

# Water and Dreams

An Essay on the Imagination of Matter

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translated from the French by Edith R. Farrell

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# Introduction

## Imagination and Matter

Let us help the hydra clear away the fog.  
STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ, *Divagations*

### I

THE IMAGINING POWERS of our mind develop around two very different axes.

Some get their impetus from novelty; they take pleasure in the picturesque, the varied, and the unexpected. The imagination that they spark always describes a springtime. In nature these powers, far from us but already alive, bring forth flowers.

Others plumb the depths of being. They seek to find there both the primitive and the eternal. They prevail over season and history. In nature, within us and without, they produce seeds—seeds whose form is embedded in a substance, whose *form is internal*.

By speaking philosophically from the outset, we can distinguish two sorts of imagination: one that gives life to the formal cause and one that gives life to the material cause—or, more succinctly, a *formal imagination* and a *material imagination*. Thus abbreviated, these concepts seem to me indispensable for a complete philosophical study of poetic creation. Causes arising from the feelings and the heart must become formal causes if a work is to possess verbal variety, the ever-changing life of light. Yet besides the images of form, so often evoked by psychologists of the imagination, there are—as I will show—images of matter, images that stem directly from matter. The eye assigns them names, but only the hand truly knows them. A dynamic joy touches, moulds, and refines them. When forms, mere perishable forms and vain images—perpetual change of surfaces—are put aside, these images of matter are dreamt substantially and intimately. They have weight; they constitute a heart.

Of course, there are works in which the two imagining powers cooperate. It is not even possible to separate them completely. Even the most fleeting, changing, and purely formal reverie still has

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elements that are stable, dense, slow, and fertile. Yet even so, every poetic work that penetrates deeply enough into the heart of being to find the constancy and lovely monotony of matter, that derives its strength from a substantial cause, must bloom and bedeck itself. It must embrace all the exuberance of formal beauty in order to attract the reader in the first place.

Because of this need to fascinate, the imagination ordinarily works where there is joy—or at least one kind of joy—produced either by forms and colors, variety and metamorphosis, or by what surfaces become. Imagination deserts depth, volume, and the inner recesses of substance.

However, it is to the intimate imagination of these vegetating and material powers that I would like to pay most attention in this book. Only an iconoclastic philosopher could undertake the long and difficult task of detaching all the suffixes from beauty, of searching behind the obvious images for the hidden ones, of seeking the very roots of this image-making power.

In the depths of matter there grows an obscure vegetation; black flowers bloom in matter's darkness. They already possess a velvety touch, a formula for perfume.

## II

When I began meditating on the concept of the beauty of matter, I was immediately struck by the neglect of the *material cause* in aesthetic philosophy. In particular it seemed to me that the individualizing power of matter had been underestimated. Why does everyone always associate the notion of the individual with form? Is there not an individuality in depth that makes matter a totality, even in its smallest divisions? Meditated upon from the perspective of its depth, matter is the very principle that can dissociate itself from forms. It is not the simple absence of formal activity. It remains itself despite all distortion and division. Moreover, matter may be given value in two ways: by deepening or by elevating. Deepening makes it seem unfathomable, like a mystery. Elevation makes it appear to be an inexhaustible force, like a miracle. In both cases, meditation on matter cultivates an *open imagination*.

Only after studying forms and attributing each to its proper matter will it be possible to visualize a complete doctrine on human imagina-

tion. Then one can appreciate the fact that an image is a plant which needs earth and sky, substance and form. Images discovered by men evolve slowly, painfully; hence Jacques Bousquet's profound remark: "A new image costs humanity as much labor as a new characteristic costs a plant." Many attempted images cannot survive because they are merely formal play, not truly adapted to the matter they should adorn.

Therefore I believe that a philosophic doctrine of the imagination must, above all, study the relationship between material and formal causality. The poet as well as the sculptor is faced with this problem; poetic images also have their matter.

### III

I have already worked on this problem. In *The Psychoanalysis of Fire* I suggested classifying the different types of imagination under the heading of the *material elements* which inspired traditional philosophies and ancient cosmologies. In fact, I believe it is possible to establish in the realm of the imagination, a *law of the four elements* which classifies various kinds of material imagination by their connections with fire, air, water, or earth. And if it is true, as I am claiming, that every poetics must accept components of material essence—however weak—then again it is this classification by fundamental material elements that is best suited for showing the relationship among poetic souls. If a reverie is to be pursued with the constancy a written work requires, to be more than simply a way of filling in time, it must discover its matter. A material element must provide its own substance, its particular rules and poetics. It is not simply coincidental that primitive philosophies often made a decisive choice along these lines. They associated with their formal principles one of the four fundamental elements, which thus became signs of *philosophic disposition*. In these philosophic systems, learned thought is linked to a primitive material reverie, serene and lasting wisdom is rooted in a substantial invariability. If we still find these simple and powerful philosophies convincing, it is because by studying them we may rediscover completely natural imaginative powers. The same principle always holds true; in philosophic matters, only by suggesting fundamental reveries, by providing a means of access from thoughts to dreams, can one be convincing.

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Dreams, even more than clear ideas and conscious images, are dependent on the four fundamental elements. There have been countless essays linking the doctrine of the four material elements to the four organic temperaments. Thus the ancient author Lessius writes in *The Art of Long Life*:

Thus some, who are choleric, are chiefly affected in their Sleep with the imaginary Appearances of either Fire or Burnings, Wars or Slaughters: Others, of more melancholy Dispositions, are often disturbed with the dismal Prospect of either Funerals, or Sepulchres, or some dark and doleful Apparitions: The Phlegmatick dream more frequently of Rains, Lakes, Rivers, Inundations, Drownings, Shipwrecks; and the Sanguine abound in different Kinds of Pleasantries, such as Flying, Courses, Banquets, Songs, and amorous Sports.

Consequently, persons governed by choler, melancholy, phlegm, and blood are characterized by fire, earth, water, and air respectively. Their dreams usually elaborate on the material element which characterizes them. If we admit that an obvious—though quite generally accepted—biological error can correspond to a profound oneiric truth, then we are ready to interpret dreams *materially*. Therefore, along with the psychoanalysis of dreams there should be a psychophysics and a psychochemistry of dreams. This intensely materialistic psychoanalysis should return to the old precepts that held *elemental diseases* to be curable by *elemental medicines*. The material element is the determining factor in the disease, as in the cure. We suffer through dreams and are cured by dreams. In a cosmology of dreams, the material elements remain the fundamental ones.

