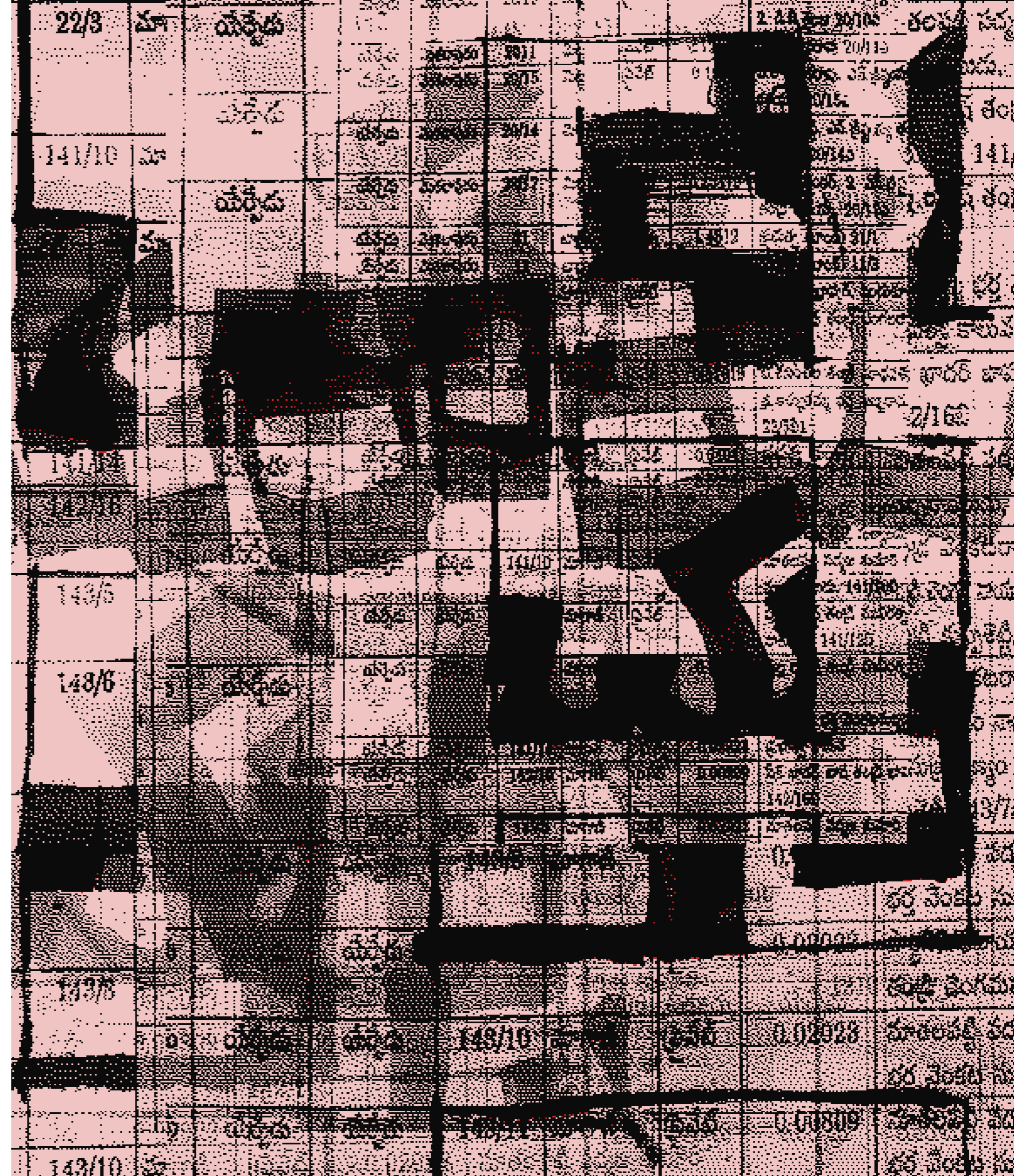


Kichurai

A Comix Journal

How I try to run a tabloid for another India

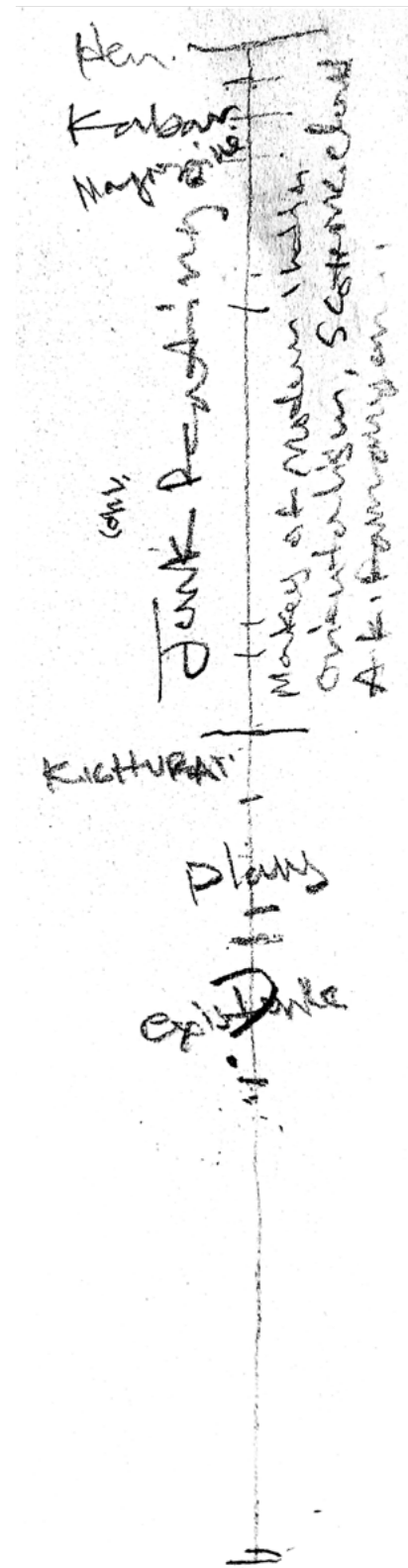
by PVV Karthik Hanumantha Rao





Cross-ventilation.
Vijayawada weather.

1. Why this project
2. Context
3. Method: Improvisation
4. meagre Manifestos and dreaded Dreams
5. Developing story/ies and treatment
6. Editorial decisions/Identity/structure
7. Ethical issues
8. Publishing



1. Why this project

The thought of a Comic journalism magazine started as I was thinking about mediums that involve the author (Comic Artist) actively to make a parallel market for his content. Comic books in the present day are rare and budget heavy and young authors try to price their work accordingly, this shoos away potential reader base. Until unless a platform for more frequent periodical formats are tried to find and create a market in India for alternative comics. The medium can't flourish in it's full capacity and involve the authours to expend their efforts for the same.

It quite seems to be led by my personal motivations to look for opportunities to make comics that are engaging. I came across comic journalism through Orijith Sen's River of Life and Joe Sacco's Palestine. It led to an attempt of redesigning NID Vijayawada student magazine BUTT. A trial at making it more relevant and appropriate.

