JEWISH DOCTORS DURING THE HOLOCAUST

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Portrait of Dr. Erich Munk,
by Dr. Karel Fleischmann.
Collection of the Art Museum at Yad Vashem

During my first year at Tufts Medical School in 1958, we neophytes always were eager to break out of the classroom and taste some real medicine –- the kind that was going on across the street at the teaching hospital where the academic highlight every week was a conference called Medical Grand Rounds. At these meetings all the chiefs of departments would gather in a large auditorium to review a few challenging cases and, although we freshmen were too green to understand the nuances, we could relish the pure theater of our professors matching wits and egos. Some of them were world authorities, but no one seemed to get any respect except for one man — even our most arrogant teachers deferred to him and I remember asking one of our sophisticated seniors, “Who is that man?” He replied, “That’s Dr. Siegfried Thannhauser. Before the

War he was the greatest internist in Europe."

What a name! — quintessentially German — after all, both *Siegfried* and *Tannhauser* were the names of operas written by the famously anti-Semitic Richard Wagner. What could be more Teutonic? Except that this doctor was Jewish. Siegfried Thannhauser was tall, always elegantly dressed and spoke in a guttural, almost incomprehensible accent. Everyone paid close attention and, back then in 1958, I couldn't understand why — but many years later, long after he'd died, I decided to learn more about this mysterious man.

Siegfried Thannhauser was born in Munich in 1885 into an affluent cultured family – many relatives were musicians and art collectors and all believed in what he called "the old spirit of German idealism." He attended the same gymnasium as Albert Einstein and after medical school served in the German army during World War I and won the Iron Cross. Totally assimilated, he married a Christian woman, but resisted her suggestion that he convert because, as he said, that would be "dishonorable." He saw himself as a member of an intellectual elite, totally removed from politics. After the Armistice, Thannhauser began to climb the academic ladder. He did important research on lipid disorders, was appointed Professor of Medicine in Freiberg and was in line for the top prize, Chief of Medicine in Munich. Then things fell apart.

During the 1930s Jewish physicians were boycotted, no longer could be addressed as "Doctor" and lost their jobs. Many tried to escape, but Siegfried Thannhauser felt secure – after all he was a patriot — he resisted attempts to dismiss him and said that Hitler

was just a passing fancy and Germany would reemerge in its former glory. His wife was more pragmatic and when an opportunity came for him to take a position in Boston, she convinced him to accept. He was fifty years old, spoke no English and once asked, perhaps not in jest, “America. Isn’t that where there are Indians?” Thannhauser was one of a very few lucky doctors for whom America’s golden door was only slightly ajar and he reluctantly took advantage. In 1933 only 30 German scientists were admitted, the maximum in any year was 97 in 1939. England was far more accommodating, accepting thousands of Jewish scientists, many of whom later came to this country; twenty went on to win Nobel Prizes and as a group they were sarcastically described as “Hitler’s gift” to the West.

Everyone who escaped had a different story, some quite unusual. Perhaps the most bizarre was that of **Jakob Rosenfeld**, a Viennese urologist who in 1938, lacking a visa, decided to flee to the East rather than the West. Arriving in Shanghai he found himself among a circle of Jewish ex-patriots and for a while, practiced medicine among them. Rosenfeld was a communist sympathizer and favored the forces of Mao tse Tung in their battle with the Kuomintang headed by Chiang Kai-shek. He was appalled by squalid living conditions and poor health of the Chinese population and volunteered his services to the Communist army and, eventually, this Jewish doctor was appointed Commander of the Medical Corps and rose to the rank of General, an extraordinary honor for a foreigner. But Rosenfeld’s story ended badly, eventually he was expelled and died in Tel Aviv in 1951, yet to this day his name is revered in China, albeit virtually unknown in this country.
I begIn with the stories of these two Jewish doctors in order to underscore the idea that every narrative differed. While Thannhauser was naïve and apolitical, Rosenfeld was political but a communist sympathizer and both were among the relatively few doctors who got out in time — but what about those who didn’t? Here are several more stories.

