

THE IMPACT OF THE BRITISH ON INDIA

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THE political conflict on the banks of the Ganges has vociferous exponents. British champions enumerate their blessings with an Oxford accent and stiff dignity; Indians dismiss the *Raj* as robbery, snobbery and jobbery. But behind the loud noise of political warfare there goes on a cultural clash—silent, pervasive and relentless.

Empires rise and fall; the dust of Delhi is more durable than the pageant of conquerors who came with a bang and went with a whimper. But their contribution to thought abides, for ideas are immortal. Much of their vaunted glory has gone down the Ganges; that which still clings to the crumbling walls of old palaces reminds one more of death than of life. But the dominions they added to the realm of mind are still our common heritage; what they gave to art and literature is still warm and pulsating.

Of all the conflicts on the historic plains of India, the one between the cultures of the East and the West is most significant and far-reaching. The protestant and pragmatic Englishman had little in common with the Vedantic idealism of the Hindu; his individualism and scientific outlook stood in sharp contrast with the communal consciousness and religious mysticism of feudal India. This conflict between the cultural milieus and thought patterns of the two peoples has been going on for over two centuries. Some of its features can now be studied in historical perspective; a reliable estimate can be made of its results.

One of the most impressive results of the British conquest of India is the Indian conquest of the English language. Not only Tagore, Madame Naidu and Nehru have captured the grace and beauty of the language of Shakespeare and Milton, but thousands of others can use it with indigenous idiom and delightful phrase. This gave them a key to the treasures of European thought, which they made their own with avidity. As a result, one now finds in India scholars who can swim in two great oceans of thought, oriental and occidental, with equal ease. Like the learned men of the Middle Ages who were citizens

of Europe and felt equally at home at Oxford and Heidelberg, Padua and Paris, they are citizens of the world. Rich in their inheritance of Hindu and Moslem culture, they can discuss Kant and Hegel in Germany, Mill and Spencer in England, Comte and Bergson in France, James and Dewey in America. In them the East and the West fuse as complementary rather than antagonistic forces. However, they are few, and people still believe that East is East and West is West and that Kipling's twain will never meet.

I, myself, have spent half of my life in the East and half in the West. While in the East, I feel as if I belong to the West; while in the West, I begin to wonder whether my place is not in the East. Like the Dutchman, I feel at home only when I am at sea. In a world such as this I can never be homesick!

I

By 1757 the British had definitely established their political supremacy in India. A century later the yard-stick of the East India Company was transformed into a sceptre, and India became the brightest jewel in the British Crown.

Eighteenth century India was a chaotic scene of disintegration. The mighty empire of the Moguls had crumbled; the splendour of the Peacock Throne had vanished into the dustbin of history. Contending rivals were bidding for power. Cultural life was at a low ebb; antiquated social institutions had made India static; religion had tied her limbs with cords of creed; superstition had taken a mortgage on her mind. Such was the state of affairs when the commercial adventurers of the West imposed their aggressive acquaintance upon her.

Eighteenth century Europe, on the other hand, was preparing herself for imperial expansion. Mercantilism had given way to *laissez-faire*, and the Industrial Revolution had started a unique orgy of avarice and exploitation. Authority moved from the castle into the bank, and brandished a cheque of credit instead of the rusty sword. With the increasing necessity for new markets and more raw products, Europe's mission of "civilizing the backward people" assumed a menacing mien.

It was on the crest of this wave of new impulses in the world that the British came to India. They little realized the historic forces they represented. Their cheap machine-made goods cut India from her ancient moorings; they upset her economic equilibrium, and threw the idle artisans back on the crowded farm. This intensified unemployment, and created a problem

that is still to be solved. The force of their impact broke through the intangible barriers of caste, and drew India out of her insularity. Old thought patterns cracked; congealed habits began to thaw; the massive wheels of oriental conservatism started to move. Basically, it was the triumph of industrialism over feudal economy, but the new culture they brought with them compelled India to reorient herself. The old ways had been found wanting; perhaps the new would lead to the land of promise?

The British gave peace to India; peace was needful for their purpose, and highly appreciated by the people of the country after more than a century of turmoil. Under the shock of conquest, India began to imitate her powerful rulers. Everything they did or thought was considered exemplary. Their clothes were good, their literature good, and their behaviour amongst their own kinsmen good. Good also, perhaps, was their religion, for had they not the biggest bank accounts? Thus began the first stage of the cultural impact of the British on an ancient civilization.