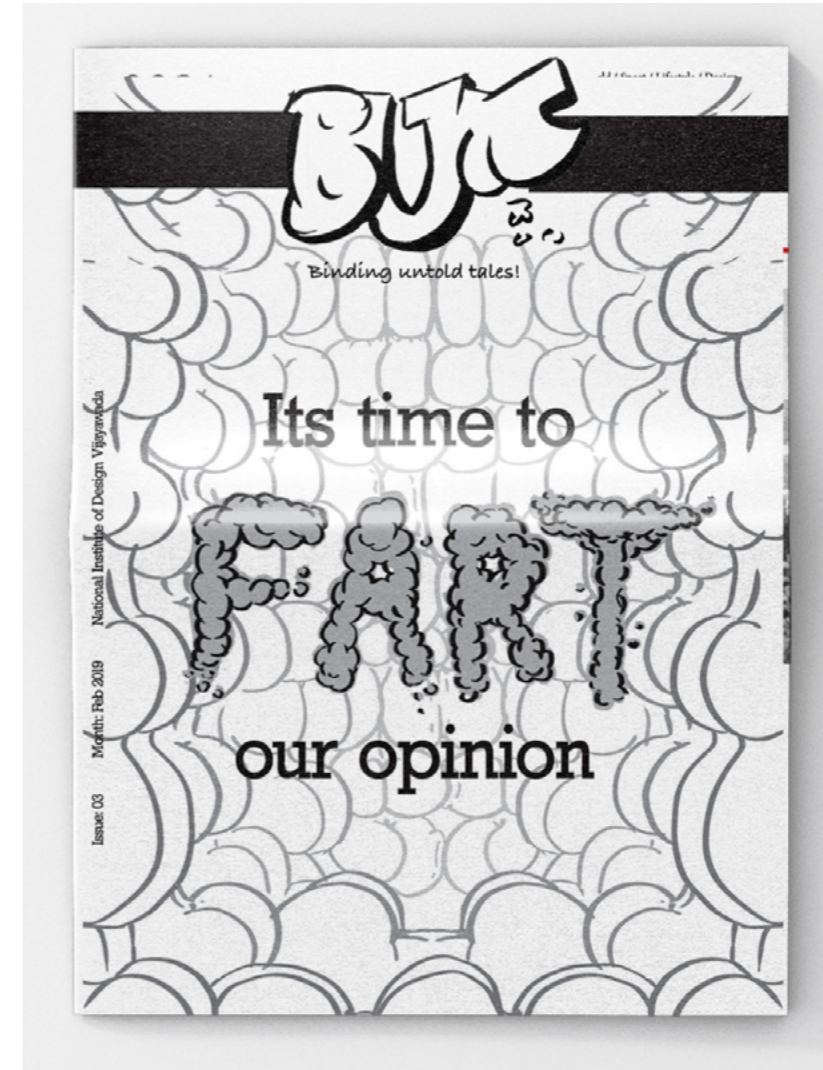
Questions were once more asked to establish the reasons to run a student magazine,
What is BUTT?
Why BUTT?
Why a collaboration of colleges?
How to make it happen?

Me, Deeptanshu Sanyal and Roshan Paul discussed the need for an immediate platform for expression and discourse. A student magazine run independently by students. Its values being alternative, independent, democratic. The publication's biggest setback was its communication. It failed to proclaim its reason to exist—The need for free conversation and discourse through quality gossip in the college. Yet the reception of the zine was observed to be a desire to have a physical copy.

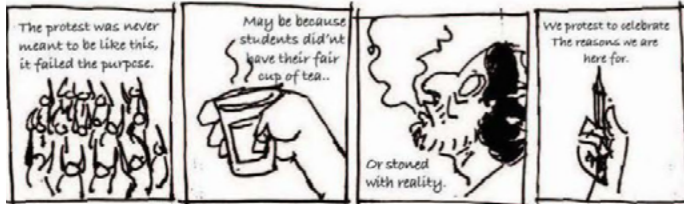
A refined extension of this project to the outside world increases the scope of participation and conversations around it, is what led to this project. Trying to see Journalism as a form of literature with the aid of comics. To document the talks of the streets, unheard voices and unconventional Ideas—A reportage of history from below.



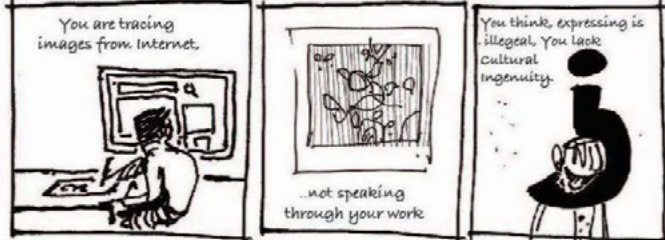
My Professor Deb Kumar Mitra



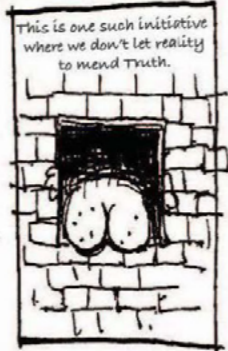
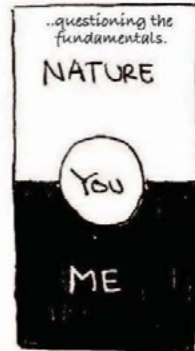
Why Butts and Farts?



Butt...What about the Time inbetween Protests?



A society should always try to question its values. The norms that it has set, the ideals it dreams of, the taboos it shuns away. So here comes Butt. Packed with opinions on events in and around the college, on its culture, on its politics. To question the norms, ideals, and taboos. And to give space for alternative models with a twist of grim satire. Because Butt thinks good satire comes from tragedy, in times of torment to see the better part.



2. Context

Comics/Cartoons either they are marginalised or considered as an elite's hobby. Still, not many people miss the daily cartoon scape of a newspaper—But many and many more skip the very content heavy middle pages of it. There is a potential opportunity for the medium of comics to create a market through Journalism/ Reportage. As a significant rise in the newspapers and periodicals published every year¹. Combined with an increase in regional language publications suggests a growing need for new and original content in Indian readers.

India did see cartoon journalism with periodicals like Shankar's weekly, the first political punch of India. It paved the way for many young cartoonists of the '50s, nurturing the young talent and adding some satire into the new democratic recipe. While Bal Thackeray's Marmik had its own mission. Both of these periodicals have dealt with the elite of society. Their comment was on the policy maker and the effects of it, a usual trend in present-day journalism consisting of opinions and ideological waves that go through or formed by the academicians and the ruling government. This overlooks the opinions of people of nothing and the silent subaltern movements, which need careful analysis and first-hand documentation.

Today most of the mainstream journalism has to deal with the State, Bigger firms and The world. This leads to poor quality and inconsistencies in their local tabloids and Magazines. They only cater to the rawest needs of the public and the state—Sensationalism, Yellow Media or Happy go lucky columns. Amidst all of this, there are people who want well researched original opinions and Long-form narratives.

The newspaper from the age old tradition transformed into a ledger of vicarious glimpses of suffering and success. It delivers to the most rawest needs of the present day society. The most fitting format of this delivery is the tabloid.

The regional newspapers inform the local happenings. In the process of informing and delivery the media overlooks certain important

Hello! Mr. Idiot Box



human factors. A good example would be to understand portrayal of death in Newspapers in India. Mainstream journalism demands for an objective reportage, it employs language and tools neutral in political sense yet sensational for the mind of the reader. Mugshots or full blown photographs of the victim and the crime scene capture the smallest detail of gore. The dead body of the victim which still belongs to the dead (or to nobody if looked in a different perspective - elaborate), the photograph still forever belongs to him. Death is a private affair there is an intimacy even when the person is killed the intimacy of him with his existence/soul. It is by far the most intimate of human lifespan. The photograph involving in death belongs not to anyone other than the dead. A beholder (artist) of such occurrence is different from a camera. He selects the essential elements that form the crux of the story and with an immediacy that words alone can't match² he transfers it to the canvas. A camera's nature makes it more objective making it capture everything it points to and cannot let the author to be more free until unless he decides to tamper with it. My study is not about attacking the medium of photography but to see the scope of the intervention of author in journaling stories.

Werner Herzog in the Grizzly Man (2005) portrays the death of Timothy Treadwell in an ingenious way, and in many such occasions We see Herzog's sensibilities to portray certain aspects of human lives was dealt in his films. Game in the Sand Spiel im Sand (1964) is one such film about a few children playing with a rooster and as he says "I might even destroy the negative before I die." Tells us about the nature of the film and why it shouldn't be seen. I think as much as it is concerned with the event it is also the nature of the photographic image to embalm the event³.

Comics are one of the most affordable visual mediums. It doesn't require big teams and laboratory equipment. It gives the author a control that many mediums cannot afford. The metaphors he can deliver the imagery he can produce are unique and deep convictions that might seem rudimentary but involves serious contemplation. The power to control the the narrative also lays with reader as much as it lays with the author. He is actively engaged trying to piece together the puzzle presented to him. When I first discovered comics, it was a revelation— I could flip back and forth and go through the story as I wanted to unlike television where the advertisements interrupt me or how a story ends only to be continued. In a close

21.07.2019

The newspaper from age old tradition transformed into a ledger of vicarious glimpses of suffering, success. It delivers to the most rawest needs of the present day society. The regional newspapers (Eenadu, Sakshi and others) provide us with murder stories and accidents. It is necessary to inform. But death is a private affair. One ~~body~~ has a right over secrets, ~~death~~ privacy & dignity of death.

Werner Herzog.
grizzly man.



This is a quick sketch of dead body belonging to a person. The body still its crime scene of the scene of accident.

(fig) No reference
! Imaginative sketch
for sake of
explanation.

Newspapers employ mugshots like this but a photograph true to the smallest details of the gore. something that

The society should look at. The photograph belongs to the dead. At least it's something that the dead person doesn't want.