In a general way, I believe that the psychology of aesthetic emotions would gain from a study of the zone of material reveries that precede contemplation. Dreams come before contemplation. Before becoming a conscious sight, every landscape is an oneiric experience. Only those scenes that have already appeared in dreams can be viewed with an aesthetic passion. And Tieck was right to recognize in human dreams the preamble to natural beauty. The unity of the landscape appears “as the fulfillment of an often-dreamed dream” (*wie die Erfüllung eines oft geträumten Traums*). But the oneiric landscape is not a frame that is filled up with impressions; it is a pervading substance.

*Modern Images*  
*Reichenbach - Wakeninon cycle -*

It is understandable, then, that a material element such as fire could be linked to a type of reverie that controls the beliefs, the passions, the ideals, the philosophy of an entire life. We can speak of the aesthetics of fire, of the psychology of fire, and even of the ethics of fire. A poetics and a philosophy of fire condense all these teachings. In themselves, these two constitute that prodigious, ambivalent teaching which upholds the heart's convictions through lessons gleaned from reality and which, conversely, lets us understand the life of the universe through the life of our own heart.

All the other elements abound in similarly ambivalent certitudes. They hint at close confidences and reveal striking images. All four have their faithful followers—or more exactly, each is profoundly and materially a *system of poetic fidelity*. In exalting them, we may think that we are being faithful to a favorite image; in reality, we are being faithful to a primitive human feeling, to an elemental organic reality, a fundamental oneiric temperament.

#### IV

We shall find confirmation for this hypothesis, I believe, as we study the substantial images of water and create this psychology of "material imagination" for an element more feminine and more uniform than fire, a more constant one which symbolizes human powers that are more hidden, simple, and simplifying. Because of this simplicity, our task here will be more difficult and more varied. The poetic sources for water are less plentiful and more impoverished than those for other elements. Poets and dreamers have been more often entertained than captivated by the superficial play of waters. Water, then, is an embellishment for their landscapes; it is not really the "substance" of their reveries. Philosophically speaking, water poets "participate" less in the aquatic reality of nature than do poets who hear the call of fire or earth.

To bring out this "participation" that is the very essence of water-related thoughts, of this *water mind-set*, we shall be forced to dwell on a few, all too rare examples. But if the reader can be convinced that there is, under the superficial imagery of water, a series of progressively deeper and more tenacious images, he will soon develop a feeling for this penetration in his own contemplations; beneath the imagination of forms, he will soon sense the opening up of an imagi-

nation of substances. He will recognize in water, in its substance, a type of intimacy that is very different from those suggested by the "depths" of fire or rock. He will have to recognize that the material imagination of water is a special type of imagination. Strengthened in this knowledge of depth of a material element, the reader will understand at last that water is also a type of destiny that is no longer simply the vain destiny of fleeting images and a never-ending dream but an essential destiny that endlessly changes the substance of the being. From that point on, the reader will understand more intimately, more painfully, one of the characteristics of Heracliteanism. He will see that the Heraclitean flux is a concrete philosophy, a complete philosophy. One cannot bathe twice in the same river because already, in his inmost recesses, the human being shares the destiny of flowing water. Water is truly the transitory element. It is the essential, ontological metamorphosis between fire and earth. A being dedicated to water is a being in flux. He dies every minute; something of his substance is constantly falling away. Daily death is not fire's exuberant form of death, piercing heaven with its arrows; daily death is the death of water. Water always flows, always falls, always ends in horizontal death. In innumerable examples, we shall see that for the materializing imagination, death associated with water is more dream-like than death associated with earth: the pain of water is infinite.

## V

Before giving the broad outline of my study, I should like to explain its title, for this explanation will shed light on its purpose. Although the present work, following *The Psychoanalysis of Fire*, is another illustration of the law of the four poetic elements, I have not kept the title "The Psychoanalysis of Water" that would have matched the earlier essay. I chose a vaguer title: *Water and Dreams*. Honesty required it. In order to speak of a psychoanalysis, I would have had to classify the original images without allowing any of them to bear the traces of their original rights. The complexes that have long united desires and dreams would have had to be pointed out and then taken apart. I feel that I did just this in *The Psychoanalysis of Fire*. Perhaps it is surprising that a rationalistic philosopher would pay so much attention to illusions and errors and that he would be constantly

obliged to present rational values and clear images as corrections of false notions. In point of fact I see no solid basis for a natural, direct, elemental rationality. Rational knowledge is not acquired all at once, nor is the right perspective on fundamental images reached in the first attempt. Rationalist? That is what we are trying to *become*, not only in our learning generally but also in the details of our thinking and the specific organization of our familiar images. That is how, through a psychoanalysis of objective knowledge and image-centered knowledge, I became rationalistic toward fire. To be honest, I must confess that I have not achieved the same result with water. I still live water images; I live them synthetically in their original complexity, often according them my unreasoning adherence.

I always experience the same melancholy in the presence of dormant water, a very special melancholy whose color is that of a stagnant pond in a rain-soaked forest, a melancholy not oppressive but dreamy, slow, and calm. A minute detail in the life of waters often becomes an essential psychological symbol for me. Thus, the odor of water mint calls forth in me a sort of ontological correspondence which makes me believe that life is simply an aroma, that it emanates from a being as an odor emanates from a substance, that a plant growing in a stream must express the soul of water. . . . If I were to re-live in my own way the philosophical myth of Condillac's statue, which finds its first world and primitive consciousness in odors, I would have to say, "I am, first of all, the odor of mint, the odor of mint water," instead of saying as it did, "I am the odor of rose." For being is before all else an awakening, and it awakens in the awareness of an extraordinary impression. The individual is not the sum of his common impressions but of his unusual ones. Thus, *familiar mysteries* are created in us which are expressed in *rare symbols*. It is near water and its flowers that I have best understood that reverie is an ever-emitting universe, a fragrant breath that issues from things through the dreamer. Therefore, if I intend to study the life of water images, I must allow the river and springs of my home a dominant role.

I was born in a section of Champagne noted for its streams, its rivers, and its valleys—in Village, so called because it has so many valleys. The most beautiful of retreats for me would be down in a valley, beside running water, in the scanty shade of the willows and

water-willows. And when October came with its fogs on the river. . . .