I’d never heard the name **Janusz Korczak** until in 1995 my wife and I visited Treblinka on a genealogy trip to Poland. Treblinka looks very different than Auschwitz and other camps that are grim museums of horror. Before they retreated, the Germans completely leveled it to erase any evidence so now the former death camp is a peaceful place, a vast meadow in a dense forest. On the day we visited the sun was shining, birds were chirping and it started as just a pleasant walk in the woods. There were no buildings and nothing to suggest what once had happened there — at least not at first. Then as our small group tramped into a large open space, off in the distance we could see what appeared to be a stone tower surrounded by circles of large jagged rocks.

As we drew closer, they began to appear like broken gravestones — 17, 000 of them! To my surprise, the stones didn't specifically memorialize the 800,000 people who were exterminated on arrival at Treblinka for when we finally came up to them, on each stone was inscribed a name – *not* of an individual, but of a destroyed Jewish *community.* Except for one – etched on that stone was the name KORCZAK — apparently he was a Jewish doctor, but that wasn't his real name.

He was born Henryk Goldszmit in 1878 into a wealthy assimilated family in Warsaw. He wanted to become a writer but his family insisted that he follow a more practical career so off he went to medical school. After graduating in 1905, he continued his studies in Berlin and Paris under famous physicians, but he wanted to emulate Anton Chekhov who'd combined careers in medicine and writing. As a student he entered a literary competition using the pseudonym Janusz Korczak (Kor-chock) and, although he only won honorable mention, he continued to use that name as he began to lead a double life as the pediatrician Henryk Goldszmit and his alter ego Dr. Korczak, the author of popular children's books who during the 1920s had a popular weekly radio program.

In 1910 Janusz Korczak gave up medical practice to open an orphanage in Warsaw, and before long a second one exclusively for Jewish children. In effect, they were laboratories for his progressive educational ideas. He believed in the basic decency of children and treated them with absolute respect. In what Korczak called his "children's republics," he encouraged the orphans to govern themselves as much as possible.

Korczak lived a monastic life, never married and performed menial tasks like mopping floors, ironing clothes, making beds, emptying chamber pots – and he often was mistaken for a janitor. When political conditions deteriorated, he visited Palestine and

was tempted to emigrate to a kibbutz but couldn't abandon his orphans: "You do not leave a sick child in the night, and you do not leave children at a time like this."

In 1942 when some 400,000 Jews were forced into the Warsaw ghetto, Korczak and his tiny staff and two hundred children were among them. For two years they did their best to create an environment of normalcy, but limited to about 180 calories a day, everyone began to starve. His guiding principle was that "When everyone is inhuman, what should a man do? He should act *more* human." On his 64th birthday, large shipments of people out of the ghetto to Treblinka began and on the day selected to liquidate the orphanage, Korczak felt that there was no need to tell the children what was happening so he had his staff instruct that they were going for a treat in the country and to bring along a few toys.

They marched out of the building heads held high and carrying their flag that Korczak had designed – green with white blossoms and the star of David. Here's how an eyewitness described the scene:

Slowly they go down the steps, line up in rows, in perfect order and discipline, as usual. Their little eyes are turned toward the doctor, they are strangely calm, they feel almost well. Their doctor is going with them, so what do they have to be afraid of? They are not alone, not abandoned. The children are calm, but inwardly they must feel it, they must sense it intuitively, otherwise how could you explain the deadly seriousness in their pale little faces? But they are marching quietly in orderly rows, calm and earnest, and at the head of them is Janusz Korczak, marching with two small children in his arms. Their faces were smiling apparently he was telling them funny stories…

Singing to the accompaniment of a little fiddler, they walked in double file in the hot sun the two miles to the collection site, their wooden shoes clattering and thousands of faces silently watching. Many jeering Poles yelled, "Goodbye Jews." At the assembly point the children were counted, and then their yellow armbands were snipped off and thrown into the center of the courtyard. A policeman remarked that it looked like a field of buttercups.

The last recorded sight was of a solitary man comforting the children. Korczak, the martyr became a legend and a new rallying cry in the ghetto was "Remember Korczak's orphans." It was as if every person knew that they were next and just two weeks later, the Warsaw resistance movement began.

Janusz Korczak was one of twenty-eight physicians in the Warsaw Ghetto who participated in a study of the very thing they all were suffering from — starvation. Their motives were unclear –- perhaps it was a way of keeping their sanity, or of bearing witness, or leaving something useful to posterity, or just setting an example of how to behave as a human being. The leader of the research was Dr. **Israel Milejkowski**, a dermatologist and leading Zionist before the war, who was responsible for supervising public health — an oxymoron in the Ghetto. For more than a year, Milejkowski headed an underground medical school there but in addition to classes for students, members of the faculty conducted research to document the physiologic effects of what they called "hunger disease."

