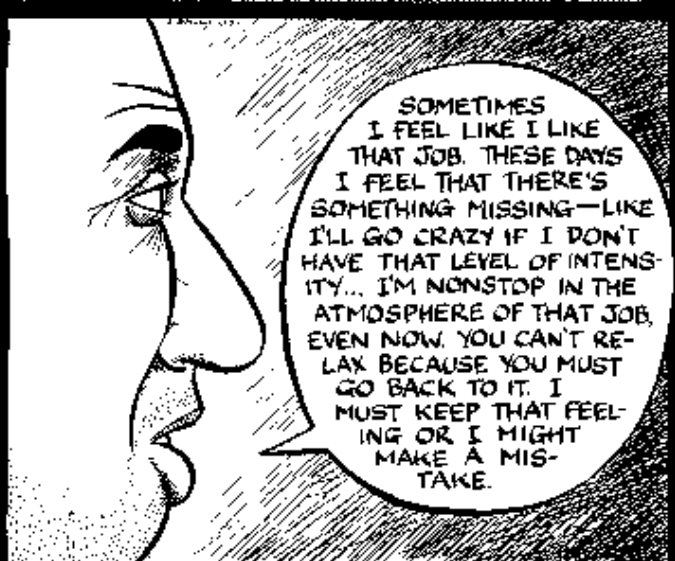

YOU KNOW WHAT I'D REALLY LIKE TO MAKE THOUGH? A SAD PORNO FILM. A PORNO TRAGEDY.
While that one sinks in, someone passes me a photocopy of a Der Spiegel article on Club Obala.
There's a picture of Soba, of course...
but he's not happy with the paragraphs about him, the mention of hospital, the psychiatric stuff...
He'd only made a fleeting reference to the reporter, he says...
THAT'S NOT THE RIGHT IMAGE.
But he's famous!
The artist-warrior!
the usual suspect when the foreign press comes around sniffing for its youth-in-Sarajevo stories...
He's been done up in 'Life'!
'The European'!
'The Face'!
a billion Italian mags!
He's been on Italian T.V.!
Swedish T.V.!
BBC 2!
there's a local documentary about him!
he can't remember all the coverage!
One day there'll be Soba billboards, I say, and a Soba comic...
AIR TURN-TABLE
AND SOBA HAIR-CUTS!
SOBA RAP SONGS!
SOBA TECHNO!
SO-SO-SO-SOBA-SOBA-SOBA!


LAST YEAR (1994) I HAD BIG PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEMS THAT DEVELOPED DURING THE CEASE-FIRE...
I FELT SO NERVOUS. THEY SAID I HAD TRAUMATIC STRESS SYNDROME.
"I had attacks of fear, like someone was choking me.
"When I got out of the hospital, I couldn't sit in the trenches again...
"You can't imagine how it is in the winter. You must sit in -20°C all day and all night...
"nonstop the shells are exploding around you...
"I volunteered for land mines.


"It's really fucking dangerous.
"Sometimes you must go close to their positions.
"Every time I feel like I'm doing it for the first time.

"We are working at night... We have only a stick to find their mines...


"When we find them, we take out the explosive and replace them... They have mines that explode a mine below when you pull them out. You have to check everything..."


SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE I LIKE THAT JOB. THESE DAYS I FEEL THAT THERE'S SOMETHING MISSING—LIKE I'LL GO CRAZY IF I DON'T HAVE THAT LEVEL OF INTENSITY... I'M NONSTOP IN THE ATMOSPHERE OF THAT JOB, EVEN NOW. YOU CAN'T RELAX BECAUSE YOU MUST GO BACK TO IT. I MUST KEEP THAT FEELING OR I MIGHT MAKE A MISTAKE.

I CAN'T RELAX ANYWAY. WHEN YOU RELAX YOU START THINKING, AND THEN YOU'RE THINKING, 'WHAT AM I DOING? THIS IS CRAZY.'

like pleasure spiked with pain
music is my aeroplane
it's my aer-o-plane
A. is back! recently returned from Bihac or Doboj or Sanski Most. from places with names one learns overnight when armies crash through armies and a whole war pivots, turns, and swings the other way.
I LOVE LIFE.
THIS MOMENT.
THIS SONG.
THIS SCHNAPPS.
And the front line?
It breathes, he says. It inhales and exhales, bringing him to the Chetniks, bringing the Chetniks to him...
Soba's over there, chatting up the young ladies
the ladies are young at Club Obala...
they're the crop of girls too young to have been sent out of Sarajevo in '92 when the war began...
they're 19, 20 now, the glorious pinnacle!
And Soba is Soba! needing no introduction!
He is the Planter of Land Mines!
The Sculptor!
The Painter!
The Rock Star!
The Disciple of Corto Maltese—
cap and all—
who used to stride into places with pistol at the ready under his longcoat...

A. is on the local front line tomorrow, Sarajevo's the one that doesn't breathe, that hasn't moved in years, he's one day on, one day off, "nonstop," he says, and he doesn't mind...
Anyway, the cease-fire is holding, he thinks the war is over...
I AM ALIVE.
I AM HERE.
His best friends are dead, both brothers killed in action, his mother and other family massacred, and you don't know the half of it... he himself is what people here call a Great Fighter... he is special units, wounded in four places...
One day he showed me the bullet marks in his armored jacket.
I AM THE BEST.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT FEAR IS.
JOE!
I LIKE PLEASURE SPIKED WITH PAIN, MUSIC IS MY AEROPLANE...
IT'S MY AER-O-PLANE...
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WE CAN FUCK ANY GIRL WE WANT!
A ROW OF WHITE ASSES!
YOU WILL SEE!
I'VE DONE IT FOUR TIMES!
?
I LOVE THIS CITY!
I DEFEND THIS CITY!

into...
up...
through...
and suddenly...!
18

Soba!
He's surrounded a cutie!
He's putting on incredible moves!
working on her!
dancing trashy!
bumping!
grinding!
Travoltaing in a way that'd drop an ordinary chick to her knees!
Not her though.
The Planter of Land Mines, who had to hang on to the roots of trees during the artillery barrages on Zut, can barely get a wiggle out of her bottoms!
Now A. lends his ass. The Great Fighter and the Planter of Land Mines are introducing coordinated dance moves and playing the homoerotic card to get her messy, but no dice!
The boys take off their long-coats... Soba even strips off his 1972 Pierre Cordin shirt... It's getting serious now, but where's Little Miss Bubblegun?

There she is, up against a wall and getting all chatty with some bastard who hasn't even raised a sweat...
Never mind, Šoba pulls another pretty into his orbit...
I want you to be my lover be my lover
She wants to dance all right...
Šoba reprises a condensed version of his best moves for quick results...
but she's too caught up in her own pirouettes to notice his...
and at 180 beats per minute, Šoba's Greatest Dance Moves are expended fast...