

GAZETTE

INDIAN SCHOOL OF HOSPITALITY



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Dicksee, F (n.d.). La Belle Dame Sans Merci. [oil on canvas] Available at:
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GAZETTE

November 13, 2025



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Letter for the Creative Director

Dear Mitodru,

I hope this letter finds you in good health and spirits. As we move closer to December, may you be blessed with the coldest weather Delhi NCR has to offer.

It's been a genuine pleasure working with you this semester. This magazine, in many ways, is a reflection of your creative decisions – it wouldn't be what it is without your distinct eye for design and storytelling.

I hope you've enjoyed watching this edition come together as much as I have. Mayur (our co-member of the month) has done a brilliant job with his content selection, while Kadian, in my opinion, has written her best piece yet. Uthej's artwork continues to be stunning, and we've welcomed two new writers this time. Despite our occasional philosophical differences, I've always felt Ishitta has a great deal to offer creatively, and Afraaz's enthusiasm still reminds me of what I'm always trying to convey through these letters – the essence of honest expression.

A lot of dynamic changes have taken place over the course of this edition, with multiple people coming in and out of our lives, but amidst these altercations, I've continued to value the quiet consistency of what we share: the late hours, the looming deadlines, and the entre nous South Store celebrations, Fanta in hand, when it all finally comes together.

I don't have notes this time. Every edition has its own charm, and this one is no exception. We have one more to go this semester; the end feels near, and I wish it didn't. Enjoy it while it lasts.

With love,
Rhea





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Letter for the Creative Director

Dear Rhea,

I hope this letter finds you well. I write to you as I've been tasked to do so... by you — in the spirit of Edition XII's thread. This might be the first time I've actually spoken about the thread in one of these letters. For context, the thread is like the theme of an edition — the common denominator — something both of us come up with at the end of each issue of The Gazette while frantically trying to finish the publication at the back of our beloved South Store, sipping on our commemorative bottle of Fanta.

The concept of the thread first came about while we were drafting our pitch for Mrs. Shergil. We stayed up late that night, trying to figure out what our version would look like, what its editorial focus could be, and what role we might play in shaping it into a platform for uncensored expression for the students at ISH. Our goal from the very beginning was simple: a no-frills editorial platform that gave students the space to express themselves — to share ideas, opinions, and even vent if they needed to.



To do that, we had to find a way to tie everything together — a quiet kind of cohesion that only we understood, so we wouldn't interfere with our collaborators' creative freedom. That's where the thread came in. Over time, we've shaped each edition in the background to maintain a subtle editorial throughline for our readers — something almost invisible but deeply felt, binding each article to the next and creating what, in our minds, feels like a complete edition.

Now, as we near what seems to be our penultimate issue, I can confidently say that the work we began has truly taken root. The students at ISH have found a space to speak, to reflect, and to share — on a platform that feels wholly theirs. Lucky 13 will be our last edition for this semester, and I hope we'll see you again when it's out. For now, I hope you enjoy reading through Edition XII: Role Reversals.

Mitodru Ghosh

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In This Edition



Shades of Grey

There's no such thing as bad thoughts; it's your actions that talk

Ishitta Madhyan; There's moments when a friend lies to spare your feelings, and you're not sure whether to thank them or be hurt. It's small, ordinary even – but it captures something vast. As people grow, they often realise that life rarely presents itself in clear, simple answers. Right and wrong aren't always easy to define, and relationships – especially friendships – are filled with nuance, contradiction, and moral ambiguity.

It's tempting to view morality as a set of rules: tell the truth, don't hurt others, be kind. But reality rarely fits into neat categories, and the space between right and wrong – the grey area – is where real ethical thinking, growth, and connection happen.

Friendships are particularly fertile ground for this complexity. They are messy. People say things they later regret, act in ways that hurt those they care about, or struggle between their own desires and the needs of others. When that happens, it's easy to retreat into judgment – labelling someone as “good” or “bad,” trustworthy or not. But such labelling misses the deeper challenge: human relationships are built

on imperfect people trying to navigate difficult circumstances with limited information, emotions, and conflicting priorities.

The grey area in morality doesn't exist because rules don't matter – it exists because human beings do. Aristotle's belief that friendship grounded in virtue is the highest form of connection reminds us that virtue itself is not static. It's something cultivated over time, through trial and error, through apologies and forgiveness, through moments when we falter but choose to try again. Virtue isn't perfection – it's perseverance.

Immanuel Kant's categorical imperative urges us to act according to principles that could be universal. Yet even this seemingly rigid framework requires interpretation in the face of conflicting duties. What happens when two moral obligations collide? When telling the truth may cause unnecessary pain? When loyalty to a friend conflicts with fairness to others? Think of having to choose between telling a friend the harsh truth about someone they love, or staying silent to protect them. These questions don't have straightforward

answers – and it's in wrestling with them that moral reasoning deepens.

It's easy to forget that philosophy wasn't written for lecture halls – it was written for the messy business of being human. David Hume's insights into emotions as the foundation of ethical judgment highlight why grey areas exist. Moral decisions are rarely made by cold logic alone. Empathy, fear, guilt, love, and compassion influence how people respond in complex situations. A person may choose differently in similar circumstances depending on their emotional state, their past, or the perceived stakes. Recognising this doesn't excuse harmful actions, but it opens the door to understanding why people make imperfect choices – and how relationships can heal rather than harden in response.

“The grey area in morality doesn't exist because rules don't matter – it exists because human beings do.”

Confucius' emphasis on harmony and relational ethics adds another layer to the grey area. Morality isn't just about individual decisions – it's about how those decisions ripple through families, communities, and relationships. Sometimes, preserving harmony requires compromise, patience, and tolerance for ambiguity. Good intentions don't always lead to good outcomes, and rigid adherence to a rule can sometimes fracture the bonds that make life bearable.

