

Learning Target

- Analyze cultural elements in a memoir in order to infer how cultural identity is central to the meaning of a work.
- Evaluate the effect of an author’s use of parallel structure and use it in your own writing.

Preview

In this activity, you will read a memoir and analyze the cultural elements the author uses to describe her cultural identity.

Setting a Purpose for Reading

- As you read the memoir “By Any Other Name” by Santha Rama Rau, mark the text for cultural elements that reveal a sense of the narrator’s cultural identity.
- Circle unknown words and phrases. Try to determine the meaning of the words by using context clues, word parts, or a dictionary.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Santha Rama Rau was born in 1923 in Madras, British India (now Chennai, India) and died in Armenia, New York in April 2009. She was an author and journalist who was best-known for her travel books, but all of her work was characterized by a strong autobiographical element and the examination of the tension between Western and Indian traditions. In 1944, Rama Rau graduated from Wellesley College in the United States, but returned to India where she wrote her first novel, *Home to India*. While traveling throughout Africa, Asia, and Russia, Rama Rau published travel essays and short stories in such periodicals as *The New Yorker* and *Vogue*, completed her third novel, and wrote a screen adaptation of E.M. Forster’s novel *A Passage to India*. The following short memoir was published in *The New Yorker* on March 17, 1951.

Memoir

By Any Other Name

by Santha Rama Rau

1 At the Anglo-Indian day school¹ in Zorinabad² 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?”

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

¹ The *Anglo-Indian day school* was a non-boarding school with British administrators

² *Zorinabad* is a village in northern India.

LEARNING STRATEGIES:

Predicting, Think-Pair-Share, Questioning the Text, Discussing, graphic organizer

My Notes

Connecting Cultural Identity to Theme

precarious: unstable or shaky

intimidated: frightened

provincial: unsophisticated

monsoon: rainy season that occurs twice per year in South Asia

insular: limited and narrow

GRAMMAR & USAGE Parallel Structure

Sentences have *parallel structure* when two or more sentence elements of equal rank or importance are expressed in a similar way, as in Julius Caesar’s famous quote “I came; I saw; I conquered.” Stating equal and closely related ideas in parallel constructions adds clarity and smoothness to writing. Notice the parallel structure in the underlined sentence in paragraph 7. The clauses sound like steps (1, 2, 3) that the girls need to take to start school. They have a “matter of fact” tone to them, which belies the importance of leaving behind their language and religion.

What other examples of parallel structure do you see in the text?

3 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 head. “Oh, my dears, those are much too hard for me. Suppose we give you pretty English names.

4 “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?”

5 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.

6 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 post-**monsoon** day, we had waved good-bye to him and a little procession—an assistant, a secretary, two bearers³, 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.

7 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 Hindi⁴ books were put away, the stories of the Lord Krishna as a little boy were left in mid-air, and we were sent to the Anglo-Indian school.

8 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. 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.

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

10 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 kohl⁵ 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.

³ Bearers carry heavy loads of materials and supplies.

⁴ Hindi is the official language of India.

⁵ Kohl is a dark powder used as eye makeup in the Middle East and India.

11 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."

12 I said nothing. "Come along," she said, frowning slightly. "What's your name, dear?" "I don't know," I said, finally.

13 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.

14 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.

15 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 chapatis,⁶ some vegetable curry,⁷ 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.



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⁶ *Chapatis* are thin griddlecakes of unleavened bread eaten in northern India.
⁷ *Vegetable curry* is a pungent dish of vegetables cooked in a sauce with curry powder.

My Notes

Horizontal lines for taking notes under the "My Notes" header.

palpitating: beating, throbbing

Horizontal lines for notes related to the "palpitating" definition.

veranda: an open area outside of a building that has a roof

A large set of horizontal lines for notes related to the "veranda" definition.

Connecting Cultural Identity to Theme

My Notes

wizened: dry and wrinkled

16 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.

17 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 ayah⁸ waking one for tea.

18 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.

19 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.

20 When we played twos-and-threes⁹ 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.

21 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,¹⁰ 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.

22 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.

23 I asked, “What’s a test?”

24 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.

⁸ In India, an *ayah* is a native maid or nanny.

⁹ *Twos-and-threes* is a game similar to tag.

