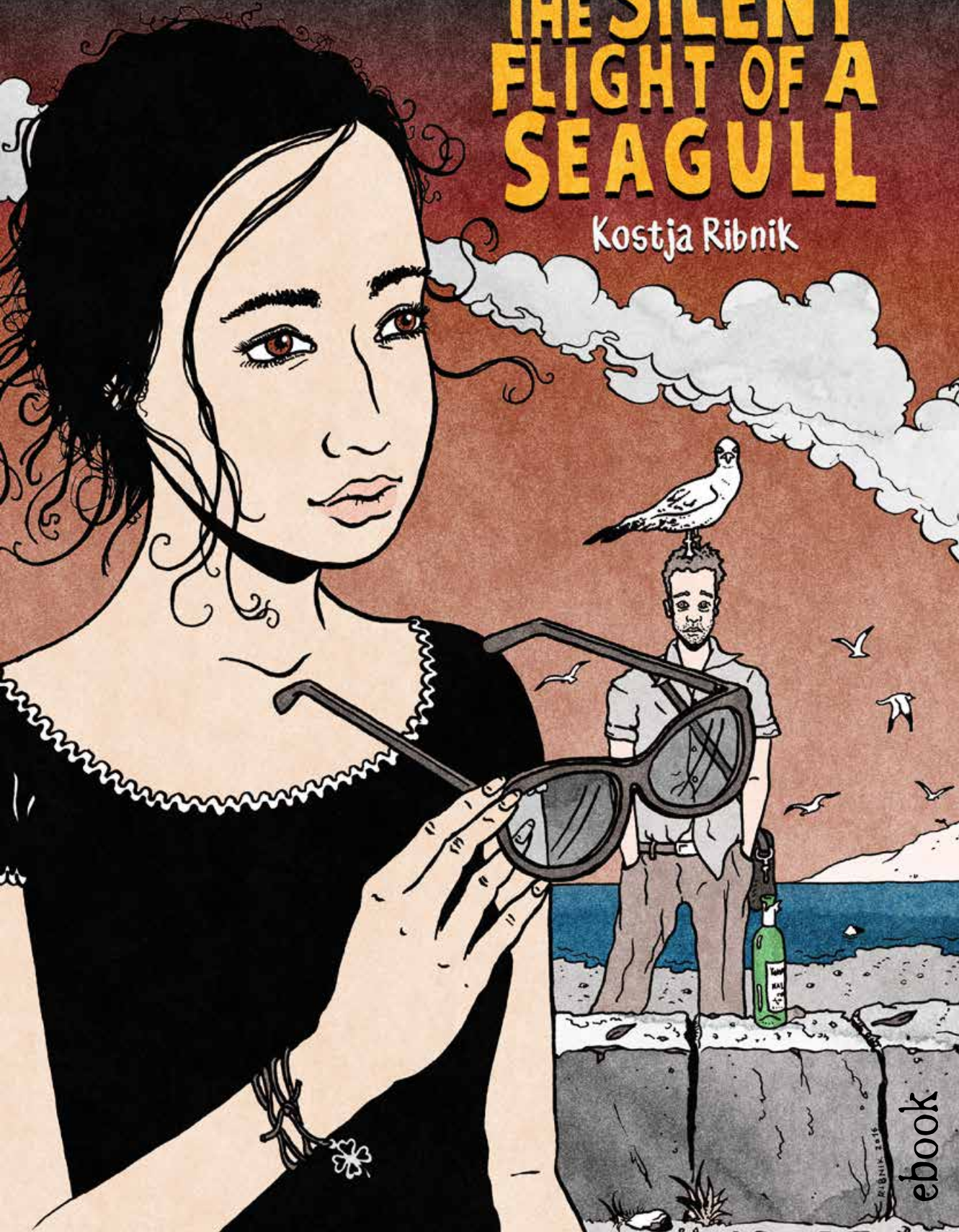


THE SILENT FLIGHT OF A SEAGULL

Kostja Ribnik



2015
ebook





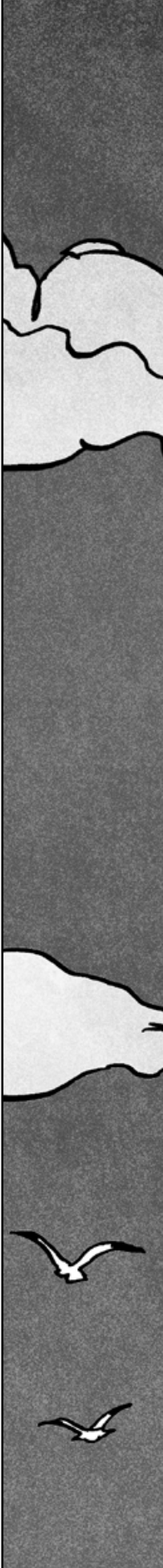
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This edition is published in 2017 by
Modesty Comics, London, UK
www.modestycomics.com
office@modestycomics.com