I've learned more about morality from watching friendships recover after fights than from any ethical theory. The grey area forces people to confront uncomfortable truths about themselves. One might hurt a friend unintentionally, fail to offer support in a critical moment, or act out of insecurity rather than malice. These moments challenge the illusion that being a “good person” means never making mistakes. Instead, morality becomes a practice of self-awareness, accountability, and growth. Owning mistakes without collapsing into shame is one of the most courageous acts anyone can perform.

In friendship, the grey area manifests daily – in miscommunications, mismatched expectations, and conflicting emotions. It asks: What amount of imperfection are we willing to tolerate? How can we respond with compassion rather than **condemnation**? What boundaries preserve self-respect without shutting others out? Moral purity might feel safer, but it's often just cowardice dressed as clarity.

Yet embracing the grey area is not about resigning to chaos or excuse making. It's about developing the resilience and wisdom to engage with complexity, rather than fleeing from it. It means learning to ask difficult questions instead of seeking easy solutions. It is care and honesty in tension. It means recognising that morality, like friendship, is a journey – not a destination.

Ultimately, the *gray* area is where people become more deeply human.



It is where empathy is tested, where self-reflection becomes essential, and where compassion, patience, and forgiveness are practiced – not because they are easy, but because they are necessary. The ability to sit with uncertainty, to extend kindness even when we're unsure, and to stay connected through imperfection is what transforms ordinary relationships into

spaces of profound ethical growth. Maybe that friend who lied wasn't wrong, just human – and maybe that's enough. In a world that often demands certainty, embracing the grey area offers a more honest, more compassionate way of living. It reminds us that morality isn't where clarity ends – it's where humanity begins.



The Golden Age of Pirating

If buying is not owning,
then piracy is not stealing

Manya Kadian; Narrator: We now begin with the author of this article, explaining her state of mind and the obvious deadline she missed (apologies to her poor editor).

Author: The first movie I ever saw in theatres was *Yeh Jawani Hai Deewani*. It was with my cousins, on one of those rare holidays when everyone was at our grandparents' house at the same time.

Back then, you could get a ticket, medium popcorn, and a small Coke for under ₹700 – which meant that the whole family could go. It was the ultimate nuclear family activity: *Sholay* on a Sunday afternoon, *Ghajini* with your cousins, *Avengers: Infinity War* with three generations packed into one row.

Nothing really prepares you for entering a movie theatre; it's the blueprint experience.

Dark, cold, but not damp. It has its own

scent – popcorn and powdered cheese, the sound of carbonated fizz, and people laughing and crying.

Now it's 500 rupees for just the popcorn. God forbid you want the director's cut or premium seats.

Movies became a luxury instead of a birthright. Entertainment got gatekept.

Narrator: Surely there's a reasonable explanation. Inflation, operational costs, the need for businesses to stay afloat post-COVID

Author: Good old-fashioned capitalism and a lot of people descending into the fourth circle of hell. Greed.

I wanted to make this article a highly eloquent one, with proper use of the holy Merriam-Webster dictionary; however, in good conscience, I cannot talk about media and content with a shred of formality. It is deeply personal, ugly, and very, very human.

Narrator: She's going to quote herself now. Brace yourselves.

Author: *"Art develops out of boredom. Now, usually, necessity is the mother of invention, but the evolution of the soul and the species are often contradictory in nature."*

Theatre and entertainment have existed for millennia, from Shakespeare's theatre, to bards in taverns telling tales of King Richard, and to the children running to the elders for stories passed down generationally – what is the epic of *Mahabharat* if not a story with brave heroes, **dastardly** villains and mischievous gods. Dare I say – it was the original Game of Thrones, but with a happier ending?

We love stories; we turn to them for lessons, inspiration, and solace – in solidarity and in the understanding that people have been suffering, living, laughing, and finding the same things beautiful since we discovered the paleoart of little children in caves.

Narrator: A touching sentiment. But stories cost money to produce – surely you understand that creators need to be compensated?

Author: Absolutely, but have you heard *Sixteen Tons* sung by the late great Tennessee Ernie Ford?

"Some people say a man is made outta mud.

A poor man's made outta muscle and blood.

Muscle and blood and skin and bones
A mind that's a weak and a back that's strong"

Sixteen Tons was quite apt for its time, describing the state of the economy and the people who formed its backbone. It was written about coal miners who worked themselves to death, only to owe everything back to the company store. They were paid in scrip – not real money – a currency that only worked at the company's shop, at the company's prices.

Narrator: Fascinating history lesson, but what does a 1946 coal mining song have to do with Netflix?

Author: Everything.

"The happiest slave is the one who isn't aware that he has masters."

We are so dog-tired by the end of the day – by the sheer work it takes just to survive that anything offering escape feels worth the hefty price. We're so desperate to flee the harsh realities of taxes and petrol prices that paying for seven different streaming services just to find that one nostalgic piece taking us back to simpler times almost seems like a good deal.

What's ironic is that the same companies that employ you also create your distractions to keep you quiet. Amazon Prime and Amazon Warehouses are just two sides of the same coin – the

same people working in and for them.

The happiest slave is the one who isn't aware that he has masters.

Narrator: That's quite morbid thinking. Humanity seems to be stuck in a hamster wheel with no hope of getting off.

Author: On the contrary. Humanity is stalwart enough when it comes to standing up to authority, always trying, somehow, to keep the scales of justice and common sense in balance. I wonder if the audience knows the one thing all protests, marches, and movements have in common.

Narrator: Yelling?

Author: Wrong.

Narrator: Signs and slogans?

Author: Wrong again.

Narrator: Tear gas and overzealous anti-riot gear?

Author: Close, but no. It is a very simple, three-letter word: *Why?*

Why must we submit to this? Why are the poor getting poorer? Why are diamonds made from blood money and child soldiers? Why is it not acceptable to wear different-coloured socks to formal events?

