# THE LIFE OF GREGORY ZILBOORG, 1940–1959

## Mind, Medicine, and Man

Caroline Zilboorg

THE HISTORY OF PSYCHOANALYSIS SERIES
SERIES EDITORS:
PROFESSOR BRETT KAHR AND PETER L. RUDNYTSKY

ROUTLEDGE

‘Based on careful reading of a remarkable collection of detailed sources, as well as many fascinating photographs, this meticulously researched and beautifully written biography of the psychiatrist and historian Gregory Zilboorg portrays the life of a remarkable man. The story is nicely embedded into a fascinating social, political, medical, and cultural context, one that includes politics, war, religion, and a psychoanalytic world that has been too-often forgotten. This biography will be of interest to a wide range of readers, including medical historians, psychiatrists, and anyone interested in one fascinating person’s journey from pre-revolutionary Russia to the twentieth-century United States.’

*— Joel Howell, MD, PhD, Elizabeth Farrand Professor of the History of Medicine at the University of Michigan*

‘There are powerful myths about daughters in search of fathers. This biography equals them. With lucidity, intensity, and vivid words the author Dr. Caroline Zilboorg sets out, 60 years after his passing, to find and better know her father, the psychoanalyst Dr. Gregory Zilboorg. Her search yields a generous gift to readers. Gregory Zilboorg was an extraordinarily brilliant man with a personal history extending from service in the ill-fated Menshevik government of revolutionary Russia to an exceptional American career as a psychiatrist, medical historian, and spellbinding public speaker. To tell his life is also to tell much of the history, not without conflicts, of Freudian analysis in America. Caroline Zilboorg engages us as her companions in a most fruitful search for identity.’

*— Roger Lipsey, author of* Make Peace Before the Sun Goes Down: The Long Encounter of Thomas Merton and His Abbot, James Fox

‘How does a poor Russian Jew become a revolutionary socialist, an orthodox Freudian, and a devout Catholic, in that order? Read Caroline Zilboorg’s biography of her father Gregory and find out! In addition to providing illuminating commentaries on the evolution of his work in the history of psychiatry, and the social issues that animated Gregory Zilboorg as a public intellectual, Caroline Zilboorg shows a keen and sensitive grasp of the vagaries of Jewish family life in Czarist Russia, the vicissitudes and horrors of the Russian Revolution, the anguish of immigrants adapting to America, and the sheer nastiness of psychoanalytic politics. This is a searching, sympathetic, and richly embroidered biography of a courageous, creative, generous, yet much-misunderstood man. It is “must reading” for anyone interested in the history of psychiatry, psychoanalysis, and the Jewish-American immigrant experience.’

*— Daniel Burston, Founding Scholar, British Psychoanalytic Council; author of* Psychoanalysis, Politics and the Postmodern University *and* The Wing of Madness: The Life and Work of R.D. Laing

# The Life of Gregory Zilboorg, 1940–1959

*The Life of Gregory Zilboorg, 1940–1959: Mind, Medicine, and Man* is the second volume of a meticulously researched two-part biography of the Russian-American psychoanalyst Gregory Zilboorg and chronicles the impact of the Second World War on his work and thinking as well as his divorce, remarriage, and conversion to Catholicism.

With extensive references to Zilboorg's writing and politics, this book demonstrates the significance of his contributions to the fields of psychiatry and psychoanalysis in the context of his tumultuous intellectual, personal, and spiritual life. In his late work, he would argue, controversially, that there was no incompatibility between psychoanalysis and religion.

Grounded in a wealth of primary source material and impressive research, this book completes the compelling biography of a major figure in psychoanalysis. It will be of interest to general readers as well as scholars across a range of disciplines, particularly the history of psychoanalysis and religion.

**Caroline Zilboorg** is a life member of Clare Hall, Cambridge University, and a scholar of the British Psychoanalytic Council. Her books include *Richard Aldington and H.D.: Their Lives in Letters*, *The Masks of Mary Renault: A Literary Biography*, and the biographical novel *Transgressions*. She lives in Brittany, France, where she continues to write.

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# The Life of Gregory Zilboorg, 1940–1959

## Mind, Medicine, and Man

Caroline Zilboorg

Routledge
Taylor & Francis Group
LONDON AND NEW YORK

First published 2022
by Routledge
2 Park Square, Milton Park, Abingdon, Oxon OX14 4RN

and by Routledge
605 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10158

*Routledge is an imprint of the Taylor & Francis Group, an informa business*



*British Library Cataloguing-in-Publication Data*
A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

*Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data*
A catalog record for this book has been requested

ISBN: 978-1-032-04215-2 (hbk)
ISBN: 978-1-032-04217-6 (pbk)
ISBN: 978-1-003-19097-4 (ebk)

DOI: 10.4324/9781003190974

Typeset in Times New Roman
by Apex CoVantage, LLC

To my seven granddaughters:

Adriana Stone Nevin and Alessandra Nevin,
Gita Lovisa Brunn and Elva Roswitha Brunn,
and
Leyla Nevin, Lily Nevin, and Thalia Nevin

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# Acknowledgements

All correspondence between Gregory Zilboorg and his brother James Zilboorg and between Gregory Zilboorg and Eugenia Zilboorg is in the James and Eugenia Zilboorg Papers (JEZB) at the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library at Yale University. I am grateful to the late Olga Zilboorg Irvine (daughter of James and Eugenia Zilboorg) and to Peggy Schaeffer (daughter of Natalie Zilboorg Fiess and granddaughter of James and Eugenia Zilboorg) for permission to quote from these and other letters by James Zilboorg.

All correspondence between Gregory Zilboorg and George W. Henry is in the Gregory Zilboorg Papers (GZB) at the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library at Yale University.

All correspondence between Gregory Zilboorg and Père Noël Mailloux as well as letters and documents related to their relationship and to Mailloux's efforts on behalf of Gregory Zilboorg's conversion are among Mailloux's papers in Les Archives Provinciales Dominicaines, Montréal, Québec, Canada (APD), and are quoted by permission of the archive.

Correspondence and other documents related to the Zilboorg family currently in Peggy Schaeffer's possession will in time be deposited in JEZB and GZB.

Correspondence between Gregory Zilboorg and James Fox and between Gregory Zilboorg and Thomas Merton is in The Thomas Merton Center, Bellarmine University, Louisville, Kentucky, unless otherwise noted; Fox's letters are quoted by permission of Father Elias Dietz, Abbot of Our Lady of Gethsemani, Bardstown, Kentucky. Quotations from unpublished letters from Thomas Merton (copyright 2020 by the Trustees of the Thomas Merton Legacy Trust) and from Merton's essay 'The Neurotic Personality in Monastic Life' (copyright 1991 by the Trustees of the Thomas Merton Legacy Trust) are used by permission of the Trustees.

