

# Professor ***Who Sold His Harley Davidson***

Dr. Sanjeev Chaturvedi (CEO)



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Stories Matter  
New Delhi • London

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**Hum Sathaye Gaye Hain Bhaiya**  
**(I have turned crazy at 60 years )**

**Prof. Sanjeev Chaturvedi (Alias sanju)**

**(Journey Period - 08/10/1965 -----60 years-----  
08/10/2025)**



**Dedicated to My Mother (Ammaji) and all those people  
who helped me in making my journey happy and  
meaningful for the last 60 years**

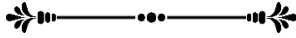
**My Notorious Children – Vedant & Vartika.**

**My Beautiful Wife- Richa.**

**My Brother and Sisters, Cousins, Friends and Collogues.**

**I am not mentioning names as I can miss many of them.**

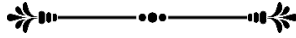
## Summary



The book is basically a compilation of memoirs of Dr Sanjeev Chaturvedi , who had a vast experience of 32-33 years. He has travelled more than 40 countries and served in both private & government organisations. He has shared in this book his personal growth and professional growth. The book is more like an auto biography as it share some of authors personal experiences. The book is more Motivational in nature as it shares authors failures and success. The author wanted to show that anyone can be successful after failures, if had determination and confidence in himself. Success and Failures are only two sides of coin. “You Donot Loose Match on Tosses” as he says.

An extremely honest and straightforward description of his personal journey and professional life. Must for those readers who are starting their careers and entering corporate or academic world.

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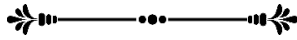
# **PART 1**

## **Personal Journey**

A decorative flourish consisting of a horizontal line with symmetrical, ornate scrollwork on both sides, centered below the title.

# Chapter 1

## Why Did I Choose to Write Memoirs Part 1 And 2 Separately?



**Writing Starting Date-12/06/2024**

**Writing Stop Date- 12/06/2025**

**Book Release Date- 08/10/2025**

I have been writing books regularly for the last 6-7 years. This is my 8<sup>th</sup> book. The previous ones were basically focusing on Marketing / Entrepreneurship and connecting them with ancient literary Indian saints/poets like Rahim, Kabir and Tulsidas- their wisdom and spiritual learnings.

However, there are some more reasons to write my memoirs at young age of 60.

**The First Reason** was that it was becoming a routine feature for me to write these short books and release it on my mother's birthday on 14<sup>th</sup> December every year. I thought of taking a break from this cycle and creating something different.

**The Second Reason** was that I was turning 60 on 08<sup>th</sup> October 2025. (I was born on 08<sup>th</sup> October, 1965 as mentioned earlier). In India 60 is a normal retiring age. It is considered that you are now retired and you should focus on worshipping gods, do pilgrimage and look after your grandchildren, till you are sweetly and silently called by God one day. I wanted to break this myth also. I will keep on working till 75 years, God Willing.

**The Third Reason** was that if you want to do something after 60, people will say "Yeh Sathiya Gaya Hai" Meaning, according to an

Indian Slang-He has turn crazy as he is 60 years old now”. I wanted to break this differentiation and wanted to do something different, hence this book.

**The Fourth Reason** was that I wanted to keep my Personal and Official Life Story apart for the readers. I changed 25 Jobs in 32 years. It may be the Guinness Book of Record. I have dealt with each one of them in 25 Chapters in Part 2, expressing what I experienced while working there. No secrets are shared of these companies, only my experiences. (Some secrets are dirty and very sensitive).

My biggest problem in writing this book was “How much I have to be Honest”. In this book I have been honest around 90 % and the remaining 10 % percent I have not written about it. Not telling the entire truth is also Equal to Lying. Please pardon me for that because I may be still living in society for the next 40 years. The remaining 10 % will be written in my Memoirs Part 3 as mentioned before, when I will turn 75 and more closure to GOD.

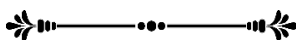
I was also very clear that these memoirs will be launched on 8<sup>th</sup> October 2025 at Universal Book Sellers, Hazarat Ganj, Lucknow, along with my family members, friends and a few invited guests. Universal Book Sellers, Lucknow are there since I was a college student. They are still there after almost 60 years of my life. Even after their 4<sup>th</sup> generation and 80 years of their great journey, they are still a very well-respected academic family in Lucknow.

Now I start my journey.

It's 8<sup>th</sup> October 1965 around 02.00 pm in Lucknow Medical College, Lucknow, Uttar Pradesh.

## Chapter 2

### My Birth, Being Twins and Medical Issues (Judwa Bacche -Ek Per Ek Free/ Buy One Get One Free)



**Date 08/10/1965.**

There is lots of suspense that when me and my twin sister Smita (Dolly) were born and at what time. It is certain that we were born after my mother took the lunch. Who cares to note down the exact time when you are the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> child in the family? One more was born - However, it is approximately 2 O'clock in afternoon. My sister was born 10 minutes before me. Hence, she is my elder sister technically and biologically, although only by 10 minutes. It became news because we were born twins. One Girl and One Boy. None in my family- both parental and maternal sides- there were any twins and that too one boy and one girl. Hence, we became news. Since we were the youngest in the family, we also got constant love and care in our family, from cousins and relatives. I must confess **Sanju-Dolly or Dolly-Sanju** name are still very popular in family gatherings, marriages etc.

The earliest memories of my childhood was that I was chronic asthma child/patient, physically very weak and any change of season was worst time of my childhood. I used to have asthma attacks during my early childhood, and it used to make me difficult to even breathe properly. Me and my mother used to stay awake many nights together just trying to keep me breathing comfortably. My only survival method was to go to Dr Duggal Clinic in Lalbagh Crossing, Lucknow and get some colorful mixture (in liquid medicine form) and some tablets in powder form. In 3-4 days, I used to be ok and breathing normally. I till date don't know what those colorful mixture and powders were. Dr. Duggal

never lets the patient know what is there as medicine, but it used to work like magic. It was Dr. Duggal Trade Secret Like KFC and Coke secret recipe. But those medicines always worked wonders for me.

### **MY Park Road Colony Days**

My house was in Park Road Colony, which was considered a posh colony and all senior government officials/politicians/senior newspaper journalist/doctors/businessmen etc. used to live there. It was just 100 meters away from Hazarat Ganj crossing (Like living at Piccadilly Centre in London or Near White house in Washington DC.) All big politicians, bureaucrats and influential people used to live within 2-3 kms from our colony. Really a VIP Colony and it still commands the same respect even after 60-70 years. My flat was on the First Floor.

When I had these asthma attacks, I kept looking out from my drawing room windows, and seeing my friends playing in front of my house in the colony park. I used to feel sad about and think why only I had his problem. As I started getting healthier and better with age, asthma attacks were fewer. I also started playing in the park of our colony. We used to play cricket and rounders (like today's baseball) a lot. Usually, it was boys, but some time girls also used to come and play rounders. I still remember my mother used to buy strip pants/Leggings for my two sisters and also buy one extra for me too. These pants were usually worn by girls and not boys. When I used to go to play with boys wearing those girlish pants, my friends used to tease me "Oh you have worn your sister's pants" and I used to retort back- "Yes I'm wearing my sister pants and not your sister's pants". Then they used to be silent.

Another good memory of Park Road Colony is of HOLI (Color Festival). During our usual cricket games, we used to hit the ball very hard. Sometimes it used to go in some neighbor's lawn or garden. Most of neighbors used to return it back to us. However, there were some neighbors who used to keep our cricket ball and did not return it to us. HOLI was the festival to pay back to these neighbors. On the previous night of the Holi Festival, we used to jump into their lawns and gardens,

take out the wooden furniture, break it and put in the HOLI fire. It was our way of taking Revenge. It was not the right way, but they were also not right, by not returning our cricket balls. (Tit For Tat).

Secondly, to pay back these neighbors, we used to take out the Electric/Power Meter Cut outs, during nighttime, without which there could not be power in the house. (Now the meters are more sophisticated, and you cannot tamper with them physically). So, there was no power in these neighbor's house throughout the nights and could be restored only in morning. In morning we used to go around that neighbor's house and see how irritated they were, since they could not sleep last night. Immense pleasure and satisfaction to KIDS.

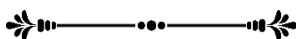
During my early days of youth, I also had the crush on one of my colony girls. She was extremely beautiful. I think she knew that, but I never had the courage to tell her. I told my mother who also liked the girl, and my mother said, "First Become Something and I will then talk to her parents". But that did not happen, (I am still becoming Something after 60 years) and she got married to some good and intelligent person. It was old times and usually that was the way. After almost 30 years, I had a chance to tell her about it and that was our last Conversation. She never spoke to me or replied to my messages and emails again. I think she has blocked me from all communication. That the destiny. You can't control everything. But she is happily married, and I am also happy for her.

She was my Second Crush of Life. My first Crush was my Class Teacher in Class 3. (to be covered in next chapter).



## **Chapter 3**

### **My School Days in Colvin Taluquadars College, Lucknow ( Tare Zamin Pe and 3 Idiots)**



**(Date 1973-1981):**

**R**egarding my first crush in life, it was Naag Madam, who was our class teacher in 3<sup>rd</sup> Grade. She was beautiful and had very good smell of perfume. We boys still remember that aroma. One day I was playing villain in class interval and tied a handkerchief around my neck. After the interval it was Naag madam class. The knot of the handkerchief was not opening and class started. Naag madam asked me why I was tying hankey around my neck. I told about my role during interval period and said it was not opening. She smiled and came very close to me and started opening my knot slowly. I remember she was so close that I started trembling but enjoying the aroma around her. It was a beautiful moment. Since that time till 5<sup>th</sup> class, I had a great innocent crush over her, and then we got promoted to senior classes which started from 6<sup>th</sup> Class. I was very sad for few days but then got involved with other mischiefs.

I could have sued famous Bollywood Super Star Aamir Khan, if I was rich. He took inspiration from my life and named his two movies. In this chapter I will tell you how, but let me start with my most memorable memories of my prestigious school Colvin Taluquadars College, Lucknow. There were in Lucknow, in those times, 3 Schools which were considered prestigious for boys. First Lamatenier College, Second St. Francis School and 3<sup>rd</sup> Colvin Taluquadars College (maybe not be in same chronology order).

The two schools, Lamaternier and St. Francis, were started by British and British Missionary, respectively. While, our college, Colvin Taluquadars, was started by Royal Nawabs/ Indians. But we can say it started by British also, as the Founder was Sir. Auckland Colvin, after whom it was named. Colvin college was founded in 1838 by him. But slowly it was taken over by Nawabs or Heads of respective Cities and Taluks/Districts. However, as a student we thought that we were more Royal than most of the British or Christian families. These 3 schools had a furious competition with each other in Sports and Music competitions. Specially with Lamateniar college. But we used to enjoy these competitions and including both defeats and wins by each other. Whoever loses used to say ‘See you next time’

The best thing about Colvin, like the other two schools, was that it was a totally Boys School and I made some of my life best friends here. They are with me even after 50 years. Childhood friends are great. We still fight but we are always standing together.

**My Tare Zameen Pe-** My maths was terrible, and I used to get panic attacks seeing anything mathematical/numerical and its same feeling even today. So, maths subject to me was like seeing Tare Zameen Par. (Seeing Stars during Day Time- if I had to literally translate it in English) Are you listening Mr Amir Khan (pay my royalty). However, I was not alone, there were 2 more my best friends like me. Hence **3 idiots-** are you again listening Mr. Amir Khan.

