



*Head Mistress, 2005. Lincoln Seligman. Acrylic. Private collection.*

# By Any Other Name

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**A**t the Anglo-Indian day school in Zorinabad to which my sister and I were sent when she was eight and I was five and a half, they changed our names. On the first day of school, a hot, windless morning of a north Indian September, we stood in the headmistress's study and she said, "Now you're the new girls. What are your names?"

My sister answered for us. "I am Premila, and she"—nodding in my direction—"is Santha."

The headmistress had been in India, I suppose, fifteen years or so, but she still smiled her helpless inability to cope with Indian names. Her rimless half-glasses glittered, and the precarious bun on the top of her head trembled as she shook her

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*A Complex Heritage* What difficulties might students face at an "Anglo-Indian" school?



head. "Oh, my dears, those are much too hard for me. Suppose we give you pretty English names. Wouldn't that be more jolly? Let's see, now—Pamela for you, I think." She shrugged in a baffled way at my sister. "That's as close as I can get. And for you" she said to me, "how about Cynthia? Isn't that nice?"

My sister was always less easily intimidated than I was, and while she kept a stubborn silence, I said, "Thank you," in a very tiny voice.

We had been sent to that school because my father, among his responsibilities as an officer of the civil service, had a tour of duty to perform in the villages around that steamy little provincial town, where he had his headquarters at that time. He used to make his shorter inspection tours on horseback, and a week before, in the stale heat of a typically postmonsoon day,<sup>1</sup> we had waved goodbye to him and a little procession—an assistant, a secretary, two bearers,<sup>2</sup> and the man to look after the bedding rolls and luggage. They rode away through our large garden, still bright green from the rains, and we turned back into the twilight of the house and the sound of fans whispering in every room.

Up to then, my mother had refused to send Premila to school in the British-run establishments of that time, because, she

used to say, "you can bury a dog's tail for seven years and it still comes out curly, and you can take a Britisher away from his home for a lifetime and he still remains insular." The examinations and degrees from entirely Indian schools were not, in those days, considered valid. In my case, the question had never come up, and probably never would have come up if Mother's extraordinary good health had not broken down. For the first time in my life, she was not able to continue the lessons she had been giving us every morning. So our Hindi books were put away, the stories of the Lord Krishna<sup>3</sup> as a little boy were left in midair, and we were sent to the Anglo-Indian school.

That first day at school is still, when I think of it, a remarkable one. At that age, if one's name is changed, one develops a curious form of dual personality. I remember having a certain detached and disbelieving concern in the actions of "Cynthia," but certainly no responsibility. Accordingly, I followed the thin, erect back of the headmistress down the veranda to my classroom feeling, at most, a passing interest in what was going to happen to me in this strange, new atmosphere of School.

The building was Indian in design, with wide verandas opening onto a central courtyard, but Indian verandas are usually whitewashed, with stone floors. These, in the tradition of British schools, were

1. A *postmonsoon day* is a day that occurs just after a monsoon, or heavy rainfall.
2. *Bearers* are porters who carry the equipment and supplies for a journey.

Autobiography *What does the description of her voice indicate about Santha's emotional state at this point?*

#### Vocabulary

**provincial** (prə vɪn'ʃhəl) *adj.* belonging or peculiar to a particular province; local; lacking sophistication or polish

3. *Lord Krishna* is an incarnation of the Hindu god Vishnu.

Connect to Contemporary Issues *What cultural biases are revealed here? Do biases like this exist in modern American society? Explain.*

Autobiography *Why do you think Santha feels only a passing interest in what will happen to her at school?*

#### Vocabulary

**insular** (ɪn'sə lər) *adj.* isolated; narrow-minded



painted dark brown and had matting on the floors. It gave a feeling of extra intensity to the heat.

I suppose there were about a dozen Indian children in the school—which contained perhaps forty children in all—and four of them were in my class. They were all sitting at the back of the room, and I went to join them. I sat next to a small, solemn girl who didn't smile at me. She had long, glossy-black braids and wore a cotton dress, but she still kept on her Indian jewelry—a gold chain around her neck, thin gold bracelets, and tiny ruby studs in her ears. Like most Indian children, she had a rim of black kohl around her eyes. The cotton dress should have looked strange, but all I could think of was that I should ask my mother if I couldn't wear a dress to school, too, instead of my Indian clothes.



Visual Vocabulary  
*Kohl* is a cosmetic that women in southwest and south central Asia use to darken the edges of their eyelids.

I can't remember too much about the proceedings in class that day, except for the beginning. The teacher pointed to me and asked me to stand up. "Now, dear, tell the class your name."