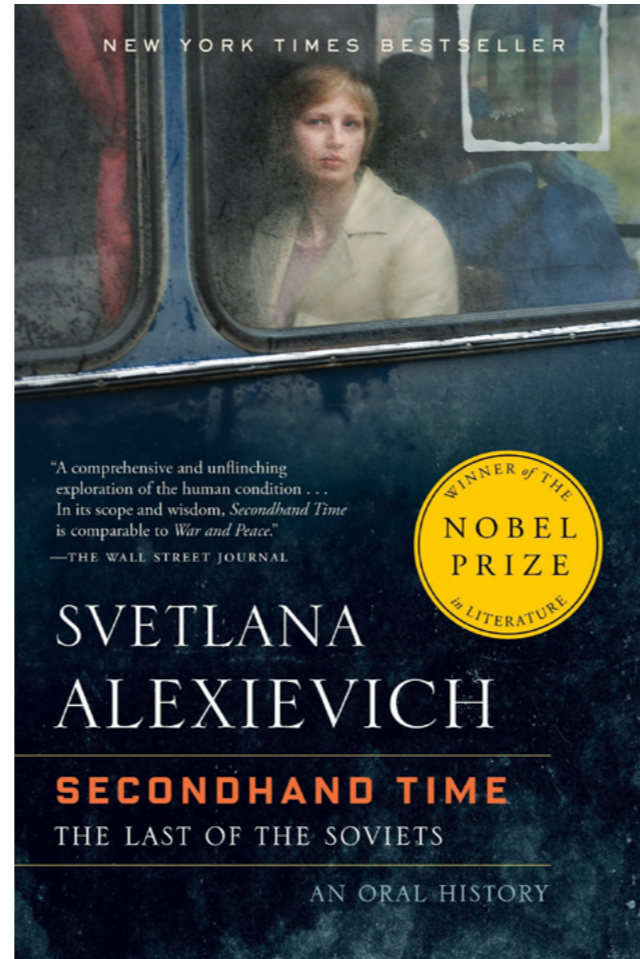
(ref.)
Andre Bazin
- on photograph.

(A) A picture
of dead from
Eenadu
Newspaper edition.



conversation with Deb Kumar Mitra said "Comics are the fastest moving films ever made, you don't even see them moving. Sekhar calls them Personal cinema". Comics shared the characteristics with the internet, It's affordability to distribute the authoring power to the masses still retaining the social and humane qualities.

To understand and answer the question "Can comics with an essentialist and subjective approach operate in the realm of Journalism?" Is an essential part of this project. When one is ready to believe any news delivered to him on his palm, the secret agreement of the reader and the journalist is long gone. Today the immense amount of news and photographic images flooding through internet and the means to tamper them leads to the question of objectivity being the point of discourse anymore. Although it is vital for a journalist to base his work on the actuality the very nature of comics demands human attention and engagement⁴. The comic artist and his participation in the story brings his testimony that he alone can add. This acceptance of subjectivity in his work is honest and is more truthful compared to claims made about objectivity in mainstream media which undermines its own foundational principles. To have a much better understanding and argument for the subjective nature in journalism and it's application in comics, I went through works of Joe Sacco and Hunter S. Thompson's works.



3. Method: Improvisation

A lot of time has gone into the research and reading. Most of it gave me a direction indirectly to work on this project. A modest yet a variety of reading and other media material influenced me during the course of the project. The journey embarked tried to explore the subterranean world of visual language present in the local area and to consider the level of familiarity of people with the medium of comics. This means the aptitude of people to make meaning out of unfamiliar medium or visual styles and how ideas are translated into material forms. During the course of time I have improvised the working method.

College magazine was taken up to understand the production management, Content generation and to stay myself motivated. It gave me necessary understanding of printing, paper and audience. This opportunity made me write the necessary literature.

Being a student pursuing visual communication there was a clear inclination towards western outlook of design and the discourse that plays an important role in it's evolution. But, it is necessary for students of design to make such discourses in their own languages. I was being careful by considering the graphic language present in Andhra Pradesh to derive at not so conclusive parameters of graphic tropes. That needs an extensive study and is not the main subject of interest in this piece of writing.

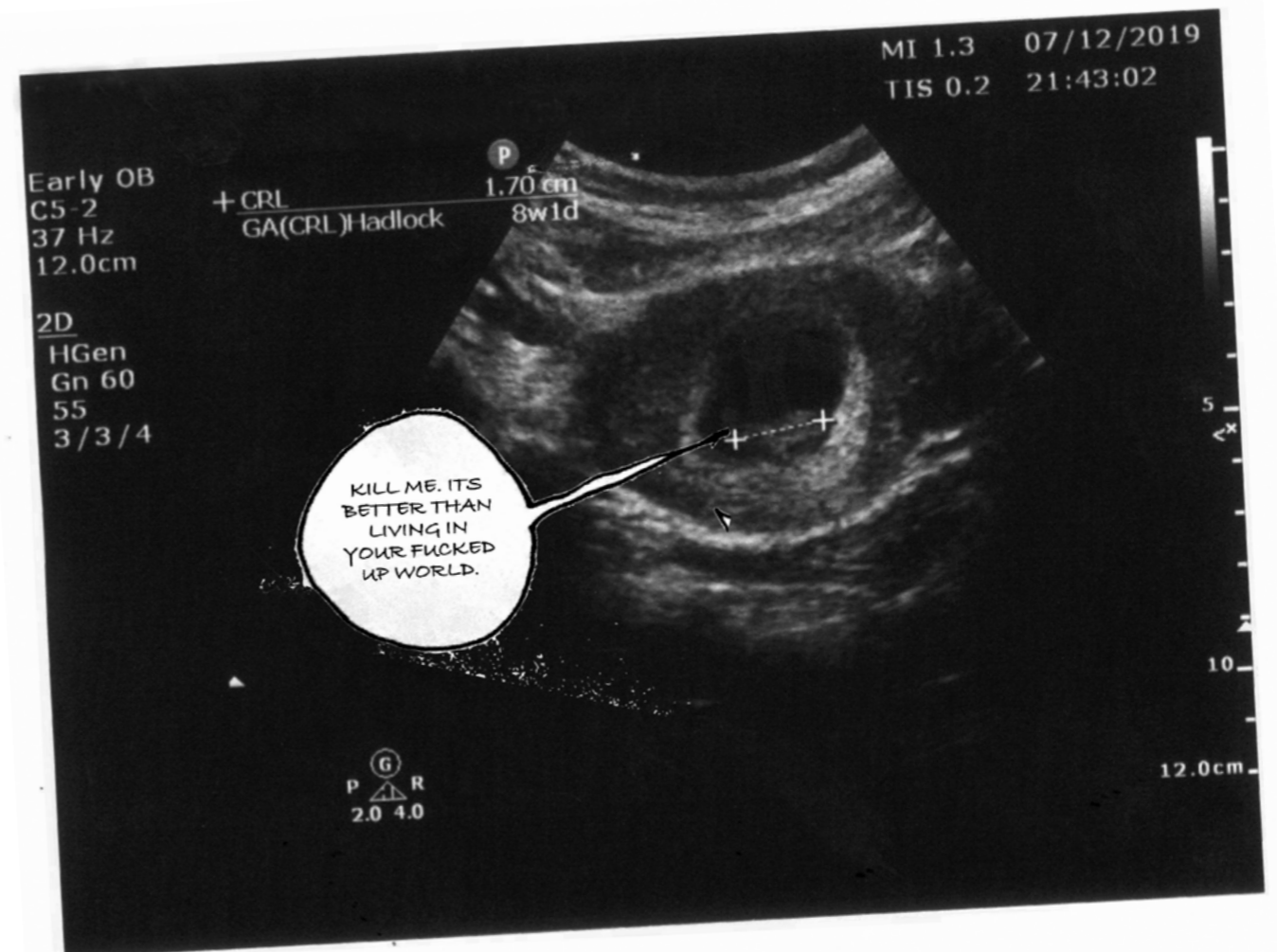
During my stay at Machilipatnam to assist NID faculty in the course Environmental perception (Foundation programme, March, 2019) I took it up as an other chance to perform ethnographic observations on the culture of Andhra Pradesh's rural fishing community. I had to involve and let myself open to the forms of graphic expression found in various communities around Andhra Pradesh and what kind of behavioural patterns do people have in expressing themselves.



4. meagre Manifestos and Dreaded dreams

A sound that a rich man wouldn't want in his house. A poor man would sleep peacefully with. For some it gives chills down the spine, others don't get effected and only few get lost trying to find it. Kichurai is that sound that comes out of unquenched thirst. It tries to pour out in many ways, only to beat a retreat. To suppress it is a sign of epilepsical stagnation. You can't move yet your insides start howling. An agitation disorienting and bombarding. At most to find that you don't even realise the state of affairs you are dealing with. Sporadic spasms make you MAAR FOOTPATH WALEH KO! Nights yes only nights do that to you.