I remember an incidence when we had our 10<sup>th</sup> Class Board Exams. Uttar Pradesh Education Board is still considered to be toughest school exams in India. Getting numbers in UP Board exams was extremely difficult. So, me and my two idiots’ friends, Om Prakash Jaisal and Awadhesh Agarwal, failed miserably in Maths Pre-Board exams, called Half Yearly exams, at that time. Interesting fact was that Jaiswal uncle (Mamaji) was our Maths teacher. Very nice and gentle person but fed up with his nephew and two of us. After a miserable exam results, he announced in the class that those students who have problem

with their marks and also those who have failed should meet him personally, after school in the teacher's room. He will guide these students how to get good marks in Board Exams. I scored 17/100, Jaiswal Scored 11/100 and Agrwal scored 09/100 remembering vaguely. We decided to go together to face Jaiswal Sir.

So as advised three idiots went to staff room. While we were waiting at the gate to enter his room at our turn, we saw one of our good student/colleagues coming crying out from the Jaiswal sir cabin door. I asked him why he is crying. He said that he scored only 74 out of 100 marks and missed distinction by only 01 Marks. Jaiswal sir refused to increase his number. Hence, he was crying. My friend Agarwal started consoling him, who scored only 09 out of 100 marks paper. He said to that student that he must work hard and get better result and achieve distinction in final board examination. He further added that and told the crying student "See we all three missed distinctions by few numbers- 91 numbers to be precise in his case- but we are still not crying. We will work harder next time. "I was getting jittery that if that student asked how much number we got -it was total 37 out of 100- if we all three of us put our number together. Before he asked our number, we were invited to enter Jaiswal sir room and we very just saved from great humiliation. Jaiswal Sir already knew our numbers. He said nothing. There was Nothing to say infact. He asked to look outside the window, and we saw crows sitting on nearby tree. We also started looking out at the crows. Jaiswal sir commented "If I would have taught these crows, they have scored more numbers than all of you". Instead of understanding his satire, we all looked towards each other and were impressed that Indian Crows are so intelligent. We had heard many stories of Clever Crow in our childhood, but we never knew that crows can also have mathematical mind. We felt proud of our Indian Black Crows.

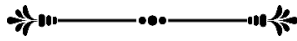
Jaiswal Sir got so infuriated that we are more impressed by crows than what he actually wanted to say. He said we can leave, and he has no hope from us. Challenged by Jaiswal Sir, we worked very hard towards

that in final exam. I barely passed in final examination by getting 33 Marks out of 100. My other two friend failed. When I went with sweets to his room after results. He stopped me and took out sweets from his own Table Drawer and put sweet with his own hands in my mouth. Then he saw my other two friends and said, “See this is called hard work”. We did not understand till now whether it was satire, or he was really happy to know that at least one has gone, and he will not see my face again.

Some of my best school friends are Vivek Kumar, Sunil Tandon, Arvind Pandit- No chronology among friends. All equally close.

## **Chapter 4**

### **Our Summer Holidays- 2 months in Kanpur and in Agra (Koi Lauti De Mere Beete Hui Din):**



(Dates: Childhood till Adulthood)

**D**uring our school days we used to have more than 2 months full summer holidays. Now the school holiday systems have changed. Now there is more pressure on children and less on the development of child and even lesser holidays. We as children really use to look forward to these holidays, as it was great fun to meet our cousins, play and eat together. And more importantly No Homework during Holidays.

Since my maternal grandfather had big house in Kanpur -80 miles from Lucknow. The first stop for approximately for 1 month of summer holidays was always Kanpur. We had a very big house of Nanaji, who was very strict and lived life like British officer. He was tall, around 6 ft and very fair and good looking. His daily routine was fixed and was extremely punctual in doing everything. But he always lets us enjoy our holidays, except giving us a task of plucking Amar Bale grass (Never dying grass). Amar Beal was a pain in ass for all our cousins. As our Nanji would every morning used to allocate different gardens to each group of cousins for removing Amar Balel. We used to crib that our “Nanji has no work, but we are so busy- we have to play, fight, take wash, eat and sleep- but Nanaji never think of our busy schedule”. But that was a normal and routine feature every day. Now we all laugh over it. We also used to play traditional Indian Games like Gilli-Danda, Marbles, Kite Flying and of course Cricket -our national game.

Second month we used to travel to Agra (City of Taj Mahal) which was about 250 Kms from train from Kanpur. We used to take Awadh Express Train, which still runs after 40 years. I have seen Taj Mahal

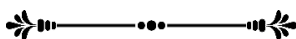
so many times that I lost count after visiting more than 50 times. At one point of time, we used to say to our family that we would not go to show Taj Mahal to our relatives, who used to visit Agra and we literally used to hide from those relatives.

Our paternal grandfather also had an almost similarly big house, like our Kanpur maternal grandfather. Only difference was that my grandfather was totally opposite of my Kanpur British like Grandfather. He was a professor by profession and very well respected in the academic community- mathematics. My uncle Tauji or fathers' elder brother was also a professor of Statistics and wrote many books on Statistics. My Grandfather was very fond of Beatle Leaf (Paan), Milk and Chawanprash . Chawanprash is still considered an immunity increasing Ayurvedic Supplement. I used to take it when I had asthma during childhood. I took it till very recently. My Tauji used to love gathering of our family members in summers and especially loved all our cousins. We used to play cricket, Hide and Seek etc. The worst part of Agra was the extreme heat and no electricity. When there was electricity, during day time we used to go to Taikhana or room under the house, which was quite cool. In nights, we used to enjoy big Door Size Water Coolers, and all cousins used to fight who would sleep in front of it. If there was no electricity, which was a normal scenario, we used to sleep in an open area in middle of the house courtyard or Aangan or court yard as we used to call it; or at the top roof where we used to get some fresh air; and sometime good breeze, if we were lucky that day. But we used to have lots of fun before sleeping, singing Indian films songs, cracking dirty jokes and sleeping at 2 or 3 am, as there was no elder to scold us. Although the cousins were different from Kanpur, we enjoyed both our grandfathers' houses, good food, playing together and lastly doing lots of mischief together.

Those carefree times will never come back.

## Chapter 5

### My Lucknow University Days (Dil to Pagal hai, Diwana Hai)



**(Dates 1983-1987)**

Our school Colvin College was just opposite to Lucknow university campus, across the road. So, Lucknow University was not new to us. Those were notorious years for universities, as political interference was at peak in university elections and it still is.

After school it was complete freedom, once you enter University, especially when you come out of Boys School. Although in graduation courses, the best girls used to take admission in other two premier colleges- Awadh Degree College and Isabella Thomas or IT College. The best- or good-looking girls did not take admission in Lucknow University, at least in Graduation courses. But I made some very good male friends at graduation level hence no regrets.

During these years everyone was interested in getting passes in Awadh Festival or IT Festival. It was like seeing the most gorgeous girls in the town and we also put on our best dresses and perfume, if we had any, on that day. Many boys had the same perfume/scent as we had only one bottle. They were expensive then. I remember I played a Song on Request for a girl whom I liked. The song was “Nothing going to change my love for you” By singer George Benson. It’s still a very beautiful song. I paid full Rupees 2/- to play this song. But I am very sure the girl did not hear it in so much of crowd and noise. But I was thinking that she heard it and fell in love with me. That dream shattered when she got married after a few years.

Our life came in Lucknow university was when we joined Master's Course. Here is the **raunak aayee** (life camelback). All the good-looking girls took admission into master's courses as they did not have good colleges for master's courses outside Lucknow University. We slowly started making friends with them and had a good time. In those times it was a perception that if you talk to some girl, she is yours. Boys used to fight for girls, if any other boy used to talk to her. I am sure that the girls did not even knew that we were fighting for them. Crazy Times. At this point of time, I had three vehicles- One Vespa Scooter/ One Hero Honda Motorcycle and my father's Fiat Car. I used to change it every day of the week to impress girls, and some got impressed also. But they did not know that I used to take money for petrol from my mother.

Another thing which is important to mention here is that the best girls used to take admissions in Arts subjects, and we were Arts students. But some of my friends from other science streams also used to attend our classes, as there was no mandatory attendance at that time. Every class used to have around 100 students- so it was easier to get lost in the students' crowd. I also attended some subject classes which I have never opted for because the girls were very beautiful. We were afraid that if by chance Professor ask us any question then what we will answer? Then all girls will laugh at us. But still we took chances and attended the classes of subjects where most beautiful girls were attending.

In front of our history class there was a big cricket ground. On the other side there was Psychology Subject Block, where many beautiful girls used to study. So, whenever there was a cricket match, we used to hit long shorts or a Sixer to impress them. Many of us got bold because of this and scored Zero (what will happen when you want to hit a sixer on very first ball to impress a girl?) But our undying effort to impress girls did not die even after scoring Zeros many times.

One incident I remember was that all my gang girls and boys together thought of participating in a Drama competition. It was a court room drama, and I was the judge. I had only one Line at the end of the entire

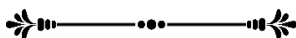


drama. I had to deliver the Judgement “This girl is guilty of murder, and she should be hanged to death”. But unfortunately, I used to like that girl, and she was also quite good looking. Every time I used to rehearse my line seeing her, I smiled. I forget even one simple line. I used to think how can she be hanged when she is my friend and secondly so good looking. I was shunted out of the drama after two days. But I never gave a judgement against her.

Another hilarious incident took place when our friend Mr. Rana won the student election of student union, which was a big achievement in those days. We asked him to treat us to a movie called “Mane Pyaar Kiya”. One of its songs “Kabootar Ja Ja Ja” ( or “Pigeon GO Go Go- if literally translated. It was like a youth national song. So, Mr. Rana booked a full movie theater for students, and we went free for the movie. I am not sure how much he paid to the movie theater owner, if at all he paid. But nevertheless, we all went inside the hall and when this song came Kabootar Jaja Ja. One of my friends took out pigeon from his bag or coat and set them free. Now these pigeons were flying all inside the hall even after the song was over. Now everyone was asking who brought this pigeon. We all were dead silent and knew nothing about it. Crazy Days and Crazier ideas.

## Chapter 6

### Visit to Major General Dinner-(Hum Angrezo Ke Zamane Ke Jailer Hain)



**(Date-1986):**

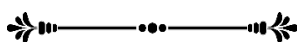
One more interesting thing happened during my Lucknow University days. One of my uncles became Major General in the army and was posted to Lucknow. One day me and my cousin were invited for dinner and to meet him. We went around 06.30 in the evening as his dinner time was 7 pm. (which was our snack times). When we went to his big and beautiful bungalow, we were truly impressed. Our uncle was sitting in the middle of a big green garden with his two ferocious dogs beside his chairs. We were scared but my uncle shouted “Come, Come. Not to be afraid of them. They will do nothing” I whispered in my cousin’s ears the dogs will certainly not do anything to uncle but will certainly tear us in pieces. But we went ahead like soldiers going for on war front.

We sat on other two garden chairs. Uncle after initial talks said “See these dogs are so well trained. They will do what I tell them to do. I will show you an example” He threw a piece of sweet, which was for us, in front of his two dogs and said “EAT”. The dogs started eating and after 30 seconds he shouted “OUT”. Both the dogs threw the sweet out of their mouth. Uncle with great pride said, “See My Training”. We were also very much impressed.

After some pleasantries talking, he said let’s go for dinner inside the house. While walking I whispered in my cousins’ ears. “I will eat the sweet first before dinner. I cannot spit it out like dogs and also, I am not trained like them.” We both started smiling and had our sweets at a lightning speed. Thankfully no order of “OUT” was heard by either of us.

## Chapter 7

### My preparation of IAS Examination and Its Impact (Woh Dard Bhari Dastan Phir Chalee Aayee).



**(Dates-1988-1992).**

After completing master's in modern Indian history subject, I tried giving MBA entrance exams but failed miserably, because of my Math's obviously. The next career options at that time were Banks/ State Government jobs etc. also. But they in fact needed much higher reasoning and mathematical ability. Hence that was also quite out of the question for me.