I still take great pleasure in following a stream, in walking along the banks in the right direction, the way the water flows and leads life elsewhere—to the next village. My "elsewhere" is never farther away than that. I was almost thirty when I saw the ocean for the first time. And so, in this book, I shall not do justice to the sea. I shall speak of it indirectly, heeding what poets have said of it in their pages, and remain under the influence of those schoolbook commonplaces that relate it to infinity. For in my own reverie, it is not infinity that I find in waters but depth. Furthermore, does not Baudelaire say that six or seven leagues, for a man dreaming by the sea, represents the radius of infinity? Village is eighteen leagues long and twelve wide. It is, therefore, a world. I do not know it in its entirety; I have not followed all its streams.

But the region we call home is less expanse than matter; it is granite or soil, wind or dryness, water or light. It is in it that we materialize our reveries, through it that our dream seizes upon its true substance. From it we solicit our fundamental color. Dreaming by the river, I dedicated my imagination to water, to clear, green water, the water that makes the meadows green. I cannot sit beside a stream without falling into a profound reverie, without picturing my youthful happiness. . . . It does not have to be the stream at home, water from home. The nameless waters know all of my secrets. The same memory flows from all fountains.

There is another reason, less emotional and personal, for not using "The Psychoanalysis of Water" for a title. In this book, the organic nature of materialized images, necessary for a truly deep psychoanalysis, has not been developed systematically. The first psychic interests which leave indelible traces in our dreams are organic interests. Our first ardent belief is in the well-being of the body. It is in the flesh and organs that the first material images are born. These first material images are dynamic, active; they are linked to simple, surprisingly primitive wants. Psychoanalysis has caused many a revolt by speaking of the child's *libido*. The action of this *libido* would perhaps be more clearly understood if it were allowed to retain its confused and general form, if it were linked to all organic desires and needs. The *libido* would then appear to be responsible for all desires and needs.

One thing is certain, in any case, and that is that the child's reverie is a materialistic reverie. The child is a born materialist. His first dreams are dreams of organic substances.

There are times when the creative poet's dream is so profound, so natural, that he rediscovers the images of his youthful body without knowing it. Poems whose roots are this deep often have a singular strength. A power runs through them, and without thinking, the reader participates in its original force. Its origin is no longer visible. Here are two passages where the organic sincerity of a primary image is revealed:

Knowing my own quantity,  
It is I, I tug, I call upon all of my roots, the Ganges, the  
Mississippi  
The thick spread of the Orinoco, the long thread of the  
Rhine, the Nile with its double bladder . . .<sup>1</sup>

Thus it is with abundance. . . . In popular legends, there are innumerable rivers which have come into being through the urination of a giant. Gargantua also inundated the French countryside at random during all his walks.

If water becomes precious, it becomes seminal. Then the songs celebrating it are more mysterious. Only an organic psychoanalysis can illuminate an obscure image like the following;

And as the seminal drop enriches the mathematical  
figure, dispersing  
The growing attraction of the elements of its theorem  
Thus the body of glory desires under the body of clay,  
and the night  
To be dissolved in visibility.<sup>2</sup>

One drop of powerful water suffices to create a world and to dissolve the night. To dream of power, only one drop imagined in its depth is needed. Water thus given dynamic force is a seed; it gives life an upward surge that never flags.

Likewise, in writings as idealized as Edgar Allan Poe's, Marie Bonaparte has discovered the organic meaning of numerous themes.

1. Paul Claudel, *Cinq grandes odes* (Paris, 1913), p. 49.
2. Ibid., p. 64.

She offers extensive evidence of the physiological nature of certain poetic images.

I did not consider myself sufficiently prepared to go so far toward the roots of organic imagination—to set down, as a subtext beneath this psychology of water, a physiology of water. That would require an extensive medical background and, above all, broad experience with neuroses. As for me, I have only reading through which to know man—reading, that marvelous means of judging man by what he writes. I love man, most of all, for what can be written about him. *Is what cannot be written worth living?* I have to be content with the study of a material imagination that is *grafted* on. I have nearly always limited myself to studying the different branches of materializing imagination *above the graft* after culture has put its mark on nature.

To me this is not simply a metaphor. The *graft* seems to be a concept essential for understanding human psychology. In my opinion it is the human stamp, the specifying mark of the human imagination. In my view, mankind imagining is the transcendent aspect of *natura naturans*. It is the graft which can truly provide the material imagination with an exuberance of forms, which can transmit the richness and density of matter to formal imagination. It forces the seedling to bloom, and gives substance to the flower. All metaphors aside, there must be a union of dream-producing and idea-forming activities for the creation of a poetic work. *Art is grafted nature.*

Naturally, when I have noticed a more distant strain in my study of images, I have made note of it in passing. In fact, it is only rarely that I have not disclosed the organic origins in the case of very idealized images. Yet this does not suffice to rank my study among examples of exhaustive psychoanalyses. My book, then, remains an essay in literary aesthetics. It has the dual objective of determining the substance of poetic images and the suitability of particular forms to fundamental matter.

## VI

Here, then, is the general outline of this essay.

To show clearly what an axis of materializing imagination is, we shall begin with images that do not *materialize* well; we shall call up superficial images which play on the surface of an element without

giving the imagination time to work upon its matter. The first chapter will be devoted to clear waters, to sparkling waters which produce fleeting and facile images. Nevertheless, as we shall see, because of the unity of the element, these images are ordered and organized. We shall then anticipate the transition from a poetry of waters to a *metapoetics of water*, a transition from plural to singular. For such a metapoetics, water is not only a *group* of images revealed in wandering contemplation, a series of broken, momentary reveries; it is a *mainstay* for images, a mainstay that quickly becomes a *contributor* of images, a founding contributor for images. Thus, little by little, in the course of ever more profound contemplation, water becomes an element of materializing imagination. In other words, playful poets live like water in its yearly cycle, from spring to winter, easily, passively, lightly reflecting all the seasons. But the more profound poet discovers enduring water, unchanging and reborn, which stamps its image with an indelible mark and is an organ of the world, the nourishment of flowing phenomena, the vegetating and polishing element, the embodiment of tears. . . .

But, let me emphasize again that by remaining some time near the iridescent surface, we shall understand the value of depth. We shall then attempt to identify certain principles of cohesion that unify superficial images. Specifically, we shall see how the narcissism of an individual being fits, little by little, into a truly cosmic narcissism. At the end of the chapter, I shall also study a facile ideal of whiteness and grace under the name of the *swan complex*, wherein buoyant and loving waters take on a symbolism easy to psychoanalyze.

