

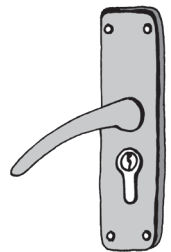
GLIMPSES OF COMFORT

COLLECTION OF COMICS ABOUT
OBSESSIONS, FREEDOM AND ROMANCE



by Ella Gall & Kostja Ribnik

CLACK



“Glimpses of Comfort”

Collection of comics about obsessions,
freedom and romance

by Ella Gall and Kostja Ribnik

2012 and 2013.

This is DRM free PDF version.

**If you read it on your computer,
please use two page display for
optimal book experience.**

**If you'd like a hard copy of this book,
it is available at www.kostjaribnik.com**

Published by:

Stripnjak - Graphic book editions

Sarajevo, Bosnia-Herzegovina

www.stripnjak.zvukovina.com

First printed edition was in May 2013

by Stripnjak, Sarajevo. Bosnia-Herzegovina

In edition of 50 copies

Cover & design by Kostja Ribnik

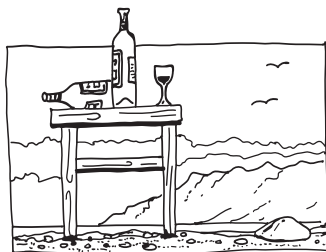
There are no copyrights on this book but
please do not use any part of it for out of
the context purpose, especially comercial,
before you contact the autors or publisher,
except for promotional or review use.

Feel free to share it, print it and distribute
under no profit terms.

The stories in this book are work of fiction.
Any resemblance to anyone: living, dead,
obsessed, free or romantic is completely
coincidental. The characters are fictional, even
if they might seam very familiar from everyday
life. The comfortable things, places, times and
dimensions are purely fictional.

GLIMPSES OF COMFORT

COLLECTION OF COMICS ABOUT
OBSESSIONS, FREEDOM AND ROMANCE
by Ella Gall & Kostja Ribnik



STRIPNJAK

www.stripnjak.zvukovina.com
STRIPNJAK 002 SPRING 2013

GLIMPSES OF COMFORT

Ella Gall Writer **Kostja Ribnik** Art

Afterword by Šefik Tatlić

Contents:

Don't Edit Sober

(January 2013)

Once They Had Pest

(November 2012)

All Those People

(February 2012)

Or All the Worlds with Bottles

(February 2012)

This Funny Story

(February 2012)

Autumn Love Story

(November 2012)

Winter Song

(December 2012)

Sleep Museum

(April 2013)



In moments of inspirational connection and openness, lovely worlds would summon us to explore them, so we entered and learned about the creatures that inhabited those worlds made of patterns, melodies of dreams and obsessions. We are glad they let us in, and they let us learn about their stories. Here they are now, out in the open, ready to be explored and to inspire.

Although sometimes it seemed to us that we are talking about one thing alone, sending unique message, these worlds were entered from different doorways, in different periods, and they changed and developed just like we did. Earthly-measuring-wise said, they were created from February 2012. until April 2013. It was lovely to roam around, and we are looking forward to go back again.

We hope you will enjoy visiting these places, too!

Ella & Kostja
Sarajevo, April 2013



Why the hell I cannot write when I'm sober?

Why write when you're sober? Even Hemingway said: Write drunk, edit sober.

Yeah. But I cannot even edit sober. It just feels weird and disconnected from the world I'm in when I'm fucking drunk.

Well, that's nothing weird. You're fucked up by the world we live in, you learned to tame and adjust your inner self and you need to set your spirits free! Alcohol helps dismantle the mechanisms embedded.

Don't Edit Sober

Let it flow

story by Ella Gall
art by Kristia Ribnik
January 2013

So, are you suggesting that it's quite ok to become alcoholic in order to become the kind of writer I want to be?

I HATE EDITING

Well... Would you prefer keeping yourself in a good, sober-healthy-smiley spirit shape so you can be a good slave to this insanity humans created around us and beyond?

Everything around had a scent of love and wonderful life.

Civilization's progress was endless.

People were looking forward to new advancements.

Beginnings that were promising abundance of possibilities.

Horroric was the end of the dream.

Scattered bodies and grayness.

Blood and endless dark.

Gluttony.

They walked through the woods of chopped extremities as it was their homeland.

It was beautiful to see the remains of human bodies.

D. was masturbating when nobody was watching.

They reminded him of his lost darling who was Earthling.

What a bizarre culture.
What a pointless goal.

Planet is gorgeous and everything
functions as it is supposed to,
in consonance seen only in
most respected parts
of universe

Specialist medical report says
they do not need help from
abroad anymore.

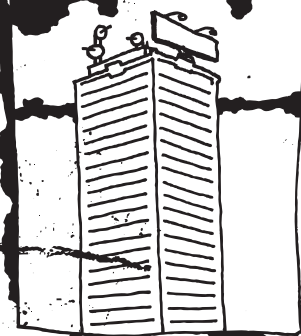
Once they had pest
called Human that were dangerous
for health but they
annihilated them and planet feels o.k.

by Ella Gall (story) & Kostja Ribnik (drawings) 2012.

The end

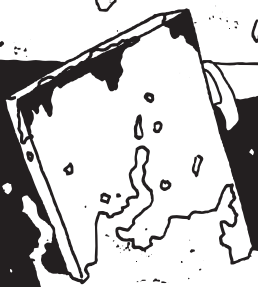
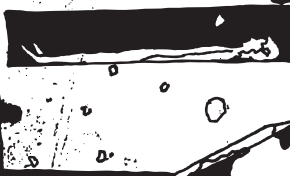


glimpses of some other lives
where they are not silent captives
in the biggest prison of all



story by Ella Gall art by Kostja Ribnik

2012



where they are not blackmailed
to become someone's dolls
in order to maintain mere existence

Here comes the sadness
and they play with it every day, as if they
were so rich... As if they had hundreds
of lives

millions of stories to die for
as if they were just tourists
in their own lives

such a luxury
makes them feel they're
in control

They obey
what else is there to be done

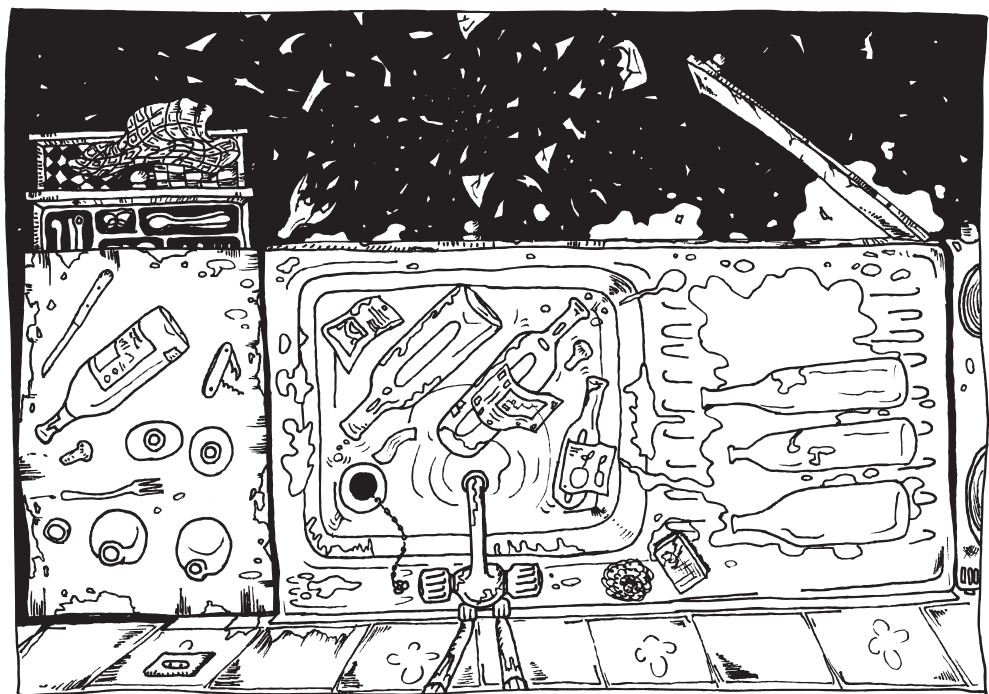
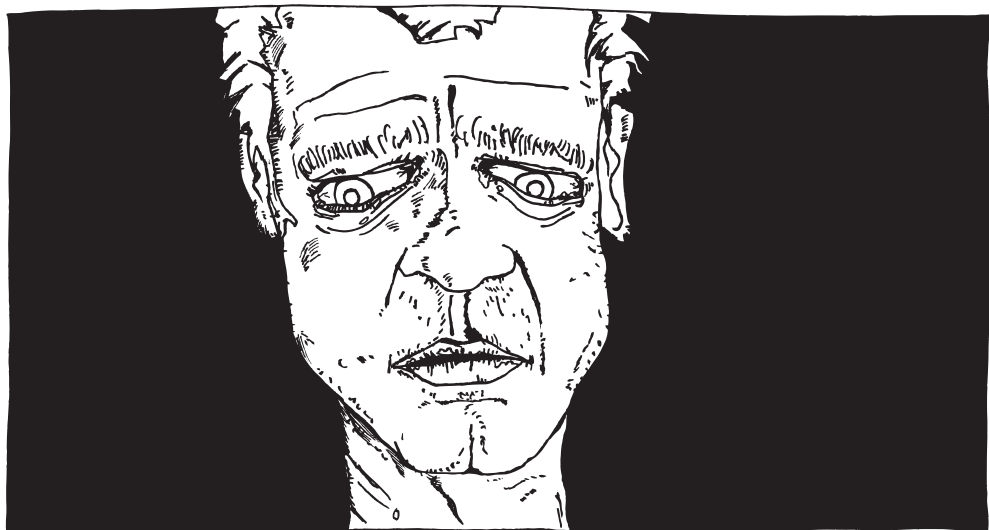
Some die but never realise
they were just a screw
in someone's machinery

