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doctor began confidently to build up a cure. His confidence was checked by the account of another dream, in which the patient although he was unaware of it—had represented the doctor as raking in a dust heap, picking up a glittering object of no value, and bearing it away with fatuous pride and self-satisfaction.

"The patient's psyche," Doctor X says, "was making fun of me. It was also warning me that the repression which I had uncovered was not the real cause of the trouble. It was giving me this warning over the patient's head, so to speak, without his knowledge. So warned, I went to work on him again and found that the psyche was jeering at me with good cause. Below the first repression was a much more serious one which the patient finally confessed, and I was able to start him, with a clean bill, on the road to health."

If this psyche is not what we call a soul, what is it?

"The great dynamic wish of the unconscious mind," says Doctor X, "is the wish for personal power and for immortality. The unconscious mind has no record of personal death. It is, so to speak, convinced of its immortality. When you dream of yourself dead, you see yourself standing 240