Rebellion and protest do not begin with noise. They begin when one questions the system, questions why the rules

exist.

Why am I paying for Netflix, Prime, Hotstar, Apple TV, Mubi, and my bills on top of that?

Why are research papers – information that students and academics NEED – locked behind paywalls? JSTOR can eat a cactus, by the way.

Why is Medium charging money? It's just Tumblr with extra steps and a superiority complex.

Why did we collectively accept that entertainment – stories, food for the human soul – should be gatekept by whoever can afford the subscription fee?

Thus, enter the pirates. People got so sick of the corporate stranglehold that they decided to say, "*To heck with the copyright distribution and mega corporate greed,*" and created free, easily accessible databases – little sanctuaries where your joys don't have to devour your soul or your wallet.

Narrator: You're advocating for breaking the law.

Author: I'm advocating for access to culture. There's a difference.

Breakfast at Tiffany's, Sholay, Slugterra, Charlie Chaplin – classics I've been able to repeatedly enjoy – thanks to scouring the internet for pirated sites which provide them with decent quality and as few ads about beautiful older women in my area as possible.



Anna's Archive for books I can't afford. RefSeek for non-paywalled research papers. Telegram movie channels. The digital underground that said "knowledge and joy should not be commodified beyond reach."

Narrator: But this hurts artists. This takes money from creators.

Author: Does it? Does it really?

Let me ask you something. Will *Taylor Swift* be dealt a devastating blow if a few million people don't buy her albums or stream her songs on paid platforms? Will Disney collapse if I pirate a movie they've already made half a billion dollars on?

Narrator: Well, no, but—

Author: Then let's talk about who actually gets hurt when we funnel all our entertainment budget into corporate subscriptions.

The struggling theatre nerds with fresh new plays. The local artists selling their early pieces. The musicians playing at your neighbourhood café. The writers self-publishing their weird, wonderful stories. The community theatre running productions with duct tape and passion. Narrator: Your utopian hubris makes you forget the ironclad laws of copyright.

Author: Copyright was created to protect artists. Somewhere along the way, it became a tool for corporations to hoard culture and squeeze every last rupee out of human joy.

If buying is not owning – if I can't actually keep the things I pay for, if Netflix can delete my favourite show (I am still salty they removed *Mulan* from Netflix India), and Kindle can remove books from my library – then piracy is not stealing.

Narrator: So your solution is to steal from the rich and provide to the poor? How very Robin Hood of you.

Author: My solution is to redistribute one's entertainment budget in a way that actually supports creativity instead of executive bonuses.

Pirate the corporate stuff. It's already made its money back fifty times over. Use that monthly subscription sum – what would that be, 2000 rupees across all platforms? – and spend it on local art. Go to a play. Buy a painting from a student artist. Commission a piece from someone who's trying to make rent.

Narrator: You're asking people to break the law.

Author: I'm asking people to question why the law protects Disney's hundred-year-old cartoons more than it protects actual living artists trying to survive.

This entire meta commentary within a metacommentary – where I'm really just arguing with my own brain as a creative trying to entertain – is requesting people to put on their pixelated pirate hats and sail beyond the great paywall waves to reclaim joy as a human right, not a luxury.

To remember that stories belong to all of us – not just to whoever can afford them.

"Piracy isn't theft. It's a protest."

– Rhea Budhraj.

She might be onto something.

Knowledge, culture, and entertainment are too important to be locked behind paywalls that only the comfortable can afford. It's saying that a kid in a small

town deserves to watch the same movies, read the same books, and access the same research as someone in a metro city with disposable income. If Khaby Lame can become a judge on Italy's Got Talent for literally emoting – bro went ʘ_('ʘ)_/ and got a net worth between \$16.5 and \$26 million – then clearly the barriers to success aren't talent or gatekeeping, they're access. Give people the tools, remove the paywalls and watch what happens.

Anything is possible with a steady internet connection and a dream.

Narrator: This is quite the manifesto.