Like a cricket you screech. You know nothing about your mates location. you screech to relay something A scalpel digs in and scrapes the bone convulsive pain and insomnia a necessary darkness with no more distinction between night and day the screeches become nuisance. No one can articulate it. This sound is peculiar but indistinguishable unclear. It's found in meaningless markets, sterile paradigms, and Consider it News, literature or just plain cartoons or pure junk. Kichurai is not a publication trying to define its style. It just isn't for classification but expression.



కీచురాలి పాడునీ రాలి. THE NIGHT CRICKETS STOPPED SINGING.

Comics - it's a medium not well known to us.

It's a marginalised medium, suffered so much throughout history.

But as we speak these notions are changing. So many academicians, writers, students and libraries are acknowledging it.

It's a cheap medium. Anybody can make them and print comics on a copier machine. It is versatile and can convey important ideas.

The question is what should comics speak in the present day society.

Only when diverse thoughts are subjected to conflict they produce freedom. To find these thoughts and voices is KICHURAI's trial.

A great poet once said "Oh they are coming, they are coming Jagannadhas chariot wheels."

Who cares who gets crushed under them, the lives that get crushed under them and what those lives want to say?

It reminds us how important it is to make left-over rice into pongal the next day.

KICHURAI articulates the stories that we don't care about.

It puts them out: our ugly selves, our fears. It questions our values that we think are values.

they are getting crushed under the chariot wheels.

For it can't leave any voice unheard.

Consider it news, literature or just plain cartoons or pure junk. KICHURAI is not a publication trying to define its style. It just isn't for classification but expression. It will always turn around and look back in its quest.

5. Developing story/ies and treatment

The process involved finding appropriate stories to make content for the magazine. Interviewing, iterating to pull story structures which needed attention. Audio recording and photographs were part of research.

Journal entry / Amalodbavi / 29. 07. 2019

G. Salem or Salim or he has many more names. A Javelin athlete from Acharya Nagarjuna University. National medal of 70 mt record. Right now practising for his next event at Bangalore.

I met him in Amalodbavi. He was curious about design students hanging around sitting, talking smoking for hours and occasionally sketching. He approached me nervously and was little shy, asking "Can you make my drawing?" (Insert telugu trans.) Its a usual thing as any other local, he was interested in getting his portrait made from a bunch of freaks in hanging in their area at the same time an unknown respect for an artist is high in these areas. I started making his sketch and started talking, mostly asking about him.

He is a well built, bulky guy. Tall, curly haired. In his early twenties or so dressed in his sports wear. He starts telling me that he is an athlete, javelin thrower. Training in the university campus. The south African black coaches and he makes fun of them.

The next day I see him, He offers a dozen protein bars calling them chocolates as his token of thanks for the sketch I made. Suggesting me to offer them to my college girls to hit on them, toying he smirks. I was broke that month, I felt a relief that our daily dose of nutrients are procured for few days. (The condition was worse, as we even don't have a room. Freeloading in juniors flats). This time He requests to make his friends sketch too not noticing that we are tired of sketching strangers portraits. I pass the task to Deeptanshu (Salem is disappointed with my sketch). He was constantly glancing at

G. SALIM
 ATHLETE, JAVELIN.
 NATIONAL MEDAL.

70mt. Record.
 Right now practising for his next event at Bangalore.

I met him in Amalodbavi. Curious about us Design Students sitting there for hours smoking talking and occasionally drawing. He approached me nervously and a little shy asking "Can you make me drawing?" will "Can you make my drawing?" its a usual thing as any other local, he was interested in getting his portrait. The respect for artist on the artist credit/realism is high in India. I started making his sketch and started talking asking about him. He tells me he is an Athlete Javelin thrower. Training in the University campus. And what his coaches is like. His South African black coaches. Making fun of them. The next time I see him he offers me a dozen protein bars. Calling them chocolates. Suggesting me to offer them to my College girls

to hit them. I had been feeling that as I was take this would provide me ^{with} ~~protein~~ ^{protein} and my friend ~~dear~~ with out doing protein. He came living in an juniors flat. as before. Amalodbavi:

He asks us to make a sketch of his friend too. I pass the task to deeptanshu. Also he is disappointed with my sketch. He was constantly glancing nervously about how I was sketching him.

He doesn't continue conversation from side activities. Answering only what's necessary. He seems to be more interested in us girls from MD. Praising jokingly about the girls our love life. He isn't holding up anything. At this point I am wasn't thinking of writing his story. As slowly my thoughts about the magazine/medium are shaping up ~~up~~ essentially to deal with the basic units of a society. Individuals, their lives what their stories are. To articulate what trickles down from the top and ~~trickles~~ seeps into the bottom. I am still not sure how I should begin, what should be the end ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~final~~ ^{final} of the project.

our sketchbooks nervously for the next disastrous sketch. It's hard for me to encourage a stranger's presence in our coffee table chat. Yet I try to make it feasible thinking about the disparity that exists between me and him. So I try to make conversations that involves my classmates (from another language) in this conversations. He doesn't continue conversation from a question but answers only what is necessary. Seeming to be more interested in girls hanging around from NID. Inquiring jokingly about my love life. He isn't holding up anything relevant. All he wants is involvement.

At this point I wasn't thinking of writing his story. Slowly my thoughts about a magazine/medium are shaping up. It isn't how I thought when I was reading Svetlana Alexievich's *Second-Hand Time*. That these stories are just in some Post dictatorial world or a remote village without telecommunication or any basic resource for progress. It was a hit. You find them, they are every where. Essentially to deal with the most basic unit of of a society. Individuals, their lives, what their stories are. To articulate what trickles down from the top and seeps to the bottom. All of India other than the intellectual vocal sections, there are many strata of people, educated yet an undefinable confusion, Ignorance or innocence or plain humbug surrounds them.

I am still not sure how to begin or the treatment of the project—to articulate and tell stories of people to people, for whom the medium itself is anew.

Continuation / Amalodbavi / 08. 2019

The usual sit-outs at Amalodbavi continue planning and writing for the project. Salem arrives on a old but a shiny Royal Enfield with another friend of his. This time I started intruding a lot enquiring about his routine, national events he participated and He answers were straight forward without a second thought trying explain certain things. I asked what was his record in javelin and He replies saying 70 metres without any injection. I was curious and astonished what did he mean. I probed more by asking him "what injection?" He doesn't get surprised or worried but tries to remember and replies "The ones which makes us throw better"(trans.) for muscle power."