The work was carried out in one of the cemetery buildings which seemed symbolic of their situation. One hundred forty subjects were studied — most had been on an 800 calorie, low-protein, low fat diet for months or years and were thought to suffer from pure hunger, not associated with typhus or TB or some other known disease. Using their ingenuity, the doctors revealed information that had never been reported before –-

vital signs, blood tests, ECGs and even autopsies. The study lasted for only five months and ended on the day that deportations to Treblinka began.

Dr. Miljekowski wrote, “The system of extermination was much more efficient than hunger; we have the data to prove it. The closing of the ghetto walls resulted in 43,000 deaths, [but] in two months deportation resulted in 250,000 deaths.” In his introduction to the completed report, Miljekowski described it as an “unfinished symphony” and concluded that because of this written legacy, “I shall not *wholly* die.” Shortly afterward, he committed suicide. The Hunger Study was smuggled out, published in Polish in 1946 and translated into English in 1979.

In 2005 while leading a study trip to Israel, I met a physician by the name of Tomi Spencer who as a young child had escaped Prague on a *kindertransport.* He grew up in England where he was educated and married and later moved to a kibbutz in Israel. He became a beloved family practitioner and taught at the Technion’s medical school in Haifa and in his later years developed am ethics curriculum for students that was based on certain moral dilemmas that physician prisoners encountered in the camps.

As part of this teaching course in 2000 Dr. Spencer curated an exhibition of several dozen paintings and drawings with medical themes that were made by prisoners, some of them physicians, in the Terezin ghetto near Prague. The exhibition consisted of digitized reproductions of the originals and when I asked Tomi whether I could show them in the United States he agreed. But when I returned home my wife was entering a terminal phase of non-Hodgkins lymphoma and it was more than a year before I got through that loss and remembered my conversation with Dr. Spencer — but then I couldn’t locate him.

I tried unsuccessfully for many months before learning that in the interim he too had died, shortly after my wife had, and of the same illness. After many more months, I located one of his sons in Israel and found that the art collection still was intact, stored in a carton in his garage. Tomi’s son shipped them to me and later I exhibited them at several venues.