All correspondence between Gregory Zilboorg and Henry Sigerist and members of the Sigerist family and between Margaret Stone Zilboorg and Henry Sigerist and his assistants can be found in Marcel H. Bickel's edition of *Correspondence: Henry E. Sigerist – Gregory Zilboorg, 1931–1956*. I am grateful to the late Marcel Bickel for permission to quote from Sigerist's letters.

Correspondence and documents not attributed to an archive are in my possession.

Arianne Dar's interview with Margaret Stone Zilboorg is quoted by permission of Arianne Dar. My interview with Anna Zilboorg is quoted with her permission.

M.L. Cohn's minutes, comprising 752 pages numbered sequentially, of the four special meetings of the New York Psychoanalytic Society's board of directors held at the New York Psychoanalytic Institute, between 31 October and 21 December 1941, and related documents are in the Archives and Special Collections of the New York Psychoanalytic Society and Institute and are quoted by permission of the New York Psychoanalytic Society and Institute.

I am grateful to Serena Martucci di Scarfizzi for translations from Italian, to John Zilboorg for translations from Spanish, and to Miranda Machado for translations from Portuguese. All translations from French are my own.

As my parents' executor I quote freely from their interviews, correspondence, and writings published and unpublished. I quote from correspondence with me by permission of the individual authors.

All images, unless otherwise noted, are from family files. Most of the photographs were taken by Gregory or Margaret Stone Zilboorg. Henry Sigerist's photographs are reproduced with Marcel Bickel's permission. The group photograph of the Saint John's 1954 summer session and the photograph of Gregory Zilboorg with Thomas Merton in 1956 are reproduced by permission of Saint John's University Archives, Collegeville, Minnesota.

The second volume of this biography has drawn on both general and specific histories and on archival sources. The enormous number of surviving photographs and letters – testament to social, professional, and intellectual life before the ephemera of email and the Internet – has been an invaluable help. I am grateful to my parents for having preserved so much material still in my possession and to the Beinecke Library for its stewardship of material already donated to them. Many documents I draw upon are, unless otherwise noted, still in my possession at the time of writing, but I intend in due course to deposit all of this material at the Beinecke.

The following institutions and librarians contributed to this volume in significant ways:

A.A. Brill Library, the New York Psychoanalytic Society and Institute, Archives and Special Collections (Nellie L. Thompson, Curator)

*American Journal of Psychiatry* (Michael D. Roy, Editorial Director)

Archival Sound Labs, Cutting Corporation (Aaron Coe, Sound engineer)

Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution (Erin Kinhart, Archivist)

Les Archives Provinciales Dominicaines, Montréal, Québec, Canada (Père Rodrigue Guilmette, O.P., Archivist, and Isabel Bigras, Secretary)

Avery Architectural & Fine Arts Library, Columbia University (Nicole Richard, Drawings and Archives Assistant)

Bancroft Library, Berkeley, California (Dean Smith)

Bedford Historical Society (Evelyn H. Ryan, Executive Director, and Christina Rae, Assistant to the Historian)

Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University (Moira Fitzgerald, Head of Access Services; Elizabeth Frengel, Research Services Librarian; Melissa Barton, Curator of Drama and Prose; and Nancy Kuhl, Curator of Poetry, Yale Collection of American Literature)
Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticana (Dr. Rita Andreina)
Bibliothèque Sigmund Freud, Paris (Cécile Marcoux)
Bodleian Library, Oxford University Archives (Alice Millea, Archivist)
Butler Hospital Library (Ruthann Gildea, Director, Library Services)
Catholic University Archives, Catholic University of America (Shane McDonald, Archivist)
College of Saint Benedict, Saint John's University Archives (Peggy Roske, Archivist, and Elizabeth Knuth, Assistant Archivist)
Fordham University, Walsh Library (Patrice M. Kane, Head of Archives and Special Collections)
Friends Academy, Locust Valley (Karl Hoenzsch, Archivist)
Harry Ransom Center, The University of Texas at Austin (Rick Watson)
Houghton Library, Harvard University (Emily Walhout, Archivist)
Howard Gotlieb Archival Research Center, Boston University (Laura Rosso, Archivist)
Karl Stern Archive, Simon Silverman Phenomenology Center, Duquesne University (Jeffrey McCurry, Director)
Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. (Jennifer Brathovde and Patrick Kerwin, Archivists)
Lloyd George Sealy Library, John Jay College of Criminal Justice, City University of New York (Ellen H. Belcher, Special Collections Librarian)
New York Academy of Medicine (Arlene Shaner, Historical Collections Librarian)
New York Public Library, Archives, Manuscripts, and Rare Books (Tal Nadan, Reference Archivist)
Oakwood Friends School (Matthew A. Voorhees and Wendy Giangrasso, Alumni Archivists)
Rhode Island School of Design Archives (Douglas Doe, Associate Archivist)
Rhode Island School of Design Museum (Jan Howard, Curator)
Saint John's Abbey Archives (Brother David Klingeman, Archivist)
Syracuse University Libraries, Special Collections Research Center (Nora Ramsey, Reference Assistant)
Vassar Quarterly, Vassar College (Elizabeth L. Randolph, Director of Alumnae/i, Communications and Editor, and Josephine Lovejoy, Editorial Assistant)
The Vatican, Archivum Secretum Vaticanum (Dr. Marco Grilli, Segretario della Prefettura)
Westtown School (Mary Brooks, Archivist)
Wiley Online Publishers (Romalyn Castellano)

No biography is possible without the interest, help, and encouragement of acquaintances, colleagues, friends, and family. I am indebted to the following in more ways than they know: Tobias Abeloff, Ilonka Venier Alexander, Bert Babcock, Helen Beer, the late Marcel Bickel, Cassandra and Ian Bullock, Daniel Burston, Vitaly Charny, Andrea Marquit Clagget, Michael Copp, Arianne Dar, Richard Davies, Rachel Ertel, Andrew Farah, Cathy Cato Foster, Andrew Frayn, Dorothy Gallagher, the late Gerald Grob, Sharon Hecker, Ludger Hermanns, Joel Howell, the late Olga Zilboorg Irvine, Tatiana Irvine, Thomas Irvine, Brett Kahr, Michail Kalnitsky, Ingrid Kästner, Catriona Kelly, Gloria Levitas, the late Mitchel Levitas, Roger Lipsey, Miranda Machado, Serena Martucci di Scarfizzi, William Maynez, Catherine Zilboorg McMillan, Natan Meir, William Middleton, Mary Miles, Austin Nevin, Elodie Nevin, Tobias Nevin, Thomas Nevin, Abraham Nussbaum, James Oles, Darren Oldridge, Etta Fay Orkin, Michel Peterson, Wendy Pollard, Susan Quinn, Gregory Radick, Natasha Randall, Iona Sachse, Alejandro O. Saitcevsky, Patrick Samway, Max Saunders, Peggy Schaeffer, Emily Schlemowitz, Michael Schröter, Robert Schwartzwald, Margo Stone Shearon, Roger Smith, Jennifer Terry, Daniel Todes, Mary Vance, Leon Wash, Clifton Edward Watkins, Jr., Jared Wickware, Anna Zilboorg, John Zilboorg, and Matthew Zilboorg.