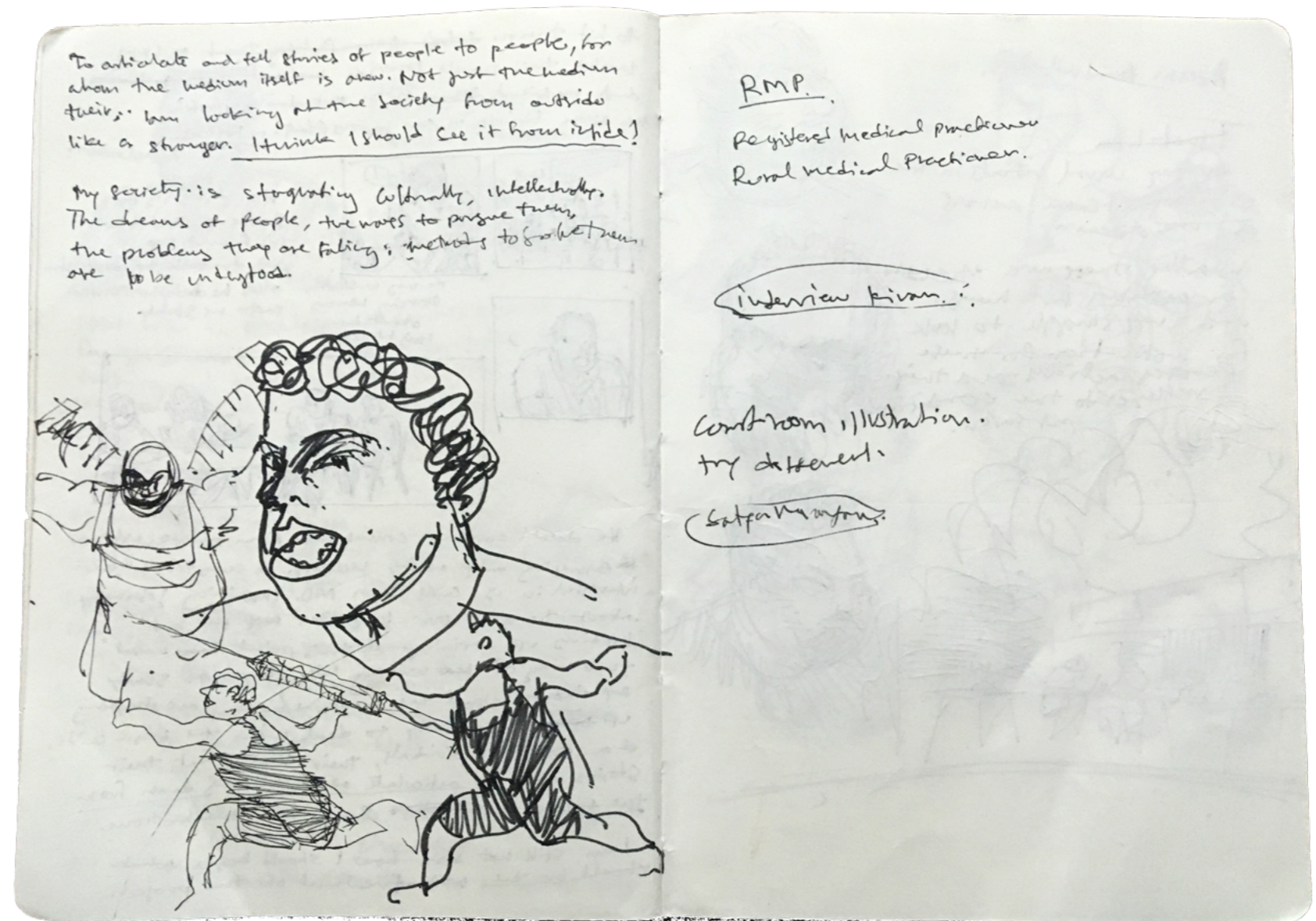
Me: Do the coaches know?

Salem: of course. They themselves ask us to use.

Me: How do you know about usage?

Salem: Arey! Its common. You've got know it if you want to stay in the field.

Me: But who tells you about them?



Salem: (Rubbing his head) Seniors, coaches friends.
 Me: How much d they cost? An approximate?
 Salem: fifty..
 Me: (trying to understand) Fifty?
 Salem: Lets talk no it's nothing, leave it (trying t be modest)
 Me: thousand?
 He nods his head.

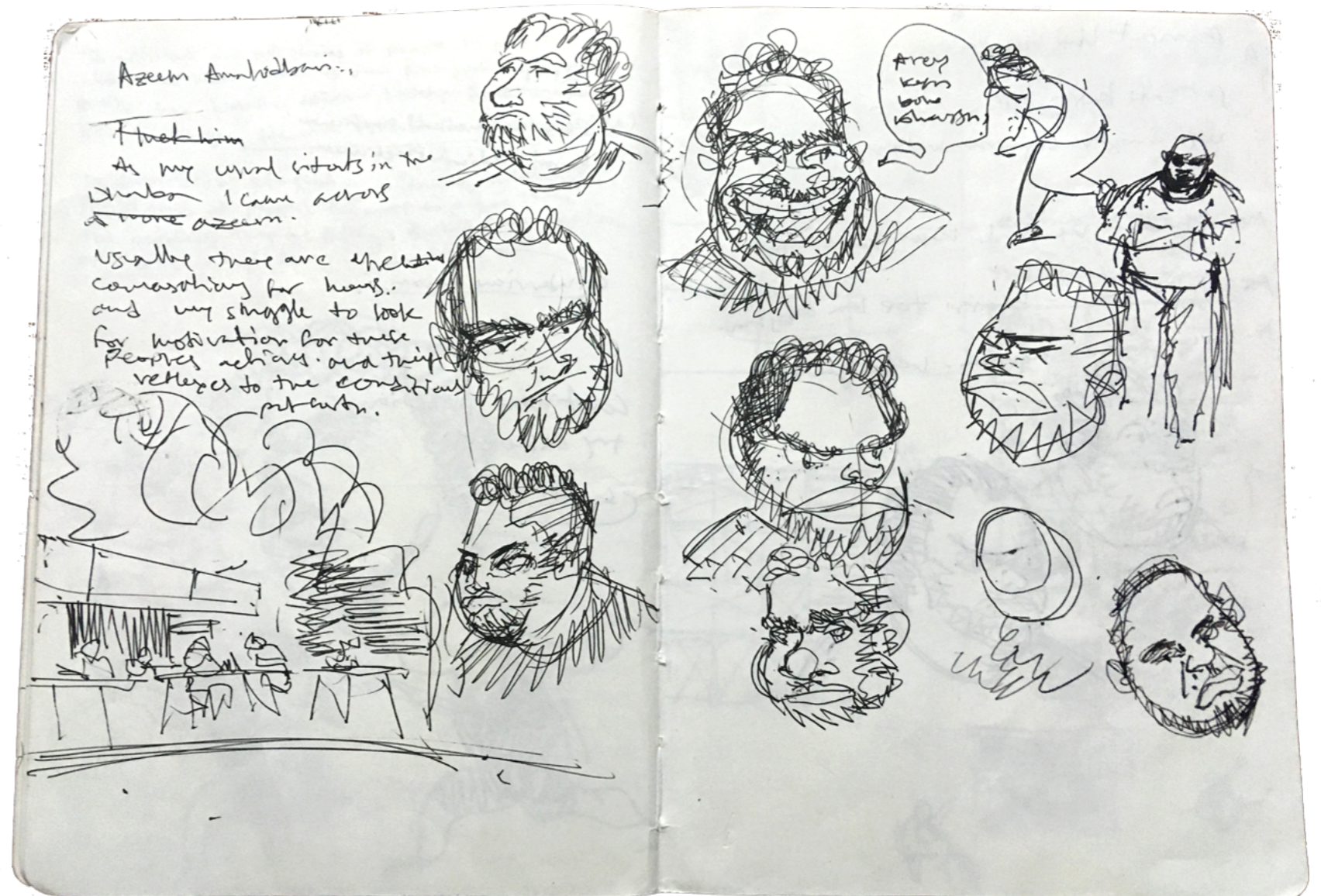
I was taken aback. About such openness and transparency. For a moment I was thinking, trying evaluate the issue that if all athletes use steroids there's nothing wrong in the competition but, more than the usage of steroids I am interested in his understanding of the sport, What draws him to it and how he sees the world apart from his sport.

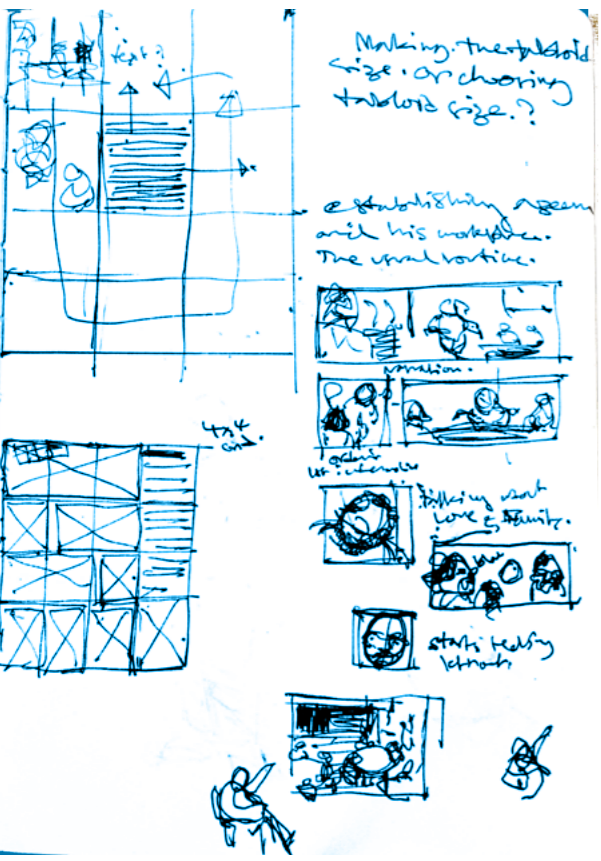
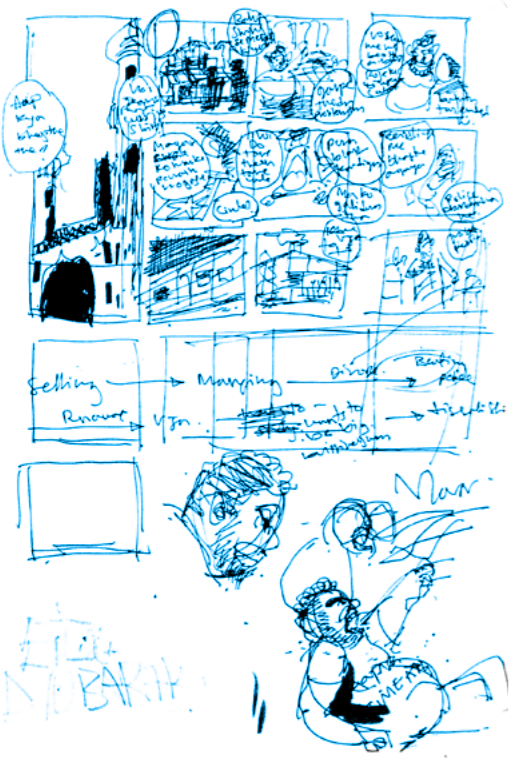
Journal entry / Amalodbavi / 10. 2019