I said nothing.

"Come along," she said, frowning slightly. "What's your name, dear?"

"I don't know," I said, finally.

The English children in the front of the class—there were about eight or ten of them—giggled and twisted around in their chairs to look at me. I sat down quickly and opened my eyes very wide, hoping in that way to dry them off. The little girl with the braids put out her hand and very lightly touched my arm. She still didn't smile.

Most of that morning I was rather bored.

I looked briefly at the children's drawings pinned to the wall, and then concentrated on a lizard clinging to the ledge of the high, barred window behind the teacher's head. Occasionally it would shoot out its long yellow tongue for a fly, and then it would rest, with its eyes closed and its belly palpitating, as though it were swallowing several times quickly. The lessons were mostly concerned with reading and writing and simple numbers—things that my mother had already taught me—and I paid very little attention. The teacher wrote on the easel blackboard words like "bat" and "cat," which seemed babyish to me; only "apple" was new and **incomprehensible**.

When it was time for the lunch recess, I followed the girl with braids out onto the veranda. There the children from the other classes were assembled. I saw Premila at once and ran over to her, as she had charge of our lunchbox. The children were all opening packages and sitting down to eat sandwiches. Premila and I were the only ones who had Indian food—thin wheat chapatties,<sup>4</sup> some vegetable curry, and a bottle of buttermilk. Premila thrust half of it into my hand and whispered fiercely that I should go and sit with my class, because that was what the others seemed to be doing.

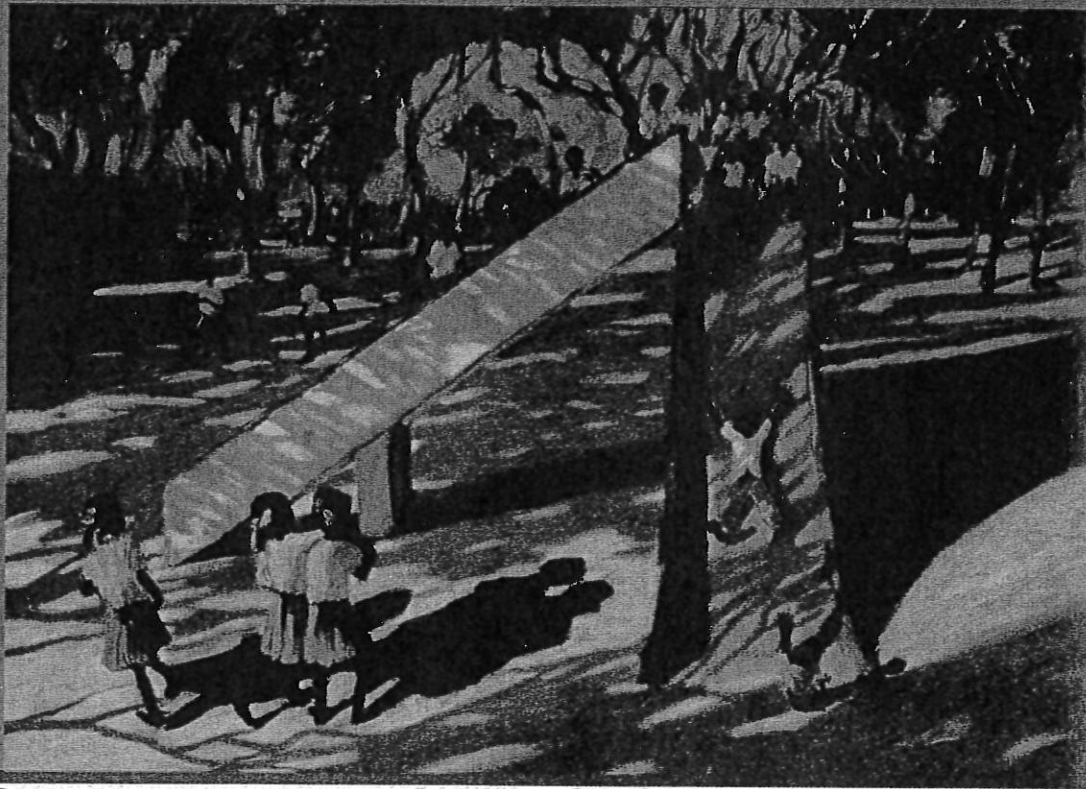
The enormous black eyes of the little Indian girl from my class looked at my food longingly, so I offered her some. But she only shook her head and plowed her way solemnly through her sandwiches.

4. *Chapatties* (chä pä't'ēz) are pancake-shaped, unleavened breads common to northern India.