I am finally grateful to my father, the memory of whose hard work and high standards I have carried with me throughout my life.

# Series editor's foreword

I shall never forget my utter delight when, at the tender age of 18 years, I stumbled, quite unexpectedly, upon a remarkably special book, while browsing the shelves of my university library.

As a young first-year undergraduate student of psychology, I hoped that I would learn all about the struggles of human beings and, moreover, about the ways in which doctors of the mind might offer assistance. Instead, I received copious instruction in neurobiology, statistical research, and cognitive science – all deeply absorbing and engaging topics of great relevance, but, alas, by no means illuminating of the true plight that each of us must face as we journey through the cycle of life.

Desperate to read something more foundational, I clutched Dr. Gregory Zilboorg's 1941 textbook, *A History of Medical Psychology*, written in collaboration with Dr. George W. Henry, with both curiosity and relish. Within minutes of reading through the introductory chapter, I found myself utterly gripped by the author's superbly written and carefully researched tome on the nature of madness across the centuries, which outlined the dramatic and often shocking ways in which physicians attempted to offer treatments.

After weeks and months of attending lectures, often delivered in a dry style, on the difference between the thalamus and the hypothalamus and, also, on how psychological statisticians distinguish between correlation and causation, I simply could not believe the sheer gripping quality of Dr. Zilboorg's prose and, of course, the breadth and depth of his scholarship.

Indeed, I became extremely impressed that this man could embrace the entire history of medicine from the Paleozoic era to the twentieth century with such thoroughness and clarity. And, as the chapters unfolded, I received a unique education in everything from tuberculosis in the Stone Age, to an examination of Aristotle's "psychological physiology" (Zilboorg and Henry, 1941, p. 56), to a study of the eighth-century Nestorian physicians who practised "a rather crude psychotherapy of intimidation and reproach" (Zilboorg and Henry, 1941, p. 120), to the creation of Spanish lunatic asylums in the fifteenth century, and so much more besides.

Zilboorg's broad coverage, underpinned by compelling detail, truly captivated me. And, in due course, I knew that I wished to become both a practitioner of psychoanalysis and, also, an historian of the subject, just like the author.

In the upcoming years, I plunged myself into the works of Zilboorg with unrelenting delight, and he soon became one of my intellectual heroes. I particularly admired his tremendous clinical contributions, especially in relation to the role of parental antagonism in the development of severe mental illness. As a young psychologist working in a backwater psychiatric hospital in the English countryside, I found Zilboorg's (1929, 1931a, 1932, 1941) early papers on the psychoses truly innovative and inspiring.

Zilboorg struck me as an authentic Renaissance man. Not only did he have the capacity to practise medicine, psychiatry, and psychoanalysis, but he boasted many other talents as well, and I soon came to learn about his impressive historical scholarship and his great literary capacities. He also proved himself a most adept translator and, somehow, he even found the time to transform a landmark German-language book, written by the psychoanalysts Dr. Franz Alexander and Dr. Hugo Staub (1929), into a highly readable English edition (Alexander and Staub, 1931; cf. Zilboorg, 1931b), thus illuminating the ways in which psychoanalysts can assist forensic patients who have committed crimes. Zilboorg himself would, in later years, also write about psychoanalytical criminology in a very illuminating manner (e.g., Zilboorg, 1954, 1956).

It saddened me that, some years later, while reading Susan Quinn's (1987) biography of the German-born psychoanalyst Dr. Karen Horney, I encountered a very different Zilboorg. As many readers will appreciate, Gregory Zilboorg, like Karen Horney, immigrated to New York City, and both of these physicians became prominent members of the New York Psychoanalytic Society. In her account, Quinn suggested, much to my chagrin, that Zilboorg, one of Horney's colleagues, had perpetrated many unethical acts, exploiting his psychoanalytical patients for financial gain.

Subsequent to the publication of this exposé by Susan Quinn, other individuals began to allege further transgressions on the part of Gregory Zilboorg. For instance, Katharine Weber, the granddaughter of one of Zilboorg's analysands, Broadway lyricist Kay Swift, claimed that Zilboorg had seduced this woman in the middle of psychoanalytical treatment. According to Katharine Weber, her grandmother confessed, ' "He was the only man with whom I ever had a sexual relationship to whom I was not physically attracted" ' (quoted in Peyser, 1993, p. 263).

Needless to say, these damning portraits of Zilboorg shocked me and challenged my state of admiration, indeed, idealisation, of this great figure in the history of psychoanalysis.

As the years unfolded, I found a way to retain my deep admiration of Zilboorg's scholarship while also appreciating that, back in the olden days, long before the formalisation of more rigorous psychoanalytical training and supervision programmes, many of the early Freudians also engaged in much boundary-breaking behaviour, and that, in consequence, one could forgive Zilboorg for his sins whilst also appreciating his sainthood.

Happily, Dr. Caroline Zilboorg, the daughter of this controversial psychoanalyst and, moreover, a distinguished literary and historical scholar in her own right,

has generously devoted herself to a more detailed study of Gregory Zilboorg's life and work than anyone previously. And, after years of painstaking research, Caroline Zilboorg has produced a two-volume masterpiece.

While most children of famous people tend to write personalised, first-hand memoirs of their parents – consider, for instance, Martin Freud's (1957) classic, *Glory Reflected: Sigmund Freud – Man and Father*, based entirely on reminiscences – Caroline Zilboorg has approached this project as a serious academician, conducting oral history interviews, examining unpublished archival materials with microscopic attention, and surveying a wide range of sources of every shape and size. Indeed, Dr. Zilboorg has written her father's biography with such professionalism and with such objectivity, one would presume that an independent scholar, with *no* personal family ties, had actually constructed these impeccable tomes.

This incomparable study of the life and work of Gregory Zilboorg will, in my estimation, never be surpassed. Not only has Caroline Zilboorg studied all of the relevant published and unpublished data but, moreover, she has curated this information in the most thorough manner imaginable, never brushing over the areas of controversy. Instead, she engages with all the Zilboorgian "scandals" in a truly direct and frank manner. Moreover, she helps us to develop a compassion for her father who, as a refugee to the New World, had to endure innumerable struggles with great fortitude and forbearance.