In my usual sit outs in Amalodbavi I come across people, many people from the nearby Namburu, Students from the University, people commuting and also new waiters who join the place. Every time a waiter changes a new relationship starts. In these sit outs I am figuring out the Magazine. My plans of finding stories far off, exotic and engaging have some inherent flaws. Stories are not somewhere in fabulous otherworld, although they are seemingly boring and invisible they are always around us.

I understood this after coming across this 23 year old Azeem from Hyderabad who is on a run and hiding in Vijayawada. He on a run from police. He joined recently in Amalodbavi as a waiter. Because of my frequent visits to the Dhaba I got Aquatinted to him. It was Ramzaan and He broke his routine with a new Kurtha. He wished us and We wished him. Usual routine is unending conversations for hours and my struggle to look for motivation for people's actions and their reflexes to the conditions putforth.

Azeem is your usual lowclass youngman He is of my age and I could easily start talking to him. His language is a mix of Hind and Urdu, usually called Hyderabad Hindi. A very peculiar dialect with a different kind of syntax and colloquial words. Again I start my intellectual exploitation. My fancy of glorifying poverty stories. In all my interactions with him he was putting up happy faces. Yet It's not difficult see him see us students of his age and get sad. It's a very small gap unlike how anyone would say it's not the good clothes, Very costly gadgets or lazy leisure we hold. It's Knowledge that made the gap. Nothing more.





THE LAST BRAHMIN

AN INTERVIEW WITH RANI SIVA SANKARA SARMA ON HIS UNDERRATED BOOK THE LAST BRAHMIN. THE BOOK IS A DOCUMENTARY STYLE BIOGRAPHY OF THE AUTHOR'S FATHER AND HIS ARGUMENT AGAINST MODERNITY.

Present day society wants black or white answers. Clarity is its bad habit. It wants labels. Rationalist, Casteist etc. labels are authoritative. It's violence of clarity. If someone speaks clearly he is cunning. A maniac doesn't speak clearly but he speaks truth. We think we move forward with clarity we might be falling behind.

Aren't you still considering Caste with a different lens?

Yes, if you say so. (Assertive). Reddy's along with many other castes are good at business. While brahmins are too focused on the education. Somehow none of us are escaping the undercurrents of caste.

Look at me, even I couldn't escape it. This is what I talked about in my book. Look at Last brahmin as a life not as a book. It's not a great book either...

A professor once asked me "how is your household affair historical?" For them, thousands should die to make written history. You can't accept...

...any other knowledge system to understand Indian society. You only see knowledge as means of power.

We have to see caste from different perspectives. We mostly look at it as brahmin centric. Change the centre and understand it.

Don't ask me yes or no questions. Start being critical. Ask me what happens when caste is eradicated?. What kind of forms it takes?

Religion lets us escape rationality. Religion's job is to tell you supreme meaning not meaning. People who...

...try to make Religion rational are dangerous. When nationalism and equality are the aims of Hindutva...

...it will lead us into dystopian universalism. We are already there. Loosing our peculiar voices.

I write about Caste, many people say that I support caste system and declare me evil.

What happens if people loose their caste, their community? I am interested about these questions. If people loose their caste they loose their voice. A world without particulars is suicide for communities.

My daughter recently had an inter caste marriage. She married Reddy caste groom. My wife had many doubts. She was concerned about society more. I could only think about the bridegroom's family who do business. I was skeptical that he might be a little too bold and might not get well together. I was little scared. But I wasn't thinking of caste...

PARDESI MERE YAARA ...

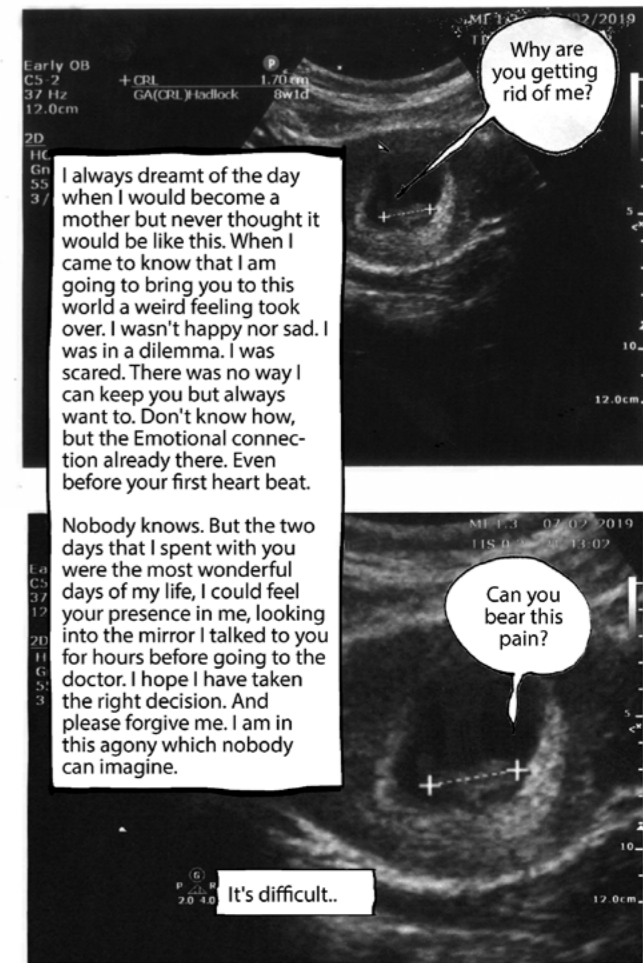
GHODKE AISE HAAL MEIN JO TUM JAODGE...

SACH KEHTA HUN JAAN BAHUT PACHHTAODGE.

WAADA NIBHAANA ...

MUJHE YAAD RAKHNA

KAHIN BHOL NA JAANA.

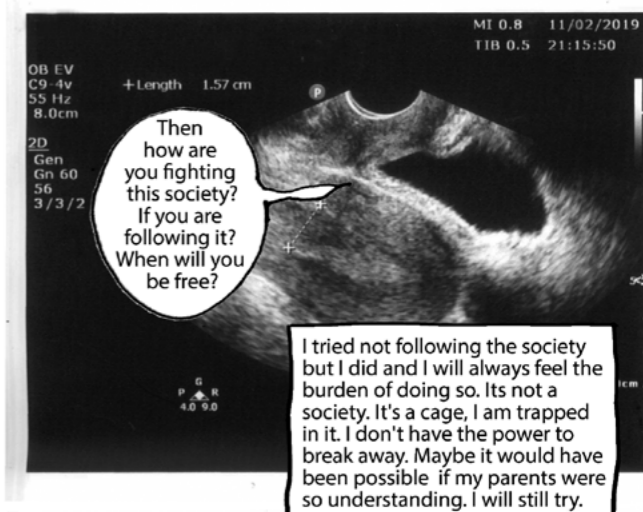


I always dreamt of the day when I would become a mother but never thought it would be like this. When I came to know that I am going to bring you to this world a weird feeling took over. I wasn't happy nor sad. I was in a dilemma. I was scared. There was no way I can keep you but always want to. Don't know how, but the Emotional connection already there. Even before your first heart beat.