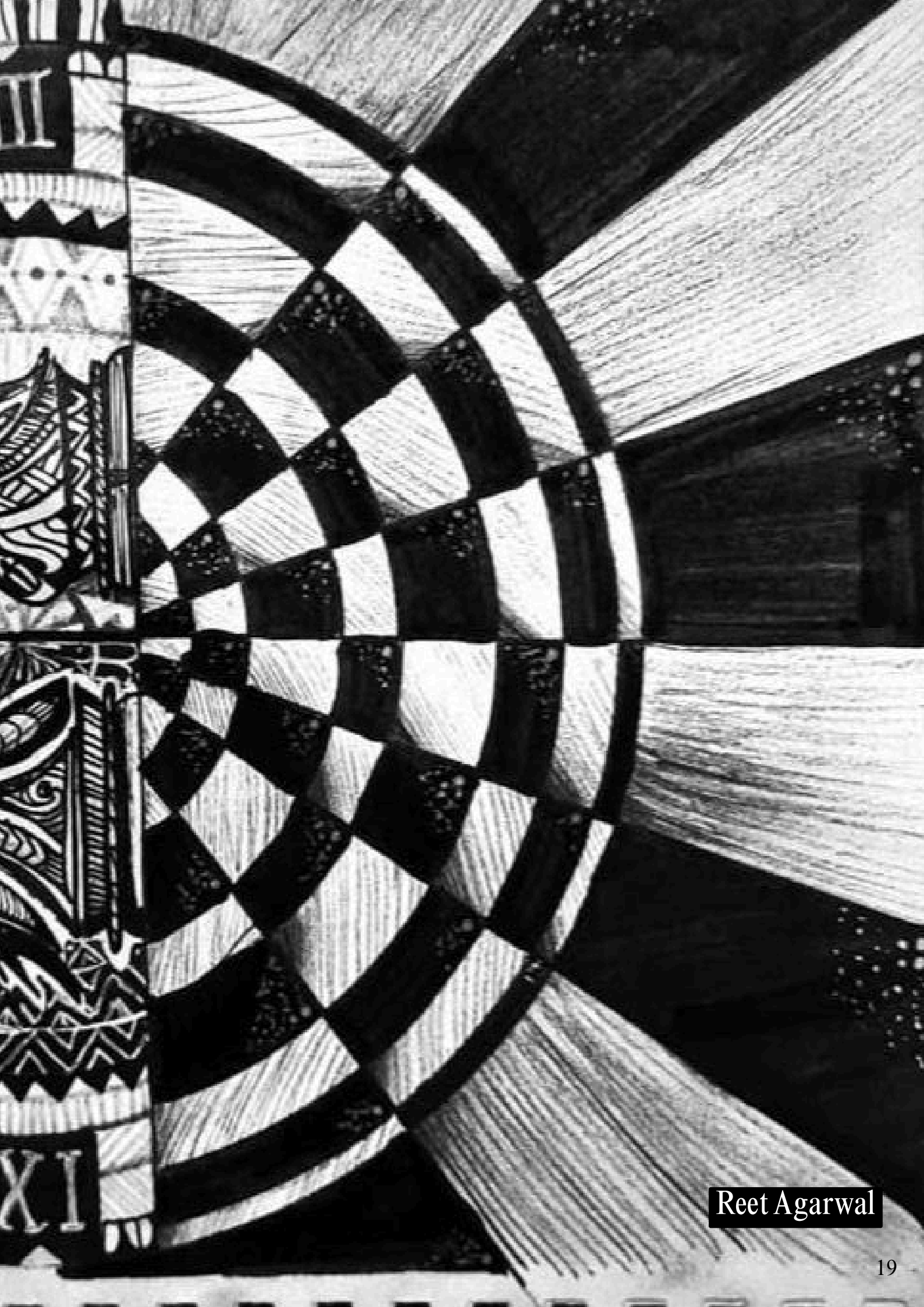
Author: Manifestos are, by definition, "A written statement by a political party that explains what it hopes to do if it becomes the government in the future."

This is me wanting people to look deeper into creatives. This is the desperate plea of generations of opera singers, blessed designers, local jewellers, pottery artists, shoemakers and that one kid in his economics class who still draws buildings and keeps his acceptance letter into art school tucked inside his sketchbook.

Now, as most stories should leave you unsettled or with good inspiration towards the end, here are my cliff notes: Be a rebel. Save your money. Help your community. Stick it to the mega-corporations that convinced you escapism should cost a month's groceries. And if they sue you, tell them your editor said it was fine.

Godspeed and calm waters, Captain. The popcorn's on you.





Reet Agarwal

fashion

is*

you.

we are our
own
creation.

FASHION IS US.

When Gender Wears You

Undressing the Xs and Ys of dressing

Mayur Somaiah; As a kid, I didn't care about what I wore – mainly because behind every pair of jeans and every Max Kids T-shirt were my parents, deciding what I should or shouldn't wear for any outing. The only time I had the freedom to choose was when I was at home. Comfy shorts and my favourite shirt always made me feel like it would be a good day if I wore them. I had specific shirts that I loved so much, I'd save them for special days. But on other days, when I'd try out different combinations, my parents would advise me not to go out dressed like that, saying people might think otherwise. That struck me. Why would people care about what I or anyone else wears? It's stupid.

Fast forward to post-COVID high school – everyone was fresh out of online classes, and it was a new beginning for me in a new school. This was also when I became more conscious about my appearance and the clothes I wore. I'd look around and see everyone wearing baggy clothes, lots of jewellery, and other trendy pieces.

Unfortunately, I wasn't allowed to get those clothes at first because baggy clothes seemed weird to my parents. I had to convince them to let me buy other options instead. This was when I began working with what I already had. I'd go on Pinterest every day to see what I could wear differently and experiment with new outfit combinations. On days when I felt like I'd nailed an outfit, people would say things like, *"This looks a little girlish, don't you think?"* or *"Guys don't wear it this way."* Hearing those comments really made me wonder – *is there actually a norm for what we should wear according to our sex?*

Some would argue that there is a norm, but why was that norm set up in the first place? Norms are generally created as standards for behaviour – but who decided they should dictate clothing?

Have you ever walked into a clothing store and wondered, *"Why is the women's section so diverse in its collections compared to the men's?"*

Well, it is – because every time I walk into a store, I hope the men’s collection is as good as the women’s. Otherwise, I’ll end up buying what I like from the women’s section, because the men’s section has no hope. Let’s be visual about this. A good women’s collection contains tons of variations – cropped tops, graphic tees, oversized fits, crochet pieces, and more. The bottoms include skirts in different sizes and lengths, jeans, leggings, and pants in styles like slim fit, baggy, flared, and bell-bottoms. And don’t even get me started on dresses and traditional wear. In contrast, a “good” men’s collection usually has a few shirts – graphic or plain – along with pants or jeans in slim, straight, or baggy fits. The point I’m trying to draw is that when it comes to women’s fashion, there’s always so much experimentation and variety to work with, while men’s fashion barely has any of it. Companies readily launch new designs for women, but hesitate to do the same for men – fearing backlash or poor sales. On the flip side, fashion designers constantly experiment with men’s fashion in couture and art pieces, unbothered by societal standards.

“In today’s time, masculinity has lost its value and spark, leaving fragile insecurities that often manifest as hate towards others.”

But that raises the question: was masculinity always like this? Simple answer, actually: nope. In earlier times, Indian fashion looked very different from today’s. Men wore heavy pleated kurtas and pyjamas that looked like modern-day maxi skirts. The cloth used to drape these dhotis was often the same as the one used for sarees, cherished for its handmade design and fine material. This type of fashion was seen as a symbol of status and royalty. And don’t even get me started on the heavy jewellery and makeup used to maintain their glam and prestige. So what changed this? Well, it’s the British and European influence (not surprised). During colonial times, there was major sabotage of India’s textile industry – from underpaying and exploiting craftsmen to completely shutting them down to make way for European fashion and profit.