In spite of the fact that Caroline Zilboorg has written a lengthy, heavily referenced, two-volume biography, this substantial project reads with such fluidity and grace that I simply could not put it down. As a result, I have now come to appreciate that the story of this Russian-born man, regarded by some as a genius and by others as a scoundrel, contains infinitely more nuance and subtlety than we could ever have imagined.

Having now studied the two-volume biography in detail, I have come to acquire a much deeper appreciation of the ways in which Gregory Zilboorg impacted upon his colleagues. Certainly, he evoked a lot of envy from his less talented fellow psychoanalysts, and that factor undoubtedly played a part in the narrative of some of the accusations against him. While maintaining scholarly neutrality, Caroline Zilboorg has, nevertheless, helped us to develop a fuller comprehension of some of the complex dynamics among the members of the New York Psychoanalytic Society in the midst of the Second World War.

Neither idealising nor denigratory, this extraordinary tome – meticulously researched and stunningly crafted – will help us to appreciate the true complexity of the human character. Indeed, as I immersed myself in the book, I became convinced that if Caroline Zilboorg had devoted herself to a career in clinical psychoanalysis, rather than to a more academic lifetime in scholarship, she would absolutely have had all the sensitivity of a great clinician who must recognise the strengths and the vulnerabilities, the brilliance and the madness, and all of the other complexities of being a human.

I thank Caroline Zilboorg warmly for sharing this important story in such an open-hearted and serious manner, helpfully questioning and reconfiguring many of the unsubstantiated myths and rumours. This two-volume biography of Gregory Zilboorg represents, in my estimation, not only a vital contribution to the historiography of psychoanalysis but, also, a wonderful model of how we make sense of the multifaceted, complex, and often contradictory nature of the human mind.

August 2021
Professor Brett Kahr

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Chapter 1

# Confrontation

## 1940–1941

Throughout the war, Peg would be a constant point of reference for Gregory, an editor who corrected more than his spelling, who polished his vocabulary, pitched his register, and shaped his phrasing and thinking, an intelligent woman unfailingly affirming and nourishing his capacity to love. He, in turn, opened his heart: He told her he adored and admired and needed her, suggested presents she should choose that they would buy together – a fur jacket, a winter coat, gloves – and arranged for her to have a standard poodle puppy from Lillian Hellman's country kennel, King KoKo, a bundle of brown curls with a white star on his chest. The 'outstanding' marriage George imagined would remain outstanding, but as war on the one hand and psychoanalytic and personal politics on the other swept through Gregory's landscape in the 1940s, Peg was his confidante, the source of optimism and gaiety, both lodestar and anchor.[1]

For Gregory, however, the demands of daily life continued at least superficially as if they weren't lovers during a winter he found hectic and depressing. The international news was disturbing on all fronts. Nazi bombs fell on London while British soldiers killed Italians in North Africa and German and Italian troops attacked Yugoslavia and Greece. Gregory was determined to push on with his history despite the war and a crowded professional roster. As many of his wealthier patients became involved with war work that took them to Washington, London, and Jerusalem, he accepted cases he treated without charge: Polish and German refugees seeking official status came to him for evaluations for employment as industrial bakers or tailors, while doctors recently arrived from France sought his help in qualifying to practise in the United States. Although Gregory had always done a measure of *pro bono* consulting, he would soon find himself pressed financially as well as by the constraints of time. Asked to support everything from the Allies in general to a group to buy shoes for refugee children in England, he was obliged to refuse most requests as well as invitations to speak at dinners on relief and democracy and aid to Jews who wanted to leave Europe for Palestine or America. With both old and new patients scheduled for Christmas eve and the following week, he celebrated his 50th birthday quietly in the city before escaping to the country to see in the New Year with the family on the farm.[2]

DOI: 10.4324/9781003190974-1

Gregory had reluctantly accepted a particularly challenging patient just before the holidays. Sam Forsyth, a publicist employed by Ingersoll to boost *PM*, was a volatile alcoholic whom Gregory would treat for three months between 17 December 1940 and 18 February 1941. There were unavoidable gaps, including Christmas and New Year's as well as five days at the end of January when Gregory spent a week in hospital with pneumonia, but the unreliable patient was often drunk or hungover and frequently simply 'skipped' appointments. His treatment posed problems for Gregory from the start.[3]

While the narrative of Gregory's life in Russia is complicated by the paucity of extant documents, an account of what happened during and as a consequence of Forsyth's treatment is complicated by the enormous volume of surviving evidence that includes not only the patient's version as well as Gregory's but reports of what other psychoanalysts thought might or must have occurred and lawyers' interpretations of everyone's story. Further, all the stories, told and retold to various people under various circumstances at various times, were inevitably slightly different. A more reliable witness than Forsyth, Gregory's account seems the most convincing, but he naturally had a vested interest in defending himself from accusations of whatever validity. His being put in a defensive position at all was the result of personalities and agendas having less to do with the facts than with personal and professional politics of exactly the sort from which Gregory had tried to extricate himself when he had stepped back from the New York Psychoanalytic Society and Institute over the matter of the library and bookshop eight years earlier. The patient, an unstable man capable of unpredictable aggression who both admired and resented his doctor, would play a role as catalyst and pawn, while Gregory would struggle to defend everything he had ever done or hoped to achieve.

Gregory grew increasingly uncomfortable with the case. Recommended by Ingersoll, Forsyth had come to Gregory because of serious problems at work. His publicity consisted of spreading rumours and getting *PM* mentioned in gossip columns, a dicey strategy at best, and he seemed to have had little confidence in the paper or its management nor any understanding of or sympathy with Ingersoll's aims. Like Gregory, he was a Jewish immigrant from Russia, but there the similarities stopped. He had come to America as a boy, grown up in rough poverty, and risen in life through bravado and threats. His idea of fun was lots of alcohol and sex with prostitutes. In spite of his crudeness and lack of education, he evinced a degree of charm but was given to violent verbal and physical outbursts. He had tried to jump out a window of Ingersoll's office and had several times come to work with his hands bandaged after having been in fights. When he failed to appear for appointments, Gregory worried he might have committed suicide or attacked or killed one of the women with whom he had spent the night. It quickly also became clear that Forsyth wasn't always comprehensive with the truth or even clear about what the truth might be.[4]

Forsyth was terrified and tense during their first sessions and had been drinking. He would have 'partial fugues' even when sober but hungover. Characteristically,

Gregory began with a general consultation devoted to discovering why the patient had come and what he expected from treatment. When Forsyth soon told Ingersoll he didn't think he could continue because Gregory was charging $225 a week, his employer told him to discuss the fee with Gregory and mentioned it himself. When Forsyth failed to broach the matter, Gregory finally asked him why he had misrepresented the $25 a session, $125 a week, he was actually paying. The patient said he didn't know. With a limited capacity for reflection, Forsyth didn't seem like a good candidate for psychoanalysis. Interpreting his miscalculation as 'resistance', Gregory proceeded as a psychiatrist and avuncular advisor.[5]