It is not until the second chapter—where we shall study the main branch of Edgar Allan Poe's metapoetics—that we shall be sure of reaching the *element* itself, substantial water, dreamed about as a substance.

There is a reason for this certainty. Material imagination learns from fundamental substances; profound and lasting ambivalences are bound up in them. This psychological property is so constant that we can set forth its opposite as a primordial law of the imagination: *a matter to which the imagination cannot give a dual existence cannot play this psychological role of fundamental matter. Matter that does not provide the opportunity for a psychological ambivalence cannot find a poetic double which allows endless transpositions.* For the material ele-

ment to engage the whole soul, there must be a *dual participation* of desire and fear, a participation of good and evil, a peaceful participation of black and white. We shall see the manichaeism of reverie more clearly than ever when Poe meditates beside rivers and lakes. It is through water that Poe, the idealist, intellectual, and logician, comes in contact with irrational matter, a "vexed," mysteriously living matter.

A study of Poe's work will provide us with a good example of the dialectic necessary to the active life of language, as Claude-Louis Estève understood so well: "If then it be necessary to take subjectivity out of logic and science, insofar as it is possible, it is no less necessary, by the same token, to take objectivity out of vocabulary and syntax."<sup>3</sup> Because we fail to de-objectify objects and deform forms—a process which allows us to see the matter beneath the object—the world is strewn with unrelated things, immobile and inert solids, objects foreign to our nature. The soul, therefore, suffers from a deficiency of material imagination. By grouping images and dissolving substances, water helps the imagination in its task of de-objectifying and assimilating. It also contributes a type of syntax, a continual linking up and gentle movement of images that frees a reverie bound to objects. It is thus that elemental water in Edgar Allan Poe's meta-poetics imparts a particular motion to a universe. It symbolizes with a Heracliteanism that is slow, gentle, and silent as oil. Water then undergoes something like a loss of impetus, a loss of life; it becomes a sort of plastic mediator between life and death. In reading Poe, one is led to a more intimate understanding of the strange life of dead waters, and language learns the most frightening of syntaxes, the syntax of dying things, dying life.

To characterize accurately this syntax of becoming and of material things—this triple syntax of life, death, and water—I have selected two complexes, here called the *Charon complex* and the *Ophelia complex*. I have treated them in the same chapter because they both symbolize a meditation on our last voyage and on our final dissolution. To disappear into deep water or to disappear toward a far horizon, to become a part of depth or infinity, such is the destiny of man that finds its image in the destiny of water.

3. Claude-Louis Estève, *Etudes philosophiques sur l'expression littéraire* (Paris, 1938), p. 192.

Once we have thus defined both the superficial and the profound characteristics of *imaginary water*, we can attempt to study the relation of this element to other elements of material imagination. We shall see that certain poetic forms are fed by a double substance; that a dual materialism often works upon material imagination. In certain reveries, it seems that every element seeks either marriage or struggle, episodes that either calm or excite it. In other reveries, imaginary water will appear to us as the element of compromise, as fundamental to mixtures. That is why I shall pay considerable attention to the combination of water and earth that is "realistically" presented under the guise of "paste," (*la pâte*). Paste (*la pâte*) is thus the basic component of materiality; the very notion of matter is, I think, closely bound up with it. An extensive examination of kneading and modeling would have to be the point of departure for any description of the real and experienced relationships between formal and material causes. An idle, caressing hand that runs over well-modeled lines and surveys a finished sculpture may be charmed by seemingly effortless geometry. Such a geometry leads to the philosophy of a philosopher who sees the worker working. In the realm of aesthetics, this visualizing of finished work leads naturally to the supremacy of formal imagination. Conversely, this working, controlling hand learns the essential dynamic genius of reality while working with a matter that resists and yields at the same time, like passionate and rebellious flesh. It amasses all ambivalences. Such a working hand needs an exact mixture of earth and water in order to realize fully what constitutes matter capable of form, substance capable of life. To the unconscious of the man who kneads the clay, the model is the embryo of the work; clay is the mother of bronze. Therefore I cannot emphasize too much how important the experience of fluidity and pliability is to an understanding of the psychology of the creative unconscious. In experimenting with paste (*la pâte*), water will obviously be the dominant substance. One dreams of water when taking advantage of the docility of clay (*l'argile*).

To show the capability of water for combining with other elements, we shall study other compounds, never forgetting that, for the material imagination, the exemplary compound is a mixture of water and earth.

Once we understand that for the unconscious every combination

of material elements is a marriage, we shall realize why the naive or poetic imagination nearly always attributes *feminine* characteristics to water. We shall also see how profoundly *maternal* the waters are. Water swells seeds and causes springs to gush forth. Water is a substance that we see everywhere springing up and increasing. The spring is an irresistible birth, a *continuous* birth. The unconscious that loves such great images is forever marked by them. They call forth endless reveries. In a special chapter, I have tried to show how these images, impregnated with mythology, still give life naturally to poetic works.

An imagination completely attached to one particular substance readily ascribes value to it. The human mind has claimed for water ✓ one of its highest values—the value of purity. How could we conceive of purity without the image of clear and limpid water, without this beautiful pleonasm that speaks to us of *pure water*? Water draws to itself all images of purity. I have therefore tried to list in order all the reasons for the power of this symbolism. Here we have an example of ✓ the kind of *natural morality* learned through meditation on a fundamental substance.

In the light of this problem of ontological purity, the superiority of ✓ fresh water over sea water, recognized by all mythologists, is understandable. I have devoted a short chapter to this appreciation to focus the mind on a consideration of substances. The doctrine of material imagination will never be fully understood until the equilibrium between *experiences* and *spectacles* has been reestablished. The few books on aesthetics which attempt to take up *concrete beauty*, the beauty of substances, often merely skim over the real problem of material imagination. Let me give only one example. In his *Aesthetics* Max Schasler announces his intention of studying "die konkrete Natur-schönheit" (concrete natural beauty). He devotes only ten pages to the elements—of these, only three treat water—and the central paragraph is on the infinity of seas. It is most fitting, therefore, to place our emphasis on reveries that concern more common natural waters, waters which do not need infinity to hold the dreamer.

My last chapter, "Violent Water," will approach the problem of the psychology of water by very different routes. This chapter will not be, strictly speaking, a study of *material imagination*; it will be a study of *dynamic imagination*, to which I hope to devote another book.