Editor: Živojin Tamburić

Original title: Bešumni galebov let
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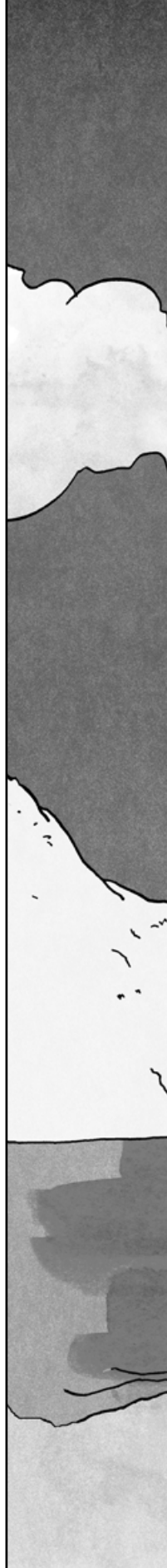
Foreword © Ilija Bakić
English translation: Dijana Misaljević
Proofreading: Tijana & Živojin Tamburić

Cover artwork and graphic design: Kostja Ribnik

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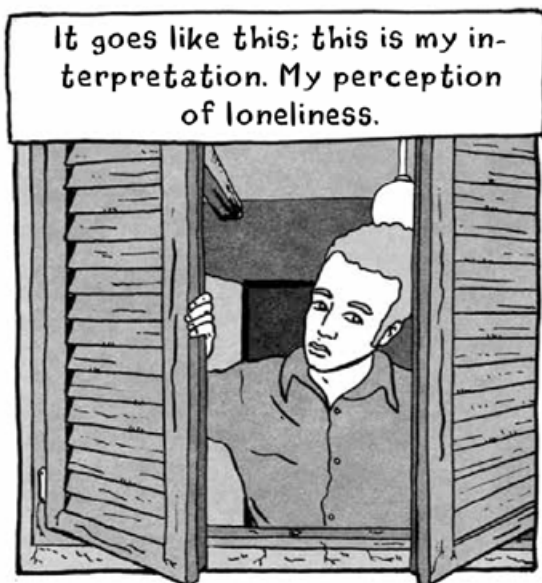
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Searching for Answers

Psychoiatrists claim that the confirmation of man's mental health is their ability to clearly define themselves in space, time, and in relationship to others. The stronger these parameters are, the more a person is observed as normal. The greater the



Being Different

difference between the personal experience of these elements and what is considered normal experience, the greater and deeper the disorder will be confirmed (from neurosis and psychosis to split personality) and specific therapy will be required. Deviations from this patterns inevitably exist, but they are not as impressive as we, the layperson, would have thought. Because, according to doctors, we are all much more alike than it would please our vanity (educated on West-

ern individualism) to believe and the uniqueness of each personality is a questionable thesis. The vast majority of people function very similar to their neighbours and contemporaries which is completely understandable because all of the psyche, in the process of socialization, were "stuffed" with the same knowledge and models (and prejudices).

Yet there are exceptions – much to the benefits of the Arts and Sciences. Those who for some reason - divine grace, genetic mutations or "imperfection" that results in a lack of physical or social adjustability - do not fit into any standard. They will provide different responses to pressure / terror from their environment, which, after the primary principles of Nature (a pack behaviour), does not tolerate diversity. The conflict between environment and one that is different can be more or less difficult / brutal / destructive.



Searching for Artistic Expression

David is in constant, mostly latent, conflict with his environment and with himself. He is not adjusted. Shy. Awkward in communication. Amazed that others usually succeed in what he wants. He would like to be like all those others whose portraits he draws on the beach in the middle of an endless summer. He yearns for it but does not know how to achieve it. He can't force himself to make a step forward in this direction. David does not understand what is hindering him, keeping him on the fringe, while he observes everything around him. The vent for his frustration is drawing comics. This is a step which, thanks to his talent/ curse, he is able to do. This step is something that others do not know how to do – but this fact doesn't bring relief to David (should it?). Contradiction between what he wants

and what he achieves, inevitably rises greater or lesser conflicts, which on the side of his (awkward) ordinariness, compel him to reckless actions while, on the side of his excellence, slow him down and stifle his creativity. He feels this, more instinctively than rationally, saying that his hands are at odds with the brain, that his drawings don't have magic. It's easy to draw the obvious but it remains static and that the "static and hermetic" are dead ends of reality. However, the search for the right expression of the visual and the spiritual, the balance between them, is a challenge, task and sacrifice for the entire life of an artist.