While therapy played a significant part in Forsyth's life, Gregory had other patients and was typically occupied with an overwhelming number of activities. So busy he still hadn't managed a visit with Sigerist to discuss not only professional but likely personal matters, in early January 1941 Gregory agreed to join the editorial board of the *Journal of Criminal Psychopathology*, assuming yet another responsibility as he prepared for a series of six fortnightly lectures on the psychopathology of neuroses to begin in the middle of the month at the Philadelphia Psychoanalytic Institute.[6]

Gregory's illness forced him to rest for the week he spent in hospital at the end of January, but he also had family concerns on his mind. Nine-year-old Greg was having problems at school. Easily hurt and brought to tears, he felt other boys were ganging up on him, was offended by something his athletics coach had said. Aware that his son was 'seriously unhappy', having trouble socialising, and disorganised both at home and at school, Gregory nevertheless felt Greg had recently shown 'an increasingly sense of responsibility and Spartan manliness'. Rather than arranging a conference with his teacher, Gregory wrote to the head of the school. His distanced approach was more European than American, as was his sense that fortitude and a sense of responsibility would address his son's sensitivity and rebelliousness. Greg's struggles probably involved what today would be called attention deficit hyperactivity disorder complicated by dyslexia, but he was certainly not helped by a detached mother and an authoritarian father who, despite his love for his son, even when physically present was often distracted and impatient.[7]

Although still 'fagged out' at the beginning of February, Gregory was now actively involved in the life of the New York Psychoanalytic Society and Institute, where internecine tensions continued to fester. Brill had ceded the presidency to younger colleagues in 1936: Bert Lewin had served as president until 1939 when Lawrence Kubie took over, followed by the Hungarian-born Adolph Stern, one of Freud's analysands, from 1940 until 1942. Under Kubie, the primary focus of internal politics had become the organisation and content of the Institute's courses. Karen Horney, whose feminist rethinking of psychoanalysis threatened the established order and the Society's commitment to Freudian tenets, had gained the backing of some students and members who either sympathised with her thinking or felt that divergent views should have a more central place in the curriculum. While Kubie supported classically trained psychoanalysts, Horney along with

Clara Thomson formed an opposing faction. The child psychoanalyst David Levy attempted to intervene on Horney's behalf. Ostensibly an agent of truth and peace, Levy regularly interjected himself into confrontations that had nothing directly to do with him. Feeling that Levy ground 'his own little axes so implacably' that he didn't always know what he was up to, Kubie would call him 'the self-appointed F.B.I.', although the 'impugning of dishonesty' to those members with whom one disagreed had in fact become 'the besetting sin of the Society on all sides'.[8]

Matters remained unsettled and acrimonious throughout the 1940–1941 academic year, during which Gregory served as chair of the Educational Committee, whose members included the Institute's vice-president Lillian Powers as well as Kubie, Rado, Stern, and Fritz Wittels, an Austrian-born psychoanalyst passionately opposed to Horney's ideas. Gregory and Rado were responsible for teaching the core 'History of Psychoanalytic Literature', while other members of the Institute – a heady mix of personalities including Gregory and Rado but also Daniels, Gosselin, Horney, Kardiner, Kubie, Levy (from spring 1941 president of the American Psychoanalytic Association), Lewin, Thompson, Stern, and Wittels – were responsible for the other courses.

In early January Gregory and Stern met with four students representing those who had written to Gregory as chair of the Educational Committee to complain that some students were less likely to be admitted to the Society if trained by faculty members who held views 'not in accordance with libido theory'. According to Levy's notes on his interview with Harold Kelman, one of Horney's ardent supporters, Gregory, although purportedly sympathetic, had become 'livid' and used 'verbosity, jokes, dramatics, and cleverness' in a vain effort to persuade the students to specify instances or particular individuals who felt they had been intimidated or discriminated against.

The students may have had a point – those who did not embrace basic Freudian concepts such as the Oedipus complex were less likely to be welcomed into a society founded on the espousing of Freudian principles – but so did Gregory: How could he do something about a vague protest in which no individuals or facts were mentioned? With only rumours to go on, taking action on the students' behalf would have involved the Educational Committee's selection for censure or dismissal of particular faculty who the students went so far as to suggest might be 'dropped from the list of approved instructors' because of their non-traditional views.[9]

The Society's members inevitably took sides. In a supposedly unbiased search for empirical confirmation, Levy now inserted himself into the fray and proposed to the Educational Committee that he survey students to gather evidence. The Committee, which hoped that the meeting with Stern and Gregory had addressed even if it hadn't completely resolved concerns, had no interest in continuing to stir up dissent and rejected Levy's offer. Refusing to be slighted, he went ahead anyway and sent out a questionnaire to current and former students in mid-February.[10]

Gregory may have been intimidating in what he saw as his defence of himself, the Educational Committee, and the Society and Institute, but many of his

colleagues sympathised with his point of view. Both within and outside the Society he had friends who were neither intimidated nor offended, and he was invariably highly principled, capable of great kindness when not in a posture of defence, and generous to a fault – qualities which had earned him admiration and abiding friendships even if they didn't make him a comfortable team player. At the Society he was backed by Kubie, Lewin, and Stern as well as the other members of the Educational Committee. Gregory counted among his friends by the early 1940s not only Sigerist, Abe Abeloff, Lewin, and Gosselin but the Catholic psychoanalyst Leo Bartemeier, one of the founders of the Detroit Psychoanalytic Society, and the psychiatrist James King Hall, the eminent director of the Westbrook Sanitorium in Richmond, Virginia – all of whom would offer Gregory significant support during the difficult months ahead.

With Forsyth, Gregory had worked hard to establish a rapport. Striving for common ground in an early session, he had drawn attention to Forsyth's wristwatch, indicated that he, too, was a fan of wristwatches and had a collection of Patek-Philippes and Vacheron Constantins, which he showed him. When Forsyth then offered Gregory his rather ordinary watch, he refused, pointing out that it didn't have the sort of cordovan strap he preferred. Forsyth promptly got the strap replaced and offered the watch to Gregory again – an offer Gregory felt unable to reject without violating the bond he was attempting to forge.[11]

A week or so later the subject of prizefights came up. Through others on *PM*'s staff, Gregory had been offered free tickets to boxing matches, such tickets being one of a journalist's regular perks, and Forsyth knew of his interest. Unsolicited, the patient gave Gregory a couple of free tickets, which he accepted in another effort to affirm commonality, feeling such a freebie was permissible. In discussing the fight, it came up afterwards that the seats had not been very good ones; such free tickets were seldom for the best seats. Forsyth apparently then decided to buy expensive tickets as a gift. When Gregory saw how good the tickets were, he asked Forsyth if he had paid for them. The patient lied and said he hadn't, but later telephoned to admit he had indeed purchased them. During their next session, Gregory offered to pay, but Forsyth refused reimbursement.[12]

