

Chapter 1 : Download Lucknow Boy: A Memoir by Vinod Mehta PDF - Taste of Heaven Library

Lucknow boy is a short and informative take on India's political landscape for the past 40 odd years. It mainly captures the kind of news that makes it into news magazines, considering it is the autobiography of a newspaper and newsmagazine editor.

January 31, Delhi does that to the best of us. Vinod Mehta has packaged the material into a memoir that is, ummm rather dull. Had Mr Mehta continued to live and work in Mumbai, I am certain he would have written a far more readable book. The world has changed dramatically from the zamana Mr Mehta lovingly chronicles. When he looks back with nostalgia, it is a little like inviting young readers to a torture session uncles and aunties love doing that! Even ones own children run away from conversations that begin with, "In my time The biggest let down in this memoir is the absence of any asli masala. The early years are self-indulgently chronicled but reveal nothing beyond the trite "escapades" of a lazy schoolboy having "fun" with friends. Which makes this particular sentence from the book somewhat ironic, "In Lucknow at that time you could be a liar, a crook, bigot, miser, ugly, lower caste-that was okay. Did nobody tell him? Or did that happen only after he moved to Delhi to slay the lions? It has to be Delhi that is the villain of this memoir. The Mumbai Mehta was an amiable chap. And he could out-bitch anybody in the room. Most of the time, the bitching was about those absent. But Mr Mehta had not turned as pretentious? One can hardly blame Mr Mehta. But a memoir surely needs to deliver more than a loosely strung account of job-hopping? Is sniping a substitute for insights? And all those tedious justifications? So, he pays his own bills. Is that something to boast about? But at least, having dealt with his bugbears and demons in print, one sincerely hopes he gets his old groove back before his bosses start looking around. The one magazine Mr Mehta missed editing, and he could still do a brilliant job of, is Stardust. Well-written gossip never goes out of style. One wishes Mr Mehta had packaged his gossip more accurately and engagingly. Come back Vinod Mehta. Get real-time alerts and all the news on your phone with the all-new India Today app.

Chapter 2 : Lucknow Boy: A Memoir - download pdf or read online - Blood Community E-books

*Lucknow Boy: A Memoir [Vinod Mehta] on theinnatdunvilla.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. And by any reckoning, it is an extraordinary story. Mehta grew up as an insouciant army brat from a Punjabi refugee family.*

The last two books that I had read before this were both celebrated works of 20th century literature: It was time t Spoiler Alert..!!! A cursory reading of the synopsis on the inner front cover of the book settled it; this was going to be my next read. The clincher was the 5th line; he was editor of Debonair back in the 60s! The first two chapters are devoted to his halcyon bachelor days in Lucknow and later London chasing women and creating mischief. It does however afford glimpses into the philosophy of the man. Was he a bore or was he funny? Could he spin a decent yarn and keep us entertained? The attempt is to humor us and keep us entertained. An attempt that succeeds spectacularly as the story unfolds. So you would not find the rambling ancestral history or sermons on personal morals or philosophy that is the staple of many a memoir. Instead you get a ring-side view of the India story through the 60s to the present complete with remarkable anecdotes about the tumultuous events and eccentric personalities that have shaped it. Who better to tell it than the man who has been chasing that story his entire lifetime? The fact that he had a personal equation with many of the characters on his pages from Salman Rushdie to Shobha De to Sonia Gandhi gives his writing further credibility. For someone like me, who was not around when most of these events took place, it made for riveting reading. More than anything else, the book provides a gossipy, almost voyeuristic, peek into the heady world of politicians, journalists and other newsmakers. True to style, he spares no detail and euphemizes no criticism when talking about the high and the mighty. And he is equally unflinching in turning the spotlight on himself. That Morarji Desai was the actual mole was indeed a shocking revelation for me although it was apparently an open secret among the older generation. The latter half chronicles his Outlook days and here I was on more familiar ground having been witness to many of the episodes described from the cricket match-fixing scandal to the Radia tapes controversy and the 2G scam. Consequently, I was not always in agreement with some of his views here. My much-too-critical eye found an ever-so-slight ideological leaning towards the Congress and a soft spot for Sonia Gandhi in particular. Not that he is beholden to balance and fairness here. After all, this is his memoir and not a news report. He ends with some advice for budding journalists it jarred slightly when compared to the remarkably non-judgmental narrative tone of the rest of the book and a lovely chapter about the influential people in his life which includes his dog, Editor! Only once, when talking of the daughter that he had to abandon in London, do you see a hint of melancholy. Here is hoping that that daughter reads this memoir and finds Vinod Mehta. The book deserves it. More importantly, the man deserves it.

