

ON THE LOOM OF TIME

THEMATIC STRUCTURE OF THE MEMOIR

(The contents of the Memoir in outlines)

John Keats in his letter to J. H. Reynolds said: “I compare human life to a large mansion of many apartments, two which I can only describe, the doors of the rest being as yet shut upon me.” I feel I have sojourned in its three apartments: each one of which is the subject-matter of the three Books of this Memoir. This is my life at grosser level. As this Memoir is autobiographical, it is broadly unilinear. But nobody’s life, when deeply reflected, is flat. Life is not straight. I have seen two straight lines, sure and certain: one is one’s journey from the point of birth to that of death, and the other is the ever abiding line in human society, which Ernest Barker described to Albert Einstein, as “one straight line that will always remain –the straight line of right and justice” for the triumph of which we all endeavour, and we must endeavour. I intend to write something about the three apartments of my life’s mansion in this autobiographical Memoir. I have seen some other apartments too: ajar and inviting, but I am yet to acquire the right vision to see what is inside them. Whatever complex play of the contingent and the unforeseen I have seen and experienced, I have tried to express with utmost fidelity in the idioms I could discover, and invent. For an easy comprehension of this Memoir, I attempt, at the outset, a short overview of its thematic structure.

BOOK I: THE FRAGRANT YEARS (from 1937- 1964)

Chapter 1 (‘My Land, My People’): I have written about Mithila where I set out weaving the fabric of my life ‘on the loom of time’. I have organized my thoughts under the following three heads: ‘(i) the Mithila as I see her before my mind’s eyes (*manasloka*); (ii) the glory that Mithila was; and (iii) the agony of the present-day Mithila.’ I have reflected in this Chapter on Mithila’s cultural ethos which helped me develop my worldview. Its cultural consciousness conceives the universe as the cosmic *kriya*, human life as *karma*, and its objective: *karmayoga*. I have mentioned something of Mithila’s cultural oeuvre because the model of *karmayoga* that Mithila presented to the world through the thoughts and actions of Janaka, was appreciated even by Krishna in the *Bhagavad-Gita*. Mithila provided our country’s ultimate revolutionary role model in Sita, the daughter

of Janaka. I have discussed these with utmost brevity. I have felt that these cultural values have shaped the way I have lived, thought and acted.

Chapter 2: ('My Ancestors') : After much research I have drawn up the genealogy of my family (direct line) which on all probability goes back to the times when 'Ala-ud-din Khilji was ruling this country, nearly 7 hundred years back. I have abstracted the family tree in direct line only: it can be seen at the end of Chapter 2. I have reflected on some of the great persons figuring in the genealogy about whom I could find some materials as to their social and intellectual attainments. In my detailed genealogy (<http://shivakantjha.org>), I noticed a branch that had broken off on the daughter's side to become the famous family of the Raj Darbhanga, the annals of which began in 1577, and of which the last holder was Maharajadhiraja Dr. Sir Kameshwar Singh about whom I would write something in Chapter 10 in the Book II of this Memoir.

Chapter 3 ('Profile of my Father') : This Chapter presents a short account of my father's life. He was a freedom-fighter, and an academician. He received a *tamrapatra* (copper-plate) from Shrimati Indira Gandhi on 15 August 1972 with an inscription that it was presented to him for his "memorable contribution to our nation's struggle for freedom". I would tell you something about the way he fought and struggled, the values he shared, and the great sacrifice he made for our nation. I would tell you how, like Gandhi, Tilak and Subhas, he was sustained by the *Bhagavad-Gita*, both when in jail and when outside that. He was a patriot who illustrated in his life the values which had led our country to independence. Besides, he was a distinguished academician, who taught several generations over 45 years. He was one of those who deserve the tribute which is often expressed by quoting these lines of Muhammad Iqbal:

*Hazaaron saal nargis apni be-noori pe roti hai
Badi mushqil se hota hai chaman mein didavar paida*

