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At the turn of the day, I celebrate the thesis submission, and a sense of being with ‘ma’. You have not only made ‘all this’ possible but also taught me to turn to look another way the other way. Struggles that have stitched our stories. A single working mother in the sixties what it meant to be a teacher with my story to be daughter in one of the most affluent English Medium schools in Darjeeling, when it hurt to pay fees. I am proud to be a part of that struggle. The struggle that is this thesis.

I am indebted to the institution known as CIEFL, Hyderabad for it has made me go places. On the way, met people. Where other stories and motifs have knitted in. And eventually, forge an identity.

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Piku needs a special mention. From the depths of his ‘beauty sleep’ he always tried to convince me that my pains of doing what I was doing was not really worth all this ‘pother’.

Dada, I made it and that’s what matters.

Banidi, its all over and now I can turn around and laugh.

Gool, I am so excited that this long enriching process of being together will perhaps open new beginnings.
Prelude

much of my career was blighted running and not getting there only to find there was no there...i can hear the bell ringing...let me be gone...the there i met then is not the there meet now... it has become somebody’s there...but most often i ended up by blaming myself for not being right and perhaps why i had not arrived...research made me turn around made me do what i did want to do because i couldn’t be...i paused...i looked at what looked like research decided i could never make it but i didn’t want to...so the running was always on...in the meantime i acquired labels of being an academic problem of creating non-academic ones...i rejoiced...the tide had come full circle...i could guess what some of my students experienced when girls between washing dishes and care handed in their assignments late...trying to guess borders i realized i lacked all the backup material that goes to the label of a good student a male story...and in the process of being in their story i lost my voice...His Master’s Voice told me it was already too late and i should get back...there was a whimper...a woman well on in years and research they smirked...little realizing the privilege of living my words and work...in research the criteria is pretty well set... a stipulated ten page assignment gets to be a one page assignment and is not accepted...you go back change the font size and its done...the fiddling with history is always on...we pretend not to know it...most of all what it is to think and be at the same time...what is history is to be history hedged in by other histories...as well as very here and now the let me be that made all the difference...
Whose Curriculum?

whose curriculum
yours or mine?
i am told
that you
and YOU alone
can see
gaze
and divine
while i must (at the most)
(and in all probability)
whine.
Can this be education at all
'Education for All'
whate'er YOU make it to be?
am appalled
at the gall
can education be at the cost of me
the i in me and the me in i
but what is mostly true
is the I in you..
But
the you in me isn't it equally free?
Maybe
i ain't cheezed...
can't you see
You t-i-r-e me
Language Destinies

What do they mean for the English classroom?

• When tehelka dot com comes of age and goes corporate.

• Chuni Kotwal is turned into a 'hard' option fairy story.

• Paulo Freire folders reveal twelve-year-old student David Spitzler of Boston faced with disciplinary action from his school for his vocal questioning of the Pledge of Allegiance which celebrate liberty and justice for all.

• Across the river at prestigious MIT, a linguistics student told her colleague that she could not take time to read literature outside of theoretical linguistics if she wanted to be top scholar in her field. Even essays that linked linguistics to its histories and social context fell outside her diligent pursuit of theory.

• August 7, 1990 – Mandal sets the 'educated elites' on a rampage to fire the national debate ‘...the key issue is how India is to be governed: with a 'mofussil' (caste/casted) mind or a modern one’.

• November 10, 1990. Calcutta 'red' forts prepare for Nelson Mandela while 26 political prisoners including Kelti Murmu languish in Berhampore Jail.

• Where 'pure' language acts are finding it more and more difficult to distinguish between a freedom fighter and a terrorist without getting into fierce controversies around the question of the frontiers of truth and fiction.

• January, 2002. 10 Dalit students (9 Research scholars and 1 PG) rusticated from Hyderabad Central University.

• Bleeding about the fall of standards within language education to the tune of 'fall of man' while the house is on fire is getting our priorities pretty mixed up somewhere.