The British also imposed their cultural ideals, calling Indian fashion “primitive” and “indecent.” Suits and coats became symbols of the educated and wealthy, pushing Indians toward Western fashion to fit in.

Another beloved era of fashion was the 1970s–80s, known for its obsession with pop, colour, and funk. Funky patterns, neon colours, and wild hairstyles were anything but boring – but even that eventually faded. During this time, HIV/AIDS was at its peak, spreading primarily among gay men. Due to very little information about how it spread, people began to distance themselves and treat gay men very differently, which eventually led to large-scale homophobia.

Gay men were prominent figures in this style of fashion, which led straight men to tone down their looks – dressing more plainly to avoid being mistaken for gay. This was one of the key events that led to the downfall of men's fashion. Now ask yourself this: was this segregation really worth it in the long run? Absolutely not. This segregation has only led to more problems in society – like the loss of freedom to wear what you wish, growing homophobia, and the erosion of personal identity tied to fashion, among many others.

The thing is, fashion never had a "gender" tied to it. Fashion was mainly dependent on the resources available and the job or status of the person wearing it. Makeup and heels, now seen as part of female fashion, were originally made for men. Even skirts were meant to be worn by men – like Scottish kilts, which are still worn today for cultural reasons. I personally believe that tying gender to fashion is a result of misogyny. Patriarchal powers reshaped fashion to enforce a hierarchy – masculine became practical, simple, and strong, while feminine became fragile, delicate, and decorative. The whole purpose was to promote masculinity while containing femininity.

Women's fashion was sexualised and policed in the name of modesty, while men's fashion was stripped of its colour and flair, as femininity was seen as weak. This led to the segregation of products such as makeup, heels, and skirts into something "feminine," further pushing down anything feminine as weak.

I've written so much about the issues pertaining to personal fashion, but how can someone step out of their comfort zone? It all lies in experimenting. Unfortunately, experimenting comes with the risk of judgment – getting looks or comments that make anyone uncomfortable for wearing something unfamiliar

“Basic may be comfort, but basic may not be for everyone.”

Something else slowly making its way up the ladder is "androgynous fashion," which I feel isn't talked about enough. **Androgynous** fashion pushes aside gender norms, blending masculine and feminine elements into a style that refuses to sit on one side of the spectrum. I believe everyone has heard about or seen the news on Ranveer Singh's wild and experimental fashion sense – I'd say he's the perfect example of bringing androgynous fashion into the Indian market. He's one of the very few celebrities who doesn't care about societal norms and believes that fashion isn't marked by gender. His experimenting with this style of fashion is an eye-opener for many, and the best way to leave behind the stigmas created by our predecessors.

Fashion is all about experimenting and finding what suits you. It's full of surprises; you never know what you may like until you try it. Experimenting can be as small as adding new accessories that you normally wouldn't to your outfit. It's all about stepping out of the closet with the mindset of taking smaller steps at a time.



Everyone's personality is unique, and fashion is the first glimpse into that inner self – and first impressions last. Restrictions put by society on fashion are stupid. There is no right or wrong in fashion – it's all about the vibe that goes with the outfit. The only restrictions that make sense are those of setting – essentially, wearing an outfit appropriate for the place or occasion. People will always police and judge – because at the end of the day, you'll

never please everyone. Realising that is freeing; basing your choices on stigma only holds you back. As previously mentioned, people have the right to an opinion, but there is also a clear distinction between critique and plain hatred.

After all, fashion is subjective – an art form that's personal to every individual and deserves respect. Simple, 'cause fashion isn't one-size-fits-all.



Perfect Hands, Imperfect Soul

Kira Yoshikage and the
fallacy of a quiet life

Afraaz Sheikh; *JoJo's Bizarre Adventure* isn't just about throwing punches – it's about psychological warfare. It's a story packed with gods, monsters, creepy old men, and even babies who fight adults. That's the madness of JoJo's: a world where souls literally take shape as Stands, spirit manifestations that reflect who you are inside.

These characters may differ wildly, but they all share two simple desires: some want world domination, others want money. I do wonder, though – what would the baby want?

These ambitions are grand and overused and, to be honest, not that impressive. But there is one man who would do anything – anything – to achieve his purpose. He's willing to fight, kill, or even change his entire identity just to reach one goal.

So, what is his true goal?

Is it money? Fame? Power? A cat?

Well, none of that. All he wants – is to live a quiet life.

The man we're talking about is Kira Yoshikage, a man obsessed with living

peacefully. Every day he wakes up and follows the same routine. His first monologue is literally him describing it. "But dude, what's wrong with any of that?" you might ask. Well – it's the normality itself that's unsettling. Kira's obsession manifests in his fixation with hands, blurring the line between affection and violence.

Killer Queen

Besides being one of the best songs by Queen, Killer Queen (or Kira Queen, as Kira Yoshikage would call it) is one of the best Stands in JoJo's.

To expand on that: a Stand is basically an embodiment of your fighting spirit. These Stands can only be seen by other Stand users, so if yours looks like a monkey in his pyjamas, rest assured – you're safe.

Killer Queen, like every other Stand Kira wields, symbolises aspects of his personality. It can turn anything it touches into a bomb – making Kira's crimes clean and untraceable. This power helps him preserve the stillness

he craves so deeply.

Killer Queen has a feline grace – lean, sleek, and unnervingly human. Its tight, armour like design carries an unsettling allure that mirrors Kira’s repressed desires. His obsession with women’s hands becomes his twisted way of “purifying” what he perceives as imperfection – a delusion of control disguised as affection.