THE END

*I am the keeper, the sleeper in the stormy night
I am the believer, the one to be blessed as knight*

Or All the Worlds with Bottles

story by Ella Gall art by Kostja Ribnik



Swift had the affection
towards glass bottles.



Or, shall we call it a tendency, or love, or weakness,
or maniacal obsession, or some other appropriate noun?
Or let's not bother with definitions, but focus on the story...



Anyway, Swift could never, under any circumstances, let any bottle that would enter his house to ever leave.



Having consumed what he consumed, Swift would put the bottle in one of the many shelves he made so he could have place to keep the bottles.



It became a bit complicated when there was no room for new shelves and then there was no room for him either.



After the bottles forced him out of bed, Swift decided it was time to rent a new place, in order to leave the present one to the piled bottles. Since it is already the ninth apartment he is renting, he is obviously going to have to search for a better job.



The end

*What world offers me is all bullshit and void
All those empty pretty things I passionately avoid
For a daisy in the field of machines I long
The one that lucidly shines and would be considered as wrong
So try no more my loved ones, I'm gone
Possibilities to be considered are none!*

This Funny Story

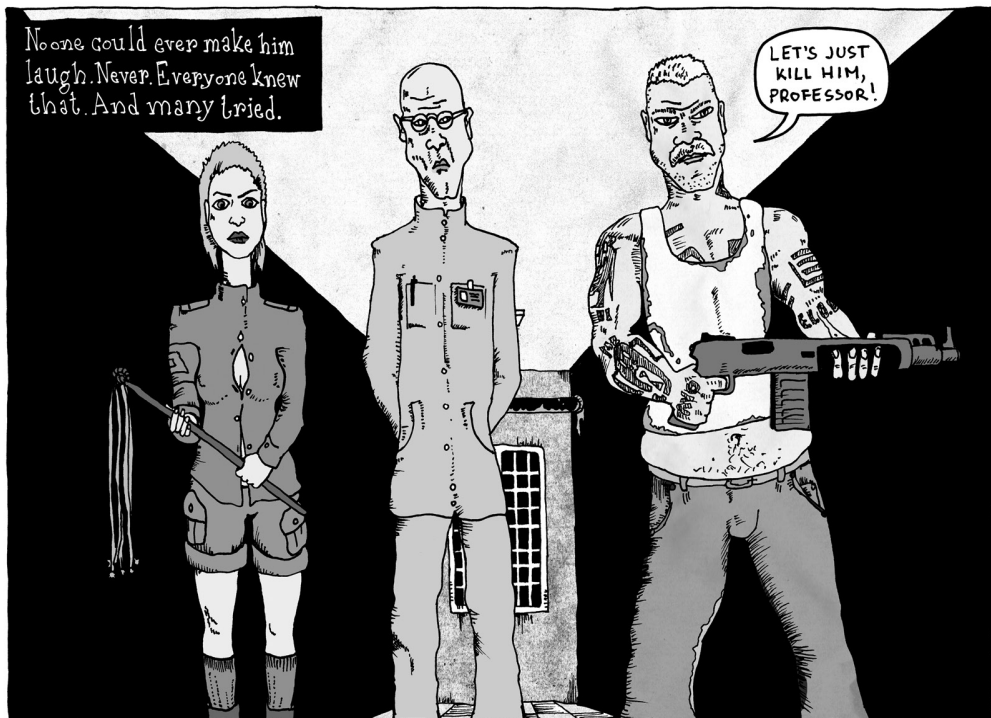
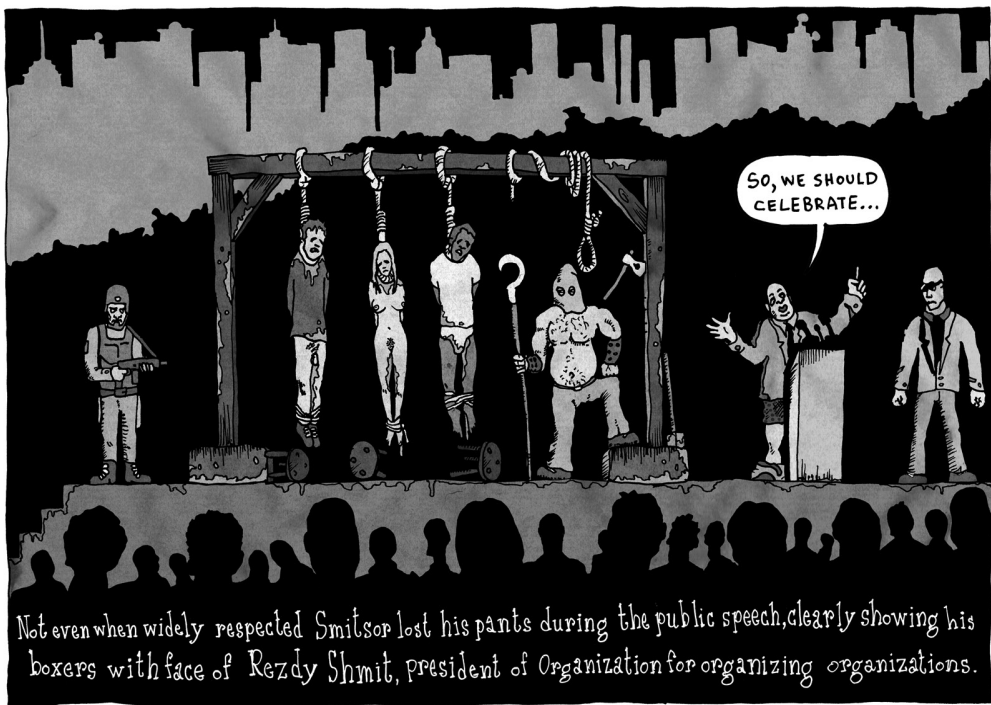
Ella Gall story Kostja Ribnik this funny



Nothing was ever funny to Didi.

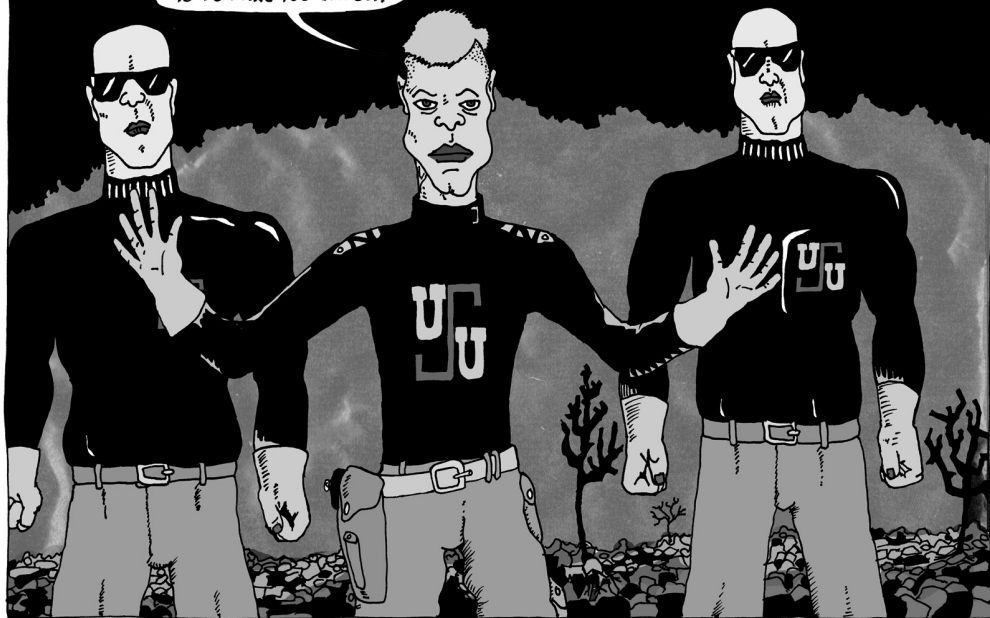
Not even when Lu fell in deep mud, when Arl shitted his pants or Flo beat the shit out of himself in order to stop laughing.





