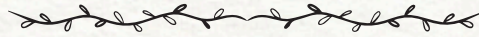


SVKM's Pravin Gandhi College of Law



L'avocat's

Bimonthly, Multilingual Literary Magazine



AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 2026



CURATED PIECES

POEM

चाहत

Parth Shukla page 1

कुछ बाकी है

Jainam Kenia page 2

मुख्तलिफ

Manzil Shah page 4

Decade Nine

Nenshu Sevkani page 6

The Softness of Humans

Aditya K page 7

મારી ધીરજની વાર્તા

Mahek Satra page 9

FILM ANALYSIS

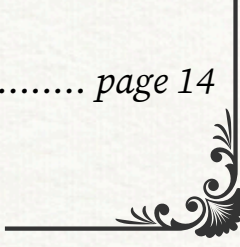
When the Don Becomes the Law: Power and Loyalty in The Godfather

Dhrumi Gaglani page 10

BOOK REVIEW

When the Haunting Outshines the Romance: A Review of H.D. Carlton's Haunting Adeline

Gauri Yadav page 14





CURATED PIECES

REFLECTIVE ESSAY

Icarus – the boy who tried

Misa Vira page 18

ABOUT BOOKS

When BookTok Went Japanese

Editorial Board page 21

EDITORS

Faculty In - charge

Ms. Vidya Tewani and Mr. Aaditya Jadhav

Student Chief – Editor

Ms. Gauri Yadav

Student Editor

Ms. Laura Correia



चाहत

Parth Shukla

Second Year, B.A. LL.B

अक्सर एक तसव्वुर में रात बिगाड़ते हुए यह सोचता हूँ
“कैसा होता अगर ये ज़माना अलग होता?”
कुछ लोगों से मुलाक़ात होती,
और कोई हमसे बेगाना होता |

किसी के अलम दूर होते,
कोई रंजिश-ए-इश्क़ से महफ़ूज़ होता |

नस्ब, मुहिब, सखी, ग़ैर और ग़नीम
सबका अपना-अपना खुलासा होता |

बस इसी हसरत में दिन गुज़ारता हूँ
अगर ज़माने की परख होती
तो कुछ न होता
पर तजुर्बा होता |



कुछ बाकी है

Jainam Kenia

Third Year, B.A. LL.B

कुछ बाकी है
कुछ बात है जो बाकी है,
कुछ काम है जो बाकी है,
कुछ लोगों से मिलना बाकी है,
कुछ महफ़िले जमाना बाकी है,
कुछ ख़्वाब है जो बाकी है,
कुछ लम्हे फिरसे जीना बाकी है,
कुछ लोगों से कुछ कहना बाकी है,
कहीं घूमना बाकी है,
कहीं झुमना बाकी है,
कुछ यादें बाकी हैं,
कुछ इरादा बाकी है,
कुछ तो बाकी ही रहता है।

कुछ के साथ हमेशा काश बाकी है,
काश ये कर्लिया होता,
काश वो कर्लिया होता,
मैं भी ये काश में हूँ।

काश मेने कुछ बातें बतादी होती,
काश मेने प्यार व्यक्त करदिया होता,
काश मेने वो ट्रेन पकड़ ली होती,
काश मेने मेरा मन बदल दिया होता,
ये काश और कुछ में ही अटकी रहेगी मेरी जिंदगी?



मुर्तलिफ

Manzil Shah

Second Year, B.A. LL.B

हर फूल गुलाब नहीं होता ।
हर सवाल का जवाब नहीं होता ।
हर हंसता चेहरा खुश नहीं होता ।
हर रोता शख्स आशिक नहीं होता ।
कुछ तो लोग कहते हैं ।
इन लोगों की सुनके आसमान हासिल नहीं होता ।
तुम सहम जाते हो अकेले रहने से,
लेकिन अक्सर पीठ पर खंजर किसी गैर का नहीं होता ।
क्या बात है जो तुम डरते हो गिरने से?
डरने से कोई सपना पूरा नहीं होता ।
कल देखा तुमने किसी अपने को साथ छोड़ते ।
आज अपनी मां की बाहों में सोके कोई छोटा नहीं होता ।
हर हार एक नई सीख दे जाती है ।
ठोकर खा लेना कमजोरी नहीं होता ।
तू बस खुद पर यकीन रख अकेले आगे बढ़ने से कोई स्वार्थी नहीं होता ।
पांचों उंगलियां बराबर थोड़ी हैं ।
सबका अपना अपना अंदाज़ ।

सबके अपने अपने रूवाब ।

वो क्या है ना बगीचे में हर फूल गुलाब नहीं होता ।



Poem

Decade Nine

Nenshu Sevkani

Second Year, B.A. LL.B

Same place, same time,
but feels like decade nine.