Among Forsyth's clients was Philco, the pioneering electronics company, and in early February he described an expensive radio he could get 'wholesale'. Gregory didn't need another radio, but when the patient brought in a catalogue and pressed him to place an order, Gregory finally selected a reasonably priced model and expected Philco to bill him in due course. Forsyth would remember feeling pleased about giving Gregory the watch as he was feeling very fond of his doctor at that point. He felt guilty about lying to him about the tickets, however, and 'annoyed' about the radio.[13]

Since trouble at *PM* had brought Forsyth into therapy, they sometimes talked specifically about his role at the newspaper, and Gregory made what the patient felt were valuable practical suggestions. They also discussed more generally the job of public relations and how much a person should be paid for responsible and effective work. Forsyth was losing accounts because of his drinking and impulsive

behaviour; Gregory wanted him to realise that one's income depended not only on 'luck and connections' but on hard work. Again in search of commonalities to focus and motivate the patient, he pointed out that he, too, had to work hard and worried about bills and taxes.[14]

By early February Forsyth felt dependent on Gregory, but also confused and conflicted, holding his doctor in high regard but identifying himself with him in ways that made him suspicious of him. The patient was as erratic in his payments for treatment as he was in attendance. On the morning of 13 February, Forsyth was so hungover or drunk that his session was pointless, and as he had done on 7 February, Gregory arranged an appointment later the same day without an additional charge. Before he left the office Forsyth paid $250 cash for ten appointments through 7 February. At the end of the afternoon a private messenger delivered to the office an envelope from Forsyth containing $1,000 in cash. When the patient came in for his session on Friday 14 February, Gregory found him 'blocked and inarticulate', unable to offer an explanation for the $1,000. Gregory told him he would let the sum stand as part of his future fees. Gregory's bookkeeper, who came in once a week, recorded Forsyth's $250 under 'Professional Fees', but neither she nor Gregory knew how to record the $1,000, so she entered it under 'Loans' as 'Cash from Gregory Zilboorg'. On Monday 18 February Forsyth was extremely distressed. He failed to appear for appointments scheduled after that date and would later confess having been 'in a very bad state'.[15]

When Forsyth or his secretary rang to cancel one appointment after another, it began to seem unlikely he would continue his therapy. Gregory decided not to bill him for the last week of treatment: He attended only one of the final ten scheduled appointments and Gregory calculated that the amount Forsyth owed would just about cover the cost of the wristwatch and prizefight tickets. He was still waiting for Philco's bill and had no idea what to do with the $1,000, but when Ingersoll told him Forsyth had gone to Florida with a friend, Gregory decided to deal with the matter by letter once he knew the patient had returned to New York. Gregory was probably somewhat disappointed in Forsyth's decision but also relieved by the departure of someone he hadn't much wanted to accept in the first place. Furthermore, he was used to unpredictability in his patients and to impulsive termination of therapy. Indeed, in late February another suicidal alcoholic, whom Gregory had hospitalised at Bloomingdale, tried to force him to stop treating him; when Gregory refused to reject him, the patient abruptly 'discharged' him. Gregory told the man's employer that sadly 'this is not unusual in such cases'.[16]

Gregory in any event had much else on his mind. In mid-February he finally managed to spend part of a weekend with Sigerist in Baltimore. Amid the cooking and photography and discussion of medical history, he probably finally told his friend something about his relationship with Peg. By this time, as their father's research assistant, she had met both Greg and Nancy, and was often in the office both early and late. Occasionally telling her parents she was staying with Mary-Alice, she spent the night with Gregory. They often went out for an early dinner, but sometimes ate whatever Della had left them or Gregory himself put together.

With a large repertoire of complicated dishes he enjoyed preparing when he had the time, he could certainly also cook kasha, knew how to make an omelette. Peg could toast toast. They would light a fire in the fireplace, listen to the record player, turn in early. Some of all this Gregory confided to Sigerist, the first person he would explicitly tell, even if by February the office staff certainly knew: Although one of the older secretaries disapproved and Della acknowledged nothing at all, Pauline was accepting while the bookkeeper, who was particularly fond of Gregory, was quite understanding.[17]

Not only visits with friends but correspondence and lectures in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Detroit, and Chicago also claimed Gregory's attention. At the end of February Gregory addressed the New York Psychoanalytic Society on 'Psychology and Culture'. In early March he spoke at the Boston Psychoanalytic Society on 'The Sense of Reality', the same lecture he would deliver in Detroit and elsewhere during the spring, then spent the following day with his friend the Russian-born analyst Moses Ralph Kaufman, one of the founders and president of the Boston Society. Gregory responded in mid-March to a letter from Alexander, whom he addressed in friendly terms as 'Feri', in which the Hungarian had asked for help in finding a publisher for the proceedings of a symposium. Gregory told him his request was 'unfortunate' – he was so pressed he had not even had a 'chance for a good night's sleep of late'. He joked, 'Someone else will have to do it. I mean the negotiations – perhaps the sleep, too!' Gregory then discouraged Alexander from writing an introduction to *A Spectacle of a Man*, a superficial novel about psychoanalysis by Alvin L. Barach, a well-respected New York pulmonologist and former patient of Alexander's in Chicago whom Gregory and most of his New York colleagues regarded as a 'quack' analyst.[18]

March was indeed a typically full month. Gregory was apparently being completely truthful when he told Forsyth he was worried about taxes. Giving his life insurance policy as security, on 10 March Gregory took out a personal loan of $6,500 from the Guarantee Trust Company of New York. The following evening he spoke at the New York Neurological Society on 'Ambulatory Schizophrenias', evidently a tour de force. Two nights later he dined with literary friends: Doris Schneider Hatcher, an editor at Harcourt Brace, and her husband Harry Hatcher, advertising manager of the *New Yorker* but about to become an editor at the New York office of Oxford University Press. Gregory's schedule was as busy with social engagements as with professional responsibilities. He had squeezed in the visit with Sigerist after one of his lectures in Philadelphia, where he regularly dined with the organiser, the psychoanalyst Leroy M.A. Maeder, and with Oliver Spurgeon English, chair of the Department of Psychiatry at Temple University.[19]