Since coming from an officers/bureaucratic family background the best choice was to give IAS/PCS examinations. The best thing about these examinations was that there was "NO MATHS". It's an examination for a purely administrative job and you have to clear two written exams and one Viva. IAS or Indian Administrative Services Exams are still considered to be one of the toughest exams in the world. I gave it 5 times, but I failed in that too. But it brought lots of changes to my personality/lifestyle.

Firstly, I became more focused and methodical. Secondly, I started prioritizing the work ahead of me during the day/week/month etc. Thirdly, I can work for 13-14 hours per day, if required on an interesting project. Fourthly and very importantly, I started understanding the Importance of Karma- that you can only do your labor and work, but ultimately you don't have control over the Results. Hence give your best shot and forget about results. Lesson of our ancient scripture "GITA" by Lord Krishna is also the same. Lastly but

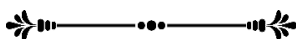
not least you start accepting failure and success as a part of a game or two sides of a coin. You are not deeply affected by failure or success. You realize that everything is temporary and you soon overcome it and start working again.

All these failures in my early career gave me strength and power to fight back at every stage of life and made me more sensible and mature to understand that even a small success has also to be celebrated, like a big one.

I think one must taste failure to understand the sweetness of success.

## Chapter 8

### My friend circles. (Yeh Dosti Hum Nahi Toden Ge).



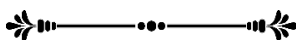
What is life without friends? You can't choose your relatives/neighbours, but you can choose your friends. I sometime believe that I was extremely lucky to have so many childhood friends and some very good professional friends. It is extremely important that we should have a good friend circle, who don't judge you by your position, money, status etc, but are genuinely happy when you have all these. I still have some friends who are richer than me and some who are poorer than me. But it does not matter. We are friends first, anything else later. I have some very good friends who are with me for more than 50 years. To name a few- Vivek Kumar, Sunil Tandon, Arvind Pandit, Ashutosh Shukla, Sunil Mehra, Bhupesh Marwaha, Karunesh Agarwal, Sunder Singh Verma, Mukesh etc. We lost some friends Like Ajay and Vinay. These losses cannot be filled by anyone. These friends are from school and university days.

I may be missing out some names and should be excused for that. However, we have stood in thick and thin of our life and some time we can support each other sometime not. But we know that we are there for each other. There are still difference of opinion and fights, but that is within the circle. No outsider can touch us. We are like a team.

I am lucky that we are still connected despite our different locations and professions. Maybe we will come together in one place someday. Maybe?

## **Chapter 9**

### **Impact of Indian Movies and Amitabh Bachchan on our lives. ( Mukkadar Ka Sikandar)**



Since childhood I was fascinated by films. I still am. My elder cousin brothers used to tell me that whenever there was a fight scene in film, I used to start boxing like the Hero, trying to kill the villain, there itself in the movie hall. Then my cousins used to hold me tightly otherwise I could have boxed the person sitting in the row front of our. Secondly, if there was and romantic scene, my cousins use to close my eyes till the scene was over. How selfish, they can see, and I cannot see. I still fight with them on this issue.

The first film which I remembered was “Hathi Mere Sathi”-a super duper hit with Super Star Rajesh Khanna and 4 elephant’s story. The dearest elephant was called RAMU. There was a scene where Rajesh Khana hit elephant Ramu with chain. I started crying loudly “Ramu Ko Mat Maro- Do not hit RAMU”. I was crying loudly in hall, and everyone was laughing, including my cousins. I was very angry with all of them. Then during interval, I went backstage of the movie theatre to see whether Ramu was ok or not. But there was no Ramu. I thought people must have taken him to Hospital. Childish Minds are wonderful.

In our student days Movies or Pictures were not only entertainment, BUT IT WAS LIFE. The greatest impact which made on our generation was Bade Bhaiya means Amitabh Bachchan. Reason for calling him Bade Bhaiya was that all films of Amitabh Bachchan was to be seen by us at least 3-4 time. Which was never allowed by our parents obviously. Hence for example, I will go to my friend place and tell his parents, that my Bade Bhaiya or elder brother, has come from

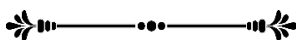
Bombay (it was called Bombay at that time, now its Mumbai) and wants to meet my friend. Which was usually allowed. Hence all friends Bade Bhaiya came from Bombay and wanted to meet my friends. We were lucky that we were never caught in picture halls seeing Bade Bhaiya films.

Second important thing was that our dear friend Gopal Sharma (of famous Sharma Chai Wala at Lalbagh Crossing, Lucknow) was the organiser for arranging Amitabh Bachchan Movie Tickets-First Day First Show. It was a status symbol to get First Day and First Show Ticket of Amitabh Bachchan movie. It was like buying Ferrari and driving with beautiful girls. The movie ticket showed that how much influential you are in city to get those ticket. We were nothing less than Amitabh Bachchan ourselves, after coming out of the first show, and telling others how the movie was. People use to wait outside the movie theatres, for the public coming out of the movie theatre, and to know how the movie was. We felt like Amitabh Bachchan ourselves. We were like fortune tellers, predict whether the movie will be hit or flop. Although Amitabh Bachchan flop movies, if any, was also seen at least 2-3 times by us.

The impact of Amitabh Bachchan was so silent, that we did not realise that we have unknowingly became, so mentally stronger to fight back to all adversaries of life. We unknowingly became fighter in spirit and confidence. The challenges we faced were many and we could overcome them like our Hero Amitabh Bachchan. Great impact of Amitabh Bachchan on Simple Life of ours.

## **Chapter 10**

### **My First Overseas Studies and its Impact. (Angreeji Mulk Me Kitna Romance Hai.Bahar Ka Chokri Kitna Advance Hai).**



**(Germany 1998-1999)**

I was never a brilliant student; in fact to be honest, I was an average student, just struggling to pass to next class. By good wishes of teachers, I never failed in any class or school or university exams. But failed miserably in Entrance exams of MBA and IAS Examination, as mentioned in previous chapters. However, I was lucky to get a scholarship to study International Marketing in Germany on full scholarship plus stipend. I was working with an Indo- German company called Winter Misra Tools Pvt Ltd at New Delhi. One very respected senior advisor of my company Mr. R.M. Moudgil, informed me that there were some scholarships available for higher studies, through German Embassy. If we want, we can apply for it. So, in 1998 I applied for scholarship and got admission. Thanks to Mr. Moudgil.

This was my first trip abroad, if I exclude my earlier Nepal Trip, I had a very amazing exposure. I have never seen any developed country before this. Big and broad highways, cars running at 100-150 kms/hours, cleanliness, systematic organised traffic etc really opened my eyes and I realised, that how far we are behind developed countries.

After reaching CDG office in Saarbrücken, I realised that it was both boys and girls together hostel. Classes were on 1<sup>st</sup> and 2 floor of the building and from 4<sup>th</sup> floor till 9<sup>th</sup> floor, it was hostel accommodation. There was Bar and Disco in the basement but was only open on Friday/Saturday and Sunday evenings. Another cultural shock to me.



You were allowed to bring alcohol/ cigarettes etc in your room if your roommate does not have any objection. My roommate was James Kiago from Kenya and we both were Beer Lovers. We used to rate different beers in category of A, B, C, D and F. A being excellent and F never to be tried again. We continued this exercise over email for many years even after completion of program, then slowly we lost touch.

So, in my International Marketing Group, we were 22 participants from 18 countries. My colleagues were from Kenya, Nigeria, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Mexico, Chile, Madagascar, Ethiopia, Ghana etc. We had great times during the first 6 months when we were together in Saarbrücken and had party almost every night. Other occupants of the hostel always complained about noise and disturbances, but we never listened. Apart from my program participants, I made friend from Russia, Iran, Mongolia etc. It was a truly real global exposure for me. Then after 6 months we were all sent for different cities for further different training programs. I went to Hamburg which was a very beautiful city, and I met two great friends and human beings. First my friend Matthias Grenda and second Program Director Dr. Rudolf Pape.

Matthias, I met at a Washing Clothes Centre or Public Laundry Shop. I had never seen earlier that you can take your dirty clothes, go to the market, pay in machine, wash it and iron it and come back. But I had a different problem. Every instruction on the machine was in German and my German was not good. Hence, one day, I was looking for support/help for putting my clothes in washing machine and make it work, when Matthias came, He knew English and then we started chatting, while our clothes were being washed. We were neighbours at Dil Strasse in Hamburg. We are still friends after 27 years despite the fact that we have never met face2face again. We now meet online. But Great friend Matthias.

Second person, who was an excellent teacher, Director of Kiel University and our Program In charge – was Dr Rudolf Pape. Very

smiling face, rare for Germans as they say- and secondly very compassionate for our foreign groups. I did my project under him, and he really guided me thru wonderfully. We could see sadness in his eyes, when he was distributing our Final Certificate on completion of our courses. We all were also sad as it was almost time to say goodbye to each other. Only one month was left for our completion of course, which was scheduled in Cologne.

However, after few months I got lost track of Dr. Pape and was never able to reconnect again.

## Chapter 11

### Harley Davidson (Date- 2017)



Since childhood, I was always infatuated with motor cycles rather than cars or any other thing. I remember my cousin, Raju Dada used to come to our house, on scooter. Every child including me, used to have ride on the scooter, and then we would allow him to entre house. When I was young there was a magazine called SUN, it was imported magazine with glossy paper. It was very popular among boys as it had a sexy picture in its middle or centre pages. You can take out the pages after removing its pin and use it as poster. Many boys hostel rooms had these middle pages poster. For me SUN was interesting as the last page had one picture of imported motorcycles. I used to see the last page first and my friends used to go see first on the middle page of SUN Magazine. They use to tease me that instead of seeing beautiful girl I am seeing first dead machine. They advised me to see some good doctor as they thought I am not normal for the age. We still laugh at that incident even now.

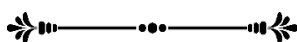
So, the crux was that I was infatuated with motorcycles since childhood. Then came the movie “Muqqaddar Ka Sikander” in 1978 and its famous song of Amitabh Bachchan on Motorcycle “Rote hua Aate Hain Sab, Hasta Hua Jo Jaiye Ga”. I was 12 years old. This song was a big hit and I have seen it may be 1000 times. In this song, Amitabh Bachan came down from Marine drive Iconic Bridge in Mumbai and then drive through. Another Hero of the movie Vinod Khanna during at this moment gives a gaze to him and think Amitabh Bachan is crazy. The two heroes do not know each other till that time in the movies. That scene is still so fresh in my mind even today, that it seems that I have just seen it just now. I decided at the age of 12 that if I have money, I will buy the best motor cycle in the world. I did that after 40 years ,

when I was 52 years old. I bought Harley Davidson in 2017, when I was Professor at Narsee Monjee University in Mumbai. The motorcycle cost was almost 7 lakhs or 10000 USD, which was almost the price of a small Car in India at that time. Many thought I have gone crazy, including the Harley Davidson Dealer, who sold the motorcycle to me. He till the very last moment thought that I was buying motor cycle for my son Vedant. He asked me at the time of delivery of Harley “where is my son- Vedant?” I asked him why ? He asked me again then who will drive? I told him Me. He was stunned and did not spoke a word till he gave me the keys of Harley. While leaving he told me ‘Sir, please give a call from your house once you reach there.” He did not believe that I will reach in one piece to my house, which was just 4/5 kms away. I made a call after reaching my house and I could hear his breath of relief over the phone. Real Crazy old Professor – He must be thinking. I took the Harley Davidson and came down the same bridge of Marine Drive in Mumbai, while singing the same song of Muqqadar Ka Sikander. Really Crazy Professor again. But, you must be crazy to fulfil your dreams of your childhood if you get a chance. Few lucky ones get that chance, like me.