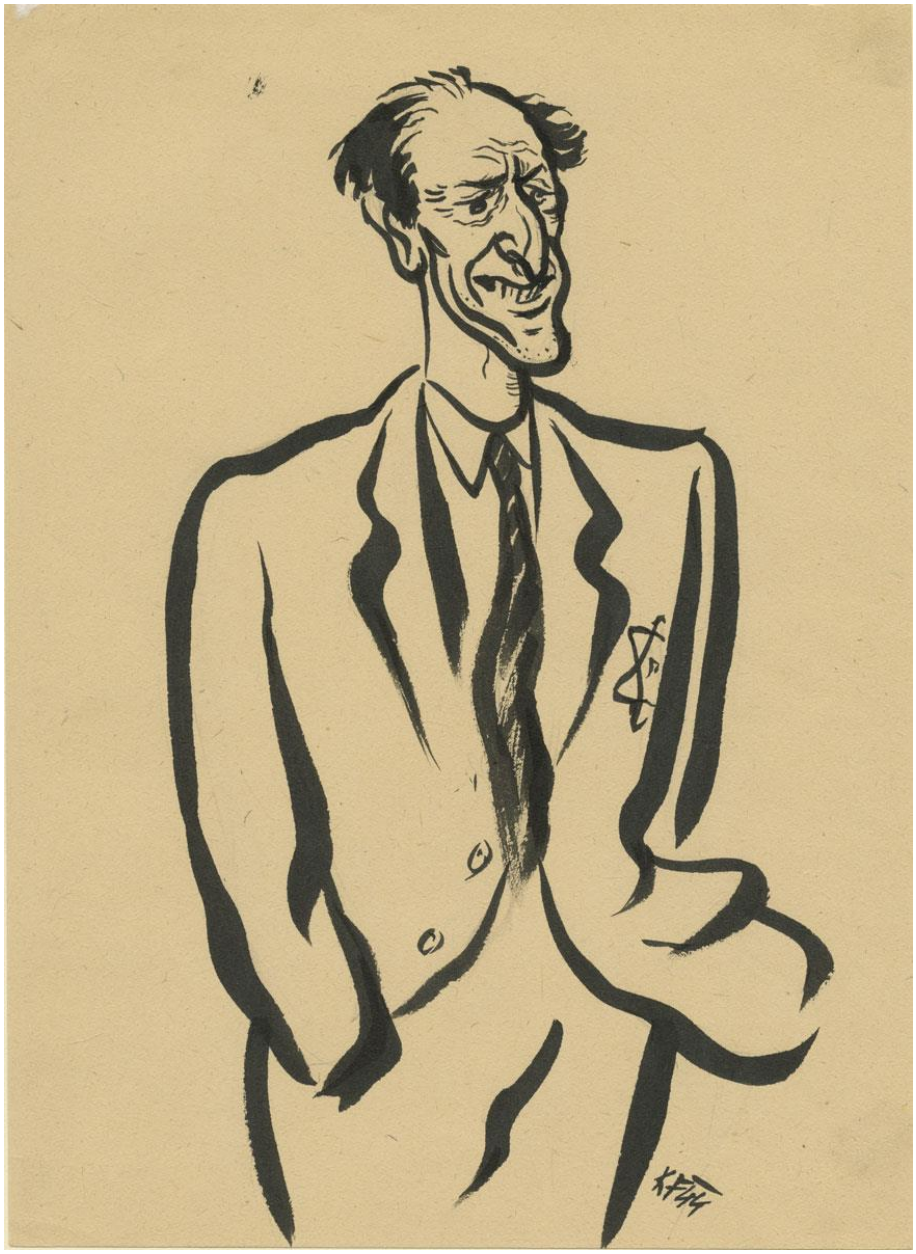
Here’s a diary selection that was written in 1942 by one of the physician prisoner artists, a Czech dermatologist by the name of **Karel Fleischmann.** It reads like something that might have been written by an earlier Prague resident Franz Kafka and what follows next is this doctor’s description of what it felt like while waiting for deportation to Terezin (called Theresienstadt by the Germans) that’s located about forty miles from Prague:

All of us felt a sense of sliding helplessness, again and again, day after day, night after night, you descended toward the abyss whose bottom was unfathomable…you felt only the downward movement, the fear, what next?…The morning of our deportation was pitilessly cold. The clouds as black as ink, the rising sun blood red in the background…darkness on earth, darkness in our souls…a nightmare. We arrived in Terezin in the evening. Really you did not arrive, you were consigned. Someone managed for us for we no longer were we –- we had become an object, a number, a ground substance, a kneaded mix of humans…

Tired to the bones, sick, longing for quiet and sleep, we came into the cellars and dark holes of the barrack…still the mass was mixed, kicked and reduced to nothing, dirtied, put on the floor, kneaded and rolled till we became a formless porridge, a heap of rubbish…poisoned with the taste of the stable…Your helplessness became more and more pronounced as you lay denuded among the hundreds of strangers on the concrete floors or on bunks in the huge barracks…We live like rats in a cellar and become shy of the light and shy of people.

You wouldn't expect such eloquence from a mere physician but Karel Fleischmann was no ordinary man -– he was an intellectual, both a poet and a painter and thousands of his works were hidden and survived the war. It's revealing that because each prisoner was allowed to bring a single book to Terezin, after much deliberation he chose a dictionary for as he explained, "It's an honest kind of book. It keeps what it promises…"

Dr. Fleischmann was advised that when he arrived in Terezin he should seek out the man who headed the ghetto's health affairs -– a former radiologist by the name of **ERICH MUNK (**shown below**).** He'd been a Zionist activist before the war and you'll notice that in this portrait made by Fleischmann, he's dressed in a rather shabby suit and the only distinguishing mark of the doctor's identity was the Star of David affixed to the jacket.