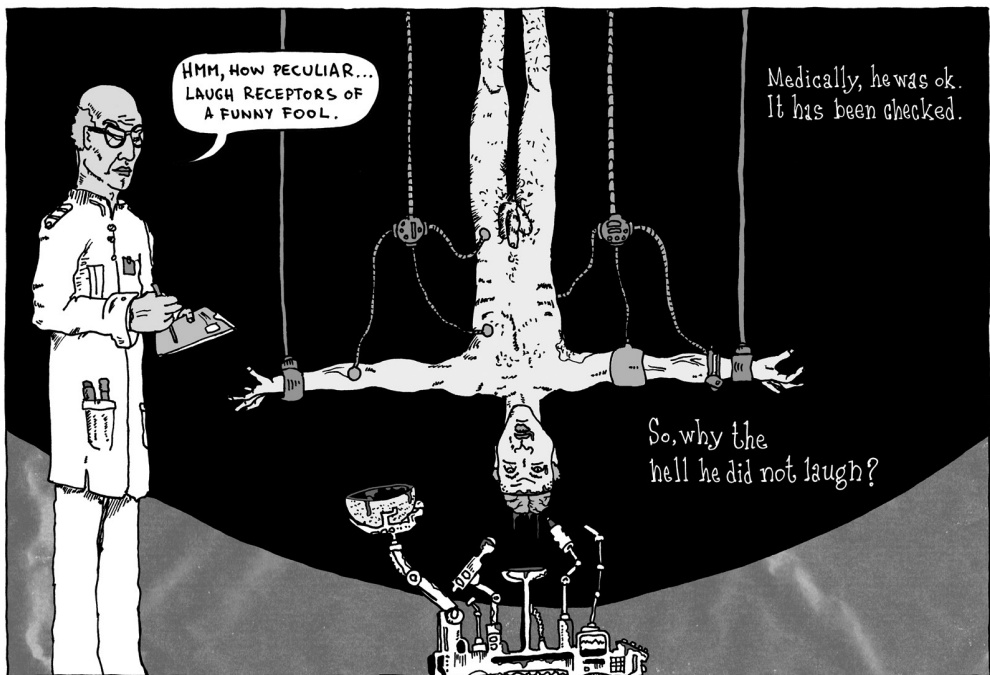
Even Ugrar Usmar and his ultimate jokers activists tried.

SO, THE GOAL OF THIS PROJECT
IS TO MAKE YOU LAUGH.



HMM, HOW PECULIAR...
LAUGH RECEPTORS OF
A FUNNY FOOL.

Medically, he was ok.
It has been checked.



So, why the
hell he did not laugh?



*When all the fields of lavender are gone
And no more butterflies are to be seen in world
When all the seas and mountains are forgotten and there's just void
When all the beauties that existed are destroyed
One echo will pulse throughout the universe, beyond and above
It will make the whole life worth the deepest bow
Love*

Autumn Love Story

STORY: ELLA GALL ART: KOSTJA RIBNIK 2012.



So, I'm immortal.

But I never had the courage to fully live.

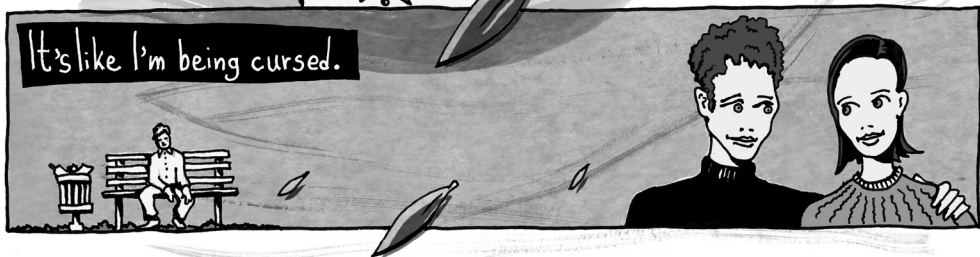


Although my immortality is a burden,
I still do not have the courage to face death.



There is, of course, the way
to end immortality, but
if you do not want to,
you do not have to.

It's like I'm being cursed.



It's just too difficult to separate from life.

To see what happens next.

Does it happen?

I believe it doesn't.

There is nothing out there.

But void.

So I try to stay.

As much as I can.



Maybe the fear of death of the mortals is infectious, so I feel it too.



Anyway, I just try to stay here as long as I can.

By obeying the laws, by loving it all, by playing by the rules.



Do I like life?

Not all the time.

In most of the time, not most of the time.

It's tiring.

And enslaving.

And in most of the cases it makes no sense.



I hate it and I want to vomit.

Humans have come so far.

It hurts.

And I don't understand why it is so hard to separate from life.



Stupid.

I should know better.

Or not.

I'm one of them now.

I feel the despair.

It's when you had nothing you wanted as human, it's when you did not make it and you need more time...

Excuse me lady, but you should clean that shit.

Then you are afraid of death.



But it's so liquid!

You are simply not ready because your deadline is too close.



And you are too late.

Some of us are so far that they need centuries.

Your little beauty have diarrhea... I'm Karim, BTW.

I'm Anna. Yes, she is a bit sick lately.

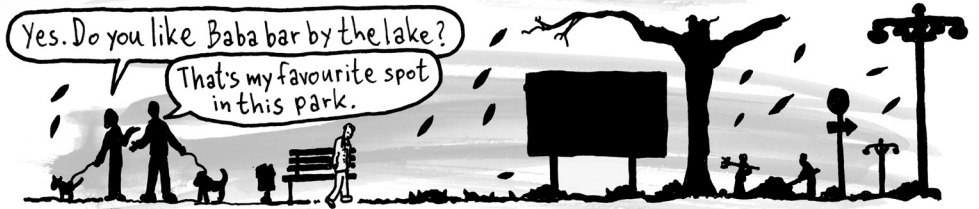
And some of us are too lazy to even begin trying to come there.



Being immortal, I'm ashamed of being jealous of those that leave this place with smiles on their faces.



Like they mastered some skill that is so strange to me.



Like they learned something hidden in books I read but did not understand.



Like if it is here, in front of my face but I am blind.



My immortality is a curse, and I envy those who go away, so familiar with the paths behind and in front.

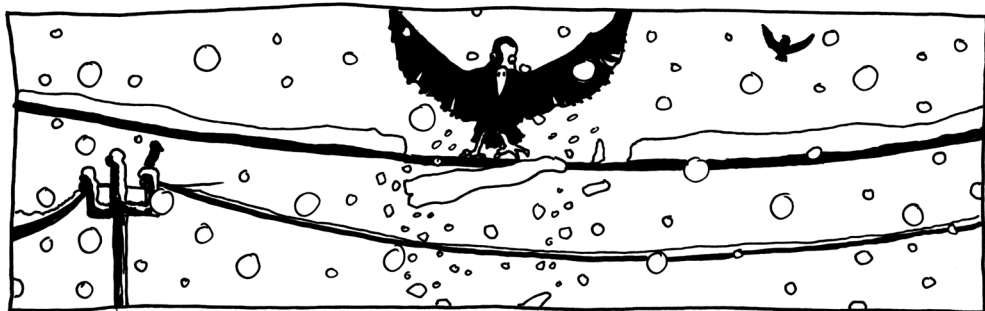
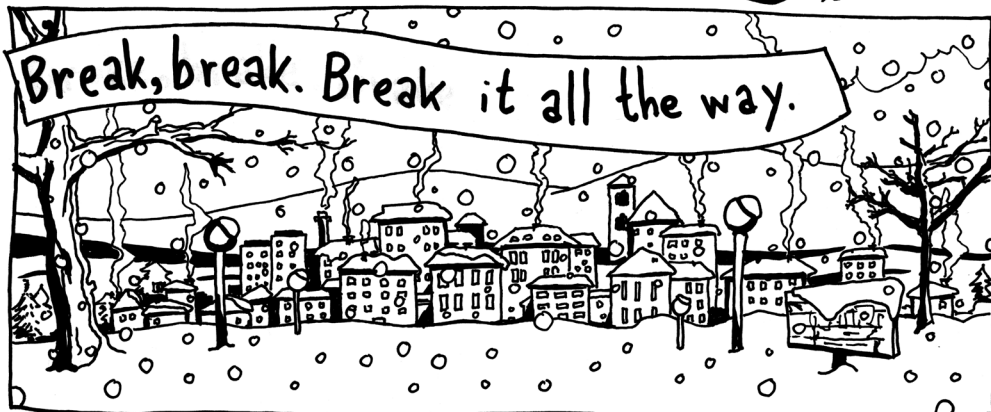
Penny for my life.