But imitation, as Tagore has beautifully expressed it, "is like dressing our skeleton with another man's skin, giving rise to eternal feuds between the skin and the bones at every movement." Culture is not like a hat one can doff and don at will. It permeates the web of life. It is a product of racial reaction to environment; a mould in which a group shapes its men and women to its highest ideals.

Different physical and social environment, different periods of human development, give rise to different cultures. Each great culture has its own genius and affirmation, its own preferences and perfections. Each has its own interpretation of life, its vital ideals and its fulfilment. The children of each claim superiority for their own; every disciple lauds his own *guru*. Every great culture may be influenced by another, or it may be compelled to make adjustments in the light of new truth, but it will retain its indigenous hue, its own distinctive note. For the last two centuries the historic banks of the Ganges have witnessed the scene of a titanic struggle between the cultures of the East and the West.

II

In the West, man, pitted against none too friendly natural environment, developed the arts of political conquest and economic aggression. His resources meagre, he had to fight to live; to be passive was suicidal. Vigorous and active, he paid his

fealty to a powerful hand, and bowed his head to a valiant heart. Rigorous climate gave an austere tinge to his life; taught him to prize a cool head and a practical turn of mind.

It was different on the fertile plains of India. Man's needs were few and Nature's bounty was great; there was no feeling of wrestling a living from hostile hands. To separate nature from man, to a Hindu sage, was like separating the bud from the blossom. Man to him was earth's child and heaven's heir. Need one wonder that he longed to establish kinship with a nature so profuse in her tropical beauty, so magnanimous in bestowing her gifts? Slow and leisurely, mystical and meditative, he longed for oneness with the vast world around him. He sought truth in synthesis rather than analysis. Soldiers and scientists are the glory of the West; sages and saints of the East. Power is the ideal of the West; perfection of the East. The West leans to nationalism and hedonism; the East emphasizes self-realization and asceticism.

All this, of course, does not mean that the East has had no science and the West no philosophy. Machines, for instance, the East has made all along, but the West made machines to make machines. The East has made discoveries and inventions, but the West discovered a method of discovery and invented a way of invention. Scientific method is her distinctive contribution. To the West, philosophy has always been a thing apart from life, a mere synthesis of knowledge; to the East it is the essence of life, and has daily practical consequences.

But the rapid advance made by the West in sciences since the 16th century, and the static quality that hindered the progress of India, widened the gap between the East and the West. To the rich inheritance of the Hebraic and the Hellenic culture the West added a glorious contribution of science. These three trends, which mingle in the British culture, had effective representatives in the 19th century. Hebraism, the austere and exacting philosophy of morals, reminding of the solemn picture on Mt. Sinai, found eloquent expression in Thomas Carlyle and Cardinal Newman. Hellenism, the aesthetic and inviting philosophy of thought, reminding of the beautiful scene on Mt. Olympus, found an enthusiastic exponent in Matthew Arnold, an arch apostle of "sweetness and light."

III

The East India Company, largely concerned with unscrupulous profiteering, paid little attention to the graces

of civilization. Warren Hastings, however, looked forward to a great flowering of Indian culture under the British administration, and as late as 1813 the idea of introducing Western education was definitely rejected. The stimulus for occidental learning came from two very different sources—a group of educationists interested in secular learning, and the Christian missionaries. An English agnostic, David Hare, and Raja Ram Mohan Roy, founder of the Hindu reform society, *Brahmo Somaj*, belonged to the first; the trio of Baptist missionaries—Carey, Marshman and Ward—to the second.

It was Lord Macaulay who turned the scale against Orientalists in a lengthy controversy between them and the admirers of Western thought. His famous minute of 1835, reinforced by his rhetoric, was at last accepted, and the westernization of India began. In 1837, the movement received a further impetus when Persian as the language of the court was displaced by English. In 1844, Lord Hardinge announced that henceforth, in making appointments to government services, preference would be shown to those who had received a Western education and had a knowledge of English. Many an old scholar of Persian, Arabic and Sanskrit found it difficult to earn a living. After a period, the system of westernizing India went ahead of its own momentum, and perhaps not even Macaulay intended quite so drastic a rejection of almost everything Indian.