Dr. Erich Munk painted by Dr. Karel Fleischmann

At first it wasn't easy for Dr. Fleischman to find Dr. Munk, but when he finally was in the busy doctor's presence, although he was brusque and business-like, Munk was willing to engage him as an assistant. Dr. Munk was respected by his fellow prisoners for his integrity, but he also was controversial because he had the thankless job of mediating between the inmates and the Nazi authorities. (For more detail, see my book *More Meanderings in Medical History*.) He was austere, distant, and scrupulously honest. His fellow prisoners called him "the Monk" and the Nazis whom he had to report to, described him as "the man who swallowed a ruler" -- meaning that he was straight in following their rules to the letter. He had to in order to survive in that macabre world and to gain the power necessary to possibly save the lives of others.

Terezin wasn't a death camp – it was euphemistically described by the Nazis as a "city of refuge." In truth it was a walled assemblage ghetto where Jews were concentrated for varying periods before deportation to "the East" for the final solution. Between 1941 and 1945 of nearly 160,000 people sent there, some 36,000 died of illness or starvation, about 80,000 were deported to extermination or work camps and only a few thousand survived the ordeal. Of more than 12,000 children who passed through, only 325 survived the war. What distinguished Terezin from other camps was that it was a Potemkin's Village – a place where wealthy or prominent people were lured by promises of privileged treatment and a demonstration project for visiting Red Cross inspectors to show how well the Jews were being treated. It was famous for cultural activities that were permitted for the purpose of propaganda – a cabaret, a jazz band, soccer games, a chorus, lectures by famous scholars — and there was visual art, both permitted and subterfuge; many paintings survived, some done by children, others by professional artists. During nearly a year that these two doctors worked together, Fleischmann became obsessed with his boss, came to revere him and considered criticism directed at Munk to be totally unfair. As described in Fleischmann's diary, the portrait (shown above) was a labor of love:

> *Superficial people call his look arrogant, supercilious and presumptive. You must spend a lot of time with Dr. Munk – like me you have to observe him night and day for half a year, you must hear him speak and see him act. Only then will you realize that this person is anything but supercilious or haughty. He is not only modest but he is full of humility – but not before people – superficial critics will never understand this….Also said about him was that he did not have real knowledge of people, that he did not evaluate them properly, that he was surrounded by people who were objectionable, that he was too harsh and domineering. As I've already said…I have not met many people of his modesty, humility, his creativity. These qualities are given only to the few great…*
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> *His look is mostly veiled with melancholy, a sadness that has nothing to do with personal experience but with a premonition of destiny…..When you see this gaunt man with his inflamed eyelids and tired mouth, how relentlessly he works for the welfare of the Ghetto inmates,,,then you can't lag behind him. For me personally, Dr. Munk has become a real experience. Rarely have I met people of his stature. It will be an honor for us all to be able to say that we were permitted to work together with Dr. Munk.*

In October, 1944 these two doctors of Terezin were among the last group to be gassed upon arrival at Auschwitz-Birkenau — Fleischmann was 47, Munk was 40. In one of

Karel Fleischmann's poems he wrote, "Nobody will hear my song. The world of my time ends behind these walls." But another time he predicted, "One of us will teach the children how to sing again, to write on paper with a pencil, to do sums and multiply; one of us will get there."

Indeed several did and among them was a Viennese psychiatrist **Viktor Frankl** who spent about two years at Terezin. Karrel Fleischmann assigned him to work with despondent, sometimes suicidal elderly patients by engaging their minds in constructive ways and this became the hallmark of his life's later work. Dr. Frankl survived three camps after Terezin, he jotted down ideas on pieces of stolen paper which he hid in the lining of his clothes and after the war was over, published a book *Man's Search For Meaning* that eventually sold over nine million copies in nineteen languages.

The core of Viktor Frankl's philosophy was that there must be a purpose to suffering and dying. Everyone can rise above their fate but must discover the meaning in life for themselves, either by creating a work or doing a deed –- by experiencing something or encountering someone. He observed that in the camps those without hope were the ones who died the quickest. Conversely, those who held on to a vision of the future were more likely to survive.

> *In the concentration camp, we witnessed some of our comrades behave like swine while others behaved like saints. Man has both potentialities within himself; which one is actualized depends on decisions, not on conditions. Our generation is realistic because we have come to know man as he really is. After all, man is that being who invented the gas chambers and he is also that being who entered the gas chambers upright with the Lord's Prayer or the S'hma Israel on his lips.*

Viktor Frankl once wrote that "the salvation of man is through love and in love" and the way he hung on was to constantly think of his wife. But when he returned to Vienna after the war, he learned that she and his entire family had been killed. Broken and alone, he accepted a teaching position at the medical school, remarried and in time became a world famous psychotherapist. He held five professorships in American universities, received 29 honorary degrees, was a Nobel Peace Prize nominee and died in London in 1997 at age 92.