The end

*Never could I meet my heart
Never could I trust my breath
Never could I live my thoughts
Never could I risk the chance
Chance to stay, chance to end
And to love to pretend*

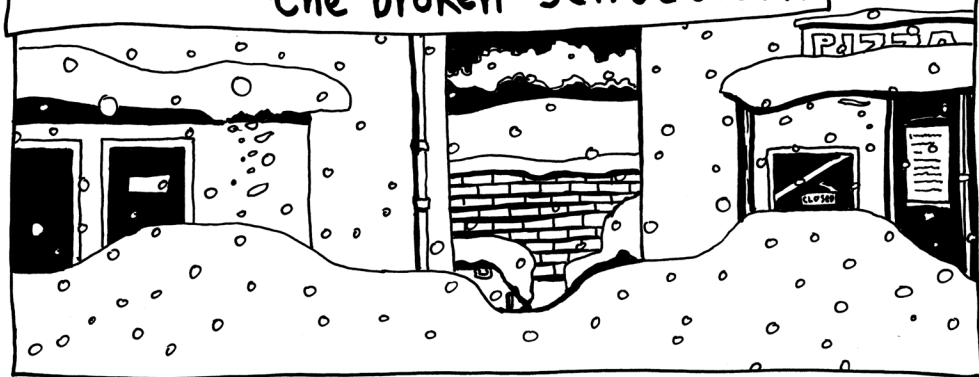
Winter Song

LYRICS BY:
Ella Gail
GRAPHIC EQUALIZER BY:
Kostja Ribnik
DECEMBER 2012



As if nothing will come out of it
in the end.

As if there is nothing after
the broken sensation.

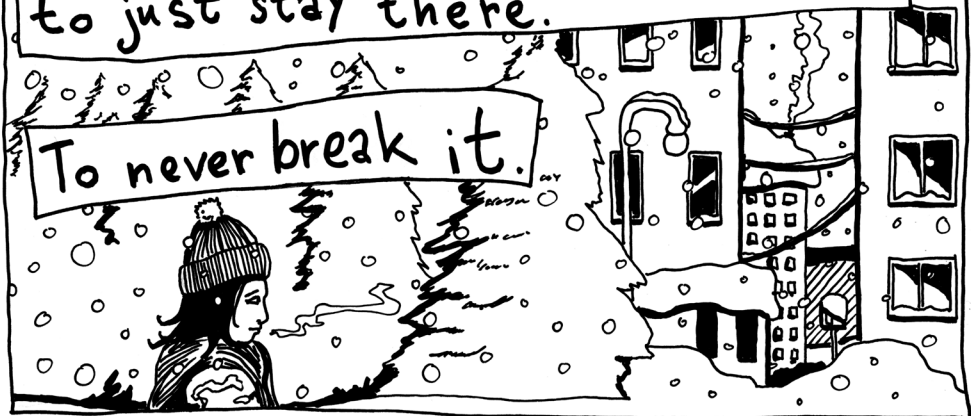


As if there is no new beginning.



But it does feel so comfortable
to just stay there.

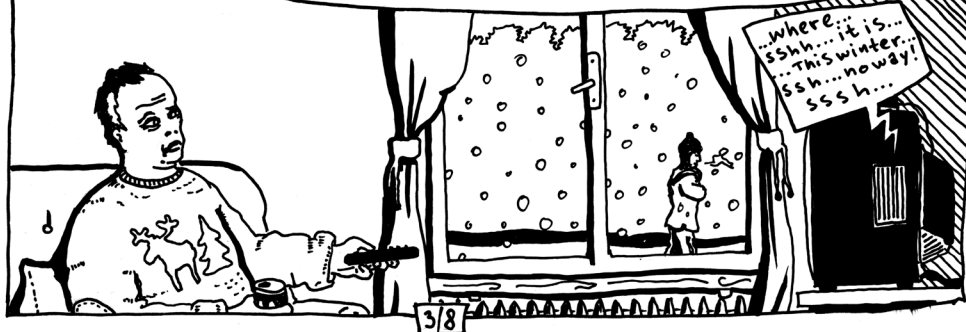
To never break it.



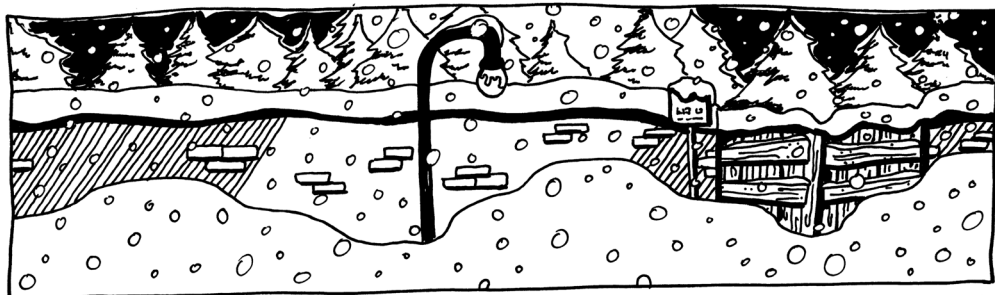
To sit in a warm room
at snowy night...



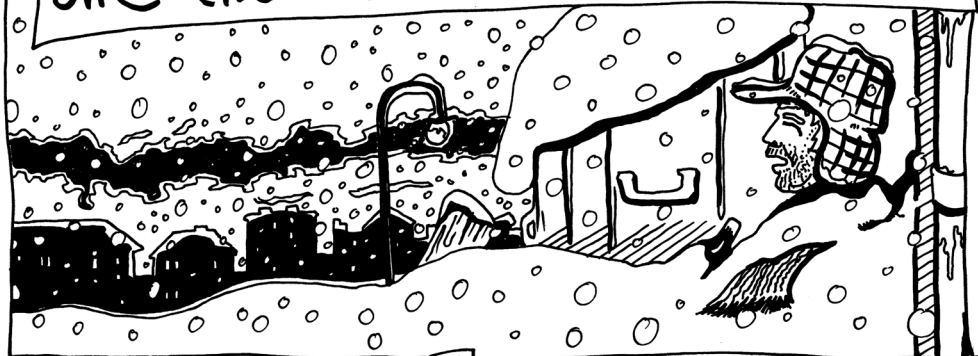
Eating chestnuts, solving crosswords
with the comfortable one that
you know by heart.



Your heart whispers you every step
that will be taken in future
endeavours. So comfortable.



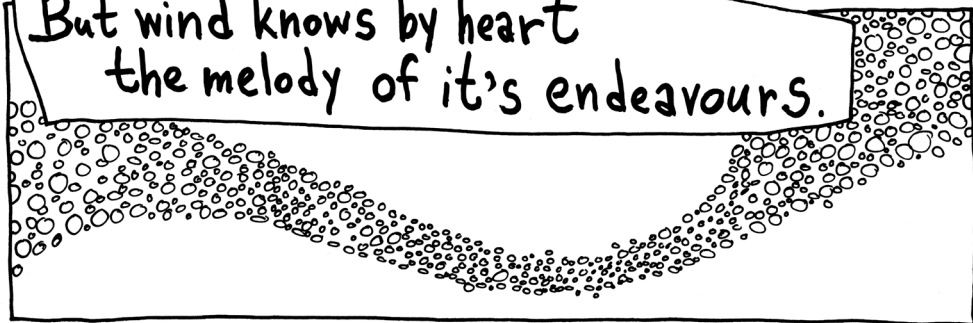
Wind sings outside like a lonely rider
headed to a land far away, the
one the rider never heard of before.



Without knowing why she is headed there,
what awaits there and if it
will be good for her.



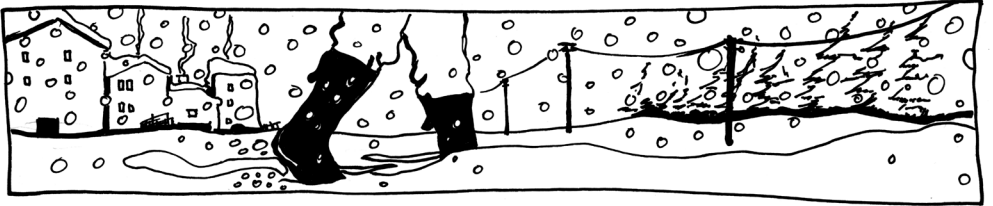
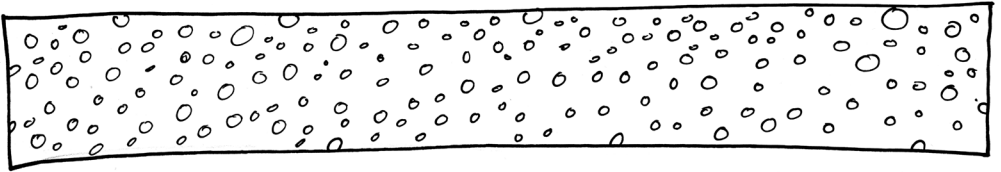
But wind knows by heart
the melody of it's endeavours.