Chapter 3 : Lucknow Boy A Memoir by Vinod Mehta Review – The Enchanting World of Books

"Mehta grew up as an insouciant army brat from a Punjabi refugee family, in the syncretic culture of Lucknow of the s an experience that turned him into an unflagging pseudo secularist.

While the official correspondence appeared genuine, the annexed notes with the Tata-Barkha-Vir conversations seemed dodgy. The following week Ajith reported he was under pressure from the leakers of the eight-page note to urgently print the material. When we discovered the leakers were a corporate house deeply enmeshed in the telecom machinations themselves, our decision not to publish received a boost. In fact, its scale and dimensions swelled alarmingly, roping in the office of the prime minister. Pardon my French, but the shit hit the fan. Mr Raja and his merry men, according to the CAG, had perpetrated the biggest fraud in the history of independent India. The CAG estimated a loss of R1. They were now part of the official record. Our correspondent Saikat Datta got hold of the CD. CD procured, we began listening to the tapes. The first thing that struck all of us was the crystal-clear quality of the recordings. Whoever had undertaken the surveillance had to be a pro, he had used cutting-edge digital technology. This was not a backstreet job. As we heard the tapes we could not believe our ears. It was as if someone from Bollywood had written the script. Even a fleeting hearing led to the unavoidable conclusion that India is up for sale. I would be lying if I said commercial interests did not concern me. I hate getting up on a soapbox and pontificating about the role of the free press in a free society. Be that as it may, in my career as an editor I could think of no other story I had superintended which was of more compelling public interest. A king of good times. My relations with Vajpayee were good. I had known him since my Debonair days and when I moved to Delhi in , I had several opportunities to meet him socially and officially. Vajpayee was no saint. He liked to drink moderately and eat non-vegetarian food less moderately. Being a bachelor and a political star Henry Kissinger: Vajpayee may have had some reservations about his son-in-law. However, the foster daughter could do no wrong in his eyes. Namita and Ranjan began assiduously cultivating the Delhi media. They had unconcealed contempt for what they called knickerwala journalists; they mingled with Vir Sanghvi, Barkha Dutt, Shekhar Gupta - even me. The way of all flesh. Easily, my gravest folly in the eight years I lived in Britain was my conduct towards Inge. Inge name changed , an agreeable and striking girl from Switzerland. She was among the one or two steady girlfriends I had. Inge was middle class, Catholic, her father owned a small speciality restaurant and her English was pretty good even before she landed in England. She genuinely cared for me and in different circumstances, I might have considered settling down with her. Contraception was a hit and-miss precaution in those days. We had a long conversation in which we agreed on a course of action. It would have to be a backstreet abortion. The half a bottle of gin and hot bath treatment had not worked since the official kind was illegal. I located an address in Soho where the job could be done. It was going to cost fifty quid, a huge amount for me. I rustled up the money. And then Inge threw a bombshell: I explained I was 21 years old with no prospects, and hardly able to fend for myself. How was I going to support a wife and child? Eventually, I succeeded in convincing Inge that any long-term future with me had disaster written all over it. But first she wanted to go home for a week to see her parents. I saw her off at Victoria Station. A week passed, two weeks passed, a month passed, no Inge. Finally, I got a letter saying she had discussed the matter with her parents and her priest. She would have the baby; being Catholics the idea of abortion was anathema to her people. Letters went to and fro but she appeared resolute. In the end, I had to tell her if she was insistent, she would be on her own. That is the last I heard from her. First Published: Nov 04,

'Lucknow Boy - A Memoir' by the veteran journalist is an honest account of his rather adventurous life. The book traces Mehta's journey from a school going boy in the city to an editor of repute in Bombay and Delhi.