Back in New York the politics at the New York Psychoanalytic Society continued to weigh upon him, as he hinted in a letter to J.K. Hall on his election to the presidency of the American Psychiatric Association. Gregory praised 'the spiritual leadership of the South', felt specifically that Hall was among those 'good people below the Mason and Dixon line' who had 'a far greater and deeper appreciation of the world tragedy of to-day than many around here who are confused, and

whose allegiance to their own axes beclouds their judgment and mars the probity of their thought'. The axes that in Gregory's view were clouding the judgement and thought of his Society colleagues were being wielded by Horney and her supporters. In a letter to Gregory addressing the matter, Gosselin used language far more explicit and saltier: In his blunt opinion, Horney was 'a shit'. Since nothing could be gained 'by descending to her level & arguing about details', Gregory's official letter on behalf of the Educational Committee on 11 March, in which he responded to the students' petition, was a move in the right direction, while the petition itself could, in Gosselin's view, be 'an opening eventually to hoist the slut by her own petard'.[20]

Gregory's formal letter pointed out that the students were under the misapprehension that training at the Institute automatically conferred Society membership. Admitting that students 'trained one-sidedly are naturally at a disadvantage', Gregory nevertheless insisted that there was no evidence that students of 'liberal' psychoanalysts had greater difficulty gaining membership than those trained by more 'orthodox' analysts. In the Committee's view, he wrote, the crux of the problem was that the students wanted the Society to teach 'two types of psychoanalysis', while the Society was constitutionally committed to teaching 'psychoanalysis as it was founded by Freud'. Although the burden of response fell on the students, the real crux was not the students' desires but the teaching of more 'liberal' analysts who had fundamental arguments with Freudian ideas of personality development.[21]

Addressing the Society on behalf of the Educational Committee a fortnight later, Gregory reported on a meeting with Thompson earlier in March during which she had conceded the evidence she presented to substantiate allegations of intimidation was weak and inconclusive. Kubie submitted a 'supplementary report', placing responsibility for the increasingly bitter controversy pitting 'certain members of the Society against other members of the Society, against the Society itself, and against the Society's Educational Committee' on 'hostile and irresponsible members of the Society'. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that those hostile and irresponsible members were Karen Horney, Clara Thompson, and their supporters.[22]

The problem went beyond different views of psychoanalysis. Horney's conflict was about authority and her occasionally admirable, sometimes foolish, and generally antagonistic views towards structures not her own. As associate director of the Chicago Psychoanalytic Institute eight years earlier she had clashed with Alexander about personal as well as methodological and theoretical matters, and had rallied supporters, including Henry Stack Sullivan, Erich Fromm, and Lionel Blitzsten, who found Alexander's research careless as well as insufficiently informed by social and cultural factors. They also felt that, as the Institute's director, he allowed wealthy people without medical degrees excessive influence. It is unsurprising that Horney left Chicago after only two years; that she brought with her the same challenging attitudes and antipathies made her time at the contentious New York Psychoanalytic Society even more fraught.[23]

Gregory was likely relieved to be leaving New York at the end of March for ten days of lectures and meetings in the Midwest. He must have felt he had at least addressed the issues pending at the Society, while at the office he tried to wrap things up as best he could. Having just finished his translation of Paracelsus, he left it on his desk for Peg to type and put the manuscript of his history in his briefcase. He wrote Sigerist about plans for a commemorative volume to celebrate the centenary of the American Psychiatric Association in 1944, but there were also more immediate matters to clear up. Forsyth had evidently requested payment for the radio: He had paid for it himself and at some point in March decided that he should 'bill' Gregory for it. Having heard from Ingersoll that Forsyth had returned, Gregory sent him a cheque on 21 March with a gentle note in which he tried to calm a patient he knew was volatile and probably feeling guilty for having cancelled appointments. He told Forsyth how sorry he was that they hadn't had 'a good, frank talk' before Forsyth decided 'to break off the treatment' and added that perhaps he would now give him a ring so they could 'have a visit and also clear up certain practical details'. Signing the note 'With kindest regards, yours cordially', Gregory clearly hoped to assuage any negative feelings that the difficult sessions might have provoked in the patient while he also needed to know if Forsyth intended to resume therapy and, if not, to return the $1,000.[24]

Forsyth did indeed have mixed feelings, and by March was a very upset and confused man. He told several people that Gregory had taken advantage of him, had asked for gifts, and finally proposed that they go into business together, demanding $5,000 in advance for commercial advice. Forsyth had not understood exactly what was happening, but when Gregory accepted $1,000 in cash, Forsyth no longer had any faith in him. As the story started to spread, Forsyth did what his girlfriend's wealthy father insisted he do: He went to Chicago and consulted Alexander, who had been her analyst and who, they had heard, knew Gregory.

Taking Gregory's note with him as proof, Forsyth saw Alexander twice during a two-day visit. Surprised and distressed by the accusations, Alexander was torn. He felt some responsibility towards the patient – who, it seemed obvious to him, had a tendency 'to put another fellow in the wrong who established himself in a situation of trust towards him' – but he also felt an obligation towards 'the profession', which he saw as threatened by the behaviour of a 'brilliant' psychoanalyst who must be 'in a disturbed mind'. Alexander finally made two suggestions: Forsyth should ask for his money back and enter therapy with another analyst. Forsyth duly wrote to ask Gregory to return the $1,000 for 'services' he could not provide since Forsyth was no longer in treatment with him and showed the letter to Alexander, who approved its contents. For his part, having recently received the letter in which Gregory mentioned being so busy it was hard to get a good night's sleep, Alexander decided that his former analysand was likely suffering from acute 'external or internal stress' and felt that he had to do something, although he wanted to hear Gregory's side of the story first.[25]

Forsyth's letter arrived at the office in Gregory's absence. Acknowledging its receipt on 31 March, Peg forwarded it to Chicago, where Gregory received it in

early April. With much else on his mind, however, he waited until his return to respond. As was his habit, he used the time on trains and in hotels to concentrate on his own writing. Away from the family, the office, and the Society, Gregory was able to focus on his history. He left New York on 28 March on an overnight train for Detroit, where he addressed the Detroit Psychoanalytic Society and saw Bartemeier and his family before going on the next day to Chicago, where he held a seminar at the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis and addressed the Chicago Psychoanalytic Society. On 31 March he left for Topeka, Kansas, to deliver a paper and work with his friend Karl Menninger at the Menninger Clinic, then returned to Chicago for the night on 5 April before taking another train back to New York.[26]

During his brief time in Chicago Gregory saw Alexander on several occasions, but only late in the evening after his presentation to the Psychoanalytic Society did the two men have a chance to speak together privately. Alexander invited Gregory back to his home, where they discussed a patient Alexander had referred to him as well as personal matters. Gregory probably mentioned to his former analyst not only the problems Horney was causing in New York but his own situation at home and relationship with Peg. Alexander suggested that Gregory re-enter analysis and Gregory agreed: The customary panacea was always a good recourse, but there was inevitably the matter of making time for it in addition to the issue of whom to consult given the current conflicts in psychoanalytic circles. Although they talked until three in the morning, Alexander didn't mention Forsyth's visit or his accusations.[27]