He toys with people’s lives as if they’re playthings – fittingly echoed in the song lyric: “Playful as a pussycat.”

Sheer Heart Attack

My personal favourite Stand of the entire season, Sheer Heart Attack, looks like a toy tank – yet its name, and the fact that it only says “look at me,” reveal Kira’s dual nature: outwardly charming, inwardly hollow.

Kira may seem charismatic at first, but his emotions are surface-deep. Sheer Heart Attack is an unrelenting force that, once unleashed, stops at nothing until its target is destroyed – much like Kira himself once he’s fixated on something.

It’s also indestructible, as shown in his battle with Jotaro Kujo, whose Stand, Star Platinum, can throw thousands of punches in seconds at near light speed. This simply endures it – unfazed and unstoppable.

There’s one moment that captures Kira’s personality perfectly. After Jotaro’s injured, Koichi is left alone to face it. He’s only a child, yet he bravely uses his Stand to increase gravity on the bomb, forcing Kira to appear – since whatever affects a Stand affects its user.

When Kira shows up, he seems polite, even calm. He offers Koichi a napkin, telling him he’s bleeding. Then, without

“You cannot kill it, you can't hide from it – all you can do is run from it.”

hesitation, he strikes. What follows isn’t just violence; it’s precision. Every motion is deliberate, mechanical, detached – as if humanity has been stripped from him. Kira is that machine. He has no empathy, no hesitation. Once he decides on a course of action, nothing can divert him. Even in moments where his façade risks exposure, his obsession with perfection takes over – like when he stops mid-crisis to fix a small detail out of place. That moment says everything about him.

You can’t kill him, you can’t hide from him – all you can do is run. That’s what Kira’s victims feel: an **unrelenting**, indestructible force driven by an obsessive desire to maintain control. But obsession never sleeps – and Kira evolves.

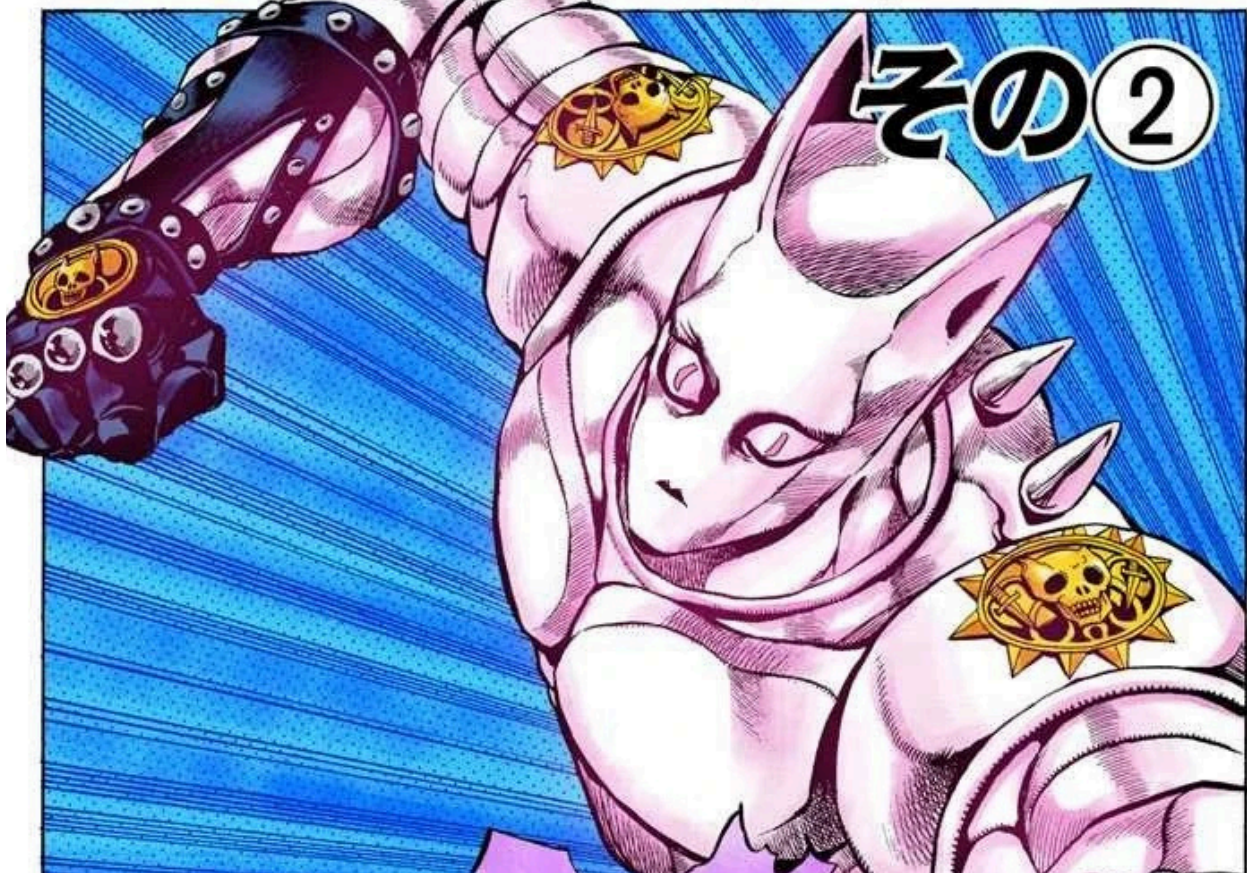
Bites the Dust

This is where Kira’s repressed instincts take full control of his once-calculated mind.

As Kosaku Kawajiri, Kira finally finds what he always wanted – normalcy. A wife. A home. A quiet routine. For a brief moment, he seems content. But peace doesn’t suit him for long. His compulsions return, and when his secret is threatened by Kosaku’s young son, Hayato, Kira snaps. That act of desperation awakens a new Stand – Bites the Dust – giving him control over time itself.