The things that are different
are the lyrics. Those are scary.







But the melody... The melody
just carries, encourages.

Lyrics will be carried by the melody
so the wind is brave to carry on.



As long as the melody is there,
wind is strong to go.

Breathe.

Explore.

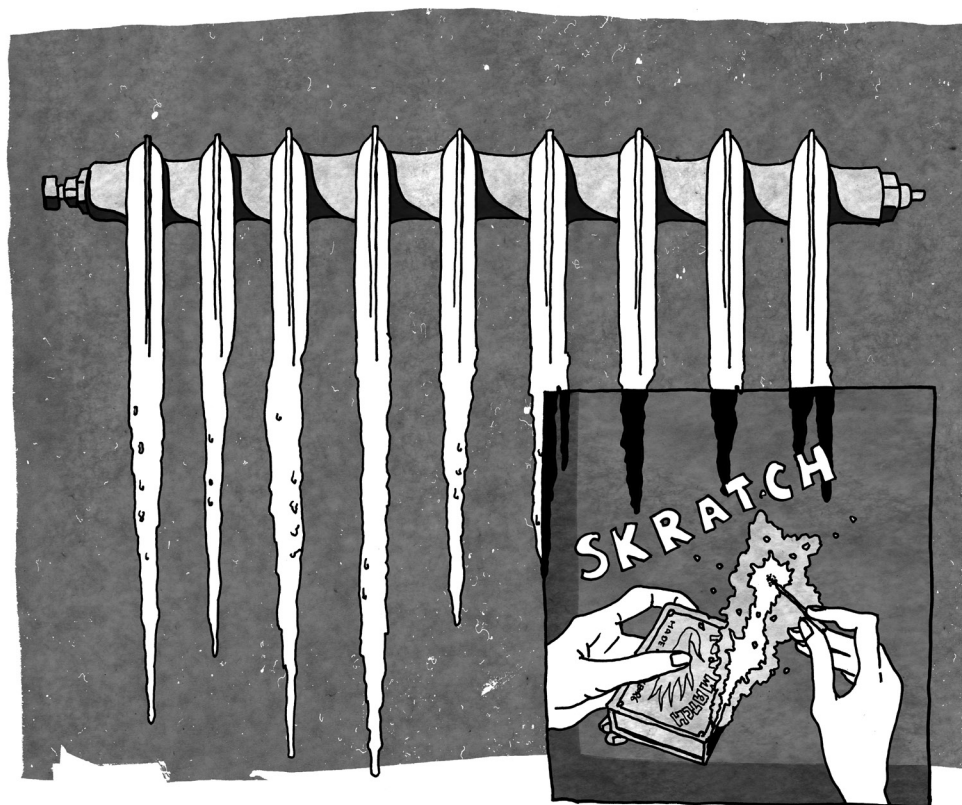
Leave.

Never stop.

The End

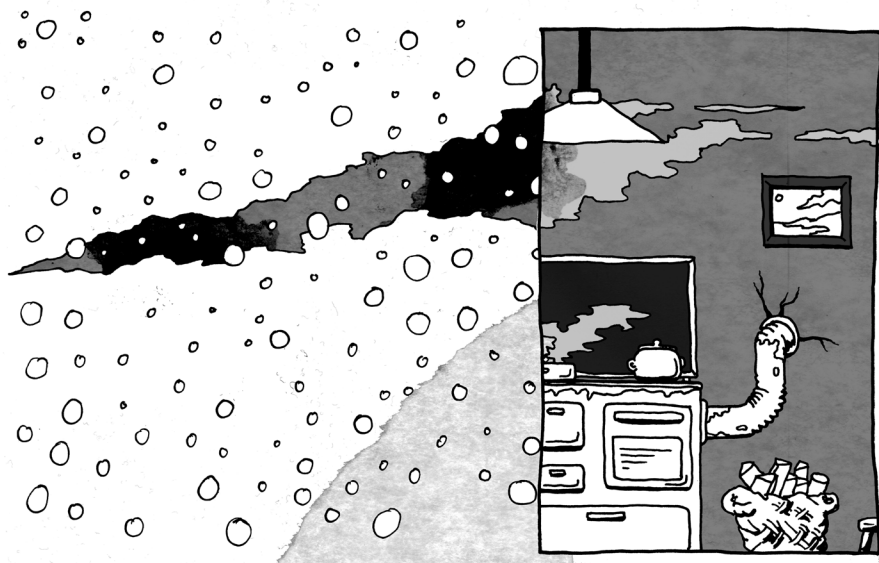


*Hush little baby, go back to sleep
Mommy's gonna bring you in dreams so deep
Avalanche will break if you are awake
And world's gonna smash the chains of ache
In longing for freedom it will turn in chaos and mess
It will cause big heads huge amounts of stress
So sleep little baby, do never wake up
And life's gonna give you a chocolate cup*



It was the night when radiators stopped working.





It is scenario I know so well. No one will come to mend the piece of old mechanism.

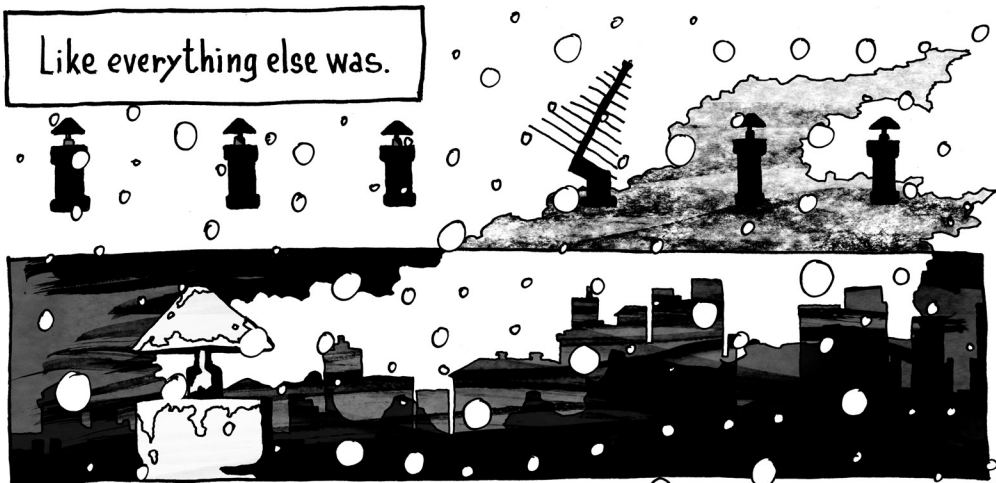
It is obsolete.



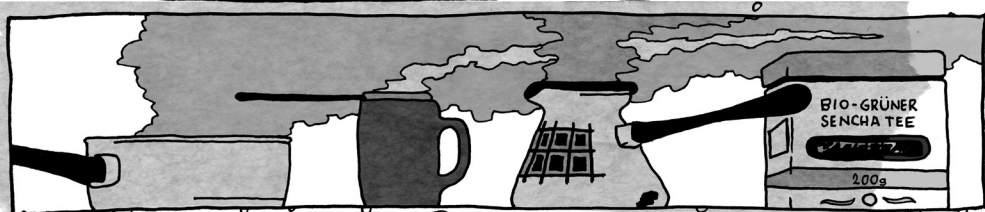
It died and the only thing to do now is to say goodbye.

It will be replaced with one of those new gadgets.

Like everything else was.



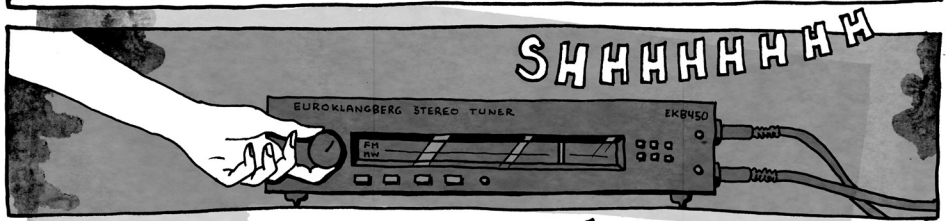
But the strongest sensation I cannot come accustomed to
is that feeling that the air was replaced by something else.



Something more dense and kinda alive.



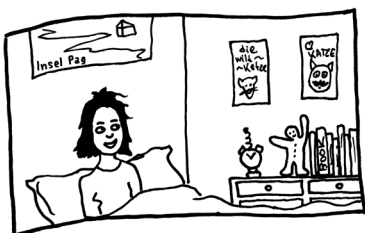
Something that transmits our connection, thoughts and interactions in a very concrete and palpable way.