In its violence, water takes on a characteristic wrath; in other words, it is easily given all the psychological features of a *form of anger*. Man rather glibly boasts of checking this anger. Thus violent water becomes water to which one does violence. A malicious duel between man and the floods begins. The water becomes spiteful; it changes sex. Turning malevolent, it becomes male. Here on a new level is the conquest of a duality inscribed in the element, a new sign of the basic value of an element of the material imagination.

I shall, therefore, first describe the will to attack that inspires a swimmer and then the revenge of the water—the flux and reflux of an anger that rumbles and reverberates. I shall take note of the special dynamic genius that a human being gains through constant contact with violent waters. This will be a new example of the fundamentally organic quality of the imagination. We shall thus discover the *muscular imagination*, whose action I perceived in Lautréamont's energetic metapoetics. But after contact with water, with this material element, the material imagination will seem both more natural and more human than Lautréamont's animalized imagination. This will serve as one more proof of the direct nature of symbols formed by material imagination contemplating the elements.

Since I shall make it a point, as I have throughout the entire course of my work, to emphasize themes of material imagination (with perhaps tiring insistence), I need not recapitulate them in my conclusion. I will devote this conclusion almost exclusively to the most extreme of my paradoxes. It will consist of proving that the voices of water are hardly metaphoric at all; that the language of the waters is a direct poetic reality; that streams and rivers *provide the sound* for mute country landscapes, and do it with a strange fidelity; that murmuring waters teach birds and men to sing, speak, recount; and that there is, in short, a continuity between the speech of water and the speech of man. Conversely, I shall stress the little noted fact that, organically, human language has a *liquid quality*, a flow in its overall effect, water in its consonants. I shall show that this *liquidity* causes a special psychic excitement that, in itself, evokes images of water.

Thus water will appear to us as a complete being with body, soul, and voice. Perhaps more than any other element, water is a complete poetic reality. A poetics of water, despite the variety of ways in which it is presented to our eyes, is bound to have unity. Water should sug-

gest to the poet a new obligation: the *unity of the element*. Lacking this unity of the element, material imagination remains unsatisfied, and formal imagination is insufficient for drawing together dissimilar features. The work lacks life because it lacks substance.

## VII

Finally, I should like to close this general introduction by making a few remarks on the kind of examples chosen to bear out my theses.

Most of the examples are taken from poetry. For the time being, in my opinion, the only possible way of illuminating a psychology of the imagination is through the poems it inspires.<sup>4</sup> The imagination is not, as its etymology suggests, the faculty for forming images of reality; it is the faculty for forming images which go beyond reality, which sing reality. It is a superhuman faculty. A man is a man to the extent that he is a superman. A man should be defined by the sum of those tendencies which impel him to surpass the *human condition*. A psychology of the mind in action is automatically the psychology of an exceptional mind, of a mind tempted by the exception, the new image grafted onto the old. The imagination invents more than objects and dramas—it invents a new life, a new spirit; it opens eyes which hold new types of visions. The imagination will see only if it has "visions" and will have visions only if reveries educate it before experiences do, and if experiences follow as token of reveries. As d'Annunzio has said: "The richest experiences happen long before the soul takes notice. And when we begin to open our eyes to the visible, we have already been supporters of the invisible for a long time."<sup>5</sup>

Primal poetry, poetry that allows us a taste for our inner destiny, is an adherence to the invisible. It gives us the sense of youth and youthfulness by constantly replenishing our ability to be amazed. True poetry is a function of awakening.

It awakens us, but it must retain the memory of previous dreams. That is why I have sometimes tried to delay the moment when poetry steps over the threshold of expression; I have tried, at every hint, to retrace the oneiric route leading to the poem. As Charles Nodier said

4. The specific study of the history of the psychology of water is not my subject. This subject is treated in the work of Martin Herman Ninck, *Die Bedeutung des Wassers im Kult und Leben der Alten, eine Symbolgeschichtliche Untersuchung* (Leipzig, 1921).

5. Gabriele d'Annunzio, *Contemplazione della morte*, 2nd ed. (Milan, 1912), pp. 17-18.

in his *Rêveries*: "The map of the imaginable world is drawn only in dreams. The universe perceived through our senses is an infinitely small one." Dreams are, for certain souls, the very substance of beauty. Upon waking from a dream, Adam found Eve: that is why woman is so beautiful.

Strong in all these convictions, I was then able to set aside hackneyed knowledge, formal and allegorical mythologies that survive in weak and lifeless teaching. I was also able to disregard countless insincere poems in which shallow poetasters strain to produce the most diverse and confused echoes. Whenever I relied on mythology, it was because I recognized some permanence in its unconscious effect on people today. A mythology of waters in its entirety would be simply history. I have tried to write psychology, to bind together literary images and dreams. I have often noticed, however, that the *picturesque* disrupts both mythological and poetic forces. The picturesque disperses the strength of dreams. To be active, a phantom cannot wear motley. A phantom that can be described as complacent is a phantom that has ceased to act. To the various material elements correspond phantoms that keep their strength as long as they are faithful to their matter or, what amounts to almost the same thing, as long as they are faithful to original dreams.

The choice of literary examples is also due to an ambition, which, finally, I intend simply to confess: if my research is to have any impact, it should contribute some means, some tools for renewing literary criticism. For this reason, I introduced the notion of *culture complex* into literary psychology. I have given this name to *prereflective attitudes* that govern the very process of reflection. In the realm of the imagination, these are, for example, favorite images thought to be derived from things seen in the world around us but that are nothing but *projections* of a hidden soul. Culture complexes are cultivated by someone who thinks he is acquiring culture objectively. The realist, then, chooses *his reality* in reality; the historian chooses *his history* in history. The poet arranges his impressions by associating them with a tradition. Used well, the culture complex gives life and youth to a tradition. Used badly, the culture complex is the bookish habit of an unimaginative writer.

Naturally, culture complexes are grafted on more profound complexes, which psychoanalysis has brought to light. Charles Baudouin has stressed that a complex is essentially a transformer of psychic

energy. The culture complex continues this transformation. Cultural sublimation prolongs natural sublimation. To the cultured man a sublimated image never seems beautiful enough. He wants to renew the sublimation. If sublimation were a simple matter of concepts, it would come to an end as soon as the image was enclosed within its conceptual limits; but color overflows, matter abounds, images develop; dreams continue their growth despite the poems that express them. Under these conditions, a literary criticism that is not to be limited to a static balance of images must be complemented by a psychological criticism that revives the dynamic quality of the imagination, following the connection between original complexes and culture complexes. There is no other way, in my opinion, to measure poeticizing forces in action in literary works. Psychological *description* does not suffice. It is less a question of describing forms than of weighing matter.

