Night before last, I had a very unusual experience. I seemed to be in a state in which I was neither asleep or awake, but rather a combination of sleeping and waking. And while in that state, I seemed to see, in some subtle way, my own anima. The impression of this anima was that she was bearing a load that was too much for her, that she was facing exhaustion; nonetheless, she bore it willingly, not in the least defending herself, but striving to do what was demanded of her. I felt that it was a warning that I must be careful about putting forth any strong creative effort that might make heavy demand upon the anima. She seemed to have the impact upon me of just the kind of a femininity that was particularly attractive to me. There was in her something of the quality of Gertrude, but not identical with Gertrude. I remember that Dr. Jung says that the anima represents the general impact of the feminine side upon the male individual throughout his experience, and thus she is a kind of compound entity. At any rate, she was quite attractive to me.