Chapter 4 ('Portrait of My Mother'): She came from a feudal family, and had rolled in wealth. But as the wife of a freedom-fighter she lived facing poverty and hardship. She bore her claustrophobic sufferings when her husband was fighting for the country's freedom. It was she who had sustained my father's revolutionary spirit. A moment came when she advised my father in the words of Vidula '*Muhurtam jvalitan sreyah, na tu dhumayitam cirama*' (Better to blaze for a moment than to smoke continuously for long). Her words expressed the grammar governing the actions of the freedom-fighters throughout our country right from the days of the celebrated Jhansi-ki Rani Laxmi Bai to the day we became free from the British yoke. Her life had become, during the short period she visited this earth, a piece of poetry. I felt its meaning at different planes. If I would not have seen her closely, I could not have believed that a daughter of Mother India could be so impeccable in her art of life. The readers should try to imagine how those days the freedom-fighters' wives and their children suffered in the remote villages where no news, but only rumours, could reach. For quite some time my mother did not know whether she was a widow, or had her husband alive.

Chapter 5 ('My Birth: My odyssey thus began'): I would agree that there is nothing to feel so great about one's birth. What is there to become so proud, when, in effect, one becomes bound again to run a course:

“But helpless pieces in the game He plays
Upon this chequer-board of Nights and Days” ?

In this Chapter, I would try to reflect on what my parents believed I had been endowed with by Creator at my birth. I have portrayed what the starry messengers were believed to ‘ have brought for me’. But what I have made of myself is my own *karma* for which I hold myself alone responsible. While reflecting on the endowment at my nativity, I shared the state of mind which John Milton had expressed in his sonnet ‘On His Blindness’: how to render the Final Accounts of life to the Master when much of the God-given talent had been wasted.

Chapter 6 (‘My Childhood Days: The halcyon years’): I would tell you that I was born to Sweet Delight. I would tell you something about the ‘carefreeness’ of my childhood. My parents never bothered to rack their heads to mould me this way or that: they never expected much from me. Their approaches resembled Khalil Gibran’s. The children resemble the arrows which the Great Archer sends off from his bow towards the targets which God alone knows. Whether the arrows shot off the bow reach their targets, or are lost on the way, the bow must not bother about. I would also tell you about my canoes adrift in the streams of rain waters, and how I derived thrills of macabre delight seeing the canoes turn turtle with the whole crew of ants and insects gasping for sometime before they died. I would tell you something about the annual blood-sports organized as customary rituals in my village where cruelty shown to the poor pigs indicated socially shared depravity recalling to our mind the heartless treatment shown to the animals in Part Five of Dostoyevsky’s *The Brothers Karamazov*. I would tell you about my Manai’s art of storytelling, and how I fed my birds on grasshoppers, and how I conducted six bullocks at a time going round and round the bamboo pole to trample grain out of stalk cast around the pole. In this Chapter, I would tell you about these, and many other things.

Chapter 7 (‘My Adolescence: On swimming through the rainbow’): I would portray in this Chapter how I enjoyed building rich rainbow, and then enjoyed the raptures of sinking and swimming through the colour bands. This often resulted in emotional crises. An adolescent’s worldview is distinct from that of a child. A gale of creative destruction sweeps over the images and values built and cultivated during childhood. Mysterious demands are made by flesh; and strange urges stimulate the psyche to respond to myriad stimuli. Often strange emotional haze overtakes one’s mind, and great demand is made for the exercise of moral imagination and courage.

Chapter 8 (‘The Flowering of Mind: My Academic World’): This Chapter portrays certain things of the period when I was a student at C. M. College and L.S. College from (1954-60), and also when I was a lecturer for four years before joining the IRS in 1964. I would tell you what happened when Shrimati Indira Gandhi visited my College in 1958. She was sweet and lovely, but was egotistical and full of vanity. I would tell you something about Darbhanga: about its great temples; about its tower, with clocks gone, standing in the stable campus of the Raj as if some magician had turned it into Pablo Picasso’s *Guernica*; about one Bhikku Aryadeva, who had been a French General during the Second World War, but was making research on *Dhamma*. His love for Sanskrit, and his deep study of the *Bhagavad-Gita* reminded me of J. Robert Oppenheimer, the Director of the Manhattan Project working to develop nuclear weapon. I would also tell you how

we celebrated the Centenary Celebration of the First War of Independence 1857. I would tell you a little about my great teachers, and about the 'Cambridge English' they taught us those days; about my visit to the 'red-light' area to meet the Sadhu and the Vaishya (a whore); and also how I annoyed the Churchman because I felt the *Bible* showed that God was unwise in evading the apt questions which Job had put to Him: why should a good man suffer for no fault on his part?