The sight of yours isn't mine now,
yet glad they don't remain
to cross my mind.

Well, it's a sign
of the pain and misery
you left me with;
but still,
I am going to be out there,
Just doing fine.



Poem

The Softness of Humans

Aditya K.

Second Year, B.A. LL.B

Humans, they're so beautiful,
In every breath they take.
In the way they just exist,
What a lovely world they make.

You need to notice
How it's in tiny ways,
Like golden highlights
Enlightening the longing days.

In the way their skin
Gets shy with the touch of sun.
Something about that smile
They wear in moments of fun.

About how their eyes squish
And their cheeks lift up.
How they walk with that quirk
With the overcoat and a coffee cup.

It's how they squeak in excitement
When they find something cute.

About how they're all serious and cold
In the tie and black rich suit.

That genuine plea in themselves
After getting approached by a wagging tail.
That nervous and indescribable feeling
In the chest while they walk with that pretty veil.

How they pretend to be cold and rough
In the fear of getting played.
Without realising this place is worthy
Just because they stayed.



મારી ધીરજની વાર્તા

Mahek Satra

Second Year, B.A. LL.B

મારો વ્હાલમ ક્યારે આવશે?
મેં મારી જાતને શોધી લીધું, પણ તને નહીં
તું મારી અધૂરી વાર્તાનો છેડો છે
હું તારી ઝંખના કરું છું, છતાં તું આવતો નથી
મેં આશા છોડી દીધી, છતાં તું આવતો નથી
દર્દોની મજા નથી
આ સંઘર્ષ કડવો બૌ છે
મને આ રીતે સજા ના આપ
હું તને મળી નથી, છતાં તારી યાદ આવે
તું મારી અધૂરી વાર્તાનો છેડો છે



When the Don Becomes the Law: Power and Loyalty in The Godfather

Dhrumi Gaglani

Second Year, B.A. LL.B



Photo: Vintage Movie Posters UK
© vintagemovieposters.co.uk

“Behind every great fortune, there is a crime.”

Although fictional, *The Godfather* provides valuable and detailed insights into how Don Vito Corleone, a figure whose authority bends conventional legitimacy, works beyond the formal boundaries of law. *The Godfather* offers a sequence of events on how informal power can be constructed through tradition, charm, and calculated violence rather than legal-rational authority.

Informal power structures such as mafia organisations, political gangs, and warlord networks offer a peek at how authority, power, and even respect can be created and sustained without institutional legitimacy.

“Someday, and that day may never come, I will call upon you to do a service for me.”

We commence with Connie's wedding, where, by Sicilian custom, no request can be refused on a daughter's wedding day. While music, food, and dancing occur outside, Don Vito sits in his office receiving petitioners.



*Marlon Brando as
Vito Corleone aka Don Vito*

These requests showcase the Don's role as an arbiter of justice and authority beyond the law. People trust his fairness more than the legal system, believing he knows

the right punishment. Through charisma and presence, Don Vito has established his authority so strongly that individuals deliberately choose his justice over the formal legal procedure.

His granting of these favours is not only out of the goodness of his heart but also a stratagem that would earn the individual's respect and loyalty. These dynamics strengthen Vito's control and increasingly extend the scope of his criminal-political empire.

Don Vito's Godfather persona relies upon the "spontaneous consent" of the masses, i.e., the members of society who, as depicted in the novel, have come to ask him for favours. He has built this through his history of granting such favours. Now, people who don't rely on the government or need outcomes from difficult situations turn to him rather than the established authority, thus reinforcing his informal legitimacy.

"I'm gonna make him an offer he can't refuse."

Don Vito presents himself as an upstanding businessman to the outside world. This veneer of legality shields the family from scrutiny while

allowing him to maintain his real authority, which derives from gambling, protection, and other illicit operations. Strategies, charm, and quick wit made Vito a skilled negotiator. He knew when to step back or get involved. He seems to understand the exact consequences of his actions. He was and still is a great example of using violence as a strategy.

“They call it business. OK. But it’s personal as hell. You know where I learned that from? The Don, my old man.”

After Virgil Sollozzo pressurises the Corleones, Michael volunteers to meet him, and under the guise of a negotiation, he executes them, which was his first act of violence. Following Sonny’s death and his own temporary exile, Michael returns to stabilize the Corleone family's position. Initially he works under the Guidance of Vito and eventually, after his death, he takes it over and runs a ruthless campaign against the rival families, which secures him as the new Don.



