was described as an active psychiatrist. The inspired and inspiring title of the book is: Freud for the Jung; Or, Three Hundred and Sixty-Six Hours on the Couch.

Isn't it odd that in one way or another Irene has always been at her beat where there was a couch!

Let there be no skepticism about the actuality of the publication of Irene Adler's book in The Times Literary Supplement. A copy of the review is available here for your inspection.

IRENE ADLER: Freud for the Jung. Hours on the Couch. 170pp. Press. 15s.

Funny books, like funny bones, can be remarkably painful when they strike against something hard, like a belief or a fact. And doubtless many estimable people, both analysts and analysands, will feel somewhat sore when they finish Miss Irene Adler's hilarious farce about the analysis of an extremely intelligent young man by a singularly inept Devonshire place psychiatrist.

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT, JULY 19 1963

It must nevertheless be acknowledged that in this report we are still confronted with an unresolved case of identity. The question could be stated somewhat bluntly as follows: "It may be true that the author of that book is Irene Adler, but does it necessarily follow that she is the woman?"

By putting that question do I presume to challenge the Canonical doctrine that Irene is always the woman? Certainly not! Any Pip who allowed himself for a moment to entertain such a shocking doubt would at the very least be concurrently guilty of heresy, loose majesty, and Canonical deviationism.

Let me hasten to clarify my position. I do not question whether Irene Adler is the woman. I merely ask whether the woman who wrote the book is the Irene Adler. I contend that she can't be the woman unless she's proved to be the Irene Adler.

Perhaps this case of identity will never be conclusively settled. Maybe Irene Adler at 107 has become some sort of a psychiatrist; humorist; humorous psychiatrist; or psychiatric humorist. Maybe she hasn't.

But of this much we can be absolutely certain: Wherever Irene Adler is and whatever she's doing, that youthful and brave spirit is marching on—Jung in heart and a Freud of no one!