BOOK II: A COG IN THE MACHINE (from 1964-1998)

Chapter 9 ('On Joining Civil Service'): In this short Chapter, I would tell you, in brief, what led me to join the government service leaving my post as a Postgraduate lecturer in the Magadh University, and how I spent my training period at Mussoorie and Nagpur.

Chapter 10 ('My First Innings at Patna : Part-I'): I would tell you what I experienced at Patna after joining my post as one of the Income-tax Officers Class I. I started working at a point of time when the efforts to unearth black-money was going on with full intensity. I find that even after 45 years, the same problem is vexing our nation by turning more labyrinthine, more complex, and of much greater magnitude. I would tell you something about the art of prosecution: and also some of the lessons I learnt from the great criminal lawyer Shri Nageshwar Prasad who had been a Judge of the Patna High Court in the pre-Constitution days, and was rightly considered one of the greatest criminal lawyers in our country. I would tell you about the great Aiyar Commission, headed by Justice Venkatrama Aiyar, a former Judge of our Supreme Court, constituted to examine the charges against 6 former Ministers of Bihar. I held special income-tax jurisdiction on those six towering politicians who had ruled Bihar over years. For sometime, I worked in close informal association with the Aiyar Commission. Besides, I was the Assessing Officer of some of the biggest Maharajas, and Rajas in Bihar whose affairs made me understand the developments in the history of income-tax law and administration right from the day the law of income-tax began its history in our country. I would tell you how I developed my love for international law; how I made preparation in 1973 for the Philip International Law Moot Court; and how I argued a case pertaining to the Law of Seas before the moot court consisting of three Judges: Justice A.N Grover,¹ Chief Justice N. L. Untwalia,² and Shri G Parthasarthy³. I would tell you about the moment of the greatest joy which we Indians felt when at 4.21 p.m. on 16th December 1971 Lt. General Niazi, Commander of the Pakistani forces in Bangladesh, surrendered unconditionally to General Arora at the Decca Race Course ground. Really, that was a great moment.

Chapter 11 ('My First Innings at Patna : Part -II'): This Chapter deals with the 1970s which were traumatic years both for me, and for our country. In 1973 my mother died of cardiac arrest. I felt that every straw of my life's nest had been blown away; and my supreme sanctuary had gone. I apprehended that my journey through life would become desolate and dreary, and that I would no longer get any place to unwind. Some of the moments, about which I have reflected in the Chapter, were: the Emergency, the JP Movement, and the Shah Commission. I have examined the circumstances in which the Emergency was declared. I have drawn up the portrait of the excesses during the Emergency. I have mentioned what I felt about the JP Movement which I witnessed. You would see the photograph of the location where JP had fallen lashed by the police *lathis*.

We had seen all that had happened from the roof of the Central Revenue Building. I would tell you how the gongs of *thallis* worked as if the unseen was blowing its conch, perhaps the *Panchjanya*. I have written about the Shah Commission of Inquiry that examined the excesses done during the Emergency, and also the fate of its famous Report.

Chapter 12 ('Patna: My Second Innings: Fodder Scam'): My second innings at Patna was to supervise the investigation into the Fodder Scam Cases being closely monitored by the Patna High Court. In this Chapter I would tell you about the vast vision of imbecility that the Government of Bihar had become. I would tell you about the way the High Court monitored the investigation into such Cases, and also how the governmental agencies failed to rise up to the occasion. I would also show how the great institution of the CAG became a sort of 'constitutional orphan'! I felt the Constitution made it a hound, but circumstances made it a lapdog! This Chapter mentions how the legislature betrayed its constitutional duty, and it throws light on the Root of All Evil that grew in our polity. We saw how our constitutional institutions broke down when they were put on the testing track. I was sad seeing the melodrama of the Great Betrayal enacted by the government functionaries, even the PAC (Public Accounts Committee)

Chapter 13 ('Plight of our Public Administration; Extracts from the Shah Commission of Inquiry Report'): This Chapter presents a miscellany of certain extracts from the 'General Observations' of the Shah Commission's Inquiry Report. As this Report is not available in the public domain, I have drawn up a short compilation of extracts for our brother citizens to go through. H. M. Seervai has rightly said that Justice Shah's 'Report conveyed the spirit of the memorable words, "Our country, right or wrong. If right, to keep right, if wrong, to put right."'