I feel so sleepy. And I feel I slept for ages.



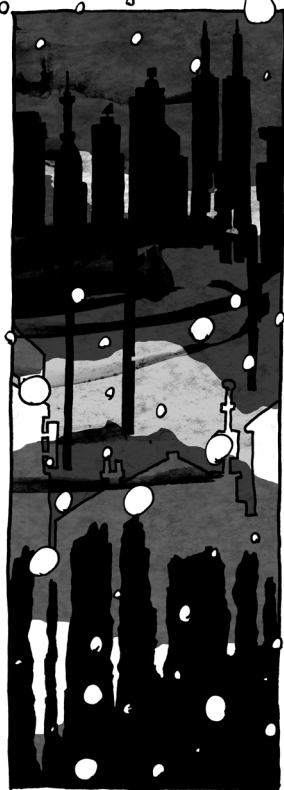
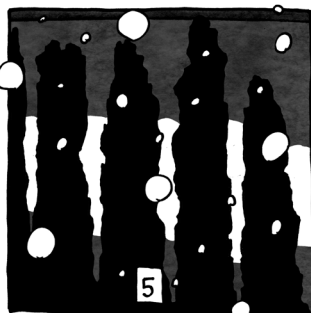
I remember Saturdays when I slept after parties
and after the school week for twelve hours and
my mother coming to my room to wake me up.



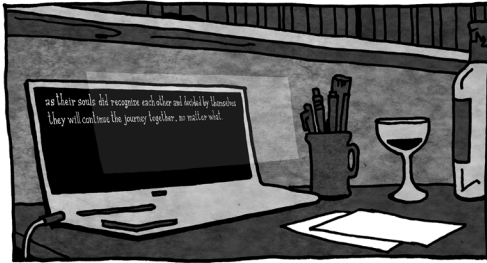
And I remember sun on her smiley cheeks
and smell of pancakes from the kitchen.



I do not
remember
the last time
I saw sunshine.



I do not
remember
going out
at all.

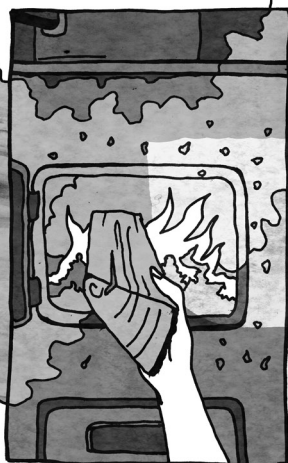


Oh, I really have to
finish my book.

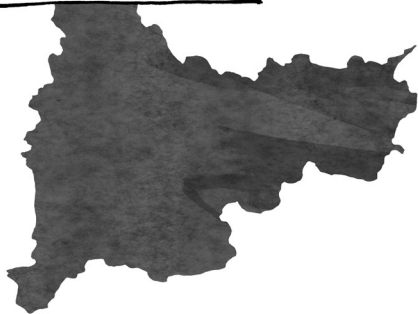
as their souls did recognize each other and decided by themselves
they will continue the journey together, no matter what.

It always feels like I'm reaching the end
but that something is missing and I need
to write some much more meaningful ending.

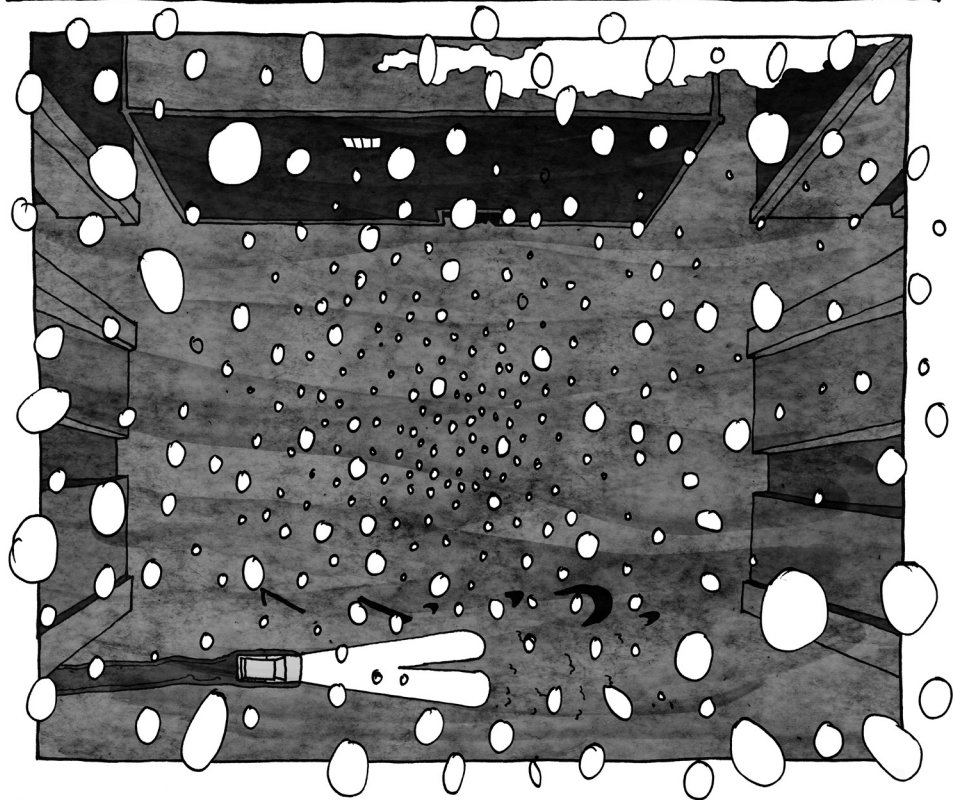
But it's always escaping from my thoughts.



When was the last time I
used the pipes anyway?



I visited Emma.
In September.
Or March.



Can that be a real person using the streets?



A car?

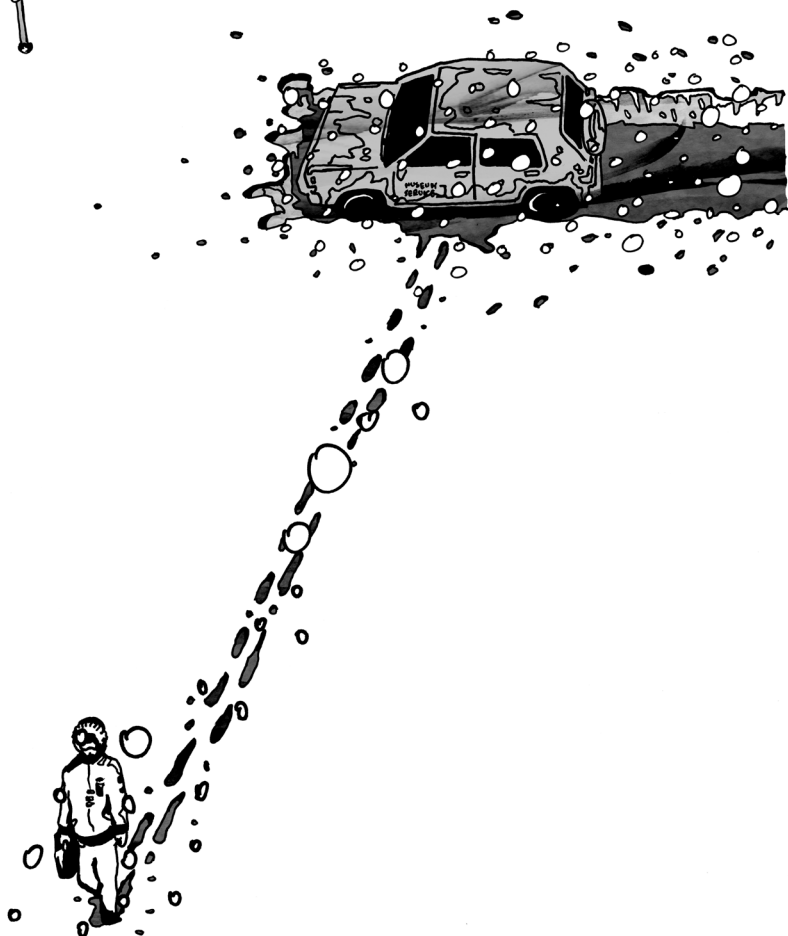
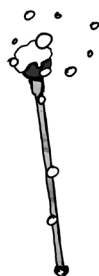


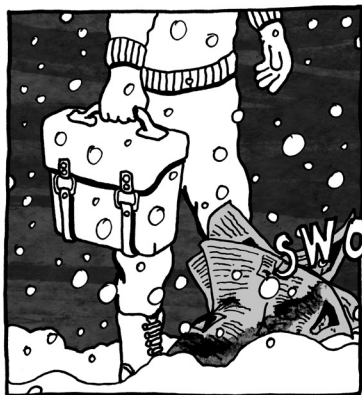
Maybe he is fetishist. Or rebel?
I read about them. They said we
are being turned into some weird
slaves. Or some kind of food.
I do not remember anymore.