Another doctor who lived to bear witness was **Lucy Adelsburger** who was a prominent allergist who practiced in Berlin for twenty years during the Weimar Republic. In 1933 she was offered a faculty position at Harvard but turned it down because she couldn't get an exit visa for her invalid mother. Because she was needed for the remnant of

Jews remaining in Berlin, the Jewish Council refused to place her name on deportation lists so it wasn't until 1943 that she was one of the last to be transported to Auschwitz.

Lucy worked there for two years as a prison doctor in the women's hospital under the supervision of Dr. Mengele and many of her patients were victims of his experiments. With pathetic medical supplies she did whatever she could to relieve misery. Like other doctors in the camps, Lucy found that sometimes offering a few words of hope or doing small acts of kindness was enough. Years later she recalled that "Death was as close and familiar to us as the landscape in which we were born and raised." She survived the ordeal and when liberated, immigrated to the United States. Lucy felt obliged to write her memoirs about Auschwitz as a legacy for all mankind. She explained, "It will fulfill its purpose only if it helps us, who call ourselves the children of God to become better human beings….The dead were strong; in their destruction they displayed a strength bordering on the colossal. Can we the living afford to be any weaker?"

Another female survivor was Hungarian gynecologist **Gisella Perl.** Hungarians were among the last Jews deported to the camps and in 1944 were sent directly to Auschwitz. When Gisella arrived there she was assigned, along with five doctors and four nurses, to run a hospital for 32,000 Hungarian women, many of them Gypsies. It was a hospital without beds, bandages or drugs and she performed surgery without anesthesia. Sometimes Dr. Perl treated patients with her voice: "I told them beautiful stories, telling them that one day we would have birthdays again, that one day we would sing again – that a better time would come."

She performed hundreds, perhaps thousands, of abortions on dirty floors to spare pregnant women from instant execution if they were discovered or tortured in Mengele's experiments. Some called her "the angel of Auschwitz" — others asked was she an angel of life or of death? At the end of the war when Dr. Perl learned that her whole family had been killed, she swallowed poison, but was nursed back to health in a French convent. When she arrived in New York in 1947, Gisella was threatened with deportation by immigration officers who accused her of having collaborated with Mengele and profiting from doing abortions. But thanks to direct intervention by President Truman, she was allowed in and for the next four years, sponsored by the UJA, she lectured as "an ambassador of the six million."
One day Eleanor Roosevelt heard Gisella speak and told her to stop torturing herself and become a doctor again. So she opened an office in Manhattan (92nd & Madison) where some of her patients were former camp inmates. She also worked in Alan Gutmacher's Family Planning clinic at Mount Sinai and became an authority on infertility. Over the course of her career, the former abortionist delivered about 3,000

babies and before every delivery she'd say a quiet prayer: "God you owe me a life — a living baby."

Although it's tempting to glorify all doctors trapped in the camps as saints or martyrs, that wouldn't be giving a totally accurate account and in contrast to those described before, is the narrative of a man whom I've dubbed "Doctor Evil." I first learned about **Edwin Katzen-Ellenbogen** when I read a book called *War Against the Weak* that was written in 2003 by Edwin Black. It described how the eugenics movement had enormous traction among American intellectuals early in the 20th century and how what was done in this country influenced Hitler's racist ideology. While reading this book I was shocked when I came across these three sentences:

> *In 1911 Woodrow Wilson became governor of New Jersey…Katzen-Ellenbogen was asked to become scientific director of the State Village for Epileptics at Skillman, New Jersey…As the state's leading expert on epilepsy, he was asked by Wilson to draft New Jersey's law to sterilize epileptics and defectives.*

I'd never heard of this doctor nor about any such law in my home state and because it seemed implausible, I decided to explore the issue. While it's true that Katzen-Ellenbogen (K-E) worked as a "psychopathologist" for about a year at Skillman Village, he surely wasn't New Jersey's expert on epilepsy and he was not recruited by Governor Wilson. In fact, he had nothing to do with the sterilization law that passed the legislature three months before the doctor even arrived in the state. That was a fable that K-E concocted many years later in order to glorify himself to a military jury in an attempt to save his life!