In this book, as in others, I have not hesitated to designate new complexes by their cultural emblem, by the sign that all cultured men recognize; this may betray a lack of prudence, for such signs remain obscure and awaken nothing in the man who lives far from books. A man who does not read would be greatly astonished to hear of the poignant charm of a dead woman adorned with flowers and drifting away, like Ophelia, with the flow of the river. This is an image whose living development literary criticism has not shared. It is interesting to show how such images—rather unnatural ones—have become rhetorical figures and how these rhetorical figures can remain active in a poetic culture.<sup>6</sup>

If my analyses are accurate, they should help, I believe, to bridge the gap between the psychology of an ordinary reverie and the psychology of a literary reverie, a strange reverie, written down and coordinated in writing, that systematically goes beyond its initial dream, but remains faithful to elementary oneiric realities. To have that constancy of dream which produces a poem, one needs something more than real images before his eyes. The images born in us, that live in our dreams filled with a dense and rich oneiric matter—inexhaustible food for material imagination—must be pursued.

6. A rhetorical figure, as Charles Baudouin so aptly puts it, is a mental attitude, that is, the expression of a desire and the first step toward an act. *La Psychanalyse*, ed. Hermann, p. 144.

## Conclusion

### Water's Voice

I hold the river's wave like a violin.

PAUL ELUARD, *The Open Book*

Mirror less than a shudder . . . both  
pauses and caresses, the passage of a li-  
quid bow on a concert of moss.

PAUL CLAUDEL,  
*The Black Bird in the Rising Sun*

### I

I WOULD LIKE to draw together in my conclusion all the insights into lyricism that the river gives us. These insights, in the final analysis, have great unity. They are truly the insights of a fundamental element.

To show clearly the vocal unity of water poetry, I shall develop from the start an extreme paradox: Water is the mistress of liquid language, of smooth flowing language, of continued and continuing language, of language that softens rhythm and gives a uniform substance to differing rhythms. I shall not hesitate, then, to give their full meaning to those words that express the qualities of a fluid and animated poetry, of a poetry that flows straight from its source.

Without exaggerating, as I have been doing, Paul de Reul has observed Swinburne's predilection for liquid consonants:

The tendency to use the liquids, to prevent an accumulation and clash of the other consonants, leads him to increase the number of other transition sounds. The use of the article, of a derived word in place of a simple one, often has no other reason: in the june (sic) days—Life within life inlaid.<sup>1</sup>

Where de Reul sees the means, I see an end: liquidity is, in my opinion, the very desire of language. Language needs to flow. It flows naturally. Its clashing, its ruggedness, its harshness are its more artificial efforts, those that are more difficult to render natural.

1. Paul de Reul, *L'Oeuvre de Swinburne* (Brussels, 1922), p. 32 n.

My thesis does not stop with what is learned from imitative poetry. Imitative poetry seems to me, in fact, condemned to superficiality. From a living sound it retains only coarseness and awkwardness. It gives sonorous mechanics; it does not give human, living sonority. For example, Spearman says that the reader almost hears galloping in these lines:

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he,  
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped, all three.<sup>2</sup>

To reproduce a sound accurately, it must be produced still more profoundly; the poet must live out the will to produce it; here, the poet would have to induce us to move our legs, to run and turn, in order to live fully the asymmetrical movement of the gallop. Dynamic preparation is lacking. It is this dynamic preparation that produces active hearing, hearing that makes us speak, move, and see. In fact, Spearman's theory on the whole is too conceptual. His arguments are based on designs; they give sight the predominant role. The only result of such a practice is a formula for a reproductive imagination, which masks and hinders creative imagination. In the final analysis the true domain for studying the imagination is not painting; it is literature, the word, the sentence. How little form matters then! How dominant matter becomes! What a great master the stream is!

There are, says Balzac, "mysteries buried in every human word."<sup>3</sup> But the real mystery is not necessarily in its origins, in its roots, in its ancient forms. . . . There are words that are in full flower, in full vigor, words that the past has not exhausted, whose beauty the ancients did not fully recognize, words that are the mysterious jewels of a language. Such a word is *rivière*. It is a phenomenon that cannot be communicated to other languages. Let us think phonetically of the sonorous brutality of the word "river" in English. We will come to the realization that *rivière* is more French than any other word. It is a word that is composed of the visual image of the motionless *rive* (bank) and yet has never stopped flowing. . . .

When a poetic expression is revealed as both pure and dominant, then we can be sure that it has a direct relationship with the elemen-

2. Charles Edward Spearman, *Creative Mind* (New York, 1931), p. 94.

3. Honoré de Balzac, *Louis Lambert*, in *Oeuvres complètes*, ed. Marcel Bouteron and Henri Longnon (Paris, 1940), 31:49.

tary material sources of the language. I had always been struck by the fact that poets associate the harmonica with water poetry. The gentle blind woman of Jean-Paul's *Titan* plays the harmonica. In *Pokal*, Tieck's hero plays on the edge of a cup, as on a harmonica. And I wondered what attraction caused the musical glass of water to be given the name "harmonica." Much later, I read in Bachofen that the vowel *a* is the water vowel. It is dominant in *aqua*, *apa*, *wasser*. It is the phenomenon of creation by water. The letter *a* marks a primary matter. It is the first letter of the universal poem. It is the letter that stands for the repose of the soul in Tibetan mysticism.

I will be accused at this point of accepting as solid proofs mere verbal resemblances; I will be told that *liquid consonants* call up no more than a curious metaphor belonging to the phoneticians. But such an objection seems to me to be a refusal to feel, in its profound life, the *correspondence* of word and reality. Such an objection reflects a will to reject a whole field of creative imagination: imagination through the spoken word, through *speaking*, the imagination that rejoices muscularly in speaking, speaks with volubility, and increases the psychic volume of a being. This imagination knows very well that the river is speech with no punctuation, an Eluardian sentence that does not accept *punctuators*. O song of the river, marvelous logorrhea of the child Nature.