It’s poetic: the man who longed for

シアーハートアタック



stillness now commands endless repetition, reliving the same hour over and over.

Kira genuinely tries to fit in. He begins to care for his new family and even shows flashes of affection. Yet his darker nature resurfaces when Hayato discovers the truth. Cornered, Kira kills him – and in that moment of panic, his new ability manifests.

Bites the Dust allows Kira to attach a miniature version of Killer Queen to a host. If that host reveals his identity, the listener dies, and time rewinds by an hour. The cycle repeats until Kira decides to stop it.

It's perfect for him. The fear of being caught once kept his urges in check –

now that fear is gone. With time itself at his disposal, Kira is finally free to indulge in his delusion of peace.

But Kira Yoshikage is just another monster in a suit working a 9–5 job. He doesn't stand out in a crowd. Handsome face, polished manners, blond hair – the picture of normalcy. Yet behind that facade lies something hollow, something monstrous.

Kira Yoshikage will never have the peaceful life he dreams of. His own nature ensures it. Behind the polite smile and immaculate routine lies a void no illusion of normalcy can ever fill.

To end this, I'll borrow Dio Brando's words: *"The evilest creature is the one who hides behind justice."*



Medieval Sanctuary, Eternal Myth

Framing the Heartbreak and Hope in Frank Dicksee's

Mudduluru Uthej; Standing before Frank Dicksee's *Romeo and Juliet*, I am drawn into a moment suspended between breath and eternity.

What is it about that stolen heartbeat – that fleeting instant between Romeo and Juliet – that reaches into the very core of our being, awakening something timeless and achingly human? Can you feel the electric surge of forbidden ardour, trembling with the thrill of risk, so raw and fierce it seems to defy fate itself? How does Dicksee's masterful brush breathe haunting life into this immortal tale of passion and sacrifice, transforming a simple kiss into the desperate longing of two souls entwined beyond time?

This painting does more than depict a scene; it captures the faltering pulse of love **teetering** on the edge of danger and desire, where every second is charged with both gift and threat. Here, love burns with the consuming intensity of wildfire – fierce and untamed, yet tender and raw, as if caught between flames and ashes. It is a heartbeat caught in eternity, where courage and

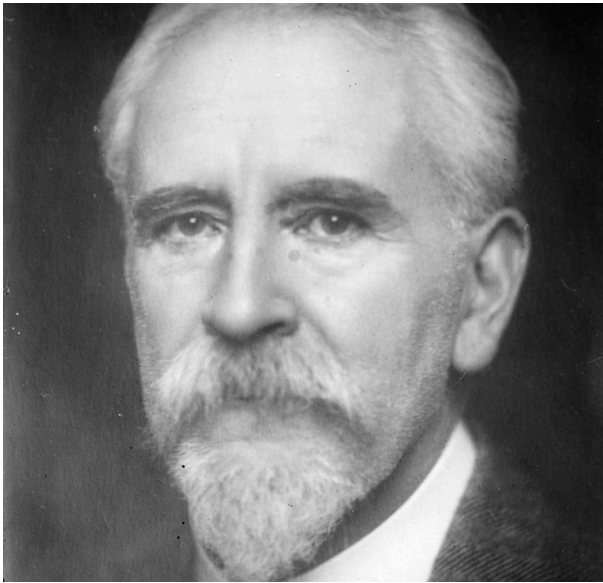
yearning collide, beckoning us to feel the exquisite agony and joy of loving so profoundly that the world itself fades away.

As I gaze upon the painting, I feel the electric hum of forbidden ardour crackling through the space between Romeo and Juliet, a rush so potent it seems to pulse like a living heartbeat. It is no ordinary kiss, but a silent vow whispered beneath the moonlight – a desperate, fearless reaching out for connection in a world that threatens to pull them apart. Dicksee's brush draws us into a secret realm where love is both a battlefield and sanctuary, raw and consuming yet tender and infinitely exposed. The air seems charged with longing, the weight of unspoken promises, and the echo of an inevitable farewell.

The Electric Dance of Risk and Desire

In this breathtaking instant, Romeo leans daringly out from the shadowed safety of Juliet's balcony, his figure stretched, vulnerable yet fiercely determined. It is as if time itself holds its breath as he balances precariously between the

shelter of the familiar and the wild unknown, a man risking all not just with his body but with his soul. His vibrant red cloak, caught in a gentle night breeze, flickers like living fire – an emblem of burning zeal that refuses to be dimmed even in the darkest hour. It speaks of love not as a quiet warmth, but as a fierce, consuming fire, blazing bright against the night's silence.



Juliet, radiant and ethereal, cloaked in purity of white, holds him not just with her arms but with an insubstantial hope that seems capable of suspending time itself. Her grip – both tender and urgent – embodies that delicate balance of surrender and longing that love demands. In their intimacy, there is a breathless tension, a silent symphony of emotions: the thrill of stolen seconds, the ache of impending separation, and the electric promise of love so intense it threatens to both break and ignite. Every glance, every touch between them balances on the edge of ruin – a single breath that could shatter sorrow or blaze into joy.

What makes this fleeting instant even more profound is in the smallest of details – Dicksee's exquisite craftsmanship captures the softness of Romeo's curls, the tender texture of Juliet's skin, and the delicate vines of flowers that climb the ancient column beside them. These details root their transcendent fervour in the tangible world, reminding us that this grand, mythic love is also achingly real and human. The plants whisper quiet truths about growth and fragility, the worn stone signifies time's unyielding passage, and through it all glows the radiant pulse of youthful devotion.

This is not merely a **tableau**; it is a living, breathing moment alive with the paradox of love – both daring and heartbreakingly fragile, urgent and timeless. It calls to each observer to feel the weight and wonder of love's daring dance – the risk we all take when we give out our hearts completely.