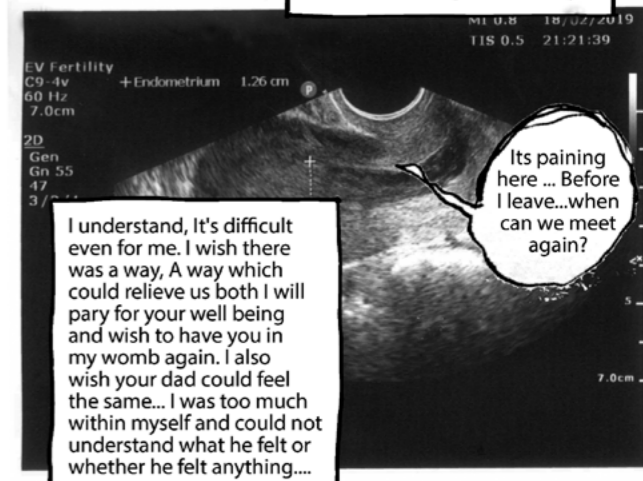
Nobody knows. But the two days that I spent with you were the most wonderful days of my life, I could feel your presence in me, looking into the mirror I talked to you for hours before going to the doctor. I hope I have taken the right decision. And please forgive me. I am in this agony which nobody can imagine.

Can you bear this pain?

It's difficult..



I tried not following the society but I did and I will always feel the burden of doing so. Its not a society. It's a cage, I am trapped in it. I don't have the power to break away. Maybe it would have been possible if my parents were so understanding. I will still try.



I understand, It's difficult even for me. I wish there was a way, A way which could relieve us both I will pary for your well being and wish to have you in my womb again. I also wish your dad could feel the same... I was too much within myself and could not understand what he felt or whether he felt anything....

6. Editorial decisions/identity/structure

Content (Editorial decisions/format/structure)

Unlike the comic book format the tabloid is wide and big, designed to hold more bits of information in a single platter. People can choose what they want to scan and the page environment acts as an ensemble. The size of it makes it a play ground for a comic book author. Its vast and the reader doesn't have to tire himself by flipping more pages. Its not Beringer size big. This size factor supports reading without any hassle. The important issue with the size is its layout. While it gives enormous space for creative outbursts it needs to be understood thoroughly. Factors like serial and lengthy stories might consume the space making it boring and can get out of control.

For its diversity of content variety of decisions are thought of. The kind of written and drawn formats that engage audience with not an objective neutrality but with reflections and conclusions. For the first issue the types of content chosen are Documentary, Investigative reportage, Socio-political commentary, Biography, Interview, Auto biography.

The tone of the magazine because of its amateur nature would not try to preach. I have decided to author the the content with a perspective that accepts my inabilities on certain content but would not try to withhold the critical thought. Its advantage lies in its incapability and innocence, just like a kid looking at the world. Not to withhold questions. A young mind of this society trying to make sense of the world around.

The magazine's inclinations and agendas will be spoken in it's editorial. A social critic and self critical piece of work. It addresses that issue's which are in important and need of careful human attention. Its intentions are to support, seek and brew ideas.

An interview with a conversational mode and



spontaneous reportage or make a planned comic, post interview. Although interviewing plays a major role in the whole project a particular personality and their ideas and practices are to be captured. Again in such an interview the tone is kept in mind. "I am no expert on every discipline that exists, so the character of the writer's voice is to be a student. A present day youth trying to know."

A comic book review. This address the issue of the lack of awareness of the medium. A medium marginalised. It introduces the reader to a new comic book. This is why I personally think its fitting for the medium to address its issues.

A reportage or investigative journalistic piece trying to piece together clues to get a picture of the assumed subject area.

Identity

Identity of the magazine or the masthead in periodical terms is the name of the magazine designed and printed on the first page. It should be able convey the basic principles and values of the publication. This is the stage where I had to even choose another name leaving the working title. The process had begun with loose sketches and calligraphy. The name is a Telugu word and I was trying transliterated text for masthead.

An important realisation is that a logotype usually from a particular regional language doesn't have to be transliterated into English. It can convey its message through it's form and by juxtaposition of transliterated text along with the logotype would reach more audience కీచురాయి *Kichurai* Any individual reading these words would try to read the language that he understands or both the words.

The form of it was derived from the wall advertisements and the movie posters that are seen around Andhra Pradesh. The decision came from the argument that these local graphic forms that are not done by designers of academia and they belong to a discourse un-presented and undeveloped. It should be noted that the logotype is designed in the local graphic language for the sake of it's participation in discourse of aesthetics and not just pertaining it to association and identification for the audience of Andhra Pradesh.

The word *Kīchurāi* translates to "cricket (insect)". The sound of a cricket is acoustic in nature, omnipresent and no-one knows where it comes from. The literal meaning or breakdown of the word says Screeching stones. Just like an individual' voice



Kīchurāi: A Comix Journal



Finalised concept of logo
and its initial sketch

Unlike the comic book format the tabloid is wide and big, designed to hold more bits of information in a single platter. People can choose what they want to scan and the page environment acts as an ensemble. The size of it makes it a play ground for a comic book author. Its vast and the reader doesn't have to tire himself by flipping more pages. Its not Beringer size big. This size factor supports reading without any hassle. The important issue with the size is its layout. While it gives enormous space for creative outbursts it needs to be understood thoroughly. Factors like serial and lengthy stories might consume the space making it boring and can get out of control.

For its diversity of content variety of decisions are thought of. The kind of written and drawn formats that engage audience with not an objective neutrality but with reflections and conclusions. For the first issue the types of content chosen are Documentary, Investigative reportage, Socio-political commentary, Biography, Interview, Auto biography.

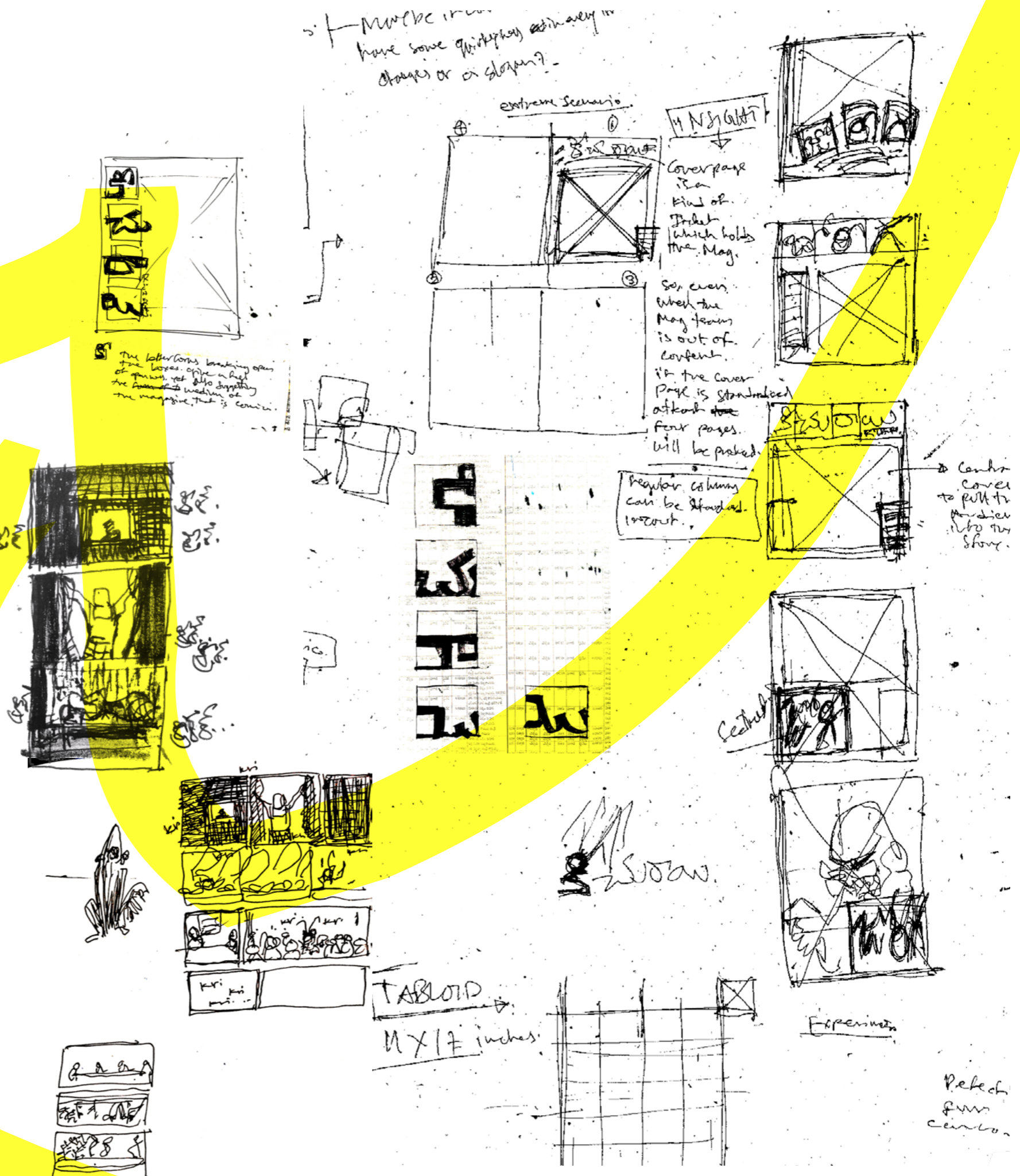
The tone of the magazine because of its amateur nature would not try to preach. I have decided to author the the content with a perspective that accepts my inabilities on certain content but would not try to withhold the critical thought. Its advantage lies in its incapability and innocence, just like a kid looking at the world. Not to withhold questions. A young mind of this society trying to make sense of the world around.