In Macaulay, exuberant imperialism found a man of great literary ability. How superb it would have been if, with his prodigious memory, he had combined refinement of mind equally great! In 1835 he informed mankind that "the English have become the greatest and most civilized people that ever the world saw." Contemptuously disregarding the ancient culture of the East, he declared that a single shelf of good European books was worth more than the whole native literature of India and Arabia. Macaulay, of course, had no knowledge of Sanskrit, Persian or Arabic. But he lived at a time when the sun dared not set on the British Empire, soon after the genius of Edmund Burke saw the unerring finger of Divine Providence working through British diplomacy. All that he could see in India was "history which would disgrace a farrier, astronomy which would move the laughter in girls at an English boarding-school; history abounding with kings thirty feet high, and reigns thirty thousand years long; and geography made of seas of treacle and seas of butter." Ridicule could go no further. Macaulay had nothing to say of India's contribution to philosophy and religion, science

and mathematics, art and literature. No wonder Emerson, who admired the English determination and self-assurance, said that the Englishman's confidence in the power and performance of his own nation made him provokingly incurious about others.

Macaulay wanted to sweep away everything of the past in India, and to build anew entirely on the British pattern. He aimed at training a class of persons "Indian in blood and colour, but English in taste, in opinion, in morals and in intellect." This English-educated intelligentsia was to serve as interpreters between the British and the masses of India. It was indispensable, according to the nationalists, to carry on the exploitation of the country. In fact, they accuse Macaulay of having designed the educational system of India to consolidate and perpetuate the British rule. If it were so, Macaulay has been a disastrous failure. He, in fact, wrote its epitaph, for God fulfils himself in many ways. The works of Milton and Mill, Shelley and Godwin, Byron and Thomas Paine would inspire anyone to fight for freedom.

The anglicizing of India went apace. Raja Ram Mohan Roy left a thousand gods behind him and went to England to visit Jeremy Bentham, the father of British utilitarianism, and other British thinkers. Many high-caste Hindus crossed the ocean in defiance of deep-rooted prejudices to study in England, even though they must go through a purification ceremony on returning home.

The new economic forces began to wash away the "status" basis of the stratified feudal society. The old social order felt shaky under the disintegrating impact of the new. Caste barriers began to relax, and India looked beyond her borders with admiration. Queen Victoria's Proclamation in 1858 repeated the promise made 25 years earlier, that government positions would be open to all, whatever their race or creed, although few, if any, took it seriously yet. This mental transformation of an ancient land to new ways was not without its amusing features.

Old India had lost much, but not her dignity and sense of humour. Who hasn't heard of the British ridiculing the "babu" English, even though most of them, after years of residence in India, can speak only Hindustani which makes one's ears laugh? But few know how old India ridiculed the desperate ways of her youth to anglicize itself. The wags among fathers boasted of their sons' knowledge of the queer *Angrazi* with humorous glee.

"My son," one would remark, "not only speaks in English but eats in English, combs his hair in English, and brushes his teeth in English." "That's nothing," another would interject, "my son walks in English, sleeps and dreams in English."

It often led to misunderstanding, sometimes amusing, sometimes tragic. A Sikh, for instance, wanted to join the army. He couldn't speak English, and the recruiting officer could speak nothing but English. A student made him memorize in English the answers to the questions the officers always asked—his age, his father's age, and whether he would be loyal to king and country. Unfortunately, however, the officer didn't ask the questions in that order.

"What's your father's age?" he asked first.

"Twenty-five, Sir," replied the Sikh.

"What, then, is your age?" asked the surprised officer.

"Fifty, Sir," answered the young recruit.

"Either you are a fool or I am," shouted the exasperated Englishman.

"Both, Sir," replied the Sikh with great enthusiasm.

So the Indo-British cultural conflict continued through admiration, opposition and misunderstanding. There was never a dull moment. Western thought had invaded the oldest of existing social orders. Things once separated were thrown together. The resulting confusion left men bewildered and amazed. Each reacted in his own way; but generally it was felt that the British rule was foreign and impersonal. Forces within the country were gathering together, and nationalism was born.