A Memoir Lucknow Boy: A Memoir About book: It was overall an interesting pick. Author has been candid in talking about the information he had gathered from sources or his own thinking. There is an anti-BJP wave running all through and a good small account of why Mr. Mehta is fan of Sonia. The book also makes it clear that media is interested more in creating masala rather than being socially responsible. If you leave aside the secularism, ethics and social role of media, the book is indeed an interesting read. As a kid Mehta was an average kid with all his limitations though good in sports in terms of thoughts and education third class in B. He had wonderful gang of friends in school who stuck for life.. It was London that let him shape his life with his various assorted odd jobs and friendship with men and women later to be more in number.. Self taught and hardworking, reading in depth about authors and political developments in Britain laid a strong foundation to his rich experiences and vantage that we get to see today His confession of fathering a child and refusing to stay by his girlfriend when she refused for abortion made me wish that someday he get to meet his daughter First part of the book with his childhood and life abroad is very interesting and fun.. Getting back to India, his efforts of self publishing a book which he is not proud of "Bombay a private view" , then a biography about Sanjay Gandhi The Sanjay story, and Meenakumari became controversial His first job was as an editor in debonair Indian playboy version where he managed to get published some sensible articles in spite of the magazine that it carried , where he had to write under different pseudonym still maintaining the center page of the magazine of nude girls.. But during emergency he was asked to make it decent and this is how he described the model in the center spread "The breasts were covered with an ugly, dense dupatta. The Emergency had taken its toll on our naked women".. But as he moves on to become the most sacked editor from The Sunday Observer-Independent-Indian post-Pioneer and finally to The outlook where he currently serves as an adviser after he resigned from the the post of editor for 17 years the book misses the personal element may be he was completely into work becoming largely professional with lots of insight about the well known name which is thoroughly entertaining His statement of being a gossip monger aptly fits in.. Throughout his career he has witnessed many famous rows and hosted some like that between Willaim Dalrymple and Ramachandra Guha most famously Between V. There are not just success stories but also some blunders like Y. B Chawan and exit poll result predictions being always wrong etc etc The Chapter "Sweepers Wisdom" is a rich read where he offers his piece of mind to the young Journalist.. Throughout the book I felt an anti BJP spirit running all wide and strong and a slight lean towards Congress, especially Sonia Gandhi, he tries to justify it with the statement that a journalist cannot hate every politician.. His sense of humour is all through the book even through the candid moments when he gets sacked and his rift with the proprietor helping the book stay tuned into life His naming his pet dog editor is one among the situation where he makes self mockery with deep meaning

Chapter 5 : Lucknow Boy: A Memoir - Vinod Mehta - Google Books

The memoir also serves as a documentary of sorts on the highly competitive news journalism arena, where players of all ilk vie for a share of treadership pie while maintaining the delicate balance between commerce and politics.

More If you wish to make a permanent enemy of Sonia you must have a history, or even a single instance, of betraying or bad mouthing her husband. Then you are beyond the pale. To that extent she is clearly biased. From this follows her protective instincts for all the Nehrus and Gandhis. Even so, in the pecking order Rajiv is the first among equals. She is the keeper of his flame. Privately and publicly, she is inordinately reserved and cautious. Her reluctance to give media interviews or speak more often on burning issues stems largely from her self-effacing personality. One reason why Sonia gets on so well with Manmohan Singh is because they are temperamentally similar. Politics still remains slightly foreign to her. I have never seen her more at ease or relaxed. Wearing a salwar-kameez, seated with her daughter and son-in-law, and listening to Mala Singh tearing apart the great and the good of Delhi, she seemed to have not a care in the world -- much less in the Congress party. She had brought along a delicious crab salad to be served at dinner. Watching her, I thought to myself, at last she is among people with whom she can let her guard down and be herself. Privately, she is both funny and irreverent. When you meet her for twenty or thirty minutes, she is all attention. Invariably, she is waiting for you and during the interactions I had there were absolutely no interruptions with phone calls, or PAs walking in, as is usual with lesser netas. The coffee she serves at 10 Janpath is decent, but unlikely to win a Michelin award. However, the chocolates that go with it would, in my gastronomic appraisal, get three Michelin stars. Excerpted with permission from Penguin Books India: A Memoir by Vinod Mehta. Sonia Gandhi with her son Rahul.

Chapter 6 : Vinod Mehta - Wikipedia

review 1: Interesting memoir by one of India's foremost editors. Vinod Mehta has had an interesting career over the last 40 years and been part of many startup newspapers and magazines.

Chapter 7 : Lucknow Boy: A Memoir by Vinod Mehta

Lucknow Boy: A Memoir. Vinod Mehta. Penguin Viking. Rs pp Around February , when the 2G telecom spectrum scandal was still an infant, a small scam in a sea of scams, Ajith [Pillai].

Chapter 8 : Lucknow Boy " A Memoir " The Lucknow Book Club

Being a Mumbai Girl, it is somewhat difficult to digest a page tome from a Lucknow Boy, that's filled with Delhi style bragging (it happens! Delhi does that to the best of us). Vinod Mehta has packaged the material into a memoir that is, ummm rather dull.

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I have read many interesting memoirs but never an entertaining memoir like Lucknow Boy by Vinod Mehta. It is a memoir where the author talk less about himself or his life, but in a true journalist style, writes a lot about other people around him.