Chapter 14 ('My years at Nagpur'): In this Chapter, I have reflected on my phase at Nagpur (from 1986-1992). Whilst I was happy to be posted in the land of Rukumini (Vidhabhaja), I felt sad seeing the "Theatre of the Absurd" enacted at the National Academy of Direct Taxes. I would mention in this Chapter my reflections on Shivaji, and Dr. Ambedkar, and on Gandhi's Wardha Ashrama where I read Gandhi's most valuable edict against the Seven Social Sins. You can see the photograph of the said board of edict in Chapter 3 of this Memoir. I would tell you about my association with the Nagpur University, my lecture on Tagore to mark the Tagore Day Function at the University Convocation Hall. I would also tell you about some agonising experiences I had borne with patience, as Krishna had borne them in the 'Syamantaka' episode narrated in *Srimad Bhagavad Mahapurana*. My experiences at Nagpur led me to assess my those days at Nagpur, to say in the opening words of Charles Dickens' novel *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859),: "It was the best of times, it was the worst of times..."

Chapter 15 ('My Phases in Calcutta, now Kolkata'): I had three phases in Calcutta: the first was from 1976-79 when I functioned there as the Appellate Assistant Commissioner; the second from 1982-86 when I worked as a Senior Authorised Representative before the Calcutta Benches of the Income Tax Appellate Tribunal; the third from 1992-96 when I worked on various assignments, viz. the Commissioner of Income Tax, the Director of Investigation, and then the Secretary in the Settlement Commission, and, on promotion, as the Director General of Income-Tax (Exemption) having all India Jurisdiction. I have

reflected on the working of the Income-tax Appellate Tribunal, and suggested the setting up in our country a body, of the type of the Council on Tribunals in the U.K., for the supervision of the tribunals, like the ITAT, in our country. I have recorded something about my academic pursuits. I have given a comprehensive account of the Durgapuja in Kolkata, and some details of my visit to the place of Chaitanyadeva in Nadia. I was closely associated with the Calcutta University, and for days I had close contacts and interactions with such world renowned jurists as Dr. T.B. Smith, Dr. Bernard Schwartz, and Dr. Rene David. They helped me develop my juristic ideas on which I would draw while writing Book III of my Memoir.

Chapter 16 ('My Reflections on the Income-tax Law'): Based on my experience and study, I have pointed out the nature and effect of the changing attitudes towards 'taxation', and the judicial responses to statutory interpretation. I have suggested for certain changes: (i) to provide in the statute itself illustrations to the complex legal provisions; (ii) to avoid legislation in detail and to go in for legislation setting forth principles; (iii) to simplify the linguistic and thematic structure of the Income-tax Law. I have suggested the constitution of certain permanent committees for ongoing reforms. Besides, it is suggested that if democracy is to survive, our Parliament must not abdicate its exclusive control on 'taxation' whether by way of tax imposition or tax exemption. I have shown how lobbyists can influence even legislation.

Chapter 17 ('My Reflections on the Income-tax Administration'): This Chapter summarizes my reflections on the Income-tax Administration. I have suggested that it is right time to consider the adoption of the droit *administratif* in our country, and the setting up an effective Union Administrative Services Commission. I have expressed my concern at the opaqueness in our administrative system. I have suggested the drawing-up and adoption of U.N. Multilateral Convention on Tax Treaties; and the setting up of the International Tax Authority (ITA). I have drawn attention to the encroaching shadow of the WTO on the Laws of Direct Taxes. As the systems of taxation and the patterns of tax administration in India and the U.K. are broadly the same, certain issues touching the administration of tax laws are discussed in a comparative perspective. I have also examined in brief the assumptions pertaining to the tax law administration in the light of ideas set forth in our classical literature.

Chapter 18 ('On my Retirement'): Certain gnawing ideas wrenched me on the morrow of my retirement from the government service in 1998. But from the deep well of my mind certain ideas emerged to help me reorganize myself for a new role. I drew light from the situations in the great *Bhagavad-Gita* and the *Ashtravarka-Gita*, and from the story of an old bird which I have mentioned in this Chapter. I drew inspiration from Seneca's dialogue "On Tranquility of Mind" to discover my mission after that great divide. This Chapter deals with the situations which most government servants face on their retirement, and get baffled.