Edwin Katzen-Ellenbogen was born in Austro-Hungary in 1882, his parents were non-observant Jews and he was descended from a long line of prominent rabbis. He studied psychology and medicine in Leipzig and claimed that he received a medical degree there in 1905. While in Leipzig he fell in love with an American girl and converted to her Catholicism. They married and moved to Boston where her father was a state supreme court judge. K-E held several jobs in mental facilities, published articles on experimental psychology and even lectured several times at Harvard.
In 1911 Katzen-Ellenbogen accepted a junior position as a "psychopathologist" at Skillman Village for Epileptics near Princeton. His job was to perform IQ testing on mental patients but he was arrogant and didn't get along with his superiors. He was fired the next year and briefly moved on to nearby Trenton State Hospital but then in 1914 he abandoned his wife and young child and returned to Europe. That's the conventional part narrative. It gets much worse!

Back in Germany Edwin Katzen-Ellenbogen developed an unsavory reputation as a bigamist, extortionist and forger. He was briefly imprisoned and although he'd earned a PhD in psychology in Leipzig, his behavior during the 1920s was so heinous that the university rescinded the degree. (My research was unable to find evidence that he ever completed an MD degree and he wasn't listed as a physician at Skillman.) When the Nazis came to power, because of his Jewish roots, K-E was temporarily sent to Dachau where he ingratiated himself with his captors and received favored treatment.

During the war he was sent to Buchenwald where he was hated and feared by fellow prisoners who realized that he was collaborating with the Nazis. After the end of World War II came the famous Nuremberg Trial, but few people are aware that there were other war crime trials of minor figures that were run by the U.S. Army at Dachau. At one of them, held early in 1947, thirty-one individuals were prosecuted and accused of doing atrocious things at Buchenwald. Among them was Ilse Koch, the camp leader's wife, known as the "Bitch of Buchenwald" and among the others, who were referred to as the "Bastards of Buchenwald" was Edwin Katzwn-Ellenbogen. Here's how the trial was reported by the Jewish Telegraphic Agency:

> *Dr. Edwin Katzenellenbogen, 60, took the witness stand today in the war crimes trial at Dachau to defend himself against charges of cruelty to inmates of the Buchenwald concentration camp where he served as a camp doctor at the same time that he was an inmate.… Speaking in perfect English, the defendant did not answer a question as to whether he was Jewish, but replied instead that he had attended Catholic schools. He also denied any cruelty to prisoners, admitting, however, that he did not allow inmates to sit around a campfire on winter evenings because it was not good for them." Katzenellenbogen was born in a village on the Austro-Hungarian border, and qualified as a physician in Leipzig. He emigrated to the United States in 1905…and married Aurelia Pierce, daughter of a Massachusetts Supreme Court justice, from whom he was subsequently divorced. He resided for several years in the United States and claims American citizenship.*

Testimony by K-E's fellow prisoners documented that the Nazis gave him favored treatment — his own quarters, extra food, civilian clothing. He was indifferent to the fate of other prisoners but accepted bribes from them. He controlled which sick patients were sent to the hospital and which not so he literally had the power of life or death over many. He even was accused of killing some prisoners by injecting phenol in their veins but there were no surviving witnesses. He physically abused others — especially the French and Italians whom he considered to be of mixed racial purity.

The evidence against Edwin Katzen-Ellenbogen was so compelling that the military tribunal at Dachau gave him a life sentence. During the trial the defendant appeared aloof and unrepentant, lied about his credentials and magnified his accomplishments in order to impress the court. To the military lawyers, K-E was an enigma — erudite, self-assured, highly intelligent — but amoral. In effect, the brilliant “psychopathologist” was a psychopath! Even after his conviction Katzen-Ellenbogen connived to have his life sentence reduced to twelve years, but in 1960, three years after beginning his prison term, Edwin Katzen-Ellenbogen died of heart disease at age 68. That ended the improbable narrative of a Jewish-born, naturalized American citizen, a former lecturer at Harvard who well earned my epithet for him — *Dr. Evil*.

“Those who cannot remember the past are doomed to repeat it.” G. Santayana, 1905