Al Pacino as Michael Corleone

In the famous baptism sequence, Michael illustrates the transition from isolated acts of retribution to institutionalised violence as the basis of his regime. The concurrent assassinations of rival dons are not merely strategic hits, but the creation of a system in which violence becomes intrinsic to the very functioning of the Corleone empire.

By committing these murders while openly taking on the sacred position of godfather, Michael combines legitimacy and coercion, demonstrating that his power will be based on a habitual and predictable use of violence to secure order. The incident marks the normalisation of murder as an organisational means, turning violence from an exceptional tactic into an institutional practice that organises the family’s rule.



Michael Corleone at the baptismal font.
Credit: © Paramount Pictures

Here, Michael stops being a negotiator similar to his father and turns into the designer of a systematic regime of coercion, where loyalty, obedience, and survival are no longer separable from the institution of violence itself.

“You’re taking it personally; it’s just business, and you’re taking it personally.”

The Godfather does not provide merely a story of the mafia but a time-transcendent analysis of how criminal and lawful power define the political landscape.

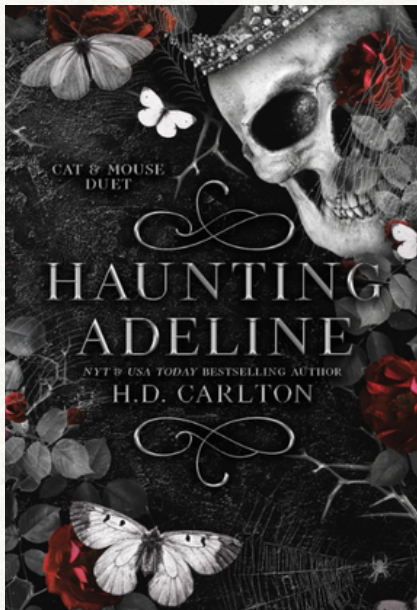
Beyond the ballot and the constitution, power survives the way the Don always knew it would — through loyalty paid in blood and silence.



When the Haunting Outshines the Romance: A Review of H.D. Carlton's *Haunting Adeline*

Gauri Yadav

Fourth year, B.A.LL.B



Some books make you fall in love with their characters. Some make you question them. And then there are books like H.D. Carlton's *Haunting Adeline*, which somehow manage to do both while leaving you wondering why you are still turning the pages.

Set around the mysterious Parsons Manor, H.D. Carlton's *Haunting Adeline* brings together gothic horror, mystery, obsession and dark romance.

The house itself feels like a character. There is always a sense that something is hidden behind its walls, and the further Adeline looks into her family history, the more unsettling the story becomes.

For me, the mystery was easily the strongest part of the book. The story surrounding Gigi, the old diary and the unanswered questions connected to the manor had me genuinely curious. I found myself wanting to know more

about the past and how it connected to what was happening in the present. The diary entries were particularly interesting because they gave the mystery a personal quality rather than making it feel like just another plot device.

And yes, the lipstick detail in the diary? I loved it. It is such a small detail, but it gives the diary a personality of its own. It is the kind of detail that makes you pause for a second because it feels strangely intimate and memorable without needing a huge explanation.

I would say very little more about Gigi because discovering her story is part of the fun. And that is probably the best way to approach this book: go in knowing as little as possible.

Unfortunately, I cannot say that I connected with Adeline in the same way.

Adeline is placed in a setting that should naturally make her fascinating. She is surrounded by secrets, an unusual house, a complicated family history and a growing sense that something is not right. Yet I often found myself more interested in what was happening around her than in Adeline herself. I wanted to understand her better, and at several points I found her choices frustrating rather than compelling.

Then there is Zade.

Zade is undoubtedly the character who creates the most discussion around the book. He is written as someone who sees himself as a protector, particularly towards women who have been harmed or are vulnerable. That part of his character is genuinely interesting. It gives him a sense of purpose beyond simply being a mysterious and dangerous love interest.

But it also creates a contradiction that I could not ignore.

Zade's actions towards Adeline repeatedly cross boundaries, and this was where the book lost me. The fact that he considers himself a protector does not automatically make his behaviour protective.

I understand that the point of a morally grey character is that they are not supposed to be easy to understand, but I still wanted the story to examine some of his actions more critically rather than allowing his protective side to balance them out.

The stalking was particularly difficult for me to accept.

I knew I was picking up a dark romance. I was not expecting a healthy, conventional love story. But there is still a difference between writing something dark and making the darkness feel romantic. There is a difference between writing a morally complicated character and presenting harmful behaviour in a way that makes it seem romantic simply because the character has good intentions elsewhere.