I could not drive it much as I wanted because I keep on shifting to new places and later Covid-19 came. But I am happy that before going to Tashkent in 2020, I sold it to my nephew Rajat Pandey, who is also a motorcycle lover. He still rides it and keeps the Harley in good condition. When I first thought of Cover Page of this book, the only thing which came to my mind was Picture of Harley Davidson. I want to show people how much I loved motorcycles.

## **Chapter 12**

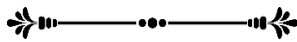
### **My experiences in A Nutshell. (Hume Apno Ne Mara, Gaaron Me Kahan Dum Tha. Kashti Wahin Doobi, Jahan Pani Kam Tha)**



If I have to summarize my last 60 years in a nutshell, it was a roller coaster ride but I enjoyed it. I met many good people, some bad and very few Ugly. With those who were good, I try to be in contact, with bad I keep distance and with UGLY, I just delete their number. The biggest challenge in life is that it's like a train journey – passengers hop in and hop out, after a certain period. But my biggest disappointment was with people who could have helped me, but they did not. But it's ok with me. I have already deleted their number, and I am living peacefully. Having a Good, Healthy and Enjoyable Life is utmost important. You must enjoy what you are doing otherwise it's useless and an utter waste of time.

# **Chapter 13**

## **An Overview of my Corporate/ Academic journey of 33 years. - (Sala Main To Sahab Ban Gaya)**



**( Dates- 1992-2025).**

**This chapter I am expressing my own journey experiences in a nutshell:**

**A**lmost 32 years back it was easier to get a job in a private company by some contacts or references. Now it's extremely difficult. Although I will be dealing with each company separately in Part TWO of this book, I thought I should briefly scroll over the life in Corporate and Academic World. At the time of writing this book I had a total experience of 32 years. 13 in Corporate and 19 in Academics. Both Corporate and Academics, are equally bad in treating their employees, at least in India. Here owners run the show, who are only looking after their profits and not their employees.

I worked some of the best companies in India. Too much bossism and too much politics in both corporate as well as academic world. Bosses are reluctant to hear NO and they themselves think that they are GOD for their subordinates. Most of them treat their team members as a floor mat, where you can get rid of your dirt.

I also met some good people in my professional world but either they were too few or too weak. They were also sidelined from mainstream work/ decision making processes. Really pity. When I talk about faculty members or teachers, the situation is far worse. The owners think that the teachers/faculty members are liability .The owners of educational institutions put faculty members in admissions process with targets of

number of admissions or ask them to make students placement in corporate/industry, through their personal contact. Quality Teaching is the last thing on their mind. We want to become Vishwa Guru – World Teacher, without paying due respect, due money, due place to teachers even in academic institution etc. Just a mockery of the entire concept. We make good workers not good leaders. Tell me any Indian who have created anything individually Like Ellon Musk/ Bill Gates / Mark Zuckerberg etc. We create slaves/workers not Entrepreneurs.

During my working in Corporate/Industry for over 13 years, I slowly started thinking about full time career in academics. While working at PHD Chamber of Commerce and Industry (PHDCCI) as Resident Director of Uttar Pradesh, I also started taking classes as Visiting Professor at Lucknow University MBA Department. I was also Alta matter of the same university and thought of giving it back to the institution. One interesting thing that I failed in the entrance exam of the MBA institute where I was teaching. Destiny can do wonders any day/anytime. I used to teach International Marketing in one semester and Marketing of Services in second semester. I taught here for continuously 3 years 2003-05. Realising that students are enjoying the session, and I might be a good teacher, I thought of shifting full time in academics. I joined Senior lecturer at IILM- AHL and all my corporate friends were shocked, that how I can take decision to change from such a senior position of Resident Director to much junior position like Senior Lecturer of a small educational institute. They called that I am doing Harikari(suicide). But I took the challenge and switched full time into academics in 2005.

I have given detailed description of each of my corporate and academic institution in Part 2 of this book. However, I would like to give an overview of my journey in academic field. I must specify that I don't regret switching from corporate to academic journey. Infact I enjoyed more, even if the salary and perks were not so high. Connecting with more than 10000 students in 20 years is a great satisfaction factor. I

worked with some of the best institutions in India and had great learning with each one of them.

I made some of the best friends in India from academic field also. There are challenges in India if you work as a faculty. In India the private institutions/ universities are in the hands of politicians or businessman., who don't know anything about education, but they have the finances/resources to start a university. They see education as a business and faculty are a Liability for them and I explain you Why? Admission people bring them money as fees when all the seats are filled. On the other hand, Placement team helps them in Branding, as students who are placed in big companies with big packages. These highly placed students are promoted in next year brochure and marketing material. Sometime very good placements help in increasing the fees and hence more profits per seat.

But the most useless are the faculty or teachers. They are not an Asset but a Liability. They neither help in admissions and neither in placement. Hence, they are now pressurised for doing everything except teaching. If You are a Good Teachers-Then What, anyone can Teach. Thats the attitude. Secondly, I also put equal blame on teachers who cannot say NO to their bosses or owners. They may have their own reasons to work in such institutions, but slowly they start accepting everything to survive. Such a painful situations of our teachers, who make the future of next generation and country/world at large.

Lastly, I would also like to blame the government authorities who does not know the ground realities of a teacher. Or they know but pretend ignorance. They are just following International University standards without knowing the basic problems of their own education system. Tell me which university in the world have 40-50 classes for a 4-credit course. In a day student sits in a classroom for around 6-7 hours minimum. Per week 40 Hours plus class room teaching. In USA and UK its just 9 hours classroom teaching/per week. Rest is all practical learning and projects. Hence, we should also be practical how much a



student can learn and not how many hours he can sit. Classroom teaching is becoming the biggest barrier in our education system. How can you make entrepreneurs when whole day they are sitting in classes. Teachers on the other hand must upgrade them with latest knowledge/technology/ research etc. They must be one step ahead of their students, who are very smart and tech savvy. Our education system is making good workers, like in British Times, but not Good Leaders/Good Businessmen's/Good Entrepreneurs etc.

**But as I said earlier - This Chapter I am expressing my experience, someone else experience can be different and is fully acceptable**



## **PART 2**

# **Professional Journey**



# **Corporate And Academic Associations**

## **Chapter 1**

### **All Seasons Food Limited, New Delhi (1992).**



This was the first company my first job. I started working as Executive in New Delhi. They were making Branded Coffee called GOLD CAFÉ. The product was promoted by the famous star pair Cricketer Mr. Nawab Pataudi and his gracious actress wife Ms. Sharmila Tagore. Very famous, loved and elegant Star Couple of our times. Gold Café Coffee was one time a big challenger, for even international brands like Nescafe Coffee etc. However, the company went into financial mismanagement and was closed within a few months of my joining. (I have a notorious record of time of my leaving, coinciding with closing down of companies, within few months).

One hilarious incident we still remember was, that our office was in Taj Mansingh Hotel, Delhi. A very reputable and expensive Five Star Hotel. One morning and One evening Tea was free from Office side. But in India we need tea every hour, if possible. But we could not afford expensive five-star tea every hour. So, we hired a peon/helper whose only job was to bring tea and snacks from Tea stall just outside the Hotel gate. It was much cheaper. And we all saved thousands of rupees every month.

## Chapter 2

### Indana Exports Ltd, New Delhi (1992-93).



Indian, was a great brand in Dairy Products in North India. They used to sell Indana Ghee, Indana Milk Powder, Indana Pickles etc . They used to also export, get out sourced, Leather Shoes and Accessories, apart from Food products. I was in their Export Department and the office was in Greater Kailash Part II, New Delhi- a very posh market of New Delhi. There are 2-3 things which we all remember from this company.

In export department, we got a lead from our overseas agent that we should export Indian Pickles to Middle East, as there are lots of Indian Laborers working in construction projects. But they cannot afford our Indana Pickles, as they were a little expensive. The brand which was very popular there was “Aeroplan” Pickle Brand. So, we decided to launch” JET Brand Pickles”. It was made locally in Delhi by manual laborers, and not machines, and with low quality ingredients. When I went to see the place in Nangaloi area, Delhi where it was cut, mixed and packed. I was astonished to see the conditions of the hands of laborers, who were making Pickle with their bare hands. I did not eat pickles for many years after that.

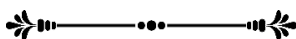
Another incidence which we remembered was when we went to distribute Diwali Gifts to various people in Government, Corporate etc. This was a usual practice in India, although now declining fast. So, I went to one senior officer of the National Dairy Development Board (NDDB) at their Noida officer’s colony. NDDB clearance was necessary for all exports containing dairy products like Milk, Ghee etc. I reached NDDB Colony Gate and wrote down my name and address of the company, also which officer residence, I was going to visit. I wrote

down all details at the society gate and went inside the official residence compound. Everybody saw that I was carrying a big Diwali gift box for someone. When the officer opened the door and saw me, he was very angry. He told me that I would call him from outside the compound and he had come in his car and collected the Gift personally. That way nobody would have seen it. Now even watchman knows that this gift is for him. But after some time, he came up with a brilliant idea. He asked me to take out all the gifts, from the gift box, without tearing the gift wrapper. I did that and opened the box carefully. He took out all the gifts from inside the box and asked me to wrap it back again carefully. He asked me to take the empty box back telling the guard that the officer had refused to take any gift. It was such a hilarious scene, that I was taking a neatly wrapped Empty Gift Box, pretending it's heavy, and stopped at gate saying that this officer is very strict- he even refused to take Deepawali gift. The guard and other people of the society, including some officers, also were greatly impressed by the Honesty of the Officer.

Truly Mazing idea to remain honest and enjoy everything.

### **Chapter 3**

## **Lan Eseda Industries Limited, Mumbai (1993-94).**



Lan Eseda was a truly great company started by brilliant Engineers and Management people. But it collapsed due to greed to become rich very fast. Again, the office of this was in a hotel called Janpath Hotel. We took 6/7 Business Cabins in their business center. Later we shifted to another nearby business center called Diners Business Centre. Very exclusive and expensive office. I travelled to Mumbai- Delhi-Mumbai by flight so many times that I lost count. We stayed in some of the best 5 stars hotels in Mumbai. These were times when flights and 5star hotel stay was highly expensive and was almost a luxury. I enjoyed those times. The company was also declared one of the fastest growing companies in India. They were in software training centers and exports of Software. We had offices across the countries and abroad too.

However, the greed to become rich fast led to its downfall. The management collided with Mr. Harshad Mehta, a big scamster in the Stock market and its main accused. So, the shares of Lan Eseda, which was at peak one time in Mumbai Stock Exchange came down to less than Rs 10/- . Many people lost their life savings, wealth, property etc when stock market crashed. Many companies were closed due to scams including Lan Eseda industries also.

People like me who was once travelling in flights and staying in 5-star hotels, we were at roads and salaries not paid for 6 months. I was then heading their Lucknow Office. I did not got salary for 6 months and hence I did not return their official Maruti 800 Car and all the official furniture, in lieu of my salary. One day their new Managing Director called me on the phone, and we had a heated exchange of words after



that he never called. (and I never returned their car and their furniture). I used both of the things for the next 10 years. No regrets or apologies. If you don't pay my salary, I will not spare you also. Simple.

I was told by someone in Mumbai Industry that Lan Eseda offices were closed, and owner was behind bars for scam/fraud. An Engineer from IIT Mumbai and behind bars? What greed can do to you. Sometime later, I lost the original papers of my official car, and I could not get duplicate, as car was registered in the company's name which was closed. I drove that car for next 10 years with Flag of ruling party in Lucknow. With the ruling party flag, no police checking and no challans at that time. With political parties changing in Uttar Pradesh, I kept on changing my flags accordingly. Survival of the fittest.