BOOK III: ILLUSION & REALITY (from 1998-2014).

[I devoted almost the whole of the first decade of this century conducting several rounds of litigations at the Delhi High Court, and the Supreme Court seeking remedies against the operation of the opaque administrative system, and for the removal of the 'democratic deficit' of our polity. Most of the Chapters in

the Book III of this Memoir are based on my researches conducted for those litigations, and the experiences I gained in course of my such pursuits.]

Chapter 19 ('Studying the Imageries the Supreme Court of India'): This Chapter summarizes my reflections on the imageries that I saw at the Supreme Court. I have felt that these express the collective consciousness of our Constitution. The images and the murals suggestively expressed, through their excellent synergy, the very Instrument of Instructions for the Judges, lawyers and the litigants. The metaphoric possibilities of the structure of the court building, its emblem, its murals, and of the bust of Mahatma Gandhi, have been explored.

Chapter 20 ('My Reflections on Krishna & the Galaxy of the Great'): This Chapter expresses some of my ideas which I developed over years whilst reflecting on Krishna, the Buddha, Christ, Mohammad, Marx and Gandhi. As their ideas substantially influenced, rather shaped, my worldview, I have considered it appropriate to summarize some of my reflections on them in my Memoir. They have one point in common: all of them were revolutionaries in their acts and ideas.

Chapter 21 ('Our Constitution at work'): This Chapter sets forth the summary of my replies to certain questions, which Dr. T.B. Smith, one of the greatest jurists of the modern Europe, had asked me. These questions were: (i) what constituted the most important features of India's polity as structured under the Constitution; (ii) what appeared to me be the prime mission of the Constitution of India; and (iii) what was, to my mind, the most worrisome aspect of India's constitutional regime. I have recorded in this Chapter a summary of my ideas on the Constitution's 'socialist mission'. I had occasion to reflect on our Constitution's mission most pointedly when I filed my Intervention Petition in the Supreme Court for rejecting the Writ Petition filed by *Good Governance India Foundation & Anr. v. Union of India & Anr* seeking a declaration that Section 2(a) of the Constitution (42nd Amendment Act, 1976) violated the basic structure of the Constitution of India. This Chapter contains my ideas for the removal of the 'Democratic deficit' in the exercise of our Government's Treaty-making power, and it deals with the judicial response thereon. This Chapter ends with the portrait of those decadent times when the ancient Roman Republic died; and I have drawn up the worrisome parallels that we see between such features and those we see bedeviling our own Republic.

Some of the salient points touched in this Chapter would be revisited in Postscripts V to VI.

Postscript V: The Destiny of our Nation: Advent of Shri Narendra Modi,

Postscript VI: Reflections on the Constitution of India: Ambit of the Constitutional Restraints on the Treaty-Making Power,

Chapter 22 ('Our Democratic Republic and its Great Institutions'): This Chapter examines how our democratic polity is at work. I have drawn on my experiences gained on witnessing our government at work from close quarters, and from my researches which I had done while writing my *Judicial Role in Globalised Economy* already published in 2005. I have reflected on the relevance of the political parties, and have suggested certain structural changes in our democratic polity. It was a great experience to witness Anna Hazare's fast at Jantar Mantar. I would tell you about the grammar of public protest, from criticism of the governmental actions or inactions to the revolutionary sparks, and revolution.

Chapter 23 ('The Profile of a PIL in Revenue Matters'): I have drawn on my experiences in conducting several Public Interest Litigations before the High Court and the Supreme Court over the decade just gone. The first one was the 'the Tax treaty abuse Case' wherein I raised issues which have become the issues of the greatest importance now when our Government is being constantly grilled for promoting an opaque system which helps the money-launderers, tax-evaders, and the fraudsters of all sorts. It is interesting to note that experts from different countries have shown interest in such issues.