The magazine's inclinations and agendas will be spoken in it's editorial. A social critic and self critical piece of work. It addresses that issue's which are in important and need of careful human attention. Its intentions are to support, seek and brew ideas.

An interview with a conversational mode and spontaneous reportage or make a planned comic, post interview. Although interviewing plays a major role in the whole project a particular personality and their ideas and practices are to be captured. Again in such an interview the tone is kept in mind. "I am no expert on every discipline that exists, so the character of the writer's voice is to be a student. A present day youth trying to know."

A comic book review. This address the issue of the lack of awareness of the medium. A medium marginalised. It introduces the reader to a new comic book. This is why I personally think its fitting for the medium to address its issues.

A reportage or investigative journalistic piece trying to piece together clues to get a picture of the assumed subject area.



7. Publication

A small note on Web

Finding Tabloid size digital printer is difficult. So, the only way I could test is to make mockups of layout of Tabloid size and get an idea. One way to test is by printing individuals articles and paste them on the newsprint mockup to get the idea of size structure and flow.

When Pandemic had it's own plans and the 4000 copies of magazines were rotting in under my bed. I had to started to look at the brighter side of things and started learning Htln, CSS and githubbing.

Comics in digital spaces is an interesting field. There is still a lot to do. Though I couldn't harness the world wide web's complete potential, I hope to see myself making my work more accesible and opensource.

With modern technologies like git and version control systems I think a more nuetral editorialship can be achieved to make the magazine more sustainable. This way more people can collaborate making it democratic.

kichurāi : A comics journal
kichurāi.mag@gmail.com
Jan 2020
Issue: 01
Edition: 01
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WRONG SHOT AND OTHER STORIES

The highway, as usual, was alive with all kind of activities and the life was moving at 80km/h. On the side, The Great Amalodbhavi was filled with emptiness and barely buzzing, its pace and the contrast with the highway felt just right for a having a coffee in a laid back manner.

This place had become ours in a manner hard to put in words, it should suffice to tell that I have been living in Namburu, Andhra Pradesh for more than four years and a day feels incomplete without a trip to this place and now when I am about to leave this place, it has almost become a ritual to sit here and talk for hours

Me and Deep were talking about India and something about history and such, it was just like any other evening and we had ordered our coffees, the water was new so we told him to put less sugar. The shop kept changing its workers and waiters time to time, the few who had stayed long enough, know us by name and didn't require to be told how we like our coffees. But as this new guy, who told his name as Babuzao, came with the coffees he also brought some stories from his past. And, once he started with it there was no leaving, I must say that we had interacted with him once before and shaken hands and had a little chat, so when we came back today, it didn't surprise me much that he opened up the way he did

I must tell you, that this was not something which was new to us, workers in this place had often gotten close to us and had spent hours talking about their lives and what brings them here. They all have their own songs and stories and no language barrier could stop them. And most of these people working at Amalodbhavi are quite young, most of them under forty. But Babuzao was different, around fifty, short white hair and beard, knew six languages including Telugu and had the air of well travelled person. Proudly he would say, "If I start talking about my life, the stories will go on for nights"

For his story today, he took us back to 1994, he was still in high school. He used to have a Muslim friend who used to *Continued in page 6 ...*



kīchurāi : A Comics Journal

20.Rs

HISTORY?
MY FOOT!
NO DAMN SHIT
FOR ME OR MY
GOBIMANCHURIAN.
THATS ALL FOR
THE FOUR EYED
RAT ASSES!

WRONG SHOT AND OTHER STORIES

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kīchurāi : A Comix Journal

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किचुराई

kīchurāi : A Comix Journal

LET'S RIP SOME HISTORY BOOKS!

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REETIKA PANIGRAHI

ALLENDEV VISHNU
DEEPTANSHU SANYAL

GAURAV PATI
TUSHAR SONKAR

DEEPA NKAR TALUKDAR
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FEATURING JUSTIN GREEN

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 kichurai : A comics journal

Humans differ from the other species in a way.

भारत का राजघराना
The Genome of India

They have this tool called language.

which can do this magic called manipulation, through the process called mis-communication.

And create a lovely impact on other species or humans

and get them to speak on their behalf.

Beautiful...isn't it?

IN MY BACKYARD

होली कैसी रही ?

THIS IS WEIRD! RELEASE ME.

Goodbye Grandfather

Kichurai Extra by Ekta Bharti

होली कैसी रही ?

HOW WAS HOLI? A CONVERSATION BETWEEN MY AUNTIE AND OUR 'NANA' WHO DID 'NAD' SBEVAST

THE DANDI CHANGI GROUP OF...
RELEASING BY BRIDGE AT LAW...
-SANDHEP- FROM THE POLICE STATION...

WHAT HAPPENED?

WELL I WAS AWAY...
WHEN I WAS ASKED BY A...
RELATIVE I WOULD, SANDHEP'S...
FRIEND AND MOTHER-IN-LAW...
WAS BEING SUICIDALLY OUR...
NICKERMAN STARTED A...
BANDHEP WITH SANDHEP...
BLAMING FOR CHANGI...
HEAR CAR WITH SUICID BELL...
NO ACTION CHANGE...
AND UNWELLED AND SHE...
WAS MARRIED...
THE CAR AND SAND'S SON...
DROVE THE...

THEY ALSO STARTED...
NEEDING TO CALL THE POLICE TO PREVENT...
ANY FURTHER ESCALATION.

HELL...
I WOULD...
LIKE TO...
SERVISE.

THE POLICEMAN ARRESTED SANDHEP...
INSTEAD OF HANDLING THE SITUATION...
THEY TOOK ME AND THEY PUT ME IN...
A LITTLE AWAY FROM THE SCENE SO...
THAT THE SITUATION COULDN'T...
DOWN.

WHAT A FOOL!

HE SHOULD...
RELEASE ME.

HE COULDN'T TAKE IT ANY LONGER...

PLEASED AS...
THINKING?

NO!

SLAP!

BANG!

THEY ALSO STARTED...
BEATING HIM AFTER HE...
REPEATEDLY TOLD THE...
THAT THEY WERE DOING...
WRONG!

HE COULDN'T TAKE IT ANY LONGER...

GRAB!

THEN THERE'S...
NONE FOR AET...
ANAL!

BAM!

NOT ABLE TO CONTROL THE GAGE...
THE POLICEMAN BEAT A WOMAN...
POLICE RETRACT.

SEEING A WOMAN SANDHEP HOLDS BACK...
AND GETS BEATEN EVEN MORE.

AAAAAAA
AAAAHHH
HHHHH!

WE PLEASE...
RELEASE...
ME...
MOTHER...
AUNTIE'S...

A COMPLAINT WAS REGISTERED AGAINST SANDHEP FOR...
BEATING THE PRISONER. HE WERE JAMED IN THE COURT...
THE JUDGE WOULD BE GIVE RELEASE PAPERS.

HE EVEN GAVE...
MAY...
ALL THE...
WHO SANDHEP...
FOR...
MOTHER'S...
LIVING TO...
LIVE.

HE ATTACKED A...
POLICEMAN...
MOTHER...
BE DONE NOW.

FROM THE WHOLE NIGHT FOR MY...
MOTHER TO REMOVE THE...
RELEASE PAPERS AND GET...
SANDHEP OUT OF...
JAIL.

EVEN THE LAW IS...
RESPONSIBLE FOR US.

FAMILY, IT CONTINUES...

Exploring Web formats

Colophon

Type-faces

Source-code Pro bold for the headings, Raleway semi-bold for sub headings and Raleway regular for the body text.

Format

Digital PDF published for web and Desktop.
This book requires the presence of the author for it is designed as presentation to support oral narrative.
(! made in hurry so typos are to beared)

Copyright

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Author

Rahak

Kichurai Mag

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Thank you