## **Chapter 4**

### **Flex Industries Ltd, Noida(1995).**



**W**ith the sudden collapse of Lan Eseda company, and I was also married by then, I joined Flex Exports Ltd. It was a premier company in printing plastic packaging material, for products which you can see on coke bottles or coffee bottles or pouches. I was in their Logistic department of Exports department. Unfortunately, the owner of the company was also Chaturvedi. Hence, everyone thought that I was close to the owner, which was not the case. I met him only once before joining. However, he was close to my cousin brother who knew him very well. The impact was that I was always treated as a spy, who would tell everything about employees, to the owner after 7 pm every day. CRAZY. I never met Mr. Ashok Chaturvedi ever in my life again. I was very uncomfortable while working in Flex and felt that I was never a part of my colleagues, and I can understand that now.

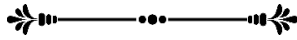
I also realized during this time that how close you have to work with political parties in India. There was an election in the state and the ruling party asked 10 trucks of plastic banners for their political rallies. These trucks left without any major documentation from the factory. Written on Trucks “{On Official Duty)” and nobody stopped the trucks from Noida to various parts of Uttar Pradesh. Great synchronization of power. I think the nexus is minimized now, but politics and business go hand-in hand still to large extent.

Another interesting thing I noticed in Flex Industries Limited when the work was more during peak season The employees were allowed to sit till 07.30 pm and can order evening snacks and if they had official work beyond 07.30, we used to get Dinner, from then a very famous restaurant called Nirulas. We used to also get some allowances per

day/per hour. So obviously everybody stayed in my department till 9 pm. After taking snacks, we used to discuss what we should order in Dinner from restaurant Nirulas. It was the most serious discussion of the day among the employees. We had a great feast everyday almost.

## **Chapter 5**

### **Winter Misra Tool Pvt Ltd , New Delhi (1995-98).**



**W**hile working with Winter Misra we were called, Cold Misra or Thande Misra, by local authorities. We enjoyed that, especially during hot summers in Delhi when temperature reaching 45 degrees. We were three young managers/executives looking after the imports of raw material of stone or marble cutting blades. We were importing raw materials for saw blades like diamond powder, cobalt, graphite, steel etc for making these blades. We were then the largest applicant in India, for applying import licenses called Special Imprest license, at that time. Winter Misra was a very reputed company and was having joint collaboration with Winter Diamond Tools of Germany. We had two manufacturing plants, one in Bhiwadi and one in Gurgaon. Mr. Misra was the Indian partner and hence we were called Winter Misra.

My immediate boss was Vijay Agarwal. We did one Export Course from Indian Institute of Foreign Trade (IIFT) New Delhi, became friends and then he offered me job in his company. He was Assistant Manager there and I became Senior Executive. His English was extremely poor, but he had excellent knowledge of import licenses. He was very intelligent and knew how to deal with corrupt people in the Licensing Authorities. I learnt a lot from him. He was very methodical in keeping files, and I learnt this habit/art of keeping files handy, from him only. My documentation keeping is almost flawless till now. Great friend and great team player. I enjoyed most in this job. It was just not a job, it was a great learning experience, good food and stress-free atmosphere.

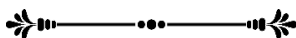
Vijay had a unique habit. He used to bring too much food for Lunch from home. Then he used to eat a little and give rest to workers, peons, helpers etc. I once asked him if he eats so little, so why he brings so much food and gives it to others? He told me “Sanjeev any scarcity in your childhood will always haunt you throughout your life”. He told me that when he was young, his family did not have enough food to eat. So, if the family had 10 Rotis (Indian Bread) 5 they use to keep for evening, as they did not know that whether there will be enough food in the evening or not. That scarcity of food always haunts him and unknowingly he is in the habit of bringing lots of food. I later in my life also experienced that the things you cannot buy in your childhood, you have plenty of that, when you become rich.

Another interesting colleague was Mathur Saab, who looked after the Custom clearance of goods imported. He used to come from Old Delhi and usually use to bring previous day food, maybe her wife was not in habit of making fresh food everyday morning. There was always a healthy exchange of words between Vijay and Mathur Saab, about food. We used to enjoy that too with our food. Last but not least there was Mr. Soni who used to sit next to my table and was looking after the accounts of the company. He used to smoke, take some mouth fresheners, some Elachi etc throughout the day. His drawers were always full of these items. Sometimes when in a good mood, he used to offer me that also.

At Winter Misra we had a great time and great learning also. Most enjoyable service of my life. From Winter Misra I went on scholarship to Germany for Higher Studies (Covered in Chapter 10 of Part 1 earlier).

## **Chapter 6**

### **Engineering Export Promotion Council (EEPC)( 2000-2003):**



EEPC was an altogether different experience. But getting into EEPC, a government organization, is a different story. After returning from Germany, I was doing a short report for some engineering company in Germany. For some old reports and data, I used to visit the library of EEPC situated at Cannaught Place, New Delhi. While spending the entire day in the library, I used to order some tea and food also. Sometimes I used to ordered food for the librarian also. We became friends. One day he asked about my research work, and I told him that I studied in Germany and doing some research work. He told me that Executive Director Mr. C.S Shukla, was also posted in Germany and I should meet him. The librarian also told me that there are some vacancies for Deputy Director position, and I should apply for it. So, I applied in that and later I met Mr. Shukla who happened to me very good family friend of one of my relative in Germany. He helped me in getting into the organization and always protected me through my stay in the organization (despite sometime angry with me also professionally). He is no more and may God bless his departed soul.

#### **Transferred to Lagos (Nigeria):**

EEPC got a government approval to open an office in Lagos (Nigeria) to promote engineering exports between the two continents. I was designated as Resident Director and was asked to open Nigeria office. I did not like the posting as I had heard lots of unhealthy reports about the Law-and-Order problems in Nigeria. However, since I was new in the organization, I joined Lagos-Nigeria project. Everything was coordinated by Indian Embassy in Lagos. They were quite supporting

but there were many challenges. I also felt that Indian Embassy people were also scared in Nigeria. They were also passing time and Nigeria was called a Tough Posting in IFS Circle. All embassy staff who go through these tough posting, always get a wonderful posting in some embassy in developed country, once they finish the tenure. However, I lived there for 3 months and refused to continue, after the expiry of my Visa. One of my colleague Mr. Nair replaced me, and I came to know that he fully completed the project of 3 years.

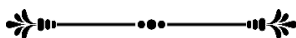
### **Shifted to New Delhi Office-**

On my return from Nigeria, I was transferred to regional office of EEPC as Deputy Director. One Regional Manager was already there. He was appointed by lobby of North Indian exporters. There was tremendous fight between North India and Kolkata based exporters lobby. The Chairman election was highly disgraceful and highly political. I was regarded by North Indian exporters as person planted by management, to counter the regional Manager/ Northern Exporter Lobby. However, I was least interested in who becomes regional or overall chairman of council. I was caught in between the two factions of exporters. Those were useless times and officers/staff divided between two sections -North or East. Very unfortunate.

Suddenly I got an offer from PHD Chamber of Commerce and Industry (PHDCCI as they used to call it) making me the head of biggest populated state Uttar Pradesh, and also posted me at my Hometown in Lucknow. I joined PHDCCI just to be away from this politics and to be near my mother and in my own childhood house.

## Chapter 7

### **Punjab Haryana Delhi Chamber of Commerce and Industry (PHDCCI), Lucknow-(2003-05):**



PHDCCI, as it was normally called, was one of the biggest Industry association, in North India. Its HQ was in Delhi and state offices or regional offices in various states including Lucknow, Uttar Pradesh. The Regional Chairman was Dr Lalit Khaitan who had a liquor brand called Khaitan Beverages Ltd. Its most selling whisky brand was 8 PM.. Very influential and politically connected person. But I rarely met him in almost 3 years of my service there.

The only thing I remembered about these three years was that once, Lalit Khaitan organized a Musical Night with Udit Narayan- a legendry Hindi film singer. The event was organized at Taj Hotel, Lucknow where the most powerful people of politics, bureaucracy, police etc were sent the invitation. The only problem I faced was, that on the invitation card, my name and mobile number were mentioned as RSVP. I started getting calls from the most powerful people in Uttar Pradesh, for more passes and some got angry, when I told them that I did not have extra passes for them. They thought I was arrogant and not giving those free passes. Some of them complained to Khaitan Saab also but he never mentioned me anything. He was of a very royal nature person in that way.

However, the two most annoying persons were the PHDCCI Chairman Dr Dhanda and my State Coordinator Mr. Asad Wasi. Both were too bossy and too pushy like mother in laws (pun included). Always trying to have bossy attitude. Usually, I always had cordially relations with my colleagues in my life, but some of them ,were having very narrow mindset. The British Culture is still in their mind while treating their



Indian employees. The reason for leaving PHDCCI was also Dr Dhanda, who wrote and faxed a very long and nasty letter to me. Same day I resigned and never looked back. They tried contacting me but I never picked their calls once I left PHDCCI. Old Habit.

## Chapter 8

### IILM-AHL, Lucknow (2005-07)-



During my PHDCCI days, I started teaching in MBA program at Lucknow University, as Visiting Faculty. I did my graduation and post-graduation from Lucknow University, and it was a great opportunity to give back to your Alma mater. I was teaching International Marketing and Marketing of Services for two semesters. Very interestingly I failed/did not qualified the Entrance Test of this MBA institution, as mentioned earlier. Now after almost 20 years I am teaching in the same institution. This is called life full circle.

So, the bug of academics and teaching bit me during this visiting faculty experience. After teaching 3 years as visiting faculty, I joined IILM-AHL institute as full-time faculty. I joined as Senior Lecturer after resigning from Resident Director position of a big Industry association like PHDCCI. Some people who took my interview at IILM-AHL later told me, after I joined it, that they were thinking what to ask such a senior person in the interview. We all laughed and enjoyed the interview questions which were very basic in nature.

It was a good exposure as the institute which was also just opened a year back and going into the second year of teaching. I also looked after the placement cell of these MBA program students. The placements were not very good but slowly we started the process. The people who were my members in PHDCCI also helped me in placement in case they had any vacancy. The only bad experience I had was when I went to meet the Head-HR of Hutch Company (now Aditya Birla Group/Vodafone). Despite giving me an appointment he made me wait for more than two hours and later refused to meet. Once the same company was asking for an appointment to meet me to help them in

promoting mobile connections to PHDCCI Members. This is also called Life Full Circle. Although in my entire career I have always met the person on the time of appointment, except emergencies.

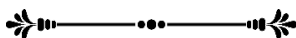
At IILM we had a controversy that the Founding Director and his close friends/colleagues mismanaged the funds for constructing the building of the institutions. A few months after my joining the old Director was replaced by an ex-Director General of Police, with I think, came with a clear mandate, of cleaning the entire team of ex Director. Fortunately, he was a great admirer of one of my distant relatives, who was also DGP and later became commissioner of Delhi State Police. The new Director always had a soft corner for me, as I also belong to an officer family background.

He slowly started sacking people and making them leave one by one. Nobody could do anything as he had a police background. Quite a good strategy by top management to put such person. After almost a year only two people were left from old employees -one me and another Dr Himanshu Mohan, who is now teaching as Lucknow University MBA.

