Robert Kellner, md, PhD

G.M.

George M.

Simpson

Department of Psychiatry, Medical College of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa., USA

George M. Simpson, MD, Department of Psychiatry, Medical College of Pennsylvania, 3200 Henry Avenue, Philadelphia, PA 19129 (USA)

I would like to add a few comments to what has been published in this journal about Robert Kellner [Psychother Psychosom 1993;59:55-57].

I am sure that everyone who knew him was aware that he was an unusual person, but probably few were aware of the range of unusual-ness. He was a most modest man, and with no good reason. I knew him for 41 years; we met in the Anatomy Department at Liverpool University. Yet, there is much that I do not know about him, and I have a feeling that everyone would say the same. He really was a very private person and made light of his wartime experiences and did not talk about them. We do know that he was imprisoned twice before he was 17, but managed to get out of Czechoslovakia in 1939, made it to Greece and over to North Africa where he became a soldier who was decorated after the siege of Tobruk. He then came to Britain and ended up a rear gunner in bomber command in Tain, Scotland. I visited Tain with him while we were at medical school. He was most fortunate to survive the war since the average survival time for a rear gunner was counted in weeks. He published a fine book of wartime photographs.

He was a committed social democrat and must have been enthusiastic about his return to Czechoslovakia, but that ended in 1948, when he once more escaped. He was already a medical student at Charles University and indeed, had taken the anatomy prize. Fortunately, for many of us, British red tape delayed his leaving Germany. Otherwise, he might have gone to medical school in Boston where his only surviving relative lived. Paul Dudley White, Eisenhower's cardiologist and possibly the greatest cardiologist in the world (although Sir James McKen-zie in London was considerable competition) had read his application to Boston and invited him to dinner in London with McKenzie. It must have been an interesting dinner – the two greatest cardiologists in the world and a junior medical student.

Prior to Liverpool, he had once more taken and passed exams in Anatomy, Physiology and Biochemistry at the Royal College of Physicians. The new, very young Chairman of Anatomy at Liverpool would not accept his credentials and he had to endure another bout of dissection. However, he seldom complained and never bitterly. If he did complain at all, it would be with some dry Czech or Schweik-like comment. I had read the Good Soldier Schweik before I met Robert, but had to reread it since it was almost impossible to have a long conversation with him without his pointing out a situation that reminded him of Schweik and some silly solution to a silly problem.

He had a marvelous sense of humor. He often laughed at his own jokes, and he is the only person I have known to do this where it seemed to improve the situation. It was a unique sense of humor, frequently dry and occasionally unnoticed. He could say with a straight face at a meeting that, 'it seems only fair that if somebody has to suffer, that it should be the poor and the mentally

ill'. I always felt that half the people there did not quite understand what he was saying. He was a great storyteller.

At medical school, he remained interested in reading, politics, history, theater, movies and tennis. After graduation, we interned at different hospitals but continued to see a lot of each other that year. Then, he went into general practice; I went to Canada.

He voluntarily limited his income in general practice so that he could practice the kind of medicine

that he felt stimulated by. I kept in touch with him and stayed with him on my first visit home and did some home visits with him. He was an excellent family doctor and managed to find time during this to publish a book on psychiatry and general practice which was the beginning of his thesis for his MD and PhD degrees. This was published by the Tavistock press. Soon after, he took up psychiatry and later decided to leave Britain for health reasons. He thought of going to Australia and I tried hard to get him to come to the States. By this time, he and his wife, Diana (MD, Liverpool 1954) were married and

she no doubt influenced him in this direction as well. They came to Texas, which he did not particularly like. In Albuquerque he thought the people and the system were more sympathetic to the less fortunate in society. He never lost this concern, i.e., he was always caring and most tolerant. He was never anti-Russian, only anti-Soviet. He detested fascism and admired Willie Brandt. He was passionately against the death penalty, and was intolerant of man's inhumanity to man wherever it took place. Unlike many who have been oppressed, he was never bitter but struggled on in his own way. He

was a devoted and active member of Amnesty International and contributed both by his writing as well as through donations.

He was a good teacher (The Kellner Teaching Award was established in 1986), scientist, photographer, painter, chess player, raconteur, colleague, friend, father and husband. He was not religious in any formal way and disliked much of what was presented as religion in society today. In my whole life, I have only met a handful of truly good people; he was the most decent of them all.

210

Simpson

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