And how can we fail to relate to liquid language, bantering language, the jargon of the brook!

And if this aspect of *vocal imagination* is not easy to grasp, it is because we give onomatopoeia too limited a sense. We think of it as an echo, guided by hearing alone. In point of fact, the ear is much more liberal than we suppose; it readily accepts a certain transposition in imitation and is soon imitating the first imitation. With the joy of hearing man associates the joy of active speech, the joy of a whole countenance expressing its imitative talent. *Sound is only one aspect of the mimologism.*

In his warm but learned way, Charles Nodier has clearly understood the *projective* aspect of onomatopoeia. They abound in de Brosses's sense:

Many onomatopoeias have been formed, if not in accordance with the noise produced by the movement that they represent, at least in accordance with a noise based on the one that the movement

should produce, if we consider its analogy with some other particular movement of the same kind and its ordinary effects; for example, the action of *blinking*, on which he bases his conjectures, produces no real sound, but actions of this same kind recall very clearly, through the noise that accompanies them, the sound that served as the root for this word.<sup>4</sup>

There is in this phenomenon, then, a sort of delegated onomatopoeia that must be *produced*, must be *projected*, so that it can be heard, a sort of abstract onomatopoeia that gives a voice to a trembling eyelid.

Dripping from the foliage after the storm there are drops of water that also wink and make the light flicker and the mirror of the waters quiver. To see them is to *hear* them quiver.

In poetic activity there is, then, a sort of conditioned reflex, a strange one, for it has three roots: it brings together visual, auditory, and vocal impressions. And the joy of expressing oneself is so exuberant that finally it is vocal expression which marks a scene with its dominant "highlights." The voice *projects* visions. Lips and teeth, then, produce different *spectacles*. There are scenes conceived with fists and jaws. . . . There are labiate scenes, so gentle, so good, so easy to pronounce. . . . If we could group together all the words with liquid phonemes, then an aquatic scene would naturally emerge. Conversely, a poetic scene expressed by a hydrous psyche, by the waters' word, discovers liquid consonants quite naturally. Sound, native sound, natural sound—that is, the voice—places things in their proper order. Vocalization governs the painting of true poets. I shall offer an example of this vocal function that determines the poets' imaginations.

Thus listening to the stirrings of the stream, I found it very natural that in many verses the stream makes the lilies and the gladioli bloom. By studying this example closely, we shall understand the victory of verbal imagination over visual imagination or, more simply, the victory of creative imagination over realism. We shall understand, at the same time, the poetic inertia of etymology.

The gladiola got its name—visually, passively—from the sword (*glaive-glaieul*). It is a sword that no one takes in hand, that does not cut, with a blade whose point is so fine, so well designed but so fragile

4. Charles Nodier, *Dictionnaire raisonné des onomatopées françaises*, 2nd ed. (Paris, 1828), p. 90.

that it does not prick. Its form does not belong to water poetry. Nor does its color. This vivid color is a warm color; it is flame from hell; the gladiola in some countries is named "the flame of hell." Scarcely any are to be seen along a stream. But when poetry is involved, realism is always wrong. Sight is no longer in command; etymology no longer thinks. The ear also wants to name flowers; it wants what it hears to flower, to flower directly, to flower in language. The gentleness of water's flow, too, wants images to offer. Listen! The gladiola (*glaïeul*) is now the river's special sigh, a sigh that comes at the time when, within us, there appears a slight, very slight sorrow, which spreads, melts away and will not be mentioned again. The gladiola is the half mourning of melancholy water. Far from being a striking color, that is remembered and reflected, it is a delicate sob that is forgotten. The "liquid" syllables soften and carry off images lingering for a moment over an old memory. They give a little fluidity to sadness.<sup>5</sup>

How can we explain other than through poetry that the waters' sounds are so many *sunken bells*, so many submerged bell towers that still ring, so many golden harps that lend solemnity to crystalline voices! In a *lied* that Schuré records, the lover of a girl ravished by the river Nix plays, in turn, on the golden harp.<sup>6</sup> The Nix, slowly won over by the harmony, gives up the girl. The spell is vanquished by another spell; music by music. That is the way magical dialogues run.

In the same way, water's laughter will tolerate no dryness so that to express it, like slightly mad bells, "sea-green" (*glauques*) sounds, which ring out with a certain greenness, are needed. The frog (*grenouille*) is already—in true phonetics, which is imagined phonetics—a water animal. It is an added bonus that makes the frog green. And the good people who call water frog's syrup (*sirop de grenouille*) make no mistake: only a simpleton (*gribouille*) would drink it!<sup>7</sup>

5. Mallarmé associates the gladiola and the swan: "the wild gladiola, with the slender-necked swans," from "Les Fleurs," in *Oeuvres complètes*, ed. Henri Mondor and G. Jean-Aubry (Paris, 1945), p. 33. In my opinion, this "association" has a hydrous origin.

6. Edouard Schuré, *Histoire du lied* (Paris, 1876), pp. 102–03.

7. To translate the "willful confusion" of a vedic hymn called "To the Frogs," M. Louis Renou (p. 75) feels that there should be a masculine form of *grenouille* (frog). In the stories told in a village in Champagne, Father Gribouille was the mate of Mother Gribouille. Here are two verses translated by L. Renou:

After the "a's" of the tempest, after the howling of the north wind, we are happy to hear the "o's" of water (*eau*), the whirlwinds and the lovely roundness of their sounds. When we have this happy state, regained words reverse themselves crazily; the stream laughs and the laughter streams.

We could search forever and not find all the doublets in this imaginary water phonetics as we listen to the whirlwinds and gusts, and study the cries along with the caricatures of the gargoyles. To spit out a storm like an insult, to vomit the water's guttural curses, a gutter would have to be given in monstrous forms, huge-mouthed, thick-lipped, horned, and gaping. The gargoyle jokes endlessly with the downpour. It was a sound before being an image or, at the least, a sound that instantly found an image in stone.