## **Chapter 9**

### **Confederation of Indian Industry (CII)**

#### **Lucknow.(2007):**



CII is still the biggest and most influential Industry organization in India. Its HQ is in Delhi and regional offices in various states. Head of CII office in Uttar Pradesh, Mrs. Puneeta Priyadarshini was shifting to USA, and recommended my name for its Head position. She also worked earlier at PHDCCI where I worked also. She knew few things about me, before I even met her. She called me while I was working with IILM-AHL and asked me, whether I would be interested in joining as Head-CII. It was too good an offer. Secondly, I was seeing what was happening with IILM old employees, and I decided to come back to Industry organization once again. Many industries members, I already knew from my PHDCCI days, they were also members of CII. I joined after resigning from the IILM-AHL institution. Nobody was surprised as it was a good move professionally.

However, the stay in CII was very short as I was too uncomfortable with the strange rules and regulations of CII. For example, you organize a big event and then you sit on the dais with the Chief Guest, but you cannot speak anything. Strange protocol. I am not sure whether it has changed now, or if it is the same protocol. Our reporting was to the Chandigarh office, and we had a small office at Noida headed by Mr. Abhay Sinha. However, my biggest fight happened with some Mr. Menon at the New Delhi office. We were organizing an event involving some politicians, for a round-table conference, and I suggested few names. He got so annoyed with those names that he just picked up the phone and started shouting at me. I listened patiently and then I resigned and joined IILM-BS at New Delhi. Once my resignation

reached Chandigarh office, there was a commotion as they did not know the background of my resignation. The Head of Chandigarh office, Ms. Madhu, a very good lady, flew from Chandigarh to meet me, but I did not go to meet her, as I had already made my mind to leave industry and never to come back. Since then, I am in academics only. But I still regret that I didn't meet Ms. Madhu and explained the reason to her. This is my personality defect that when I leave, I never look back and maintain relations with only good persons of the left organization.

Later I came to know Ms. Madhu also left, and Mr. Memnon always used to smile, when someone mentioned my name. Small person small thinking. I don't know where they are today.

## **Chapter 10**

### **IILM-Business School, New Delhi (2007-09)**



Then later, I shifted to Delhi and joined the IILM-AHL owners' brother, competitive business schools, called IILM-Business School. There was a huge family dispute. Hence IILM-BS owner Mr. Vinay Rai started this IILM-BS venture, which was almost sounding the same. Crazy Strategy and Crazy Disputes. Mr. Singh (A Sikh gentlemen) was the Director, and I was Dean Academics. Another one my good colleague, Mr. Sen was looking after the admissions, of more than 13 Business schools' branches spread across India. Those time were of MBA boom in India, and we had more than 700 students in Delhi branch only. Great time and great activities. But there was something fishy about the validity of the Degree which made me nervous, and I changed to another institution called RIG. I did not want to play with the future of student's careers and life. I did not want to do anything illegal. I was later told when the students came to know about the degree, they roughed the Dean and other senior people of the institute. One learning" Never play with the future of the students". This is the worst any teacher/academician can do.

The interesting thing about IILM-BS was that the Director Mr. Singh was also an architect and a small builder. He used to heavily rely on me for administrative work also. He used to do his personal work till Lunch and then come to institute. I have told lies so many times for him then I even forget the numbers. But basically, a good man but highly unorganized.

## Chapter 11

### RIG- Greater Noida (2009):



RIG was a strange experience. I got an offer to join as the Dean of MBA Program. It was near to my house in Greater Noida, and I joined immediately. Basically, RIG was a more established name in Hospitality and Tourism Services rather than in MBA. They started an MBA program which was a Correspondence Course. It was totally fraud to enroll students in MBA program, and then tell them it's a correspondence program. Their justification was that classes will be conducted on the campus like full time MBA but degree will of IGNOU Correspondence MBA + RIG own PG Diploma. What a total fraud of people in education sector.

Secondly, after the first week of my joining they asked me to make calls to students for admission. They gave me a list of students. How ridiculous it was that Dean making calls to students to take admission. It was the job of Tele caller and not Dean. But in India owner has no respect for academicians and for him everyone is just an employee- be it VC or a Tele-caller or Peon. Pathetic.

I stopped going to the institute the very next day. They were calling me constantly and I did not responded to their calls, like always

## Chapter 12

### SRISIM, New Delhi (2009-10):



This business school was under Sri Sharda Shengeri Trust of South India. The trust is still very respected trust in south India, who do lot of charity work in India. However, the person who was heading the College was one of the most fraudulent human beings, I have seen. We used to call him BABA as no one knew his real name. He used to wear only red dress like monks and was a great speaker. I joined first as visiting faculty and then he offered me full time faculty. He made all of us wait for an interview for more than 3 hours, but when he met us, he was extremely charming, like all fraud people.

The timings of this institute were crazy – Morning 9 am to 07.30 pm in evening / 6 days a week. The first class was Yoga and then Prayer of almost 2 hours and then academic classes. The classrooms did not have proper ventilation/air conditioning etc and it was torturous for the students to sit in those classes in the heat of 45/46 degree of Delhi. Baba was making another building which was lavish. Every year he tells the faculty and the students that soon we will be shifting to a new building. Which exactly never happened as the payments made to the contractor were always disputed and there were court cases against the institute, by these contractors. The most hilarious thing he or his office people used to do was, that they refused to take court or police summons, by stating there was no one in that name in that institute, against whom complaints were made. Nobody knew BABA actual name. (Aadhar card came much later). Just Imagin that I am refusing the court summon/police complaints -stating I don't know Dr Sanjeev Chaturvedi. Hilarious and outlandish.



The most hilarious thing about timing was that if any employee is late even one minute, his half day salary was cut. So, people became Olympic champions for punching their attendance in biometric machine. They could have beaten even then Olympic champion in 100/200/4000 meters race and can create new world records.

Another thing that happened to me was that I got a Professorship Offer from Amity University, and I had to join them from 1<sup>st</sup> October 2010. I did not know how to get rid of BABA, as the Amity University appointment letter came pretty late, and it was a one month notice period at SRISIIM. Suddenly a good thing happened. I was taking an afternoon class and on the same floor some students were making noise as they must be having a free class. BABA came on round and was furious that why the class was not scheduled. He asked who else is teaching on this floor, registrar madam told him my name. He asked the Registrar madam to issue a letter for an explanation. By same evening I got a notice stating that I did not tell the authorities of the students having free class. This was a blessing in disguise. The same day I resigned and gave the letter in a sealed cover, addressed to registrar madam stating, that I was simply shocked and sad to receive this letter and resigning immediately. In fact, I was very happy I got this excuse for resigning.

Then the next day, the resignation letter came to everyone's knowledge and there was total chaos in the institution. Everyone started calling me on my phone, which I did not pick up. The same evening, I went to see a movie and had dinner outside with my family. BABA sent Registrar madam to speak to me personally and poor lady came all the way to my house after driving almost 40 kms and then going back. She even sent me photographs, that she is outside the house, as I was not picking up her phone too. Then she returned to her house. I felt pity for the lady. But that's my nature, I cannot do anything. Once I leave, I leave and never look back.

There was no communication after that. I am still in contact with some good people of that useless BABAs institution and we laugh about our times there.

## **Chapter 13**

### **Amity University, NOIDA (2010-13).**



This was a real break I got in academics. I was a full Professor and Amity University was a big brand. Everyone knew Amity University in India. They also were pioneers in creating International Campuses and Tie-ups. I was teaching Cross Cultural Management along with Dr Gurinder Singh, who was DG and Pro VC at that time. I really loved this subject as it taught what we have to focus while dealing with or doing jobs in international companies, from different cultural background. It was also liked by students as it was really good exposure to various international cultures.

Another good exposure was that I was nominated for being International Program, where we used to take our MBA students, under 3 C Program (Three Continent Programs). The students started their course in India, then in second year they go to London and then they go to USA. Hence 3 Continent Program. Some challenges were there in this program. It was an expensive program, and hence only rich students could afford it. It was usually very difficult to control these young rich students, especially when they are outside the country. My only advised to them was that don't be involved with drugs and secondly no police cases. I never had any major problem with them, as I never unnecessarily troubled them and vice versa.

I came to understand basic differences of education in India and UK/ USA. In India we focus on classroom teaching and in developed country they focus on practical learning. Academic excellence cannot be achieved until we improve the quality of teachers/faculty, which ultimately leads to good quality students.

A mega event which comes every year was INBUSH. It was scheduled every year in February end and had great hype in the Delhi/NCR region. It was not the session of conference, which was popular, but it was the Gala Knight of the INBUSH Event. In India we have a great focus on these types of events where we have Singers, Movie actors/actresses for any major events. Institutes pay's millions of rupees on these events, but will not spend even half of it, on their employees and teachers. Really pathetic. Same was with Amity University, our faculty annual increments were like 1500/2000 rupees while on one such INBUSH event the money spent was two million rupees. The same trends continue in the majority of institutions even now.

Then there were sudden administrative changes. Dr Gurinder Singh left the organization after almost 20 years' service and a consortium was made of 5 senior faculty members. Infighting started and the institution ran into chaos despite top management assurances. Later one of my friends and senior colleague became Director. Very smart looking but very poor administrator and poor academician. Things became bad to worse. Hence, I decided to move on.

However, with all such ups and downs, Amity gave me a platform to jump to some other big institutions.

## **Chapter 14**

### **Symbiosis Centre of Distance Learning (SCDL)**

#### **Pune (2013-14):**



**A**nother major breakthrough outside North India I got in Pune, Maharashtra with SCDL. SCDL was one of pioneers and biggest name in Online Learning and well-respected in academic field. However, before I joined, I was not informed that mine would be a contractual appointment which will be renewed every year. I left a permanent appointment at Amity University, and I was never told about contractual appointment, even after 7 days of my joining/in house training. I was extremely furious about the same and blasted Mr. Deshmukh who was HR Head. He gave many explanations, but the trust was already lost between me and symbiosis within a week's time.

However, I learnt many things about Online Learning during my stay at SCDL. It gave me an opportunity to see what technology could do in the education field. It's helping me even now. But apart from that there was nothing. I was feeling suffocated sitting in a glass cabin. With no students and no activities, it was a great shock for me academically. It was like working in an office /corporate which I left 10 years back. Hence, I started looking for another opportunity after 1 year and left the organization silently.

God gave me opportunity to get a payment of this misadventure and lies told to me. Through someone, I got a very good amount of money, which they paid to one of my friends, Mr. Rakesh Kadam to do a work. It was equivalent to my 8 months' salary. God has already been kind to me in that. His kindness will come later also in the book.

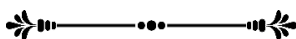
But I never thought that people sitting in top position would do anything just to save their jobs and tell lies to outsiders /new joiners. Not Telling

the Full Truth or Hiding Full Truth-Is Also Lie. However, I came to know later that Mr. Deshmukh was dismissed from services and his exit was very extremely unpleasant. He got what he deserved.

## Chapter 15

### Shri Venketeshwara University. Gajraula

### (2014)



While searching a job, I came across an advertisement for a Pro VC position at Shri Venketeshwara University at Gajraula , Uttar Pradesh - about 2 hours' drive from my house at Greater Noida.

I got a call and attended the interview. It went well as by that time I had already worked with big brands like Amity and Symbiosis. In fact they were quite happy in seeing me joining. Dr Sudhanshu was the Vice Chancellor who had come back from the USA recently. Very good person and very helpful. Having American exposure, he was non-formal and very frank, which sometime did not go well in our Indian academic atmosphere. He was not happy as there was a big financial crisis in the university. The reason was that the owners had invested huge amounts of money in Medical College, which was not getting government approvals. Owners were in great debts, and it showed in the university functioning also. Salaries were not paid for months to faculty and staff members. Owners were very secretive about their visit to campus as they will be caught by creditors. They used to come very early in the morning or very late at night secretly. The VC was also not happy with the way the university was functioning. He had never experienced such a financial crisis, as I was also experiencing for the first time. All institutions/universities I had worked earlier, finances was never the problem. So, this was a new experience for me too. Many local employees had their own small businesses to survive. Very pathetic and sad situation. To make things bad the VC also left, sighting reason of his wife cancer treatment in USA. Worse, I was made the Vice

Chancellor. Usually, people are delighted to become VC, but I was Sad. Strange?