IV

Imitation of the West had gone far enough in India. Western goods flooded her markets, Western thought was captivating her mind, and a Western language was on the lips of her intellectuals. Was her conquest to be moral and spiritual as well as political? Had she become so poor and abject that she must import everything from the West? Must she bedeck herself in borrowed plumes? Many in India asked such questions. Surely in religion and philosophy she could hold her own. It was in these two that India's revolt against the West began, and Swami Vivekananda, an eloquent exponent of Vedanta, is the spiritual father of Indian nationalism. The demand for *Swadharna* (of one's own religion) preceded the cry for *Swadeshi* (of one's own country) and *Swaraj* (of one's own rule). Mahatma Gandhi is partly a creator and partly a symbol of that revolt.

Thus the awakening of modern India is not like the European Renaissance, which was the turning of the feudal, Christianized and Teutonized Europe to the culture of ancient Greece and Rome. It was India turning to her ancient past for inspiration, but with a new interpretation acquired from her contact with the West. Theosophists like Annie Besant spoke so eloquently of the spiritual grandeur of ancient India that many a doubting youth, including young Nehru, was stirred to take legitimate pride in her glorious past.

Just as Luther had gone to the pristine purity of early Christianity for inspiration in his fight against the Church; just as Abd-el-Wahab, the Arab of Nejd, went to the original teachings of Mohammed to start a puritanical reform of Arabia; even so, Tilak and Gandhi went to the Vedas and the Bhagvad Gita (the Celestial Song) to inspire Indian nationalism. It seems that the initial stage of every religious reformation, appearing in the dawn of a great national awakening, returns to some ancient source of inspiration. By taking a few steps back, it seems to acquire a greater momentum to jump ahead. Although Gandhi knows the West well enough, yet he remains an oriental from the hand-stitched hem of his loin-cloth to the core of his heart—the last of the line of Buddha and Nanak.

The pressure of unemployment among the masses at the bottom and the rise of the middle-class in the industrial centres provided the economic drive behind Indian nationalism. Tilak and Gandhi, along with many others, gave it an aggressive leadership. India realized that, by the mercy of Providence, begging is an unprofitable profession, and that only to him that hath shall be given. She began to look within herself for strength rather than without, and discovered that she had 700 million arms. From many a platform the story was told of the lamb that went to Brahma to complain of the tragic treatment he received from so many in the world. The Lord of Creation looked at him with deep concern and replied: "My son, I feel sorry for you, but when I look at you I feel tempted myself." The Whitehall Democracy had the desire and the appetite of the Lord, but lacked His frankness!

Before Gandhi, the National Congress was a gathering of Christmas holiday politicians, who prayed for His Majesty's health, expressed their gratitude for the blessings of the British *Raj* and begged for more. They recorded a few grievances, gave vent to a few complaints, enjoyed a good holiday and dispersed till the gay season came back again. They quoted

Burke from the platform, and Gladstonian phrases tinged their eloquence, but all that was empty jargon to the masses. These brown *Sahibs* had nothing but the colour of their skin in common. They were English in manner, English in speech, English in dress and English in every other way. No wonder these "collar and tie" nationalists, lecturing only where their motor-cars could take them, only where tea and tiffin was ready, failed to touch the heart of India.

All this time, millions of Indians, poor, ignorant and helpless, waited in 700,000 villages of India for a genuine message. Only someone indigenous to the country, a new *Avatar*, could dispell the gloom of the masses with a ray of hope and exorcize their fear with a saintly courage. They wanted someone who lived like them and spoke their language; someone whose heart responded to their misery, whose hand was eager to help them. They wanted someone who suffered and saw life as they did; someone who would sacrifice his ambition and pleasure to accept their humble and heavy hearts. In Gandhi, at last, they found their hopes realized. Call him a Mahatma or a mountebank, but only this can explain his amazing influence. A unique combination of the conservative and the radical, the weazened ascetic of Gujarat infused a new life into the dead bones of the country. The masses felt their fetters loosening, their hope building anew and their courage growing apace. It is the outburst of this inner explosive force that has changed the face of the country.