In sorrow and in joy, in its tumult and in its peace, in its jokes and complaints, the spring is truly, as Paul Fort says, "the Word made water."<sup>8</sup> Hearing all its sounds, so beautiful, so simple, so fresh, seems "to make our mouths water." Must we really quiet all the happiness that comes of a moistened tongue? How can we understand, then, certain formulae which call forth the inner depths of dampness? For example, in two lines a hymn of the Rig Veda associates the sea and the tongue: "Indra's breast, thirsty for *soma*, must always be full of it: as the sea is always (filled with water), so the tongue is endlessly moistened by saliva."<sup>9</sup> Liquidity is a principle of language; language must be filled with water. As soon as we are able to talk, then, as Tristan Tzara says, "a cloud of impetuous rivers fills the dry mouth."<sup>10</sup>

Nor is there any great poetry without long intervals of relaxation and leisure, nor any great poems without silence. Water is also a model of calm and silence. Dormant and silent water adds to scenes,

...When at the beginning of the Rains, it rained on (the frogs) accepting and thirsty, they cried Akkhala: and as a son goes to his father, they moved toward each other talking as they went.

...If one of them repeats another's words as a student repeats his teacher's, the whole is in harmony, as a piece of music which you entone over the waters with your beautiful voices.

8. Paul Fort, *Ermitage* (July 1897), p. 13.

9. *Rig Veda*, trans. Langlois (Paris, 1848–1851), 1:14.

10. Tristan Tzara, *Où Boivent les loups* (Paris, 1932), p. 151. "Une nuée de fleuves impétueux emplit la bouche aride."

as Claudel puts it, "lakes of song." Near it, poetic gravity deepens. The water lives as a great, materialized silence. It is near Melisande's fountain that Pelleas murmurs: "There is always an extraordinary silence. . . . One might hear the water sleeping." It seems that, to understand silence thoroughly, our soul needs to see something that is silent; to be assured of repose, it needs to feel near it a great natural being asleep. Maeterlinck worked at the borderline between poetry and silence, with a minimum of voice, in the sonority of dormant water.

## II

Water also has indirect voices. Nature resounds with ontological echoes. Creatures answer each other by imitating elementary voices. Of all the elements, water is the most faithful "mirror of voices."<sup>11</sup> The blackbird, for example, sings like a cascade of pure water. In his great novel, *Wolf Solent*, Powys seems to be pursued by this metaphor, by this metaphony. For example,

That particular intonation of the blackbird's note, more full of the spirits of air and of water than any sound upon the earth, had always possessed a mysterious attraction for him. It seems to contain, in the sphere of sound, what amber-paved pools surrounded by hart's-tongue ferns contain in the sphere of substance. It seemed to embrace in it all the sadness that it is possible to experience without crossing the subtle line into the region where sadness becomes misery.

I have often reread these pages, which show me that the blackbird's roulade is a crystal that is falling, a cascade that is dying. The blackbird does not sing for the heavens. It sings for near-by water. Further on, Powys hears the blackbird's song again, accentuating its relationship with water, "this stream of cool, liquid, tremulous melody."

If there were not in nature's voices such redoublings of onomatopoeia, if falling water did not re-echo the notes of the singing blackbird, it seems that we could not understand natural voices poetically. Art needs to learn from reflections, and music from echoes. By imitating that we invent. We think we conform to reality and, instead, we translate it into human terms. In imitating the river, the blackbird also projects a little more purity. The fact that *Wolf Solent* is himself

11. Ibid., p. 161

the victim of an imitation and that the blackbird, heard in the foliage above the river, is the limpid voice of the beautiful Gerda gives even more meaning to the mimesis of natural sounds.

Everything in the Universe is an echo. If the birds, in the opinion of certain dreaming linguists, are the first creators of sound who inspired men, they themselves imitated nature's voices. Quinet, who listened for so long to the voice of Bourgogne and Bresse, discovers "the lapping on the shores in the nasal cry of aquatic birds, the frog's croaking in the brook ouzel, the whistling of the reed in the bullfinch; the cry of the tempest in the frigate bird." Where did the night birds borrow the trembling, thrilling sounds which seem the repercussion of a subterranean echo in old ruins? "Thus all the sounds of natural scenes—still life or animated—have their echo and their counterpart in living nature."<sup>12</sup>

Armand Salacrou also rediscovers the euphonic relationship of the blackbird and the stream. After having noted that sea birds do not sing, he wonders to what chance our groves' songs are due: "I knew," he said, "a blackbird raised near a swamp which mingled with his songs raucous and broken cries. Was he singing for the frogs? Or was he the victim of an obsession?"<sup>13</sup> Water is also a vast unity. It harmonizes the toad's and the blackbird's notes, or at least, a poeticized ear brings unity to discordant voices when it submits to the song of the water as its fundamental sound.

The stream, the river, the cascade have, then, a speech that men understand naturally. As Wordsworth said, "it is a music of humanity": "The still, sad music of humanity" (*Lyrical Ballads*).

How could voices listened to with so fundamental a sympathy fail to be prophetic? To give back their oracular value to things, should we listen to them from close by or from afar? Is it necessary that they hypnotize us, or should we contemplate them? Two great movements of the imaginary begin close to objects. Everything in nature produces giants and dwarfs; the noise of the floods fills the immensity of the sky or the hollow of a shell. It is in these two movements that liv-

12. At liquidas avium voces imitarier ore  
Ante fuit multo quam laevia carmina cantu.  
Concelebrare homines possent, auresque juvant.

Lucretius, *De Rerum Natura*, trans. W. H. D. Rouse (London and New York, 1924), bk. 5, lines 1379-1381.

13. Armand Salacrou, "Le mille têtes," *Cahiers du Sud*, 20 (June-July 1933): 93.

ing imagination must live. It hears only voices that are approaching or fading in the distance. He who listens to things is well aware that they will speak too loudly or too softly. We must hurry to hear them. Already the cascade shatters or the stream stammers. The imagination is a *sound-effects man*; it must amplify or soften. Once the imagination is mistress of dynamic correspondences, *images truly speak*. We shall understand this accord of sound and images if we meditate on "these subtle verses in which a girl, bent over the stream, feels passing into her face *the beauty born of murmuring sound*": ". . . beauty born of murmuring sound/Shall pass into her face."

These correspondences between images and speech are the truly salutary ones. The consolation of a painful, disturbed, emptied psyche will be helped along by the coolness of the stream or river. But this coolness must be *spoken*. The unhappy person must speak to the river.

Come, oh my friends, on a clear morning to sing the stream's vowels! Where is our first suffering? We have hesitated to say. . . . It was born in the hours when we have hoarded within us things left unsaid. Even so, the stream will teach you to speak; in spite of the pain and the memories, it will teach you euphoria through euphuism, energy through poems. Not a moment will pass without repeating some lovely round word that rolls over the stones.

Dijon  
23 August 1941