I didn't how to react as heading a loss-making university what can you do. I was told that despite being VC, I would not be given Car, as I was driving my own car as Pro-VC. Perhaps in the whole world I was the only Vice Chancellor driving his own car. Hilarious. Once all employees came to my office and told me that they will go on strike in front of my office, if their salaries are not paid. I told them I will also join them, since my 2 months' salary was also due. They left back laughing.

But the worst was still to come. We had a medical inspection. Although in Medical College Inspection there is no role of VC, mainly its Director of Medical College and Registrar, who are responsible for the inspection and approval. But still I was VC. The medical college inspection arrangements were like a Hindi Movies "Munna Bhai MBBS". Everything was arranged except the building. Arrangements included false patients, false OT Equipment's, false Laboratories, false records etc. Even the doctors, nurses, technicians etc were on rent. They were paid according to their position and importance in inspection. This can happen in India only.

Now the campus, which was dead quiet till yesterday, was now buzzing with activities, doctors, nurses, patients etc. Even I couldn't recognize my own university. Then the Inspection Team came. They were quite strict in inspection. They started checking everything and asking questions to doctors, patients etc. One of them asked the junior doctor - who is your senior doctor and your assistant? No answer as they did not know.

Second questions share your senior doctor, HOD and assistant mobile numbers. - No Answers.



Next question – Why are all bedcovers'/bedsheets/ pillows new?  
Answer – Sir we just changed everything on Xmas occasion (fortunately it was early January). Question passed.

Next Question-why there is no pregnant lady in ladies Wing- No answer.

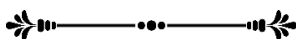
Next question- Why do all patients have only minor diseases like- cold cough etc. Answer- The area is usually free from pollution hence only minor diseases. For major diseases patients go to nearby cities. -Answer accepted reluctantly.

The real test came when the rented doctors wanted to leave the campus as they have their return flight tickets or train reservation. But the medical college inspection team was still on campus. University doors were closed by security people, so that nobody will be allowed to leave the campus till the Inspection Team Leaves. In this chaos one doctor missed his flight. He became angry and complained to the inspection team about the whole arrangements. The approval was not granted and everyone left. Owners in another Debt of few million rupees.

Again, I started searching for new Job.

## **Chapter 16**

### **Maharaj Vinayak Global University, Jaipur (2014-15).**



**M**VGU was situated in the beautiful city of Jaipur. On Delhi-Jaipur National Highway. Our interview was scheduled at City office in Jaipur. I went by taxi from Gajraula. The interview board knew about the financial problem of SVU. They could understand the reason for my applying for the VC position. VC is called President in Rajasthan. I was selected and got my appointment letter in 7-10 days. Now the problem was how to leave SVU as it was mid-month and already, they had paid no salary for the last two months. But I still quit and left the university citing the reason for not getting my salaries on time. I forgot my two months' salary and they forgot too.

However, GVU was far better than SVU financially. Mr. K.L.Meena-Chairman was a retired IAS officer who started this university for his two sons. His elder son Dr. Vikas Joseph was actual dental doctor and dental expert. The second son was Mr. Vishal Joseph, who was a problem for the family but man with a very good at heart. Sometime the younger brother uses to drink and comes to the campus, but always very respectable to me. The elder son Dr Vikas Joseph was running the show and was a little arrogant.

Another inspection took place this time. This time from UGC, the apex body of government. A team of 7-8 people came from Delhi, Nagpur etc. The team was headed by a Senior Professor of Medical College from Nagpur city. He was a very straight forward person and extremely honest. He got actually annoyed, when the whole team was put in a very expensive 5-star hotel. I made a good excuse that we get a good discount from them. He was a little pacified then. Fortunately, while having

dinner at the hotel same night, he told me that he was from Nagpur. My sister was also married to a doctor's family in Nagpur, and I mentioned their names. He was extremely delighted to know that and told everyone, that my sister's father-in-law was his GURU or mentor. Now everyone was relaxed and knew that not much problem will be there in inspection (Ma Ka Ashirwad, God Grace and Good Wishes of People). The inspection went well with minor discrepancies, as usual and everyone thanked each other, and inspection was closed.

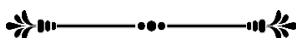
Another approval I got of an inspection without any infrastructure. This was about Pharmacy College. In the night I got a call from one of the senior people in administration, Mr. Dikshit, that tomorrow morning there is a pharmacy inspection team coming. I was really shocked. Usually, they tell us at least 2-3 days beforehand. However, nothing can be done as we had nothing to show in Pharmacy. I asked Mr. Dikshit to put a big Board of the college building and show some MBA classes as Pharmacy classes. I asked Dr. Dikshit to give some lavish gift, give cash and take him to an expensive 5-star hotel for lunch, show him Jaipur and buy some gifts etc. Dr Dikshit did the same and the Approval was given.

As I stated earlier, before the UGC visit the elder son Dr. Vikas Joseph spoke quite arrogantly with me, which I did not like. I was thinking of changing as there were not many things to do. Everything was controlled by Dr Vikas Joseph, and everyone was reporting to him only. VC or President was only a rubber stamp. And now all inspections were over, I was a liability. As I could understand. I got an offer from Narsee Monjee University, Mumbai. I joined the same in March 2015.

I came to know that the Dental College Head is the Acting President, and no permanent President is appointed since last 10 years. UGC be aware of these institutions.

## Chapter 17

### NGASCE, Mumbai (2015-17):



Narsee Monjee University, as it is popularly known, came out with a state-of-the-art building in the most expensive area of Mumbai called Juhu. NGASCE were one of the first occupants of the building, which was still having finishing work. There was no canteen, and we used to have lunch in a makeshift canteen in the same building. Our director had this principle of not eating in cabins/office, but going out to proper canteen place. It was quite fair with all of us. Later a big and modern canteen came to the ground floor.

NGASCE was basically a new college of NM University, which changed correspondence courses of Pen and Paper teaching to Online Teaching Mode. Just a reminder that those were before Covid 19 times and online education does not have much respect in India at that time, especially when it is compared to face-to-face MBA program. However, I had the gut feeling that online education will be a great game changer in education in coming years. Respect came during Covid and post Covid times.

However, during that time, we online people were not even regarded as Teachers/faculty at all. But slowly our number of students started growing. We started with around 2000+ old students and when I left almost 3 years later, we had more than 36,000 students. I was told that now NGASCE (now name changed also) have more than 125,000 students and are top 5 players in India. It actually gives immense pleasure, to see that the organization grows even after you leave.

However, the working atmosphere was very professional in Mumbai, and we had a great time working and learning. I still remember then VC Dr Rajan Saxena had an academic meeting after every 3 months. Every

Director/Deans had to make a presentation about the activities and future plans for the next 3 months. My Director, never attended any meeting as he did not had cordial relations with the Vice Chancellor. I used to represent my college and was always given the last chance to present, with a comment that “Please Finish Fast”. This showed the narrowness of Dr Saxena mindset and ignorance about technology. While others were given 30-40 minutes, I was given maximum 10 minutes. Time changed with covid and now everyone wanted some support of online teaching or technology. Learning from this experience was “Never underestimate the power of others. One day it will blow on your face”.

My reason for leaving NGASCE was that I was not given proper increment of my work. I was not satisfied with financial commitment of the authorities, which they did not fulfilled. Later I was again given a chance to compensate me for my financial losses. But I learnt a lot about Online Education/Teaching which has got the right place in India/world now.

## Chapter 18

### Accurate Institute, Greater Noida (2017)



This was a really crazy institute, very old and reputed institute one time, but in very bad financial shape now. I had a very good interaction with the owner and his daughter, and I joined them after a month. After joining as the Director, I came to know admissions were very poor, fees not submitted properly by the students, no good placement records and finally the owners were in big financial crisis/debts. All which was earned from academic institutions was pumped in their business to pay loan and debts.

The owner used to sit on the floor above me and his room was above my room too. He used to constantly shout at employees to recover fees/pending dues etc. There was no management in the organization and people started leaving, as salaries were not given on time, and the owner was constantly shouting at the employees. However, during these useless times, I met 2/3 good people who are still in contact with me. This institute showed us that how bad financial management can do to a good educational brand. And most hilarious -We were teaching Management.

I left the organization after getting a call from the National Institute of MSME, Hyderabad. I left immediately and still my two months pending with Accurate Institute.

## **Chapter 19**

### **National Institute of MSME (NiMSME), Hyderabad (2017-19):**



This was a wonderful experience which turned sour in the end. I was interviewed at Ministry of MSME, under which this institute came. I have till then only worked in a private university, but this was a new experience, as it was under Ministry of MSME. Once selected I joined on 1st December, 2017 at their Hyderabad campus. I was received by senior administrative people at Hyderabad airport. My wife was also with me. When we entered the beautiful campus of Nimsme at Yusufguda, there was a big banner outside the campus welcoming me. It was very embarrassing for me, as I usually try to avoid publicity and showing off. The picture on the banner was quite old and I was looking very young in that. We both smiled at the banner. It was an extremely beautiful green campus in the heart of a concrete jungle. Everyday Peacocks used to come to campus and go back in the evening. It was a lush green campus of 23 acres.

However, the old Director General was still staying in the residential bungalow as he got an extension from the ministry, on grounds of children examination. Which is normally given. We started living in Guest House which was also great and fully furnished and well equipped. Food used to come from the canteen, and we had some good memories of that guest house. The food was delicious.

I after few days came to know that previous DG told people that the new DG, meaning me, will run away in 2/3 months and he will become DG again. He was a terror during his tenure. He virtually ruled for 5 years at Nimsme like a king. He gave various facilities to his friends and people in power without any norms and conditions. He gave canteen/

stall etc on the campus without any proper documentation. Nimsme had a strong staff Union, but I think previous DG had also obliged them by various means and favors. They were extremely silent during his tenure. I was told by my Joint Secretary madam that I have to be very strict with him. Finally, an ultimatum was given to him to vacate the bungalow as examinations of his kids were over. He was very reluctant to leave the premises where he ruled for 5 years as a King. But he had to. Great relief for me and I think for the ministry also, who wanted to get rid of him.

Another challenge was the staff union. I was the First DG who was non Telegu speaking, academician and was from north India. It was a perception, that I was planted by ministry who wants to recontrol the institutions. Lots of useless complaints went to the ministry and it was just filed by the ministry as a normal routine. It was never mentioned to me in any meeting of the ministry. Ministry stood like rock during these turbulent times. These complaints were in Telegu, and I told in one of my All-Employees Meeting, which I started on last Friday of every month, that at least complaints should be in English also. From next month the complaints start coming in English. It proved that some internal employees were involved. But complaints continued throughout the tenure.

Second big challenge was installing of Cameras on the campus. The campus was very big, and we decided that we should install cameras for security and also for controlling employees etc, who were in the habit of sitting in lawns etc. It was hugely opposed by the employee union. I told the administrative officers that the First Camera will be installed in my room. It stunned everyone. There was no protest after that. We could install more than 20 cameras on campus within 1 month. It was working well till I left.

Three good things which I personally did were to revive an old water well which had been lying dormant for the last 20 years. We called experts and it took 3-4 months to revive the well and its water was used



for watering the campus greenery. It was a great saving of water and our expenditure.