Chapter 24 ('Our Worldview & the Trends of Our Times'): In this Chapter, I have reflected on certain events and ideas on which I had reflected over the preceding six decades. My reflections on some of these began assertively from 1958 when I wrote my paper on India's First War of Independence. I have discussed in this Chapter how the political realm has been subjugated to the economic realm. I have discussed what led to the World Wars I and II, and have reflected on the sinister circumstances conspiring again against humanity to drive the world to World War III. I have tried to identify some of the morbid features of our times, viz. the present-day syndrome of fast changing technology and stagnant, if not decadent, morality; the growing factor of Fear and GREED; the craze for armaments; and our medieval thought process in this profoundly scientific age. This Chapter ends with notes of 'tragic optimism' calling upon humanity in the words of W.H. Auden:

If we really want to live, we'd better start at once to try;
If we don't, it doesn't matter, but we'd better start at once to die'

Chapter 25 ('Certain Stories as my 'Objective Correlatives'): In this Chapter I would tell you some interesting and suggestive short stories. The stories constitute what T.S. Eliot calls "objective correlative": these are metaphors suggesting great ideas of contemporary relevance. These stories are: (i) 'Story of Two Frogs'; (ii) '*Satranj Ke Khiladi*'; (iii) 'Our Taj Mahal Economy'; (iv) '*Sone ki Lanka*'; (v) 'The three Indias'; (vi) the 'Sparrow's Delight'; (vii) 'Extraordinary Popular Delusions and Madness'; (viii) 'Dance on the hood of the most venomous snake'; (ix) '*Kalaye tasme namah* (कालाये तश्मै नमः)'; (x) 'Bali questions Rama'; (xi) 'Bindumati'; and (xii) 'HOPE: Penelope's story'.

Chapter 26 ('The Realm of Darkness: the Triumph of Corporatocracy'): This Chapter draws up the profile of the Realm of Darkness, and refers to Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, and the *Mahabharata*'s story of Raja Parikshit. It also presents my reflections on the factors which have altered the world's states system by rendering the Westphalian states system anachronistic because of new realities. It focuses on the emergence of the tax havens and secrecy jurisdictions through which the instruments of darkness operate for the benefit of the tax-evaders, money-launderers, fraudsters, thieves and robbers. It discusses the plight of 'Democracy', and the conditions which are working to establish 'Corporatocracy'. It examines certain neoliberal assumptions, and shows how the Market has kissed all our institutions in its pursuit to establish *Pax Mercatus*. During my lifetime, I have seen how fast our world is becoming a sort of Ludlow Castle of Milton's *Comus* where the fraudster presents his 'Mask' expressing love for 'Darkness' on a strange plea in its favour: "'T is only daylight that makes sin". In fact, the structures of deception and the instruments of darkness have helped the

crooks to loot our country, and to amass their ill-gotten wealth in such dark areas about which most of us know little. If my reflections help you to think and act, my labour would be amply rewarded.

Chapter 27 ('Veenapani (वीणापाणि): My wife'): I have felt that I must write a Chapter on my wife who so gladly suffered my ways over decades, and courted the slings of misfortune without ever grumbling. Her role in my life reminds me of that folklore in Mithila which we often heard. Vachaspati Mishra of Mithila wrote the famous commentary on Adi Shankara's *Brahmasutra Bhashya*. His wife, Bhamati, helped him in that pursuit all through the years he was at his work; and in the process she grew old. After completing his Commentary, he saw her grown old. He appreciated her contribution (and realised his folly): but nothing could be done to undo the time gone. So he named his Commentary itself *Bhamati*. If you keep this story in your mind, you can appreciate this Chapter better. You would read in this Chapter how she decided *A Rickshaw Puller vs. A Rickshaw Puller* that guided me to initiate the PIL in the tax-treaty abuse case before the Delhi High Court in 2000. I have discussed her verdict in this case, nowhere to be found in the law books, in my *Role in Globalised Economy** published in 2005 by the Wadhwa & Co. I have tried to portray her how she brought vernal breeze in my life, and sustained me through most trying moments.