Nationalism at once assumed a vigorous form, and the cultural pendulum swung back again. Everything indigenous was lauded; everything foreign was depreciated. Nationalism pervaded art and literature, philosophy and religion. Kalidas was considered greater than Shakespeare, Sankaracharya and Ramanuja superior to Kant and Hegel. Shelley and Keats were admirable, but Iqbal and Tagore could not be surpassed. Luther and Napoleon were great, but Nanak and Sivajee were greater. The peace imposed by the foreign bayonets was stifling the soul; self-initiative and freedom were vital to life. Political struggle culminated in non-violent non-cooperation. The boycott of British goods proved effective, the cooperation of the leaders at the top with the masses was vindicated, and a pale glimmer of *Swaraj* was seen on the political horizon. "There is no greater curse to a nation," writes G. B. Shaw, "than the nationalist movement, which is the agonizing symptom of a suppressed natural function." The disease of nationalism,

however, can be cured only by removing its causes, and till she's master of her own destiny, India can think of little.

V

The influence of Western thought in the East has been great. What has been the effect of Eastern thought in the West?

In the ancient past, Plotinus and St. Augustine are admitted to be good examples of eclecticism between the thought of the two hemispheres. Neo-Platonism combines most successfully the Eastern universalism with the practical tendencies of the West.

Eighteenth century Europe distrusted oriental flights of fancy and intimations of intuition. It was mathematical and mechanistic in outlook; rational and critical in temper. It arrogantly dismissed the ancients as great only in the dawn of civilization; it was glad that the darkness of death had fallen over the dreary Middle Ages.

The nineteenth century, however, was more responsive to Indian thought. The atomism of the 18th century had given way to organicism, and people began to believe, as Aristotle had done 2,000 years before, that the acorn had the potentialities of the oak. It was the age of Blake and Wordsworth; a period of spontaneous outpouring of the heart; a period that deified "spiritual instinct." Hegel stood without a rival in philosophy, and Carlyle carried German transcendentalism as far up the Thames as Chelsea.

As the Hegelian Absolute marched across the earth in an historical procession, the East was given for the first time an integral place in the history of human culture. In fact, oriental grandeur made the drama of the universe all the more picturesque. Hegel drew largely from Proclus, whose thought was a mixture of the East and the West. But he probably owes a good deal directly to Indian thought, well-known by that time in the West, for his doctrine of the Absolute sounds suspiciously like a German version of the Vedantic doctrine "The All is One." Spinoza and Hegel, no doubt, are kindred spirits to the Hindu sages. Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, the uncrowned king of Hindu Orthodoxy, founder and Vice-Chancellor of the Benares Hindu University, once mentioned to me that if Hegel were alive, he would cross the ocean to see the German philosopher.

Schopenhauer openly drew from Indian thought, particularly the Buddhist. He realized that the Hindu doctrine of *Moya*

is not a theory of illusion but of enlightenment. Man begins his life in a world of conflicting desires; if he is enlightened, he regards these as shadows. Considered in this way, life is an illusion, and Keats expressed the same idea when he said that "life is the veil of soul-making." The negation of desire which Schopenhauer considers to be the ultimate goal of life is simply the Nirvana of Buddha. The pessimism of the German philosopher, however, is to be explained by tragedies of personal life and the gruesome condition of post-Napoleonic Europe. It was not the Enlightened One who inspired his *Essay on Women*,

Germany has also produced the most prominent Western Sanskrit scholars. Bopp at Berlin was rivalled only by Burnoff of the College Royal de France. Both of them influenced Max Müller, who finally identified himself with Oxford. He translated the Vedas, although his scholarship is not considered faultless. Paul Deussen was another outstanding German who interpreted Eastern culture to the West. Goethe himself was a great admirer of Hindu thought.

Henry Thomas Colebrooke's essay on Vedanta, and Edwin Arnold's beautiful representation of Buddha in *The Light of Asia*, won many followers in Great Britain for the philosophic thought of India. Many others, who had lived in India and had come under the influence of her ancient lore, helped to bring the two countries closer together culturally. It is interesting to note that Aldous Huxley, the satirical hedonist of the *Essays*, boasted of himself as a worshipper of life and dismissed the Hindus as worshippers of death. But Huxley of *Ends and Means* is a mystic humanitarian, greatly influenced by Buddha and Vedanta; the detachment he preaches is the basic doctrine of the Gita.