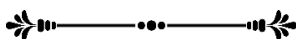
Second good thing which I feel proud was that we put Solar Panel for saving electricity bills. We got 75% funding from the government and finally we put our funds, 25%, into installing them. I was told later that it saves about 1-2 lakhs of rupees of electricity bill every month, during summer times. We may have by now taken out our investment and are now earning profits by selling additional power to power authorities.

Third good thing also have a good fond memory when we inaugurated the International Canteen for our International Students. They used to come from different developing countries for 2-3 months on campus for various ITECH training programs. The canteen was modern and quite well furnished. Down below the canteen was a common hall which I opened for all employees also on pay and use model, for personal functions. Infact we created a separate brochure for our infrastructure along with its price, in case anyone wants to hire it out for some event and function. I think it was a good move to utilize the infrastructure and increase the revenue of the autonomous institution.

However, in the end, I did try to think differently and do good for the employees. Few people liked me, and few did not. I never cared that you cannot make everyone happy. But overall Good and Wonderful Memories.

## Chapter 20

### Entrepreneurship Development Institute of India, Ahmedabad (2019-20):



One of the Committee Board Member of NiMSME was Dr Sunil Shukla. We used to meet during board meetings at ministry at New Delhi and some other common functions. He was DG of EDII based at Ahmedabad, Gujarat. He asked me to join EDII which was very established name in Entrepreneurship and was the first institution in India, focusing completely on Entrepreneurship. Once a very favorite institution of our present prime minister, Mr. Modi, who was then Chief Minister of Gujarat. EDII was working very closely with Gujarat Government and later started getting other national projects from different ministries, including MSME Ministry also.

After a small presentation and small interaction at Ahmedabad, I got the offer letter to join EDII as Faculty Member/Professor and was later made Chairman of the MBA program. The number of admissions was going down and it was one of my responsibilities to bring admissions back to full seats. But the worst happened. Covid-19 came and students refused to take admission in MBA courses as the classes were online, which was still a new teaching concept in India. On the other hand, travelling for admission etc totally stopped due to Covid Lock down. We started having Zoom Calls every day with DG for hours, which became very irritating, as he was extremely pushy and sometime rude. Hence one day, I had a big difference of opinion with him and resigned late at night. He tried calling me, but I did not respond. Then finally the HR person called and asked me to meet him. In the meeting I told him that I was not interested in continuing after my first-year completion. I also told him that if I get any overseas project I will be only interested.

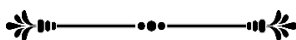
I knew that EDII got approval, from Ministry of External Affairs project, to open two Entrepreneurship Centre -One in Tashkent-Uzbekistan and Second in Kigali-Rwanda.

After ensuring that I will not continue, he accepted my resignation and Dr Shukla gave me appointment letter of Advisor at Indo Uzbekistan Entrepreneurship Development Centre (IUEDC) at Tashkent in collaboration of Indian and Uzbekistan Government. I, along with my family shifted from Ahmedabad to New Delhi during peak Covid times. Really scary but rewarding.

After some Zoom meetings and personal meetings with Shri Prabhat Kumar, who later joined as Ambassador at Tashkent. We both joined in peak covid times, Ambassador sir joined one month before me.

## **Chapter 21**

### **Indo Uzbekistan Entrepreneurship Development Centre (IUEDC), Tashkent (2020-22):**



**D**uring the peak Covid Times both Ambassador Sir and I joined our new appointment at Tashkent. Central Asia was extremely new for me. Never visited before and whatever I saw on YouTube was just 50% of actual Uzbekistan. Since I was now working under the Embassy, some officers came to receive me at the airport. Then I realized the stature/importance of the project and to some extent the importance of my own position. Tashkent is like a small Moscow. From the airport to my guest house, I could see big broad roads, extremely clean surroundings, well-lit fountains, gardens etc. Really amazed by the difference between what I knew and what I was seeing. I could also see some ladies driving cars at night. Really opposite what is shown outside.

Next day, I officially met Ambassador Sir and other embassy officials. The embassy was quite beautiful. Walking distance from my guest house. Same day, I was taken to Chamber of Commerce and Industry of Uzbekistan (CCIU) where our joint project office was to be set up. I had a big room with little but appropriate furniture. I also met The Chairman Dr. A. Ikhrarov who had great admiration for the Indian Culture and growth. Infact he was instrumental in having this collaboration between the two countries. He was Doctor by profession and quite dynamic and well-connected person. He is now Sports Minister of Uzbekistan.

During his chairmanship I had great time both professionally and personally. He used to call me at all Chamber parties, and we used to

dance to Mithun Chakraborty songs (Like I am a Disco Dancer and Jimmy Jimmy). Bollywood films, songs, TV serials etc are still very popular in Central Asia. Stars like Raj Kapoor, Amitabh Bachan, Mithun Chakravarty, and now Shah Rukh Khan are all very popular in Central Asia.

I travelled a lot within Uzbekistan on a project called AMUL Dairy in India, which Chairman wanted to replicate in Uzbekistan. I travelled to Bukhara, Samarkand, Khiva etc on an official trip. Another interesting city was Andijan, from where Babur came and conquered India and established Mughal Empire in India. Another lovely hill resort was Amirsoy, which was a skiing resort and was a replica of Swiss Mountains. Little expensive but worth spending.

After shifting from Guest House, I got my own accommodation on Taras Shevchenko Street, in Mirabaud District. Extremely expensive area and lots of eatery on road. Got a great flat thanks to Government of India. People in Uzbekistan are still simple and not cunning, have almost 0% crime rate and have decency to help tourist. I had a great time there. Government of India, under the agreement also gave IT equipment's, worth 1 Crores, for setting up IT labs for new entrepreneurs. The IT lab was inaugurated by the very respected minister Dr. S. Jai Shankarji , Minister of External Affairs. This was the highlight of our IUEDC. The Inaugural Plate/ Board is still there, I think. IT equipment's are in shambles I came to know. This is a problem of free gifts. Nobody cares after inauguration is over.

However, in 2022 Chairman changed and new chairman was not fluent in English, so my interaction was limited. I met him only once and that too only for 10 minutes. I was recently told that the Chamber is also not doing good as all senior people left. That's a problem of Leadership Change.

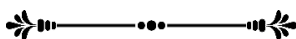
Despite the best effort from the Chamber and Embassy, my two years contract was not extended for some more time. I came back to India in November 2022 and met Dr Shukla who was still very rude and

arrogant. I submitted my Annual Report of Uzbekistan and left after completing the handover formalities. I never spoke to him again until recently in April,2025.

Rude and Arrogant people have no value in my life.

## Chapter 22

### Greater Noida Institute of Management Studies (GIMS), Greater Noida (2022-23):



While in Tashkent and after understanding that the extension was not possible, I get connected with people in India. Fortunately, one of my old colleagues from IILM-BS, offered me to join as Director at GIIMS, Greater Noida which was about 10 minutes' drive from my house. I readily accepted it and joined within a week after landing from Tashkent. I was really surprised that on my first day itself, my photo was taken and was put on Admission Brochure along with my profile. I believe they were desperately waiting for some director to join and put his photograph for admission brochure. Mine fitted well along with a fairly decent profile.

It was a PGDM Program, and the Marketing team of the institute was quite experienced with the admission. We got about 300 admissions in 5-6 months, much before the session started. However, like Accurate Institute - GIIMS also had bad financial management. Salaries were low, not paid on time and cash was taken before giving cheques etc. All malpractices were used. They did not do anything wrong with me, but I realized that I was becoming very expensive for them, and the admissions were already completed.

I think they have already found someone, as a cheaper replacement for me, and on one small altercation with the CEO he asked me to resign. I did immediately. However, unlike Accurate Institute, they fully paid my salary within the scheduled time limit. They offered me the Advisor role which I refused. However, that was not the same case with other employees. They are still exploited, and cash is taken before giving

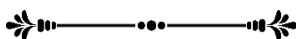
salary cheques. But they cannot leave as it is almost the same scenario everywhere in Greater Noida.

I am still in contact with a few people who also left the institution once they got a good opportunity outside.



## **Chapter 23**

### **European Institute of Management, Malta (2023)-**



**E**IM is based in Malta and is in online education. I was recommended by one of my very old and dear German friend Matthias Grenda, who was in some capacity also associated with EIM. I started working together with EIM, when I was Director at GIMS and did collaborations with some universities, including GIMS. However, despite MOUS signed there was no further movement of the agreements and all of them ended without any activity. Usually, universities and institutions in India Sign MOU to just show case foreign faces to Indian students. Sometime such collaborations, also help in ranking parameters. However, these are facts of Indian education system, but foreign institutions/universities do not understand this. They think that when an MOU is signed why nothing is happening/moving? Hence trust is lost and finally MOU is also lost and closed.

Secondly, I think EIM had financial issues also as they could not hire full team, who can see their entry into Indian market and establish them. It is important to understand that to build confidence in a foreign university, they must open an office or have their own campus. Without it nothing will happen.

Hence when I got an offer from DY Patil University, Pune I quit, and I think nothing happened to their MOUS as far as I know.

However, my best wishes are with EIM.

## Chapter 24

### DY Patil University, Pune (2023-24)



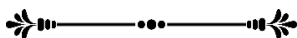
DY Patil or DPU as it is commonly known was a well-established name in Medical or Health Science. Their Medical College was 11<sup>th</sup> and Dental College 5<sup>th</sup> in India. I was appointed as CEO of their Incubation Centre, which was almost defunct. We managed to get 115 patents, which was in the previous year only 7 patents. Great jump. We could formalize 50 Start Ups, which was big ZERO in previous year. Again, a big jump.

However, still family controls the finance and they do not trust anyone in financial matters. Systems were like school and not like a modern university. (8 hours working ,6 days a week). It was boring .VC was very strange and knew nothing about incubation centers, very authoritative and bad human manager. I left them after working for almost 1 year.

Very mixed experience I would say.

## **Chapter 25**

### **German- University of Digital Science, Potsdam (2025 onwards):**



**N**ow I am celebrating my 25<sup>th</sup> job. Silver Jubilee as they call it. My professional journey was like Roller Coaster Ride but I enjoyed it a lot. I am working as CEO-India at G-UDS. It's a new university just started in April ,2025 with the First Batch. With few challenges I think this university will grow , as it has some very good people as founders like Professor Christoph and Professor Mike. My Best wishes to the University and its journey ahead.

## My Last Chapter is Las Vegas:



**M**y book is titled **Lucknow to las Vegas**. I started this book with my childhood in Lucknow and wanted to end with Las Vegas, as the title of the book is also justified. Why Las vegas ? This is one city one must see if you have time and money of course. I visited in 2012 when I was working with Amity University. We use to take students under 3C program or 3 Continent program ( India, UK and USA). This City of Sins, as they call it, is eye opener as everything is legal here. It comes alive only after evening. Day time its look like deserted city. Everything is legal here, drinking, adult shows, prostitution and of course Gambling. But you must be very careful about spending or how much to gamble, especially if you are poor professor like me. This city is full of lights, people, music, drinking, street shows, fountains etc that it seems that this is only Heaven on earth. I wish I could go once again in my life time.

## **My Conclusion. – (Chalo Ek Bar Phir Se Ajnabi Ban Jaye Hum Dono)**



Few regrets also. One of the biggest regrets that I had, could take care of mother in her last years, as was always posted in some other city due to my job. Rest regrets-I can call them as part of my mistakes, but then no one is complete. If you have achieved 75% of your life goals you have passed with distinction.

During my short life of 60 years, I have met thousands of people and students. I remember now maybe less than 100. Ultimately when you squeeze in full sugarcane only one glass of Juice comes out. Life squeezed you like sugarcane but at least it gave you One Glass of Good People. I am enjoying the Glass.

See you all maybe sometime.

**Let's be strangers once again. Chalo Ek Bar Phir Se Ajnabi  
Ban Jaye Hum Dono.**