Chapter 28 ('From Darkness to Light: My Reflections on the Black Money Case, & on the Anna Hazare Movement'): This Chapter presents a set of great constitutional ideas and principles, now judicially approved. The Hon'ble Court depreciates 'the greed is good' culture, and tells us about (i) the new States System, (ii) the Role of the State, (iii) the problems of unaccounted money, (iv) the serious lapses on the part of Government, (v) the modern constitutionalism prescribing the duties of government, (vi) the supremacy of our Constitution, (vii) the indifference to the State's resources, and its effects, (viii) the secrecy jurisdictions and tax havens, (ix) the role of the technostucture, (x) Corruption that rules, (xi) culture of permissibility and venality, (xii) Treaty-Making Power, (xiii) PIL and the Role of Judiciary, (xiv) Court monitoring. The Chapter presents a short critique of the Judgment. It also discusses our Government's grudge against the appointment the SIT by the Court. Our Government moved a Petition for Recall on the maintainability of which the Hon'ble Judges differed. Finally a larger Bench of the Supreme Court rejected the Petition for re-call, and the Narendra Modi Government decided to go ahead with the SIT, now working with verve. The facts have been updated: first in Section 'C' of this Chapter (pp. 477-479), and then again in the **Postscript IV (pp. 552-561)**.

I have retained my comments on the Anna Hazare Movement, and on the Grammar of Revolution in this Second Edition of my Memoir. These comments, read with my reflections in the **Postscript I**, would help the readers understand my changing attitudes towards the developments in this Anti-corruption Movement in our country.

Chapter 29 ('The Portrait of our Time'): This Chapter is divided in Segments 'A' to 'E'. **Segment 'A'** deals with the evolution of the Western political thought in modern times from Hobbes to the neoliberals, highlighting the factors leading to the enthronement of 'corporations' with which has began the most sinister phase of 'corruptions'; **Segment 'B'** deals with 'Capitalism, Corpo-

*The book's 2012 Web Edition is now freely available at www.shivakantjha.org.

rate *imperium*, & Corruption' as these go together; **Segment 'C'** portrays our plight, and reflects on the wheel of fire on which most of us are bound; and **Segment 'D'** is this Chapter's short 'Conclusion' that would grip you for long. The topics touched in this chapter are mentioned on the Synopsis given on the first page of the Chapter.

Chapter 30 ('A Miscellany of my Ideas from my Personal Journal') : This Chapter is the compilation, from my Personal Journal, of my comments on diverse topics of general interest. These are :

'Time debateth with Decay'; Grammar of Existence: DHARMA; The Rocks speak : Inscriptions in the Parliament House; Idea of Secularism and Dharma; Whether to be spiders, bees, or artists; Polity, Politics and people's Duty ; If our Parliament goes on *Shavashana*; Parliament's decline both in England and India; Prime Minister, the Sun or the Cipher ; All for the Holy Grail, FDI; FDI for whom? for what? ; Learning from the Treaty of Allahabad ; Parliament at work ; The Role of Parliament, topic revisited ; Political Parties revisited; Strategies of the Corporate *imperium* ; 'Reforms': the 'Mohan Raag' that deceives ; Setting up political trajectory in our villages ; Restructuring our polity ; Political Parties and Democracy ; Invocation to act; A Note on *Charitra* (Character)

Chapter 31 ('Reflections on my life's Sonnet: the Closing Chapter') : In this Chapter, I have tried to gather the diverse threads treading through my reflections of which this Memoir is a potpourri. This Chapter is a summing-up of my reflections. It states synoptically, but with utmost good faith, the subtext of the times I have seen. I have reflected on my life, with utmost brevity, just to discover conditions that can be best expressed in the words of Tagore:

The song that I came to sing remains unsung to this day.

I have spent my days in stringing and in unstringing my instrument.

The Chapter ends with a few lines from a poem which I heard from my father-in-law. These lines have deepened my understanding of my life in the cosmic context, and have helped me to understand the very grammar of existence.

POSTSCRIPTS :

I. Further Reflections on our Anti-corruption Movement : Challenge and Response

II. Some of my Recommendatory comments for our Government and Citizenry to consider

III. What I BELIEVE

IV. SIT on black money: the first decision of the Modi Government

V. The Destiny of our Nation: the advent of Shri Narendra Modi

VI. Reflections on the Constitution of India: Ambit of the Constitutional Restraints on the Treaty-Making Power

Appendix to Postscript VI : Global Economy : A Deal with the Devil

NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. A Judge of the Supreme Court of India,
2. Chief Justice of Patna High Court,
3. Vice Chancellor of the Jawaharlal Nehru University