On the American continent, Emerson was deeply impressed by Eastern thought, and expressed his admiration for the Gita and the Persian poet Shaikh Sadi. On reading Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, received so coldly by respectable Americans on its first publication, few Indians could help but feel that it was a book written by a kindred spirit of the Vedantic sages. It was not "a new force let loose on the old earth" that caused a furore among the complacent crowd; it was an old force given a vigorous form that shook the new world. Gandhi's admiration for Thoreau, and the deep influence that the latter has had on the Mahatma, is largely due to the fact that the sage of Walden was the American counterpart of the *Rishis* of old India, who lived in peaceful *Ashrams* as her link with eternity.

It was the vigorous oratory of Swami Vivekananda, however, that made Vedanta popular in the U. S. A. He came to attend the World's Parliament of Religions held in Chicago in 1893, and the great *Acharya* (teacher) of modern India lectured all over America, expounding numerous aspects of Hindu thought with rare force and eloquence. It is unfortunate that in his wake have arisen so many humbug *Acharyas*, who denounce American materialism at a dime a word. Often enough they are not even Indians, but they assume an impressive Indian name, become as chocolate-coloured as possible, displace their hats by a gorgeous turban and become a personality! They are ready now to teach Yoga, the occult or psychic phenomena, with enthusiasm that fluctuates with the bank account of the disciple. They are comprehensive enough to include everything remunerative, from the leaves in a tea-cup to the stars in the sky!

It is a testimonial to the youthful, carefree America, that lives intensely for the moment while it lasts, that of all the oriental poets and philosophers, Omar Khayyam, the gay rebel of Persia, should enjoy such an enviable popularity.

VI

Culture is a word to conjure with. In the past, it could not avoid an odour of snobbishness, for it had been the exclusive privilege of aristocracies who enjoyed wealth and leisure. Matthew Arnold called it "sweetness and light," a phrase he adapted from Jonathan Swift. It is a knowledge of the forces within man and the world outside. Whether it was the old culture of the East or the West, the masses had no creative part in it and little share in its enjoyment. The Greek and Roman cultures were based on slavery, the medieval culture on serfdom, and the oriental culture on the devitalizing stratification of society, weighing the heaviest on those at the bottom. Machine production, resulting from science, has now made leisure possible for all. It has created a base for a genuine democratic culture, where the sanctity of human personality and co-operative endeavour can become a reality.

The cultures of the East and the West, after two centuries of conflict, are finally blending. The versatile genius of Tagore, for instance, represented this rich development in the cultural history of the world. For the stately sage of Santiniketan (Abode of Peace) not only brought the rich heritage of ancient India to the doors of modern youth, but, gracefully spanning the gulf between the East and the West, he stood for a cultural

synthesis of the two. "It is idle mendicancy to discard our own and beg for the foreign," he impressed upon his countrymen, "while, at the same time, it is abject poverty to dwarf ourselves by rejecting the foreign."

India is silent but synthetic, slow but certain. She absorbs all invaders and accommodates every culture. To her, difference is not opposition, diversity not hostility, and unity not uniformity. Scythians and Huns, Moslems and Parsees, Christians and Jews, have all contributed to her their quota of virtue and vice, strength and weakness. India is richer for this diversity.

For 200 years the banks of the Ganges have witnessed the unique phenomenon of the West reacting upon the East. The two may be ostensibly antagonistic, but are truly complementary. Man's life is an interaction between the forces within him and those without. A balanced and harmonious development of all phases of human life should be the ideal, though one not easy of realization. The West emphasizes one phase; the East the other. The finite in man must live in the world of necessity and be occupied with enlarging his possessions. The infinite, on the other hand, seeks joy and realization of the eternal self instead of wealth.

A new culture, based on the synthesis of the East and the West, is in the making. Its result is yet in the womb of the future. Mutual dependence compels us to recognize the human race as a cooperative unit. Material comforts and social relationships, as well as the longing for the infinite, must be satisfied. If the contribution of the head is to be prized, the contribution of the heart should not be despised.

The new culture should maintain diversity, but recognize unity underneath all. It should have toleration and discipline, restraint and freedom. It should harmonize the personal and the social, the national and the international life. It should bring about a cooperation between science and philosophy, between man's struggle for existence and his longing for the infinite. The fusion of the East and the West will give the world a culture unthinkable rich. But "never the twain shall meet," says the skeptic. "Every man," answers Emerson, "is impossible until he is born"; every ideal, we may add, is also impossible until it is realized. And Tagore reminds us that "the dwelling-place of the impossible is in the dream of the impotent."