The treatment of consent also did not sit comfortably with me. I wanted the story to give more weight to the boundaries being crossed instead of relying on the intensity of the relationship to make those moments work.

And perhaps that is my biggest issue with the romance in general.

There was spice, but I did not always feel intimacy.

The book has no shortage of tension. It knows how to create anticipation, discomfort and curiosity. But emotional intimacy requires more than

intensity. I wanted more moments that made me understand the connection between Adeline and Zade rather than simply showing me how extreme that connection could become.

Even the much-awaited first-time moment left me underwhelmed. After all the buildup, I expected it to carry more emotional weight. Instead, it did not have the impact I was expecting.

Still, there is something about *Haunting Adeline* that makes it difficult to dismiss completely. Carlton clearly knows how to create an atmosphere. The manor, the secrets, the diary, the feeling of being watched and the unanswered questions all work together to create a story that keeps pulling you forward.

Even when I was frustrated with the characters, I wanted to know what happened next.

That says something about the book's ability to hold a reader's attention.

For me, *Haunting Adeline* was therefore a book of very different experiences. The mystery had me hooked. The atmosphere worked. The little details, especially those surrounding Gigi's diary, stayed with me. But Adeline did not become a character I particularly connected with, and Zade's actions often made it difficult for me to see him in the romantic light the story seemed to want. I did not hate the book. I also did not fall in love with it. I simply found myself much more invested in the questions surrounding the story than in the romance at its centre.

And perhaps that is the simplest way I can describe my experience with *Haunting Adeline*: I picked it up for the dark romance. I stayed for the mystery.

Icarus – the boy who tried.

Misa Vira

Third year, B.A. LL.B

We all know the story of Icarus, the boy who flew too close to the sun.

He is a warning against hubris, against overconfidence, and against wanting so desperately to reach for something that we burn ourselves in the process. We are taught to look at Icarus and see the danger of trying too hard. But what if, instead of looking at the sun, we looked at the sea?

Icarus' father, Daedalus, warned him of two dangers: the sun and the sea. He warned him not to fly too high, for the heat of the sun would melt the wax holding his wings together. But he also warned him not to fly too low, for the saltwater spray of the sea would soak his feathers, weigh down his wings, and drag him into the depths.

Icarus ignored one warning. He flew too high. And so we remember him.

We remember the boy who reached for the sun and fell. His fall has been romanticised throughout history, immortalised by painters, poets, writers, and artists who have turned his tragedy into a symbol of ambition and its consequences. We have learned to understand this version of Icarus. We have learned to fear the sun.

But what if Icarus had flown too close to the sea?

What if, instead of fearing the dangers of trying too hard, we feared the dangers of never trying at all? What if the warning was not simply against reaching too high, but against allowing ourselves to fly so low that we never discover how high we could have gone?

Perhaps there is a tragedy in that Icarus too. In fact, there is.

We speak often of the boy who flew too close to the sun, but rarely of the boy who might have stayed safely above the waves, never risking the sky at all.

And of course, there is danger in flying too high. But there is also danger in never leaving the ground, or of flying too low. We keep our wings tucked in all our lives, in fear of falling from a height we have never even dared to touch. We convince ourselves that staying close to the ground is safer. That if we never rise too far, we can never fall too far. We mistake the absence of risk for the presence of safety. We call ourselves realistic when, sometimes, we are simply afraid.

There will always be a sea beneath us. There will always be a possibility of falling. But perhaps that is not a reason to keep our wings folded. Perhaps the point of having wings was never to guarantee that we would not fall, but to give us the courage to leave the ground in the first place.



Artwork: The Fall of Icarus by Zemfir
Photo: Jose Art Gallery / joseartgallery.com

Because there is a kind of falling that happens when we never fly at all. It is quieter than Icarus' fall, and perhaps that is why we fear it less. There is no great splash, no broken wings, no story for painters and poets to immortalise. Only the slow, silent realisation that we spent our lives wondering how far we could have gone.

And perhaps that is the greater tragedy: not that we flew too high and fell, but that we were so afraid of falling that we never found out what it felt like to fly.

Even in Icarus' story, there is one detail we never pay attention to. As he fell from the sky, his wings broken beyond help, he laughed. He smiled, because what good is it to only live, and not soar?

The original myth does not tell us what Icarus felt in his final moments. It does not tell us whether he cried, whether he reached for his father, or whether he regretted ever taking flight. But, in other versions of the story, he laughed. He smiled as the wind rushed past him and the sea rose to meet him. Perhaps, for those few moments, he understood something that those of us watching from the ground so often forget: he had flown.