This graphic novel by Kostja Ribnik, made in the style and tradition of "personal comics", is intriguing, sweet and sour, oppressive and gentle. It is a narrative about a young, extremely sensitive individual. This person is searching for knowledge of one's own personality and key to a reconciliation between the need for belonging to a group, instinct for emotional connection, and a desire to understand outer realms and horizons and his own inner universe. The final response solution for all these relationships, of course, doesn't exist, but that does not mean that they do not need to be repeatedly sought after. David seeks by drawing and watching...

Ilija Bakić,
writer and comics critic



Love as a Solution

THE SILENT FLIGHT OF A SEAGULL



The following story is a work of fiction.
Characters, places and events are not real in any way.
The only real thing is that one wheel of cheese split in half.

Kostja Ribnik
Sarajevo, Fall 2015

*A seagull is white when lit frontally, black when taken
against the light. The similarity of the flight pattern may
suffice to make us see the same bird, although, the sudden
change in mood remains.*

Rudolf Arnheim

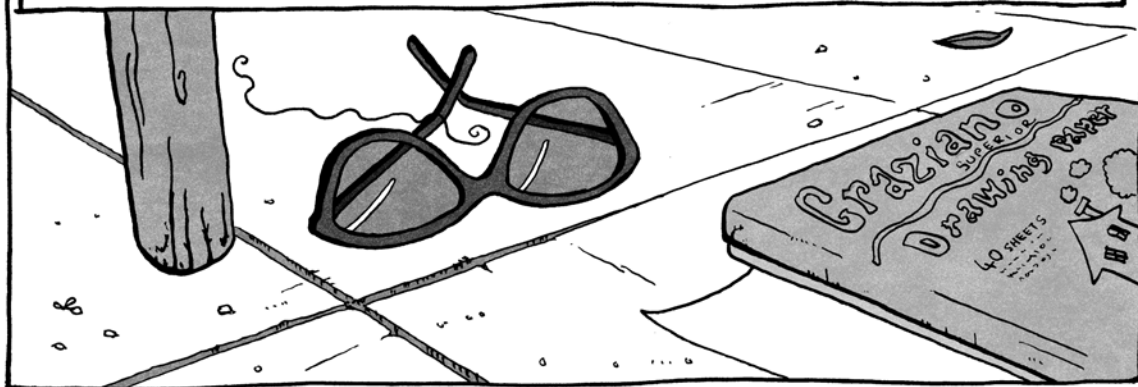
Part 1
Reality Deferred



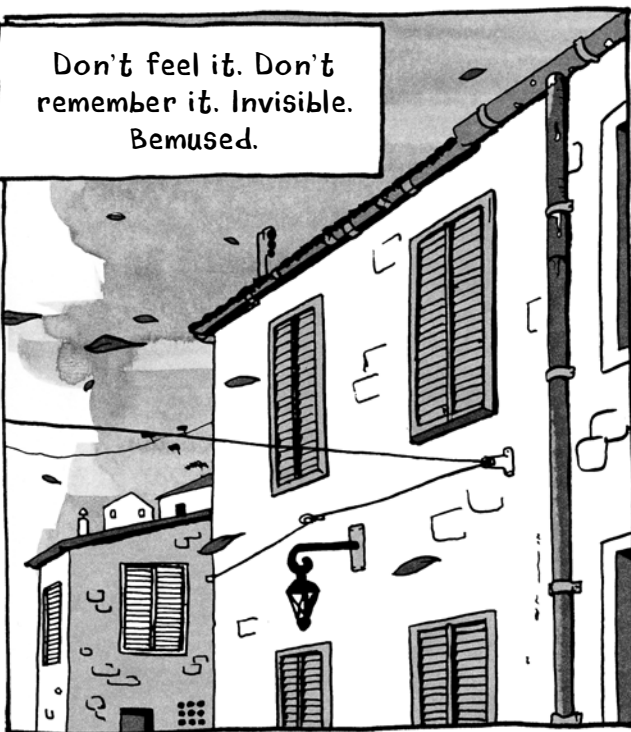
I listen. Carefully. All of it. It all begins. Loneliness. Endless loneliness.



You can smell the smoke, the pizza, the damp, the freshly sharpened pencils. Reality spreads its smell. I am a part of it. Though I don't feel it.



Don't feel it. Don't remember it. Invisible. Bemused.



Completely.