**A Complex Heritage** *Why do you think the Indian girl declines Santha's offer?*

#### Vocabulary

**incomprehensible** (in'kom pri hen'sə bəl) *adj.* unintelligible; indiscernible; not understood



*Slide, Mysore, 2001.* Andrew Macara. Oil on canvas. Private collection.

**View the Art** Macara considers himself to be a self-taught artist. How does the mood of this painting compare with the mood of the excerpt?

I was very sleepy after lunch, because at home we always took a siesta. It was usually a pleasant time of day, with the bedroom darkened against the harsh afternoon sun, the drifting off into sleep with the sound of Mother's voice reading a story in one's mind, and, finally, the shrill, fussy voice of the ayah<sup>5</sup> waking one for tea.

At school, we rested for a short time on low, folding cots on the veranda, and then we were expected to play games. During the hot part of the afternoon we played indoors, and after the shadows had begun to lengthen and the slight breeze of the evening had come up we moved outside to the wide courtyard.

I had never really grasped the system of

competitive games. At home, whenever we played tag or guessing games, I was always allowed to "win"—"because," Mother used to tell Premila, "she is the youngest, and we have to allow for that." I had often heard her say it, and it seemed quite reasonable to me, but the result was that I had no clear idea of what "winning" meant.

When we played twos-and-threes that afternoon at school, in accordance with my training, I let one of the small English boys catch me, but was naturally rather puzzled when the other children did not return the courtesy. I ran about for what seemed like hours without ever catching anyone, until it was time for school to close. Much later I learned that my attitude was called "not being a good sport," and I stopped allowing myself to be caught, but it was not for years that I really learned the spirit of the thing.

5. An *ayah* is a governess or a nanny.



When I saw our car come up to the school gate, I broke away from my classmates and rushed toward it yelling, "Ayah! Ayah!" It seemed like an eternity since I had seen her that morning—a wizened, affectionate figure in her white cotton sari, giving me dozens of urgent and useless instructions on how to be a good girl at school. Premila followed more **sedately**, and she told me on the way home never to do that again in front of the other children.

When we got home we went straight to Mother's high, white room to have tea with her, and I immediately climbed onto the bed and bounced gently up and down on the springs. Mother asked how we had liked our first day in school. I was so pleased to be home and to have left that peculiar Cynthia behind that I had nothing whatever to say about school, except to ask what "apple" meant. But Premila told Mother about the classes, and added that in her class they had weekly tests to see if they had learned their lessons well.

I asked, "What's a test?"

Premila said, "You're too small to have them. You won't have them in your class for donkey's years." She had learned the expression that day and was using it for the first time. We all laughed enormously at her wit. She also told Mother, in an aside, that we should take sandwiches to school the next day. Not, she said, that she minded. But they would be simpler for me to handle.

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**A Complex Heritage** Does Premila really believe it would be simpler to take sandwiches to school, or does she have another reason for requesting them? Explain.

**Vocabulary**

**sedately** (si dāt'īē) *adv.* in a dignified or serious manner; calmly; solemnly

That whole lovely evening I didn't think about school at all. I sprinted barefoot across the lawns with my favorite playmate, the cook's son, to the stream at the end of the garden. We quarreled in our usual way, waded in the **tepid** water under the lime trees, and waited for the night to bring out the smell of the jasmine. I listened with fascination to his stories of ghosts and demons, until I was too frightened to cross the garden alone in the semidarkness. The ayah found me, shouted at the cook's son, scolded me, hurried me in to supper—it was an entirely usual, wonderful evening.

It was a week later, the day of Premila's first test, that our lives changed rather abruptly. I was sitting at the back of my class, in my usual inattentive way, only half listening to the teacher. I had started a rather guarded friendship with the girl with the braids, whose name turned out to be Nalini (Nancy, in school). The three other Indian children were already fast friends. Even at that age it was apparent to all of us that friendship with the English or Anglo-Indian children was out of the question. Occasionally, during the class, my new friend and I would draw pictures and show them to each other secretly.

The door opened sharply and Premila marched in. At first, the teacher smiled at her in a kindly and encouraging way and said, "Now, you're little Cynthia's sister?"

Premila didn't even look at her. She stood with her feet planted firmly apart and

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**Connect to Contemporary Issues** Why might this division be readily apparent to the Indian children? How does this passage relate to issues students face in school today?

**Vocabulary**

**tepid** (tep'id) *adj.* lukewarm; halfhearted

her shoulders rigid, and addressed herself directly to me. "Get up," she said. "We're going home."

I didn't know what had happened, but I was aware that it was a crisis of some sort. I rose obediently and started to walk toward my sister.

"Bring your pencils and your notebook," she said.