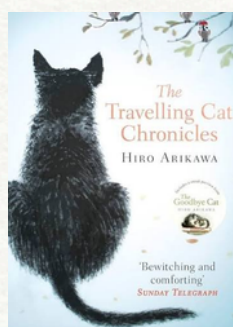
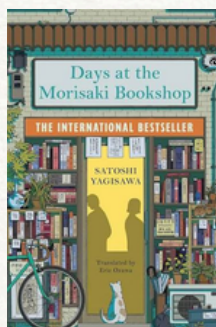


About Books

When BookTok Went Japanese

There was a time when opening BookTok meant being greeted by the same familiar faces: romantasy, enemies-to-lovers, morally grey men, devastating plot twists, and a book recommendation accompanied by someone insisting, “Trust me, you will never be the same after this.” Then, somewhere between one scroll and the next, Japanese literature began quietly taking over the conversation.

Suddenly, there were books about lonely cafés, mysterious bookstores, talking cats, forgotten memories, quiet friendships, grief, solitude, and the strange beauty of ordinary life. The shelves of BookTok seemed to become noticeably quieter and considerably more Japanese.



Books such as Yoko Ogawa’s *The Memory Police*, Michiko Aoyama’s *What You Are Looking for Is in the Library*, Satoshi Yagisawa’s *Days at the Morisaki Bookshop*, and Hiro Arikawa’s *The Travelling Cat Chronicles* began appearing everywhere. Alongside them came renewed interest in authors like Haruki Murakami, Banana Yoshimoto, and Sayaka Murata, each offering very different versions of Japanese life and imagination.

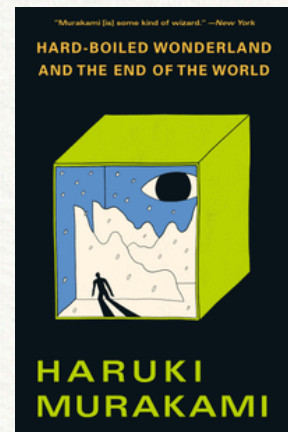
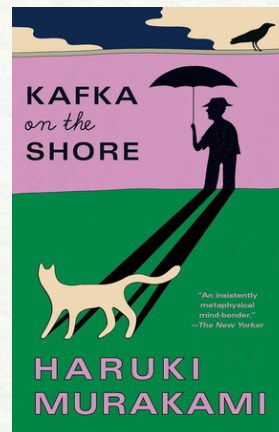
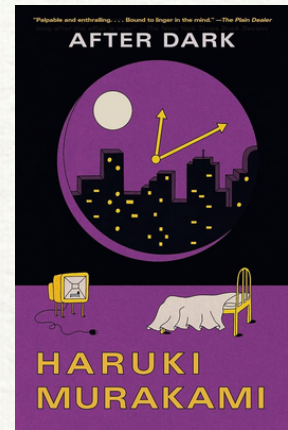
But Japanese literature is hardly new. Murakami has had an international readership for decades, and many of these books were translated and available long before TikTok discovered them. What has changed is the way readers are encountering them.

Perhaps the appeal lies in their quietness. Much of the Japanese fiction currently circulating on BookTok does not promise an elaborate plot or an adrenaline-filled reading experience. Instead, it lingers. A person visits a

bookstore. Someone remembers a lost loved one. A cat accompanies its owner on a journey. A stranger walks into a café. Nothing extraordinary may happen, and yet something inside the reader shifts.

There is also something particularly suited to the internet-age reader in this kind of storytelling. In a culture of constant notifications, endless scrolling and the pressure to always be doing something, books that make space for stillness can feel almost radical. Their characters are often lonely without that loneliness being treated as something that must immediately be fixed. Their stories allow grief to exist, uncertainty to remain unanswered, and ordinary moments to carry meaning.

And perhaps this is where the BookTok fascination becomes interesting. It may not simply be an obsession with Japan or an aesthetic fascination with Japanese books. It could also be a reflection of what readers are looking for right now: stories that slow them down.



Of course, reducing Japanese literature to “cozy books with cats and cafés” would be doing it a great disservice. Japanese literature is enormous and deeply varied, ranging from surrealism and psychological fiction to social commentary, horror, crime and experimental writing. The books currently trending on BookTok represent only one small corner of that landscape.



Still, there is something amusing about watching an algorithm built for speed repeatedly recommend books that ask us to slow down.

Maybe BookTok has not really been taken over by Japanese literature. Maybe it is simply looking for somewhere quiet to sit.





SVKM'S
PRAVIN GANDHI COLLEGE OF LAW



L'AVOCAT

the literary society



AUGUST - SEPTEMBER 2026