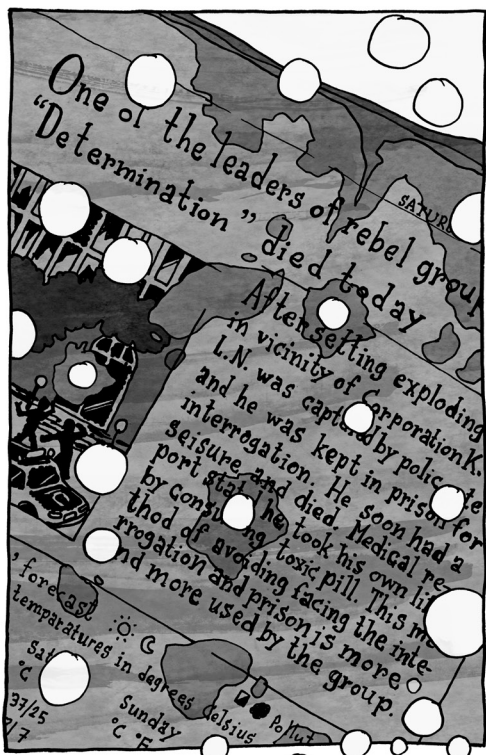
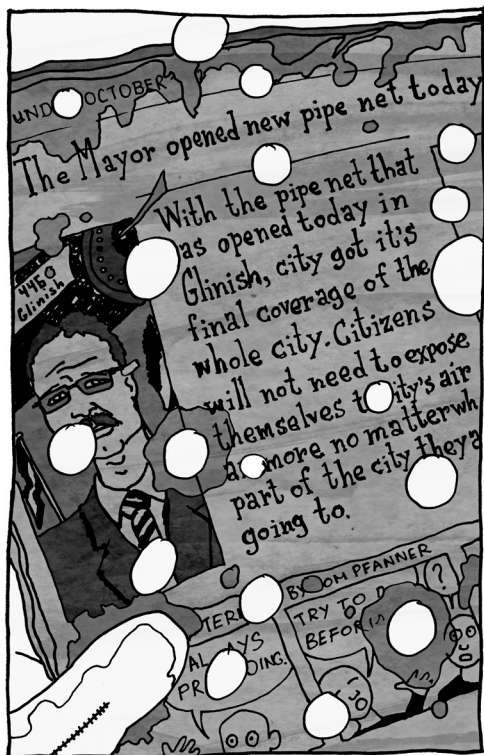


Sleep Museum

Ella Gall writer Kostja Ribnik art

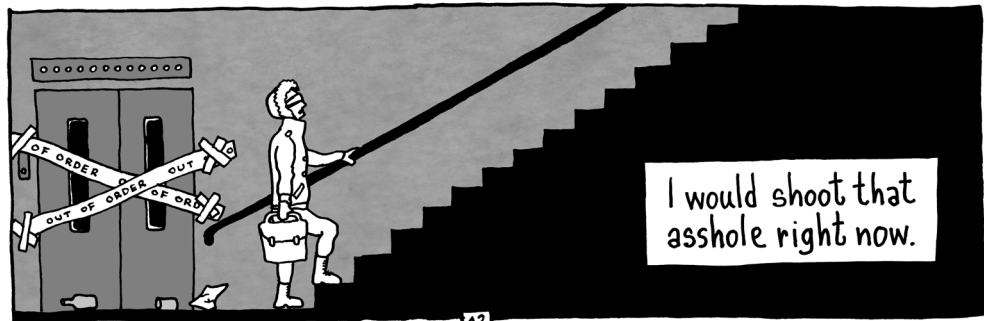
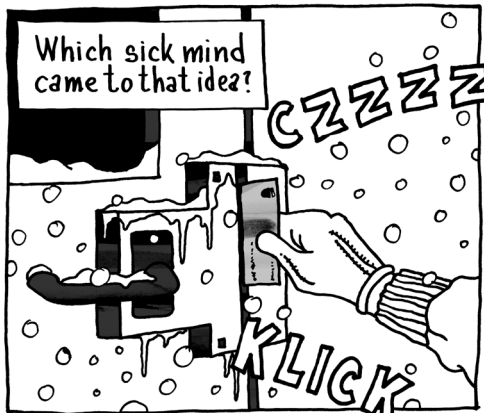
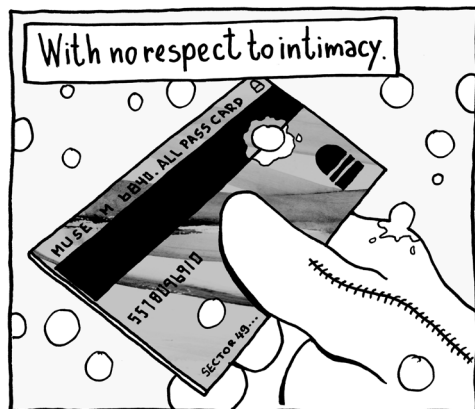
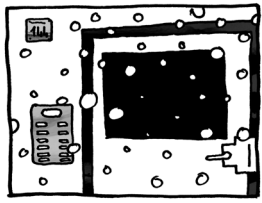
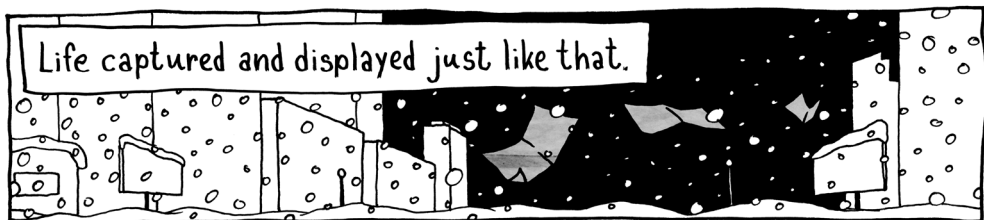
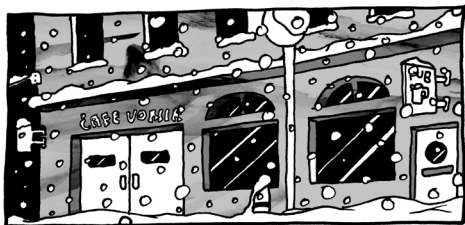
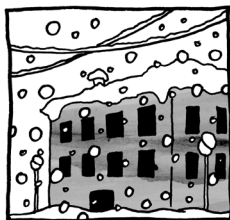






I hate museums.





And why the hell did
that person wake up!



They said the machine works perfectly and almost no one comes back.



Assholes.