Soon after he returned to New York, Gregory answered the letter he understood as Forsyth's response to the note he had sent on 21 March. He explained that he had hoped Forsyth would resume therapy so he could have returned the money in person, but now that he clearly wasn't going to see Forsyth again, he enclosed a cheque for 'the thousand dollars which you were good enough to advance to me just before you stopped coming to me'. Thanking Forsyth for his 'prompt response', he concluded with his best wishes.[28]

This sincere and cordial letter is painfully ironic given Forsyth's meeting with Alexander and what had been happening in New York in Gregory's absence. Towards the end of March Nathan Levin, an accountant and friend of both Forsyth and David Levy, had told Levy that Forsyth had told him that Gregory had made a business proposition to him. Like Alexander, Levy had been shocked, but rather than speak to Gregory, he had decided to take the problem into his own hands and asked Levin to arrange a meeting with Forsyth so that he could 'verify' the story. Forsyth was reluctant to get further involved and, having demanded his money back, simply wanted to move on. When Levin pressed the issue, Forsyth told him – and Levin told Levy – that he had seen Alexander, who was now taking care of the matter.[29]

In utter ignorance, Gregory felt the challenges Forsyth posed were behind him. He dined with Marshall Field on 14 April to discuss funding for the volume he had mentioned to Sigerist, but he and Field were friends as well as colleagues and

must have enjoyed a convivial evening. Gregory had missed the opening night of Hellman's anti-fascist play, *Watch on the Rhine*, but impressed with the script, had invested a substantial sum towards its production; he must have enjoyed attending a performance of the play that at the end of the month received the New York Drama Critics' award for the best American play of the season. Indeed, Gregory's schedule was as full as ever throughout the spring. He agreed to be interviewed in March for *I'm an American*, a radio programme touting the virtues of democracy and featuring prominent immigrant conductors, composers, actors, and opera singers as well as Albert Einstein and Thomas Mann, and spoke on 18 April in Washington on 'The Ways of the Unconscious', one of seven public lectures on a course entitled 'On the Frontiers of the Mind' sponsored by the Graduate School of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Gregory declined, however, the philanthropist Maurice Wertheim's invitation to participate in a match at the Manhattan Chess Club in early May because even he couldn't be in two places at the same time; in early May he would be delivering papers and attending meetings in New Jersey and Virginia.[30]

At the New York Psychoanalytic Society where Horney and her cohort remained disgruntled, however, life was by no means convivial. Levy had submitted the results of his unsolicited survey on student intimidation, but both Kubie as president and Gregory in consultation with the Educational Committee wanted to deal with the root of problem. At a Society meeting on 29 April Gregory reported the Committee's position: Students should not begin their control analyses on the basis of theoretical and emotional orientations contrary to fundamental psychoanalytic principles. While the Committee supported 'free and unhampered discussion of all points of view', it was convinced that a thorough grounding in Freudian tenets was essential. Gregory then announced the Committee's decision to demote Horney from instructor (a category of training analysts in charge of their own courses and students) to lecturer (someone teaching on occasion in courses in which others were in charge). Levy twice questioned the Committee's unanimous decision, but its report was accepted by a majority vote. Horney, Thompson, and three other members immediately rose and walked out. Two days later, on 1 May, the five analysts jointly resigned. The New York Psychoanalytic Society and Institute was now free to turn its attention to the next crisis.[31]

The relief Gregory may have felt when he left New York for the Midwest in March must have paled in comparison to the relief he certainly felt with the Horney controversy behind him as he set off for a joint meeting of the American Psychoanalytic and American Psychiatric Associations in Richmond. Exactly what happened during the conference merits close attention because of its dramatic repercussions, and as with all controversies, there would be various accounts.

J.K. Hall had kindly invited Gregory to stay at his home and he had happily accepted, but Hall had even more kindly offered him the use of his suite at the Jefferson Hotel where the conference was taking place. Gregory arrived after 11:00 pm on Saturday 3 May and, rather than disturb Hall at that late hour, went directly to the suite for the night. On Sunday afternoon Gregory would remember

exchanging a few words with Alexander in one of the hotel's public spaces. A few moments later another analyst came up and told him, ' "I don't want you to be foolish; don't think that Alex is your friend." ' When Gregory asked 'Why?' he said, ' "I don't know, but he and Levy and Kardiner have been sitting there and talking, and every little while I heard 'Zilboorg'. Their faces don't look good." '[32]

Gregory was not immediately disturbed, however, for he had much else on his mind. On Monday morning 5 May he chaired the inaugural meeting of the Committee on the History of Psychiatry. The group's first tasks were planning the centennial meeting of the Association in Philadelphia in 1944 and preparing a history of American psychiatry. Gregory was excited about the prospect and gratified to have been chosen as chair.

He couldn't play chess in New York at the same time as he launched the committee in Richmond, but he did do his best to be in two different places at once. As soon as this meeting concluded, he flew to Atlantic City for a symposium on Paracelsus organised by Sigerist under the auspices of the American Association for the History of Medicine. Gregory spoke on 'The Place of Paracelsus in the History of Psychiatry', a celebration of the project on which he and Sigerist had been working for months. The pharmacologist Chauncey Leake thought all of the addresses were 'brilliant' and the symposium itself 'splendid'. After a collegial dinner that continued well into the evening, Gregory finally returned to Richmond on Tuesday morning 6 May having had only four hours sleep.[33]

He was in Hall's suite taking a shower when Alexander rang and invited him to Levy's room. Gregory suggested the two men join him instead. Travel-worn and with his hair still damp, Gregory was unprepared for the confrontation that followed. Alexander, who en route to Richmond had seen Forsyth in New York and heard from him about Levy's interest, had reflected for six weeks and finally decided on a course of action with Levy and Kardiner, who was willing to advise but wanted no part in challenging anyone directly. Alexander began what turned into a highly charged two-and-a-half-hour conversation by again discussing the patient he had referred to Gregory, setting up what would initially seem a consultation on a particular case, before bringing up the reason for the interview. Forsyth had told him 'the whole story': Gregory had asked the patient for gifts and accepted them; he had made a business proposition and asked the patient to pay him $5,000 in cash. Convinced by Forsyth's consistency, Alexander had decided his account must be true.

Shocked, Gregory tried to explain the circumstances and his own reasoning as well as Forsyth's behaviour. Alexander countered Gregory's interpretation of the patient's psychology, while Levy grew impatient with analysis he saw as beside the point. Eventually Alexander, without naming Kardiner, told Gregory what the three men had agreed: Gregory should resign from all official positions in psychoanalytic and psychiatric societies and stop teaching or presenting papers. While he might continue to practise, he should enter further analysis and consider going into another profession. When Gregory asked, certainly not without irony, if he could continue to serve as editor of *Psychoanalytic Quarterly*, they reluctantly