I went back for them, and together we left the room. The teacher started to say something just as Premila closed the door, but we didn't wait to hear what it was.

In complete silence we left the school grounds and started to walk home. Then I asked Premila what the matter was. All she would say was "We're going home for good."

It was a very tiring walk for a child of five and a half, and I dragged along behind Premila with my pencils growing sticky in my hand. I can still remember looking at the dusty hedges, and the tangles of thorns in the ditches by the side of the road, smelling the faint fragrance from the eucalyptus trees and wondering whether we would ever reach home. Occasionally a horse-drawn tonga<sup>6</sup> passed us, and the women, in their pink or green silks, stared at Premila and me trudging along on the side of the road. A few coolies<sup>7</sup> and a line of women carrying baskets of vegetables on their heads smiled at us. But it was nearing the hottest time of day, and the road was almost deserted. I walked more and more slowly, and shouted to Premila, from time to time, "Wait for me!" with increasing peevishness. She spoke to me only once, and

that was to tell me to carry my notebook on my head, because of the sun.

When we got to our house the ayah was just taking a tray of lunch into Mother's room. She immediately started a long, worried questioning about what are you children doing back here at this hour of the day.

Mother looked very startled and very concerned, and asked Premila what had happened.

Premila said, "We had our test today, and she made me and the other Indians sit at the back of the room, with a desk between each one."

Mother said, "Why was that, darling?"

"She said it was because Indians cheat," Premila added. "So I don't think we should go back to that school."

Mother looked very distant, and was silent a long time. At last she said, "Of course not, darling." She sounded displeased.

We all shared the curry she was having for lunch, and afterward I was sent off to the beautifully familiar bedroom for my siesta. I could hear Mother and Premila talking through the open door.

Mother said, "Do you suppose she understood all that?"

Premila said, "I shouldn't think so. She's a baby."

Mother said, "Well, I hope it won't bother her."

Of course, they were both wrong. I understood it perfectly, and I remember it all very clearly. But I put it happily away, because it had all happened to a girl called Cynthia, and I never was really particularly interested in her. ☺

6. A *tonga* is a horse-drawn, two-wheeled vehicle for two to four people.

7. *Coolies* are unskilled laborers or porters who work for low wages. The term is considered derogatory today.

Autobiography Why does Santha refer to herself in the third person here?



# After You Read

## Respond and Think Critically

### Respond and Interpret

1. Do you think Premila's decision to pull herself and her sister out of school is appropriate? Explain.
2. (a) How are the Indian students treated at the school? (b) What does this treatment reveal about the teachers' attitude toward them?
3. (a) Until the day of the test, how does Premila behave at school? (b) Why might she behave this way?
4. (a) On the day of the test, why does Premila leave school and take Santha with her? (b) What does this action reveal about Premila's character?
5. (a) What does Santha understand at the end of the story? (b) What reason does Santha give for claiming that she put the incident "happily away"?

### Analyze and Evaluate

6. An **allusion** is a reference to something from history or from another work of literature, music,

or art. The title of this story alludes to lines from William Shakespeare's play *Romeo and Juliet*: "What's in a name? that which we call a rose / By any other name would smell as sweet." (a) What do these lines mean? (b) How does this meaning apply to Rau's story?

7. (a) Why does the girls' mother worry that Santha understood Premila's reason for leaving school? (b) What does this reveal about the way Santha and Premila were raised?

### Connect

8. **Big Idea** **A Complex Heritage** Can you think of any other ethnic groups whose cultural traditions were deeply affected by colonial powers? Explain.
9. **Connect to the Author** What insights does Rau's autobiography give into her personality and values? Support your answer with evidence from the text.

### Literary Element Autobiography

#### SAT Skills Practice

The primary purpose of the first four paragraphs of the text is to

- (A) inform the reader about the benefits of colonial education in India
- (B) entertain the reader with an anecdote about childhood
- (C) persuade the reader to empathize with Santha and Premila
- (D) describe the thoughts of the headmistress
- (E) show the playfulness of the children

### Review: Imagery

As you learned on page 377, **imagery** is the "word pictures" authors create to evoke particular

emotional responses. To create effective imagery, authors use **sensory details**—descriptions that appeal to one or more of the five senses (sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell).

**Partner Activity** With a partner, review the text and answer the following questions.

1. Find words and phrases that describe the physical appearance of the headmistress. What do these descriptions suggest about Rau's view of her?
2. Find words and phrases that describe the climate and the weather conditions. How do these descriptions contribute to the tone and the mood of the story?
3. What images does Rau use to describe her life at home? What tone and mood do these images convey?