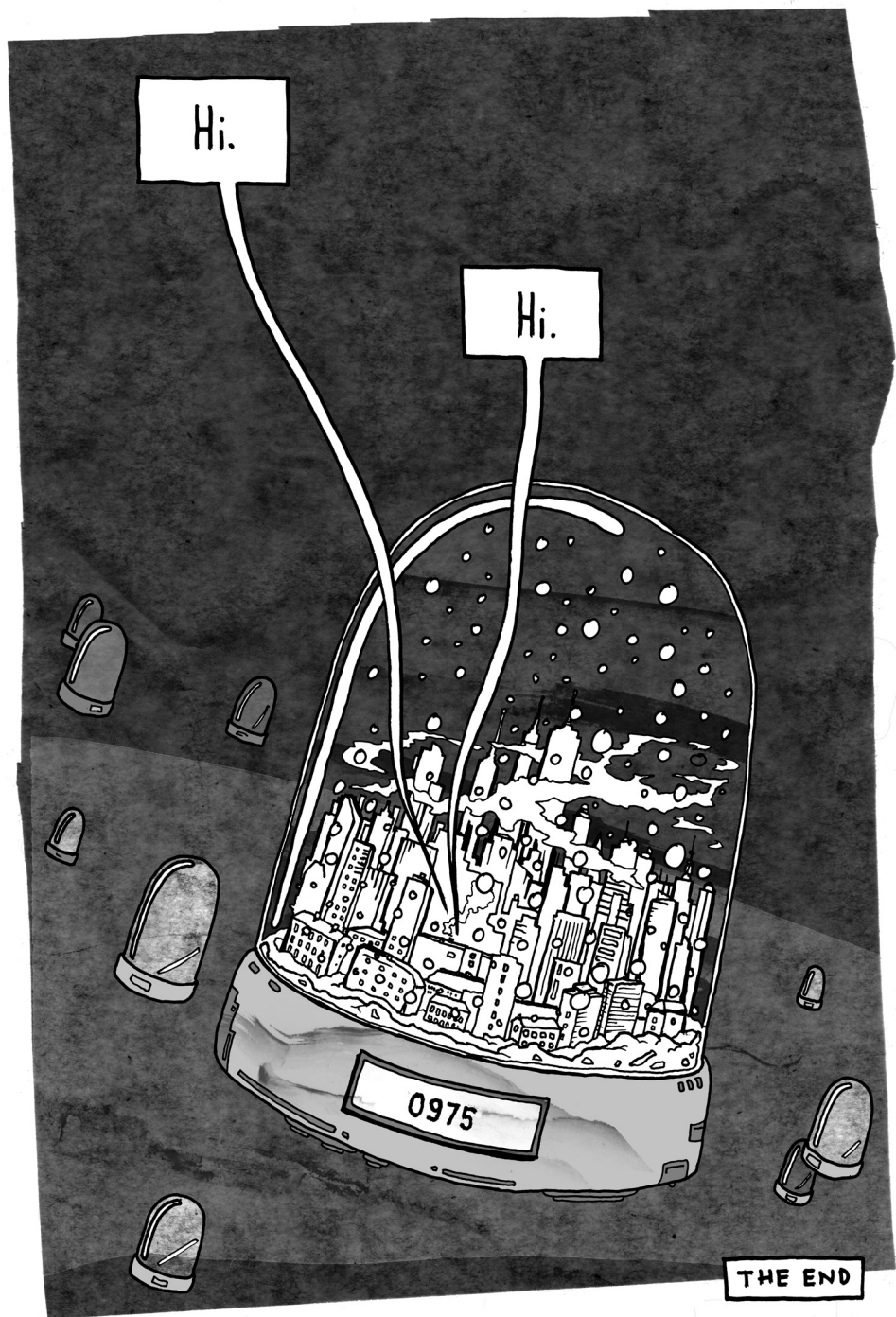


Assholes!

A black and white illustration of a hand holding a flashlight. The word "CLICK" is written in large, bold, white capital letters on a black background above the flashlight. The flashlight is pointed towards the right, and its beam illuminates a dark surface. The hand is shown from the side, with fingers wrapped around the handle. The background is split into a white upper half and a black lower half.

A black and white illustration of a man in a flight suit holding a flashlight. The flashlight beam is labeled '16' and points towards a door handle labeled '17'. The man is standing in a dark room, and the door handle is on a wall. The beam of the flashlight is a large, white, triangular shape that originates from the flashlight and points towards the door handle. The man is wearing a flight suit with a harness and is holding a flashlight in his right hand. The door handle is a simple, curved shape. The background is dark and textured, suggesting a wall or a door. The numbers '16' and '17' are placed near the beam of the flashlight and the door handle, respectively.

A simple line drawing of a door handle. It consists of a vertical rectangular plate with four small circles (screws) at the corners. A curved handle is attached to the left side of the plate. In the center of the plate, below the handle, is a keyhole.



Glimpses of Comfort

Afterword by Šefik Tatić

An array of intimate stories and paranoid figures *Glimpses of Comfort* feature, at first sight produce an impression that the worlds these figures inhabit are the worlds completely structured by their own obsessions and perceptions. Whether the general mood is dystopian or existentialist, *Glimpses* does not exclusively feature glimpses of insight into the perceptive framework of the protagonists, but it features a spectrum of glimpses into the world(s) that structured the same protagonists.

Hence, although it might seem that a variety of obsessive figures that exercise compulsive behaviours comprise (micro) worlds *Glimpses* depict, it is more likely that these worlds are actually an effect of a strong feeling of discomfort produced by the world the comic book was made in. In that sense, it feels that the narrative structure of this comic book features a projection of a hypothetical situation in which the protagonists are dealing with the effects of refusal of the possibility of having a possibility ("There is nothing out there. But void" *Autumn Love Story*).

On the other hand, the void as a verbalization of the "outside" is being accepted as an un-escapable fact, an axiom that provides purpose to pseudo - romanticized forms of withdrawal into the confines of the cognitive intimacy. ("It became a bit complicated when there was no room for new shelves and then there was no room for him either" - *Or All the Worlds with Bottles*).

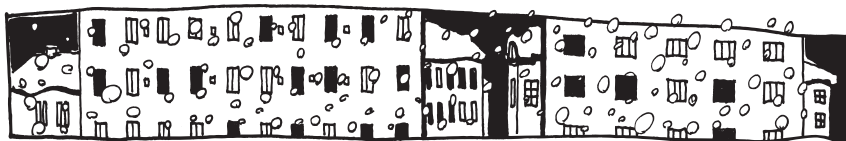
These strong, apparently contradictory aspects actually form the kernel of a narrative structure that tackles the limits of the subjective interiority and the incoherence of the outer, producing as a result a short circuit ("Maybe because I used to love it so much when it was alive" - *Sleep Museum*) between these two paradigmatic spatialization as a place on which *Glimpses* narrative structure resides.

The intimate as an ultimate form of the outer, and the outer as an ultimate form of dealing with the cognitive interiority might look as a straight out paradox, but it is exactly this paradox that formats the shape of a predicament *Glimpses* are dealing with. This origin of this predicament does not, however, lie within the boundaries of the comic book's narration, but in the social, political and ideological environment (capitalist democracy) in which the *Glimpses* were created.

Thus, this comic book does not, as it might seem, glorify the autistic sensibility or the ultimate adequacy of the cognitive interiority ("I do not remember going out at all" - Sleep Museum), but it offers a critique of the dominant forms of emancipation ("I hate museums" – Sleep Museum) in modern liberal democracy.

The critique of possibility as a critique of the format in which possibility is actually a form of (political) impossibility provides, in this sense, an interpretation of the format in which comfort is being defined as hegemonic. In this sense Didi (This Funny Story) did not laugh not because he was cynical, deprived of *joie de vivre* or because everything was pathetic, but because he rejected the format of possibilities as a format of reorganization of impossibilities ("Possibilities to be considered are none!" - This Funny Story).

Hence, because Glimpses depict comfort as a form of discomfort, the comic book it self could be seen as a form of critique of format of freedom liberal capitalist democracy universalizes as the freedom.



Šefik Tatlić is a theoretician in the fields of political philosophy, sociology and cultural critic. His works have been published in Bosnia-Herzegovina, Croatia, Slovenia, Serbia, Austria, Romania, USA, Italy, Germany and Sweden. Recent publications include co-authoring (with Marina Gržinić) of an essay Global Capitalism's Racialization/s (De-Artikulacija, Pančevo), an essay Colonialism in Southeast Europe, an essay Temporal Depoliticization of Modernity (JugoLink, Berlin), an essay Redefinition of Democracy as Reinvention of Capitalism (Odjek magazine, Sarajevo); an essay titled Out with the Scene - Open Culture as a Model of Separation from Capitalist Regime of Production (for Terminal Festival Sarajevo, ultrainput.com).

We would like to thank our friends and first readers who supported us while we worked on these comics:

Andreas, Šeki, Džemko, Aida, Gigo, Sara, Vanja, Amir, Hari, Nenad, Boris, Mimi, Kostja's little sister Dijana and Ella's "little" brother Alen, Mina, Camilla, Bojan, Vuk and his parents Dragana & Nebojša, Emir & Filip from "Drugi Ugao", Marijan, Laila and Vedran.

Also thanks for spreading our comics online:

Helly Cherry webzine - www.hellycherry.com

Komikaze webzine - www.komikaze.hr

Stripovi.com web comics - www.stripovi.com

and **Association for Culture and Art CRVENA**

And all of you, future readers we are about to meet...





"...this comic book does not, as it might seem, glorify the autistic sensibility or the ultimate adequacy of the cognitive interiority (...), but it offers a critique of the dominant forms of emancipation (...) in modern liberal democracy." - Excerpt from afterword by Šefik Tatlić

"Haunting tales from the depths of the foggy Sarajevo underground. Lonely bottle collectors, noiselife, winther, weltschmerz and strangely familiar weirdness." - Andreas Brandal, Stripnjak editor

Ella Gall entered this world in 1980 in Mostar, but she continued exploring other worlds and their events, inhabitants and their contemplations... She soon discovered that those worlds are just an echo of this one, somewhat distorted, sometimes very clear, but sometimes unheard, so she decided to give it some noise, on paper.



Kostja Ribnik was born in 1979 in Bihać where he finished high school of arts. After that he decided to be musician so he played in few noise/free jazz bands as a mandolin player. In winter 2012 he started to make comics again. More information and his other comics you can find on his blog and website: www.kostjaribnik.com



Glimpses of Comfort by Ella Gall and Kostja Ribnik 2013 Stripnjak 0022013
 Stripnjak is a segment of Zvukovina label dedicated to visual perversions; a merciless and brutal, yet honest presentation of empty truths easily swallowed by the sheer ignorance of modern life, the obvious surrealism embracing our daily surroundings, and various other general weirdness.