¹⁰ A *sari* is a garment worn by Indian women. It consists of a long cloth wrapped around the body with one end draped over one shoulder or over the head.

25 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.

26 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 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.

27 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?"

28 Premila didn't even look at her. She stood with her feet planted firmly apart and her shoulders rigid, and addressed herself directly to me. "Get up," she said. "We're going home."

29 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.

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

31 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.

32 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."

33 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 tonga¹¹ 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 coolies¹² 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.

34 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.

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

GRAMMAR & USAGE
Parallel Structure

Focus your attention on paragraph 25. Identify the author's use of parallel structure. What is its effect?

My Notes

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¹¹ A *tonga* is a two-wheeled, horse-drawn vehicle.
¹² *Coolies* are workers hired at low wages for unskilled work.

Connecting Cultural Identity to Theme



36 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.”

37 Mother said, “Why was that, darling?”

38 “She said it was because Indians cheat,” Premila added. “So I don’t think we should go back to that school.”

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

40 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.

41 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.”

42 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.

My Notes

Second Read

- Reread the memoir to answer these text-dependent questions.
- Write any additional questions you have about the text in your Reader/Writer Notebook.

1. Craft and Structure: Identify the diction that gives evidence of a developing conflict between the girls and the headmistress in the first scene?

2. Craft and Structure: What mood is created by the participle phrase “whispering in every room” in paragraph 6?

- 3. **Key Ideas and Details:** After reading the text, what can you infer about the social structure in India during British rule?

- 4. **Key Ideas and Details:** Reread paragraphs 15, 16, and 24. How do you think “the little Indian girl from my class” feels about Indian food as compared to sandwiches? Why does Premila suggest that they take sandwiches in the future?

- 5. **Craft and Structure:** How does the author’s tone change in paragraphs 27 and 28?

- 6. **Craft and Structure:** Based on the way it is used in paragraph 33, what is the most likely meaning of *peevishness*?

- 7. **Key Ideas and Details:** Identify the conflicts in the story. How does the resolution at the end of the story address those conflicts?

- 8. **Key Ideas and Details:** How is the idea of the importance of names developed in this selection?

My Notes

My Notes

Working from the Text

9. Rau uses a variety of different approaches to draw attention to culture in this narrative. Using the culture web you generated in Activity 1.2 with your peers, map out specific cultural elements Rau describes, placing them into categories, such as clothing, food, language, and values.

Culture

10. Once you have mapped out the various cultural elements from the story, rank which ones seem most important to establishing the characters' cultural identity in a way that sets up the story's conclusion and resulting theme.
11. Which cultural elements do you think would best allow you to describe your own cultural identity to a reader? Why?

Check Your Understanding

Revisit a piece of your writing from this unit and revise it to include parallel structure.

Learning Targets

- State equal and closely related ideas in parallel constructions.
- Revise writing to check for non-parallel structures.

Using Parallel Structure

Sentences have **parallel structure** when two or more elements create a series. Each element in the series is of equal rank or importance, and all elements are expressed in a similar way. Stating ideas in parallel constructions adds clarity and smoothness to writing. Words, phrases, and clauses can all be parallel.

Words

Lists of words in a series should maintain a parallel structure.

1. Label the three parallel and equal parts of the following sentences with a 1, 2, and 3.
 - a. But she still kept on her Indian jewelry—a gold chain around her neck, thin gold bracelets, and tiny ruby studs in her ears.
 - b. Premila and I were the only ones who had Indian food—thin wheat chapatis, some vegetable curry, and a bottle of buttermilk.
2. With a partner, write an observation about what it is that makes each of the parts parallel.

3. Revise the following sentence to make it parallel.

When Santha returned from school, she enjoyed having tea with her mother, playing tag with the cook's son, and to listen to ghost stories.

Clauses

A **clause** is a word group that contains both a subject and its verb. It may or may not express a complete thought. Notice the parallel structure in this sentence.

So our Hindi books were put away, the stories of the Lord Krishna as a little boy were left in mid-air, and we were sent to the Anglo-Indian school.

4. Label the first word of each of the three parallel and equal parts of the sentence with a 1, 2, and 3.
5. With a partner, write an observation about what it is that makes each of the parts parallel.

6. Revise the following sentence to make it parallel.

Premila and her sister did not like their new school, the narrator did not like her new name, or being away from ayah and mother.