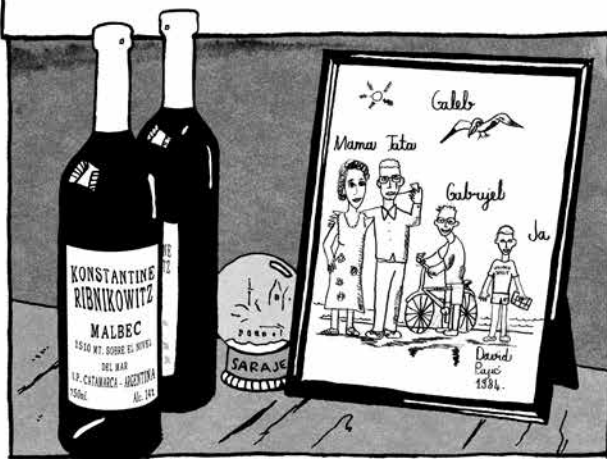


But I think I should. I should talk now. Yeah.

It goes like this; this is my interpretation. My perception of loneliness.



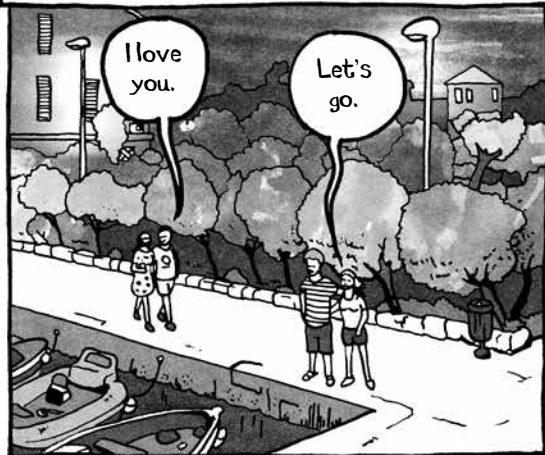
I want you to know how bizarrely odd the loneliness is. It's silent.



Silence drawing from life.



Couples in love are enjoying their walk. Where are they coming from? Where are they going next?



I love nighttime. I remain hidden in a grove. Disappearing. Forgetting.



I left some pieces of reality to deal with later. I have to tell you something first. The first time I saw signs of loneliness was on a pizza. I recognized the excrement. A seagull excrement in the middle of the pizza.



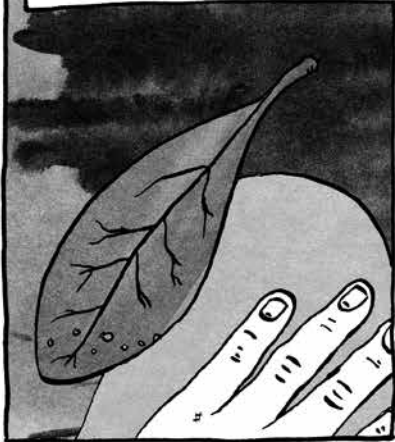
That's how it all began. That's how the specific pattern entered my massacred mind. I became void. A shit of a seagull. A half-eaten pizza.



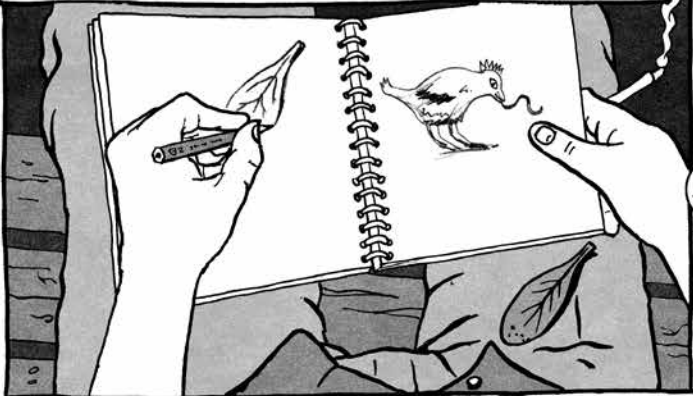
Shit of a seagull.
Grove. Silence.



I draw; a leaf, a bird, a worm. A worm is obviously the most delicious eaten fresh, right from the ground, seasoned with recent rain.



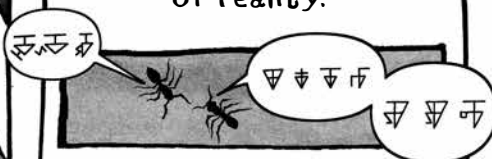
My hands search for recognition but they are in conflict with my brain. There is no magic in these drawings.



It's not easy to draw. Well, it is easy to draw something visible, but it remains static.

Static and hermetic.

Those are the dead-ends of reality.



Reality.
Similarity.

The splitting of
per sona lity.



Multiplication.



Modern fucking times.

You know, there is this comic book, G-Bear. All massive dudes in it. My brother Gabriel used to say: David, you are being Pa-mi-na again...



David, you are being Pa-mi-na again. Why don't you draw your own comics? To hell with G-Bear, draw your own G-Bear.



That cheese was amazing!

Yes.



These two. From Texas. I drew them two days ago right here on this square.

I'm going far from it all now.



I'm going to climb the top of an old Windmill. I'll be all alone in my silence.