Medieval Romance and Eternal Myth: A Timeless Stage for Forbidden Ardour

The scene unfolds like a dream spun from the very fabric of medieval legend – an enchanted world draped in ivy-covered stone, where ornate archways frame the lover's secret dance, and silken drapes whisper softly in the moonlight. This setting is no mere backdrop; it is a living, breathing stage for a love story that transcends time. As if plucked from an ancient fairytale, the painting drapes Romeo and Juliet's tragic vehemence in the rich splendour of courtly romance, where every detail echoes with the hush of chivalry and the flutter of yearning hearts.

Within this medieval sanctuary, honor and desire are not foes but inseparable companions, entwined in the very air that surrounds the lovers. It is a world where love itself becomes an act of rebellion, a sacred defiance against the cruel edicts of fate and family, where two souls dare to claim union forged in secrecy and longing. Frank Dicksee does more than recreate a famous Shakespearean beat; he resurrects the very essence of what makes love everlasting – it is the power to defy odds, to blaze fiercely even when shadowed by tragedy, and to linger timelessly in human hearts.

The vibrant hues and meticulous brushstrokes breathe life into this timeless myth. Every colour from the lush greens of creeping ivy to the muted golds of ancient stone, vibrates with the weight of history and the promise of remembrance. Through this painting, Dicksee invites us into a place where love is more than an emotion – it is a solemn vow whispered in the dark, a luminous spark in the vast tapestry of human longing.

In this fairy-tale world, Romeo and Juliet are not just lovers but symbols of a sacred cause, their story an eternal testament to the courage of the heart. Bound by love yet torn apart by circumstances, they embody the mythic struggle between duty and desire – the unending dance between what the world demands and what the soul craves. This painting captures the exquisite tension, inviting us not just to witness but to feel the sacred rebellion of love's most tender and devastating

“This painting isn’t a fairy tale with a happy ending; it’s a solemn testament – an ode to love’s persistent power to transform, inspire, and haunt.”

reaches.

Love’s Eternal Flame: Devotion and vulnerability

What lingers in the heart long after the eyes leave the painting is not merely the beauty of a soft pause in time, but the profound courage that it quietly unveils. Romeo, perched on the **precarious** edge of danger, risks everything – his life, future, his very soul – for this fleeting embrace with Juliet. Every one of his breaths seems to carry the weight of a thousand unspoken fears of loss. His boldness bleeds from the canvas, infusing the scene with raw intensity that shakes the spirit.

Juliet’s embrace – the soft, almost fragile way she holds him – is a delicate song of trust and surrender. It speaks of hope that flickers like a spark in the darkest night, a hope that their love’s fire might hold fast and outlast the gathering storm of fate and tragedy. Her hands, gentle and trembling, communicate a quiet bravery equal to Romeo’s, showing us that love is not a single act of courage but a shared journey carried in mutual vulnerability.



The interplay of light and shadow across their faces is a visual poem, telling the paradoxical tale of love itself – radiant and ecstatic, yet forever shadowed by the spectre of loss. Their eyes, their half-smiles, and the soft glow of moonlight kissing their skin invites us to feel joy tinged with sorrow, to understand that even in the brightest hours, love carries the echo of eventual farewell. This painting isn't a fairy tale with a happy ending; it's a solemn testament – an ode to love's persistent power to transform, inspire, and haunt.

Dicksee's masterpiece whispers to every heart willing to listen: true love demands not only passion but the courage to be seen. It is a light that can warm and illuminate, but also one that consumes and changes everything it touches. It calls us to remember that the beauty of love lies not in its permanence, but in the daring to embrace it fully, even when the spark might flicker and fade.

Stepping closer to this precious breath caught between past and forever, what stirs within your soul? Is it the aching sweetness of a love that flares so brightly, so urgently, that you almost feel its fragile fire risk burning out too soon?

Or is it quiet, almost rebellious hope that such a fierce and ardent connection could still be found even now, in the shadows of our own lives and fears?

Imagine, if love demanded courage in a single, breathtaking instant, what would you risk to hold that love? Would you cross boundaries, defy expectations, or face fears you never imagined possible? Frank Dicksee's masterpiece invites you not only to see love but to feel it as a living pulse – a reminder that in the woven tapestry of human experience, love is the most brilliant and delicate thread, forever unguarded yet endlessly powerful.

When you gaze upon Romeo and Juliet caught between longing and farewell, what emotions rise within you? Do you feel a spark of hope, a hint of sorrow, a whisper of yearning or the fierce, joyous defiance that love inspires? What does your heart long to tell-of a love held close, or of one lost too soon? This painting opens a window into the secret places where our deepest desires and fears dwell. What does your heart whisper when you imagine yourself in this stolen, suspended embrace of love?



Meet The Team

"I am not I.
I am this one
walking beside me whom I do not see,
whom at times I manage to visit,
and whom at other times I forget."

An excerpt from *Yo No Soy Yo*
by Juan Ramón Jiménez

Glossary

androgynous

adjective (an·draw·juh·nuhs)

partly male and partly female in appearance; of indeterminate sex.

condemnation

noun (kawn·dem·nay·shn)

the expression of very strong disapproval; censure.

dastardly

adjective (daa·stuhd·lee)

wicked or cruel

entre nous

adverb (awn·truh naws)

between ourselves; privately.

precarious

adjective (pruh·keuh·ree·uhs)

not securely held or in position; dangerously likely to fall or collapse.

tableau

noun (ta·bloh)

a group of models or motionless figures representing a scene from a story or from history; a tableau vivant.

teetering

verb (tee·tuh·ruhng)

be unable to decide between different courses; waver.

throughline

noun (throo·lyne)

a connecting theme, plot, or characteristic in a film, television series, book, etc.

unrelenting

adjective (uhn·ruh·lent·uhng)

not yielding in strength, severity, or determination.

GAZETTE

INDIAN SCHOOL OF HOSPITALITY